

THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 10, 1875.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

The following circular from one of the leading Wholesale Houses in Montreal has been sent to one of our merchants, and the attention of all business men is invited thereto. We believe it to be a step in the right direction, as we are fully persuaded that the long credit system now in vogue is working prejudicially to the general welfare of our country, and the sooner a new leaf is turned over in this respect the better it will be for all parties. The merchants throughout the country have the matter in their own hands, and in order to carry out the suggestions made, a general understanding should be had in reference thereto. But unless the merchants and business men unanimously agree in adopting a short system of credit, the ideas proposed will fall to the ground.

MONTREAL, September 2, 1875. DEAR SIR.—We take the liberty of writing to you respecting the present position of the Credit Department of the Retail Trade, believing as we do that this present season will be a favorable one to make some changes in this respect. We beg to suggest some points for your consideration. It has been usual for the Retail Merchants to send in their accounts for collection, in many cases, only once a year, and that on the first of January. We are satisfied that all parties, Farmers, Mechanics, and all others getting credit from the Retail Merchants, and the Merchants themselves, would be benefited by a distinct change, namely, by rendering their accounts promptly every three months, and in all cases charge interest after that date. One important change for Country and Retail Merchants who do business with Farmers, would be to render their accounts on the 1st of October, instead of on the 1st of January, as in former years, and we are convinced if this course is pursued, particularly this season, great benefit will result to all parties concerned.

Many of the Farmers are deeply indebted to the Country Merchants, and as crops in all districts are unusually good, with fair prices, a determination ought to be made by all parties to have the crops marketed and sold early, debts owing to Merchants collected, and their accounts then to be rendered, and in this way all will be enabled to get out of debt, and the business of the Country put upon a more satisfactory basis than for some years past. We ask your careful consideration of the foregoing, and hope you will give all the assistance in your power to help carry out these important suggestions, and endeavor to avoid in the future this great hindrance to the commercial prosperity of the Country, long credits to consumers.

We remain, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

To Drive Away Pests.

The following simple and easily executed plan for ridding the house of some of the most annoying pests, given in the Scientific American, will be of interest to many. If mosquitoes or other blood suckers infest your sleeping room at night, get up and get a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these animals leave in great haste, nor will they return to feast on the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of the aromatic herb. It is said that flies are driven out of the room by hanging up a branch of the plantain or sweet plant, after it has been dipped in milk.

Flies and gnats speedily disappear on feeding them on equal parts of strong cheese and strong squills mixed. They devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man. Another method: It has been found that a little powdered potash, thrown in the holes of mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away. If a mouse make an entrance into any part of your dwellings, saturate a rag with Cayenne in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communications with a depot of supplies.

House ants exaromously devour the kernels of walnuts and butter-nuts. Crack some of these and place them on a plate near the infested place, and when the plate is full of the ants throw the contents into the fire. Cayenne pepper will keep the butter and store room free from ants and cockroaches.

A ship at sea sprung a leak. The hole in her bottom was just one foot square. There was but one board on the ship—this was sixteen inches long and nine inches wide. It had precisely the requisite number of square inches, and the carpenter cut it in two pieces only, and these two pieces just fitted the hole. How did he do it? In response to the above query recently published in the Commercial, a friend hands us the following solution, viz.: At a point on the long side of the board four inches from the end, cut in three inches, then down four, then three again, then down four again, then three out to the opposite side. This will divide the board into the two pieces which being fitted together form a square foot.

A Chapter on Boils.

INFALLIBLE CURES FOR THE ENEMY OF MANKIND.

From the Ontario Freeman.

I've had a boil, yet it yet in fact a regular, old-fashioned eighteen carat "bile." Well, while I've had it I have kept a clean record of all the boil-cures that have been urged upon me, and the publication thereof I hope will result in the early cure of all the boils in this part of the universe. My boil came the first part of the month on my hip, and the first man who saw me said: "Hullo! come here, I've got a boil." "Don't say 'Well now, see here, you go right home and get some of Deley's ointment, and buy five cents' worth of lint and put it on your boil and it will be well in twenty-four hours."

"I thought him, not on a horse-car, and met another friend who urged me by all means to make a bread-and-milk poultice and lie perfectly quiet till it abraded came to a head, for says he: "Boils are sore things, and they don't like to be jangled around much."

"I thought so too, but before I had time to say so, another friend reached over and touching me with his cane, said: "Did I hear you remark that you were suffering with a boil?" "Yes, sir, suffering is the word."

"Well, now, see here, John," says he, "all you've got to do is just to live it down. Live well, eat plenty of beef-steak, mutton-chops, eggs and omelets, and then if you will drink a glass of hot water before breakfast—not warm water, you know, but just as hot as you can stand it—you will drive all the impurity out of your blood instantly."

Reaching my place of business I found three more boil-cures awaiting me. The first said: "Now you just give me a quarter and I'll slip out to a drug store and get a box of mercurial ointment, and it'll ease you in less than three minutes. You see it drives the matter back in the blood, and the blanched thing has to heat up in spite of itself."

But while I was taking out the quarter another friend stepped up and begged me not to waste time or money on mercurial ointment; he had had boils from a boy up to two years ago, when an old woman on Long Island, a friend of his mother-in-law, had cured him completely: the matter must be driven back into the blood; but must be coaxed out of it; if not there could be no certainty about the thing.

"And now if you will just let your boy go down to a botanic drug store," said he, "and ask for ten cents' worth of red cedar berries, and take and stew them in a pint of water and drink the tea, you'll never have another boil."

The next man was a woman who had listened to the last two prescriptions. She now put in her order. Her husband had had boils all over his body, and what she knew about the boil business was only equalled by the late H. G. in the farm line. There was only one sure cure for boils: A few cents' worth of honey mixed with flour and the yolk of an egg would draw a boil to a head quicker than all the salves in creation.

My boy was standing, hat in hand, waiting patiently to be sent for one or all of these lotions when a Wall-street friend stepped in and said: "Why, I can cure you of a dozen boils in less than two days any time, or at least I can on any one on the street. You see we use Bear's grease on the Bulls, and the gall of Bulls to poultice the Bears with. Jay Gould buys all the dead bears at the Central Park and Barnum's Museum, and keeps ten men all the time at work boiling out bears' grease, and he often draws the sorest boils to a head before the owners know it; besides he knows men who contracted for all the bulls' gall that came to Washington market."

"I said, 'My Christian friend, my boil is too serious a matter to joke about, and it's not your kind.' I was about to administer some needed advice to him when an Irish tailor next door dropped in and urged me to send out and get some shoemaker's wax, and wear it on my boil just one day, and he would guarantee a cure or make no charge for his advice."

I sent my boy back with his hat, and seizing my own I started for home, hoping thereby to get rid of my tormentors, who were as much worse than my boil as the boil was worse than his insurance agent. But a man might as well expect to stave off a chill as to free himself from boil-doctors. Before I reached home I met an old friend who, after sympathizing with me, informed me that if I would just mix a teaspoonful of "Injun" meal in a little water and drink it three times a week, it would eradicate all the effluvia from the blood, and make me feel like a morning star. On reaching home I found a spiritualistic acquaintance, who has a mission, waiting for me. I mentioned to him that I had a boil. Said he: "Why I've had hundreds of them, and cure them every time; do it by wait till

they come to a head, and then sit neways nervy to do it, though) just take a razor or lancet and lay it open to the bone, and cut the germ right out by the roots!"

I suggested veins and arteries, and he saw at once that I hadn't any nerve. I had no money for my mission, but on my offering him two dollars to help to start a ghost factory here in New York that should beat the Edly brothers he took up his hat and left me and my boy to the next forgetter, who was not long in putting in an appearance.

The next was a Turkish-bath man, who assured me that he had a yory tip-onus turn about a year ago and had to sweat them out of himself by taking six baths.

"You see," he said, "a boil must be kept moist and warm, and that being a known fact, why the Turkish bath is an intervention of Providence for all Job-bites the world over."

I promised to at once call on my friend Dr. Miller in Twenty-sixth street, and let him put me through a course of sprouts. I was returned from so by a friend in the ice business, who told me that one of his neighbors had tried the baths, and instead of curing him the boils came out all over him worse than ever. "And now," said he, "if you will come down to our ice-house and just walk leisurely around in it, keeping your blood cool for a few days, you will find that all this superabundance of heat in your blood which is evinced by the boil now on your hip, will gradually pass away, your boil will go down, and you won't have another till you get red hot again."

This looked as reasonable as the bath cure certainly, and I promised to be on hand bright and early next morning and try to freeze out my boil. Just as I was starting out in the morning—having a jump low yards from my house—when I was hailed by a friend, who when informed of my ailment and intentions, suddenly wheeled me about in the direction of my house, saying: "Joe be blamed! I'll cure you."

Going right into our dining-room he asked for brown sugar and brown soap; then helping me to hobble up stairs, he made a poultice of the soap and sugar, and insisted on my wearing it on my boil all day.

I promised to do so faithfully, but after he left me, and it began to ache pretty hard, I could not help mentioning my feelings in the old-fashioned way, and the noise I made being heard by a lady caller on my wife, she at once said that she could relieve me and cure me at the same time. Sending out for a raw onion, she said all I had to do was to slice it up and lay it on my boil, and its cooling properties would relieve the pain, while its well known healing powers would effect a certain cure. This seemed very reasonable and worth trying, and we tried it.

By force its "cooling properties" had got fully under way, I happened to remember an important business engagement which must be attended to, so I shook off my doctor and onion at the same time. Returning some about two hours later a young lady friend came to the front door with five cents' worth of flaxseed poultice which her uncle always used, and he never was without boils; she felt sure that Job used flaxseed poultice. I said I guessed not; I was posted on Job; all he did was to scrape himself with a piece of broken pie-plate (Job il. 7); and even when boils had evolted up to Lashai's time all they did was to make a plaster of figs for them. But the man who knew the boil-business was near by, and he gave me the surest cure of all—cold water before breakfast.

"Drink it freely, and its action on the liver and blood is such that it will cure you in less than twice seven is fourteen." And he could cure anything. He was the only man that he ever heard who could set broken ribs. But broken ribs are not boils.

I now determined to make an inventory of all my boil cures, and mix them up together, and put on one big plaster which would surely cure it at once. But when I came to mix cold water and hot water, ice and steam, flaxseed and cedar berries, shoemaker's wax and honey, onions and ointment, Indian meal and razzor, they wouldn't mix; and there was no necessity for it, for just then Iran against a chair-back, and with one moderate-sized yell I found my boil had wiped itself out. N. Y.

New York, July 20, 1875. Davis, the Abortionist.

HIS CAREER—A BLACK RECORD.

An American exchange furnishes us with the following particulars of Arthur Paul Davis' early life, and his career while in the United States; His career is a continued tale of robbery, perjury and murder, and although his most damnable deeds have been committed outside of Canada, yet he has figured quite extensively in our midst, and the story of his hellish crimes will be of no little local interest.

HIS EARLY CAREER.

About twenty years ago Davis resided in Rochester. He was not a very good citizen, however, and was at length obliged to flee from the city on account of a house-breaking enterprise in which he had engaged. He went south from the

Floyd City, but the world did not use him very well and he soon went to Hamilton, Canada, and set up in the quack medicine business with his father, who had also assumed the honorable title of doctor.

Everything went on smoothly for a while, when young Davis fell out with his father, accusing the old gentleman of various crimes and unkind things unbecomingly generally. From Hamilton he went to Toronto, where his career was worse than ever. He turned an occasional penny by assisting criminals and bounty-jumpers to avoid the law, and we believe once jumped the handsome little sum of \$2,000 himself. Not satisfied with this moderate prosperity, he went into the murder business, not only gaining quite an abortion practice, but frequenting himself in a daring attempt to take the life of a book-store clerk and rob the safe. He and a pal named Gustaf went to the store and wished to look at some medical works. The clerk was alone at the time, and Davis being somewhat acquainted with him, engaged in conversation and went out for some at a doctor. He soon came back with the liquid, but fortunately for the clerk, he drank but very little from his glass, for the tempting beverage had been poisoned with that deadliest of compounds, prussic acid. He had taken enough, however, so that when he went down cellar, almost immediately he fell senseless at the bottom of the steps. The clerk had, luckily, taken the precaution to lock the safe before leaving the store, and Davis and Gustaf found that their rash deed had been done in vain. Gustaf went to New York and Davis turned Queen's evidence, as he is said to be at all times ready to do, and managed to get his pal ticketed to Kingston for fifteen years, while he himself, through his shrewd counsel, Alexander McNabb, now the excellent police magistrate of Toronto, obtained his freedom and once more commenced his hellish business.

A VICTIM OF HIS FEBRUARY.

About ten or eleven years ago Davis and two notorious villains, known as Bristol Bill and Billy Hull, attempted a burglary in Galt, Ont. By turning Queen's evidence and perjury himself without limit, however, he managed to implicate a Toronto policeman in the affair, and got himself clear. The policeman was of course discharged, although entirely innocent of the charge against him, and is now doing business in this city. Soon after this he was engaged as a detective spy, but he did more harm than good, and he was unceremoniously dismissed.

GOES TO ROCHESTER.

Canada at length became too hot to hold him, and he went once more to Rochester and set up in the abortion and general quack-doctor business, under the name of Dr. Paul Davis. He remained in that city until a year ago, when he became implicated in an obscene literature and two abortion cases, and was obliged to make himself scarce between two ways. He came to Buffalo in the night, and begged a admission to the house of a physician in this city with whom he was acquainted. The Buffalo physician was not an admirer of "doctors" of Davis' stamp and was unwilling to have anything to do with him. "For God's sake, don't give me away," pleaded Davis, and the doctor finally consented to let him remain in his house for a short time. He stayed in this place of concealment for three or four days, when he escaped to Canada. The same physician has also done valuable favors before. But oh, ingratitude! To reward the man who had probably saved him from years of disagreeable reflection in the State prison, he poisoned his domestic happiness and endeavored to ruin his professional good name. He sent a girl to this physician for the alleged purpose of obtaining an abortion, but the girl confessed her purpose and also the fact that she was not in a condition where an abortion was necessary or desirable.

IN TORONTO, ONCE MORE.

From Buffalo, Davis went to Toronto and once more started up in his monstrous business. While in Rochester he had discarded his legal wife and taken up with another woman; who came to Toronto and has since been living with him, and it is said, rendered him important assistance in his "chosen profession."

THE LAST SCENE.

Justice will not fifteen sleep, however, and Arthur Paul Davis and the woman who claims to be his wife have at last come to grief. They were on the 6th of August committed for trial on the charge of murdering a young woman named Jane Vaughan Gilmour, on whom it appears they had made a bungling attempt to commit abortion, and caused the death of both mother and child. The evidence is overwhelming against them, and there is little doubt that Davis, at least, will have occasion to test the strength of hemp before long. Few people—even among those who are opposed to the barbarous punishment of hanging—will regret that this monstrous villain is near his final fate, and we only wish that the hundreds of damnable demons who practice the hellish crimes of which he was so notorious had as good prospects of getting their just deserts.—Toronto Sun.

THE GREAT WONDERFUL MAN JOHN HOGG,

Has pleasure in letting the good people of Acton and the Counties of Halton and Wellington know that he has just returned from the BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

Where he has made large purchases of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, Which will be along during this month, further notice of which will be given.

WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS WILL BE OFFERED! And that Wonderful Man's standing motto "Small Profits and Quick Sales" will be the watchword, which means DEATH TO LONG PRICES AND LONG PROFITS!

An early inspection from old friends and customers is respectfully solicited.

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The largest and cheapest retail stock of Teas and General Groceries west of Toronto.

The Cheapest 50c. and 60c. Teas in Canada.

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Is underselling all the other merchants, is because he

GREAT CLEARING SALE OF MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

NOW GOING ON AT THE ELEPHANT CLOTHING STORE, NO. 31 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

Will be given during this Sale, having reduced every article to Cost and Under.

BUY FOR CASH AND CASH ONLY,

and has resident in the British markets two first-class buyers—one in Glasgow and the other in London, England—both daily on the spot, reaping all advantages for the patrons of the Lion.

WM. RUTHERFORD & CO. Guelph, July 15, 1875.

THE LION! THE LION!

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Get Twenty Dollars Worth for Fifteen. J. D. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor of the Leading Store and the only direct importer in Guelph. August 30, 1875.

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NO. 31 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

Will be given during this Sale, having reduced every article to Cost and Under.

As we are anxious to clear it right out. Call and examine stock, as we consider it a pleasure to show goods.

WM. RUTHERFORD & CO. Guelph, July 15, 1875.

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Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds, Mouldings,

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