THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume I. No. 43 — ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1876. — $1.00 per annum in Advance.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. LOWRY, M. D., M. C. P. S. Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons.—MILL STREET, ACTON.

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Flour and Feed always on hand, which will be sold at the lowest price. Custom Grinding promptly attended to. Good Stabling and attentive hostlers.

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For the County of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

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Licensed Auctioneer
For the County of Halton.
Sales attended to in any part of the County, at reasonable rates.
Address: A. DAVIDSON, Campbellville, P.O.

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Marble Works,
Opposite Mills & Goodeve's Foundry, and
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Tomb Stones, Mantle Pieces, &c., made to any size or design, and put up in any part of the country.
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$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.
One hundred acres of land, well wooded, being the east half of Lot 21, in the 3rd Concession, in the Township of Esquesing. For particulars address THOMAS GARVIN.
Erin P.O., Ont., Nov. 30, 1875.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

DOMINION HARNESS SHOP.
The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the
Old Post Office Building,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well selected stock of
Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.
Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.
J. F. DEMPSEY
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

ACTON BAKERY.
Hurrah. Hurrah.
CHEAP BREAD.
Opposition is the life of trade, Buy Galloway's superior Bread.
D. GALLOWAY
Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Baking Establishment to the premises next door to Morrow's drug store, where he has built a first-class new oven and refitted the premises in a first-class style for a Bakery and Confectionery Business and is turning out
BETTER BREAD THAN EVER,
Buns,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Pastry,
Candies,
All of the best quality and at greatly reduced prices.
Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.
Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Weight for weight given in Bread in exchange for Flour.
Graham Bread a specialty.
Bread, Buns and Cakes delivered every day, fresh, around the village.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
made to order and on hand, in the latest styles and at reasonable charges.
N.B.—All goods are warranted pure; as nothing but the best of material is used.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Call and see for yourselves.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, March 8, 1876.

ACTON PLANING MILLS
AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.
THOMAS EBBAGE,
Manufacturer of
Window Sash,
Doors,
Venetian Blinds
Mouldings,
And other Building Requisites
Also Makers of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

PURE MILK.
The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure, fresh milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for $1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents.
P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION
B. & E. NICKLIN
Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a
First-Class Baker,
and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.
Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.
Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,
made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, Cheese, &c.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

CLEARING SALE OF
WINTER GOODS
AT
McNAIR'S
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices
A large quantity of
JEWELERY
To be rushed off at
VERY LOW PRICES.
HEIGH HO, STOP!
What's the Matter?
Why any person who wants a good and cheap
SET OF HARNESS
Should call on
ROBT. CREECH,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
Who is always ready to supply customers with everything usually kept in a first-class Harness Shop.
Harness made to order on the shortest possible notice.
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
R. CREECH, Acton.
Nov. 18, 1875.

MEAT SHOP.
The undersigned has commenced the
Butchering Business
IN ACTON,
Opposite Allan's Livery Stable,
and will keep constantly on hand
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Fowls and Vegetables,
at all seasons of the year.
The support of the public is most respectfully solicited.
CHEAP FOR CASH,
the best plan—so say you all.
EDWARD MATTHEWS
Acton, March 15, 1876 38 3m

THE CLYTIE.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

CHAPTER II.

Five long years had passed, each repeating its story of the seasons, and still Marian Elton was unmarried. One suitor after another came and went to the disappointment of her family and the wonder of her friends. Her faithful friend and confidant, Amy, alone knew the truth which her mother partially guessed when she used to say, "That Clytie has bewitched you, Marian, I hope you are not grieving after some impossible hero. I declare, some day I shall enter into a conspiracy to throw her from her pedestal; you have never been the same girl since the day you bought her."

To this, the only secret of her life, Marian offered no reply, for she knew her mother's surmises were but too true, and she feared to pain her by confirming them.

It must not be supposed, however, that she was unhappy all this while—far from it. After the first wild burst of sorrow was over, she found consolation in duty, study, and the affection of those around her. To all these she returned with redoubled energy, and the result was, that at thirty years of age Marian Elton, so far from developing a tendency to old maidishness, had ripened into a character of ennobled worth. The only problem people ever hazarded about her was "why she never married."

Occasionally, when alone with her Clytie, the old sorrow would bleed anew, as she thought of the past, and the similarity of their fate. But suffering, she argued, though differing in intensity, was the lot of all. There was no life without its hidden wounds, some scarred over by the healing hand of Time; others, again, that would never cicatrise; but one and all were bearing on their hearts some mark of painful encounter on the battle-field of life. Will is it for those who come forth from the strife "perfected through suffering," as did Marian Elton.

Her friend Amy had married so happily that she never wearied urging upon her to let go the past, and find consolation in bestowing herself upon William Blakeney, who, with exemplary patience, was proving the truth of his determination never to take her "No" for an answer.

"It is positively cruel of you, Marian, to waste his life as you are doing all for an idea! for as long as you are single he will never marry," said Amy, who at this time was on a visit to the Eltons. "It is now five years," she continued, "since that unfortunate craze of yours, and it seems to me you really are little short of a monomaniac, as you used to tell me to call you, to have preserved thus long the recollection of such an unpleasant abstraction — for he was nothing more.

"Please, don't talk of my marrying any one, Amy. I am far happier as I am. Dear good Blakeney! I would do anything in the world to reward his kind faithfulness—anything, that is to say, but marry him. I have told him so repeatedly, and it is his own fault, not mine, that he continues as he does. But do not vex yourself about him; he knows my mind, and is content to be my very good friend."

"Content! No! Resigned, you mean. He will never marry as long as you remain single. I am sure he is only waiting to see what becomes of you."

"Poor man! What unnecessary trouble to give himself on my account. I fear it will keep him occupied all his life; for this is a point upon which I am resolute, not from obstinacy, but from necessity."

"I begin to believe that your mother is right, and that you Clytie has bewitched you. You may depend upon it, Marian, that you are under a spell, which will not be broken until that unhappy little nymph falls a sacrifice. I have half a mind to be the priestess who shall deal for her the blow."

They were sitting together working in Marian's boudoir at the time, and the Clytie stood on a slight table near. Without the least intention of fulfilling her words, Amy pretending she was about to carry her design into execution, rose hastily in play, when her dress catching in a chair, she stumbled, and in her fall knocked over the table, and the little image fell to the ground smashed to pieces!

"Oh, what *have* you done?" cried Marian as she sprang forward, too late to save her favorite. The tears were in her eyes as she picked up the broken fragments; and she looked reproachfully at her friend, unable, in her distress to believe that she had not wilfully carried out her intention.

"I am so grieved!" said Amy with genuine vexation at the accident which pained Marian so visibly. "Indeed, I was not in earnest about breaking it. I will get you another in Parian; this was only plaster of Paris."

"Ah! it would never be the same," she sighed. "This one has been my companion since the first hour of my sorrow, and I have found strength in her companionship. Poor Clytie! No, Amy, no other model shall ever take her place."

"I am so sorry. Still, if the spell be only broken, how I shall rejoice; I shall have done poor Blakeney a good turn, for which he will always bless me," said Amy, smiling.

"You are adding insult to injury," replied Marian sadly. "Come; it is time to dress for dinner; the Nugents dine with us." And her hands were full of the broken pieces of the Clytie as she was leaving.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Bury them in a silken shroud in my drawer."

"Was there ever such infatuation as yours Marian! You have earned the name of Faithfull with reference to the owner, and might inscribe it on your tablets without any permission of his."

"Amy! hush! His name has never passed my lips since that day."

"Never mind; the spell is broken at last, and there is hope once more for others."

As it was only a family party, Marian, who had been indulging in some private grieving over the remains of her Clytie, was the last to appear.

"I've got some news for you," greeted her on entering the drawing room, from her cousin Harry. "I had a letter just as I came out: from whom, do you think?"

"How can I tell, Harry?"

"Guess."

"Impossible; you have such a host of friends."

"No, I don't suppose you ever will guess, for I had almost forgotten him. I thought he was dead; I have not heard from him since he left as five years ago. You know whom I mean—Faithful—he is in England." There was an exclamation of surprise from all in the room but Marian, through whose frame the announcement passed like an electric shock, although she had sufficient presence of mind to listen passively. "And he sent me the oddest piece of news in the world—that his wife is dead! I never knew he had a wife before."

"Poor man," said Mrs. Elton sympathetical.

"Poor man! you may well say, when you hear the rest of the story. It seems he was married privately, some eight years ago, in Italy, and that his wife went out of her mind almost immediately after the marriage."

"Then he must have been a married man all the time he was with us!" exclaimed Mrs. Elton with dismay, not unmixed with thankfulness. "How very extraordinary, not to say wrong of him, not to have told us. It is so dangerous when married men pass themselves off as bachelors; they are nothing less than wolves in the fold, to my mind. Only think, if some of you girls had fallen in love with him!"

"Well, I suppose he trusted to not making his attentions pointed enough to raise any question of that kind," said Mr. Nugent; "and I can quite understand his not caring to talk about or publish such a painful fact of his life, especially as his marriage, it seems, was a secret one. Men, as a rule, don't like condolences on such events."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Elton, who, perceiving that *her* fold had escaped damage from such a calamity as it might have overtaken it, was ready to be magnanimous towards the culprit, by admitting the excuses in his favor; and was about to let the subject drop, when Mr. Nugent continued; "He seems not to have forgotten the time he was with us, for he makes minute inquiries after every one, and wants to know who Miss Elton married."

"Indeed, you can tell him, with my compliments, that Miss Elton has been very remiss on that point," said her mother, smiling; while Marian, hardly knowing how she endured it all, remained silent, struggling with the faintness such strange tidings produced.

Amy, who alone saw and knew what she was suffering, came to her rescue at last by pretending she had forgotten something. As she was about to leave the room, she beckoned Marian to follow her.

"Bless you for this!" cried Marian, as soon as the door was closed. Rushing up to her room, she fought with her agitation until restored to calmness, and she could go among them again as though nothing special had occurred.

A week later, and Harry Nugent came one morning to tell her that Faithfull had accepted an invitation to stay with them. "He begged particularly to be remembered to you, Marian, and expressed great surprise at hearing you were not married."

To paint her feelings as her cousin thus brusquely touched upon her most cherished secret is not possible. She blushed crimson, and begged him to desist, and he rallied her upon what he termed "her strange infatuation for single-blessedness."

Meanwhile in her heart, the sickness of deferred hope was blossoming into a tree of life! But for what? she asked herself. For nothing but the bitterness of a greater disappointment, perhaps; to find that she was as powerless to win him in his freedom, as his honor forbade him to be won in his bondage!

The thought of how, and where, she should first meet him, gave her uneasiness. What would he say? Would her tell-tale face betray her, or had the years which had passed brought her the power she before lacked? What days and hours of suspense, that fled all too quickly, and yet seemed interminable, through her mingled sensations of hope and dread, which longed for, yet dreaded the hour of meeting!

It was some days before the one fixed for his arrival, that she was startled one morning by having his card put into her hand by a servant, who summoned her to the drawing-room.

She scarcely knew how she ever reached or entered the room; she can only think that she must have turned deadly pale on seeing him, and that he read on her face the history of her faithful heart, which had been true to him throughout the years; for without being able to remember how it happened, she found herself in his arms sobbing out her welcome.

"Thank God, you read me rightly, Marian!" he murmured, as soon as the first outburst of feeling permitted him to speak. Your heart must have told you intuitively, in years gone by, that, had I dared, I would gladly have returned the love I saw was mine; but not for the worlds would I, at that or any time, have wounded your self-respect and sense of honor, by allowing you to know that you had given your heart to one whom it is counted a wrong to love. I judged it better, therefore, by my coldness, to wean, or even repulse you—though in so doing I left myself open to the pain of being charged with want of feeling and heartlessness—rather than leave you the double suffering of finding that you were beloved by one who was powerless to claim you. You know, I think from Nugent, one portion of my story; I will now tell you the rest.

"When in Italy, I married without the knowledge, and therefore without the consent of my family, (from whom I wished to keep it secret), a lovely girl for her beauty, and found her temper, alas! owing to the latent seeds of madness, execrable. We had not been married very long before the disease became developed, and she was pronounced by the ablest doctors incurable. The passion her beauty inspired, her infected brain and temperament quickly exhausted, until I had soon no feeling for her but one of great pity, while I endeavored to surround her with every care and attention that means could procure; but the love and companionship which is bound up in that most sacred word *wife*, was gone forever.

"I left her under medical care, and strove to forget my misfortunes, and avoid all questioning on the part of my family, by travelling; but it was not until I came to England and met you, that I knew *how* doomed was my life! May you never know what I suffered when I used to watch you pleading silently, with eloquent dumbness, for the affection I loved you far too well to declare; for I determined that no shade of dishonor should ever trouble the heart I had learned to reverence above all others on earth. But as soon as I was free, Marian, my first thoughts were for you. My first visit, on hearing from Nugent, is to you, to see if your heart is still, as I prayed it might be, all my own, and ah! I have been well rewarded; for this meeting more than compensates for years of sorrow. And Clytie? I have not forgotton her."

"Broken!" she whispered, "on the very day I heard of you again. She kept me faithful to my sungod, and vanished only on his return."

"When he came to gather the rich blossoms of your love, and wear it on his heart forever!"

THE END.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
I will a local paper take,
Both for my own and children's sake?
If such there be, let him repent,
And have the FREE PRESS to him sent.

To the Editor Teeswater News.

DEAR SIR.—At this time when farmers, or more properly Grangers, are filling the ears of everyone with tales of the exorbitant profits obtained by storekeepers, mechanics, &c., and using extreme language, and much frothy indignation, to denounce those they have long been sponging on, it would be well to see who are the real robbers, if robbers they be (the word is the Grangers, not mine.) However, if 15 to 20 per cent advance on the wholesale cost for keeping stock, and expenses of retailing, be robbery, what can be said of the Granger's profit, let the public judge. I will give the figures for one acre and for this locality at full cost. Near cities, towns, and large villages the profits are decidedly greater.

I.	
Rent of 1 acre good land	$ 2 50
Manuring	5 00
Ploughing and harrowing	3 00
Seed Potatoes	3 50
Cultivating and earthing up	2 00
Gathering and pitting	3 00
	19 00
Crop 300 bush. at 30 cts	90 00
II.	
One acre rent	2 50
Two plowings	3 00
One harrowing	1 00
1½ bush. seed wheat	1 50
Harvesting and threshing	3 00
	11 00
Crop 22 bush. at $1	22 00
III.	
One acre rent	2 50
Plowing and harrowing	2 50
Three bush. oats at 30cts	90
Harvesting and threshing	3 00
	8 90
Crop fifty bush. oats at 30cts	15 00
IV.	
One acre rent three years	7 50
Cost of grass seed, say	1 00
Mowing, making and stacking $3, for three years	9 00
	17 50
Crop, say 4 tons in the three years, at $12 per ton	48 00
V.	
Rent of one acre	2 50
Plowing and harrowing, or two plowings	3 00
Three bush. peas at 60cts	1 80
Harvesting and threshing	3 00
	10 30
Crop 30 bush. peas at 60cts	18 00

Here is the result of five acres of land involving an outlay of $66.70, the return from which, $193, or $126 clear profit, equal to a percentage on the outlay of 188 per cent. Many farmers would obtain a larger crop than I have named, while some poor farmers on poor land may say I have overcalculated the yield. Impartial judges know I am near correct. So much for the hypocritical cry of farmers being robbed, and what is to hinder the villagers who are suffering from the revolution of trade consequent on this monopolising combination, raising all they require without the farmer, and saving the farmers profits of nearly 200 per cent. *Quid pro quo* is the only argument a Granger can understand.

I remain, Yours, &c.,
PUBLICOLA.

EVEN SO.—We find the following going the rounds of the press. Read, ponder, and—PAY UP! Why don't you take the papers? they're the life of my delight, except about election time, and then I read for spite. Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent; why should you be afraid? for cash thus spent is money lent at interest, four fold paid. Go then, and take the papers, and pay to-day, nor pay delay, and my word is inferred, you'll live until your gray. An old neighbor of mine, while dying of a cough, desired to hear the latest news while he was going off. I took the paper and I read of some new pills in force; he bought a box—and he is dead! no—hearty as a horse. I knew two men as much alike as e'er you saw two stumps; and no phrenologist could find a difference in their bumps. One takes the paper and his life is happier than a king's, his children can all read and write, and talk of men and things. The other took no paper, and while strolling through the woods, a tree fell down and broke his crown, and killed him—"very good." Had he been reading all the news at home like his neighbor Jim, I'll bet a cent that accident would not have happened him, for he who takes the paper, and pays his bill when due, can live in peace with every man, and with the printer too.

CAT AND RAT QUESTION.—(*Editor Witness.*)—Having had an argument with a friend of mine as to the correct answer of the question stated below, I should feel obliged if you would settle the point at issue, your decision being final. I maintain that it takes 14 cats, whilst my friend, on the other hand by some wonderful calculation of his own, makes it 400 cats. "If seven cats can kill seven rats in seven minutes, how many cats can kill one hundred rats in fifty minutes?"

[Fourteen is the correct answer.]

Slippery Place to Pop the Question.

She came tripping from the Church door, her face flushed with emotions awakened by the just uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curbstone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently, with a burning heart which fairly palpitated in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pocket. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments hesitating silence, he said: "Jane, we have known each other a long time. You must know just how I feel. You must have seen that at the bottom of——O Mercy!"

He had slipped down on the ice with such a force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped, that the foundation—O goodness?"

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on.

"Yes; just as I said, clean down at my heart is a fervent love on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me to stand and face—Thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up again before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly!

"Yes, yes; John. You remembered that you just said a love which helped you to stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on——This pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sacque between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said with increased earnestness:

"Of course darling I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love, and to hear those sweet lips whisper——Whoop!"

Some how John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a capital V with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her tapered fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, sat his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

"I understand; and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make lighter your journey to——Jerusalem!"

John stood alone, and said with breathless vehemence:

"O my precious! thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth, and surround you with the lovely atmosphere of——Texas!"

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and hand to hand, and with hearts overflowing with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up to the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their lumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

SOUND ADVICE.—Mr. Eggleston, in his book "The Big Brother," says something that ought to be passed around: "It will not hurt you, boys and girls, to learn a little accurate geography, by looking up those places before going on with the story, and if I were your schoolmaster instead of your story-teller, I should stop here to advise you always to look on the map for every town, lake, river mountain, or other geographical thing mentioned in any book or paper you read. I would advise you, too, if I were your schoolmaster, to add up all the figures given in books and newspapers, to see if the writers have made any mistakes; and it is a good plan, too, to go at once to the dictionary whenever you meet a word you do not quite comprehend, or to the encyclopædia, or history, or whatever else is handy, whenever you read about anything, and would like to know more about it."

This story comes from Chicago. A young woman in that city, after taking a course of instruction in chemistry, assisted her father in the drug store. A few days ago a perscription for some simple medicine for a sick baby was brought in and put up by the young graduate. The report goes on to say that the next day the baby's father went down town to buy a little coffin. The chemist was required to rise to a personal explanation. "Great Jehosaphat!" he said, looking at the powder, "why, there's arsenic in this! It ought to have been bicarbonate of soda. Eliza, how is this?" "Oh, pa!" replied his unmoved assistant, "we had no soda, and arsenic was the nearest shade that matched!"

A rush light—a head-light on an express train.