

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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**BUSINESS CARDS**

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401 St. George Street, Toronto.

**SEND TO G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of the press, containing list of 300 newspapers, and showing cost of advertising.**

**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. He has on hand a large and well selected stock of Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, &c.

Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. F. DEMPSEY  
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

**ACTON BAKERY.**  
Hurrath. Hurrath.

**CHEAP BREAD.**  
Opposition is the life of trade. Buy Dalton's superior Bread.

**D. GALEWAY**  
Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Bakery 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 preparing to open on Friday evening next.

**BETTER BREAD THAN EVER.**  
Cakes, Biscuits, Pastries, Candies.

**Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.**  
Wholesale and Retail.

**WEDDING & FANCY CAKES**  
made to order and delivered every day, fresh, by the stage.

**ACTON PLANING MILLS**  
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.

**THOMAS EBBAGE,**  
Manufacturer of Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds, Mouldings, and other Building Requisites.

**IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS**  
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.

**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.

Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

**JOE 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.

**QUELPH ARMORY.**  
The tailors too, are on the spot. They'll roll the temperance ball. They'll roll the temperance ball. They'll roll the temperance ball. They'll roll the temperance ball.

**JOHN KIRKHAM, Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.**  
Wishes to inform the public that he has removed to Hatch's Block, Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop.

**AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH LOADING ARMS.**  
Ely & Kynock's Cartridge Cases and Caps for Loading same. He-headers, Forcemen, Cap Forcemen, Cartridges, Forcemen's Loading Tools, and all articles necessary for a Gunsmith's outfit. All sorts of repairing and Jobbing executed on the shortest notice at Toronto, April 27, 1876.

**COOPER (making a barrel).**  
The cooper too, are on the way. They'll roll the temperance ball. They'll roll the temperance ball. They'll roll the temperance ball. They'll roll the temperance ball.

**HEIGH HO, STOP!**  
What's the Matter?  
Why any person who wants a good and cheap SET OF HARNESS Should call on ROBT. CREECH, HILL 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 CASE.**  
the best plan—so say you all. EDWARD MATTHEWS Acton, March 15, 1876 38-3m

**THE TRADES COMPANION.**  
COMPANY.

Times want be good 'tis plain to see, 'Till we are rid of Alcohol, And we will have a glorious time, To roll the temperance ball, Then let us raise with might and main, Together, one and all, And work, and work, and work, and work, Against old Alcohol.

**FARMER, (with a fall.)**  
The farmers want good times again, To sell their wheat and pork, And to get rid of Alcohol, They're going right off to work, They'll plough, and reap, and sow, and mow, And store their crops next fall, And thrash, and thrash, and thrash, And thrash old Alcohol.

**LABORER (singing.)**  
The laboring men they want more work And higher wages too, They'll help to roll the temperance ball, With better times in view, They'll sow, and chop, and grub, and dig, And shovel and shovel away, Without a drop of Alcohol, By night or yet by day.

**TAILOR (singing.)**  
The tailors too, are on the spot, They'll roll the temperance ball, They'll roll the temperance ball, They'll roll the temperance ball, They'll roll the temperance ball.

**SHOEMAKER (pegging.)**  
Shoemakers, too, with right good will, Will join the working throng, And what they do for temperance, They'll do both neat and well, They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and last, Together one and all, And finish and finish, and finish, And finish old Alcohol.

**BLACKSMITH (with hammer and saw.)**  
The blacksmiths too, roll up their sleeves, And make their strokes swing, In the cause of temperance, They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and forge, And weld the cinders fly, And hammer, and hammer, and hammer, For Alcohol must die.

**COOPER (making a barrel.)**  
The cooper too, are on the way, With their axes and their rings, To pack away old Alcohol, And send him to the shade, They'll raise, and cause, and gauge, and hoop, And crush the monster down, And talk, and talk, and talk, and talk, And talk him out of town.

**COMPANY.**  
And thus we'll shout, and so we'll work, Until our journey's over, A glorious time we'll obtain, When Alcohol's no more, Then let us raise with might and main, Together one and all, And about juzz for temperance And down with Alcohol.

**ANOTHER SWINDLER.**  
Our neighbors across the lines are distinguishing themselves of late, in trying how much they can steal from their neighbors. Another swindling case is reported from Springfield, Ohio. A man named John T. Norris, who lives in that city, has for some time been carrying on an extensive and systematic method of swindling. His modus operandi is as follows: He advertises his headquarters at Springfield and Cincinnati, and orders goods and products of various sorts from firms in all parts of the Union and Canada, referring them to bankers and other business men in Springfield. When the goods arrive they are immediately taken from the express offices or freight depots and transferred to other parties for any amount Norris and his confederates can get for them. Norris was in the penitentiary for swindling nearly a year, but was discharged through illegal technicality, and has been carrying on his business on a larger scale than before. He claims to have amassed \$40,000 by this style of business.

From 1868 to 1875, according to Canadian official returns, the amount of beer consumed per head of the population has increased 1,848 gallons. In whiskey and brandy, and the more potent liquors generally, there is quite a noticeable decrease. As beer is the less harmful beverage of the two, the statistics prove at least, that of the two evils the majority of the consumers are choosing the lesser.

Irony—To ask a hardware merchant the price of cast-steel soap.

**MY FIRST CLIENT.**

"Door, Jenks!"

"Yes, sir."

My servant bowed profoundly as he hastened to answer the office bell.

"Lady, sir, would like to see you."

"Yes, Jenks," I said fixing my eye glass on my nose, and examining the card.

"Miss Eleanor Buffins, of Clifton, a pretty name to begin with, thought I." "Show her in Jenks."

"Yes, sir, replied Jenks, with aggravating composure, and resting his hand on the door knob. "In case anyone else calls sir."

"Don't disturb me."

"No, sir."

Jenks looked at me scrutinizingly, and vanished in his noiseless way as though the phantom of a Jenks had come and gone.

"A client, I suppose," I mentally speculated, as I threw myself in a professional attitude, and seized a volume of Story's Digest.

I was a young lawyer, of moderate expectations, and encouraged by a little stipend left me by a bachelor uncle I had the hardihood to hang out my sign from a small office that opened on Beakman Street. I do not know that any one noticed the sign, save myself, which I was accustomed to contemplate with a dozen inward satisfaction, at least a dozen times during the day, in all the glorying of gilt lettering "GEORGE BELGRAVE, Attorney at Law."

However, if I had no clients, I retained at least the semblance of business, and always took care to walk hurriedly into the office, with my hands full of documents, leaving everybody to imagine that I was weighed down with as many cases of magnitude and importance as the Honorable District Attorney himself.

I was apparently absorbed, in profound study, as the door opened, and the graceful figure of a young lady, clad in deep mourning, softly glided toward my desk.

I started with an exclamation of surprise, as she threw aside her veil, and revealed a countenance of exceeding loveliness. It was the finely chiselled and expressive features of a young girl that had barely reached her eighteenth year; dark blue eyes of heavenly depth gazed upon me with a sad, deepening expression, as she said, "This is Miss Belgrave."

"That is my name," I replied, rising with a bad attempt to be very calm and self-possessed. "Be seated, miss."

She timidly accepted the chair which I hesitated near my own, and observed hesitatingly:

"I have heard of the Buffins' of Clifton."

"Never before," said I deferentially. "I presume you refer to my family. Now, I call to mind, I did meet with an article in the Herald, referring to some trouble about the Buffins' estate."

"It concerns us—I mean mother and myself," she replied Miss Buffins, with a sly blush. "This paragraph I happen to have with me; and, as it particularly indicates the object of my visit, I will ask you to read it again."

"As she spoke, the young lady drew a newspaper from her pocket, and pointed out the paragraph alluded to which she had underlined with a pencil. I read it with renewed interest:

"THE BUFFINS' ESTATE—ALLEGED EMBARRASSMENT OF MISS BUFFINS.

"Several years ago, a wealthy merchant, doing business in Liverpool, died, and left a handsome property, about half a million, to his widow, Mrs. Jane Buffins. A clause in the will provided that, in case of her marriage or remarriage, the guardianship and control of the property should revert to Mr. Ralph Dorle, until she should be twenty years of age. In the meantime, however, Mrs. Buffins, who has manifested for several months past strong symptoms of insanity, has been deemed incapable of managing her own affairs; she was yesterday, through the advice of her attending physician removed to the insane Retreat, at Bloomingdale. In consequence of this, Mr. Ralph Dorle will assume the guardianship and control of the property of the young lady, until she reaches her majority."

"Well, I ejaculated, drawing a deep breath, as I finished the perusal of the paragraph, and handed the newspaper back to the young lady.

"I will, when I can," said Miss Eleanor, vehemently, while her slight, graceful form trembled with excitement; "you are, as yet, unacquainted with the truth. My mother is not mad, neither has she ever manifested the slightest tendency to insanity. She has been so represented by Ralph Dorle, and he even bribed the physicians and suborned witnesses to prove it. She is the victim of a base unprincipled man."

"I see," I interrupted, with a wise shake of my head. "A conspiracy to get the property into his own hands. Go on."

"This scheming villain, Dorle, has almost entirely in his power," she continued. "He has lately gone so far as to forcibly detain me a prisoner in my own house, and treats me with cruel rigor. Yesterday I accidentally found a check signed by him, for a small amount of money, and with this I resolved to escape. This I accomplished by bribing the jailer to allow me a brief leave of absence, and now I am free. I came to you, sir, hearing that you are a young lawyer of integrity, who will not easily be corrupted by the artful representations of Ralph Dorle."

"We will soon put an end to his tyrannical course," I observed, importantly making an entry in my memorandum book. "I was at that moment, led me upstairs to a considerably flattered by the circumstance of the young lady referring the case to me, a briefless young lawyer. I thought, besides that Miss Eleanor Buffins was altogether or the prettiest and most engaging girl I had ever seen, she was surrounded by one of those romantic episodes in the life of a professional man that might lead to fortune and to fame. I already fancied myself in the glowing enthusiasm of youthful imagination, picturing myself as standing at the head of my profession."

"The first step necessary to be taken," pursued I, "is to obtain the release of your good mother; the next to save you from the perusal of your unnatural guardian."

"I'll tell you what I will do," I will go round and see Dorle myself. It might frighten him a little, and rather than risk a public exposure, he will be quite ready to effect a compromise."

"If you are resolved upon seeing him," remarked Miss Eleanor, hesitatingly, "may I beg to accompany you?"

"Certainly," I replied, with a glance of warm admiration at the plump little beauty. "I have not the slightest objection. Shall we go now?"

"As you please, sir."

I took down my hat from its peg without another word, put on my best kit, which I always had ready, in a side pocket, for extra occasions, and, with a low bow to Miss Eleanor, gallantly offered her my arm. She accepted it unhesitatingly, and we stepped out into the passage. I was in hopes of running the blockade without encountering the eye of my man servant. Delusive hope! Just as we fairly reached the door, Jenks made his appearance, and civilly opened it.

"Jenks," said I quite vexed at the officious politeness of the scoundrel. "If any one calls tell 'em I'm not at home. Important business will detain me out all this afternoon."

"All right, sir," replied Jenks, scrutinizing Miss Buffins with a curious look.

"Hang the fellow," I mentally ejaculated. "He is positively laughing in his sleeve at me."

After we had walked a few blocks in silence, Miss Buffins carelessly observed:

"Mr. Belgrave, my watch has stopped. Can you tell me what time it is?"

"Let me see," I replied, ostentatiously displaying my own handsome "hunting case." "It is just four o'clock."

"What a pity!" exclaimed the young lady, in a tone of disappointment. "I intended to get the check of Dorle's cashed, but of course I am too late. The banks are closed. Mother's sad fate has so engrossed my thoughts, that I quite forgot about it until this moment."

"Don't disturb yourself on that account," said I, politely. "If the amount is not too large, perhaps I may be able to cash it for you myself."

"You are very kind," rejoined Miss Buffins, with a sweet smile. "The amount is over four hundred dollars."

I bit my lip. The sum was larger than I anticipated. However, as I had made the proposition, I was too proud to renege.

"I am sorry that I have not so much at my command," I remarked apologetically. "But I think I can find a substitute at the next store, Grindwell & Co. The firm are friends of mine, and will undoubtedly cash the check as a personal favor."

Leaving Miss Buffins outside I walked into the office of Grindwell & Co.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Grindwell," shaking hands with the principal partner, who wore spectacles, and a high shirt collar. "How do you do today?"

"Cotton is up; and up is down," replied the merchant, facetiously. "Take a seat, Belgrave."

"Can't stay—fact is, Grindwell,

I called in to see if you would cash a check for me?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," responded Grindwell looking at the document.

"Second National Bank, New York, pay to the bearer or order four hundred and fifty dollars—Ralph Dorle."

"What's this, Belgrave, a fee, eh?"

I was willing to have him think so—so I only laughed and shook my head mysteriously.

"Good for a start, upon my word Belgrave," said the merchant. "By-the-by," he added, pleasantly, "who is this pretty girl you are escorting?"

"That's a secret," I answered, with a knowing wink. "Tell you some other time."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Grindwell. "You are an uncommon shrewd fellow—very shrewd, very shrewd."

I could not help thinking so myself, as I departed with the greenbacks in my hand.

Miss Eleanor Buffins was kicking her pretty shaped gaiter boots against the stoop, with some impatience, as I presently rejoined her.

"Really Mr. Belgrave, I am sorry to put you to all this trouble," she said, with one of her winning smiles, as she received the money and deposited it safely in her wallet. "It is certainly kind, but we have no time to lose. If we do not hurry we may miss seeing Dorle. I wish him to understand that I cannot and will not submit to his tyrannical usurpation of authority."

I secretly applauded the spirit of my lovely client, and talking pleasantly to beguile the time, we hastened up Broadway, threaded the intricacies of Bleeker street, and in less than half an hour halted in front of a handsome looking mansion ornamented with a plain old-fashioned brass knocker.

"We have reached Mr. Dorle's," whispered my fair companion, drawing nearer to me, and trembling like a leaf. "I feel my courage fleeing from me now I am here. He is a cruel man. I fear that he may use violence, when he understands that—that you have consented to be my friend."

"Be calm, Miss Eleanor. Nay, I perceive you are greatly agitated. You can remain outside until I return. Really see no necessity of your entering the house at all."

"I will do just as you say," she murmured faintly.

"Of course, under the circumstances, it could only add to her excitement to confront her guardian just then; so I requested her to step into a drug store near by and wait for me. She obeyed without hesitation, while I, somewhat flurried with the prospect of a stormy interview with her guardian, hastened to announce my presence.

A dirty-faced servant-girl presented herself in answer to my summons. Mr. Ralph Dorle was in. Handing the maid my card, I crept into a dark parlor, where I sat in solitude and gloom, musing myself by drawing a fancy picture of the artful Mr. Dorle, whom I imagined to be an ugly old gentleman on the shady side of fifty, with a cunning, evil expression on his wrinkled features, but was somewhat confused, when the door opened, to confront a pleasant, benevolent-faced old gentleman bowed in the most genial manner possible.

"Mr. Ralph Dorle," I stammered hesitatingly.

"That's my name, Mr. Belgrave," said Eleanor's guardian, smiling, as he threw open the blinds and waved me to a seat. "You must excuse this hermit looking apartment; my house looks like a tomb since Eleanor left us. Poor girl—she is yet to learn the sad news of her mother's death."

"Mrs. Buffins is dead, then?" said I with a start. She somewhat hurriedly, as I learned from the attendant physicians. The distressing malady which had afflicted her for several years took a fatal turn, as we all feared. Poor Eleanor is now an orphan."

I was quite chop-fallen by this unexpected and startling news. It had upset all my calculations at one fell blow. I was unable to realize it.

To ease myself of an unpleasant suspicion, I inquired:

"When did Eleanor leave home?"

"About six months ago, replied Mr. Dorle, staring at me with an odd expression of surprise.

"His reply mystified me more than ever.

"Why," rejoined I, "she assured me she had escaped from your house this very morning."

"You speak in enigmas, Mr. Belgrave. Are you aware that my ward, Miss Eleanor, is now in Paris, where she is completing her rudimentary education."

"I was agitated.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed at last; "here is some mystery that needs clearing up," and without hesitation I rapidly recapitulated how and where I had become acquainted with Miss Buffins.

"I regret to say that you have been duped and deceived by a wily and artful impostor," said Mr. Dorle, gravely. "The young Miss Buffins is a little girl but nine years old."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet I could not have been more amazed.

"I gazed like one in a dream at Mr. Dorle and slowly reasoned. I began to dawn on my mind. Mechanically I placed my hand to my forehead, and found my watch gone. I then dived desperately into my breeches pocket, and discovered my wallet, containing fifty dollars, was also missing; so that my whole loss by this misadventure might be summed up in the following:

Amount he forged check.....\$450  
Value of Watch and Chain.....350  
Cash.....50  
Total.....\$850

As soon as my legs could take me to the police station, I made known my loss to the authorities, and a force of detectives was instantly put upon the track of the false Miss Buffins; but she had prevailed herself of my brief interview with Mr. Dorle, and, in the interim, had made good her escape with her ill-gotten booty.

I never heard from her or my missing property again; but I consoled myself for this terrible disaster by annually discharging my general maintenance, "Jenks" who, I suspected, laughed in his sleeve at my simplicity and credulity. I don't know whether I could possibly prove it; but it was enough to see that I was the laughing stock of every middling lawyer and politician from Chambers street to the portico of the belfry; and, though I strove manfully against the torrent of ridicule that engulfed me, it proved too much for a young man of my slender legal attainments, and in a few weeks I quietly hailed down my sign, and became a broker's clerk, with no lingering reminiscence of the "notary public," or even of my name among the dusty files of the Police Court.

**RULES IN TRANSPLANTING TREES.**  
The Builder recommends people who transplant trees to mark the north side of each tree, and to be taken up and replace it in its natural position. A large portion will then live, as by ignoring this, transplanted trees generally perish.

A man who lived last year in a house in Toronto, without paying rent, declined to move out. He was taken up and replace it in its natural position. A large portion will then live, as by ignoring this, transplanted trees generally perish.

The Canadian Institute of Toronto has decided to erect a building at a cost of \$10,000, and one-third of that amount is already on hand. The institution is understood to be for the encouragement of science, history and antiquities and such matters, as far as they are connected with Canada. Records are to be gathered and kept for reference.

Here is excellent advice from the Monetary Times not only to manufacturers but to every man in business: "To meet the present position, manufacturers require to study economy at all points. In every manufacture it is attention to little things that secures profit. No manufacturer can possibly do well unless he looks after the small points of his business. And he must understand these points in order to do it. It is to be feared that some manufacturers amongst us are not as thoroughly versed in the practical points of the business as is necessary. No trusting to experienced foremen will answer the place of personal, minute, practical knowledge on the part of the principal."

"A Springfield Manufacturing firm has failed, and in consequence mills in different parts of Massachusetts have closed, throwing eight hundred people out of employment. The protective tariff is the cause, perhaps, not high enough of too high or something. An explanation is desirable. Will some of our Protectionist friends visit Silk manufacturing in the United States has been unprofitable of late, with a protection of fifty per cent, but the American firm which has been prospecting in Montreal, has decided to come to Canada, where there is only ten per cent protection for the article proposed to be manufactured. Will the Protectionist orator explain this also while he is on his feet?"