

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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Office, 101 St. George Street, Acton.

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**DOMINION HOTEL, Acton.**  
Office, 101 St. George Street, Acton.

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Office, 101 St. George Street, Acton.

**DRIED MEAT.**  
Office, 101 St. George Street, Acton.

**Charles Cameron, Having postponed removal in order to clear out his stock of Pork, offers at a reduced rate.**

**Superior Smoked and Unsmoked Hams, Cumberland Cuts & Bacon.**

**CHAS. CAMERON, 44-3m.**

**PURE MILK.**

**MILTON PLANING MILLS.**

**J. R. MITCHELL, Manufacturer of Rags, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Window Frames, Fickets, etc.**

**Blinds 20 cents per foot, 25 All work delivered in Acton free. Orders left at Second Base will be promptly attended to.**

**Milton, June 6, 1876. 60-ly**

**\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Free. Stripes & 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. 23, 1875.**

## ACTON BAKERY.

**Hurrah, Hurrah.**

## CHEAP BREAD.

Opposition is the life of trade. Buy Millway's Superior Bread.

## D. GALLOWAY

Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Bakery Establishment to the premises next door to Morrison's drug store, where he has built a first-class oven and fitted the premises in a first-class style for a Bakery and Confectionery Business, and is preparing to

## BETTER BREAD THAN EVER.

**Buns, Cakes, Biscuits, Pastry, Candies.**

All of the best quality and at great reduced prices.

## Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.

Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

## Crabbed 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 your eyes.

## ACTON PLANING MILLS

**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.

**F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN, Practical Bookbinder.**

All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.

Account Books of all kinds Made to Order.

Ruling Promptly Attended to.

BINSLEY—St. George's Square, Guelph.

## 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, etc.**

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. 20, 1876.**

## GUELPH ARMY.

**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.**

By J. & K. McKeown's Cartridge Cases and Caps for reloading same. Revolvers, Remington's, Cap Revolvers, Cartridges, and all kinds of Sporting and Military Ammunition. All orders of repairing and jobbing executed on the shortest notice.

Guelph, April 27, 1876.

## ACTON LIVERY & SALE STABLE

**J. P. ALLAN**

Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish

**First-class Horses and Carriages** at Reasonable Rates.

His Higs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.

Acton, July 1st, 1876.

## WANTED, 1000 Cords of GOOD HEMLOCK BARK.

For which I will pay FIVE DOLLARS PER CORD

At the Acton Tannery, if delivered in summer.

**G. L. BEARDMORE, Z. A. HALL, Agents. 49-3m. June, 1876.**

## UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all

**Requisites in Undertaking** on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had.

**Hearse Supplied when Desired.**

Also that he will

**Fit up Stores & Offices** in the best style.

Show-Cases, Book Cases and Desks made to order.

**FURNITURE REPAIRED.**

Shop on Willow Street, near Main St.

**P. M. McCANN, 39-6m. Acton, March 20, 1876.**

**JOB PRINTING of all kinds** neatly and promptly executed at the

**FREE PRESS OFFICE,**

Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

**\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Quilins terms free. 1876.**

## THE EVILS OF TEMPER.

I was left an orphan at an early age, but with immense wealth.

After arriving at manhood, I enjoyed all that untrammelled leisure could procure, and I travelled abroad, and for some years pursued those amusements and pleasures which the Continent, with its experience of luxury, offers to the unoccupied and wealthy.

When I was thirty, I determined to marry, and one summer, after recovering from an attack of illness, I happened, by chance, in travelling about in pursuit of my lost health, to stop at a sea-bathing place, quite unknown to the fashionable world.

It was so unlike every other watering-place I had ever been at, that I resolved to remain there until I wearied of it as I had of everything else.

At this retired spot I met Emily Grayson. Her parents had gone there like myself, for the benefit of their health, rather than amusement.

I found that she was artless, intelligent, and affectionate; these were the qualities which I had determined my future wife must possess. Nevertheless she had faults, among which the most conspicuous was an impetuous temper, with no small quantity of pride.

I soon found she was rather self-willed; but I excused this fault, for she had always been the petted plaything of parents, friends and teachers. These were her only errors; and I thought they might easily be corrected—for a willow hardness, but increased her, she was as easily controlled by gentleness as a child. Suffice it to say, that she came nearer my ideal than anyone I had ever met with, and I determined to win her.

I loved her as I never loved woman.

I read with her her favorite authors and mine; I walked and rode, and talked with her. I told her of the lands I had visited—of the wonders I had seen; and, when at last, I gave utterance to, and love, my words fell on a willing ear, and I soon obtained permission to ask her hand of her parents.

Great was their astonishment when they heard their girl's daughter demanded in marriage. They had seen my attentions, it was true; but they had looked on the as so much her senior—she was but sixteen, I beyond thirty—that they had never imagined the possibility of my becoming a lover.

However, when they found that Emily really loved me, they offered no objection, save stipulating that our marriage should be deferred for one year; that we might study each other's characters more closely during that time, with the additional request that our betrothal should not be made public. If, at the expiration of that time we both remained unchanged, they promised that she should become mine.

I yielded to what I could not control, but there was a source of satisfaction mingled with my disappointment. I saw that my wealth had no influence in their decision; and the fear which had always haunted me—of being married from mercenary motives—was destroyed; at length I was loved—fondly and devotedly loved, and for myself alone.

Daily my betrothed grew nearer and dearer to me; though modestly restrained any pretensions of love, her silence was more eloquent than words.

The year passed happily away, and my wedding day arrived. I would have made it the occasion of a grand festival; I wished the world to witness my proud joy; but my bride looked on marriage as too solemn—too serious a thing for mirth.

A prouder, if not a happier man, was I when, after we had finished the bridal tour, she was at last installed as mistress of my magnificent mansion—when I received the congratulations of my friends, and heard the whispered murmur of admiration which her beauty excited.

Fete after fete was given to her, and we plunged into the maelstrom of fashionable matrimonial dissipation.

Quietly, however, preferred the quiet pleasures of home to the gay scenes into which she was introduced—and, so, in truth, did I; but my vanity rejoiced in her triumphs. Secluded as she had been from society, she had none of the faults of the initiated; and I was proud to contrast her modest, unaffected mien and artless dignity with the stately pretensions of those around her.

At length the bridal parties were over, and in the quietude of our home our characters began gradually to unfold themselves in each other's view. I found that I was not mistaken in my estimate of my wife's love. It was a deeper and more devoted affection than I ever dreamed would become mine. She

loved me with all the warmth of her impetuous nature; her faults were not called into action, and she was radiant with all the those good qualities which so delight a man. How very happy we were—how very happy we might have remained!

I have said that my temper was naturally violent; that I was obstinate; that I was selfish. Previous to my marriage, circumstances had kept this infirmity of disposition in check, and for some months after I controlled it.

It had but slumbered—it was not quenched; and I, who had undertaken to correct this very fault in another, now, myself, became its slave.

The bonds were soon broken—the first unkind words were spoken—those words so easily repeated after they have once occurred. The first quarrel—that sad era in marriage life—had taken place between us, and both felt that, henceforth, the perfect love which we had hitherto enjoyed could return no more.

Could we ever divest ourselves of the memory of those cruel words! "But we might still be comparatively happy if this evil occurred no more," so said my weeping wife, when after a passion of tears, she offered me her hand.

Things passed thus for a time; but the bonds were broken, and I ceased to check the ebullitions of anger which the slightest circumstance called forth. Before the second year of my married life had passed away, I became that worst of all oppressors—a household tyrant.

My wife did not appear angry during that day; the next morning I found a note on my plate at the breakfast table. Emily was not there. I opened it, and found that it contained a proposal to the effect that she should be permitted to join some friends who were about to visit France, ostensibly on account of her health; that she should remain absent one year, and if at the expiration of that time she still lived, that a permanent separation might be arranged; but at present such a thing should not be made public.

The note was written in a clear manner, yet I thought the desire to avoid publicity in the affair betrayed some token of reluctance. I replied to it at once, saying I should make no objection to such an arrangement, or to any other that might suit her convenience. With the note I sent a large amount of money for her preparations.

The next day we received an invitation to a party, which, contrary to her late habits, Mrs. Mansfield accepted. She sent it to me in a note, stating the fact, and saying that she thought it would afford an excellent opportunity to make known to society her intention of visiting France.

During the time which intervened I saw my wife only at table, when she appeared as calm as ever, though, perhaps, a trifle paler than usual. Hour after hour had I looked for her pride to fail her. Deeply injured as she had been, I could not bring myself to believe that—loving me as she once had loved me, and I fondly hoped still loved me—she would really leave me; but after having once made public her intention, I feared least she might not shrink.

Would she do so? Oh! how anxiously I awaited that eventful night; and when, at last, it came, I was dressed in an unusually early hour. I hoped, I prayed, that her heart would conquer—that love would subdue pride; but how could I, how dare I hope it? What indignities had she not borne from me! Ought I not to humble myself, and ask her to forgive me?

Had she come in at that moment I would have done so, but she came not.

At the time to proceed to the party she entered, and as pale and as calm as usual. She was dressed with great care and looked exceedingly handsome. Could this be the light-hearted girl I married a few years ago? Could this cold, haughty, this imperial woman, be the gentle, the loving, the delicate wife of other days?

I heard the murmur of admiration which greeted her; I saw group after group of flatterers gathering around her; and I wondered through the crowd like one in an opium dream, until, at last, I reached a conservatory, where I concealed myself, and thought of her—thought of her as when first I met her. I looked back on the happy hours of our betrothal—on the happier days of our early married life. I recalled her joyousness of spirit, her frank confidence of manner, her deep love; our former happiness, our present misery; and I remembered that it was I that had wrought the change.

In a few days we should part—perhaps forever—part, while our hearts were full for each other! Never had I adored her as at that hour, and I determined that she should not leave me.

Just then the voice of some one singing reached me. The tones

seemed familiar; I could not be mistaken—the voice was hers.

I hastily repaired to the room from which it proceeded, and I found myself in a position from which I could see the singer without being seen by her, listened until the song was finished.

She was about to rise, when several voices asked for another song—for one which had once been a favorite of hers—of mine. She flushed, and then paled again, when she thought of how often she had sung that song for me.

In my eagerness I had pressed forward, and just when she hesitated, her eyes met mine. She immediately complied. Her voice faltered at first; but recovering herself she sang it through to the end. It was a lot of happy love. When it was finished she looked at me for a moment, and only a moment, and then commenced another—one I had never heard before—the story of a proud heart broken!

The words seemed to come from her very soul. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears till they were dulled in death. A deep, pitiful silence pervaded the room. Tears were flowing on all sides, and many red lips quivered with emotion. Then she ceased and arose from her seat, but so wan—she was I feared she would faint.

We soon after returned home. The distance was short; but the time seemed an age until we reached home. I would have given worlds to have spoken and to have told her all—my sorrow—all my repentance—but I could not; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, nor indeed, until long after we had reached our home, and she bade me "good night," could I utter a word. Then, and only then, I stammered out a request that she would remain for a few moments. She closed the door and returned to her chair. I hesitated.

"Emily," at last said I—I had not called her so for some months before—"Emily, will you not sing me those songs you sang to-night?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," she replied; and seating herself at the piano, she sang them again.

I had determined when the songs were finished to seek a reconciliation; but the demon pride whispered, "Will you be less firm than she! She cannot last—why humiliate yourself!"

Alas! I listened, and obeyed. I permitted the last opportunity to recall our lost happiness to escape. Pride, the tyrant, was obeyed, and I suffered her to leave the room with a cold "good night."

I went up into my own lonely chamber, and sat down, and pondered on the events of the evening, regretting bitterly regretting my folly in suffering my pride again to master me!

I heard my wife moving about her chamber, which adjoined my own—and then, suddenly, a heavy fall and a groan!

I rushed into her apartment, and found her extended on the floor. I tried to get to her, but my dimly saw the evidence that she had broken a blood vessel—she would die!

I sprang to the bell.

In a few minutes, which seemed an age, the servants entered the room, but stopped horror-stricken at beholding their beloved mistress apparently in the agonies of death!

"The doctor! a doctor, quick!" I shouted. "She will die—she will die!"

In a second they were all gone save her maid, who was sobbing and praying, while she wiped the blue lips of her expiring mistress.

Oh! what agony I suffered during the interval which ensued before the arrival of the physician. I called her by the dearest titles; I begged her to speak one word. I entreated her to forgive me—only to smile once more.

She slowly opened her large eyes; a sunlight smile passed over her features, and she was dead!

Just then the physician entered. I would not, could not believe that she had been taken from me. I begged and prayed of them to exert their skill to save her.

"It will be useless to attempt it," was his passionate reply; "no human power can restore life!"

I did not believe them. My wife was not, could not be dead! I clasped her in my arms; I kissed her brow, her lips, and all became a blank!

What passed afterwards I know not. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying on a bed in a darkened room. A strange female was standing by its side, talking in a low tone of voice to another stranger.

"He seems better to-day, doctor," said she.

I asked for my wife; they told me to be quiet, that I had been very ill, and inquired how I felt.

I answered not, for gradually past events came back to my recollection. I remembered everything.

even my last kiss on her cold lips. I knew that she was dead, and asked them what they had done with her.

At first they hesitated, but at length they told me that she had been buried. I cried, "My Emily! my wife! Again I ceased to remember. The delirium which accompanied the fever that had attacked me returned. All was chaos.

Several months elapsed ere I recovered; and since that time my days have passed in tears, and in prayer at her grave—my nights in dreaming of her goodness, her affection, and my terrible sin.

Years have rolled away since she was consigned to the tomb—years of suffering, of remorse—in which I clothed my spirit with sackcloth, and heaped ashes on its head.

My deep repentance has at last procured forgiveness. Last night she smiled upon me in my dreams, and beckoned me away. I most joyfully acknowledged the summons. Ere many days I shall pass the portals of that mystic land where sorrow comes not, and forgetting all my crimes, I shall abide with my angel for ever and ever!

## Harvard on the Couple.

A Cleveland drummer was in Elmira a few Sundays ago, and while sitting in his room, heard, from the next room, the mysterious question and answer:

"Whose ducky are you?"  
"Is your ducky?"

A few moments passed, during which the drummer sat in open-mouthed wonder, and the silence was again broken.

"Whose ducky are you?"  
"Is your ducky?"

Unable to stand it much longer alone, the Clevelander hurried down to the office, learned that a newly-married couple were in the house, and heeded three other drummers to hear the fun, and tip-toed back to his room. The wife, who had crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and during the next quarter of an hour heard that fond confidant put and answered no less than four times by the unconscious rustic and his blushing bride.

At the dinner table, as luck would have it, the bride and groom were seated between the two drummers, while the original discoverer of the affair sat opposite. The table had been cleared of the substantial, and orders for dessert had been given. At that moment a spirit of mischief took possession of the Clevelander. Leaning across the table, he looked archly at his nearest friend, and with a smile, propounded the conundrum:

"Whose ducky are you?"

The other duck was equal to the emergency, and, in tones of affected sweetness got in his answer:

"Is your ducky?"

Two scarlet-rustic faces, the flutter of a white dress through the door-way, two vacant seats at the table, and four crazy drummers laughing all the tears ran, flashed across the vision of the spectator as the curtain fell.

## Useful Receipts.

To preserve ice in a refrigerator, wrap in several thicknesses of newspaper.

To keep cut flowers fresh, to a vase of flowers put half a teaspoonful of soda in the water.

To clean a rug, matting, put a pint of salt in a pail of warm water, and give the matting a thorough washing.

This is a good receipt to brighten furniture and remove spots. Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a tablespoonful of turpentine, use with a bit of flannel.

SWEET SLAW.—Chop tender cabbage very fine, and cover it with dilute vinegar, fruit juice, especially grapes; sweeten; let it stand half an hour and serve cold.

To take rust from steel covers the steel with sweet oil, well rubbed in. In forty-eight hours, rub it with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust disappears.

To revive withering flowers, take them from the vase, throw out the cold water, and replace it with hot water in which you have barely put your finger, put in the flowers immediately. The effect is wonderful.

A NEW METHOD OF HATCHING CHICKENS.—The other day in Mr. Wesley Able's barnyard near Troy, Beverly, a strange noise, as if made by a brood of young chickens, was heard proceeding from a dung heap, and on examination it was found that a large brood of chickens had been hatched out by the heat of the manure heap, the eggs which had been deposited by the hens being protected from