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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., &c.

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The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

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Parties interested in their business with me will be respectfully dealt with.

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The undersigned have for sale at their mill in Acton a large quantity of all kinds of

PINE AND HEMLOCK LUMBER.
Pine Shingles and Lath.

Shingles of the best quality for only \$1.50 per square.

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We have just introduced a new Gumming Machine, and are prepared to gum Drag or Cross-cut Saws.

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J. P. ALLAN
Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish

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FORGET AND FORGIVE.

Forget for why remember. The wrongs of yesterday. Forgive kind words were spoken. To heal the breach to-day. Then let the past forever be a blank leaf in thy memory.

Forget the old year's failings. The new will have its share. Each one will find that happy. He hath enough to bear. Without the memory of the wrong. That to the old year doth belong.

Let bygones be bygones. For why should thoughts that grieve, strife, be nourished in thy bosom—That blot immiter life. And fill the world that also were fair. With scenes of sorrow, strife and care?

Forgive for why should we withhold. The blessing that we need. Or let an angry brother. In vain for mercy plead? Oh! could must be the hearts, and rare. That could reject the suppliant prayer.

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THE COST OF A TRAIN.

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madame," said the officer with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife," said the officer with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"Nothing was further from my intentions, sir. Your wife's long dress is liable to the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady, with her head thrown back in a spirited way. "To-day, in the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost two hundred rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madame, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the two hundred rubles—I really cannot beg the length of your dress; yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right; dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale. "You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"I beg you to be more polite, and you are free."

The quickly changing color in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was; but stepping close up to them both, he said, with apparent self-command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a—your man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of two hundred rubles in a whole year. I can, therefore, make no amends for the misfortune except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but we'll see if it's true; we'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true, you are right," the husband said, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court just now in session. Go with us before the judge and he will decide the matter."

All further protestation on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help matters. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid an open scene, he had to go with them to the court-room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

"After waiting some time, the lady had leave to bring her complaint."

"What have you to answer to this complaint?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As that either party could be heard."

"Do not jest any more about it. I will bury and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand

in it and had the misfortune to tear the dress; Madame would not receive my excuses, but she may now find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general and the lady in particular.

The judge called to order and asked, "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all satisfied. I demand two hundred rubles in payment for my torn dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately I am poor. My pay as an officer is all I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

"I have broken stillness reigned throughout the hall, and the young officer's breath could be heard coming hard."

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequences of your demand. The defendant can be punished only through being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you could obtain no satisfaction, while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury to his rank and position."

"To suffer wrong, and not to be an officer who is poor and dependent on his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but as could be seen by the way she held up her head and the energy with which she shook it, quite uselessly. The judge was just going on to further consideration of the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"I will place the two hundred rubles at the service of the defendant."

There followed a silence, during which a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself at the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince W—, and beg you will oblige me by accepting the loan of the two hundred rubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the young man in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it." Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred rubles each, and coming close up to him whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lightning up of the officer's face. He immediately took the two notes and turning toward the lady, handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madame, you are satisfied."

With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for her money.

"Yes, now I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators, she prepared to leave the court room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer who had suddenly become like another man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"

"The look that the woman cast upon him was as insulting as possible."

"I want my dress," he answered with a slight but still polite bow.

"Give me your address and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madame, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"What an insane demand," said the lady's husband, "my wife cannot understand herself here."

"I have nothing to do with you, sir, in this matter, but only with the complainant. Be so good madame, as to give me the dress immediately. I am in a great hurry; my affairs are urgent, and I cannot wait a moment longer."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word, until it was hard to enforce any approach to quiet, so that either party could be heard.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will bury and send you the dress as soon as possible."

from the representative of the law my own property that dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge thus appealed to, decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madame. You are obliged to hand over the dress on the spot."

"I can't address myself before all these people, and at home without any dress on," said the woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—"

A nod that could not be misunderstood brought to the lady's side two officers of justice, who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of her lady's maid.

"Take your money back, and leave me my dress."

"Oh no, madame; that dress is now worth more than two hundred rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Two thousand rubles," said the officer firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded promptly. "I have here five hundred rubles."

"I give me an order on my banker for the remaining fifteen hundred."

After he had written the draft, the worthy pair withdrew, amidst hisses from the audience.

Query: Did the lady ever again let her train sweep the street?

The Value of Local Newspapers.

Wm. M. Switzer, one of the oldest and most respected of Missouri editors, has presented the following sensible view of the value of local newspapers.

"The invention of the electric telegraph and the substitution of fast daily mails by railroad for the slow and less frequent lines by stage and coach, not to mention the multiplication of industries corresponding in ratio with our increased population, have largely localized the country press and augmented its usefulness and efficiency. These powerful agencies have made the remote and the distant of the country and district in which it is published; a reflex of the opinions and an exponent and defender of the rights and interests of the people among whom it is especially circulated. It is theoretically, and ought to be practically, an honest and sleepless sentinel in the watch tower of their liberties, and a guardian of their special interests, industries, and activities whatever they may be."

"As local self government is essential not only to the peace and prosperity of the whole country, but likewise to the highest happiness and civilization of each of its parts, so the local press is indispensable to the proper development and defence of the interests of the respective communities which in the aggregate make up the nation. And as the abolition of local government would result in universal anarchy and disaster, and in the inauguration of the iron sway of colossal monopolies and centralized despotism, so the extinguishment of the country press would open the flood-gates of a restless torrent from the fountains of population, wealth and power."

"I am, therefore, firmly persuaded that the perpetuity of our free institution in the spirit and form designed by our ancestors depends in no small degree upon the vigorous existence and fidelity of the country press."

Independent Journalism.

The Richmond, Va. *Guardian* bears testimony to the growth and increasing popularity of independent journalism. It says:—"We hold that the independent press is fast enlisting the respect of the people and is exercising daily a more potent influence on public sentiment. It is a very remarkable feature of the times that the country press is daily becoming more independent."

It is one of the most cheering indications of a new era of independent thought, which is dawning upon the world everywhere, that the press is leading the van, and we should lose faith in progress were it otherwise."

Moody and Sankey, in a very short time, have raised from the gutters hundreds of poor besotted drunkards and made men out of them. The grand work of temperance which has been going on for the last few months has done more good in Chicago than have all the right, earnest, silk-upstercled, and velvet-capped churches of this city in fifty years.

The Squire was carving at dinner, and thought the music that appeared a young baby, and you'll see how ingeniously enough in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor."

The Coming Potato Crop.

Potatoes are scarce and consequently high in price. Two causes operated last season to induce a scant yield. First, the ravages of the bug, only prevented by considerable trouble and vigilance, and hence leading planters to plant so much land as they could manage, and no more. Secondly, the dry weather during the latter part of the summer.

The high prices and ready sale now characteristic of the potato market will no doubt cause a larger area to be devoted to this crop the coming season. Beside this, there is an impression that the bug nuisance is abating, and we believe this impression to be correct. Entomologists have been meditating that as the parasites and other enemies of the potato bug multiplied, this insect visitation would be held more and more in check. A good suggestion in regard to the potato crop of 1877 comes from Prof. McAfee, of the Iowa Agricultural College. It is this:—Move but early varieties of potatoes to be planted. This policy is intended to cut off the supply of food for the potato bug late in the summer. The *Rural New Yorker* thinks this an excellent suggestion, and remarks:—

There are, at least, two broods of this insect in a season throughout the greater part of the Northern and Middle States, and in some favorable localities there. Now, if none but the earliest varieties of potatoes are planted, the tops will be ripe by the time the first brood of beetles have come to maturity. The second brood, not finding its favorite food in abundance, a large portion must perish, for, say from the first of August, until the following spring is rather too long a time for the mature insect to live, especially if short of food. It is generally the second or last brood of the season which hyperest, passing through the winter in safety; but by cutting off the supply of food we may at least lessen the number which are to pass over the following season.

To Prof. McAfee's advice to plant only early potatoes, we venture to add, plant these early. As a general rule, the earlier potatoes are planted the better is the yield. The seeds are long in germinating, that they are protected by the soil for a time, and in this respect have the advantage over crops that break ground quickly. Potatoes are usually left to the last; would it not be better to reverse this order of things? It is true, there are a variety of crops all of which clamor for first attention; but in this case the eradication of an insect pest is an object of prime importance, deserving every effort that can possibly be put forth.—*London Advertiser*.

Didn't Make a Cent.

An honest Granger entered a hosiery store on Woodward Avenue, yesterday, and asked to be shown a few socks. When he learned the price per pair for woolen ones, he put them aside and said:—"I guess I'll keep on wearing cotton ones. They say if you wear 'em right along through the winter your feet don't get cold."

Some cotton socks were handed out, and he persuaded the dealer to drop from twenty to fifteen cents per pair. Then he said, "I can buy the same kind as these in Toledo for ten cents."

"It doesn't seem possible," replied the dealer. "Will you swear to it?"

"I will. I'll make affidavit to the fact."

The dealer told him to go around to a justice, make the affidavit, and he should have four pairs at ten cents per pair. The stranger was as good as his word, and he chuckled and chuckled over his shrewdness until the document was made out, and he had been sworn. Then the justice remarked:—"A dollar is the fee."

Something came over the stranger about that date. His knees wobbled a little, and he swallowed as if something choked him. He handed over the dollar, walked out, and the four pairs of socks are still on the shelf. If the shrewd chap made any remarks to himself, he probably whispered.

"Virtue is its own reward, and you are 160 pounds of fool!"

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of grief, contrition and love.

If you have a good sister, love and cherish her with all your heart. If you have none, why then love and cherish the good sister of some other man with all your heart.

Observe a young father trying to appease a pining baby, and you'll see how ingeniously enough in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor."

What Shall We Do With Our Daughters.

Appropos of what Mrs. Livermore's late lectures on the above important question, said, the *Davenport Democrat* thus sensibly makes answer:—

Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them not to wear false hair. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them to wear thick warm shoes. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes. Bring them up to do marketing for the family. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen. Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes and stick to it. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of beaux. Give them a good substantial common school education. Teach them every word, dry, hard, practical common sense. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor. Teach them that a good, round, rosy rump is worth fifty consumptives. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperance and dissolute young men. Teach them the more one lives within their income, the more they will save. Teach them the further one lives beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poorhouse. Rely upon it, then, upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal and woe of their after life. Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing—if you have time and money to do it with. Teach them to cultivate a garden and drive a road team or farm wagon. Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model. Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen oil-pated leathers in broadcloth. Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—and at a suitable age let them marry.

Gems of Thought.

There's a good wide ditch between saying and doing. The heat is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended. Great natural gifts bring duties to their possessor rather than privileges. Friendship is a vase, which, if once flawed, may as well be broken; it can never be trusted after. The sympathy of one weaker than ourselves, the sympathy of even a little child, will aid the most resolute. In youth our souls are great and our bodies slender; in old age our bodies are often great and our souls slender. We see how much a man has, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him. To worship is to a woman always sweeter than to be worshipped. To worship one must look up; to be worshipped one must look down. Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor will be under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken. How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us! We might explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we curd the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent. A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many saints in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose dots are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make his list. Every man must patiently abide his lot; not in idleness, in useless pastime, or querulous dejections, but in constantly accomplishing his task, that when occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is very indolent and troublesome ambition which causes so much what the world says of us; to be always envious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our voices! Hot Water for Injuries and Sprains. The *New York Medical Journal* reports this case:—"The patient was engaged in a machine shop, and while his hand was upon the anvil of a trip hammer, the hammer—weighing 500 pounds—fell. It so happened that a file was on the anvil, and in this way the force of the hammer was arrested about half an inch before it reached its bed. When the hand was examined it was found that the whole palm was a mass of pulp. The metacarpal bones were comminuted extensively, and there was apparently but small chance of saving the hand. It was, however, placed in hot water, and kept there for two or three weeks, and then taken out and dressed. In three months the patient was sufficiently well to leave the hospital, and now—nine months after the accident—he is able to move the fingers, and has quite a useful hand." Bruises and injuries do much better when treated with hot than cold water. The temperature should be about 105 deg. Fahrenheit. Another case is reported of compound fracture and dislocation of the ankle joint, in which the proximal end of the first metatarsal bone protruded from the foot. The dislocation was reduced and the joint of a week it was taken out and dressed in the ordinary manner. The foot is now doing well, and promises a good result.

Hot Water for Injuries and Sprains.

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