

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume II, No. 51—Whole No. 104

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**W. H. LOWRY, M. D., M. C.**  
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Office and Residence—141 Front Street, Acton, in the house lately occupied by J. L. Latta, Esq.

**DE R. MORROW, Physician.**  
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Office and Residence—141 Front Street, Acton, in the house lately occupied by J. L. Latta, Esq.

**D. HENDERSON, CONVEYANCER.**  
Life Assurance Co. Bonds, Mortgages, and prepared to make and execute all legal documents in relation to real estate. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**J. D. MATHESON, Attorney.**  
Office—Corner of Main and Church Streets, Georgetown.

**T. W. COOPER.**  
Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Guelph. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**W. M. LAIDLAW, Barrister.**  
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Equity, etc., Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**HERY L. DRAKE.**  
Insurance Agent, Guelph. Agents for the Mercantile and Marine Insurance Co. of London, and the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Co. of London.

**PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.**  
Inventions and property secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. Patent granted or no charge. Send for particulars. Agency in operation since 1845. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**WILLIAM WATKINS.**  
Marriage Licenses and Certificates by Royal Appointment. Business private and confidential. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**MRS S. CARTER.**  
Teacher of Music, Drawing and French, Church Street, Acton.

**OLIVER LOZIER, Plasterer.**  
Acton. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**ACTON FLOUR MILLS.**  
B. & E. NICKLIN, Proprietors. Flour and Feed always on hand, whole and retail. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**ROSSY HOUSE, Acton.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**DOMINIO HOTEL, Acton.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**W. M. HENSTREET.**  
Licensed Auctioneer. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN.**  
Practical Bookbinder. Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**WAE IN THE EAST.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**GREAT SLAUGHTER IN LEATHER.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**Artillery Horses.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**E. K. COOK**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Etc.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

**SEND etc. to G. P. ROWELL & CO.**  
Office—141 Front Street, Acton.

## CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION

**B. & E. NICKLIN**  
Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.

**First-Class Baker,**  
Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.

**The Acton Plow Co.**  
Are manufacturing the celebrated

**STEPHENSON PLOWS,**  
The 'Boss' Gang Plow

**Repairing on Plows,**  
and also also kinds of

**MURRAH! MURRAH!**  
FOR THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHS

**COPIING & ENLARGING**  
In all its branches, in the best style of the art, done on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.

**TRAVELERS**  
Life and Accident INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn.

**C. F. RUSSELL,**  
District Agent, Toronto. WILSON IRWIN, Special Agent.

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

**FREE PRESS OFFICE.**  
Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

## AT CROQUET.

How I ran the day I played croquet With charming Mabel Gray; Ah! she was so fair with her yellow hair.

And eyes that flashed my way, I softly swore a lover's oath That true love's vows would bind us both.

So at her gaze, and as one dazed, Yet lolly held my ground; And with naughty pride the charge denied;

Then, with a look profound, She said: "Well, then, sir, have your own way;

I leave you move your goal. Good day." Then away she turned, as though she spun.

Me as a cheat and liar; And I cursed the game, consumed with shame.

And my heart was filled with ire. So I lost my love because I strayed From duty's path in the game I played.

## LIVING TOO FAST.

Confessions of a Bank Officer.

"Leave it in the hands of Tom Flynn. He will sell the furniture and let the house. There are enough who will want it."

"That is not even the principal trouble. The bank will not let me off without my giving some notice, so that the officers can get another person in my place."

"It would be mean in them to keep you when you have a good chance to better your condition."

"I think I can manage it somehow, Lillian; and I feel assured that we shall go."

"O, I am so glad!"

"But, Lillian, you must not tell a single soul where you are going, or, indeed, that you are going at all."

"Not tell any one? Why not?" she asked, as if it would be a great hardship to deprive herself of the pleasure of telling her friends that she was going to Paris.

"I will tell you why, Lillian. It would be difficult and dangerous business. I am not sure of the position yet. Suppose I should go to New York, and then, after I had thrown up my situation in the bank, and that the firm who made the partial offer did not want me, I should have lost my present place without having obtained another."

"That's very true. I understand you perfectly."

"Yes, I did in New York that I can have the position, it will be time enough for me to resign my place in the bank. If I am disappointed I have only to return to my present place. If it should get to the ears of Mr. Bristleback that I am joining anything of this kind, he might fill my place in my absence—don't you see?"

"I do; it is plain enough."

"You can tell your mother that you are going away to-morrow night, and that possibly I may accept a position in New Orleans."

"In New Orleans?"

"Yes; it won't do to say anything about Paris yet."

"I am sorry we have to go off in this way; but I would rather do it than not go at all."

Leaving Lillian to commence packing, I left the house with the intention of seeing Mr. Brentbone, who had so long been anxious to have my house. I found him at his lodgings. I stated my business, and inquired if he still wished to obtain the dwelling.

"I am still open to a trade. I offered your uncle three hundred dollars for the house," said he.

## CHAPTER XXI.

AN EXILE FROM HOME.

I was astonished to find that I could commit a crime of such magnitude with so little remorse. It is true, the sin had become, in a measure, necessary to my salvation, and that of my wife; but I was only excited, not burdened with guilt, when I did the deed.

I had deluded myself into the belief that principle was only a worldly sense of honor. But I will not anticipate the reflection which was forced upon me afterwards. I did not believe I was much worse than the majority of young men. I certainly did not mean to steal when I began to take to New York, and then, after I had thrown up my situation in the bank, and that the firm who made the partial offer did not want me, I should have lost my present place without having obtained another."

"That's very true. I understand you perfectly."

"Yes, I did in New York that I can have the position, it will be time enough for me to resign my place in the bank. If I am disappointed I have only to return to my present place. If it should get to the ears of Mr. Bristleback that I am joining anything of this kind, he might fill my place in my absence—don't you see?"

"I do; it is plain enough."

"You can tell your mother that you are going away to-morrow night, and that possibly I may accept a position in New Orleans."

"In New Orleans?"

"Yes; it won't do to say anything about Paris yet."

"I am sorry we have to go off in this way; but I would rather do it than not go at all."

Leaving Lillian to commence packing, I left the house with the intention of seeing Mr. Brentbone, who had so long been anxious to have my house. I found him at his lodgings. I stated my business, and inquired if he still wished to obtain the dwelling.

"I am still open to a trade. I offered your uncle three hundred dollars for the house," said he.

"But I wish to sell my furniture."

"Very well; if it suits my wife, I will buy it."

The gentleman and lady were willing, and I accompanied them to Needham street. Mrs. Brentbone found some fault with the furniture, and rather objected to purchasing it. I insisted that I should not dispose of my lease unless I could sell the furniture.

He made me various offers, but I was satisfied that he would give my price, and I did not abate a dollar. The trade was closed, and he agreed to see me at the bank the next day, where we were to pass the papers. My landlord consented to endorse the lease over to the new tenant.

I went to the bank, as usual, the next morning. Mr. Brentbone came according to his promise. I gave him the lease, and the bill of sale of the furniture for his check. My uncle happened to come in while we were doing the business. I told him that my uncle's day before had induced me to accept Mr. Brentbone's offer for my house. He complimented me for my prudence. Mr. Bristleback also expressed his approbation of the economical step I had taken, and

## events proved, it would have been better, and I should have realized more than I anticipated.

I had long dreamed of seeing the wonders of the old world, and the prospect of doing so at once had a powerful influence upon me. Within twenty-four hours I should be on board of a steamer bound for Europe; but at the same time I should be an exile from home, from honor and integrity, leaving a ruined name and a blasted reputation behind me.

"How are you, Paley?"

It was Tom Flynn. His voice startled me. I would rather have met any one than him, for his very looks seemed to reproach me.

"Ah, how do you do, Tom?" I replied, in some confusion.

"So you are going to Albany to-night?" he asked.

"Yes; poor Whiting is quite sick."

"Whiting; don't you know him?"

"No; who is he?"

"I know him in the city here, and we were cronies."

"Whiting? was a myth, but I had a facility for lying which helped me through in an emergency."

"I suppose you know I had sold my furniture and lease?"

"No!" exclaimed he, opening his eyes.

"Yes, Brentbone takes possession to-night."

"I am sorry for that, for I liked to go there."

"The fact is, I lost heavily for me in coppers, and I can't afford to keep that house any longer."

"One must be prudent," said he, musing.

"I was afraid you were going a little too fast. Did you lose much?"

"Considerable, for me."

"If I can do anything to help you out, Paley, I will, with the greatest pleasure. I never had anything to do with fancy stocks."

"That's not the question. You are fortunate. But I must go along."

"I suppose you are in a hurry; so I will walk along with you. I don't know but you will think me impertinent, Paley, but I don't want to meddle with your business, in a bad sense. I have been thinking that something was going wrong with you."

"With me?" I demanded, not a little startled by this candid revelation. "Going wrong?"

"I had an idea that you were losing money, or that something serious troubled you."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I hardly know; but you seem to act strangely; to be excited or absent-minded. Perhaps you care lost more on coppers than you care to acknowledge."

"Well, I have lost more than I ought to lose."

## in debt, instead of travelling like a lord in Europe, with over thirty thousand dollars at my disposal.

My pride resent his offer and I did not give it another thought.

We drove to the railway station with our two heavy trunks. It was fortunate that neither Tom Flynn nor any one but the Oliphants took it into his head to "see us off," or the quantity of baggage we carried might have provoked inquiry. The train moved out of the station house, and I felt that I had bid farewell to Boston forever. I had my wife, but I had surrendered all ties with everybody else.

"I hope we shall not have to come back here again next week," said Lillian, as the train began to increase its speed.

"There is little danger of that," I replied.

"I was obliged to admit to myself that I might possibly be brought back by an officer, with irons on my wrists, within a week. I had committed a crime which would condemn me to the State Prison for a long term of years, if discovered, and it could not be long concealed."

"Do you really think we shall go to Europe, Paley?"

"I have hardly a doubt of it."

"Then why didn't you let me tell mother, and not make her think that I was going to New Orleans?"

"I told you the reasons, my dear, and I hope you will be satisfied with them," I answered, rather petulantly.

"Don't be cross, Paley."

"I'm not cross."

But the fumes of the whiskey I had drunk were nearly evaporated, and I did not feel right. I could not help dredging something which I tried to define. If Tom Flynn had suspected that something was going wrong with me, it was not impossible that Mr. Bristleback, or Mr. Heavyside, had been equally penetrating in their observations. It was possible that, at this moment, the bank officers were engaged in examining my accounts and my cash. Any attempt to verify some of my entries must infallibly expose me.

Even without any suspicion of me, they might, in looking over my accounts, discover theater figures or the fictitious items.

"Telegraphic dispatches to New York might place officers at the station in the city ready to track me when I arrived. If my deficit was exposed, it would be impossible for me to take a foreign-bound steamer. My photograph, or at least my description, would be in the hands of all the detectives."

All these reflections, all these fears and misgivings, are the penalty of crime. I was called to endure them, as thousands of others have been; and those who commit crimes must remember that these things are "nominated in the bond."

But no telegram proceeded me; no detective dogged my steps; and the bank had no suspicion that anything was wrong with me. We went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel on our arrival in the city.

I hastened down town after breakfast, engaged a state-room in the steamer which sailed at one o'clock, and procured a letter of credit on London for three hundred pounds, payable to Charles Gaspiiller, whose signature I left to be forwarded to the banker. I then went to a barber, and had my beard, except my moustache, shaved off.

When I entered the parlor of the hotel, Lillian did not at first recognize me. It was not until I said, "Lillian, my dear, I have sacrificed a few days, should be disposed to ascertain what had become of me, they would be as likely to follow him to Havana as to Liverpool. It was well to be prudent and take advantage of circumstances."

**CHAPTER XXII.**  
CHARLES GASPIILLER.

I had avoided writing my name in the register of the hotel, for I did not wish to leave any recorded traces of my presence in the city. It occurred to me that perhaps Lillian had told her name to her new-made friends, but they would not be in the tropics, and out of the reach of detectives. I regarded myself as very shrewd, and I could not exactly see how it was possible for any one to obtain a trace of me, after the steamer had departed.

I had given my name at the steamer office as Charles Gaspiiller, and the money for my bill of exchange was to be drawn in London under this appellation. I don't know how I happened to select

## this name. It was a French word which probably came back to my memory from my studies at the high school; but I had forgotten its meaning, though I could read French tolerably well.

When I came to ascertain its significance, I was not a little surprised to find that it exactly fitted my case, for it means "to waste, to squander, to lavish." It was entirely by accident that I chose this word, and I certainly should not have done so had I been aware that it covered my case so exactly.

But if I succeeded in concealing my identity from others, I could not hide it from my wife. If I had Mr. Gaspiiller, she must of necessity be Mrs. Gaspiiller. We were not at all fitted to pass ourselves off as French people, for my pronunciation had been so neglected at school, that I could hardly speak a word of the language with which I was tolerably familiar by the eye. Lillian knew still less of it. I knew that double L in French had a liquid sound, and I called the word Gas-pe-ay. It would be singular if I should have a French name, pronounced with a French accent, and yet not be able to speak the language! I was afraid I had made an unpleasant bed for myself. But I determined as soon as I reached Paris to master the language.

How could I have the assurance to tell Lillian that her name was Gaspiiller, and not Glasswood. I might convince her that the latter was too commonplace to travel in Europe upon—indeed she was already convinced of that, for she often, in her lively manner, made fun of the cognomen. I could assure her that, while I was not to blame for my name, the word was so inconspicuous, absurd and contradictory, that it would subject me to ridicule. It was no part of my purpose to tell her I was a defaulter, an exile from home, a fugitive from justice. It would break her gentle heart. Yet I was not sure that it would not come to this.

After I had completed all my preparations, I was in her presence with my bill of exchange and my passage receipt in my pocket. She was talking with the lady who was going to Havana when I entered. She looked at me, and as soon as she recognized me, she commented merrily upon the change which the very name made in my appearance. She rose from her chair, but her friend talked so fast that she could not at once leave her. I knew how anxious she was to know the final answer of the great banking house to which I had alluded.

Upon that depended my voyage to Havana. As soon as she could decently do so, she tore herself away from her companion, and sat down on the sofa at my side.

"Are you going, Paley, or not?" she asked with breathless eagerness.

In answer to this inquiry I inadvertently pulled out the receipt for the passage money, which contained the ticket. I did not at the moment think that it ran in favor of "Charles Gaspiiller," for I was not quite ready to tell her that I had changed my name.

"What is that, Paley? You've changed, blankly. I don't understand it."

"Don't you, my dear? Why, it is our ticket for a passage in the steamer to Liverpool," I replied cheerfully.

"This? Received of Charles Gaspiiller?" said she, reading just what the letters my new name spelled.

How stupid I was! Why had I not told her, in so many words, that we were to go, instead of doing the thing in this sensational way!

"Precisely so; that is the French for Glasswood," I replied, laughing as gaily as my confusion would permit. I don't want Frenchmen in Paris to call me, *Bois de Verre*, which means wood made of glass, or anything of that sort. The name is Gas-pe-ay, and not Gaspiiller."

"But how does it happen that the receipt is given to you under this name?"

"Because I don't want to be called Glasswood in Europe. But, my dear, we have no time to spare now, and we shall have ten days of idleness as soon as the steamer sails. So we must not stop to discuss this matter at the present time. We must be on board at twelve, and it is after eleven now."

I continued, with sufficient excitement in my manner to change the current of her thoughts.

"Then we are really going!" exclaimed she, opening her bright eyes.

"Certainly we are; and going immediately."

"Why, I wanted to go shopping in New York, if we were really going."

"Shopping? That's absurd! Ladies never go shopping in New

## York, when they are on their way to Paris."

"But I must write a letter to mother."

"Certainly; you have time to do that while I speak for a carriage and pay the bill."

I procured note paper and envelopes for her, and went down to settle my account at the office. The polite book-keeper asked me to indicate the name on the register. I told him I had not written it. I had wound my handkerchief around my right hand, which I held up to him, and declared that I was unable to use a pen. He was kind enough to tender me the service himself.

"C. Gaspiiller," I added, when he was ready to write.

"What is it, sir?"

"C. Gaspiiller."

He wrote, "C. Gaspears," and I was entirely satisfied.

"Three dollars, Mr. Gaspears," said he; and I gave him the amount, though it was one dollar more than the regular charge.

I was confident that I was leaving no trace of myself here. A carriage was ordered for me, and my trunks were loaded. I went up for Lillian, and found that she had finished her letter. She gave it to me to be stamped and mailed.

I took a stamp from my portfolio, carefully adjusted it upon the envelope, and placed the latter in my pocket. Of course I was not stupid enough to mail it, since it would betray my secret to those who could not see the necessity of keeping it.

"This is very sudden, Paley," said Lillian as the carriage drove off.

"Sudden? Why, I told you this was the way it would have to be done, if it was done at all," I replied.

"I know you did. Won't dear-na be astonished when she reads my letter?"

"Probably she will be," I answered; but I thought she would be astonished, long before she read it.

(To be continued.)

## Excessive Shade.

There can be little doubt that many of dwelling houses are rendered unhealthily by excessive shade. Man is strangely prone to extremes. While some houses look bare and naked for want of tree surroundings, there are others that are hurried in dense masses of foliage, that admit no ray of sunshine. To make matters worse, wide verandas are added to the thick shadiness, so that the dwelling is never penetrated by the cheerful, health-diffusing sunlight. Not unfrequently there are dark green venetian blinds, and thus by a triple guard of trees, verandas and blinds, the sun is effectually excluded.

The same sunshine that is necessary to vegetable life is just as indispensable to animal life. Without question, the chronic unhealthiness of some families is mainly attributable to lack of sunshine. At great expense, arrangements have been made to keep out of the house an enemy that, which is one of the best friends of the human race. The custom is a very common one of closing doors and windows on hot days, keeping outside blinds shut, and inside ones down under the plea of this inducing coolness. But in the coolingness of a winter or a colder, to life and liberty. Sometimes it is urged that sunshine fades the carpets, or mars the fancy-work ornaments in which tasteful housekeepers delight. But better be healthy and cheerful with bare floors and three-legged stools than sickly in the midst of splendor and elegance. We could easily cite cases of habitual delicacy and disease in households, the cause of which is to be found in absence of sunshine. But it is well nigh impossible to convince people of the truth in regard to this matter. What is cheap is undervalued, and what is costly is overrated. It is very much as Baron Rothschild explained by an unintended pun, the reason why people hanker after venison, although venison is better meat. "People prefer venison to what is cheap."

People prefer venison to what is cheap; venetian blinds, beautiful curtains, carpets, and parlor ornaments are dear. Sunshine is common, and can be had by the million, while the articles that cost money can only be had by the few. Strange that the world should be so much troubled and expense to rob ourselves of priceless blessings that we enjoy in common with everybody, and that we should be willing to sacrifice so great a boon to health for the sake of ostentatious show.—*London Advertiser.*

Lady: "And put just a tint of carmine on the cheeks—but not too much, you know." Photographer: Exactly, madam. I perfectly understand; about as much as you have now.