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THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

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

TO THE PUBLIC OF ALL NATIONS & POLITICAL CREEDS.
If you want a good AUCTIONEER try
GEORGE GIBBS,
He understands his business. Naff said. Address Hillsburg P. O.

NOTICE.
The undersigned begs leave to announce to Farmers and others engaged in butter making who purpose getting a new churn that they would consult their own interest by ordering one of A. Holmes' Improved Tubular Dash Churns. I am now taking orders for them, having purchased the patent right to manufacture and sell. They are without doubt the best in the market. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Circulars and testimonials free on application. Territory for sale. Manufactured and sold by
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Containing the elements of music, with easy and progressive exercises to perfect the player in the art of music either piano or organ, to which is added over sixty Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, Galops, Quadrilles Melodies, Dances, etc., by Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey, one of the best works of its kind ever introduced, and should be in the hands of every piano and organ player. Sent postpaid to any part of the United States or Canada for only fifty cents the price having been reduced to introduce it everywhere. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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THE ONTARIO
SADDLERY,
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Buy your Harness at the Ontario Saddlery, where you get the worth of your money.
A plendid lot of NEW COLLARS on hand.
All parties intending to purchase Harness should do so at once before the rush commences in order to secure a good set.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Jan. 7, 1878.

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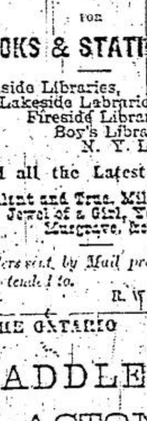
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ—Pupils attended at their own residence if preferred—Terms moderate.

Undertaking.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and surrounding neighborhood that he has procured a magnificent HEARSE and is prepared to attend and conduct Funerals on the shortest notice and most moderate terms.
Caskets, Coffins, Burial Robes,
And all kinds of Funeral Furnishings kept in stock, and supplied on the shortest notice.
Hat Bands and Gloves supplied when required.
JOHN SPEIGHT.
Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

U can buy first-class PIANOS and ORGANS cheaper of DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, than any other manufacturer in the United States. Why? Because he sells only for cash, takes no risks and has no book accounts. Every instrument is fully warranted for six years as strictly first class, and are sent on from 5 to 15 days' test trial, money refunded and freight paid both ways by him if they are unsatisfactory. Send for illustrated ADVERTISING (Catalogue Edition) and testimonials from his patrons, some of whom you may know. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY Washington, New Jersey.

THE CANDIDATE.

"Father, who travels our road so late?"
"Hush, my child! 'tis the candidate;"
Fit example of human woes,
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the woman with courtly grace;
He kisses the baby's dirty face;
He calls o'er the fence the farmer at work;
He bores the merchant, he bothers the clerk;
The blacksmith while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings.

"Howdy, howdy, how d'ye do!
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
The hearty hand of the working man."

"Husband, who is at the gate!"
"Hide, my love, it's the candidate;"
"Husband, why can't he work like you!
Has he nothing at home at all to do!"
"My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home and no credit in town,
Too plain to preach and too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his leg he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, how d'ye do!
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fits as no other can,
The horny hand of the working man."

Brethern who labor early and late,
Ask three things of the candidate;
What is his record; How does he stand
At home? No matter about his land;
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own,
Has he in view no laboring plan?
Is the honest and capable—he's your man!
Cheer such a man till the welkin rings;
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, how d'ye do!
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
The honest hand of the working man."

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES
—IN THE—
Canadian Wilderness.

The Counties of Halton and Wellington between 1820 and 1840.

BY "FIFTY STRINGS THAN NEVER."

During my illness, however, a dispute had arisen between our party and some Indians, who asserted that the Canadian government had granted them the undisputed right to hunt and trade on all territory within six miles of the Grand River. We had no means of ascertaining the truth of their story, but as I was always averse to quarrelling, I persuaded my Hudson Bay friend to lift his traps and remove to the Credit, a distance of twenty eight or thirty miles. The Indians at our departure treated us kindly, gave us a supply of provisions, a beautiful dog, and several other tokens of respect and civility. The weather was pleasant, I had recovered my rifle, everything seemed to augur a successful journey, and consequently we were in excellent spirits. After travelling about fifteen miles the first day we fixed on the banks of a beautiful stream in the township of Erin as a suitable place to pass the night. The next morning we were awakened by the barking of our dog, which had evidently driven some animal up a tree at a short distance. I seized my rifle and hurried forward to find nothing less than a huge bear rapidly descending a big tree tail foremost. He sprang from the tree and in less than a minute disappeared in a swamp which stood at a distance of a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. The dog followed the bear, and I looked around for my companion. He was nowhere to be seen. Where had he gone? I shouted but received no answer. Presently the woods echoed to a piercing shriek which issued from the swamp. It was the voice of my friend. He had been attacked by the bear. The cries of the hunter, the barking of the dog, and the fierce growl of the savage animal all told as I approached that the contest was determined and bloody. I arrived but to give the bear a token of my presence in the form of a bullet, and then to find my faithful comrade half drowned in the creek where he lay covered with gore. I can never forget his appearance as I bore his speechless form to the camp. The monster had struck him in the face with one of its huge claws, tearing his features one mass of mangled flesh. I laid him carefully down, wrapt him in our blankets, and then, as he had a little recovered, I asked him, what I could do for him. "You follow and shoot that dastardly bear, said he, and I'll take care of myself. I filled our camp kettle with water, placed it beside him, and then resumed the hunt. The bear and the dog were by this time at the distance of a mile or a mile and a half from the camp, and as they were going in a circle I resolved to head them, lie in ambush, and finally make sure work of brain as he came along. About twenty minutes after I started I came to a beaver meadow thirty or forty rods long, in the edge of which I found a place which suited my purpose. In less than five minutes the bear and the dog appeared at the upper end of the meadow coming directly towards me. They approached but slowly, the bear seldom running more than twenty or thirty yards without turning to do battle with the dog. I had therefore a full view of the shaggy monster. At length he came within range, but I feared at such a distance that the ball might not have the effect which I desired. A favourable opportunity, however, soon presented itself. His bearship made another race and stopped directly opposite and within easy range of my ambush. I fired and brain tumbled over. I had broken his backbone about two inches behind the shoulder. I did not stay long to view my prize but hastened to the camp to attend to my companion and inform him of my success.

When I arrived he was moaning piteously, and seemingly suffering excruciating pain. I had no sooner, however, informed him that I had slain his adversary than he sprang to his feet, clapped his hands, walked eagerly backwards and forwards, and finally attempted to utter congratulations, which owing to the manner in his mouth had been mutilated. I was unable to understand. As I saw that he was too much excited, I persuaded him to lie down until I dressed and bandaged his wounds. Ere long he fell asleep, and I availed of the opportunity to attend to the bear which I had left in the charge of our dog. I first secured the skin, and then cut off a large piece of the flesh which I knew would be of use to bait our trap when we arrived at the Credit. Having returned to the camp I attended my companion until the next day when he was sufficiently recovered to be able to relate the particulars of his adventure with brain. It appeared that he had run into the swamp as soon as he had seen the bear leave the tree where I had first discovered it. Having taken up his position beside the stream he quietly and confidently awaited his enemy, expecting with his trusty rifle to be able to deal death at a single shot. Intending to make sure work he allowed the bear to come within twenty feet of the muzzle of his gun before he drew the trigger. It missed fire however and the next instant the shaggy monster had borne him to the ground and was tearing his flesh from his bones with its great claws. At this crisis the bear had turned to do battle with the dog which had seized it from behind and my companion seeing the opportunity availed himself of it by rolling in to the creek. At this juncture I had arrived, and by my timely aid prevented him from drowning.

In three or four days we resumed our journey, and in less than another day reached our destination. The Credit is a beautiful stream, scarcely so large as the Grand River, but much more clear and rapid. It was filled with large and delicious salmon, which were speared in hundreds every summer by some settlers who had taken up their residence upon its banks."

"Edmund, wouldn't it be an excellent idea for us to have a salmon hunt before you leave for the west."

"As you like said Edmund. It must certainly be excellent sport."

"Well then we shall" said Frank; I wish to see some acquaintances in the "Scotch Block." We can call that way, and then proceed to the settlement on the Credit. The best spearing grounds are near a place called Salmon Hole, which is about three miles below a beautiful fall occasioned by the stream flowing over a branch of this very mountain. We'll start in the morning. In the meantime, however, I will continue my narrative."

Well, as I said, we arrived in safety on the banks of the Credit. Here we had undisputed possession, we were surrounded by hundreds of fur-bearing animals, and as my companion soon recovered we had little reason to regret our removal from what we now thought to be call the inhospitable region of the rocky Grand River. We devoted our time almost entirely to our furs, we soon secured a great number of mink, martin, otter, and other valuable furs. We could have killed hundreds of deer, but as we had no means of conveying them to market, and their skins sold for a trifle, we restrained our sanguinary dispositions and slaughtered no more than what was strictly necessary to supply our daily wants. While here we were awakened one day, however, our camp was plundered by wolves and the same night one of our venison carcasses carried off and devoured by a gang of those savage crew worrying each other for the carcass of the deer. I was considering whether I had better take refuge in a tree or attempt to make my escape by flight when I was startled by hearing something smashing in the brush directly in front of me. Before I could move, a hundred eyes seemed to flash in the distance, several dark objects bounded towards me, and finally the fierce yells of twenty wolves broke on my ear as they darted past me in the direction of their companions. I was soon ensconced among the branches of a tall hickory, where I remained until the wolves had devoured the buck and dispersed. They had either not noticed me or, having fared so well on the venison which I had provided, they allowed me to escape, thinking, no doubt, that I would soon procure them another supply. In the morning I had no difficulty in reaching the camp where I found my more successful companion preparing my breakfast and anxiously awaiting my arrival.

(Continued from last week.)

The Value of Cyprus.

Situated just on the coast of Syria commanding the seaway to the Gulf of Scanderoon, and the mouth of the Orontes, and, therefore, the Mediterranean entrance to the Valley of the Euphrates, Cyprus, with its deep harbors, offers singular advantages to a power interested in India, but unable for the moment to secure possession of its natural gateway, the Valley of the Nile. It would be impossible, if England were once seated there, for any power to attack Egypt or Syria by sea without her full consent, while the island itself, as a possession, offers some singular advantages. It is probably the one place in the world which could be easily turned into a storehouse of timber for the national dock yards. Much of its mountain ranges is already clothed with forests, which belong, we believe, to the state; the oak grows in profusion, and the cedar of Lebanon would be in a home where it would need no acclimatization. The forests could be protected by the State with any needful care, without interfering with the people, who have been reduced by oppression and misgovernment to 100,000, or perhaps a twelfth of their proper number, and who for years to come would be employed in repeopling and re subduing the beautiful valley, where every cereal and every known fruit will reach perfection.

The tobacco plant and the apple will grow in Cyprus almost side by side. With a little care and energy in the formation of tanks, on the South India plan, to be formed by the torrents which now waste themselves down the hills, Cyprus would have all the natural advantages of Jamaica, better climate, and a population now degraded indeed, but once among the most industrious and enterprising in the world.

With fifteen years in Anglo-Indian hands, the island would pay all expenses, provide much of the wood needed for the dockyards, and be in a fair way toward that prosperity which to be full must wait for the recovery of the population, now depressed by misgovernment, debased by want of freedom, and declining in number through want of means of subsistence. It is useless to be illustrious when if a man prospers his property confiches at Pasha; but under British rule, Cyprus would supply half the cities of eastern Europe with cut marble, fine tobacco, fruit, and the liquors for which the sweet grapes of the Island, now used to make abominable wine, or so well suited.

The island itself might be a splendid garden, thrice the size of Suffolk, and from the extraordinary variety of climates a sanitarium for the wealthy invalids of Europe, even if we could not succeed in the very interesting experiment it invites—the formation for the first time in our history of a European colony.

The water in which the dishes are washed in the St. Nicholas hotel in New York is conducted in immense tanks in the cellar for the purpose skimming off the grease which sells for from ten to fifteen dollars a day.

The late Isaac Friedlander, the grain king of California, was a giant, physically, being nearly seven feet in height, and with a body large in proportion. He was a German by birth and came to America when a boy.

A correspondent gives four reasons why the report that Miss Kellog will marry Mr. Verdi is untrue: First, she does not love him; second, he does not love her; third, Miss Cushing will never marry fourth, Mr. Verdi is married already. That ought to settle the matter.

Practical Sweethearts

A nice young man employed in the Kansas Pacific office resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street, and purchased a $2 pair of shoes. In order to make the present appear more valuable, he marked $5 upon the soles of the shoes, and at his request the clerk put a receipted bill for $5 into one of the shoes. The presentation was made, and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel; the girl examined the shoes in the daylight and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and get a better bargain. Yesterday she appeared in the store and selected a pair of shoes, price $3.50, and politely requested the clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her husband had paid $5. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the boot man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her $3.50 pair of shoes and obtained $1.50 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for $3 to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.

He Understood.

Yesterday when the black clouds gathered in the north and betokened the coming of a thunder storm, a citizen who was coming down on a Jefferson avenue car remarked to an elderly man beside him:

"A storm is portending."

"Hey?" inquired the other.

"I say there are tokens of a storm," continued the first.

"Hey?" was the brisk inquiry again.

"Appearances indicate a storm," exclaimed the citizen, a trifle embarrassed.

"Hey! What did you say about indelicate?" queried the other.

"There's going to be a thunder storm!" shouted the citizen, dropping his big words all of a sudden.

"Ay! now I understand," said the old man—"going to be a thunder-storm. Well; what do you want me to do about it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

So It Would.

A citizen who was doing some marketing yesterday had his attention attracted to a boy about 12 years of age, who seemed anxious to get hold of one of the many big watermelons piled up in the Central Market. It seemed like a good chance to sow a seed in the lad's mind, and the citizen beckoned the boy, and queried:

"My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt reply.

"You would, eh? I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?"

The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered:

"I 'spect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What is an Editor.

An editor is a mule whose business is to investigate a nuspaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts manuscript, keeps the waste basket, blows up the "devil" fires other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay, when he can get it, runs a large family, works nineteen hours out of twenty four, goes no Sunday, gets damned by everybody, lives poor, dies middle aged, and often broken hearted, leaves no munny, and is rewarded for a life of toil by a short but free obituary puff in the nuspaper.—*Josh Billings.*

THE POSTAL TREATY.—On Dominion Day Canada was admitted into the general Postal Union formed under the Treaty of Berne in 1874, and on August 1st came under its provisions for the transmission of postal matter at a uniform rate with the other countries interested without additional charge. The rate on letters to all European countries is now five cents per half ounce; postal cards, 2 cents; newspapers, 2 cents per four ounce; printed matter and samples, 2 cents per two ounces. To distant countries, East Indies, China, Ceylon, Brazil, Mauritius, etc., double rates. The Australian Colonies are not in the Confederation. The registration fee to Europe is 5 cents; to distant countries, 10 cents.

No Show at All.

"Say, Mister," said a small boy to one of the assistants at the public library, "I can't find the book I want to get into these here catalogues. I wish ye'd find them for me."

"What work do you wish to draw?" paternally inquired the official.

"What, her you got Mulligan the Masher, or the Gory Gallop of the Gallees?"

The man shook his head.

"Well I'd like Red headed Ralph, the Ranger of the Roaring Rialto."

"We don't have any of that kind of trash, my boy."

"Wot sort of a libery is this, any way?" retorted the gamin, "wy it's just like everythin' else in the country—run for the rich, an' the poor workman gets no show at all."

A Husband Marketed.

A strong-minded woman married a man not noted for activity of body or energy of character, and before the honeymoon was over upon awakenening one morning, she found his spouse in tears.

"My love," said he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream."

"Why, what was it?"

"I thought I was going out Fourth Avenue, when I saw a sign 'Husbands for sale.' So many women were rushing in that I followed, and just then they were selling a splendid specimen for $1,000."

"But did they bring as much as that?"

"Oh, no! They went at $1,000 $500 and so on down."

"Well, did you see any that looked like me?"

"Yes, indeed. But they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

FIVE CHILDREN AT ONE BIRTH.—The *Baltimore American* of the 20th ult. says: "The most remarkable birth ever known in the history of accouchment occurred at or near Salesville, Ohio, on last Monday night. Mrs. McCormack gave birth to five healthy children four boys and one girl. The medical works have but two instances of such wonderful births, and when they do occur, the children have scarcely been known to live. In this case the mother and children, in the common language on such occasions, are 'doing well.' The community there is excited, and the famous father is the herd of all the country round about. His home is already an object of pilgrimage for the old women of the region. Two births of four children have occurred within the last fifteen years near this region."

M. EDWARD ANDRE has an article in the *Illustration Horticole*, showing that the original home of our common potato is in South America, in the Andes, near the equator. He first found it growing wild on the summit of Quindio, near the volcano of Tolima, at a height of 11,400 feet, in latitude 4° 34min. north. He next found it at 6,400 feet high in the Cauca in latitude 1° 23 min. north, in May, 1866. It was growing as a handsome vine, supporting itself on the neighboring trees and bearing magnificent flowers of a deep purple. M. Andre also found it in North Lima in the Amancaes mountain, where in the midst of a very scanty vegetation the potato is found growing in abundance. It is equally common in the island of San Lorenzo, near Callao. M. Andre is convinced that Humboldt is entirely mistaken in his opinion that the tuber did not exist either in Chili, New Grenada, or Peru. Ed.—It was also found on Vancouver Island, B.C., and by the natives called wappitoes.

The London papers are going wild over Joaquin Miller and his personal appearance. One says he has been constantly solicited to sit for a picture of Christ, and the same paper describes his expression as that of "mingled defiance and melancholy." This is not what everybody would consider the cast of countenance desirable for a picture of the Saviour.

Grant's visit to England is said to have been the cause of starting a lively trade in cigars from this country. Soon after he reached Great Britain he met a New York tobacconist and complained about the "devilish bad" cigars they have over there. The New Yorker drew some American ones from his pockets, and Grant while enjoying one of them asked the giver why he didn't introduce them in England. The tobacconist took the hint, sent over samples of his choicest brands, advertised, and has already built up an extensive trade.