THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume IV. No. 22—Whole No. 170. | ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1878. | $1.00 per annum in Advance

THE ACTON
FREE PRESS
Is Published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
Free Press Building,
Next to the Methodist Church.

TERMS.—One dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid within three months one dollar and a half will be charged; if not paid till the end of the year two dollars will be charged. No paper will be sent to any person more than one year in advance.

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Sept. 1, 1878. 10-1y

ONTARIO
HARNESS SHOP.
To my many friends and customers, I wish to return thanks for past favors, and ask for a continuance of that confidence which I trust has been beneficial to us all during the last eight years. I have just secured the services of a first-class
LIGHT HARNESS MAKER,
For a short term. Any parties requiring a first class light harness should leave their orders immediately.
My Make of
SCOTCH AND OTHER COLLARS,
has a high reputation wherever known.
WHIPS, VERY CHEAP FOR CASH.
Repairing Promptly attended to.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Nov. 7, 1878.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan,
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow
And thus despond to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay,
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
"Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached."

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thoughts that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse;
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse!)
But whether joy or sorrow
—Fill up your moral span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile when e'er you can.

RHEUMATISM MOVEMENT CURE.

One day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib, who is a constant reader of the New York Weekly, read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Periodicalischtiffelbes Hornbuch*, a German paper, which is an acknowledged authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and giving several remarkable instances in which it had been perfectly successful. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as this could be very apt to say anything that it could think of to please its readers, and he at once concluded that he would try the bee sting on his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited number of bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could depend upon the instincts and methods of childhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven whereby the slyest bee that ever lifted a tenpenny-nail man off the order could be induced to enter a wide mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to wit, six bees, sex and age not specified; but, as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey and three bumble, or, in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. M. did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission with his face so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person who said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bed room, and as he looked at them just before putting them away he had wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees did not look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water and let a few drops in on the heated inmates to boot them off.

At the tea table he had a great fright. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said:

"I smell bees. How the odor brings up——"

But the father glared at her and said, with superhuman harshness and execrable grammar.

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said:

"Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bed time at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretenses Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night lamp down until it gave a feeble ray shone dimly as a death light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go slumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing, and crept into bed. After lying still a few minutes he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do to pick one bee out of the bottle full with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the fore leg, but if you lifted him up by the hind leg, would weigh as much as the last end of a gray mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It is very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say he only felt bad, but he did it. He didn't have to lie about it either. He did feel very bad indeed. About eighty-six fell over, and one hundred and ninety-seven on the end of his thumb. He recovered the bee, and pressed the worthless mass of it firmly against the rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all.

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honeybee stings a human it generally leaves its barb on in the wound, and the invalid knew that the only thing this bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled stem of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel round for the bottle, and wished he knew what he did with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed, between himself and his innocent wife. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh! help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where in thunder," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in thunder are them infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble" with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then climbed up the inside of Mr. Middlerib's nightshirt, until it got squarely between his shoulders, and then it felt for his marrow, and said, calmly:

"Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams, when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And, when a little honey bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot, she so shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib and Master Middlerib and the servants pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man a little on in years, arrayed in a long night shirt, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim, religious night of the night lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, and after a preliminary circle or two around the bed to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, he fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was at least for a time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

For and About Women.

Garnet jewelry is all the fashion.

Soft balls of cut feathers are seen on French bonnets.

Jewelled serpents as ornaments seem to be the choice this fall.

Lace of many different kinds is often used on a dress this year.

Ulster caps, stiff and plain but stylish, are worn with Ulster coats.

New Brussels net veils have borders of many colored embroidery.

Slightly rounded trains are superseding those of the square shape.

Sulphur-colored Gainsborough hats are worn by English beauties.

A new evening dress, shown by a Boston milliner, has a trimming of otter fur.

Pencilled eyebrows are coming into vogue, a fact which we are sorry to record.

Bonnets of the closest cottage shape trimmed only with a feather, are shown.

Even fashion is becoming in a degree, regulated by the prevailing spirit of economy.

A graduate of the South Kensington Cooking School is giving lessons in New York.

The ladies of the royal family of Russia are said to be the most beautiful women in Europe.

Rows of cheaville fringe, so arranged as to entirely cover a bonnet, are sold by some French milliners.

Bonnets of striped velvet are made up with the crown and brim cut in different ways, so as to vary the effect.

Children's costumes, in velvet, Rosalie and other rich materials, are plainly made, and invariably composed of only one color.

It is asserted that the business of the chiropodists has increased most astonishingly since the fashion of wearing high heels has prevailed.

The Crown Princess of Germany is commended for her domestic habits, and the simplicity with which she dresses herself and her children.

Children's costumes are all provided with bonnets matching them. Even the Highland plaid suits have Scotch caps with an eagle feather.

The Society for the higher education of women has established five classes for teaching art needlework. The usual rate for instruction is $5 for six lessons of two hours each.

A young lady was complimented in Washington society for the simplicity of her dress. She replied, "I am glad you like it. It cost seven dollars and I made it up myself." When young ladies pride themselves upon the cheapness of their attire instead of its expensiveness, we shall have fewer "broken" fathers and husbands.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

THE ROBERY OF STEWART'S BODY. THE PROSPECTS OF BETTER TIMES. THE WEEK'S FINANCES.

(From our regular correspondent.)

New York, Nov. 15th, 1878.

As yet Stewart's bones have not been found. It's a bad thing to mark bones up too highly in the market reports. People covet them. It seems to me that this bone stealing is a reflection on the modern way of buying a fellow-man in his own corruptibility. Burn him, like the world that will be burned at last, bones and all. What are we but vanity, particularly in our shrouds! The poor woman, Mrs. Dunn Pitman, who left her corpse bravely to be burned, was a Joan of Arc. Said she, in effect: "No mummery. No Indian hoeing around my worthless little immortality. No big bills for undertakers to plague my laboring husband. I shall not lie less in his heart because my ashes are in the air or condensed into the balms of flowers."

Here is the richest widow in America, who has built a $300,000 cathedral to receive the bones of a mere yard stick knight. Without the bones the cathedral will be an empty frame; an imperial mummy case, like the coffins of the Capet kings at St. Denis after the royal bones were dumped into a ditch. It is not bones nor architecture, but blessed deeds, which preserve men's graves from ghast defying there.

To get money from the Stewarts was always about as easy as to get blood from a stone, and reward as it now is proffered is silly and nullifies itself, for whoever stole the body would have to own himself the thief in order to get the money, which would do him no good, if they immediately arrested and punished him for desecrating a grave; or it is known—as far as anything is known in the matter—that there was no gang of thieves concerned in the robbery, one of whom might turn State's evidence and so get the reward.

There is nothing there that does not look encouraging. A warmer, more confident tone finds expression in every field of substantial business. It is believed that resumption will achieve practical infliction, the gold not being required, and to be added to the circulation of the paper currency giving us of currency, instead of substituting $250,000,000. Gold will to neither popular nor at a premium, nor yielding to foreign traction, as we do not owe anything to Europe, from which we are constantly drawing gold to pay for our excessive exports. We have drawn $800,000,000 of our bonds from Europe in the past three years to pay for meats and bread stuffs, leaving on that side of the water only $200,000,000 of the bonds, which will not return, being in the hands of small investors to keep. This market has absorbed all these bonds without a whimper, and the four per cents. stand at three eights premium. How are you Jenny Bull! Gold is what we ask for now from our unhilarious cousin.

Mr. Beard will pay that trifling fishery award in a few days. The next thing needed is to cut down our tariff fifty per cent., otherwise they will raise tariffs against us in both Germany and Britain. What has made this amazing change? Labor and the fertility of our continent. What has made us labor? The kind uses of adversity. After resumption and the attendant excess of currency, prices of all things must go up. Real estate and underpaid manufacturers will presently feel it. Labor and architecture will continue cheap. Providence and method will still be cultivated, and all our economies will be subjected to a student-like revision. We want less bounty from tariffs to stimulate this close attention. We want to raise more through clerks and merchants, who can take in the world and make it our customer. Thoroughness instead of rascality is the religion of the future. Politicians not useful will be hanged; fellows watching for spasmodic appearance of vice to bait for it with a dodge will be labelled "N. G.," which will not mean National Guard.

Events of the week in financial circles were important chiefly for the improving tendency of affairs on the Stock Exchange. The money market was easy and the ruling rates for call loans was from 3 to 4 per cent. Foreign exchanges were firm and a fraction higher on moderate business. Government bonds exhibited marked straight and, prices advanced from ¼ to ½ per cent. Gold speculation was weak in tone with sales as low as 100 1-16.

Railway and miscellaneous speculation was active at intervals and although somewhat irregular was in the main higher. At the opening prices declined ½ to 1½ per cent, but this was followed by an advance of ½ to 6½ per cent. with Western Union, Lake Shore, Northwest, St. Paul and Coal Stock the leading features in the upward movement.

The first printing press was established in New York in 1693.

An English agricultural paper reports a farmer as having planted 600 varieties of potatoes the past season.

Clocks that struck the hour were known in Italy as early as the thirteenth century. A clock of this description is mentioned by Dante.

The average boy is not afraid to work. He will work hard six hours to make a peachstone ring, the value of which is not over ten cents a bushel, and will carry trunks 10 hours a day for a minstrel troupe for an admission ticket worth 25 cents. If the same boy's mother asks him to perform an errand occupying 15 minutes time, he grows and growls and threatens to run away from home and become a pirate.

HALTON COUNTY SPLINTERS.

FROM THE CHAMPION.

About 8000 barrels of apples have been shipped from Oakville this season by boat and rail.

The American Express Company have established an office at Zimmerman, with Mr. Adam Bowman as agent.

The question of building a skating rink is being agitated in Oakville, 48 by 160 being the size of building proposed.

Mr. Johnson Zimmerman recently found the buggy stolen from him a few weeks ago, in the woods, some miles from Burlington.

Considerable quantities of lumber, shingles, and cordwood are shipped via H. & N.W.R. from Zimmerman, by Messrs. Zimmerman, Crawford and Readhead.

Two Nelson boys were arrested last week on a charge of having broken the bell of Bell's school house, by throwing stones into the belfry. One was released, the other brought to Milton, tried on Tuesday, and remanded. He is now out on bail.

On Friday last the man Hoey, who recently stole a cow from Mr. Wallace, was tried before His honor Judge Mitley, and sentenced to two years at hard labor in the penitentiary. On Monday evening he departed for Kingston in charge of Messrs Wallace and Leslie.

Farmers in the neighborhood of Zimmerman complain of finding their stock injured by shot, supposed to be from the guns of Hamilton sportsmen, who come out there in search of game. Mr. Elijah McCartney found one of his hogs dead in the woods shortly after a visit from some of these gentlemen. He also picked some shot out of the legs of one of his sheep. Mr. Dorland also found one of his sheep suffering after receiving a charge. The farmers think that if the Hamilton sports can't tell hogs and sheep from blacksquirrel and partridges, they had better study up natural history before next expedition.

FROM THE HERALD

Revival services are being held in the Methodist Church of Canada, of Georgetown.

A young man, who was recently sent to jail for striking a cripple, made a "show" of himself on the street last Monday. The language used is indescribable. Georgetown is getting notorious for bad characters, and we hope to see some of them severely dealt with.

Mr. W. J Grant, who has filled the position as Station Master for the H. & N. W. R'y here for several months past, has received the appointment of train despatcher for the same company and will soon take his departure for Hamilton to enter on his new duties.

On the 6th of this month one of the members of St. Paul's Church, waited on Mr. Pexton, at his residence, 9th line, and presented him with a handsome Bible, and Mrs. Pexton with a church service on the occasion of his leaving to take up their residence in Brampton. Mr. Pexton is an old settler in these parts and a strong supporter of the church of which he has been warden for a great many years. His absence will be deeply felt.

We are glad to announce that Mr. Chas. Geo. Cavanagh, who has filled the position as foreman and local assistant on the *Herald* for the past eight months, has been appointed Station master of the Hamilton and North Western Railway at Georgetown. Mr. Grant has been called to Hamilton. Mr. C. is a young man of excellent ability, having held some of the most prominent and responsible positions on other railroads in this country and in the United States, and we are sure all his many friends in Georgetown will join us in congratulating him on his appointment. We hail you with a hearty shake of hands, Charley, and wish you every success.

FROM THE NEWS.

Mr. Charles, of Toronto, is building a steam saw-mill on his farm, which is situated a short distance south of Norval.

The work on the new grist mill, and also on the woollen factory, is being rapidly pushed forward, so that in a few weeks we may expect to see them in running order.

On Friday morning, 8th inst., a band of desperadoes entered the house of Mr. Higgins, a much respected citizen of Norval, and behaved in a most barbarous manner. Sir, H. fought them as best he could, with the only weapons he could readily command, which consisted of a shovel, and an axe handle but he was finally overcome and floored. One of the gang made away with handfuls of valuables whilst the rest engaged Mr. H. It is understood that the guilty party is known and will shortly be brought to account.

FROM THE STANDARD.

Mr. Geo. McKindree, residing on the 7th line Trafalgar, made two desperate attempts on Monday and Tuesday nights to commit suicide. It appears that McKinbree, who is a young man, has been very despondent for some months, but was not suspected of suicidal intentions. Drs. Sutherland and Williams were summoned Wednesday and pronounced his case one of suicidal mania. The requisite papers are being prepared, and the unfortunate young man will be sent to the asylum, Toronto in a day or two.

Giving Away Our Profits.

The following article, taken from the *Globe* of a recent date, may interest our merchants as well as those who patronize them.

To the Editor of The Globe.

SIR—Allow me through the columns of your paper to call the attention of the retail merchants to the almost universal habit of giving away a considerable portion of our profits in the shape of spools, buttons, and various trimmings with each parcel of goods sold.

This may appear to some to be a narrow-minded view of business economy, but this system of giving is so common, that in these close cutting times it behooves us to pause and consider. In fact, our patrons are so sanguine, that if we cut them two yards of grey cotton, on which our profits will not exceed one and a half cents, we are looked on as mean, indeed, if we do not put in thread, and perhaps buttons, which are worth as much as the profits on a print dress.

Merchants, the remedy is with yourselves. Have you courage to apply it? When we go to the wholesale market to purchase goods we are charged with each article we select. No trimmings are thrown in to make the wholesaler's profits merely imaginary. In fact we are charged with packing to which, perhaps, we have no right to object. My system of doing business is to sell each article at its own proper value for cash, and for the last four months I have given no trimmings of any kind, not even shirt buttons; yet, notwithstanding the fact that I am called close, and often worse names, my sales increase every day. Merchants, have you not courage to do away with this unwise system of giving away your goods to people who have cheek enough to beg for them; or is your business so profitable that you can afford to give away as much as would pay the rent of the store you occupy? In these days every class of society is looking out for cutting off the merchant's profits. The farmers have their Grange Lodges, through which they purchase the bulk of their supplies for prompt cash, and beg their trimmings from the country merchants. Of course they generally condescend to purchase at least two yards of grey cotton on these occasions, and perhaps oblige us with a pail of butter, a bag of "windfall" apples called a bushel and a half (but measuring five pecks), and a brace of elderly geese in exchange for sugar "twelve pounds for a dollar." Mr. Editor, trusting you will find room for the above in your valuable paper, and that it may bring forth further discussion from more experienced business men, and finally abolish the system of "giving away our profits."

I am, Sir, yours truly,
MERCHANT.

A Nice Old Man.

Old Ebenezer Brown had long had the reputation of being the stingiest man in Ohio, and the following incident regarding him is said to be true:

One day a discussion arose as to the extent of his meanness, and in order to settle a dispute, a committee of three went to the ruinous dwelling where Brown resided. He met them at the door and the lady member of the committee said:

"Mr. Brown, we have come to see if you are willing to accept a barrel of cider?"

"Good cider?" asked the miser.

"Yes."

"Will you bring it here?"

"Certainly."

"Put it in my cellar?"

"Yes."

"Tap it, and give me a glass to drink it out of?"

"Assuredly. Anything else?" asked the fair speaker, waxing indignant at the miser's barefaced meanness.

"Yes."

Old Brown looked at her a moment, the greed of avarice sparkled in his deep set eyes, and then he slowly muttered:

"What will you give me for the barrel after the cider is gone?"