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Acton Free Press.

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CONTRACT RATES.—One column one year, \$20.00; Half column one year, \$10.00; Quarter column one year, \$5.00; One column six months, \$15.00; Half column six months, \$7.50; Quarter column six months, \$3.75.

CHANCE FOR CONTRACT ADVERTISEMENTS must be in the office of the printer on Monday, otherwise they will be made for it in New York.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College.

M. G. MCGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Resident Surgeon of Mill and Frederic Streets.

SURVEYOR JOHN DAVIS, PRO. Special Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Mechanician.

CARD, M. B. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Resident Surgeon of Mill and Frederic Streets.

J. D. WATSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 24 Water Street, Acton, Ont.

A. LESTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street, Guelph.

T. J. FISHER, V. S. GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession.

W. H. HEMMETT, Licensed Auctioneer, For the County of Wellington and Halton.

PARENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPERT, Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and Inventors.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, Ont., Agent, Proprietor, The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, ACTON, Ont., Agent, Proprietor, Mr. Campbell, Proprietor, Mr. Campbell, Proprietor.

CASH FOR SKINS, I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Cat skins, Deer skins, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery.

PUMPS, PUMPS, PUMPS, W. E. Adams, manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps.

MONEY TO LOAN, \$1,000 to loan on first-class farm security, at a reasonable rate of interest.

ARCHIBALD RIDDELL, For Sewing Machine, and general repairs, try the Georgetown Novelty Works.

CHARLES CAMERON, Main St., Acton, Agent for the "Bell" Organ, manufactured by Wm. W. Bell & Co., Glasgow.

MAN SYRUP, is well known to all.

"EXCELSIOR" FLOUR & FEED BAKERY. STORE I.

B. & E. NICKLIN LAWSON BROS. take this opportunity of thanking their friends and patrons for their very liberal support in the past, and trust that they will continue it.

Bread, Cakes, Buns, PASTRY, CONFECTIONERY, Fruits, Canned Fish, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, &c., &c.

Oyster Parlor, and will serve oysters in every style. We have also constantly on hand a stock of oysters in both can and bulk, cheap.

THE TRAVELLERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

DOMINION BOOT & SHOE STORE, Superior in Material, Quality and Style of Manufacture.

KENNEY & SON, MAIN STREET, ACTON, Would invite to the people of Acton and surrounding country that they are now receiving their Spring Stock.

FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA, GUELPH BRANCH, A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.

DEPOSITORS, Are allowed interest at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum in the Savings Bank.

CANADA LOAN & BANKING COMPANY, HAMILTON, Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of \$1 and upwards.

COOK STOVES, of all sizes at the very lowest prices.

TIN WARE, ALWAYS ON HAND.

COAL OIL, a good stock of superior quality, cheap.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP, ADAM COOK, Would invite to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. B. Story, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, &c., &c.

5000 CUSTOMERS WANTED THIS WEEK, BOOT & SHOE STORE.

CHARLES CAMERON, Main St., Acton, Agent for the "Bell" Organ, manufactured by Wm. W. Bell & Co., Glasgow.

MAN SYRUP, is well known to all.

POETRY. A Subscriber's Soliloquy.

To pay, or not to pay—that is the question. Whether 'tis better for me to refuse to take a local paper, and deprive my family from reading all the news, or to pay up promptly what the printer asks, and, by such payments cheer him? Nay, no paper.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR OF ALL KINDS, including Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour.

MEALS, Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Creamed Wheat, Bran.

Mixed Chops, Oats and Peas, and all kinds of feed usually kept in a first-class store.

SELECT READING, FASHIONABLE GIFT-GIVING.

Well, what was to be done about it? Mrs. Waters looked ruefully at the five dollar bill resting in solitary state in the inner compartment of her pocket-book.

Counting over this money that Kitty had placed in her hand, she was in the act of dropping it into her purse when a peal from the door bell announced an arrival.

"Who can it be this drizzling day?" she ejaculated. "I wonder what brings people out so early in the morning! I do hope it is no one to call on me, for I almost as soon see a sewing-machine man or a book agent coming, as a lady caller this time of day."

Mrs. Waters was aghast. She was expected to contribute towards a silver water pitcher, goblets and silver bowl, which she had not a cent to give.

"I wonder if that woman thinks I'm made of gold! I ought just to have been independent and told her frankly that I couldn't give her anything, and let her think what she pleased; and if the facts were known, I'll warrant that with the exception of Mrs. Richards, not one of those ladies on that list but gave her money reluctantly. I'm ashamed to tell John about it. Men have just such tricks, however, as women have. I've heard John say a score of times that he is often forced to contribute to subjects that he knows he really cannot without repudiating himself for his creditors, and that he has to do it or be considered mean spirited. Dear me, if the secret history of many of the gold watch and silver tea set presentations that sound so imposing in the papers were written up to me, I'm thinking that the background of how the money was raised would tarnish a good deal of their lustre."

"Mother's eyes are as red as if she'd been crying," whispered Kitty to Clara that evening at supper, while little Ralph in childish pity, feeling that something was wrong, slipped his hand creasingly into that of Mrs. Waters and said:

"I won't make a speck of noise to-night, mamma, if your head aches. Dear child! I thought she, 'headache is easier to endure than heartache.'"

The night appointed for the giving of the water set duly arrived. The residence of the Wilcox's was surrounded, surprised and taken possession of by a party of ladies and gentlemen; cake and cream were ordered from a neighboring restaurant by the gallant colonel; the presentation speech was made in his most happy style by Judge Jones, and the whole affair pronounced a perfect success. One person alone seemed sad and dejected. Between herself and all the gaiety and laughter, the shallow jokes and real criticisms, there came to Mrs. Waters the constantly recurring vision of a patient, pale-faced, needle-woman, whose outstretched hand seemed to ask, not charity, but for that which was rightfully hers, and whose white lips seemed to say, "You have sinned."

Without a prosperous signature, Canada need not expect great prosperity. Keep a good supply of old mortar, or crushed oyster shells for your trowel. Keep the gravel box also well filled.

A dozen acres of land well filled is better than 50 acres only partially attended to. Intelligent and practical men all know this.

The Boston Journal tells this good one: My dear, said a fond father to his three-year old, he entered the nursery "you have a little sister baby." "Oh, let me run and tell mamma," was the quick demand of the happy brother.

Never Satisfied. In Dublin the legal charge for a short ride in a public carriage is six pence, but cabby expects you to give him very much more, and he always gets something in addition to the actual fare. If you ask him what his price is he invariably "laves it to yer honor," but when you have paid him, no matter how many times the lawful amount, he never satisfied. Two gentlemen in Dublin, a week or so ago, made a bet, one holding that he would give 'cabby' such a fee that he would ask no more. This, his friend declared, was not possible. They took a cab, the first driver just, and rode the distance of about two miles. How much do I owe you? Inquired the gentleman at the end of the journey. "Seven and yer honor can give me whatever you likes," said the driver. "But I would rather you would name your charge." "Indeed, an' I won't. It's not for me to say what a fine gentleman like you will give me." Thus put to the test, the "fine gentleman" handed him over half a sovereign in gold for a ride that should have cost six pence at the most. Cabby looked at the coin, then at the gentleman, as if doubting the evidence of his senses at this unexpected munificence; but soon recovering from his surprise he put his hand to his hat in respectful acknowledgment of the gratitude. "You have lost your bet, whispered his friend as they turned to leave. But before he and his companion had walked half a dozen steps the driver, leaving his horse and vehicle to take care of themselves, was by their side, hat in hand. "Well, what do you want now? Haven't you got your fare?" "So I have," said the driver, with an insinuating smile, "an' it's yourself is the gentleman that gave me a fine one this blessed day; but, yer honor, haven't you got a sixpence in your pocket? I don't like to change the gold!"

The Farmer's Creed. We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. That the soil loves to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured.

In going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better if it be a subsoil plow.

In large crops, which leave land better than they found it, making both the farm and farmer rich at once.

That every acre should be a good farmer. That the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without these, lime, gypsum, and guano will be of little use.

In good fences, good farm-houses, good outbuilds, and children enough to gather the fruit.

In a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clear conscience.

That to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit.

That to keep a place, and everything in it, as neat as a pin, is a sure way to lead to good tools and to keep them in order.

That kindness to stock, like good shelter, is a saving of fodder.

That it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all—good and bad.

That it is a good rule to tell your grain when it is ready.

That it is a good thing to grow into farming, and not jump into it.

That all of farming is summed up in the manure heap on the farm.

In enriching the soil according to its wants.

Let it Dry. Mr. Spurgeon once went to preach in a church a little outside of London. The day was wet and muddy, and the pews of Mr. Spurgeon were plentifully covered with dirt. A good deacon in the vestry said:

"Don't be foolish, deacon," said Mr. Spurgeon, in his usual good humored way. "Don't you see the mud is wet, and if you try to brush it off now, you will rub the stain into the cloth! Let it dry, and then it will come off easy enough, and leave no mark."

There is an admirable hint here for every one. When evil spoken against us we may be for the sake of truth, and men throw mud at us, don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Too great eagerness in this respect is apt to rub the stain into the cloth. Let it dry; and then, by and by, if need be, it can be removed by a little effort. If there is a little trouble, don't foster it by haste and hurry in doing something. Let it alone! Let it dry; and it will become more easily smothered than you think now. Time has a wonderful power in such matters; and it is surprising how many things in this world would be far better arranged, and how many difficulties easily gotten over, by judiciously letting them dry.

Not a Certain Remedy. A doctor called on a cholera patient. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I don't take it." "What did you take?" "I ate sour kraut, and turnip sauce." The doctor, pleased at having learned something, wrote in his memorandum that "sour kraut and turnip sauce are good for the cholera."

"Next week he called on another cholera patient—an Irishman this time. He prescribed sour kraut and turnip sauce. On the following day he found the Irishman dead.

He was learning medical science rapidly, so he wrote opposite the old memorandum "sour kraut and turnips are good for a Dutchman—but death to an Irishman."