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BUSINESS DIRECTORY: W. H. Lowry, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College.

THE TRAVELLERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INS. CO. of Hartford, Conn.

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent, Acton, Ont.

CANADA LOAN & BANKING COMPANY SAVINGS BANK.

HAMILTON. For Rent Interest paid on deposits of \$1 and upwards.

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CASH FOR SKINS. I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calveskins, Deer skins, Lamb and Sheep skins.

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

MONEY TO LOAN. \$1,500 to loan on first-class farm security, at a reasonable rate of interest.

ARCHIBALD RIDDELL, GEORGETOWN. For Sewing Machine, and general repairs.

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

WM. NELSON, (CREWSON'S CORNER), Acton. Prepared to do all kinds of whitewashing and coloring.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP. ADAM COOK. Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. B. Story.

Acton Free Press

TERMS:—\$1.00 in Advance.

The Newspaper—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Contents"

\$1.50 if not so paid.

Volume V. No. 43.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1880.

Whole No. 255

"We must have Bread," So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS.

CONTRACT BAKERS. One column one year \$25.00, Half column one year \$15.00.

Very Best Of Bread, BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND CONFECTIONERY.

BREAD DELIVERED. While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past.

ICE CREAM PARLOR. We have now opened our Ice Cream Parlor.

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FLOUR & FEED STORE I

LAWSON BROS. FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

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

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

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

LAWSON BROS. Acton, Jan. 15, 1880-81.

DOMINION Boot & Shoe Store.

KENNEY & SON. MAIN STREET, ACTON.

Boots and Shoes, which will be found to consist of an assortment.

Everything Sold Cheap FOR CASH.

Custom Work & Repairing. In our Custom and Repairing Department, we are prepared to execute all orders entrusted to us in a most satisfactory manner.

Kenny & Son. Acton, March 4th, 1880.

STOVES! STOVES! CHEAP.

AT J. C. HILL'S. A Large Stock of all kinds of STOVES just received—manufactured of the best quality of Iron—The finest quality and the most handsome stove in the market.

COOK STOVES of all sizes at the very lowest prices.

TIN WARE, ALWAYS ON HAND.

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

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES. J. C. HILL. September 16th, 1879.

New Butcher Shop. ADAM COOK.

ADAM COOK. Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. B. Story.

POETRY. Mortgage Not The Farm.

The farmer, family, frugal wife, make one industrious band.

Economy, with care and tact, their chiefest daily rule.

No dollar without care is spent by either man or wife.

Yes, farmers, train your sons to work, if not to hold the plow.

THE WRONG MAN. AS EARLY RIDE HE DID NOT ENJOY.

"I always coveted a country life," said Mr. Pierce Pounceford.

"I never was in an asylum in all my life," cried Pounceford.

"I know I shall enjoy it in spite of all Glenn's croaking," said Mr. Pounceford.

"I feel for the farmer, but I don't know I've any call to interfere."

"How I do enjoy this sort of thing," said Mr. Pounceford.

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lunatic, and a miniature thicket of wild roses scattered pink petals over the grass like a crimson snow-storm.

"What on earth do you mean?" demanded Mr. Pounceford.

"Oh, you're a very unkind man," said his captor.

"Is this a free country?" hotly demanded Pounceford.

"Of course it is," assented the chair-roller.

"Then how dare you assault me thus?" I'll have the law on you for detouring to molest a peaceable man on his own grounds.

"Be easy, now, be easy," soothed his companion.

"And you know," broke in the driver, "mistakes will happen—and I hope you won't take too offense—and being a rule gentleman, you won't see us poor fellows lose our reward because you didn't happen to be—"

"Mr. Pounceford sprang indignantly out of the vehicle, which had been to him what the fatal tumbrel was to the doomed prisoner of the French Revolution.

"Do you know who I am?" "Exactly; you're Mr. David Whipple."

"I am no such personage, indignantly retorted Pounceford, as well as he could for the jolting of the wagon.

"Oh, yes," ironically responded the man, "and you're his Royal Highness, and to-morrow you'll be Christopher Columbus, or Pontius Pilate himself, for all I know.

"Are you mad?" sternly asked Mr. Pounceford.

"No, I ain't; but you be."

"Mr. Pounceford's blood ran cold, and the hideous thought glanced into his mind—could this be some freak of that inebriate practical joker, Glenn?"

"Come, come, my men," he said, trying to speak cheerily.

"From the asylum, to be sure."

"I never was in an asylum in all my life," cried Pounceford.

"All that to the marines," was the gruff reply.

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have been, did at last lose their senses, and become like the raving maniacs who surrounded them.

"Hullo!" cried Hiram, with a broad grin of recognition, as both drivers drew rein.

"We've got him," shouted the driver of Mr. Pounceford's conveyance.

"No, you ain't neither," snarled the other man.

"We've got him, hard and fast, and a precious time we've had catching him."

"You're a liar," politely answered the other.

"Then we've got our-ers in a pretty fix," he said, letting go Mr. Pounceford's arm.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure; but I s'posed of course, you was Dave Whipple. I never seen him myself, but the description was like yours, and—"

"And you know," broke in the driver, "mistakes will happen—and I hope you won't take too offense—and being a rule gentleman, you won't see us poor fellows lose our reward because you didn't happen to be—"

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An Honest Medicine Free of Charge

This medicine shows the marks of the face of the man. For his paper is date.

Before Paying. His step was weary; his eyes were dim; his head aching with every of light.

That something serious was taking the vim completely and utterly out of him.

For three long years he had not paid for the paper which he and his family had read.

So the devil of conscience had bothered his head.

And as his poor conscience had gnawed; with waking dreams, that as night were worse.

Till he walked about a portable cove.

He could stand it no longer, and so 'tother day.

He staggered in with his full fall of pay. That night he slept sweetly, his paper was paid.

And 'tis a lesson that haunted his life was laid.

The change that came over His once aching pain.

Since he paid for his paper Was something like this—

After Paying. There are a great many people, in their religion, that remind me of Uncle Phil.

Well, Phil was a fervent Christian, with a great gift of prayer.

He attended all the Saturday night prayer meetings on the neighboring plantations, and could pray louder and longer than any of the brethren.

But Phil had one weakness, he desired loved money; and, different from the negro generally, differed to hoard it.

Near to as lived a man who, not troubled by any scruples, would pay Phil a dollar to work in his fields on Sunday.

One Sunday night Phil came home after dark. I accosted him with: "Where have you been, Phil?"

"Oh, just knocking about, massa." "You have been working for Miller?"

"Well, you see, massa, the old fellow is in weeds and he just showed me a silver dollar, and I just couldn't stand it."

"Ain't you afraid the devil will get you for breaking the Sabbath?" Phil scratched his head a minute and said:

"I guess the Lord'll excuse me, massa."

"No, He says, 'remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy.'"

Phil went off looking pretty sober, and it was not long before I heard his voice in fervent prayer at the back of a barn, so I thought I would slip down near enough to hear.

"Oh, Lord! I heard him say, 'I have this time rapped and teased; cussed and sweared at them confounded oxen of Miller's, and yet broke the Sabbath day.'"

"Oh, Lord, please forgive me, for you know I've nothing but a miserable heathen anyhow. If you'll just forgive me this time I'll never do it again as long as I live, 'cepten he gives me two dollars and a half a day."

At this point I was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, but I am thinking that poor Uncle Phil ain't the only two-dollar and a half Christian in this world.

—CLYDE STARR, in Detroit Free Press.

The Winking Ceased.

Among the passengers who boarded the east-bound train at Holly the other day were a bride and groom of the regular holy-rod crowd.

Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated.

This of course attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking, and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh outright.

By and by the broad shouldered and red handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the side and said:

"There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm laughing the girl who was married to me at 10 o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's paid full fare then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't, then this winking and blinking isn't bitten short off when we pass the next mile-post. I'm going to begin on it from the front seats and create a rousing market for false teeth and crutches!"

If there were any winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch 'em at all.

A Smart Boy.

We have 'the smart boy in Centreville. To explain all I must first tell you of his father.

Like many gentlemen here he takes his oil liver oil and whiskey each morning. Of course such an opportunity of impressing temperance principles upon the youthful mind could not be lost.

So—each dose went down with a shiver, terrible frown and exclamation: "Boo! I could stand the oil liver oil, but this whiskey—another shiver." "It doesn't!"

One boy listened and stored it all up in his youthful mind. The other day he was cleaning out the top shelf of a closet for his mother.

"Ma, what's this?" Mother looks cautiously and smells. "Oh! rancid cod liver oil! Another another bottle is handed down, another and another; contents varying from a teaspoonful to half a cup, all 'spoiled cod liver oil.' At last the youngster raised his eyebrows and gravely remarked:

"Ma, it's funny that pa let's all this good cod liver oil spoil, but never a drop of the whiskey '—Atalanta Reporter.

Not That Kind of a Cradle.

That was a sharp retort made by a lady teacher in one of the Colver's schools to one of the School Commissioners a short time ago.

The Commissioner had been elected in the interest of reform, and his perpetual hobby was the reduction of teachers' salaries.

The lady remonstrating against further reduction, said, to enforce her argument, that they could not live on less, as they were idle so long during vacation in the summer time.

"You shouldn't do as my brother-in-law does," said the Commissioner. "He teaches school in the country, and during vacation earns his living by cradling."

"We would gladly cradle too," was the arch reply, "but it is necessary first to get husbands. There was no further talk of reduction on that occasion.

If you should tell all you know the recital might not require any great length of time, but if you should attempt to tell all you don't know one lifetime would not suffice.