

**Action Free Press,**  
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**EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,**  
BY  
**H. P. MOORE,**  
Editor & Proprietor.  
AT THE FREE PRESS  
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47th Street, Acton, Ont.

# Action Free Press.

TERMS.—\$1.00 In Advance. The Newspaper.—A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns. \$1.50 If not so paid.

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**TERMS.**—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers postage paid, for \$1.00 per annum in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**—Casual advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. Professional Cards 10 lines or less \$4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines \$5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines, columns, or the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be made in office of the printer, and will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

**W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S.,** Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

**N. MCGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S.,** Graduate of Victoria College, Surgeon, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 9 to 10 a. m., and 3 to 6 p. m.

**SURVEYOR JOHN DAVIS,** Professional Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Draftsman of Geology. He is prepared to attend to all surveys in Acton and vicinity. Orders left at F. E. McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton, will be promptly attended to.

**CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed in the Acton Free Press office, the best local paper of Hamilton Co.**

**J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,** 114 St. George Street, Hamilton. Office, next door to Wallace's Hotel, Hamilton.

**A. LISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER,** Quebec Street, Guelph.

**REPAIRING OFFICE.—In Hamilton, Hamilton St., next door to Wallace's Hotel, Hamilton.**

**T. J. FISHER, V. S., GEORGETOWN,** Ont. Will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

**T. J. FISHER,** Georgetown, Ont.

**WM. HEMSTREET,** Licensed Auctioneer. For the disposal of Wellington and Hamilton, Ontario lots at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

**PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY AND PROPERLY SECURED IN CANADA, THE UNITED STATES, AND EUROPE. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation 20 years.**

**HENRY GRIST,** Ottawa, Canada. Mechanical engineering, Solutions of Problems, and draughtsmanship.

**DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. AGEE, proprietor.** The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodations and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best of liquors and cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, ACTON, J. J. MATHESON, Proprietor.** Mr. Campbell, bell, late of the Boston House, near G. T. B. Station, takes pleasure in announcing to his many old friends and patrons that he has recently purchased and refitted the Royal Exchange in the most comfortable and comfortable style, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him, in the most comfortable manner. Cigars, Wines, Liquors, Cigars and cool summer drinks always in stock. Stable in charge of an attentive hostler. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be spared to give the very best attention.

**CASH FOR SKINS.** I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calicoes, Deerskins, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Long Leathers constantly on hand.

**JAMES MOORE, ACTON.**

**PUMPS! PUMPS! PUMPS!** W. E. Adams, manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps, which will put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Furnishings made and repaired. Change modernized. Also saw filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.

**W. E. ADAMS.**

**MONEY TO LOAN.** \$1,500 to loan on first-class farm security, at a reasonable rate of interest. Apply to H. P. MOORE, at Free Press Office, Acton.

**ARCHIBALD RIDDELL,** Sewing Machine and general repairs, by the Georgetown Novelty Works.

**ARCH. RIDDELL,** 22 St. Main St., Georgetown.

**CHARLES CAMERON,** Main St., Acton. Agents for the "Bell Green," manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Guelph. Orders left at his residence will receive prompt attention. For particulars see adv. on other side. Give him a trial.

**CHAS. CAMERON,** Dec. 18, '79, 24 St.

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

**B. & E. NICKLIN**  
**BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS,**  
CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON.  
Beg to intimate that they are prepared to supply the village and surrounding country with

**Very Best Of Bread,**  
**BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND CONFECTIONERY,**  
**BREAD DELIVERED.**

While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.

**ICE CREAM PARLOR.**  
We have now opened our Ice Cream Parlor, and will always be prepared to supply pure Ice Cream, Fruit Drinks, Fruit, etc. Ice Cream supplied by the quart, if desired. A call solicited.

**New Butcher Shop.**  
**ADAM COOK**  
Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately of Mr. J. H. Harty, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of

**PORTRY.**  
Domestic Greetings.

As homeward comes the married man He's met by wife at door, With fond embrace and loving kiss, And—"Baby's throat is sore!"

"And did you think to stop at Brown's And get that marabout? I ordered yesterday I And, dear, Fred's boots are all worn out!"

"I'm glad you are so early, John, So much I miss you dear, I've had a letter from mamma— She's coming to live here."

"How very glad you look, near John; I know that you would be— The flour's out, the butter, and— You must send home some tea."

"That plumber has been here again— If you don't pay he'll sue; And Mr. Prendergast called in To say your rent was due."

"Fred's trousers are all cotton, John; You thought they were all wool— Oh! that reminds me that your son Was whipped to-day at school."

"The roof has leaked and spoiled the rug Upon the upper hall; And Jane must go, the careless thing! She let the mirror fall."

"Today, as she was moving (The largest one, dear John), Of course it broke and also broke The lamp it fell upon."

"What makes you look so grave, my love? Take off your things and wipe Your feet—and only think, to-day Your brother took your mechanical pipe."

"Oh John! that horrid, horrid word! You do not love me, dear, I wish that I—look—were dead— You're cross as any bear."

—and of course were gathered—in the season.

It was a pleasant morning toward the end of October. Jack and Joe had been lounging about the dock for an hour or so, watching the river craft as they swept by in the fresh breeze, and talking boy-talk about nothing in particular. Presently Charley came running down with a lug.

"Hallo, fellows, let's go choustoning. 'All right I come on,' said Joe, taking the leadership, as usual; and off went the three, as happy as larks. In a few minutes they were up to the grates, and nuts were rattling down like hailstones on the thick carpet of brown and yellow leaves beneath them. After giving each tree a thorough shaking, the boys came down to gather up the spoils and make up a division.

Now it was a part of the unwritten Constitution—the Common Law—of the Winona Republic, that when the three boys went nutting together they should 'share the share alike.' This was fair enough, because it could not be told which one took down the nuts, and the gathering was always 'thrown in' as too small a matter to be considered. So they would gather up all they could find, put them in a single heap, and divide by hand. This made a pretty even division, and nobody had just cause for complaint.

But to day an ugly spirit of mischief—or perversity—seemed to have got under Master Joe's jacket. When they had poured their glossy treasures into the common heap he began to make the division, but every second time round he put two handfuls instead of one into his own pile.

"What are you doing there?" asked Jack, with a slight touch of fierceness in his tone.

"I'm dividing," said Joe, briefly.

"You ain't doing it fair, anyway," added Charley.

"You shut up!" was Joe's emphatic rejoinder; and Charley dared say no more.

"Now look a here!" said Jack, getting into a heat. "You can't come this game on us. Divide fair, or you ain't divided at all."

"I'd like to know who's going to prevent me!"

Joe was getting uglier every minute. What was merely a spirit of mischief at the start—had now become a hard, wicked purpose to be unfair, in spite of everything. Jack jumped to his feet, the fire of his heart bursting into a hot and furious flame.

"It's a mean trick, and you're a mean fellow to do it, so there you go!"

The two boys had always been good friends. They had their 'fits,' like other boys, but these were little affairs and soon made up for the lads were really very fond of each other, and would not bear to be at enmity long. On the one side an act of outrageous injustice—on the other an accusation that no boy of spirit, especially if he deserved it, could endure for a moment.

Joe was on his feet now, and with clenched fists and angry face shouted: "Say that again, if you dare!"

There was an instant's pause. Poor little Charley stood by in an agony of wonder and fear. It was not a pleasant scene to witness in the pleasant woods on that bright October day. But angry passions spoil many a lovely day in this fair world of ours!

"I do dare to say it again, and you know it's true!" said Jack, with a hot flush on his freckled face, and his lips when Joe had scarcely passed his lips when Joe, stung to fury by the taunt, sprang forward and planted a heavy blow in Jack's face. It was an ugly deed—the first blow he had ever struck, except in fun.

Now, if Jack had been a hero, he would probably have put himself in a fighting attitude, and 'pitched in' for a regular battle with his angry friend. There would have been a furious fight, and after mauling each other for some time and getting black eyes and bloody noses, would have shaken hands and 'made up.' If he had been the kind of boy we read of sometimes—but seldom meet—perhaps he would have said with disarming wildness and dignity:

"Joseph, I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings, and although you have struck me, I forgive you, and ask to be forgiven."

Perhaps something like that—in spirit at least—would have been better, on the whole, than what Jack did.

But Jack was neither a physical nor a moral hero, to any great extent. He was afraid to fight Joe, who was bigger and stronger than he; and he had not the slightest inclination to make up with him in any way. He simply turned around without saying another word and walked rapidly away. But his boyish heart was in a very tumult. He thought of his head, as he tripped and tumbled through the leafless woods, and passed the vineyards and hot-houses; and if any means of doing Joe a serious injury had occurred to him at the moment, he would probably have jumped at it as a trout jumps at a tempting fly in August. Fortunately, no such unhappy chance presented itself, and Jack had time to cool off before being able to revenge the cruel insult which he had suffered.

For several days the boys kept apart.

Joe was too proud to 'own up,' and Jack too angry to have anything to do with him. Charley had a hard time of it between them, for they both wanted him to be with them, and scolded and threatened to 'lick' him if he went with the other. All the usual fall sports were neglected. October faded into November, and the first week proved a cold and stormy one. The fierce north-west winds came howling down the mountain side, lashing the river into foamy 'white caps,' and putting the hardy river craftmen to their utmost skill to avoid an upset in the narrow pass between the hills. It was a dreary day, and the boys felt, as they had never felt before, how tiresome the island was in heavy weather.

One morning, while the storm still raged, Charley came running over to Jack's house all breathless and excited.

"Joe's awful sick!" he cried, as soon as he could catch his breath.

The doctor came, and they don't think he'll ever get well."

Good Mrs. Hasbrouck immediately went over to offer her neighborly services, and soon returned for something useful. Jack, eagerly watching her, inquired with an anxious heart what the trouble was.

"Poor Joe is very sick indeed. He was taken last night with a fever, and this morning is delirious."

"May I go over to see him?"

But day followed day, and week followed week, and Jack's anxiety grew. Joe's absence was not noticed. But when the family were assembled for evening prayer, inquiry began to be made for him. No one knew where he was, of course, and the exercise went on without him. Then nine o'clock came, and Mrs. Hasbrouck, growing somewhat worried, went out to look for his coat and hat. Both were gone! Then there was a murmur of the family forenoon. The neighbors were inquired of, but they knew nothing of him, where could the boy be! The men went about calling through the darkness, but no Jack responded to their shouts. They searched in every nook and corner where he could be supposed to be, but all in vain.

All at once, with a mother's instinct, Mrs. Hasbrouck recalled Jack's inquiry about the medicine. Could it be—yes, that must be it. With lantern in hand, waiting for no one, she ran to the dock. Jack's boat was gone! The mystery was solved, but the poor mother's heart sank within her as she looked out on the stormy river and remembered what the boatman had said.

But not a moment was to be lost. She hastened back to the house, and in a trice every window towards the river was lighted up, and a large reflecting light was carried to the rock above the landing. At least there should be nothing omitted that could help the poor lad find his way home, if the hungry waves had spared him.

Just as Jack struck out into the river, he glanced behind him and saw the faint glimmer of the lights through the pelting rain. It put new life into his sturdy arms, and the rushing waves and furious winds did not seem half so threatening as before. He knew they were watching and praying for him, and he smiled to think how glad they would all be when he landed with the precious medicine that was to save poor Joe's life! But oh, how long it took to row across! Wind and tide were against him now. Every pull on the oars seemed to require the utmost strength he could put on to it, and after his previous exertions, the labor rapidly wore upon his energies, until the poor lad's courage began to fail, and the terrible fear came rushing into his mind that he might not be able to reach home after all. How cold it was!

How tired he felt, and how numb his hands were getting! The pleasant scenes seemed further off than when he set them first. He was surely drifting away, and would soon be swallowed up, with the life giving medicine, by the surging, pitiless river. Gradually his strokes became less and less vigorous. His weary arms refused to do their office. His head swam, and before he could recover, himself, an oar had slipped from his weak and grasp.

"But hark! what is that?" A shout close by, and the sound of oars. Summoning up all his energies, Jack shouted in reply. There was an answer, and he called again. A few moments' anxious suspense, and the great oak boat came alongside Jack's almost sinking craft while old Baxter's stout hands seized the exhausted boy and dragged him safely aboard. The brave old man, moved by the mother's agony, had ventured out at the risk of his own life in the wild hope of encountering Jack either on the river or on the further shore, and Providence had led him to the fulfillment of his hope just in the nick of time. It was a hard row back. But Baxter was a mighty oarsman, and his happy heart gave added power to his strong arms, so that in no long time the dock was safely reached.

And wasn't it a glad meeting when Jack was lifted from the boat and folded in his mother's arms! He could just whisper: "The medicine—"

was on Oatley could care for the boy who was trying with a stout heart and determined will, to do a noble deed for friendship's sake. At any rate he did not falter in his purpose, but struggled unavailingly until by the sound of the breakers he knew he was near the other side. Fortunately he struck the shore within a little cove, sheltered by high rocks, and was able to land without a great deal of trouble.

The walk to the village, about a mile and a half, was along the railway track, a part of it across a long bridge on which a single plank was laid for passengers. But walking was pleasant after the tremendous effort of rowing, and Jack trudged briskly forward, cheered by the lights of the distant village, and an occasional gleam from the signposts along the road. In the distance the village was reached, the medicine procured, and Jack started on his return with a light and eager heart.

But walking down the road with the wind, and up against the wind, were two quite different things. Often Jack was brought to a complete standstill, and his breath fairly blown away by the fury of the gale. And on the long bridge he was several times obliged to cling to the plank with his hands to save himself from being blown into the water. At length, however, he got safely back to his boat, and after stopping a few moments to rest, launched out once more upon the tossing waves.

But all this while, what was happening on the island! For a time Jack's absence was not noticed. But when the family were assembled for evening prayer, inquiry began to be made for him. No one knew where he was, of course, and the exercise went on without him. Then nine o'clock came, and Mrs. Hasbrouck, growing somewhat worried, went out to look for his coat and hat. Both were gone! Then there was a murmur of the family forenoon. The neighbors were inquired of, but they knew nothing of him, where could the boy be! The men went about calling through the darkness, but no Jack responded to their shouts. They searched in every nook and corner where he could be supposed to be, but all in vain.

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in my inside pocket!" and fainted dead away.

They carried him quickly to the house, and the medicine was taken to Mrs. Kiebler. In the morning, after a sound night's rest, Jack awoke, as healthy as ever, and as well as ever, and his first thought was for Joe.

Whether it was the medicine procured at so much risk, or kind Nature that did it, it is impossible to say; but in the morning the crisis of the fever had passed and Joe was on the mend.

In a day or two Jack was permitted to see him for a few minutes. Mrs. Kiebler had proudly told her boy what his friend had done for him, and Joe, remembering sadly their last encounter in the wood, was eager to see dear Jack once more. But their meeting was dreadfully prosaic.

"Jack," said Joe in a thin, faint voice, extending his poor weak hand. "It was awful good of you to do that for me."

Jack grasped his hand warmly, and looked a great deal. But he only said: "O, please! I was anything."

But from that time forth never were two boys such friends as Joe and Jack.

**Good Advice for Everybody.**

1. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility that you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.
2. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.
3. Remember that self-interest is much more likely to warp your judgment, than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.
4. Never make money at the expense of your reputation.
5. Be neither lavish or niggardly. Of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but plain favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.
6. Say but little; think much and do more.
7. Never assume to be such a ready money as a friend in need.
8. Avoid borrowing and lending.
9. Wine drinking, and cigar smoking are bad habits; they impair the health and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.
10. Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.
11. Cultivate promptness in deciding upon matters that come before you; there are few objects more disagreeable than an undecided, vacillating man. Consider thoughtfully, but decide promptly.
12. Never break a business engagement of any kind, if it is possible to meet it. Let nothing cause you to become careless of business etiquette, integrity and promptitude.
13. Let truth and an unwavering faith in God underlie all your motives and actions.

**Cold Cabbage.**

George Abrahamson was extravagantly fond of cold cabbage, and one day, seeing that quite a dish was left after dinner, asked his wife to save it for his salad at night.

About midnight George came home laboring under a stress of heavy work, feeling hungry and thinking of his favorite cabbage as he asked where it was.

His wife replied, "In the pantry on the second shelf."

Down he went, found the cabbage, got out the oil, mustard and vinegar; cut up cabbage, dressed it to the queen's taste, and ate it all.

In the morning the wife noticed the plate of cabbage where she had placed it the day before, and turning to her "Dear George," immediately asked why he did not eat the cabbage.

"I did," he said.

"How did you like it?"

"Oh, not very well; it was tough and stringy."

"But here is the cabbage now; where did you find any more?"

"Why, on the second shelf, where you told me."

"A quick look at the shelf by the wife, and then a cry of agony.

"Why, George, you have eaten \$20 worth of lace collars and cuffs that I had put in starch; stringy cabbage indeed!"

**Raising a Weaver.**

Joe was a tramp, and hungry. Happening to pass one day in a village where the women were washing, he noticed the preparations for a funeral, and in hopes of getting something to eat, he asked the relatives to let him have the dead restored to life!

Then all the relatives said: "Yes, that would we!" "Place me," said Joe, the tramp, "in the room next the dead man. Bring me good cheer, so that I may propitiate the reanimating angel. Most especially put there a pot of the finest honey, three leaves of the whitest bread, and a flask of the purest oil."

Thus the relatives did, and Joe, the tramp, hid them there. Joe's stomach then ate. His appetite was satisfied. Then he uttered many shrieks and howls. The relatives waited long and patiently.

At length Joe called in the people. "Tell me then," asked Joe, "what was the exact calling of the deceased?"

"A weaver was he by trade," the relatives replied.

"A weaver," cried Joe, the tramp; "the honey and bread and oil wasted. Had he been a tinker, a tailor, or a cobbler I might have brought the dead man to life—but a weaver! I never could do anything with a weaver!"

"Well, mine, said a knight of the birch rod, 'can you decking a kins'?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can, but I have—"