

Acton Free Press

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THIS PAPER may be read at the Post Office, Acton, Ont., or at any of the following places.

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T. J. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday.

R. W. KING, Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist, Georgetown, Ontario.

W. H. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer, For the Counties of Wellington and Halton.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY OBTAINED in Canada, the United States, and Europe.

HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineering, Solicitor of Patents, and Draftsman.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. AGNER, proprietor. The new Hotel, built up in first-class style with new furniture.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, ACTON, J. W. CAMPBELL, Proprietor. Mr. Campbell, late of the Royal House, near G. T. H. Station.

CASH FOR SILVER, I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Gold, Silver, and Platinum.

PUMPS & PUMPS, W. E. ADAMS, manufacturer of all kinds of well and Cistern Pumps.

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

Acton Free Press

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ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1880.

Whole No. 274.

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

B. & E. NICKLIN, BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS, CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON.

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.

ICE CREAM PARLOR, We have now opened our Ice Cream Parlor, and will always be prepared to supply fresh Cream, Fruit, Delicacies, &c.

NOW READY, Issued August 1st, American Newspaper Directory, 1880.

Loan & Banking Company, HAMILTON, SAFE AND BEST SECURITY.

ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT., THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, AFFORDS excellent facilities for Education.

WHITEWASHING AND COLORING, WM. NELSON, (CREWSON'S CORNERS), is prepared to do all kinds of whitewashing & coloring.

WHITEWASHING & COLORING, on the shortest notice, and at reasonable rates.

P. S., Clothing Cleaned & Renovated, WM. NELSON, at Free Press Office, Acton.

New Butcher Shop, W.M. FARR, Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business.

MUTTON, SAUSAGE, Poultry and Game in season, &c., and hence by strict attention to business to secure the highest quality of meat.

WILLIAM FARR, No. 1 Shingles, \$1.50 per Square, BILL STUFF CUT TO ORDER.

MANHOOD, NOW LOST, NOW RESTORED, We have recently published a new edition of the Cultivator's Guide.

PROVERBS, "No one can keep his mouth shut when he is healthy, and his lips will be open when he is sick."

TORONTO OIL COMPANY, 55 Beaufort St., Toronto, For sale by C. T. HILL, Acton.

THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST, A monthly journal devoted to the Settlement and Development of Manitoba and the North-West.

JAMES WEIDMAN, Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada, Each number of the Canadian North-West will contain a thirty-two page very desirable matter.

WANTED, An energetic honest man to open a branch office of the new Magnet Telephone Co. in this and adjoining counties.

CHARLES CAMERON, Main St., Acton, Agent for the Bell Telephone, manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Glasgow.

ALEX. F. SMITH, Agent for the Tenth Reader & Mother, also best-class general purpose Pumps, Climax Thrashing Machine, Minnesota Chisel, and Vibrator.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep, Let soldiers praise their armor, But in my heart this I'll keep, The independent farmer.

When first the rose in robe of green, Unfold its crimson lining, And round the farmer's porch is seen The homely rustic spinning.

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JOHN SPROTT'S TREAT.

John Sprott had the name of being the closest and truest man in Poko smoke, where he kept a dry goods and grocery store with a notable attachment.

How he managed to keep the run of custom he had was a marvel to many, but was no mystery to the more closely observed.

It was a curious saying that if John Sprott chose to "close in" on his door, he would be the owner of two thirds of all Poko smoke.

Now, while he was liberal enough in giving time on good security, he was always understood to be to those who promptly paid their interest, and bought his goods without grumbling at account weight and measure, we let him on whom John held a mortgage and whom he caught dealing with a rival.

The fate of that man was apt to be a warning to others in like predicament not to go and do likewise. His nearest approach to an act of charity was when he headed a list of ten, one hundred winter, who subscribed dollar apiece to buy Widow Jenkins a barrel of flour.

But the general attention bestowed was much abated when it came to light that John, who had taken charge of the collection of the money, had also supplied the flour from a damaged lot he had on hand.

We shall have sufficiently introduced John to the reader when we have added, that close and stingy as he was, no one had a better relish for another's purse. He had a wonderful knack, too, of securing invitations to eat and drink gratis. "Gentry Diddle himself, as a convivial dead-end, was hardly a greater success.

John had come to New York to replenish his stock, where he met Eben Trux and Theron Hanks, a couple of fellow-townsmen, also in the dry goods and grocery line, and on similar errand bent.

Eben Trux was an open handed fellow, and a bit of a wag wit. Taking Theron Hanks into his counsel, it was agreed between them to settle by experiment how much, in the way of treating, John Sprott could stand without being ashamed into an offer to treat on his side.

For two days they plied him with everything eatable and drinkable that came in their way, but John never once so much as hinted, "This time let's my turn, boys."

It was their last evening in the city, and the three were in the hotel smoking room, enjoying some choice Havana, whose fragrance led nothing to the sense of John Sprott from the fact that he had inhaled as the cost of Eben Trux.

"There's something I would like to mention," said the latter, in a low and confidential tone. "Theron Hanks looked up inquiringly, while John Sprott threw back his head, sending forth an azure whiff, which curled itself into no bad resemblance of a note of interrogation.

"I've found a pocketbook," continued Eben. "John's interest was at once aroused. "Found a pocketbook!" he exclaimed. "Where?—when?"

"On the sidewalk, just as we left the place where we had those last 'John Collinses!'"

"Much in it?" asked John. "A little thing fifty dollars."

"You're a lucky dog, Eben!" rejoined John, looking green, with envy. "Of course I must look for the owner," answered Eben.

"Look for a needle in a haystack," retorted John. "Why, man, if you went about seeking for an owner, you'd be sure to find one in the first stranger you met, and he'd prove pretty, too, without leaving a pocket more than I have. In such cases one can't be too cautious."

"I might advertise," "And get taken in all the same. Don't be a fool, Eben. I tell you it's the best that lost property belongs to the fortunate finder—that is, unless the true owner comes along and claims it, which isn't likely to happen in this case."

"Still," said Eben, "I think I should make some inquiry." "Well, ask me and Theron Hanks. I'm neither of you but a perfect book-say you. 'No thank you,' say we, 'and we don't know anybody that has.' There—surely that ought to satisfy your conscience. Nobody now can charge you with criminal concealment."

"How, then, would you advise me to act?" said Eben, with a look of taking complete surrender to John's judgment.

"Of course," replied the latter, after pausing to consider, "it would look a little mean to apply the money to your private use; and people might say, if the story ever got out, that you had acted from selfish motives. I think it would be the right thing to spend the amount on a nice little treat to us all in the shape of a box at the theatre, and a neat champagne afterwards."

"Just let us consult a bit with friend Hanks," said Eben, who proceeded in Theron's looks strong marks of disapproval.

"Oh! by all means, if you think his advice better than mine," retorted John, severely.

Eben took Theron aside, and after a brief interval they returned. "My friend quite agrees with you," said Eben, "and I yield my scruples." The plan was carried out to the letter. The entertainment after the theatre was a model of its kind. John Sprott kept the bill of fare before him, and was careful to see, before he rose, that the last cent of Eben's wealth was expended in strict accord with the programme.

When Eben came back from the desk after paying the bill, he suddenly remembered that the water had been forgotten. "Here, Sprott," he said, "give the man a dollar. I've no change about me. I'll return it when we reach the hotel."

Mr. Sprott thrust his hand into his right breeches pocket, but withdrew it with a suspicious look. His face grew pale, and pale still it grew, as with trembling hands his other pockets were searched one after another.

"I've lost my pocketbook!" he gasped in a half audible whisper. "You told me so!" exclaimed his friends, in sympathetic tones.

JOSH BILLINGS ON BEER.

I have finally come to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told by a German who said he had drunk it all his life, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home early sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink eighteen glasses, and, if he was drunk, it was in German, and nobody could understand it.

It is proper enough to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believe him to be the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head outwitted as the 't' told that it was owing to my being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never liked ever since that I did when I got home that night. My wife told me I was going to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it seemed as if everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface; and I believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did they would have come thundering up, too.

O, how sick I was, fourteen years ago and can taste it now. I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If my own mind tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I should believe him; but if he should tell me that I wasn't drunk that night, but that my stomach was out of order, I should ask him to state over a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was so up.

If I wasn't drunk that night, I had some of the most natural symptoms that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about eight rods from where I drank the lager beer to my house, and I was just over two hours on the road, and a hole busted through each one of my pants, and didn't let me say anything, and tried to open the door by the bell pull and hiccuped as fully, and saw every thing in the room trying to get around to the back side of me, and sitting down on a chair I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when it was going round, and I set down a little too soon and missed the chair about twelve inches, and couldn't get up again to take the next one that came along; and that ain't all, my wife said I was drunk as a bear, and, as I said before, I began to swim up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating it used me most almighty mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told by a lying who ever drunk any when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say anything against a harmless beverage, but if ever I drink any more, it will be with my hands tied behind, and my mouth pried open.

It is it is," said John, eager stretching the lip object from Eben's head. "Where did you get it, and what's become of the contents?"

"I found it as usual," explained, replied Eben; "as to what's become of the contents, you can answer as well as I."

"Look here, Eben Trux!" whined John, in a tone, severely virtuous, "your conduct has not been what I would call exemplary. You must have seen my tentacles here," (pointing to them) "and you should at least have asked me if the pocketbook was mine."

"As for the 'J.S.," answered Eben, "they might have stood for John Sprott as well as for John Sprott; and as for asking if the pocketbook was yours, you yourself took pains to show the folly of such a course. I may as well admit I felt a strong conviction that the lost wallet was yours, as well from its exact resemblance to one I had seen in your possession, as because it was at your heels I picked it up; but, in such cases, 'one can't be too cautious,' you know. Besides, you assured me, you'll remember, that neither you nor Theron Hanks had lost such an article."

"But you had no right to spend the money."

"There again, you must allow, I acted by your advice; and the spending having been done under your personal supervision, it must be regarded as your own act. So we'll just call it your treat."

John had no more to say; but the laugh that shook P-kosmoke when Eben Trux and Theron Hanks got back and told their story, didn't subside for one while.

"How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?—Because he has been to sea (see)."

"Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon?—Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody."

"When John was asked why his engagement with Jane was broken off, he rolled his eyes, looked very much pained, and groaned, 'Oh, she turned out a deceiver.' But he did not add the deceiver was himself."

How does a store feel when full of coals?—Grateful.

Now that the travelling season is at hand, no traveller is safe without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, to counteract the bad effects of change of climate, water and diet; fruitful sources of bowel complaints.

Wild Strawberry is a specific for sea sickness, dizziness, vomiting, cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery. Contains no opiates, is pleasant to the taste, and certain in its effects. 375 cents per bottle. Ask your druggist.

Just Where He Had 'Em.

Half an hour before the departure of a lake steamer, from her wharf yesterday the captain was approached by a stranger who had been inspecting the boat.

"Introducing himself as it would be proper to be asked, 'Captain, is this boat provided with life preservers?'"

"Show 'em." "Are they all right?" "They are." "Can your crew launch a life-boat?" "They can."

"Is your life raft all right?" "It is." "Is the fire hose all ready for instant service?" "It is."

"Will your engineer stand to his post in case of disaster?" "He will."

"Do you call yourself a cool and collected man in the presence of danger?" "I do."

"Do you know exactly what you would do in case of a terrible gale or a fire?" "I do."

"Can the mate be depended on to command all your efforts?" "He can."

"And will your crew stand by and obey you?" "They will."

"Are your green and red lights all right?" "They are."

"Machinery in perfect order?" "It is."

"Going to overload the boat?" "No, sir."

"Expect to do any racing?" "No, sir."

"Is she fixed to blow off at forty-six pounds?" "Yes, sir."

"Blacker or black all right?" "It is."

The stranger heaved a deep sigh and was walking away when the captain asked if his luggage was aboard.

"No, and I guess I'll go ashore," was the reply. "Every boat which has burned up or gone down for the last five years had everything in the nearest kind of order, and I'll rather look for a craft making six feet of water an hour or run the risk of going through a railroad bridge. Good-by, captain! I shall look in the dailies all this week to see who of your passengers were saved?"

Live up to the Mottoes. There is no use of putting up the motto, "God bless our home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by parents to children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gawgaws and finery.

There is no use in putting up the motto, "The liberal man doeth liberal things," while the money chinks liberally from the "head of the household," grunting to get out and see light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wine and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not a cent for the church. In how many houses are these mottoes standing—let us say; hanging sarcasms—which serve only to put a just and adorn a scire! The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, freckled, freckled, charitable lives, in one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they still remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of the pigment and the foam have faded, and the very frames have rotted away in their joints.

Drinking too Much. Children are not apt to believe they drink too much water and yet they do. When you come to the house, putting down play you will take a number of water and drink it down as fast as you can and rush out to resume play, and perhaps repeat the drink. Now, the next time you feel thirsty try this experiment. Take a goblet and slowly sip it. Before it is half gone your thirst will be fully quenched, and you will feel better for having drunk only what you need. And again we are all apt to acquire the habit of drinking while we are eating one meal. Animals don't do it, and it is harmful to us. Nature gives us all the saliva we need; and if any one can give his food slowly and thoroughly, and not take a swallow of drink until through eating, the desire to do so would soon leave, and he will require only a few sips of water, tea, or coffee after the meal is finished. This practice, too, will do wonders in the way of keeping off indigestion, dyspepsia and sickness.

Conundrums. When is a wall like a fish?—When it is scaled.

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician?—The Adder.

When is a boat like a heap of snow?—When it is a drift.

When is a doctor most annoyed?—When he is out of patients.

Why is the letter G like the sun?—Because it is the centre of light.

What is it that shows others what it cannot see itself?—A mirror.

When is a literary work like snooked?—When it comes in volumes.

Why is the letter N like a faithless lover?—Because it is in constant.

Why is whispering a branch of good manners?—Because it is not aloud.

What is an old lady in the middle of the river like?—Like to be drowned.