

THE Acton Free Press, published EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, by H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor, at the Free Press Printing & Publishing House, No. 100 St. James Street, Acton, Ont.

Acton 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. Volume VI. No. 80. ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1881. Whole No. 291

H. H. KIRKEDGE, BANKER, ACTON, ONTARIO. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

Flour and Feed Store. Sold off Low.

LAWSON BROS. Day's Bookstore. GUELPH. A FINE NEW STOCK ON HAND.

Flour and Feed Store, and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of FLOUR.

MEATS. Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran, Coarse Shorts, Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas, Chopped Oats & Peas, and all kinds of FEED usually kept in a first-class store.

MANHATTAN FEED. For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. God for horses having Epizootic.

LAWSON BROS. Acton, Jan. 15, 1881.

TO ADVERTISERS. An advertiser who sends up orders of \$1000 in a year, and who inserts less than \$500 of it in this list, writes: "Your Select Local List would be better than any other advertising I did."

PROVERBS. No one can best when the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are healthy, and Hop Bitters keep them so.

LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. On the Loss of MANHOOD.

MANHOOD. We have recently published a new work, "The Cause and Cure of Manhood," by Dr. F. W. Johnson.

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

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises lately occupied by Mr. James McLam, next door to Nicklin's Bakery.

THE BALANCE OF OUR STOCK. Fancy Goods, Work Boxes, Desks, Dressing Cases, Glass Goods, Fine Books and Dolls, Dolls.

THE FREE PRESS. ACTON, THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1881. POETRY.

The Press and the Flow. We envy not the princely man, Yet drags a weary life.

W.M. FARR. BEEF, MUTTON, SAUSAGE. Poultry and Game in season, etc.

New Butcher Shop. W.M. FARR. BEEF, MUTTON, SAUSAGE.

Cruet Stands, Bought at a Bargain, CHEAP.

B. SAVAGE, WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER, GUELPH.

VICK'S Illustrated Floral Guide. For 1881 is an elegant book of 120 pages.

PETER SAYERS. LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES of all kinds and qualities, CHEAP.

NASSAGAWEYA LUMBER & SHINGLE MILLS. PETER SAYERS.

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time now. Col. Hay was our city boarder—a gentleman who had been recommended by his physician to try the fresh, pine-scented breeze of the Shawangenta Mountains, and whom our rector had recommended to the Toy Spring Farm.

We were not rich, although mother and Lesman had managed the farm economically and well since father's death, and the weekly addition to our income would be something worth considering.

The idea of a city boarder was very pleasant, too, and Toy Spring Farm was a very lovely spot, although we seldom allowed ourselves to think that.

So, after a little, I coaxed mother and Lesman to consent, and the next morning Lil and I were up long before daybreak harnessing Pomp and getting ready for the day's journey.

By the time the red, level light of the rising sun touched Old Pomp's gray mane with radiance, I was driving through Red Swamp, where the maple trees, from which it took its name, were all aglow with crimson blossoms, and the thrushes and robins called to each other in flute-like notes.

Well, I managed splendidly. I knew where I was going to when I started. I sold the six barrels of russets to the man who kept the Park Hotel for \$4 apiece, and that was more than Lesman himself had anticipated.

"Be careful you don't get robbed now," said the man, as he put the bills into my little pocket.

"Robbed?" said I, with a laugh. "Why, who should rob me?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the landlord. "There's always tramps and burglars around. They're a crop that don't belong to any particular season of the year."

As I turned away—I did not notice it at the time, but it came back to me afterwards, as things do come back, like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory—a man who was lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

I colored a little and said to myself: "Well he will know me the next time he sees me," and then forgot all about it; for I had mother's black bombazine to match, and Lil's spring hat to buy, and the doctor's prescription for Lesman to fill out at the drugist's, so that it was well up to seven o'clock before I turned Old Pomp's head homeward.

The sunshine was warm and still on the high road, and I was rather glad when I came to the cool shadows of Red Swamp. All at once Old Pomp gave a sidelong start—his ancient idea of slaying—and then I saw a man, pale, dusky and tired looking, sitting on a fallen log.

"Are you going towards Lennox Cross Road?" said I.

"Yes."

"Then jump in; I'm going in that direction, too, and will give you a lift."

There was only one thing for me to do—to get out of the scrape as soon as I could.

I cast about in my mind how to do this; and presently, with a beating heart, I dropped a little paper parcel of blue ribbon into the road.

"Oh, I cried, checking up Pomp. 'I've dropped my parcel. Would you mind getting out after it?'"

"Not in the least," said the stranger, and he eluded laboriously out of the wagon.

He had scarcely set his feet on the ground before I had my whip on Pomp with a will, and rattled away over the long, straight road at a pace that seemed positively marvellous to both me and Pomp.

So we left our passenger behind, in the middle of the Red Swamp. I could see him standing there, blank and astounded, the sole figure in the long perspective, as I ventured to look back; but I only whipped Pomp harder, and never let him "bete his face" until we were well out of the Red Swamp.

"I've outgeneraled him," said I to myself, and I've saved Lesman's \$24. I'm sorry about the blue ribbon, but it was only a yard and a quarter after all, and I can trim Lil's hat with something else."

They were delighted with my progress when I related my adventure at home. Lesman declared I was a capital little market woman; mother shuddered at the idea of the desperate tramp alone with me in Red Swamp; Lil declared I was a heroine.

"Wasn't it a good idea for Kate to drop the blue ribbon and send him after it?" said Lil.

"Kate was a goose ever to let him get into the wagon," said Lesman, knitting his brow.

"Kate mustn't go by herself such a long distance again," said mother.

And I drank my cup of tea and rested myself and wear out afterward to see the new brood of jerling little chicks, which Old Speckle had brought during my absence.

I was on my knees in the hen house, feeding them with scalded meal from the palm of my hand, when I heard another calling me from the house.

"Kate! Kate! come up at once, Col. Hay has arrived."

"I started up, looked with blank dismay and astonishment at my calico dress and the meal stains on my hands. However, there was nothing for it but to obey the summons; so I went up to the house. A sort of blue seemed to come before my eyes as I entered the sitting-room and heard mother saying: "Col. Hay, this is my eldest daughter, Kate."

Another Good Boy. A Detroit grocer was the other day huddled waiting for his clerk to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own noody meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and ran, and I ran after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy." "Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy." "Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a little chuck as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried:

"Been buying some eggs?" "Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap on?" "Yes."

"Two front teeth out?" "Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.

A Human Lantern. The wonders of modern science are great. The telegraph, the telephone, phonograph, and various other "graphs" and "phones" are truly astonishing.

But, in addition to the wonders which we have seen, there are some of which we only hear that are more marvellous still. For example, there is the use of the electric light for exploring the interior of the human system.

A Dr. Foster is credited with this discovery, and the way it is applied, we are informed, is as follows:—When the doctor has a patient about whose internal arrangements he is in doubt, he takes him into a totally dark room and makes him disrobe to the waist; next the subject is given a tiny silver ball, to which is attached a fine thread-like silver wire connected with a powerful apparatus for providing the electric light. He is directed to swallow the ball, and when it reaches the stomach, the machine is got in operation. Immediately the silver ball in the stomach becomes brilliantly bright, and the whole body rendered transparent.

Every organ is seen distinctly, and, of course, whatever diseased disturbance may be present becomes plain as daylight. At least, that is the story they tell; and when such wonderful things are occurring every day, we do not like to dispute the statement. But the idea of turning a human being into a lantern after this fashion, is something rather startling.

Reading with a Purpose. There is a great deal too much reading of random; of this book to day and that to-morrow, with no careful method governing the selection, and no high purpose gathering up the results into a definite good. One cannot read all the books that are published; one cannot even know by name the books that have been written; the only possible achievement is to adopt some electric system and abide by it rigorously; to do a little reading upon a few choice topics, and do it thoroughly and well. It is an excellent way to fix upon some epoch in history, or some noted figure in biography, or some important department of science or art, and to govern one's reading by its requirements. Concentrate fact, fiction and fancy all upon the theme. Illuminate all parts of it by every aid that can be brought to bear upon it, and make it a life work to master it in all its aspects and relations. Such a course will give constant interest to a pursuit, which even with those who are fond of it may sometimes flag. It will economize thought and time; and it will enrich the mind with the best fruits of study.

Losses. Loss of money follows drinking; Loss of time brings bitter thinking; Loss of business follows these; Loss of strength and loss of ease; Loss of health, respect, and love; Loss of hope of heaven above; Loss of friends who once admired; Loss of mind, by frenzy fired; Loss of usefulness, alas! Loss of life's purposes for the glass; Loss of life and loss of soul; Crown his loss who loves the bowl.