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ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881.

Whole No. 203

H. H. KITTREDGE, BANKER, ACTON, ONTARIO. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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The Bank of Montreal. FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

LAWSON BROS. Flour and Feed Store.

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

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FRESH BREAD. Buns, Cakes and Pastry.

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BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SAUSAGE.

W.M. FARR. Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the best...

ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Affords excellent facilities for Executive Studies.

WANTED. An energetic honest man to open a branch office of the new Magnet Telephone Co.

THE FREE PRESS. ACTON, THURSDAY, Feb. 24, 1881.

POETRY. WHAT IS PUBLIC WORSHIP?

Some go to church just for a walk; Some to stare, and laugh and talk;

A BAD BAROIN. We were sadly in want of a subject— I don't mean a subject for discussion.

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

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What a magnificent physique I said Harry.

'And such symmetry,' I added. 'And muscular development,' Harry rejoined.

'The nutritive organs must be splendid,' I answered.

'What a glorious subject! he would make,' I exclaimed with enthusiasm.

'I think it might be managed,' continued Harry.

'I confessed the plan was worth trying, and without loss of time we sought another subject with Mr. Miller.

Harry Brown introduced the subject, and did it with much tact and delicacy.

From that time we felt a sort of proprietary interest in Mr. Miller.

Harry Brown was not a subject for discussion— we were never at a loss for that.

We were medical students, Harry Brown and I, preparing for the next winter's lectures.

Our interest in Mr. Miller caused us to be promptly on hand next morning.

We found him at a breakfast table might have enjoyed— as well as the appetite with which he enjoyed it.

When at last he turned to greet us, he was almost too full for utterance.

'Well, boys,' he gasped huskily, 'you've done the square thing by me, and now you'll soon come into your property.'

He listened respectfully to the exhortation of the clergyman, then called for another cup and cup of coffee.

A few minutes later Mr. Miller stood on the drop. The death-warrant was read, the nose adjusted, and everything in readiness.

'Have you any request to make?' asked the sheriff, with visible emotion.

'Only this,' replied the prisoner— 'couldn't you put it off till after dinner?'

Before the question could be answered a breathless messenger rushed through the crowd holding up a paper which he thrust into the sheriff's hand.

'What are you thinking about?' I returned, with a side glance at my companion, whose eyes, at the same time caught mine.

There was something in the glance exchanged which revealed, more clearly than words could have done, that our minds were running in the same channel.

'I'm blamed sorry to disappoint you, boys,' he said, addressing Harry and me, 'but it's not my fault, you know.'

'Certainly,' replied Harry, 'and this one, you must allow, has been fairly lived up to.'

'On my part it has,' said Mr. Miller— 'I don't think he meant a joke— but on your side it remains to be seen. This deed document, you see, binds you to furnish whomever I may want to eat and drink for the rest of my life.'

'The paper doesn't oblige me to do so no particular time, does it?' retorted Mr. Miller, 'and whenever I do peg out, my carcass is at your service. However, if there's to be any question about it, I'll just put the case in lawyer Harpey's hands, and Mr. Miller rose to go.'

Like Shylock, he was plainly bent on sticking to the letter of his bond. Lawyer Harpey was an unmitigated slyster, and the case once in his hands, we knew there was no end of vexation and ridicule in store for us.

It don't pay to be caught in the spring without a wood pile large enough to last twelve months.

It don't pay to leave weak places in the fence, in the hope that the cattle won't find them.

It don't pay to let the spring rains wash the value out of the manure that has accumulated in the barn-yard during the past winter.

It don't pay to let the hens lay under the barn and be eaten up by the skunks.

It don't pay to put off any kind of spring work until the last moment, nor does it pay to work hard when it is too wet.

It don't pay to leave turnips, cabbages, beets or even apples in the cellar to rot and breed disease.

It don't pay to summer a poor cow simply because no one will buy her.

It don't pay to sell a halifer calf from your best cow to the butcher, simply because it will cost more to raise it than you can buy a scrub for next fall.

It don't pay to keep the banking around the house until it rots the sills.

It don't pay to be stogy in sowing grass seed, or to try to live without a garden.

Finally, it don't pay to provoke the women by leaving them to cut the stove wood or to carry it from the dooryard or to remain joy every morning in laying or mowing that you must saw enough before you go to work to last the day through.

That Boy. His mother's old and respected uncle from the country had been visiting the family for a few days.

'Why, in every way. What have you been doing?' 'Just then a little girl came in with a lettered shawl and barfooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread.

'Oh, dear, Mr. Truffles,' the child said with brimming eyes, as she took the loaf of bread, 'mamma is getting better, and she says she owes so much to you. She blesses you, indeed she does.'

'That's one of the things I've been doing he said, after the child had gone.'

'You are giving the suffering family bread?' I queried.

'Yes, three or four of them. I give them a loaf a day, enough to feed them.'

'And you take no pay?' 'Not from them.'

'Ah! from the town?' 'No; here,' said Truffles, laying his hand on his breast. 'I'll sell you, he added, smiling, 'one day, over a year ago, a poor woman came to me and asked for a loaf of bread, for which she could not pay and wanted it for her suffering children. At first I hesitated, but finally I gave it to her, and as her blessing ran in my ears after she was gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself wishing, by and by that I could afford to give away more bread. At length an idea struck me. I'd stop drinking and give that amount away in bread, adding one or two loaves on my account. I did it, and it's been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger every way. My sleep is sound and sweet, and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see, I suppose.'

'Fun at Home. Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a laugh should shake down a few of the nasty cobwebs that are hanging there.

Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it in their own households, they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the houseweld delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Half an hour's merriment within doors, and merriment of home, flings out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best self-guard that they can take with them into the world, is the unseen influence of the bright and merry home.

Policeman—'Now, then, move on! There's nothing the matter here.' Sarcasitic Boy—'Of course there isn't. If there was you wouldn't be here.'

Married, at Barn stable, by the Rev. John Gates, Mr. John Post, to Miss Sophia Ball. If this match 'don't make a fender' of the first quality, we should like to know what will.