

THE Acton Free Press, published EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, by H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

Acton Free Press.

Volume VI. No. 40. ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1881. Whole No. 301. TERMS—\$1.00 in Advance. \$1.50 if not so paid.

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

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

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.

MEALS. Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran, Course Shorts, Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas, Chopped Oats, Mixed Chops, Oats & Peas.

MANHATTAN FEED. For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry.

LAWSON BROS. TO ADVERTISERS.

GEORGE F. BOWELL & CO'S. Sole List of Local Newspapers.

PROVERBS. No man can be sick when the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are healthy.

MANHOOD. A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY. In the Loss of...

PROPERTY FOR SALE. The most valuable and desirable property ever offered in Acton.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE. The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main Street near Mr. C. S. Smith's residence.

STARTLING DISCOVERY! LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

Excelsior Bakery. E. Nicklin & Son. In assuming control of the Excelsior Bakery we most respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed on the late firm.

FRESH BREAD. Buns, Cakes and Pastry.

CONFECTIONERY. PURE AND FRESH, ALWAYS ON HAND.

OYSTER PARLOR. The Oyster Parlor will always be found with a good supply of Fresh Oysters, which will be served in any style.

Waltham Watches. IN 21, 3, 4, AND 6 OUNCE CASES.

A New Stock Just Received. B. SAVAGE, Watchmaker & Jeweller, Graph.

Acton HARNESS & TRUNK Depot.

Spring Goods. JUST RECEIVED OUR NEW SPRING Tweed Suitings.

Shaw & Murton. Merchant Tailors. GUELPH.

THE FREE PRESS. ACTON, THURSDAY, March 31, 1881.

POETRY. Whose Business is It?

Whose business is it? Is it any body's business? A gentleman should choose To wait upon a lady.

A Wife's Secret. "Can I bear it?" asked George Chesterfield's wife.

"Can I bear it?" asked George Chesterfield's wife of her own heart as she knelt beside the bed.

A Long Riddle. A young Bible-student was asked: "How many loaves are there in your class?"

True Diplomacy. A Galveston man met a friend from the country out of the street.

her whole was upon her as it had never been before. "Go on."

"I am Olivia," said the woman. "I sent those letters myself. I did it to make you wretched, to revenge myself upon him."

He never saw the great change in her. He never knew that from that hour life lost its beauty for her.

Years flew by. Two other babies took the first baby's place.

She read it through—she read it twice, this poor wife, to whom balm had come after so many years.

When George Chesterfield met his wife that night he hardly knew her.

"How happy you look!" he said. And she answered, "I am happy."

Nothing more then, but one day she told him all.

DEAR OLIVIA, DEAREST OLIVIA: I shall write no more to you. I shall never say a word of love to you again.

Then for two long hours she knelt beside her pillow, struggling with herself.

"Yes, you can bear it, for though he does not love you, you still love him."

Then the poor wife tore into fragments these passionate love letters.

"For he has not deceived me," she said to herself. "He has been true to me, honorable to me."

"Go on," she said hoarsely, bitterly.

How to Live. Earnestly, for life is brief; Patiently, regarding grief; Hopefully, when the skies are dark; Cheerfully, though hard they fall; Prayerfully, all sin to kill; Modestly, in eating and in dress; Humbly, when you rise and fall; Honestly, give all their due; Proudly, all vice to shun; Generously with hand and purse; Quietly, to strife to cease; Manfully, the weak to defend; Graciously, to foe and friend; Constantly, to God and man; Kindly, in each act and plan; So shall thy life be grand and true, And, though thy work be known to few, God shall the record keep.

That Kiss. It still travels. The following is the experience of the Quixote: A kiss, yes, I remember, I found it last December behind the kitchen door; My wife she heard the clatter of lips that met my own—Hush!—assault and battery, And now—I live alone.

Mrs. Winkie Introduces Her Grandson. "This is my grandson, Billy, Mr. Bernacke. I'm sure after you've been here a month you'll think as much of him as I do."

"Must be a musical genius!" Oh, good sir, but he's so variously gifted, too, is Billy. He's real inventive.

"Mr. Bernacke, this is the room; nice an airy, ain't it? Yes, the windows are a little broken."

"Furniture looks scratched 'Ave, you see, Billy is real talented—likes to draw and paint. You ought to see the pictures he draws of the boards; comic pictures, with words comin' out of their mouths on scrolls."

"Is this Billy's room? Oh, no, sir. He sleeps nearly his own granddaddy's room; but somehow the dear child has got a key that opens all this door, and I can't find where he hides it."

"Well, I think it my duty to take it away if I could, but, after all, we wouldn't have half the amusing surprises we do if he hadn't. He makes it so gay and lively for us with his jokes."

"Yes, the sun does come off that big chair. Billy makes a horse of it; but we'll mend it. I think you'd better have this room, it's so cheerful. Eh? Not coming at all? Well—as you please, of course. Billy, you shouldn't have done that, screwing the gentleman's coat tails to the door-post, while we were talking. See what a piece he has torn out, turning suddenly! Good-by, sir. Humph! Old Submides! Nothing would make him laugh. We don't want such a bearler, do we, Billy?"

Missed His Count. The neighbor's cat had clawed the baby, and the man was going out to the wood-pile, with his axe over his shoulder and the cat under his arm.

"Carom me back to the house," said the cat, who appeared to be chaff; full of emotion, "that ought not to count, it was only a scratch." The man took his cue, and looked thoughtful.

"True," he said, "and only an accident." And he laid the feline across the block and held it down with his foot, and swinging the axe above his head, brought it down with dreadful force.

True Diplomacy. A Galveston man met a friend from the country out of the street.