—THE—

Acton Free Press

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

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 2 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 reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 9 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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. 43. ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1881. Whole No. 322

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 University. GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO, Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p. m. If his services are required during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarvin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

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.

R. W. KING, Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist, GEORGETOWN. Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph. BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton. OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

Money to Loan. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

FIRST CLASS BARBER. I have secured the services of Mr. Wm. Coon, a first-class barber, who will conduct my business for a few weeks and give every attention to the wants of customers. Kindly give him your patronage. J. P. WORDEN.

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 ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. Agnew, proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation 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.

CASH FOR SKINS. I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand. JAMES MOORE, Acton.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises next door to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and sign writing of every description, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Acton and vicinity. JAMES SCOTT.

PROPERTY FOR SALE. The most valuable and desirable property ever offered in Acton, consisting of dwelling, store, and several vacant lots, situate on Main, Bower and Willow streets. To be sold in parcels to suit purchasers. Terms easy. J. H. SMITH, Proprietor. Acton, March 8th, 1881. tf.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE. The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main street near Mr. C. S. Smith's residence—one fifth of an acre, with Stone House in splendid condition. Stable and shop on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply at FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or to ARCH. McNAB, Rockwood. 27-3m.

H. H. KITTREDGE, **BANKER,** ACTON. · · ONTARIO. *A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.* MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits. REFERENCE—The Bank of Montreal.

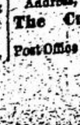
W. H. STOREY & SON, ACTON, · · ONT., Glove Manufacturers, The best description of GLOVES and MITTS in every variety of material and style are manufactured by us.

STOREY'S "EUREKA" SPRING GLOVE FASTENER, PAT'D. We are also Patentees and Inventors of Storey's Eureka Spring Glove Fastener, justly acknowledged the most perfect fastener in use. Patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. FOREIGN OFFICES. Spruce Street, New York, U. S. A. Lime Grove, Birmingham, Eng.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE. LAWSON BROS. would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that they have opened in the premises opposite Dr. McGarvin's residence a Flour and Feed Store, and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of FLOUR —OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING— Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour. MEALS. Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran, Coarse Shorts, Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas, Chopped Oats, Mixed Chops, Oats & Peas. and all kinds of FEED usually kept in a first-class store. All goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered. *A call is respectfully solicited.* MANHATTAN FEED. For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. Good for horses having Epizootic. LAWSON BROS. Acton, Jan. 15, 1881-tf.

TO ADVERTISERS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers. *An advertiser who spends upwards of $5000 a year, and who invests less than $250 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year than all the other Advertising I did."* It is not a Co-operative List. It is not a Cheap List. It is an Honest List. The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of the paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the best. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper. The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $80... The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,866.14. The list includes 852 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 755 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 263 places of over 5,000 population, and 420 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY Is the Loss of MANHOOD



We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Inadequacy, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses. Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. or two postage stamps. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Address, The Culverwell Medical Co., 41 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 4586.

Excelsior Bakery. E. Nicklin & Son, In assuming control of the Excelsior Bakery would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed on the late firm. They will always have on hand a good supply of FRESH BREAD, Buns, Cakes and Pastry —ALSO— BISCUITS OF ALL KINDS. A FULL STOCK OF CONFECTIONERY PURE AND FRESH, ALWAYS ON HAND. *Bread delivered to any part of the town.* *Bread and Biscuits given in exchange for Flour.* **Credit Customers.** Credit customers will be charged 1c. per loaf more than cash customers, and all accounts must be settled once a month. OYSTER PARLOR. The Oyster Parlor will always be found with a good supply of Fresh Oysters, which will be served in any style. E. NICKLIN & SON.

Waltham Watches IN 2¼, 3, 4, AND 5 OUNCE CASES. A New Stock Just Received. B. SAVAGE, Watchmaker & Jeweller, Guelph.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT. Government Deposit over $60,000.00. Policies on the "RESERVE FUND PLAN" issued by this Company only (and copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance the Policy-holder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, &c. H. P. MOORE, Agent, FREE PRESS, Office, Acton.

ACTON HARNESS & TRUNK DEPOT.

Parties requiring anything in Harness or Trunks, to save money should go to R. CREECH Acton.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing, The Gray Medicine Co. Toronto, Ont., Canada. Before Taking. After Taking. Sold by J. E. McGarvin, Druggist, Acton.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

WANTED. An energetic honest man to open a branch office of the new Magnet Telephone Co. in this and adjoining counties; small cash capital required; to such a man this is an excellent opening for money making business. Address with stamp G. W. Foster, 125 and 127 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, April 21, 1881.

POETRY.

Would You Like Me to Drive?

Och, Katie's a rogue, it's thrue,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed, and she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
When, demure as a bride, by my side,
The darlint she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath party girl's chin ivor tied.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd let go av the baste, an' I'd throw
Both arms round your waist,
An' be stealin' a taste
Ur them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more illigant red,
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down,
'Neath her lashes so brown
"Would you like me to drive, Mister Ted?"

His Wife's Picture!

A Sketch From Life.

'Dear mother, it is the best thing after all, that could have happened; it is so much better than anything I dared to hope for. I do believe that God knows best how to shape our future, and bring the most possible good out of our trials and disappointments.'

'He always does,' said her mother, gently.

'Because,' continued the girl, without heeding the interruption, 'if I had not fallen and sprained my ankle, I would not have lost my place in the store; and if it hadn't been for losing my place there, I would never have gone all over the city, hunting another situation; and if I had not been to so many places, and if employment had not been refused me so many times, and—if starvation had not stared us in the face, I would never have done so desperate a thing, and we would still be trying to keep soul and body together on the poorly-paid health destroying labor,—a poor sickly woman's wages.

'Tell me all about it, dear.' And Mrs. Smith dropped her thin, tired hands on the work over which she had bent wearily all day.

'First, let me put up this endless sewing, mother. These poor, dear hands may rest a little now, for I am going to get ten dollars a week, and will only be away from you four or five hours each day. I shall have time for ever so much sewing besides, and you can just rest and grow strong once more. I received my first week's wages in advance. See here—' and she cut the cord that bound a large bundle, and out on the table rolled several smaller parcels. 'I brought the money in a shape we could appreciate best; at least a part of it—all there was left after paying the baker. Now, mother, dear, I am going to be extravagant just once, and make an extra good cup of tea.'

'But, Nellie, child, you haven't told me—'

'I know, mother,' broke in the blithe young voice, 'but, you see, I haven't forgotten that it is nearly noon, and we have had no breakfast yet. There now'—giving the fire a vigorous poke that set the tea to steeping, filling the room with fragrant odor. 'You see, mother, I was just discouraged; I had been to every store, millinery and dress-making establishment I knew of, and had received the same answer, 'No more help needed,' to all my inquiries, and, as I said, I was desperate. Just as I turned the corner of Bleeker St., I saw a man being helped out of his carriage; such a splendid carriage, mother. He was not a very old man but looked as though he was almost gone with consumption. I went straight up to him, hardly realizing what I was doing, and asked him if he knew where I could get employment of some kind—I don't care what. At first he looked very angry, as though he thought my impudence unbearable, but when he saw my face, he stood still and looked at me as though he had seen a ghost. After a moment he said:

'Yes; I will engage you to come to my house every day at ten o'clock, and read or write for me, as I may desire until three. I will pay you ten dollars a week for your services, and will increase the amount should you prove competent to my demand.'

'Then he handed me his card, on which I read, 'C. Hewitt, No. 42 Leonard Street,' and I remembered that one of the girls had once pointed out his beautiful residence to me.

'If the situation and terms are satisfactory, you will please accept one week's wages in advance, and come to-morrow at ten.'

'And he held out the money, which I was only too glad to take.'

'Were you not a little hasty, daughter?' asked the mother, anxiously. 'You know nothing of this man.'

'I knew this, mother, that we were starving, and that money was our only salvation; besides, it all occurred so quickly that I hardly realized what had happened until he was gone. Somehow it seemed as though some overruling Providence was guiding me in spite of myself.'

'God grant it may be so,' said her mother, tenderly; 'and may he keep my precious one from all harm.'

* * * *

And now, while Nellie and her mother are enjoying their dinner, let us cast a hasty glance into Mrs. Smith's past life. Her parents having died when she was quite young, her childhood and girlhood were passed in the dreary monotony of her aunt's home; a home which was grudgingly offered her; where food, clothing, and education were dealt out to her, but where never a word or look of love was bestowed upon her.

What wonder that when Claude Smith one of her aunt's summer boarders, became interested in the girl's pretty face, and shy, sweet ways, and told her the old story, her yearning heart responded with a passionate love! Her aunt being only too glad to have the girl's support fall on other shoulders, consented to the union, and one evening there was a quaint wedding at the little cottage, and she became a wife.

Then followed weeks of perfect happiness for the girl whose life had been so lonely, until one evening her husband came to her with a troubled look in his handsome eyes, and told her that his only relative, an uncle in England, was very sick, and had sent for him to come immediately, and, taking his young wife in his arms, he soothed her with fond words, saying:

'I dare not take you with me, darling, Uncle George was very angry when my mother married an American with such a plebian name. Of all low names, Smith, he claims, stands at the very bottom. And then there are so many Smiths. One just has to drop the whole lot, and forget he ever had a relative by the name. Well, dearest, as I was saying, Uncle George never forgave mother; but when both my parents died, leaving me alone, he appointed a guardian for me, and kept me well supplied with funds, and now that he is dying, I must go to him; but I will return as soon as possible to my little wife.'

And so he left her, with plenty of money, but with an aching heart, as she had never seen him since.

Troubles had seemed to multiply after that. A contagious disease broke out in their town, and carried off whole families. Her aunt fell a victim, but she escaped and came to the city, hoping to find employment by which to support herself. She had a small sum of money left, with which she purchased a little cottage, and her Nellie was born. Over the trials and troubles of the years that followed let us quickly pass.

* * * *

The roses bloomed once more on Nellie's cheek, and her step grew light as the weeks advanced. She liked her employment, and, above all, she liked her employer. Many substantial evidences of his kindness had found their way to the little cottage, and many an extra dollar had found its way to Nellie's pocket.

As his face grew thinner and his step slower, he seemed to turn more and more to the young girl for support and sympathy, and the sound of her voice, or the touch of her cool hand, had power to soothe him to rest when all else had failed. He often watched her as she moved about the room in her bright, cheerless way, with a strange, wistful look in his fading eyes.

One morning, as she took her seat by his couch, and reached for the book she had been reading him, he laid his thin, transparent hand on her own, saying, as he did so, 'I have only a few more hours of life, and I wish to talk to you;' and he smiled almost sadly as he met her startled glance.

'Yes,' he continued slowly. 'I shall soon be gone, and there will be no one to truly mourn for me, unless it be the little girl I have taken an unaccountable interest in. You will miss me, Nellie?'

For answer she bowed her head over her clasped hands, and wept passionately.

He waited a few moments, then taking one soft little palm in his hands, and caressing it tenderly, said:

'No doubt you have often wondered that I, a perfect stranger, should have given you employment without question or reference. I can hardly tell why I did myself. Perhaps it was a look on that pitiful young face turned up to mine that day, so like a dear face I used to love. I have carried the memory of that face all through life. I had only been married a few weeks when I returned to England, and when I returned I found the house where I had left my dear one, deserted, and was told that she was dead.

'My uncle, at his death, left me his property, providing I would take his name, but, O, it has been a long, sad life without my darling.

'I have taken a strange interest in you, child, and my heart seems to cling to you in my last hours. I have taken care of your future, dear, as there is neither wife or child, brother or sister, to question the right of the will I have made in your behalf. Somehow, since I have carried out my intentions respecting you, I feel so peaceful; as though there was nothing left undone; and I am ready to go.'

He was interrupted by a fit of coughing, which lasted so long that Nellie was frightened. After she had lain him back on the pillow, she saw the lips move, but the words were so low she had to bend over him to hear them.

'When I am gone, Nellie, open this little ebony casket. Inside you will find my wife's picture. You may look at it, if you choose, but I want it buried with me.

'I am so tired, Nellie. The river is deep, and the water is cold. Let me take your hand, my little girl. Now sing: 'I am trusting, Lord, in Thee.'

He lay back on his pillow and closed his eyes wearily, while the girl's low voice filled the room with pathetic sweetness. A strange calm stole o'er his features as she sang, and the icy chill crept into the hands clasping hers—a chill that sent a thrill of terror to her heart. She bent over him and spoke his name, O, so tenderly—but he heard not the young voice he had learned to love. He had passed forever beyond its reach.

The next day, as he lay in his coffin, Nellie opened the little casket and took out the picture he had treasured so many years. Going to the window, before placing it over the heart now so silent and cold, she opened the case and looked upon the sweet girlish face smiling up to her. One moment, then a quick, gasping cry escaped her lips, and she fell into the arms of an attendant. The face of her dead friend's lost wife was the face of her own mother.

Now For It!

Why is a barber like an agriculturist?—Because he lives by the "rotation of crops." Good! Now what is the difference between an agriculturist and a barber?—One cuts his crops, the curls them. Not so bad! Well, and now, can you tell me why a tailor is like an agriculturist?—Because he sews (sows) and rips (reaps)! Yes,—that may pass. Just try another. What is the difference between an agriculturist and a tailor?—The one gets customers for his cabbage; the other "cabbages" from his customers. O—h! Not that I wish to add insult to injury, but why is a tailor like a sweep?—Because he follows a soot-able trade. Here's one about a barber and this is the very last. Why is a barber a great "swell"?—Because he is associated with "nobs."

SPRING.

De ole hen am chirpin',
De robin am singin',
De voice of the rooster am heard in de land;
De pigeons am flyin',
De ganders am sighin',
An' de big Injun man am a showin' his hand.

De mud's growin' deeper,
De thunder's a comin',
De chipmunk comes out of his log for to see;
De lambs are a bellin',
De spring calf am bawlin',
An' de whitewashing season has opened for me.

Perils of Housekeeping.

Have you paid the milk bill?

The coal is out.

The stove wants fixing.

The night-key is broken.

The front door bell wire is loose and the bell won't ring.

Get some cat's meat. That cat hasn't had anything fresh for nearly two days. She won't eat cooked meat.

The poker is broken.

Get some screw hooks for the cupboard.

We must buy a new clothes line.

The salt is out.

Mem: Mark's last butter was bad. Must buy somewhere else.

The iceman has "riz," and he leaves dreadfully small pieces at that.

Get some wire.

Ditto oxalic acid.

Ditto bug powder.

Ditto some nutmegs.

Shall we buy a new parlor carpet? The old one's getting faded.

Want a new tin stewpan.

The teapot leaks

Send for the furniture man and find out how much he asks for re-covering the sofa.

Buy a new market basket.

The old cat has four kittens. How many shall we drown?

We suspect our hired girl of stealing the tea. That last half pound went very quickly.

Schnapps, the grocer, will persist in giving us coffee which has been ground too long and has lost its flavor. Change him.

Somebody's stolen the ash-box again. Fifth in three weeks.

Get a paper of tacks.

Mrs. Doo borrowed our tack hammer a month ago and has never returned it.

The canary bird is sick.

Buy a ball of twine.

Ditto six small screws.

Ditto a hatchet.

The iceman forgot us to-day.

The cold meat and milk are spoiled.

The cat persists in carrying her kittens all over the house, and won't stay in the nursery soap box we fixed for her.

Get some naphtha.

The water pipe leaks again. More plumbers.

Mrs. McGoolish complains to the landlord that the water we use on our window-sill geraniums drips, to the detriment of her window-panes below.

Our girl has left in a huff.

The coffee pot leaks.

The last kindling's too damp. Won't burn.

Out of soap.

Out of matches.

She wants some worsted three shades darker than the last lot, but one shade lighter than the first lot.

And so on and so on, time without end, forever and ever.

Is life worth living?

A Difference.

A devoted Methodist, it is said, asked John Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it.

"Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And you think she is truly a Christian woman?"

"Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is."

"Well, then why not marry her?"

"Because," replied Wesley, "because my friend, the Lord can live with many people that you and I can't."

His "Rithmetic" Saved Him.

The mystery that fractions always present to the untutored mind appears in many amusing examples.

A Galveston darkey has returned from a business trip to the interior of the State very much disgusted.

"Didn't you receive any offers to pick cotton?" asked a friend.

"Yes, sich as dey was. A man offered me one-third ob de amount I picked, and when I looked at de field, I saw for myself dat when it was all picked, it wouldn't amount to one-third so I left for home."

"You was in luck dat he didn't fool you."

"You bet I was, Sandy. My rithmetic was all that saved me. I tell yer all, send yer children to school."