—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

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 8 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. 22 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.

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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.

D. 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.

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.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS. WM. COON, BARBER. Would announce to the people of Acton and surrounding country, that he has purchased from Mr. J. P. Worden his barber business, and intends to carry it on in all branches, in the same stand. The new proprietor intends giving his whole personal attention to the business, and trusts that all who have patronized the shop in the past will continue to give it their favors. WM. COON.

HENRY E. GRINLINTON, —PRACTICAL— House Painter, Grainer, Paper Hanger, and Decorator, Is prepared to take contracts for Painting, Paper Hanging, and Kalsomining. Orders promptly attended to in town or country. Terms Reasonable. Having an experience of thirty years, I can guarantee satisfaction to all. H. E. GRINLINTON, Mill St., Acton.

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.

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 $350 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. Specimen copies of 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 rarely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $54. 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 $2,366.16. The list includes 352 newspapers of which 121 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 755 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 466 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

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 copyrighted) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance the Policyholder 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.

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 Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excess etc. Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6cts, 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.

HELLO. Agents can make more money selling our new Telephone than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits. Address, U. S. TELEPHONE CO., 123 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

$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.

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. E. NICKLIN & SON.

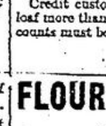
FLOUR AND FEED STORE. LAWSON BROS. would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that they have opened in the premises opposite Dr. McGarvin's residence a Flour and Feed Store, and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of FLOUR —OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING— Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, 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.

ACTON HARNESS & TRUNK DEPOT.

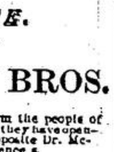
Parties requiring anything in Harness or Trunks, to save money should go to R. CREECH Acton.

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

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. Sold by J. E. McGarvin, Druggist, Acton.



Before Taking



After Taking

THE FREE PRESS. ACTON, THURSDAY, May 12, 1881.

POETRY.

THE STORY OF THE GATE.

Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate;
'Twas there, within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nellie home,
I used to pause and wait.

Before I said to her good night,
Yet loth to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden's pale;
And there, the gate between us two;
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise
After a stealthy quest—
So close I'd bend ere she'd retreat—
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Tuberose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meeting glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear, sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat;
And then I'd move to go.

'Good-night,' I'd say; 'good-night—good-bye;'
'Good-night'—from her with half a sigh—
'Good-night!' Good-night!' And then—
And then I did not go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again!

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer time—although
the gate is standing yet;
A little crazy, it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
Who never can forget!

The happy "End!" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no 'end;'
Watch yonder chubby thing!—
That is our youngest, hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing.

Only a Husk.

Tom Darcey, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had only been all right; but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock or clean a watch, as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money, and his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part of himself had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the bar room to see what kept her husband up, and quickly saw Tom.

'Peter,' said she, not in a pleasant mood, 'why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcey home! He's been hanging about here long enough.'

Tom's stupefaction was not sound asleep. The dead coma had left the brain, and the calling of his name had stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had bought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the taptser had gloated over the woman who had once discarded him.

'Why don't you send him home?' demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

'Hush, Betsey! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk.'

With a sniff and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow.

'Ah, Tom, are you awake?'

'Yes.'

'Then run up and have a warm glass.'

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

'No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night.

'It won't hurt you—just a glass.'

'I know it won't,' said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the only solitary button left. 'I know it won't.'

And with this he went out into the chill air of the night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked upon the earth.

'Aye,' he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel. 'Peter Tinder is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I'm helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husks. We'll see.'

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

'We'll see,' he continued, setting his foot firmly on the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

'Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?'

'Yes, Tom.' She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

'I wish you would make a cup, good and strong.'

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

'Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again.'

'Eh, Tom! What do you mean?'

'I mean that it's Tom Darcey come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future.

'Tom!' cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, 'are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?'

'It's what's left of him, sir; and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll only set him at work.'

'Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you, too! There's an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me.'

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skilful supervision the engine was set up and tested, but it was late in the evening when the work was completed.

'How is it now, Tom?' asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

'She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear.'

'God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?'

'Wait till Monday morning, Sir. If you offer it to me then, I will take it.'

At the little cottage, Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom was gone, she had found a two-dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew that he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope, she set out the tea table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock came, and almost nine. Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all!

Hark! The old step!—strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

'I have kept you waiting, Ellen.'

'Tom!'

'I didn't mean to, but the work hung on.'

'Tom, Tom. You have been to the old shop.'

'Yes. And I'm to have the old place, and—'

'Oh, Tom!'

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

'Ellen, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again.'

'Oh, Tom, I've got him now—bless him, bless him. My own Tom—my husband, my darling!'

And then Tom Darcey realized the full power and blessing of woman's love. It was a banquet of the gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the boards.

On the following Monday morning, Tom Darcey resumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back to the old slough and joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

'Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?'

'I'm up—right side up.'

'Yes—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom.'

'I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it.'

'Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?'

'Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness.'

Advice to Young Husbands

The Rev. C. C. Goss, during a lecture in New York on "The Honeymoon, and How to Perpetuate it," said: Look out for your habits, young man. Don't get into the habit of neglecting the little courtesies of life in your home. Just see the young men in a bobtail horse-car sit forward on the edge of the seat and when a pretty young woman enters the car they watch for the first chance to put her fare in the box. Why don't you watch just as eagerly to wait on your wife? Again, my young husband, you and your wife must cultivate mutual confidence. Distrust of each other is the bane of human society everywhere. Of course, you and your wife ought to hold different opinions. I was forty years old before I married my wife, and I knew a thing or two before I knew her. When we were married we did not empty out our brains and become fools. When she comes to vote I want her to vote on the side opposite to me, because if she votes just as I do what's the use of her voting? She might have just as well voted through me as we do now. But don't fight. Husbands and wives do fight and bite and claw each other, and pull each other's hair, and all about a little thing that they would be ashamed of if they hadn't got heated. Cultivate the habit of cooling down. Finally be honest and upright with your wife, yong husband. You ought to be honest in courtship, but if you have had an outside for your girl to look at, and you have all the time kept a bit and bridle on your passions only to be a brute after marriage, then you have deceived her. Be as innocent to your wife as though she was a little baby. You wouldn't hurt a baby. Stand up for your wife—if any one says anything against her, knock him down. Well, I'll take that back—you can knock him down in your own estimation.

Young ladies graduate from some of the ladies' colleges with the degree of B. A. By close attention to business they can in a few years take the degree MA.

A well cooked breakfast will do more towards preserving peace in the family than will seven mottoes on the wall, even though they be framed in the most elaborate of gilt moulding.

LOST, A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone
Only two years ago,
A laughing, rollicking fellow,
It would do you good to know;
Since then we have not seen him,
And we say, with a nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
Comes home to us to-day,
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went;
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent.
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we cannot help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing—
For the boy we must henceforth miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever, with a kiss.

Good Advice to Grocers

If there is any business that requires scrupulous cleanness it should be that of the retail grocer. He handles our sugar, he dishes out our butter, he weighs our meat, he fingers our bread, he touches our food at every turn. He needs clean hands and clean vessels. Put up those dirty scales; it makes one sick to see butter put into such a dingy tin pan. Cleanse your sugar scoop; scrape off that meat block; wipe out that cheese safe. Get broom and dusting brush; learn their use and keep them busy. Look at those fly specks! See where the molasses has trickled down and candied into a solid cake; scour it up. See where the flour has spilled and drifted into heaps around your barrels; sweep it away. Pick out those rotten vegetables that taint the air with their poisonous stench. Fling away those sickly, tough, shriveled beets. Out with those eggs that are slightly indisposed. Get hot soap suds and wash down your counters. Hunt the rat-holes and plug them up or nail tin strips over them. Rake down the cobwebs that dangle in the corners. Polish up your tin and brass vessels. Wash your show windows. Dust those venerable canned goods that adorn your shelves. Remove the fly-paper overhead. Get paint for your shelves and whitewash your walls. Keep clean, for soap is cheap, water is plenty, brooms are handy, and dirt don't pay. John Wesley says, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Amen!

Never Opened the Book

The folly and fraud of rich young men, whom their parents or guardians suppose are studying very hard in Paris, are shown up rather forcibly in this grim little story of exposure and rebuke.

One November an old merchant, on sending his nephew to study law in Paris, presented him with an old copy of the Code, with the remark:

"I will come to see you in March, and if you have been diligent I will make you a handsome present."

At the time appointed the old gentleman was on hand.

"Well, my boy," said he, "have you worked hard."

"O yes," answered the young man confidently.

"In that case you have already got your reward."

"I don't know what you mean, uncle."

"Hand me the Code, my boy." He opens the volume, and between the first two leaves finds a five hundred franc note, which he had intended for his nephew, but which he forthwith put into his own pocket.

Church Collections.

A congregation, which has about 400 communicants, had taken up a collection, which the treasurer was was about to count. The editor of the *Christian Giver* thought he would like to see just how the collection was made up, and asked the privilege of counting and classifying it. The following table shows the result:—

Number of pieces.	Value of each.	Total.
145	1 cent	$1.45
2	2 cents	4
8	3 "	24
25	5 "	1.25
7	10 "	70
3	25 "	75
190		$4.48

This was about 1 cent to each person present, and 2 cents average for each giver. More than half gave nothing.

Photographs

The detective camera is a new photographic feat. It enables photographs to be taken in the street, or anywhere else, without the person or persons photographed being aware of the fact, and is calculated to inspire a lively terror among that class of celebrities who object to having their portraits taken. Externally it is made to look like a book or small box. Several excellent street scenes have been secured by this device.