

THE Acton Free Press

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CONTRACT RATES. One column one year \$10.00. Half column one year \$6.00. Quarter column one year \$4.00.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted in the office of the paper on Monday, unless otherwise directed.

THE CANADA ADVERTISING AGENCY. No. 25 King St. West, Toronto. W. W. RUTHER, Manager.

W. H. LO WHY, M.D., M.C.P.S. Graduate of the University of Toronto, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

N. McGARVIN, M.D., M.C.P.S. Graduate of Victoria University, Ontario. Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. 100-102, Chancery, Acton. Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George, Ont. T. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN. Will visit Acton every Wednesday.

R. W. KING, Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist. Machinery of every description made to order.

A. LISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER. Quebec Street, Guelph. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - In Matthews Building.

W. M. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY AND PROPERLY SECURED IN CANADA, THE UNITED STATES, AND EUROPE.

C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SURGEON. Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, BOBT. Agnew, proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture.

CASH FOR SKINS. I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Catkins, Descons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises next to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and repair.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS. WM. COON, BARBER. Would announce to the people of Acton and surrounding country, that he has purchased the business of Mr. J. P. Worden in his barber business.

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

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

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.

STORY'S EUREKA SPRING GLOVE FASTENER. We are also Patentees and Inventors of Story's Eureka Spring Glove Fastener.

TO ADVERTISERS. An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5000 a year, and who inserts less than \$5000 in this paper, writes: "I have never had a better result from any other advertising I did."

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT. Government Deposit over \$60,000,000.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY. Is the Loss of MANHOOD. We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Cutler's "The Cause of Manhood."

HELLO. Agents can make more money selling our new Telephone than in any other business.

STARTLING DISCOVERY! LOST MANHOOD RESTORED. A most wonderful medicine for restoring the vitality of the human system.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE. LAWSON BROS. Flour and Feed Store, and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR. ALL KINDS, INCLUDING Family Flour, Highest Quality Flour, Graham Flour.

MEALS. Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran, Coarse Shorts, Fine Shorts, Chopped Shorts, Chopped Oats & Peas.

MANHATTAN FEED. For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. Good for horses having Epizooty.

THE FINEST Paper Hangings. Ever shown in Guelph.

DAY'S BOOK-STORE. Day gives his customers the advantage of a large stock to select from.

VALUABLE Village Property FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale that beautiful situated piece of property, being north of the Village of Acton.

HENRY E. GRINLINTON, House Painter, Grainer, Paper Hanger, and Decorator.

FARMERS & STOCK-BREEDERS ATTENTION. C. Taylor, Veterinary Surgeon, Georgetown, will call in Acton, at Bennett's Hotel, Professionally, every Tuesday, from one to four p.m.

MONEY. The undersigned has money at his disposal for discounting good, endorsed notes, at a reasonable rate of discount.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS. All parties indebted to the estate of the late James Adams, either by note or book account, are requested to call and settle their accounts forthwith.

THE FREE PRESS. ACTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881. POETRY. SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

True bride, my dear neighbor, Shines bright as the sun— A jewel respondent.

Oh, trust not to others The matters of life, If you would be happy.

You send a rare message By brother or friend; That trusting to others

In love, as in business, Soon you will agree That trusting to others

There was no formal engagement between Kate Morlake and me. Though we had known each other a long time, and though I thought sometimes she liked me, and though I liked her

Without stopping to weigh the impropriety of an act which I would have been the first to condemn in another, and at whose recollection a blush even now rises, I took out and unfolded the letter.

The words it contained were few, but they sufficed to crush my heart. They were these: "Meet me at eight to-morrow morning, under the elm at the turn of the road, with a carriage. Everything will be in readiness, and we can drive at once to the village, where the clergyman will be waiting."

I fairly ground my teeth with rage. I would have torn the tantalizing billet to fragments; but the shamefulness of the act of which I had just been guilty brook upon me. I quickly replaced the note and closed the envelope, and putting my horse to his utmost speed, I hastened to deliver it.

I closely scanned Mordant Kenneth's face as he read the letter. It beamed with joy. "You have brought me glorious news!" he cried, wringing my hand warmly. "I can't explain just now, but you shall know all shortly."

I stammered out I know not what confused reply, and hurried from his presence. That night I could not sleep. Wild projects haunted me of flying from home and country, rushing on and on, farther and farther, as if the victim of unhappiness could ever leave himself and his misery behind!

Next morning, before the sun had risen, I was in the saddle. I rode without thinking whither. It was not till a lofty elm, at a turn of the road, drew my attention, that I discovered that some mysterious influence had led me to the trying place named in the faithful letter.

I would have fled from the spot, and did gallop off a little way; but the unaccountable spell which was upon me forbade me to go on. A relentless fate seemed determined not to spare me the pain of witnessing my rival's triumph. I stopped amid a cluster of small trees, wincing, unobserved, I could see what ever might take place beneath the elm.

It was not long until Kate Morlake appeared, coming by an almost hidden path leading through a grove of evergreens. It was not without an effort I restrained myself from flying to confront her and tax her with my misery.

The next moment, a carriage drove up rapidly, and Mordant Kenneth sprang out. Then she gave a glance at Aunt Hathaway's direction which plainly intimated that lady's presence prevented fuller explanation.

I hoped that Kate, according to her custom, would at least see me to the door; but Aunt Hathaway assumed that office, and dismissed me with polite formality.

I was curious to know to whom Kate's "important message" was addressed, and as I was to deliver it, I might as well look and see.

I took the letter from my pocket. It was in a dainty white envelope, such as young ladies use to enclose their enchanting little missives in, and had a decidedly coquettish look. But a glance at the superscription gave me a painful start. The name was that of Mordant Kenneth, just the last I could have wished to see there!

Mordant and I were old friends; but, of late he had been far too attentive to Kate Morlake for my comfort. On several of my recent visits to her, I found him there before me, and more than once my coming seemed to be an interruption.

As I turned the letter over, I observed that the envelope was open. Kate had either forgotten to moisten the mucilage, or had insecurely closed the fold.

The thought of reading a private message intended for another, in my calmer moments, would have been abhorrent to every instinct of my nature. But I was wedded to jealousy, and infatuated with the thought that Kate, who, whatever might be the state of her own feelings, must have surmised the nature of mine, should have made me the bearer of a secret message to my rival. I had but one thought or purpose—it was to know the worst, and learn, once for all, whether the love which I had so fondly hoped already was or might be mine, had been already pledged to another.

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How well we remember the fair days of youth, The old farm house kitchen, the bright painted floor, Those days of our childhood, when mother's dear face Illumined each corner about the old place.

Those days of our boyhood! we've not seen them since! The curstard and pampin, the apple and mince, So juicy and deep, so macerated in time, But then our dear mother, she made her own pie.

Then pretty, fair housewife, with home-baked bread, Your kitchen so tidy, your household complete, What happiness beams in your fair sunny face; With snow-white apron that adds such a grace, You make your own bread, that is spicing and white.

You "put up" preserves, and make cake dark and light, Would you fashion a dainty your household would prize, Then pray, my dear housewife, pray make yours own pie.

And dear little maiden, expecting to wed, Now don't pass this by with a toss of your head, If your husband you'd please, all the days of your life, And make him the sweetest and best little wife, Pray, would you be healthy and would you be wise, Why, dear little maiden, then make your own pie.

What the Women Say at Weddings. Here she comes! Pretty, isn't she! Who made her dress! 'Tis her veil, lace! She's as white as the wall! Wonder how much her worth! Did he give her those diamonds? He's scared to death! Isn't she the cool piece! That train's a horrid shape! Isn't her outfit a dowry! Aren't the bridesmaids homely! Wonder what number her gloves are! They say, her shoes are five! If his hair isn't parted in the middle! Wonder what on earth she married him for!

For his money, of course! Isn't he handsome! He's as homely as a hedge-hog! He looks like a circus clown! No, he's like a dancing master! Good enough for her anyway. She was always a stuck-up thing. She'll be worse than ever, now. She jilted Sam Somebody, didn't she! No, he never asked her. He's left town, anyway. Wonder if they'll keep house! Where will they go for their tea! There, the ceremony has begun. Isn't she awkward! White as his collar! Why don't they hurry up! Did she say she would "obey"? What a precious fool! That bridemaid don't know what she do.

There, they are married! Doesn't she look happy! Pity if she wouldn't! (Wish I were in her place!) What a handsome couple! She was always a sweet little thing. How graceful she walks! Dear me, what airs she puts on! Wouldn't be in her piece for a farm! I'd bet those jewels were hired. Wonder how much hell'll give the minister. He looks like a culprit. His collar is choking him! Well, she's off of her father's hands at last!

What is her traveling suit made of? Doesn't she look elegant! Pity if she wouldn't! (Wish I were in her place!) What a handsome couple! She was always a sweet little thing. How graceful she walks! Dear me, what airs she puts on! Wouldn't be in her piece for a farm! I'd bet those jewels were hired. Wonder how much hell'll give the minister. He looks like a culprit. His collar is choking him! Well, she's off of her father's hands at last!

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