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. VII. No. 1. ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1881. Whole No. 383

H. H. KITTREDGE,

BANKER,

ACTON. - - ONTARIO.

A GENERAL BANKING. BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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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.

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Spruce Street, New York, U. S. A.
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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S
Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5000 a year, and who inserts 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.
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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.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE

ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT

Government Deposit over $90,000.00

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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 excesses.

☞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 medicine 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,

E. N. 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 give 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.

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.

A SPLENDID STOCK

—OF—

New Wall Paper,

—AT—

DAY'S BOOK-STORE,

Day gives his customers the advantage of a large stock of Paper and Border to select from, and

His Prices Are Low.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

VALUABLE Village Property

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale that beautifully situated piece of property lying north of the G.T.R. depot, in the corporation of the Village of Acton. The property contains 12 acres more or less, 8 of which are in a high state of cultivation and nearly all planted with fruit trees of every description, and all of the best varieties. The balance is good pasture land, with a never-failing stream running through it, on which is situated a fish pond. On the premises there is a two-story brick dwelling, nearly completed, containing 8 rooms, also back kitchen with three rooms, good stable and shed, and first-class hard and soft water, etc.

The above would be a very desirable place for a retired gentleman, or for a market gardener.

Terms liberal and made known on application to

ELI SNYDER, Acton, P.O.

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.

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. He will bring with him his celebrated Stallion, "King George." He will call at Silver Creek, on his way to Acton, from 10 to 12 a.m. "King George" is the closest bred "Royal George" in Ontario. McKindley's celebrated "Royal George" is "King George's" grand-sire and great-grand-sire. He is also thrice bred in the "Sir Henry's."

C. TAYLOR.

MONEY.

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

JAMES MATTHEWS.

Acton, May 10th, 1881.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

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

W. H STOREY,
D. W. CAMPBELL, } Executors.

Acton, May 4th, '81.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, July 7, 1881.

POETRY.

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and the six other children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, and John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak,
"Tell me again what Robert said:"
And then I listened, bent my head—
This is his letter.
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I though willing could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lillian, the baby slept,
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair,
I saw on James' rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as he hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer!"

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote in a curious way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trust the rest to the One in Heaven.

CANDID CONFESSIONS.

When Lydia Parker's mother died, she left behind her a big girl and a little boy, and a husband who was yet only a middle-aged man. Theodosia Parker was a conscientious girl, with a grave, handsome face older than her years, and now greatly sobered by her mother's death. That mother's last words had been: "Theo., be good to your little brother," and Theo. never forgot them.

When they were able to talk about the tragic event at all, father and daughter sat together, side by side, near the parlor fire, Eben on Theo.'s knee, and it was Theo. who spoke first.

"I am going to devote myself to you and Eben, papa. I am going to give all my energies to educating him, and making your home comfortable. Of course, we can never be happy without poor mamma, but in household matters I know what to do. I have resolved upon my duty. I will never marry. I will be your daughter only, and Eben's sister, and I shall not mind being an old maid, if only I comfort you."

"You are young to make such a decision; you are only fifteen," said the father.

"But I know my own mind, papa," said Theo.

"I believe you do, and I am glad you do," replied papa. "I am glad, because I am of that disposition that I need a home, and to—to—place any one in your mother's—"

Here he paused and wiped away a tear.

"Papa! you would never think of marrying again?" cried Theo.

"I was about to say that I could never entertain the idea, since you devote yourself to our home. Were you a different girl, I might, for poor Eben's sake, some day be forced to—"

"Oh, hush, papa! I will never desert you," cried Theo.

And so they settled down. Grown people marvelled at Theo.'s motherly ways, and little Eben was as well cared for as in his mother's lifetime. He grew up strong and tall and handsome, and betook himself betimes to studying law. By this time Theo. was nearly thirty; her father's brown locks were iron gray; and by one of those mysterious dispensations for which no one can account, both were handsomer than ever.

The thin cheeks of the man had filled out, and he wore a shapelier beard. And Theo.'s features, that were too large and serious for girlhood, in womanhood gave her a queenly effect.

Eben was proud of his father and sister, and they were proud of him. The friends of the family knew that Theo. had sacrificed her 'opportunities' to fill her mother's place; that Mr. Parker was too deeply devoted to his children to give them a step mother, and that Eben intended to spend the rest of his life in endeavoring to requite them for their great love for him.

Thus matters stood when, for the first time, they were parted for three months. Mr. Parker found it necessary to go to England. Eben was sent upon business of importance to Boston, and Theo. went to board in the country during their absence.

Their correspondence was voluminous. Theo. was glad that Eben had found such pleasant young society, and that her father was boarding with so amiable a widow, while her own loneliness was much relieved by the attentions of the excellent clergyman of the place, a man of five-and-forty, who took a great interest in her, and had such a lovely family.

So passed June, July and August. In September the house was opened and set to rights, and Theo. was the first person to return to it.

She came into town very early in the morning, and her trunks arrived soon after on a dray. Telegrams were awaiting her from father and brother, and everything was well with them; "but," said the old servant, Martha, to herself, as she pottered about the room, hoping for a confidence which came not—"but something is the matter. Miss Theo. looks right down scared."

The next arrival was Master Eben. He had good news to tell his sister as to an advancement in salary, but he could not meet her eyes. He blushed without reason, and fixed his eyes on the floor. The sister, equally embarrassed, sought refuge in domestic affairs, and Martha was more puzzled than ever.

"What can it be?" she asked herself. "What can it be?" And she had failed to find any answer to her query, when at eight in the evening a carriage rattled up to the door and the master of the house ran up his own steps, and was greeted by his son and daughter. He came in between them a little jauntier than usual, with a higher color and brighter eyes. He rattled away about the passengers who sailed with him; but he was a little unnatural. They were all unnatural. Silence soon settled down upon the little party, and as Martha retired, after bringing in the late supper, she was more certain that something more than usual was the matter.

Meanwhile the three who were left together looked at each other, and Eben turned slowly scarlet. At last he said:

"Father and Theo., I can see by your faces that you know everything. I feel very guilty, I assure you, but these things happen. I suppose it is natural that they should. I believe you will forgive me, though it is not what you can have expected."

"You have been extravagant, I suppose," said the father. "However, happily, I am not poor. I can settle your debts, if they are reasonable ones; and I am sure that you have not incurred any for which I shall blame you severely."

"Debts, father?" said the boy. "I have not one."

The father lifted his eyebrows in inquiry.

"Then what is it you have done, my son?" he asked more gravely.

"It is rather that I am going to do something," replied the youth, blushing.

"Oh, Eben!" cried his sister. "Who is she?"

"The prettiest little creature, and so good!—a Boston girl. We've been engaged three weeks. Nobody could find a fault with her," replied Eben. "I have her photograph up stairs. I will show it to you."

"Ah, that is it, Eben?" exclaimed Mr. Parker. "Only natural! Only natural?"

"What? You forgive me, father?" asked Eben.

"I'm delighted!" said the parent. "Delighted!"

"And you, Theo.?" asked the boy.

But Theo. only hid herself behind her handkerchief.

"Since we are growing confidential," said Mr. Parker, after a pause, "I fancy it will be a good time for my disclosures. I suppose I seem a very old man to you, but in reality I am only in the prime of life, at the age when men do their best. Your sainted mother was the love of my youth, my children, but in my middle life I—I have found—dear me, it so difficult to express one's self. You know that I boarded with an estimable lady, the widow of a barrister. Her eldest daughter—Sophia—I think you will like very much, Theodosia. She is considerably older than you are, but very fine looking. I—ahem! Really I must have taken cold."

"Papa," cried Theodosia, "are you going to marry her?"

"We *are* married, my dear," replied the father, "at St. George's, London, seven weeks ago. She is at an hotel now—rather anxious, I am afraid. Her last words were: 'We shall be so uncomfortable if your children are vexed, my love.'"

"Eben has no right to be vexed," cried Theodosia, rising and throwing her arms around her father's neck "And as for me, I'm delighted."

"My dear Theo., what a good girl you are," said Mr. Parker. "It was your displeasure I feared. After having sacrificed yourself for us—stayed single for our sakes, you had almost a right to be angry."

"*I*—I a right to be angry at anything!" said Theo., beginning to cry. "Oh, papa! Oh, Eben, don't speak of confessions. I've been so ashamed of myself, so horrified at my conduct, I dreaded to meet you; but the Rev. Alpheus Jones is such a fine man, so fond of me, and his four little children need a mother. Their own died three years ago, and he persuaded me that it was my duty; and I—I like him so—he has such doveliko eyes, papa—and—I'm engaged, too, and I thought you'd both hate me for deserting you."

An hour after this, old Martha coming in to answer the bell, made up her mind that whatever the trouble in the family was, it was over; and very shortly the new Mrs. Parker sent out cards for a double wedding reception, for Theo. and Eben were married on the same day.

An Admiring Father.

There was joy on the farm when Ben, the oldest boy came back from college in his sophomore year, and the village was proud of him. "Cheese it, cully," he said, when he met an old friend, the son of a neighbor who joined farms with his father; "cheese it, cully; shove us your flipper, clench daddles, pardy. How's his nibs, and what's the new racket?" And his proud old father said, "It was jest worth more'n twice't the money to hear Ben rattle off Greek just like a livin' language."

Avoid Slander

None of us are perfect, and we have no right therefore to expect perfection in others. So if you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be to speak one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face. This habit of reticence, beside being a kindly one, is safe. Many a bitter harvest has been reaped from the thoughtless words of censure.

A Liberal Reward Will be Given

To the young man who doesn't think the girls are all dying after him.

To the young woman who wouldn't choose an ice cream to a substantial meal.

To the woman over thirty who never had an offer.

To the young lady graduate who would not rather have a white satin dress than high honors at the graduation exercises.

To the married man who never considered the possibilities of a second marriage.

To the married woman who does not sometimes wonder how she ever came to say "Yes."

To the clergyman who doesn't feel just a little proud of the tears he calls up at a funeral.

To the car conductor who does not take peculiar pleasure in helping the ladies off his car.

To the man who ever exchanged umbrellas and went off with a worse one than he left behind.

To the doctor who has the hardihood to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him.

To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming.

To the politician who never sought the place that seemed to seek him.

How to Get Rid of Insects

A simple remedy for all insects that annoy farmers is given by an agricultural correspondent. He says: "Gather all the old straw and hay into long rows around orchards, potato and cabbage patches, and fire it in one end to burn against the wind all night, and they will burn up millions and millions every night of the male insects that fly, and bugs of all kinds and descriptions, such as destroy the trees and potatoes and all the cabbage, and the canker worms on the apple trees. They will fly right into the blaze and burn their wings off, and drop into the fire. I told a man to do that who said the ground in his potato patch was crawling alive with potato bugs. He ploughed a ditch around and filled it with straw, and burned them all up in one night, and he raised a big crop of potatoes.

Golden Gleams

Death levels the whole human race.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety.

Nature never says that which reason will contradict.

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked.

Labor and prudence relieves us from three great evils; vice, want and indolence.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness, too much insensibility creates crime.

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the weak and unbelieving, none wealthy but the affluent in soul, who is satisfied and floweth over.

We should never forget that home is the residence not merely of the body, but the mind; and that the object of all ambition should be to be happy at home and to render home happy.

One Half the Widow's Mite.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the 'widow's mite?'" said the gentleman.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said the friend. "How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"Give me, then, your check for thirty-five thousand. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

People often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, but her example, rightly interpreted, would lead to overflowing the channels of benevolence.

POOR COPY