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The Newspaper—A Map of Busy Life, Its Excitations and its Vast Concerns.

\$1.50 if not so paid.

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ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

Whole No. 335

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.

STOREY'S EUREKA
SPRING GLOVE FASTENER PAT.

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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TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. F. ROWELL & CO'S
Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5000 a year, and who inserts less than \$2500 of his ad. in our paper, writes: "Your Select Local List is the best I have seen in all the other Advertising Lists."

It is not a cheap List.
It is not a Stagnant List.
It is an Earnest List.

The advantages to be derived from the paper are: 1. It is published daily and its circulation is the largest in the West. 2. It is published in the only profitable place. 3. It is published in the only town and city where the population is so large and so densely packed. 4. It is published in the only town and city where the business is so extensive and so varied.

Its price is cheap.

Its terms are liberal.

Its list is complete.

Its list is correct.

Its list is reliable.

Its list is valuable.

Its list is useful.

Its list is profitable.

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Its list is enduring.

Its list is immortal.

Its list is eternal.

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Its list is unending.

Its list is interminable.

Its list is inexhaustible.

Its list is boundless.

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Its list is incalculable.

Its list is innumerable.

Its list is infinite.

Its list is endless.

Its list is perpetual.

Its list is permanent.

Its list is everlasting.

Its list is unending.

Its list is interminable.

Its list is inexhaustible.

Its list is boundless.

Its list is immeasurable.

FLOUR AND FEED
STORE.

LAWSON BROS.

Flour and Feed Store,
and will constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR

OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING—
Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour,
Graham Flour.

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Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked
Wheat, Bran, Coarse Shouts,
Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas,
Chopped Oats, Mixed
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All goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered.
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For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs,
and Poultry. Good horse hay,
Episcopus.

LAWSON BROS.
Acton, Jan. 15, 1881-82.

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OF—

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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.

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FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale, in beautiful village property, situated on the 47th St. East of the Corporation of the Village of Acton. This property consists of a large and comfortable dwelling house, with a two-story barn, and a well equipped kitchen, and all the best fixtures. The house is a good and healthy one, and is situated on a high and commanding site, and all the modern improvements, including a new boiler, and a new furnace, and a new water supply. The property is situated on a high and commanding site, and is surrounded by a large and beautiful lawn, and is in a most desirable location for a family. The price is \$5000, and the terms are liberal. For further particulars, apply to Geo. F. Rowell & Co., 109 Spruce St., New York.

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He hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. He is open at any time to any part of the town.

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I have a good money selling in my other business. Send \$4 for sample pair and I will send you a pair of my other business.

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LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of the disease known as "Leprosy" or "Scabies" has been cured by the use of the "Leprosy Cure" or "Scabies Cure" of Dr. J. H. Matthews.

For further particulars, apply to Dr. J. H. Matthews, 121-123 St. John St., Acton.

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, July 21, 1881.

POETRY.

THE FISHING PARSON.

In a quiet village, far away,
The parson was vacant many a day.

Some were too awkward; some preached
With ease; but no one was able them all to please.

At length there came from a distant place
A man of unusual power and grace.

His frame was strong and his eye was clear,
And all were pleased who came to hear.

"This is our man!" said the elders all,
"And he will preach to us as well as we."

But after the toll of settling down,
In his pleasant home in the little town.

The parson was one day seen to stroll
Across the street, with basket and pole.

And take his way, over field and brake,
To a rippling stream that entered the lake.

Just below the town, "What does it mean?"
Asked the gossip and all who had been there.

"A fishing parson!" exclaimed the men,
"How could we so deceived have been?"

"A shame and a disgrace it is to say,
A parson to be engaged in this way!"

"Such worldly sports!" 'Twas late in the day,
When the parson took his homeward way.

With well-filled basket and, better still,
A glowing cheek and a beautiful thrill.

Caused by the blood that flowed through
his veins,
As torrents flow after summer rains.

Some said, with boldness: "They never
knew the Word and what it would be!"

Could respect and love him as before,
"A fishing parson!" Who ever heard
Of a fishing man preach the Word!"

Thus spoke the elders and deacons all,
And before them at once the parson they
— called.

"A painful duty," the eldest said,
"Devoles upon us," and he shook his
— head.

In a serious way, "Never, before,
For eight and seventy years or more,
Have we as a church been called upon
To reprove our pastor for what he has done."
You went a fishing the other day!
You think it unbecomingly to say!
'Twill injure the cause with the young and
— the gay.

"Be cautious!" "What have you to say?"
A smile came over the parson's face,
As he rose to respond with becoming
— grace.

He spoke of Peter and his brethren three,
Who once were fishermen on Galilee.

"These were the men that the Master chose
To carry his Gospel to friends and foes."

He spoke of Bethshabe and he spoke of
— Peter.

"Fishing parson!" but men of God,
"Fishing parson!" ay, but better men
To preach the Word and wield the pen.

The church had not known for many a
— year.

They loved to preach, they loved to pray,
Nor their Lord the less, because as well
They loved the mountain stream and dell.

"As for myself, I can boldly say
I preach the better from day to day.

From the strength I gain in my walks
— about,

While sitting my fly for the speckled
— trout.

And when in the forest, alone, oppressed,
God speaks to me, and I am blest.

No more was said; but as time rolled on
The pew in the church filled, one by one.

And as never before, from far and near,
The people flocked to the church to hear.

"The fishing parson!" for so he was known,
By boys and girls and men full grown.

And at length the meeting-house, which
Had held them all, with room for more,
Became so crowded that ere the Fall
An effort was set on foot by all.

To build a new house, with ample room
For all the people who wished to come.

And though the years rolled slowly by,
The fire still glowed in the parson's eye.

And he often said, in his pleasant way,
As he labored on from day to day,
That his power to work with a steady
— plod.

Was due to his love of the basket and rod,
The parson, lived, looked, and rejoiced,
As though the souls that were saved from Ruik's
— brook.

Typic father of men! he had tried to be
As faithful as those of Galilee.

'Twas at eighty and three, and preaching
— still,
And among his flock, with heart and
— will,

The welcome summons at last we sent
To call him home from banishment.

And this they did on his tombstone deep,
When he at last had "fallen to sleep."

"Here lies the fishing parson!" and then
"His Master made him a fisher of men."

often noticed that when near neighbors
are well off and have no need for
mutual help there is very seldom any
friendship between them—there is
more apt to be jealousy and competi-

Our parents being such good friends,
it naturally resulted that Mollie and I
followed their example. We went to
school together, read together, played
together; and somehow, when Mollie
was eighteen, and I was twenty we
agreed to live together all our lives,
and were very happy in that arrange-

ment; in fact, no other would have
seemed right natural, either to us or
our parents.

From the earliest days of my boyhood
I had a fondness for the water,
hunting the palatial steamboats that
floated on the great Mississippi river,
on whose banks nestled the city in
which we dwelt; and at the period to
which I am about to refer I had just
secured a position as pilot on a small
freight steamer.

It was not much of a position to be
sure, nor was there much of a salary
attached to it; but, small as it was,
Mollie and I decided that we could
make it answer for two people, neither
of them extravagant or unreasonable;
besides which I had hopes of better
times to come, as I had received words
of commendation from my employers,
and promises of speedy promotion.

So, early one bright morning, hav-

ing obtained a day's leave of absence,
Mollie and I were married; and step-

ping into a carriage I had ordered for
the occasion, we started off, having de-

ecided on a day's excursion to a cele-

brated care near by, this being all the
wedding trip we could allow ourselves.

Not that we cared in the least, how-

ever; we were too happy to be in the
least disturbed by any shortcomings of
our life.

We had scarcely driven beyond our
own street when we were brought to a
halt. A messenger whom I recognized
as belonging to our steamboat company
halted me.

"Here's a note to you from the
superintendent!"

Thus it ran:

"Am sorry to have to recall your
leave for to day, but you must immedi-

ately go on board the Mobilia, which
is ready to start up the river. The
pilot is too ill to attend to duty, and
you are appointed to take his place for
the present."

"There goes our wedding trip all to
smash," says I, as Mollie read the
order.

"Why so?" she asked.

"You see I must go into the pilot
house of the Mobilia."

"Very well," she replied; "we
shall just go up the river instead of to
the cave. Drive on, Rob; let us go
down to the wharf at once."

"But you can't go into the pilot
house with me, you little goose!"

"Of course not; but I can sit on
the deck outside," laughed Mollie, and
we can cast languishing glances at each
other."

And so it came to pass that I took
possession of the Mobilia's pilot house,
my heart growing with love and pride;
with love, for there just below me on
the little forward deck, sat my sweet
bird; with pride, because the Mobilia
was one of the finest of the Missis-

sippi, and to pilot such a one had for
years been the height of my ambition.

The steamer was fitted with a double
cabin, one above the other; the upper
one opening upon a small deck reach-

ing out toward the bow, near the centre
of which, on a raised platform, was the
pilot-house. This deck was always
occupied by passengers, and this morn-

ing it was particularly crowded, for the
boat was heavily laden with people
taking advantage of the beautiful
weather to make an excursion on the
river.

Some rough fellows jostled against
Mollie's chair after a while, and she rose
and passed down to the lower cabin,
"to get a drink of water," she whisper-

ed to me as she passed; but I suspect
it was to prevent the burning of the
theater, for she saw gathering on my
— brow.

I saw that the incident yellow made
no attempt to follow my dear one, so I
gave myself up to my own happy
thoughts, and as I looked out on the
far distant peaceful shores of the great
river, over whose placid bosom we were
moving so swiftly, they rose from my

heart a glad, silent hymn of rejoicing.

But suddenly a cry broke from the
cabin behind me, that effectually
changed the current of my thoughts.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" a horrible cry
at all times, but most horrible of all
when it rings forth in the midst of gay,
unconscious hundreds floating in fan-

ted security in the midst of the
waters.

An instant's awestruck silence suc-

ceeded that awful cry, and then three
hundred voices of men, women and
children united in fearful, heaving
sobs for help.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Aye, there was no mistake about it;
no false alarm. No one could tell how
it had commenced. But there it was,
creeping along the roof of the upper
cabin, with the deadly flames greedily
lapping up every scrap of awning and
curtain they could find upon their way,
ever and anon darting long tongues of
flame down to the floor to clap the
tables and chairs and settees in their
fery embrace.

At well with a sieve try to scoop up
the waters of the great river on which
the Mobilia floated, as try to subdue
the roaring devouring enemy that had
seized upon the ill-lated steamer.

The people darted down from the
blazing upper cabin to the forward
deck below, where as yet the foe had
made but little headway, and where
our brave captain—who was the right
man in the right place—succeeded in
partially quelling the panic.

"Keep quiet!" he ordered—"keep
quiet, and stay just where you are, or
I will not answer for the lives of any
of you. The steward will provide all
of you with life preservers; but there
is no need for any one to go overboard
— not yet awhile, at any rate, unless
unitedly desired. Keep quiet, I say!
Pilot, head her straight to the land,
half a mile ahead." (We were at least
twice that distance from the mainland
on either shore.) "Engineer, put on
all steam—crewd her on! We will run
a race with the foul fiend who has
boarded the Mobilia."

There was a groan and a surge, and
the timbers creaking and straining, the
windows rattling, and as though in
mortal terror, the Mobilia gathered
herself up to run her last race.

Each passing moment the flames
crept on and on, never pausing in their
terrible march. Fortunately they leaped
upward rather than downward, so that
there was yet but little danger in the
panic-stricken crowd on their lower
deck.

But the pilot house was directly in
the track of the flames, and already
their advance guard was beginning to
surround me, snoging my hair and eye
brows.

Suddenly there was a murmur among
the people below, and the next instant
a light form flew up the ladder leading
to the little deck by the pilot house,
and before I could say a word my
precious Mollie had thrown open the
door, and closing it again, stood at my
— side.

"Mollie, Mollie!" I cried; "for
heaven's sake go back, go back! Don't
you see how the flames are creeping
towards here! Go, go, my dearest—my
own true wife! Don't dumber me by
making me fear for you! Go down
where I can feel that you have a chance
of safety."

"Rob Thorne!" she exclaimed, with
her eyes looking straight into mine,
"Am I your wife?"

"Surely, surely, thank God!" I
muttered. "But go, go!"

"My post is here, just as much as
yours is," she answered firmly. "I will
stay here, Rob; and if you die I will
die too. We will make our wedding
trip together, my dear husband, even
if it be into the next world. Keep to
your duty and never mind me, Rob.
There is hope for us yet; and if it
comes to the worst, why— and a grave
— sweet smile crept round her lips—"we
are still together, dear love."

I saw it was an act to urge her any
more, and, besides, something swelled
in my throat, so that I could not utter
a word, so I just gripped the wheel
hard and looked right ahead, though
everything looked very dim just then;
and my devoted darling stood calmly
at my side, watching the flames that
were creeping closer and closer upon
us, leaping around the pilot house like

hungry devours impatient for their
prey.

"Thorne!" shouted the captain,
"come down. Lower her and yourself
over the rail. We'll catch you. You
cannot stay there any longer. We are
very near the shore now, and the rest
we'll take our chances on."

It was an awful temptation. I knew
that, did I follow the captain's advice,
both Mollie and I would be safe, for I
was a good swimmer, and should the
boat not reach the shore, I could save
her and myself; but if I did this would
deliberately expose every one of these
three hundred souls on board to de-

struction! True, the boat might keep
to her course during the short space
remaining to be passed merely from the
impetus of her approach, but again she
might not—and then!

I looked at my wife enquiringly.

"Stick to your post, Rob," she said.

"No, sir!" I shouted back. "I
shall stick to my post; I shall stay
here till I run her clean on the shore,
or die first."

"My brave Rob—my noble Rob!"
murmured Mollie.

But alas for my devoted Mollie! alas
for me! Not the pilot house only, but
the entire deck around it was now en-

compassed by flames. It was too late for
us to lower ourselves to the deck below.
The railing was all ablaze.

My arms, released from their grand-

standish grip of the wheel, clasped Mollie
close to my heart; but my eyes and
arms were busy seeking for some mode
of escape from death that seemed each
instant more and more certain.

All at once my eyes rested on the
peddle box. It had not taken fire yet—
the flying spray had saved it. I had
only to dash across the flame, sweep
deck and fling open a little door in its
— side, which afforded ready access to the
— wheel, to lower my precious charge to
the water beneath in safety. No sooner
thought of than done.

"Take my hand, Mollie," I said,
and run after me. We shall be saved
after all. Wrap your arm around
your month. Now, now—run!"

"Leaping down on the deck, we sped
hand in hand to the peddle box. I
dashed open the little door, and push-

ing Mollie inside, pushed in myself, and
drew the door close again, shutting out
the eager flames whose angry roar pur-

sued us as we dropped gently down
into the shallow water beneath and
crept from under the wheel.

Our appearance was hailed with a
shout of delight and relief, for all had
given us up for lost; and we must have
been out for the heaven inspired
— thought of the wheel house.

Now, that the danger was over, poor
little Mollie fainted, and no wonder