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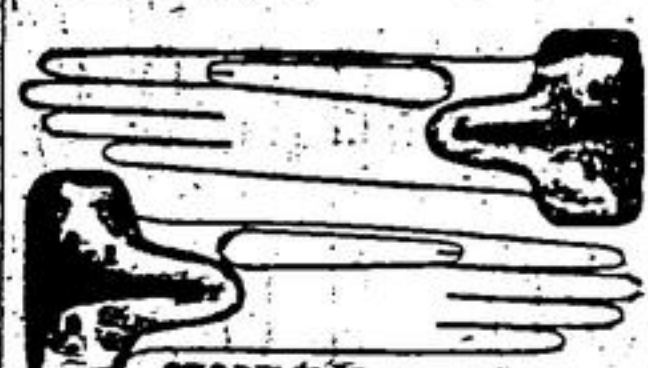
Whole No. 837

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

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

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.



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.

1 Spruce Street, New York, U.S.A.
Lime Grove, Birmingham, Eng.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Geo. P. BOWELL & CO'S
Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$500 a year, and who inserts less than \$350 of this list, will receive a copy of the list free of charge. The list gives the circulation of every town and the circulation of every paper.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON, ONT.
Government Deposit over \$90,000.00.

Policies on the "RESERVE FUND PLAN" issued by this Company only (and copies of the same) 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.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP.

W. O. ROBINSON
Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Robert Storey, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and Game in and about the city.

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: H. S. TEXAS, 125 E. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

HENRY E. GRIMLINTON,
House Painter, Drainer, Paper Hanger, and Decorator.

Is prepared to take contracts for Painting, Paper Hanging, and Decorating in any style or country. Terms Reasonable.

MONEY.
The undersigned has money to the disposal of for discounting, low interest, at a reasonable rate of discount.
JAMES MATTHEWS,
Acton, May 10th, 1881.

New Jewelry Store,
30 West Side Wyndham St.,
GUELPH.



W. M. S. SMITH,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
and Jeweller.

For the past sixteen years at Guelph, respectively announces to the public that he has just opened a first-class store in the above premises, where he will keep on hand a full and choice assortment of the best

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATE.

The Lyric Gems OF SCOTLAND.

A Collection of Scottish Songs Original and Selected, with Music.

First and second Series in one Volume, with Appendix of notes, Historical and Descriptive of the various songs.

The volume contains 677 Songs, with Music, and will be mailed, post paid, on receipt of

\$1.50.

Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.

T. F. CUMMINGS,
Practical Upholsterer.

Lambrequins, Curtains, Window Blinds, and Church Cushions, Cleopatra's Chairs, Ottomans, Bannetted, Turkish Spring Back and Needle Work a Specialty.

Carpet, Oil, Mould and Laid, on the Shortest Notice.

Furniture Re-Upholstered at the most Reasonable Rates, and in the Latest Style.

VALUABLE Village Property FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale that beautiful situated piece of property lying north of the U. T. depot, in the corporation of the Village of Acton. The property contains 12 acres more or less, 6 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 fine pond. On the premises there is a two-story brick dwelling, neatly completed, containing 10 rooms, also back kitchen with three rooms, good stable and shed, and fire-place and soft water, &c.

The above would be a very desirable place for a retired gentleman, or for a market gardener. Terms liberal and made known on application.

NEW CARRIAGE Repair Shop.

F. J. FORSTER
Has opened a shop in Ryder's old stand, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Wagon and Carriage Repairing on the shortest notice. Nothing but first-class material used. A call solicited.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. near Mr. O. S. Smith's residence—the 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 to

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED!
A new and powerful medicine, called "Preston's Tonic," has been discovered, which will restore to the sufferer his manhood, and give him the power of procreating a race of healthy children. It is a simple and safe remedy, and is sold by all the leading druggists in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1881.
POETRY.

The Honest Man Who Pays.
There is one among the many—
Can you tell me where he stays?
He's an old, old-fashioned party,
Called the honest man who pays;
Yes—the honest man who pays
Every dollar he may owe,
Keeping up the good old ways
That so many scornfully know.

If he gives his word of promise
'Tis a bond as good as gold;
If he holds a post of honor,
Not a trust is ever sold.
By the honest man who pays
Every debt he may incur,
Yielding to each a just reward,
And no grudging or demerit.
I'm told this rare old party
Lives within his income—won
Won by the fairest, squarest dealing
We see beneath the sun—
And the honest man who pays
Always holds it good and right
For the rich to help the needy,
When the times are tough and tight.

The Second Love.

'Tisn't she lovely?
Tom Charlesworth spoke enthusiastically, with a vivid brightening of his voice. He was a nature not often stirred, but very deep and earnest; and Ferdinand Wallace looked into his face and wondered with a half smile how it would seem to feel things below the mere surface depth. He was handsome, this Ferdinand Wallace, with treacherous eyes, features like Apollo Belvidere, and a late sweet voice; and Tom Charlesworth who read everything according to the key note of his own noble nature, loved him as though they had been brothers.

'She's well enough,' said Wallace, dejectedly. 'Nae just a trifle too short, and the lips too full, but otherwise what the world would call beautiful. So you're hard hit, my boy, eh?'
'I love her dearly,' said Tom, in the quiet unpassioned voice that meant so much; 'and God willing, I will be a good husband to her; and you had better remain and be my best man. It's hardly worth while to return to Exeter for three weeks.'

'Well, perhaps you're right, old fellow,' said Ferdinand Wallace; but say one a trifle more observant than Tom would have noticed that the handsome, restless eyes evaded his gaze with a strange subtlety.
'Do you hear, Elsie?' said Charlesworth, exultantly. 'Ferdinand will stay to the wedding. I knew that we should persuade him.'

Elsie Mordaunt looked suddenly up from the fancy work with which she was idling mechanically, and something wild and pitiful in her gaze attracted even Tom Charlesworth's attention.
'Elsie, darling, are you ill?'
He was at her side in an instant, with both her hands in his.

Elsie laughed a little hysterically. She was a dark-eyed, brilliant little brunette, with blue black, silky hair growing low on her forehead, and a small, sensitive mouth like a crimson woodberry.
'No—what nonsense, Tom! I'm well enough. Don't get any absurd notions in your head.'
The night before the wedding was frosty and star-sprinkled, with a delicious air full of aroma of withered ferns and fallen leaves; and Tom Charlesworth strode over the fields, whistling as he went, his heart burning with the strange, sweet sense of bliss that most lovers have felt once in a lifetime.

The little room where Elsie was wont to sit of an evening was dark, and the window, looking on a border of grey-colored dabbles, was open. Tom leaned his elbows on the mantelpiece and looked in.
'Elsie—darling!'
But there was no answer. Elsie was not there.
He went round to the orthodox entrance, feeling a little disappointed he was not to see her. Mrs. Mordaunt met him in the hall, with a white scoured face.
'Oh, Mr. Charlesworth! we were just going to send for you!' she cried. 'To send for me?' Tom felt himself

pale to the very roots of his hair.
'What has happened? Is—' Elsie ill?'
Mrs. Mordaunt's lips trembled, but gave forth no sound, as she placed in Charlesworth's hand a note stained with her own tears—a brief note written by Elsie.
'Don't blame me, mamma, nor let him blame me, for I can't help loving Ferdinand the best. Tell him not to feel bad, for indeed—indeed I was not worthy of his love and he will be happier without me, poor Tom.'
And it was signed by the one word 'Elsie.'

Charlesworth quietly gave her back the note, and patting, walked forth into the stary silence of the night. No eyes but those of the All-Seeing should witness the secret anguish of his heart.
'Mother thought you would come, if—if you knew how poor she was, and that father was dead, and—'
A burst of tears checked the child's voice, as she stood with a drooping head; and hands tightly clasped together, in Mr. Charlesworth's library, the snow melting on her garments, and the crimson touch of the cold winter's air glowing on her cheek.
'But, my child, and he looked at her with a startled face—'you have not yet told me who your mother is, nor who you are.'
'I am Margaret, and mamma is called Elsie Wallace.'
Mr. Charlesworth rose, and took the child's hand in his.
'Come, child, take me to your home, was all that he said.
It was Elsie—pale, sorrow, and wan, the ghost of her former self, her voice interrupted by a hacking cough, her hands transparent and fever-hot—yet Elsie still.
'You have forgiven me, Tom! Oh, Tom, I could not have died without your words of pardon!'
'I forgive you freely, Elsie, long ago.'
'I have expiated my folly on the bitterest altar of repentance! Oh, Tom, he was a fond in human shape!' she added shudderingly; 'but now—'
She mutely motioned towards the scantily furnished room, the dying fire in the grate, and the child who stood shivering in her rags at the foot of the bed.
'It is not for myself.' She faltered.
'Heaven knows I have not long to suffer, and I am well insured to it, but my poor little Margaret, what is to become of her?'
'Shall I take her, Elsie?'
'For your own?'
'For my own,' Tom answered, quietly; 'I have neither wife nor child, and for the sake of what you once were to me, Elsie, I will love the child and be kind to her.'
Elsie drew a long sigh of ineffable relief, as her fevered fingers closed on Charlesworth's palm.
'I can die in peace now.'
When the sods had been laid over poor Elsie's coffin, Margaret came to Mr. Charlesworth's luxurious home, a shy, timid, shrinking child, with big hare-like eyes, brown skin, and nervous way of starting when anyone spoke to her.
'Margaret,' said he, stroking the jetty black hair, 'what shall I do with you?'
'I should like to go to school,' said she wistfully, 'and learn to be like other girls. Papa always spent all the money, and mamma never could send me.'
'Well,' said Mr. Charlesworth, 'that is a very sensible idea of yours, do you know, little girl! To school you shall go.'
Three years afterwards, Margaret came back, rosy beautiful as Cleopatra. Mr. Charlesworth had sent a little brown girl to school, and to his surprise, a radiant butterfly floated into his presence.
'My little girl,' he said, fairly con-founded, and taken by surprise, 'how lovely you are!'
'An I?' said she, demurely. 'I am so glad!'
'Little vanity!'
'No, I don't think it is altogether vanity, but I wanted you to love me,' replied Margaret.
'You are a foolish child, you have no idea what you are saying,' said Mr. Charlesworth a little sharply.
Margaret wondered what she had

said to annoy her guardian, but let the matter drop; and the weeks and months passed by; and the little girl became the light and sunshine of Tom's life.
'Margaret,' said Mr. Charlesworth one evening, 'I have found a husband for you, what do you say?'
'That I will take him if he is the one,' laughed the girl.
Tom felt a keen pang at his heart, but he kept up a brave countenance.
'Well it's Harry Montague,' he said trying to speak cheerily.
'Tell him no!'
'You don't like him?'
'No, Mr. Charlesworth.'
'But he is young and handsome.'
'And the man I love is not young and not particularly handsome.'
'Margaret, are you in love?'
'Yes, Mr. Charlesworth, and so are you,' she answered a little sulkily.
He winced. 'You have no right, Margaret, to look into the sanctuary of my heart.'
She came up to him and putting both hands on his shoulders, gazed with half-smiling, half-tearful eyes into his face.
'But, suppose, Mr. Charlesworth, I look into my own heart and see yours enthroned and enshadowed there.'
'What do you mean, Margaret?'
'Ah, you are not so accomplished a dissembler as you may suppose, sir,' said the girl nodding archly. 'I have discovered that you love me, but you are too modest to fancy until I tell you so, that—'
'That what, Margaret? Pale and eager he listened for the answer.
'That I love you! Oh, Mr. Charlesworth, my mother's treachery blighted your youth; let my love and affection atone in this the golden prime of your days.'
Mr. Charlesworth felt like one in a dream.
'Margaret, are you to be my wife?'
'If you will have me.'
And thus Ferdinand Wallace's child gave back to Mr. Charlesworth the gift of love which her father's hand had ruthlessly plucked from his grasp twenty years before.

Telephoning Heaven.
A mother living not very far from the post office in that city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a moment the other day, for a few seconds' rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself and curious to know to whom she was talking stopped a moment at the half open door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone and stood upon it with the piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard while the baby stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides as if she were, repeating the answers:
'Hello!'
'Well, who's there?'
'Is God there?'
'Yes.'
'Is Jesus there?'
'Yes.'
'Tell Jesus I want to speak to him.'
'Well?'
'Is that you, Jesus?'
'Yes. What is it?'
'Our baby is sick, and we want you to let it get well. Won't you, now?'
No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a 'Yes.'
The little one put the ear piece back on the hook, clambered down from her chair, and with a radiant face went for her mother, who caught her in her arms.
The baby whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day and got well.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Golden Glams.
A lazy sheep thinks it wool heavy,
A little wind will kindle a great fire.
A little wit will serve a fortunate man,
A little body often harbors a great soul.
A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
A lame traveller should get out betimes,
A little neglect may breed great mischief.

Appportionment of Legislative Public School Grant for 1881.

TOWNSHIP OF MANAGAWYCA	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE	GRANT
1	49.99	\$33.69
2	60.33	55.33
3	53.11	67.50
4	35.78	38.74
5	24.38	37.20
6	39.61	42.77
7	33.02	35.75
8	35.28	38.17
9	24.80	26.85
Total	365.78	\$396.00

First Half-Yearly Return received 2nd July; last, 22nd July; Apportionment made, 23rd July.

TOWNSHIP OF EQUESTRAE	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE	GRANT
1	26.43	\$27.70
2	36.41	38.09
3	50.53	52.86
4	42.68	44.65
5	34.96	36.58
6	43.71	45.73
7	63.22	63.88
8	34.19	35.58
9	61.89	53.47
10	22.67	33.73
11	75.22	78.66
Acton S. D.	—	49.09
12	25.33	26.60
13	32.60	34.11
14	12.94	13.58
15	33.07	34.60
16	41.28	42.19
A. E.	5.75	6.02
Total	622.14	\$669.09

First Half-Yearly Return received 3rd July; last, 19th July; Apportionment made, 20th July.

TOWNSHIP OF TRAFALGAR	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE	GRANT
1	23.62	\$25.34
2	51.13	57.00
3	31.41	33.02
4	21.48	22.95
5	40.74	43.43
6	18.53	20.33
7	33.41	35.75
8	31.42	33.15
9	20.42	22.34
10	22.26	24.82
11	33.17	35.98
12	58.75	65.61
13	18.61	20.75
14	40.78	43.47
15	18.06	20.14
16	10.98	12.94
17	24.42	27.34
18	16.33	18.21
A. E.	2.43	2.73
Total	522.87	\$610.00

First Half-Yearly Return received, 1st July; last, 25th July; Apportionment made, 25th July.

TOWNSHIP OF NELSON	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE	GRANT
1	29.27	\$27.19
2	26.82	24.92
3	23.18	23.39
4	37.02	34.39
5	19.22	17.87
6	29.79	27.68
7	44.19	41.06
8	42.31	39.31
9	17.78	16.83
10	64.33	69.71
11	34.40	31.96
12	29.80	27.22
13	18.00	16.72
Total	417.61	\$438.00

First Half-Yearly Return received, 3rd July; last, 22nd July; Apportionment made, 23rd July.

H. LITTLE,
P. S. Inspector,
Acton, 23rd July, 1881.

This is the longest word extant (166 Greek letters and 77 syllables):
Lepidodermichthys hoichthysobolus, a species of fish.

A Bachelor's Defence.
A crusty old bachelor sends us the following:—
Who is perted to death by the bellows with merrigable daughters! The Bachelor.
Who is invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in when it is convenient! The Bachelor.
Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him! The Bachelor.
Who goes to bed early because the time drags heavily with him! The married man.
Who has wood to split and the marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after! The married man.
Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning! The married man.
Who is taken up for whipping his wife! The married man.

Apportionment of Legislative Public School Grant for 1881.

TOWNSHIP OF MANAGAWYCA	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE	GRANT
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H. LITTLE,
P. S. Inspector,
Acton, 23rd July, 1881.

THE REBUFF.
The rose upon my Mary's cheek
Most brilliantly was glowing,
As I my passion strove to speak
In rounded terms and flowing.
Her pensile eye was looking down;
Her gentle heart's emotion,
Within the bosom of her gown,
Made quite a small commotion.
'Oh, speak to me my Mary Lee,
Nor be a heartless scolder;
Fill up, fill up, thy lover's cup
Of bliss,' said she. 'You fool, get up!
My young man's round the corner.'

A Bachelor's Defence.
A crusty old bachelor sends us the following:—
Who is perted to death by the bellows with merrigable daughters! The Bachelor.
Who is invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in when it is convenient! The Bachelor.
Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him! The Bachelor.
Who goes to bed early because the time drags heavily with him! The married man.
Who has wood to split and the marketing to do, the young ones to wash,