Acton Free Press.

TERMS...$1.00 in Advanc. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

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—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.

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One column one year	$35.00
Half column one year	25.00
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Half column three months	10.00
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9½ 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.

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.

R. 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. CLARE, BARRISTER, Quebec Street, Guelph. BRANCH OFFICE:—In Mathews 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 draughtsmen.

C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horses bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont. C. TAYLOR, Licensed Auctioneer.

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.

Summoned to Appear Before THE BARBER. Where you can get an easy Shave, a stylish Hair-cut, a frothing Shampoon, or a cooling Sea Foam. I spare no pains, and give no pain in the accomplishment of a good shave. Razors and scissors set in perfect order, on shortest notice. J. WORDEN, BARBER, Mill Street, Acton.

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.

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, PATD

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.

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.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $2 to $40. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $422. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,856.11. The list includes 852 newspapers, of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 786 different cities and towns, of which 22 are State Capitals, 365 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 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 copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance the Policy-holder 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. C. 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 season, Etc.

and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. Meat delivered at any time to any part of the town.

Terms Cash - - A Call Solicited

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. W. C. Robinson.

CORRECTION.

Watch Repairing.

Being asked daily if I have a branch Jewelery shop across the street, I take this opportunity to say that I have no connection with Mr. W. S. Smith—but have engaged Mr. A. H. Lemmon, lately from England, but more recently from Simcoe, one of the best watch repairers in Canada. I can assure my friends that they need not leave me from the impression that their watches will not be carefully and properly repaired, however difficult or complicated such watch may be.

Yours Obediently,

B. SAVAGE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller, Guelph

WHITEWASHING AND COLORING.

WM. NELSON, (CREWSON'S CORNERS) Is prepared to do all kinds of WHITEWASHING & COLORING on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. Leave your ORDERS at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton.

P. S.—Clothing Cleaned & Renovated, WM. NELSON.

New Jewelry Store, 26 West Side Wyndham St., GUELPH.

WM. S. SMITH, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Jeweller.

For the past sixteen years at Savage's, respectfully 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.

Fine watch repairing a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Lancaster Watch. On all work from a distance the return charges will be paid. *W. S. SMITH.*

LAWN TENNIS. Different grades and prices. White Metal Toys FOR CHILDREN. Also a new Supply of American Oiled Window Cloth, 38 inch, at 25c. a yard, at Day's Bookstore, GUELPH.

T. F. CUMMINGS, Practical Upholsterer. GUELPH, ONTARIO. Lambrequins, Curtains, Window Blinds, and Church Cushions. Cleopatra Chairs, Ottomans, Banuerettes, Turkish Spring Back and Needle Work a Specialty. *Carpets, Cut, Made and Laid, on the Shortest Notice.* Furniture Re-Upholstered at the most Reasonable Rates, and in the Latest Style. T. F. CUMMINGS, *Quebec Street, West, Guelph.*

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.

NEW CARRIAGE Repair Shop. T. A. 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. T. A. FORSTER.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE. The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. near Mr. C. S. Smith's residence—one 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 ARCH. McNAB, Rockwood, P.O.

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. THURSDAY MORNING, August 25, 1881.

POETRY.

To Be or Not to Be.

TOOTHACHE.

To have it out or not—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles
And, by extracting, end them? to pull, to tug—
No more, and by a tug to say we end
The toothache, and a thousand natural ills
That jaw is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull—to tug—
To tug, perchance to break—aye, there's the rub;
For in that wrench what agonies may come,
When we have half dislodged the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of pain,
An old wife's nostrum, dentist's contumely,
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep delayed,
When he himself might his quietus make
For one poor shilling? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sink beneath a load of pain
But that the dread of something lodged within,
The linen-twisted forceps, from whose pange
No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will
And makes it rather bear the ill it has
Than fly to others it knows not of?
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all;
And the native hue of resolution
Is sickled o'er pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door
With this regard, his footsteps turn away,
Scared at the name of the dentist.

A NIGHT WITH WOLVES.

It was about thirty-five years ago that my father, then a noted civil engineer, was chosen to survey a road between Detroit and Lansing. It was literally work in the wilderness. My father, who was a domestic man, became tired after a few months of his loneliness, and resolved to have his wife and children with him.

He took a furlough, came on to Baltimore, and started back with us in two days, giving my mother but little time for preparation. But he was a driving, hot tempered as well as affectionate man, and never felt that any obstacle was of sufficient importance to stand in the way of any whim or wish of his own.

Such fiery energy is a useful quality, no doubt; but when carried to the extreme, as in my father's case, it is likely to bring discomfort, and possible misery, into business relations and the home circle.

It was early in December when we approached the end of our journey, having but thirty miles to make before reaching Lansing.

The weather was bitterly cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. At the last village in which we stopped my mother desired to remain a day or two that the children might rest. There were three of us—Mary, aged nine; myself, a big boy of six, and the baby, scarcely two months old.

But my father, conscious of no fatigue himself, could not enter into the feelings of weak children.

"Nonsense, Jane!" said he; "after this long journey to stop just at the door of home! I have a cosy little home for you. We will push on and reach Lansing by nightfall. Think how pleasant it will be to rest in your own house with bright fires and good supper to welcome you."

My mother made no further objection, and we continued our journey. The stage lumbered heavily through the snow, and it was nearly dark when we stopped for supper at an inn, still nearly fifteen miles distant from Lansing.

When the supper was over, my mother seated herself with the children at the blazing fire, when my father's voice was heard outside, blustering angrily.

"Why have the horses been put away?" he shouted to the landlord.

"I did not suppose it possible for you to go on to-night, Colonel McLure."

"What business have you to suppose anything about it? What should hinder me from going on?" cried my father.

"Save your anger for your slaves, Colonel," said the landlord, coolly. "There is nothing to hinder you, but there is much to hinder a delicate woman and children. It's not likely you'll reach Lansing until morning, the snow is so deep and the track hard to find."

My mother went out and called softly: "Charles, let me speak to you a moment." She was a gentle, weak little woman. "Charles, can we not stay here all night? I am so tired, and the children—let us stay;" and her eyes filled with tears.

"You always were a lazy little thing," he replied, pulling her gently by the ear. "Go and bundle up. We'll be off in ten minutes, and be home before nine o'clock."

"Colonel." The landlord beckoned him aside. "I did not wish to speak of it before Mrs. McLure, but the road between here and Lansing has been infested with wolves all winter.

"Bah! wretched little coyotes. You know there is no more danger in them than in so many cats. It's only a poor trick to bring custom to your tavern, Joe."

"Stop there, Colonel; not another word, sir!"

The landlord turned away. He was a man of much rectitude and good sense and he was justly offended.

"Put the horses to the coach!" said the hostler. "Does the Colonel know?"

"He does not choose to listen," said the landlord. "He'll be wiser before morning. Hitch up the horses."

You must not think that my father was intentionally hard or cruel. But he was an old army officer, used to having his own way, and to discipline weaker people than himself.

We drove on slowly. The night was dark and cold, but my mother wrapped Mary and me up in cloaks and buffalo skins, and held the baby close to her breast, and we were comfortable enough.

"Snug, little man?" called my father from time to time. "Feet warm, Jane? Little Mary's sound asleep, God bless her! It's not such a frightful journey, after all, eh? I don't want you to think I am hard on you."

"You hard, Charles!" said my mother, who could not bear that he should blame himself. "You are always right, dear."

My father after that soon went to sleep. He did not waken for a couple of hours, and then only because the stage coach stopped.

"Lansing, eh?" Here we are! Why this is the middle of the woods," he cried, jumping out. "What ails you, Sam! What are you stopping here for?" he said to the driver.

"Well, to tell the truth," stammered Sam, "I've lost the way. I don't get the bearing just right."

"I'll soon find it for you."

"No, you'll not," said Sam, decisively. "You never were in these woods before. Just you keep inside and lemme alone. This is my business."

My father was too good a diciplinarian not to understand the force of this argument. He stood still, though impatient and scolding, while Sam got down and tramped through the interminable rows of black pillared trunks, seeking vainly for some landmark.

"They're all so confoundedly alike," he muttered, scrambling to his seat. "If only the stars were out."

"How far have you gone?"

"Ten miles, or mebby five. This hyar snow is so blindin' an' confusin'," said Sam. "Gee up, now;" whipping up his four horses with a faint show of energy. They made a start and then stopped, the leaders gave a loud neigh of terror.

"Heaven help us!" cried Sam.

A far off cry, like shrill yelps, was heard. My father started up.

"Don't be uneasy, Jane," he said quietly. "I'm going out on the box with Sam. Keep the children quiet, if possible. Don't let the baby cry."

"What is it, Charles?"

"Oh, no matter! Lynxes, cata mounts, some miserable wood vermin."

The next moment he was beside Sam. "Drive for your life. They are no coyotes—they are the great grey wolves!"

"I know it. They have been in the woods all winter."

"That's what Joe meant."

"Yes, when you wouldn't listen."

But it was no time for recrimination. The horses, urged by terror, needed no whipping. They dashed forward. The coach, rocking to and fro, dashed violently at times against the trees. The cries of the wolves drew nearer. They were upon us. They leaped upon us. They leaped upon the coach, hung upon the boot and ran yelping along side of it.

My father had placed a pair of pistols in Sam's hands. Both men fired alternately. But they had to stop to load, for it was before the days of revolvers.

One fierce, red eyed brute sprang upon the window, from which little Mary, escaping from my mother, had thrust out her head. My father fired, and the brute fell back upon the yelping pack below. They stopped a moment to tear him to pieces, and for the moment we were safe.

Then they came back in fresh fury. One of the horses gave a yell, human in agony.

"It's Susy," cried Sam. "They've torn her throat."

The mare was one of the leaders. My father drew his knife, and with great risk, crept along the pole between the running wheel horses, and cut the traces and reins of the two leaders. The dying horse dropped on one side of the vehicle, and the other leader broke from him and fled to the woods.

"These two'll not take us in," said Sam.

"No; but we'll fight every inch."

The wolves had gathered about the fallen mare. The moon began to rise, and showed us their numbers. My mother declared that there were thousands of them. But she was not in a condition to count very accurately.

The two wheel-horses dragged the coach about two miles. Then the pack came up again, leaped on their haunches and tore the poor brutes so that the flesh hung in great strips.

"Cut down another horse. That'll keep them back ten minutes," said Sam, with white lips and staring eyes. He had fought silently and bravely, but he was thinking now of his wife and baby.

"That would be to burn one ship with a vengeance," said my father. "What would we do then?"

"Bring the woman and children to the top of the stage, and fight until our ammunition is gone."

"I have but two charges left."

"Then we are lost!"

At that moment my mother, who had not uttered a sound before, cried out. A wolf had leaped half into the window, and was scratching to get into the coach. My father shot him dead. He was not likely to miss with that shot.

And now the black, swarming beasts sprang headlong on the horses. They staggered and fell.

"It is all over," muttered my father.

But my mother, who had been praying inside, was not so sure of that. Just then came a frightful noise of shouts, horns, guns firing and dogs barking. The wolves paused, pricked their ears, turned, and suddenly scattered through the woods.

The freed leader had fortunately outrun the wolves and reached Lansing, and coming to the hotel, his bloody, torn sides and cut traces had told the story. In five minutes nearly every man and boy in the town were out to hunt wolves.

We were but two miles from Lansing, so we slept in our house that night, after all; and from every house in the town some little token of good will was sent to make us sleep the happier.

My father was a changed man from that day—a tender, considerate husband and father. So that night with the wolves brought a blessing in the morning, as the dark hours in life often do.

Dressed Alike.

Nothing can be less charming than to see two young sisters dressed exactly alike. It is seldom that what suits one suits both, or that a costume is perfect enough to warrant its repetition. Even when it is pretty, it becomes less pretty when the foolish mistake of dressing in the same things is made by two sisters. If the girls are alike the object should be to make them less so, and increase their apparent individuality. If one is plainer than the other, attention is drawn to the fact by dressing them alike, as it could be in no other way, and it is especially in the street that it is objectionable; for some mysterious reason girls never look well together when out of doors, if so attired.

COMFORT.

If the night is dreary,
It leads to the day;
If the heart is weary,
It learns to pray.
If, standing lonely,
The tears fall fast,
We know it is only
Till life is passed.

'Tis all in measure
Of each day's share—
The pain and pleasure,
The joy and despair.
We lose on the morrow
The ache of to-day;
The sweet and the bitter
Must both pass away.

A WORD OF ADVICE

Written for the Free Press.

Girls, there are more things in this world worth striving for than a husband. Very often the appellation "old wife," is harder to bear than "old maid." Do not make the great mistake of accepting the first offer just for the sake of being married and getting a home. If you do, you may be sure your sorest trials are to come. You will find to your cost there are worse things than living alone. There are many ways a woman can earn a comfortable living, and what is to hinder you from making a home for yourself, instead of waiting for some "rich man" to come along and condescend to offer you a home where you will ever feel the position of a dependent. It is all very fine to talk about girls learning to be good housekeepers so that they may make good wives for the men who will condescend to marry them, but they ought to know much more than that. They ought to know how to make their own living so that if the right one does not come along they will not be forced to marry for a home. See to it, girls. Be independent. Do not think of marrying any man unless you feel that you truly love and respect him, and have not the slightest doubt that your feelings are fully reciprocated and that you will be perfectly happy with him. If this is the case, accept him, and be happy, for there is no earthly happiness like that of a well chosen married life—but no misery can be compared to the wretched life of one who marries for any other motive than that of true love.

DAISY DREW.

Rather Awkward!

Preachers, as well as other people, sometimes get into difficulties. Happy they who can get out of them with no worse consequences than the one who details his experience in a veritable letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"I have left off smoking. I indulged in it till I was thoroughly convinced that it was not only opposed to the refined socialities of life, but that it was detrimental to health, befogging to the intellect, and stultifying to the sensibilities. I will give you a few details of its moral bearings:—

"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." A very practical text; but I was a smoker, and that habit was opposed to the best Christian sense of my brethren, and even by many who were not Christians was regarded as vice. I must waive that subject, lest my people say, "Physician, heal thyself." I wanted to preach upon the duty of self denial—a duty that needs often to be urged; but the idea of a smoker preaching such a sermon was simply ridiculous. That must be delayed, then. The subject of temperance came up. I felt that I ought to preach upon it; but I could find no sound premise from which to reason that was not destructive to my peace as a smoker.

I wished to preach on benevolence—saving the littles for Christ; but my cigar bill faced me. It was my daily prayer that God would cleanse my heart from sin. I wanted to visit my people. Both my clothes and my breath indicated that I had been smoking. I had a little rather they would not know it; besides, it might be offensive to them. I must stay at home. I needed two or three hours of vigorous exercise; but I smoked after each meal, and an hour and a half or two hours were gone. A good smoke requires an hour. I had no time for exercise, and I soon got so that it was irksome; in fine, I grew lazy.

But I forbear. I don't know how others get along with these daily experiences; but I could not endure them, and I am no longer a smoker.

Ordinarily we know from what country most people come by the language they use; but in the case of the swearer it is different. He uses the language of the county to which he is going.

Caught in the act: "Clara: "O, Charley, you naughty boy! I saw you throw your cigar away just as I came around the corner." Charley: "Why didn't you say you wanted it? How was I to know?"

"Why are we sick?" asks a medical student. Ahem! We hate to give you away, but when we saw you scoop in three schooners of beer and a half of a watermelon we had an idea you would feel slightly indisposed.