

THE Acton Free Press
 is published EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
H. P. MOORE,
 Editor & Proprietor.
 AT THE FREE PRESS
PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,
 Next Door to Methodist Church,
 Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

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.

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TERMS—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for \$1.00 per annum in advance; if not so paid, no paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—General advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, quotations, notices, etc., \$1.00 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.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	\$18.00
Half column one year	\$10.00
One column six months	\$12.00
Half column six months	\$7.00
One column three months	\$7.00
Half column three months	\$4.00
One column one month	\$2.00
Half column one month	\$1.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until withdrawn, and no advertisement will be inserted unless accompanied by cash or a confirmed order. Contractors advertising must be in the office of H. P. Moore, or the printer, or the advertiser, before their terms will be set over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found at the office of Geo. P. ...

NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency, 27, 29, & 31 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

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 Fredrick St., Acton.

N. MCGARTIN, M.D., M.C.P.S.
 Graduate of Victoria University, Ontario. Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p.m.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 125, Brompton Street, Acton, Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont. Will visit Acton every Wednesday, day, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Office at McGarvin's Drug Store, or receive prompt attention.

T. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN, Ont. Will visit Acton every Wednesday, day, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Office at McGarvin's Drug Store, or receive prompt attention.

R. W. KING, Agent, Iron Foundry & Machinery, Acton, Ont. Machinery every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

A. LISTER, M. CLARE, BARRISTER, Quebec Street, Guelph. BRANCH OFFICE—In Matthews' building, Mill Street, Acton.

W. M. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Office next door to the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.

W. C. LEE, Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$50 and upwards.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY 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 Draftsmen.

C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 10 a.m. to 1 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 SEALS. I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Ostrichs, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Also ready to order any quantity of Seal or Deer Leather constantly on hand.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises next door to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and any writing or varnishing, and will receive a speciality of the patronage of the people of Acton and vicinity.

Summons to Appear Before THE BARBER. Where you can get an easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a soothing Shampoo, 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 interest.

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 PAT.
 We are also Patented 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.

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



WM. S. SMITH,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Jeweller.
 For the past sixteen years at Saratoga, 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.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Geo. F. BOWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers.
 An advertiser who spends upwards of \$500 a year, and who in return receives \$300 of his advertising in the Free Press Local List, paid me better last year than all the other advertising I did.

RE-OPENING OF SCHOOLS.
 A BIG NEW STOCK OF Readers, Text Books, Slates, Copy Books, AND ALL BOOKS USED IN BOTH THE CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
 HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.
 Government Deposit over \$30,000,000.

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.

NEW GOODS.
COLORED GOLD BROCHES AND EARRINGS—SETS.

Gold Broches, Silver Sets, new styles, Silver Lockets, Silver Necklets, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Gem (Stone) Rings.

B. SAVAGE'S JEWELRY STORE, Wyndham St., Guelph.

WHITEWASHING AND COLORING.

WM. NELSON, (CREWSON'S CORNER)
 Is prepared to do all kinds of WHITEWASHING & COLORING on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.

P. S.—Clothing Cleaned & Renovated.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

Arch. McNab, Rockwood, P.O.

THE FREE PRESS.
 THURSDAY MORNING, September 15, 1881.
POETRY.
TRUST IN GOD.
 BY REQUEST.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
 And hope in him woe'er he bids;
 That'll find him in the evil days.
 An all-sufficient strength and guide,
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
 Builds on a rock that cannot move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
 These never-ending moans and sighs?
 What can it help us to befall?
 Each painful moment as it dies?
 Our cross and trial do not press
 The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,
 And wait in cheerful hope, content
 To take whatever his gracious will,
 His all-discerning love has sent;
 Nor doubt our instant wants are known
 To him who chooses us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
 He sends them as he sees them meet;
 When those last hours of his fiery test,
 And now are freed from all deceit,
 And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain or strife,
 Think God hath cast thee off as worthless;
 For that the man whose prospect of life
 Thou covetest, is of him preferred;
 Time passes, and much change doth bring,
 And sets a bound to every thing.

Sing, pray, and sweave not from His ways,
 But do thine own part faithfully;
 Trust His rich promises of grace,
 So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted Him unfeared.

OUR STORY TELLER.
RUTH'S OFFERING.
 Allow me to introduce myself, Ruth Halley, almost ten when my story began. My sister Kate was eight years my senior. She was beautiful, talented, and lovely in character, and all the warm, strong affections of my young heart were centred around her. In short, she was the family idol. She had hardly entered her teens, when her charming bits of poetry and thrilling sketches appeared in our town paper the Argus, which were pronounced by good critics to be of a superior order; and she evinced an equal ability for music. Our parents were proud of their gifted daughter, and nothing gratified them more than to hear her called "a genius," who would "make her mark in the world and become a celebrated woman."

Four years Kate had occupied the foremost place in every class of which she was a member in the Hamilton Young Ladies' Seminary, and now the day for the examination, and the graduation of the seniors had come. The hall was early filled with the patrons of the school. The young ladies, dressed in white muslin, with long pink sashes, carrying bouquets of flowers, made a fine spectacle as they came in and took the reserved seats. The programme, printed on finely toned paper, was circulated among the visitors, and it filled my heart with childish delight to see the name of Kate Halley conspicuously upon it.

The exercises were listened to with absorbing interest, and though each could equitably creditably, not one could equal my peerless sister Kate. She read a brilliant poem in a loud, rich voice; executed a difficult piece of music upon the piano and gave the valedictory, which was pronounced a masterpiece of composition. This was one of the happiest days of my life, and when Kate took her diploma, and left the platform followed by a score of admiring eyes, I could have knelt before her and worshipped her.

Miss Kate Halley is a very remarkable girl. I heard Judge Rice say to Deacon Flint: "Yes, she has a shining intellect, but the physical is frail," was the earnest answer. "Such rare precocity should be restrained, not stimulated. This high-pressure system of education is wrong. It kills and ruins the health of thousands.

That evening after Kate had retired to our bedroom, I said: "Oh Kate! you've had lots of praise to-day. Ever so many have said you'll make your mark as a poetess. Does that mean famous?" "Yes, I suppose so," replied Kate, wearily. "And famous people's names are in all the papers, and their photographs are shown in all the shop windows, and their lives are written. You are so pretty, your picture will look real well in front of a book; yes it will." Kate laughed merrily.

"And great authors get great prices," Peters and Deacon Holbrook took long

I continued emphatically: "You'll have all the money you want. Well, I can never be pretty, or make verses as you do, but it will be kind of nice to be called the sister of Miss Kate Halley, the poetess!"

Ruth, you are one of the dearest, best little girls in the world. If success lies before me you shall share it with me," and she kissed me fondly.

That night Kate tossed restlessly on her bed. The exciting events of the day banished all sleep from her eyes, and when morning came she arose pale and exhausted. A few hours later she complained of a severe headache. It grew rapidly worse. Her cheeks were wild and bright, and she said strange things in a loud, unnatural voice. Dr. Hartwell was called. He examined the case thoroughly and then asked: "Mr. Halley, has anything unusual occurred to excite or overtax your daughter?"

"The examination of her school was held yesterday. She graduated and gave the valedictory; but I never saw her seem brighter or better."

"Her nervous system has had a heavy strain. It is a misdirected ambition which leads parents and teachers to force the mind of the young. An other victim of mental abuse," said the doctor impatiently.

He then gave directions about the medicines and went away.

The hours passed so after another. Kate's delirium and fever continued to increase, and her pulse grew feebler and quicker.

Upon Dr. Hartwell's third visit he shook his head sorrowfully.

Mother followed him into the parlor with a white anxious face, and seized his arm.

"Is there still hope?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The Great Physician alone can save her."

A cry of agony burst from mother's lips.

"She must not, shall not die. I could bear it, if it were Ruth; but I cannot part with Kate. Oh, I cannot let her die!"

I was sitting on a low chair in the corner during the conversation. A shiver ran over my tongue. The thought that Kate was going to die almost paralyzed me. No wonder; she was the best loved daughter. I was plain-featured and uncomely in form, and could never expect to be poetical—so very different from Kate.

Soon across and went to my room, and kneeling, I poured my grief into the pining ear of the loving Heavenly Father. I earnestly entreated him to spare the life of my dear sister; and peace and strength came over my soul. I was sure my petition would be granted.

Another day wore away. In the meantime Kate had become more quiet and her incoherent ravings had subsided into low moans.

When the doctor came, he placed his fingers upon her wrist, and then said hopefully: "The pulse is slower. There is an improvement."

Very gradually Kate began to recover. It was many weeks before she could leave her room, and still not winter came was she able to be around as before. My joy at her convalescence had no limits, and I fervently thanked God for the continuance of her life.

One bright Sunday morning I dressed for church. I knew after the services a collection was to be taken for the poor, and a purple box in my hand. In a little rowed box I had a sum of money which I had carefully saved. There was a half-dollar which father gave me after my big back tooth was pulled. Another half dollar Aunt Sallie gave for getting so many 'credits' at school, to encourage me. Then there was a tiny gold piece Uncle Peter sent me, just after Rover died, "to help lighten the blow," and it did. Besides, there were several small silver pieces of less value, and a few pennies amounting in all to nearly four dollars.

The clasp to my pocket book was broken, so I tied the money into one corner of my handkerchief, and put it into my pocket, and then walked with my parents to church. When the sermon was over, Rev. Mr. Brooks announced that a collection would be taken up for the poor, and earnestly urged liberal contributions. Then Mr. Peters and Deacon Holbrook took long

handed boxes, and proceeded to pass them around to the people.

As Mr. Peters approached our pew, I pulled out my handkerchief, and with quick, nervous fingers tried to untie the knot; but it would not yield. Mr. Peters held the box before father, who put in a bill and was going on.

"Stop, stop! I've something to put in," I whispered in a flurry of excitement, loud enough to be heard by the occupants of a dozen pews.

Mr. Peters took a step back, and held the box out to me. The knot slipped and untied, and in an instant the entire contents of my handkerchief, gold, silver pieces, and pennies, were emptied into it—so much as my chubby hand could hold. Father saw this unexpected act with a surprised, puzzled eye, and a partial smile flitted over his lips as he looked upon my satisfied face. That evening, when the family were sitting in the parlor at twilight father inquired, smilingly:

"Ruth, how did it happen you put so much money in the contribution box? I saw you give almost as much as I did."

"I gave it to please God. It was my thank offering for sparing Kate's life," I answered quietly.

"Dear child; you have taught me a lesson; and he drew me fondly to him and kissed me."

Kate's eyes were moist, and mother said, looking tenderly toward me:

"Husband, let us follow Ruth's example, and show our gratitude to the Lord for restoring our daughter, by giving with a free hand to the needy out of our abundance."

The following week a score of destitute struggling families were made richer and happier by the supply of clothes, provisions and fuel which my parents generously distributed among them according to their necessities.

Many years have come and gone since then. Kate's girlhood dream of fame had not been realized. She was never able to endure severe mental labor after that dreadful illness, and it cost her many bitter tears to be forced to abandon all thought of authorship.

Then God gave her a different mission in life. She is the wife of a Western clergyman, occupying a high social position, and the influence of her many gifts and graces is widely felt. Strange if our lives are revolutionized.

I, Ruth Halley, neither brilliant nor poetical, and dull of learning in childhood, now write simple, practical papers for magazines and papers. My parents have become reduced in property, and it is my highest pleasure to help them with my earnings; and I am sure they now love me as well as my more gifted sister Kate.

My story is told. Parents and teachers, heed its warning. Overtaxation of mind has ruined the health and caused the death of thousands. Restrain, and not stimulate, the young who manifest precocity of intellect.

Where our Forests are Going.
 To make shoe pegs enough for American shoe consumers annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our lumber matches 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Laths and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually 30 years growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost \$45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others: our packing boxes for instance, cost, in 1874, \$12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than \$100,000,000.

The father of the family examines his watch with perplexity. "I can't understand, my love," he says to his wife, "what's wrong with this watch. I guess it wants to be cleaned." "Oh, no, pa," replies one of his olive branches, "it can't be dirty, for baby and I were scrubbing it all morning in the bath tub with the hair-brush, and we need plenty of soap."

A GENTLEMAN OF COLOR.
 I knew a man named Mr. Brown,
 'Twas he was very green;
 In all the history of his town
 Such greenness as'er was seen.
 One day a neighbor to him said,
 "Brown, common sense you lack,"
 This made poor Brown with shame turn
 Red.
 And then with wrath look black
 Some rubbish then rigged up a ghost
 To scare him one dark night;
 It frightened him to death almost,
 And made him turn snow-white.
 Soon after that some news he heard
 Which filled his heart with rue;
 And I assure you on my word
 That Mr. Brown looked blue.
 I thus have shown that Mr. Brown
 Was dead, and white, and green,
 And red, and blue, just like a clown,
 'Sach men are seldom seen!"

GRIEF.
 Written for the Free Press.
 True grief is not always evinced by a long face and sighing. Sitting down and nursing your grief will not make it easier to bear. God never intended us to act thus. This world is very beautiful, and we can all find much pleasure in it if we look for it, but we must accept the bitter with the sweet, and be more cheerfully and patiently we bear our troubles the greater will be our reward. We must try to school our hearts to consider that an All Wise Providence sends many a burden, hard to be borne, to remind us that we are to look further than this world for peace and comfort. Every beat, power or letter, must bear some heavy grief, and when it comes we feel almost stunned by the blow; life, both present and future seems to us to be a chill, a thing void, and our poor heart feels torn by the trial. We must grieve for a time, it is only natural to do so, but when the stupor of grief has worn off, the best thing we can do is to put our shoulder to the wheel and take up the burden of life once more, woe and tear for the blow.

There will be hours in the stillness of our chamber, when the cloud will seem as fresh as ever. Grieve on then, wean, heart, in silence, and when you come out, strive to leave all traces of your sorrow behind you, for the world is a poor sympathizer. Make your grief known to your nearest and dearest friends only, for they alone will pity you.
 DAISY DREW.

Golden Glimpses.
 An old man repeats of that which a young man boasts.
 He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.
 It is to live twice to be able to enjoy the retrospect of your past life.
 Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself.
 An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.
 Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.
 The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.
 Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.
 Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way of destruction.

Who is Man and Where is He?
 Man that is married to woman is of few days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary, and in the evening behold it is all gone. It is like a tale that is told, it vaniseth, and no one knoweth whether it goeth. He riseth up clothed in the chilly garments of the night and seeketh the solemn paragon wherewith to heal the colic pangs of his infant offspring. He insulteth the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his posterity. He spends his shekel in the purchase of the fine linen and purple to cover the boom of his family, yet he himself is seen at the gates of the city with a suspender. He cometh forth for a flower, and is cut down. There is hope of a tree which it is cut down that the tender shoots thereof will sprout again, but man goeth to his home, and what is he there? You, he is altogether wretched.

A True Fish Story
 All the big and biggest fish appear to have surrendered this season to willing captors. A country hotel's guest went forth to fish, and landed over a wide country. He splashed himself with brook mud, tore his clothing and hair in underbrush, and at the close looked like a volunteer at the close of Bull Run. At night he strode up to the hotel and exhibited thirteen trout to the landlord's occupants, and related how easy the trout came to grief, how he climbed fourteen trees to snitch the lines, and how inferior the results were with what he usually accomplished. At that moment a boy came up well out of breath and exclaimed: "Mister, me says I can't sell yer them fish; they's promised t' another man; here's yer money."