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The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."

\$1.50 if not so paid.

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ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1881.

Whole No. 357.

ACTON BANKING COY.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS,
Acton, Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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The Finest Stock of
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
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FINE BOOKS,
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EVER SHOWN IN GUELPH.
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SYSTEM FOR FITTING EYES
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PARLOR SUITES for \$55.00.
BEAUTIFUL LOUNGES \$6.00.
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Handsome Window Fringe, Gold Tint, 12 in. deep, in Green, Crimson and Maroon, only 1.50 per yard.

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Prof. of the Organ and Vocal Music,
Will organize classes in Acton on 1st of November.

Trans.—Organ instructions—12 lessons \$6, 24 lessons \$10. Teacher's course \$50. Vocal instructions—evening classes—class of any number, 12 lessons, each \$1; each lady \$5c. Teacher's course, \$40. Vocal class in day schools a specialty. In all cases, on certain conditions, satisfaction guaranteed to all pupils or parents of pupils. Organ instructions given at the homes of all pupils. Dealer in Organs and Pianos representing the best Canadian and American makes manufactured.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

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The subscriber is prepared to deliver wood or coal in either large or small quantities, as required, to any part of the village.

W. E. ADAMS.
Acton, Sept. 10, 71.

YOUNG MEN

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

SIROO FOR BIT
Immit Cancer Cure Depot,
Cochran, P.Q., Canada.

CANCER CURED
without the use of the knife.

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MAKE YOUR FARE & EXPENSES

—WHEN YOU GO TO—
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—BY BUYING YOUR—
WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC., ETC.,

—FROM—
WM. S. SMITH.

A Splendid Assortment for Xmas.

W. S. SMITH,
Jeweller, Etc.,
Guelph, Ont.

THE NEWEST BUTCHER SHOP.

H. MARLATT & BRO.

Would announce to the citizens of Acton and vicinity that they have opened out a Butcher Shop in the premises on Mill St. recently occupied by Mr. J. Grant as a Bakery.

They intend keeping on hand a full stock of Meats of all kinds, and have made up their minds to "live and let live."

A splendid lot of Fowl will be found on hand during the Holiday Season.

Meat delivered to any part of the town. Call and we will convince you that it will pay you to purchase meat from us.

H. MARLATT & BRO.
P. S.—We have a quantity of first-class White and Red Brick for sale at our kilns, on Con 2, near Acton, which will be sold at the kiln or delivered.—H. M. & Bro.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP.

W. O. ROBINSON

Would inform to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Robert Sizer, 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 — or Call Solicited
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
W. O. Robinson.
44-45.

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Carter's celebrated Essay on the medical and hygienic treatment of the various diseases of the male sex, without the use of medicine, and which is a most valuable and interesting work, and one which every man should possess.

The price, in a sealed envelope, only 5c. or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in his admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the use of any internal medicine, or the use of any knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every man 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.,
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HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the splendid estate 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

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Immit Cancer Cure Depot,
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CANCER CURED
without the use of the knife.

The only Permanent Cure in the world. For particulars send 5c. to H. O. Sizer, Cochran, P.Q., Canada.

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THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 22, 1881.

POETRY.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Ye who have soured each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year—
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have alienated hearts,
Come, gather here!

Let sinners against and sinning
Forget their strifes, beginning,
And join in friendship now;
He links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year,
Mother and sire and child,
Young maid and maiden wild,
Come, gather here;

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken row,
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in loving
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have hoped and dreamed,
Retraced from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year—
Ye with overburdened mind,
Made sad from your kind,
Come, gather here;

Let not the useless sorrow
Paralyze you night and morn;
For ye who loved, hope now;
Take heart! Lock up your fears,
And join in our embraces,
Under the holly bough.

OUR STORY.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT A DINNER.

This is a story of the famine, when there was no food except in Egypt, but of a somewhat later period; and the scene is not laid in Oriental lands, and yet in Ireland, nor any other famine-stricken country, but in the heart of this "Canada of ours," and in a favored spot where not only "corn and wine" and "milk and honey," but many other things which we have come to regard as indispensable at Christmas time, are abundant and cheap. However, circumstances sometimes force us to abstain in the midst of the greatest plenty.

I don't know a great deal about the construction of stories; but I suppose, to be orthodox, I must divide it into chapters, and hence will begin, and perhaps end, with

CHAPTER I.

"Do you suppose, Nellie, you could possibly give up your visit home this winter?"

If a cloud of lanky blackness had suddenly covered the horizon, making everything as dark as night on that bright winter's day, it would not have made a greater change in the outer world, than these few words wrought in the hopes and prospects of Nellie Jones, the supposed first that her husband was only teasing, but when she looked up and saw the anxious look in his face she knew it was already virtually settled.

"Possibly, if necessary," she answered, and two home tears fell on little Bertie's face, making him start in his sleep. More would have followed, but the forced them back, and asked, as bravely as she could, what had happened to interfere with their accustomed visit.

"Nothing has happened," Mr. Jones replied; "but the Temperance cause will need all its active, earnest workers at this time, for our Prohibition law is to be submitted to the people on the 20th; I am sorry for your sake and my own; but I must be here, even though I can do nothing more than give my own vote."

Mr. Jones did not anticipate any opposition from his wife, for she was fully in sympathy with this work—fully charged with the excitement and enthusiasm of the day—almost up to the point of starting a woman's crusade. So many houses were being invaded, and so many hearts broken by the destroyer, that it seemed a little thing for the women to give their time and energies and prayers to the work. But here was an outlook for sacrifice, and Nellie felt that her own righteous fervor had been attacked. But it was not herself so much as the dear friends at home, of whom she thought. The day before she had received a letter from her sister, which closed as follows: "We are counting the days, and soon will begin to count the hours until Christmas. Mother dreamed last night that you were sick and could not come, and to-day she has talked of nothing else. She says she is afraid you are getting weaker from home, for you never stayed away so long before. Do write at once and relieve mother's fears."

For half an hour previous to Mr. Jones' coming, she sat ruminating, and looking out into the busy street, but looking nothing for the words of her sister's letter were making sweet chords in her heart, and she saw only the dear old home, where she the only absent member, was so constantly remembered and so faithfully loved. I appeal to every home-sick woman, in the first years of their separation from home; and loved ones, to say if this were not a severe trial. "Not trouble, real trouble," some will say.

Well, perhaps not; but it takes an old philosopher to see it in that light, and that my friend Nellie did not claim to be.

"I was going to suggest," Mr. Jones said, "that you should give up your visit home this winter, and stay here."

"Why, didn't you have turkey for your dinner?" she asked.

"No; you didn't give me any, and my mother is a lot of money, too," answered the little innocent, only half understanding his part of the compact.

Nellie said she felt as if she were sitting on the ragged edge of despair at that moment; but her, true-hearted old Auntie never took the hint; and when apples were brought in, and cake for Bertie, the danger was passed. Bertie was as happy as if he had been in time for dinner, and Arthur and Nellie forgot their hunger in their great anxiety to prevent any dissipation.

In the course of time supper was announced—at a pretty late hour; it was considered the condition of our friends, but it was happily prepared, and the dinner was a success.

and butter and other substantial more thoroughly enjoyed.

Moral.—Christmas isn't much, after all, without a dinner; so don't go too late.

Christmas Thoughts

The best religion is the most tolerant. What men call accident is God's own part.

An eminent reputation is as dangerous as a bad one.

Every moment of time is precious—even as a grain of gold.

Good actions enable us, and we are the persons of our own deeds.

A taste of every sort of knowledge is necessary to form the mind.

Evil often stops short at itself, and dies with the door of it; but good, never.

Time is a wave which never murmurs, because there is no obstacle to its flow.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

Commencing a right thing is a cheap substitute for doing it, and with this we are too apt to satisfy ourselves.

Stone's invitation for Christmas; she would at least give us a hearty welcome and a good dinner."

Nellie could scarcely repress an exclamation of impatience, as if she thought, how poorly that would compensate for her disappointment, and how little the thought of dinner entered into her anticipations of Christmas. Little sorrow would it cause her if there was no such thing as dinner on Christmas. So she thought; but she was a woman—men think differently.

Auntie Stone was not their "really, truly" aunt, as the children would explain, but a kind old lady with whom Arthur had once boarded, who had since been his most ardent friend and admirer, and latterly Nellie's in a modified degree, for his sake. A week later she called and repeated her invitation, which they accepted without hesitation.

"Don't take too much trouble for us," Nellie said; "Arthur may be detained in some way until it is too late; if so, shall we drive out for supper?"

"Come when you can," Auntie replied; "and as for the trouble, there is no one, after my own boys, that I had rather take trouble for than Arthur."

"What time will Auntie expect me?" Arthur asked on Christmas morning.

Nellie did not know, but no one ever thought of having dinner before one or two o'clock on Christmas, she imagined. However, they had better go earlier; and she charged Arthur not to stay in his office too late. So she didn't see him again until nearly one o'clock, and they had to drive six miles for their dinner. They reached Auntie Stone's at two o'clock, and were welcomed so warmly that had it not been for the lingering thoughts of "home and mother" Nellie would have been entirely satisfied and happy. It struck her, upon entering, that everything in the dining-room had a remarkably put-away look, and that the ever-sure hostess so easy and undisturbed just before a Christmas dinner as Auntie seemed to be. "Nellie admitted her appetite, and she was quite ready to excuse her hostess if only she would leave her to entertain herself and go and look after the dinner. Yes; it must be confessed, women do sometimes change their minds, and even Nellie began to wish for her dinner. A hour passed, and still she sat talking and knitting, and not the faintest odor of goose or turkey had reached them yet. The occasional opening and shutting of doors revealed nothing, except that the occupants of the kitchen were not asleep. There, too, everything seemed in a state of the most admirable tranquillity. What a model household! Nellie reflected. What perfect machinery to run so smoothly! Just then Auntie whispered, "I'm hungry, ma; when will the dinner get done?" Nellie glanced at Arthur, who was also consulting his, and the despairing look on his face nearly sent her into convulsions. Their hopes of dinner were growing smaller by degrees, for he had just dashed upon his feet that they had arrived too late. Arthur looked sadly at Miss Stone's elaborate embroidery, and her mother, making the look for one of interest told her daughter that Mr. Jones would like to see the piece she had just finished. It was brought for his inspection, and he made a feeble attempt to praise its beauty; but just fancy a hungry man saying anything complimentary, with a prospect of no dinner in the distance. You can't do it.

Again poor little Bertie whispered, "I say, ma, I'm hungry;" and for the first time Nellie realized the peculiar danger that threatened her from that quarter. The time had passed when they could with propriety confess that they had had no dinner, and now if Bertie better than was of frankness, no, no, Bertie must suffer hunger, if necessary, rather than cause her such chagrin, to say nothing of the trouble of preparing a second dinner.

Taking Bertie aside, she told him that if he would not tell Auntie he was hungry, she would give him all the money she had in her pocket, and ever so much more when they got home. Bertie took in the situation at once, and demanded not only his mother's money but her watch, which she took off with the air of a martyr, and put it into her little boy's pocket. The little tyrant strode up and down the room, displaying his possession, and Auntie, no doubt, pined in her heart the poor, weak mother, that seemed to be entirely at the mercy of his three-year-old despot. Calling Bertie to her, Auntie asked what he intended to do with his money. He thought a moment, and then replied,

"I'll buy five or four turkeys for my dinner."

"Why, didn't you have turkey for your dinner?" she asked.

"No; you didn't give me any, and my mother is a lot of money, too," answered the little innocent, only half understanding his part of the compact.

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CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Fade winter roses, the white ghosts
Of our June roses,
Lest beauty that the Old Year boasts,
See his reign close!

I gather you, so farwell gifts
From parting lovers,
For ere you fade, his moments swift
Will all be by.

Kind ghosts 'ere, that trouble not,
"Nor fright, nor sadden,
But wake fond memories half-forgotten,
And thoughts that gladden.

O changeful Past! I would the year
Lift of last hours
No ghosts that brought shame or fear,
Than these white