

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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ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1882

Whole No. 374

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—General advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, \$5.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, \$3.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary interests 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	\$80.00
Half column one year	40.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
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Half column six months	25.00
Quarter column six months	12.50
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Half column three months	15.00
Quarter column three months	7.50

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H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor

ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,
STOREY, ORNSTEIN & CO.,
BANKERS,
Acton, Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

10 CENT STORE,
And Cheap Cash Bazaar,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

COME & SEE
OUR NEW SPRING ARRIVALS FROM
Germany, France, England, and New York
Thousands of Articles of Every Day Use!
Household Goods! Ornamental Goods! Useful Goods.

Very Little Money will buy a whole lot of things
—AT—
10 CENT STORE and Cheap Cash Bazaar.
Four doors west of Post Office.

JAS. F. KIDNER,
GUELPH.

FLOUR AND FEED.
B. W. NICKLIN,
In tendering hearty thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage in the past, would respectfully inform them that he has constantly on hand at his Mill, foot of Mill street, a full stock of

Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Cracked Wheat and Chopped Stuffs
Of all kinds, any of which he is prepared to deliver daily.

Your patronage is kindly solicited.
Orders left at my residence will receive prompt attention.
Terms Strictly Cash.

B. W. NICKLIN,
Acton, Feb. 9, 1882.

Call and see Day's New
Choice Stock of
WALKING STICKS

Made from all the Foreign Woods.
Irish Thorn, Bark Crab, Sussess Palm, Cork Wood, Cabbage Palm, Rose Wood, Snake Wood, Lemon Wood, Oak, Hickory,
And Dozens of others.

Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.

WATCHES!
WATCHES.
FOR CASH.

You can get the best bargains ever offered in Guelph, in
Lancaster Watches,
Waltham
Elgin
Swiss

CLOCKS at all Prices.
—AT—
WM. S. SMITH'S
The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.
(The Lancaster has no equal for the money)

American Watches.
The Finest Stock we ever had of Elgin & Waltham make, in Nickel, Silver, and Gold Cases.

I claim my Nickel cases are whiter and purer than any other, being made especially for myself.

B. SAVAGE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
GUELPH.
East End Butcher Shop.

H. MARLATT & BRO.

SALESMEN WANTED.
To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the
FONTHILL NURSERIES.
THE LARGEST IN CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.
Branch Office: St. Paul, Minn.
Nurseries, Fonthill, Ontario.
We can start, in addition to our already large force,
100 Additional Cultivators,
and want more who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been, if you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply to
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurseriesmen, Toronto, Ont.

PIMPLES.
I will mail (free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove the Pimples, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful. I give directions for preparing the most powerful of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, Dr. J. H. B. S. N. Y.

THE FREE PRESS.
THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1882.

WISHING.

Of all aspirations of the mind, from logic down to fishing, there isn't one that you can find so very cheap as "wishing!" A very choice diversion, too, and not my pride to flatter; and not, as we are apt to do, prevent it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—My purse was somewhat fatter, That I might cheer his child of need, And not my pride to flatter; That I might make oppressor reel, As only gold can make it, And break the tyrant's rod of steel, As only gold can break it.

I wish that sympathy and love, And every honest passion, That has its origin above, Would come and keep in fashion.— That scorn, and jealousy, and hate, And every base emotion, Were buried fifty fathoms deep Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish—that friends were always true, And motives always pure; I wish the good was not so few, That women's hearts were never true; I wish that persons, ne'er forgot To heed their pious teaching, I wish that practicing was not So different from preaching.

I wish that modern worth might be Approved with little and candor; I wish that innocents were free From treasury and slaughter; I wish that men their vows would mind, Be bound by laws as strict as God's; I wish that wives were always kind, And husbands always lovers; I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth, And every good ideal, May come ere while throughout the earth, To be the glory of the day.

Till God shall every creature bless, With his supremest blessing, And hope be lost in happiness, And wishing be possessing.

OUR HOPE IS FIXED.

Our hope is fixed on thee, Sweetest son, Sobriety, Of thee we sing, Cup whence our fathers drank, Cap true to every rank; From home let us not part, Let us not part, Let us not part.

Our country's peril now, Shadow'd by ruin feeds its woe, We recognize, Oh! lead us love the best, Be thou by us, and we'll be true, From East to farthest West, Thou lead us please.

Then, Prohibition, come, And save from scourge of rum— Our country's foe, Let us not part, Let us not part, Let us not part.

Our homes be bright and fair, With love glow, Thou God of light and love, Thro' thee in power above, Down to old Babylon sink, And down the drunkard's drink; E'en now from ruin's brink Let us not part, Let us not part, Let us not part.

OUR STORY.

Mrs. Pringle's Conspiracy.

"There's grandmother, dear—run and bring her in."
Tiptoe toddled out to meet the brisk-stepping, fresh-faced, oldish lady who came in at the gate.

"Come to spend the day, haven't you, mother? How nice of you!"
Young Mrs. Pringle had never yet discovered that her husband's mother was a "mother-in-law" in the popular acceptance of the term.

"Yes, I've come, Kate; but don't stop your work; it's a nice cool morning for sewing—go right on."

So after exchanging her visitor in an easy chair, and supplying her with fan and foot-stool, Mrs. Pringle resumed her knitting and fitting, with an occasional ten minutes or so of rapid stitching, the only interruption to the serene talk which seemed in no way to interfere with the motions of her deft fingers.

"There!" she exclaimed, as noon drew near. "Come here, pet."

She proceeded to try on Master Tiptoe the result of her morning's work, a jaunty thing with neck and ruffles which hardly reached the knees of the chubby morsel. It was duly pulled down, jerked around, patted smooth here, puffed out there, and quickly tied about with a sash improvised from a strip of lining muslin snatched from the floor.

"Now, with a kiss and a shake," run to grandmother, and say, 'Isn't it sweet, grandmother?'"

"No, no; that isn't it," laughed mamma; but grandmother caught the merry words in her arms.

"That is it, exactly, Tiptoe. I declare, Kate, you are as industrious a little soul as I ever saw! And what a 'kiss' you have at such things! and for everything else as far as I can see. I'm sure if Robert don't get on it won't be your fault."

The kindly woman had never been blessed with a daughter of her own, and this son's wife of hers was well-nigh perfect in her eyes.

But the affectionate speech failed to bring an answering smile. A troubled expression rose to the young woman's face, and tears slowly gathered in her eyes. She cautioned Tiptoe's slip, unafraid of his

protest against having on his "ugly" dress again, but compromised matters by trying on the pink muslin sack over the buff chamber. The machine was righted and closed up, and the cuttings gathered from the floor before the unburdening came which the mother knew would come.

"Why, Kate, dear, what do you mean? are things going wrong with Robert?"

"Oh, no, mother! Nothing, I mean, that you worry over. It's only that I am anxious about Robert; smoking so much. I know it is hurting him in more ways than one."

His mother's face grew grave.

"Is he smoking more than formerly?"

"Yes; I'm sure it is growing on him. From what I see and what I can guess at, I think he smokes eight or ten cigars a day. I have known him to smoke a dozen in a day."

"Too bad," said his mother, with a sigh.

"Of course it must be great injury to him in time if it is not already."

"And then, he cannot afford it. I don't think he realizes at all what a drain it is. I know he needs every cent he can keep in his business, and I try my best to save in every way I can; but, mother, I get out of heart sometimes when I see, that with all my pinching and scraping, I can't save as much in a week as he spends on cigars in a day."

"I see, dear."

"And I know it is a selfish way to look at it, but I often feel impatient and angry at going without so many little things that I would like to have. I'm perfectly willing to do without, you know, only I can't make it seem right that I should do all the going without."

"It is not right."

"Still, it is really Robert's only fault, so perhaps I ought not to complain. Think how worse some men are? Supposing he drank, now?"

"That's a poor excuse, Kate. You wouldn't excuse a person for being a liar because he wasn't a thief."

"Well!" Young Mrs. Pringle drew a long sigh. "I don't know what to do about it, I'm sure. When I try to talk to him about it, he either puts me off or launches at me, and tells me not to bother my head about things I don't understand."

"Suppose, Kate, you ask him for the same amount as he spends on cigars for you to spend for your own gratification?"

"But I couldn't have the conscience to spend money on superfluities, mother. I remember how Emily Brand used to do that. She thought she was quite justified in spending three or four dollars a week in trash, because her husband spent the same in cigars. So he smoked and she spent, and he broke up in business; and now they are living, nobody knows how, in some little western town."

"I think you might manage to open Robert's eyes a little, though, Kate. Listen—"

Mrs. Pringle the older, smiled as if in admiration of some clever scheme within her brain, yet shook her head in solemn appreciation of the serious character of the subject. A very earnest countenance followed, brought to sudden end by the appearance of the son and husband, carrying his young heir, who had run to meet him, on one shoulder, and a small parcel under his other arm.

"A new book, Robert?" asked his mother, glancing at it after greetings had been exchanged.

"Oh," put in Kate, "is that 'Carlisle' we were speaking of? You said you'd bring one up."

"No, it is not. I went for a copy, but they had none of the cheap editions, and I thought it hardly worth while to pay two dollars for one."

He leisurely unwrapped his parcel, showing Tiptoe a picture instead, united various bits of yellow ribbon, giving them to him to tie on Carlo's ears; he then took out a cigar which he smiled critically before setting it approvingly between his lips.

"It has done such a box as that once, you know," said his mother.

"About eight dollars and a half, ma'am," he answered, with a perfectly unsuspecting smile.

"I frequently buy by the box, because I don't think a little saving, and, of course, I have to watch the corners, for our expenses naturally increase a little each year."

His look of virtuous frugality seemed, however, lost upon his mother, as she said, dryly: "I am glad you appreciate the use of it. How long does such a box last you?"

"Well,—I can hardly say. Perhaps a month, perhaps not so long."

"But it seems to me, Robert, you spend more money on yourself than you do on Kate."

Mrs. Kate hid her face behind Tiptoe's curls to conceal a smile at her mother-in-law's light skirmishing.

"What?" said Robert, looking up in surprise. "Don't you have money enough, Kate? Why don't you tell me, dear?"

Her tender heart was dumfounded as once, and she was about to protest that she never wanted anything; but Mrs. Pringle, who was older, struck in, with a warning glance at her: "Don't know, Robert, it is not pleasant for a wife to be always obliged to ask for what she wants for her own little family. Now I think it would be a very good plan for you to spend the same amount you spend in cigars, monthly, say—for her own personal gratification."

"That's a good suggestion, mother, I'll do it."

"Then bear in mind, Mrs. Pringle was very fond of discussing a thing when she

went at it, "your best way will be to keep a careful account of your own expenditures, and hand her, regularly, the same?"

"Agreed, ma'am."

He sat for awhile after dinner enjoying his mother's visit, chatting pleasantly, smoking three cigars meanwhile, and putting a few more in his pocket as he started down town, never dreaming that, according to his wife's mental calculating, he could burn up more money in an hour than she could save by sewing all her spare time for half a day.

Robert Pringle conscientiously made an entry, in a corner of his private memorandum book, of every cent he spent in tobacco during the following month, beginning with the box of cigars. It lasted exactly seven days, but was promptly replaced, and smaller purchases made as convenient. To do him justice, his really generous and rather uncalculating disposition had gone far, as his wife has asserted, towards preventing, on his part, any fair understanding of his own extravagance; for, he, by no means, smoked all he bought, but in the usual course of polite exchange which prevails among gentlemen, a man of his open handed disposition was sure to bear the heavier burden.

"Pshaw—w-r-w!" he ejaculated, as he cast up the items for the month succeeding his agreement with his mother.

He went over the short columns from the bottom up, then from the top down. There was no mistake—figures never asserted themselves more vigorously than those which calmly stared him in the face, expressing—

May 15th	\$3.50
" 25th	1.75
" 30th75
" 29th	8.50
June 10th	1.75
" 18th	2.25
			\$23.50

It looked large. And when he came to writing out a check for the same amount for Kate, it looked very large.

"I've been going a little too strong on it this month, Kate," he said, as he handed it to her.

He had a half-hope, that she would decline to take it, but without showing any surprise at the amount she laid it in her desk with a very matter-of-course "thank you."

A few days after, she challenged his admission of a lace collar she was wearing.

"Prettier than cigars, isn't it?" she asked archly.

"Is that your cigar money, dear? Yes, very pretty, but they do manage to crowd a good deal of money into a very small show, eh?"

"That's real lace, Robert—not at all high for such a quantity! But—what have you to show for your month's money?"

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders, assuring her she should get less next month. By a heroic effort at self-sacrifice he lowered the sum by several dollars; but the following month it rose higher than the first, and Robert began to feel a little surprised at the nonchalant way in which Kate accepted so much money to lay out in mere superfluities. He was obliged to acknowledge to himself as she displayed a pearl brooch with great apparent satisfaction, that he was somewhat disappointed at her discovering so much relief for such trifles.

"Pearls, eh? My mother used to wear something like that."

Ab! I suppose so; pearls are never out of style, you know."

Kate colored a little as she said it, and began to talk of something else.

In due course of time an encyclopedia appeared. This purchase met with Robert's hearty approval; for both had often felt the need of it, but he had never felt able to buy one. But when a fancy chair in the parlor where there was already no lack of fancy chairs; and a picture, small in every respect but the price, he thought, was hung in the sewing-room, he felt a little annoyed, more especially when Kate airily remarked: "I don't need it, of course, but as I have so much to spend, I thought I'd like it."

He was ashamed of himself for feeling so, for he told himself over and over again, that it was a perfectly fair arrangement. Kate's money made an important figure in chivalrous justice on the rights of industrious and economical wives. And then, what right had he to criticize her mode of spending, when she was not injuring herself, or any one else by it,—which he knew in his very heart could not be claimed for his way? Still, he had rather hoped that it would occur to her to pay some of the household bills, but it never had; they had continued to present themselves with their usual aggravating regularity, serving to increase an irritating consciousness of the presence of unnecessary articles about the house, the purchase of which was not warranted by his means. At all events, he might justly allow himself to fall back upon a little relief for his well concealed annoyances, in his feeling of surprise that his wife had not taken the least advantage, so far as he knew, of this liberal supply of pocket-money to carry out any of her old desires for doing good. He had not observed that she had given a cent to any of the missionary societies, or to relieve the poor. In his own growing sense of discomfort at the view he was forced to take of the hitherto unimagined extent of the cost of his pet self-indulgence, there was some consolation in reflections on Kate's extravagance.

He sat alone one day looking over his accounts. He came across six "cents" of

His own expenditures doubling the amount gave \$27.10—this for six months, making the yearly sum of \$282.00.

A blank expression of surprise and his countenance as he thought of his partner's strong desire to attend their business, and of his utter inability to co-operate in it, entered into his mind. He looked again at the sum. It was twice the life of a year, one third more than their household. And the blank expression on his face grew blonder as a further calculation showed him that his nice little game of "superstudies" between his wife and himself, was played at an expense amounting to the interest on a fraction less than eight thousand dollars at seven per cent.

One month later he handed his wife a paper.

She opened it and found it blank! Her arms were around his neck in a moment.

"O Robert, have you really given it up for good? I know you were trying to stop it, dear; but do you mean it for always?"

"I hope so, Kate. I never quite took it, till lately, how far the thing was carrying me, but I find there is only one right thing for me to do, and the sooner I do it thoroughly, the better. 'But what will you do without your spending money, little woman?'"

With a ringing laugh she ran to her desk and took out some papers.

"I don't know what I should have done," she said, with a desperate little shake of the head, "if this business had gone much longer. How Robert did you imagine I was fooling away all that money?"

"Why, I believed just what you told me."

"I never told you so, sir. I simply showed you the things and let you believe what your mother and I intended you should!"

"Ab! A conspirator against me, eh?"

"But it was all her doing, Robert. She set me up to it, and I could not bear to let you think me such a simpleton; but she dominated and dominated over me in the most dreadful manner, and I couldn't. Here—" she said the papers in his hand, "there are five of the checks, the other went for that cheap encyclopedia. That's the only lower side purchase I've made."

"How came you, by all the lace, and jewellery, and other stuff, then?" asked Robert in surprise.

"They all belong to your mother."

"Does! That's treachery! Double-dealing! What is the saying about a man's face being in his own household? Really, Kate, I think an honorable man might entertain conscientious scruples against quitting tobacco in the result of such practices upon him!"

"Give me back the checks, then."

But he kept them and Mrs. Pringle, the younger, never got another to spend on mere superfluities.

Words of Wisdom.

There is not a moment without some duty.
Worship without faith is a waste of powers.
Friendship survives death better than absence.
Gravity is the rind of wisdom, but it is a preservative rind.
The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.
Look ever on the bright side, which is ever the heaven side of life. This is far better than any medicine.
We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.
It is easier to find a score of men who enough to discover the truth than one last tripod enough in the face of opposition to stand up for it.
More hearts pine away in secret anguish from the want of kindness from those who should be their comfort than from any other calamities in life.

Humorists.

A promising young man—One who is engaged to half a dozen girls.

"Pa, what is meant by uncleship Christianity?"

"I don't know, my son, unless it is paganism."

The good that men do may be stored with their bones; but the evil of some men may not be crowded.

A justice of the peace fined a man seventy shillings for beating tobacco, because it was the value of a pound.

Scientists sometimes are feeling their daughters on phobos, because it is a good thing for making matches.

The alarm expression "tally" was probably coined from the word talph, which generally expresses the same thing.

How to Get Rid of an Unwelcome Visitor.

"Rheumatism," says Mr. A. McPart, proprietor of the City Hotel, Kingston, is used to hold his own pretty well, but the day of that great man, Dr. J. B. Jacobs, of the Great Eastern Bazaar, has completely overcome the rheumatism, and no man need suffer from it longer. I had it badly for a short time ago, but I used Dr. Jacobs' Oil and was cured, and so can any one be cured in a similar manner."

"What is this man 'tally' at?" inquired Tommy of his young neighbor, "At the top of his voice," replied the little one.

Some one who has been "tally" remarks that a young man lives in an attic because one is "tally" like to fall on his first story.

"Don't Give up the Boat"

were the "tally" words of Commodore Perry. "We were not to be taken by the British," he said, "and we were not to be taken by the British." "Don't Give up the Boat," said Commodore Perry, "and we were not to be taken by the British." "Don't Give up the Boat," said Commodore Perry, "and we were not to be taken by the British."