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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—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.

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CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$40.00
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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.

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.

M. FORSTER, M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC. OFFICE:—Forster's Drug Store. Next door to Cresswell's Saddlery, ACTON, ONT. RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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.

FULLERTON, HALL & STOREY, Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Conveyancers, &c, Toronto & Georgetown. OFFICES:—No. 50, Church street, Toronto, and McLeods Block, Georgetown. Money to Loan. JAS. S. FULLERTON, H. M. HALL, R. D. STOREY.

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.

G. REID, 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. G. REID.

THE PUMP BUSINESS. The undersigned has made arrangements with Mr. Thomas Ebbage to attend to his Pump Business during his stay in the North-West. All orders, whether for new work or repairs, left at the residence of Mr. Ebbage, opposite Stephenson's blacksmith shop, will receive prompt attention. WM. E. ADAMS. Acton, April 19th, 1882. 3mo.

WILL BUY OR SELL. The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm or birch stave bolts, basswood for heading, and pine, cedar or black ash for shingles, in the log, or bolts —to:— A good stock of shingles, staves and heading always on hand. THOS. C. MOORE.

LIME FOR SALE. Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to C. S. SMITH, Box 172, ACTON. May, 1st, 1882.

FRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. P. Chapman, *BOOKBINDER,* St. George's Square, Guelph. Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

ROYAL, (OF ENGLAND) INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND LIFE. Capital, Ten Million Dollars. Liability of Shareholders Unlimited. Funds Invested, $23,000,000. Annual Income, $5,000,000. Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders, $500,000. The Royal Insurance Company has the Largest Surplus of any Fire Insurance Company in the World. All kinds of property—Country and Town solicited. Also Money to Loan: D. McLELLAN, Esq., Hamilton, Agent. A. A. SCOTT, Agent, Acton.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., STOREY, CHRISTIE & 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! Crowded Store of New Goods! Thousands of Articles of Every Day Use! Household Goods! Ornamental Goods! Useful Goods. Very Little Money will buy a whole lot of things —AT THE— 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.

Medical Hall, ACTON

DR. M. FORSTER,

East End Butcher Shop. ACTON, ONT.

H. Marlatt & Bro. Desire to tender thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage since opening business here, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, and can assure them that they will always have on hand a full stock of ALL KINDS OF MEAT. Meat Delivered. We will purchase good meat of any kind from those who wish to sell. H. MARLATT & BRO.

—THOSE— Choice New Styles —OF— BABY CARRIAGES! —ARE— Selling Very Fast —AT— Day's Bookstore, GUELPH. DAY SELLS CHEAP

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK —OF— WATCHES —AND— JEWELRY,

JUST RECEIVED —AT— WM. S. SMITH'S

Don't fail to call and examine when you go to GUELPH. The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

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.

BUTCHER SHOP. R. HOLMES Would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he has purchased the business and property of Mr. W. C. Robinson, and is prepared to supply all with FIRST-CLASS MEAT, of all kinds, and *Poultry and Game in Season.* Meat delivered to any part of town at any time. Having practical experience in the Butchering Business I feel confident that I can suit all. A call kindly solicited. *R. HOLMES.*

A Great Cause of Human Misery Is the Loss of MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses. Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts. or two postage stamps. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, 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., 41 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 456.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 20 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper. W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

The Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, June 1, 1882.

POETRY.

THE HOURS.

The hours are viewless angels
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who rests on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample they still gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping,
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us has given,
The deeds are known before his throne;
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the records,
And bear it far away
This mission flight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me Heavenly father,
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

OUR STORY.

A Bachelor's Confession.

I live in a French flat. Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things. I can't afford a hotel, and I detest a boarding house. A bachelor of thirty odd, who had been at the mercy of boarding house keepers all his days, can easily understand that.

So, when I engaged a suite of rooms—third floor in a French flat edifice—and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine lookout over a green dot of a park in front, and the glimmer of a palisade in the rear, above a forest of chipping, I considered myself well off.

What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. I am an artist, and draw a little, daily, in front of my easel; I contribute to the press, and write when the divine afflatus seizes me. I read the law when I feel like it, and draw a little income from a snug little property left me by an uncle in India. Consequently, I was able to decorate my new quarters very prettily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese screens and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, the first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red, carved table, and the waiter from a neighboring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner, a mold of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, and a raspberry dumpling, I considered myself pretty comfortable.

"Upon the whole," says I, to myself, "I rather approve of French flats."

I rang the bell.

The janitor—a respectable sort of a fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers—answered the summons.

"Janitor," said I, "Who occupies the floor above?"

"Nobody, sir," the man answered. "Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow."

"A large family!" I said rather dubiously.

"Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all—a single lady, sir."

At this I congratulated myself more and more.

"I shall have the prospect of a little peace now, I think," said I, and ate my dinner in a fool's paradise of happiness.

The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down selecting some new mill-boards and color tubes for the summer sketches I intended to make, for when I returned, fondly expecting once more to enter into my kingdom of peace and serenity, everything was changed.

There was a banging and pounding over head, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess in hob-nail shoes, was enjoying herself in a promenade.

I sent for the janitor in a rage.

"Is this house coming down?" said I.

"It's the new tenant a-movin' in, sir," said he, apologetically.

"Does her furniture consist entirely of Herring's safes and square pianos?" said I.

"There are two pianos, sir," said he.

"She's musical."

"The mischief she is!" roared I. "Two pianos! And does she play on 'em both?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure," said the man, with a distressed expression of countenance.

I endured the noise until midnight, and then I sent up the janitor's wife.

"The third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night."

Down came the woman again.

"Fourth floor's compliments to third floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to get settled without a noise."

The next day the piano—only one however—commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay, and it disturbed me seriously. I endured it as long as I possibly could, and then I had resource once more to the janitor's wife.

"Third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and will feel obliged if she will favor me with a little peace and quietness, long enough to do some necessary writing."

"There was no reply, and the music ceased abruptly.

But that evening, when I was beginning to solace myself with a little violin practice in the twilight, tap, tap, tap, came the janitor's wife at my door.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness, long enough to write a letter."

How I hate that woman!

So we lived for a month, exchanging constant missels of warfare. I could cheerfully have given up that miserable French flat and gone back to boarding, only unluckily I had engaged it for a year. The fourth floor elocutionized, and had friends to select private readings, whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's and more sonorious than that of Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable, and had classes of heavy-booted girls twice a week, to sing hymns and learn to sew. A single lady, indeed! If she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise, nor enjoyed the making of it more.

At the close of the month, however, an incident happened which turned the current of my whole life. I went on a picnic. I don't often go to affairs of that kind; but this was an especially select affair, gotten up here by my friend Harold Webster. I went, and there I met Barbara Willis, and fell straightway in love with her. She wasn't exactly young—neither am I—and to my taste a full-blown rose is sweeter than a bud, wherever you find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, satin-brown hair, and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked—our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as if our souls were two looking-glasses, to mirror each other's.

"Miss Willis," cried I, "why is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends."

As I spoke I gently pressed her hand, and she smiled back unutterable things.

I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.

"Oh, Harold," said I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel!"

"Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he, "Well, I do think she is rather a fine girl."

We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade deck and watched the moonlight ripple over the surface of the tides.

"A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.

"I can readily imagine that," said she softly.

"I live in a flat," confessed I.

"Do you?" said Barbara, (the sweet, old English name was just like her). "Why, how strange! So do I!"

"Isn't it dreadful!" said I.

"Horrid!" said she, closing her lips as though she meant it.

"And there's a female dragon occupies the floor above me and torments me out of my life."

"Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," said Barbara. "There's a detestable old crab of a bachelor under me, who takes all the pleasure out of my existence."

"Should two lives be thus blighted?" said I.

"I—I don't think they should," said Barbara, looking intently at the boquet of pansies she held in her hand.

It was past midnight when the boat landed. Harold Webster came up.

"I promised to see you home, Miss Willis," said he, rubbing his hands briskly.

"You need not trouble yourself, Webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."

I called a hack, helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloud land.

"Where shall I drive to?" said the man.

"No 69 Ravenal street," said she, "fourth floor."

"What!" cried I, "not to Fernandino flats."

"Exactly," said she.

"Why, that's where I live!"

"Are you the third floor?" she cried out, breathless.

"Are you the fourth?" I counter-questioned.

"But you're not a crab at all."

"Nor are you a dragon. On the contrary—"

But what matters it what we said? Things were altered from the very beginning. I took my violin up stairs the next day, and helped my divine Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoven's. I suggested a new educational theory for the hobnailed classes. I listened enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's Brook; and at the end of the quarter we are to be married—Barbara and I.

Edward, what do I hear—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down those steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to papa; she only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys;' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"

Alphabetic Curiosities.

The Protean nature of the vowel sounds is familiar to all. A few amusing examples will show that the consonants are nearly as bad.

B makes a road broad, turns the ear to a bear, and Tom into a tomb.

C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to crowd, making anger danger and evil devil.

F turns lower regions to flower regions.

G changes a son to a song and makes one gone.

H changes eight into height, and arm to harm.

K makes now know and eyed keyed.

L transforms a pear into a pearl.

N turns line into linen, a crow to a crown and makes one none.

P meatmorphoses lumber into plumber.

Q of itself hath no significance.

S turns even to seven, makes hove shove, and word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe.

T makes a bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes ether to tether, and transforms the phrase "allowed his own" to "tallowed his town."

W does well—*e. g.*, hose are whose? are becomes ware, on won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what?

Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to to toy, rub to a baby, ours to yours, and a lad to a lady.

A New Arithmetic.

A man refuses a $70 watch for a $45 shot gun, pays $3 for repairs, and then exchanges it for a $30 horse, which kicks a $28 cow to death and then dies of a broken heart. How much did the man lose?

In a certain room there are eleven women sitting down. A lady passes the house with a new spring bonnet on. Find the number that got up and rushed to the window. (That is where you get fooled. One of them was too lame to get out of her chair).

The distance from a roadside fence to a certain harvest apple tree is three times times the distance from the ground to the first limb, which is two yards, one foot and nine and a half inches. What is the distance from the fence, and how many harvest apples can a fat boy eat?

A man died leaving property valued at $17,000 to a certain relative. Eight other relatives wouldn't have it that way, and contested the will, the property was then divided pro-rata, and each one's share was found to be seventeen cents. what became—but, of course, you know that the lawyers got it.

Humor of the Day.

Why do ducks put their heads under water? To liquidate their bills.

Yes, Augustus, you are right, soldiers and watchmakers do make time.

Even the most ambitious of men are willing to take second rather than first place in an affair of honor.

Riches may have wings, but they are usually clipped so that they cannot fly over the fence.

"Anxious Inquirer."—A vessel is spoken of as she, because "she" has to be managed by men.

It takes 800 full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents' worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

He Was Satisfied.

We publish the following parabraph from the *Christian at Work* in order that our local clergymen may take advantage of it when the occasion requires:—"Last Sunday evening a Boston divine suddenly paused near the close of his sermon, and said: 'We would all be glad if that young man in the vestibule would come inside and satisfy himself whether she is or is not here. That would be much better than keeping a half-inch draught on the occupants of the back pew.' And in the solemn silence that followed, the congregation could hear a sound outside as of the retreat of an army with beaners."

Getting Them All Out.

Little boy has been swearing, and his mamma, to punish him, washed thoroughly the inside of his mouth with soapsuds, "to," as she explains to him, "clean away the naughty words." A few days later, while passing the bath-room, she sees the youngster with his face one mass of suds and his mouth so full that she barely understood his spluttering explanation: "Getting them all out, mamma! Swore five times yesterday!"

What They Got.

A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest, "Reading, spelling and definitions."

"And what do you get my little one?" said the father to a rosy cheeked little fellow, who sat at that time slyly driving a teapenny nail into the door panel.

"Me? Oh, I get readin', spellin', and spankin'."

GROWING OLD.

As it is—I well remember when—
I classed all folks old at ten.

But when I'd turned my first decade
Fifteen appeared more truly staid.

But when the fifteenth round I'd run,
I thought none old till twenty-one.

Then, oddly, when I'd reached that age,
I held that thirty made folks sage.

But when my thirtieth year was told,
I said, "At twescore men grow old!"

Yet twescore came and found me thrifty,
And so I drew the line at fifty.

But when I reached that age, I swore
None could be old until threescore.

And here I am at sixty now,
As young as when at six, I trow!

'Tis true, my hair is somewhat grey,
And that I use a cane to-day;

'Tis true, these rogues about my knee,
Say "Grandpa!" when they speak to me;

But bless your soul, I'm young as when
I thought all people old at ten!

Perhaps a little wiser grown—
Perhaps some old illusions flown;

But wond'ring still, while years have roll'd
When is it that a man grows old?

Getting Particular.

There was a time in Pittsburg, Pa., when a man had only to enter a speculator's office and exhibit a lump of coal to find a ready sale for his land, but that time will never return. A representative of the *News* was seated in an office in that city a few days ago, when a stranger entered with his lump, placed it on the table, and asked:

"What's that?"

"Coal," was the reply. "Do you own the land?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Two hundred acres."

"Did this coal come from your land?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you carry it there?"

"No, sir."

"Did you take it off the surface?"

"No, sir; from a shaft."

"Was this the only lump of coal on your land?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you stop at a coal yard and get this lump?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want to pay $100 to have that shaft examined by an expert?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, good day, sir! you have a big thing, no doubt, but I am running to barley this year."

Wise Words.

Experience is the extract of suffering.

A mind once cultivated will not lie fallow for half an hour.

Care for what you say, or what you say will make you care.

Memory records services with a pen, injuries with a graver.

Think wrongly if you please, but in all cases think for yourself.

The public mind is educated quickly by events—slowly by arguments.

Patience, the second bravery of man, is, perhaps, greater than the first.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed to strong.

Excess generally causes reaction, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.

A Quill Manufacturer.

Theodore Hook addressed the following lines "To Mr. Blank, who put over his door 'Pen and Quill Manufacturer:'"

You put above your door and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first, you well may feel a pride;
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills, your words are somewhat loose;
Who manufactures quills must be a goose!"

Choirs.

To some choirs: Don't sing quite so slow. To other choirs: Don't sing quite so fast. If the congregation sleep under your singing, it may be the sign of singing too slow. If they are unable to "catch on," it may be a sign your singing is too fast.

"Sambo, me b'y," explained Pat, a rollicking Irishman, to a jolly darkey, "tell us what makes your nose so flat." "Danno, Mars Pat," answered Sam; "but I spec' it's to keep me from pokin' into udder people's business."

Just at the Wrong Time.

Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Surveyor's office, and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., who is very fond of shooting, says: "To lose a duck hunt is a loss for which there is no adequate recompense. This misfortune lately overtook me. The boys got together recently and made arrangements for a good hunt. At the time the arrangements were entered into I was in good health generally; but, just as the shooting was to take place, my old enemy, the rheumatism, came back to stay with me awhile again, and I had to forego the pleasure. The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. When this last attack came on me and crippled my hands so that they were drawn up, a friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it, I am happy to say, and the result is that I am now cured as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil succeeded where more than a score of other liniments and medicines have failed."

When ladies kiss are they really doing to each other what they would that men should do to them.

Why suffer from Indigestion and Dyspepsia when Burdock Blood Bitters will positively cure these ailments? A trial bottle only costs 10 cents.

Many a man's conscience is just as good as new at forty, for the simple reason that it has never been used.

The noiseless tenor of their way—the smooth, easy writing pens of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. whose sales have become so decidedly popular. No stationer's stock is complete without them. At wholesale by the sole agents, Paton Bros. & Co., Toronto.