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ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

Whole No. 394

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.

HIGHEST PRICES FOR WHEAT.
Farmers! Don't hold on for higher prices. The account of crops all over Europe indicates that prices are more likely to be lower than higher, on the close of navigation. At the

10 CENT STORE,
CHEAP CASH BAZAAR

JAS. F. KIDNER,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

COAL AND WOOD DEALER.
J. GOODSELL

FANCY GOODS
CONFECTIONERY.
MRS. W. C. KING

W. M. SMITH,
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.

Business Booming
People's Flour & Feed Store

AS THE UNDERSIGNED HAS
A large experience in the manufacture of

FLOUR AND FEED
There is no doubt he can secure a good article of flour at reasonable prices.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
Successor to T. F. Chapman,
BOOKBINDER.
St. George's Square, Guelph.

ACTON—
ARNESS & TRUNK
—DEPOT.
HARNESS OR TRUNKS.
To save money should go to

R. CREECH,
Acton.

East End Butcher Shop,
ACTON, ONT.
H. Marlatt & Bro.

DEAR TO TENDER THANKS TO THE PEOPLE OF ACTON AND VICINITY FOR THEIR KIND PATRONAGE SINCE OPENING BUSINESS HERE, AND WOULD REPECTFULLY 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.

\$2,000 WORTH
SHEET MUSIC

INSTRUCTION BOOKS.
The Finest Stock West of Toronto.

Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

ECONOMY
THE SURE WAY.

IS TO DEAL AT
WM. S. SMITH,
The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

Just Opened Out
Very Latest English & American

Hats, Tweed Rubber Coats,
Silk Braces, Cashmere
Half Hose for Fall
Wear.

Fellows & Curtis' Celebrated
LINEN COLLARS.

SHAW & GRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

The Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 9, 1882.

POETRY.
THE NINETY AND NINE.
There are ninety and nine that are true and die
In want and hunger and cold.
That one may never be true
And be happy in its olden fall;
The ninety and nine in their lives bare,
The one in a place with riches rare.

OUR STORY.
Romance of House-cleaning
"I'm coming to visit you," said Eric Hale, with a slight grimace. "That summering the lady, with the useless white hands, and the shallow little society lady, Mr. and Mrs. Hale, pack my portmanteau and let me be off on a lecturing tour, and from here I'll come to see you."

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hensive glance around the scene of confusion, and I'm going to help you through with it."

"Yes, I," said Mrs. Dove. "Why not? Just lead me one of Betsy's old dresses. Where is Betsy, by the way?"

"Her father has just carried her home in the wagon," said Mrs. Dove. "She broke her leg."

"And your charwoman?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Dove. "She has got a visitation of the measles, or small-pox, or some other horrid disease in her family. And my nephew, Eric, is to be gone for three days; and I made sure I could finish the house cleaning while he was absent."

"And we will," said Flora, cheerily. "How can we?"

"Oh, you shall see!" nodded Miss Lee. "And, depressed though she was, Mrs. Dove began to feel the mercury rise in her mental thermometer at once."

"And Flora Lee arrayed herself in one of Betsy's cast-off calicoes, tied her rippled brows tresses up in a cambric sweeping cap and went vigorously to work with a scrubbing brush; while Mrs. Dove, with her attention to the window glass, and Adonijah, with more zeal than discretion, scrubbed whitewash over himself and the fire with a scrubbing brush."

"Well," said Adonijah, afterward, "I never did see an erickets work sayer than that city young lady. By gracious, she beats Betsy all boiler at it! And she's got such an up-and-down pretty way of doing things, too. I declare, I couldn't hardly take my eyes off her all the time I was in 'white-washin'!"

"Mrs. Dove, however, was unused to the severe exertions incident upon house-cleaning time, and went to bed with a sick headache, in the middle of the afternoon."

"Never mind, Mrs. Dove," said Flora; "I'll get tea, and I'll make some of those cream waffles and a short cake for Mr. Dove, and you shall see how nicely I can fry oysters."

"Indeed, indeed, I don't know what I should do without you, Flora!" said Mrs. Dove, fervently.

"But, as it happened, Mr. Daniel Dove was unexpectedly detained on business at Whitkill, a neighboring town, and instead of him, who should wash down the little sitting-room, flinging down his carpetbag, but Eric Hale himself, just as the rainy dusk closed in, and the delicious oysters and Mocha coffee filled the house."

"Hello!" said Eric. "So you're cleaning house—eh, Betsy?"

"Yes, sir," a demure reply responded from the kitchen.

"And where's my aunt?"

"The most wretched of creatures. I recant. I own that you are equal to any emergency."

"And when, later in the evening, Mrs. Dove crept out, with her head tied up in eau de Cologne, she found her nephew and Flora Lee playing chess together by the fire in the most amicable manner imaginable."

"It's all right," said Mrs. Dove to herself.

"It was all right. And Mrs. Eric Hale won her first, unconventional husband, not through the medium of dress, or jewelry, or waltzes, or flower shows, but through the grim realities of cleaning house."

"I wanted a genuine helpmate," said the Reverend Eric, "and I have got one."

Something Quite Soft.
"Why your hand feels as soft as silk," said I, as I shook hands with the widow.

"Nonsense, doctor," she replied. "Here with some more of your flattery, are you? My hands are not as soft as your own this minute."

"Why your hand," said I, "feels so soft I'd be afraid to squeeze it, I never felt anything so soft."

"Now, doctor, just listen at you again. If you never felt anything so soft as my hand, and even softer—much softer—you know it has been your own fault," and I thought the widow blushed as though sorry she had said it.

"Pray," said I, becoming deeply interested, "what might I have felt that is softer than your hand?"

"Hush now! You don't know of course. You are very innocent," and then I could have sworn the widow was blushing.

"Upon my honor I don't know," was my still more interested reply; "won't you tell me or show me?"

"No, you know I won't tell you."

"Then show me, won't you?"

"I don't like to. But you are such a tease and such a dunce, one must do almost anything to get rid of you."

"Certainly."

DOLLARS AND CENTS.
What will this country be noted for hence?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What are men striving for hot and intense?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What make our politics rank with offences?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What makes Mr. Gould, though a small man
immense?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What makes our cashiers jump o'er the bank
fence?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What makes crime in the slightest pretence?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
Why do I stern justice often resent?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What makes more than all shadows tell of the event?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.
What makes you polite to a man of no sense?
Dollars and cents. Dollars and cents.

Troubles of Woman's Life.
Whether last year's fall-dress will appear this winter.

Whether to put a parrot or a pigeon on their winter bonnet.

How much the woman across the street paid for her bonnet.

What is the best disposition to make of small boys on bean-nights.

Why the people they meet in real life so unlike the ones they read of in novels.

How much cloth "cut on a bias," it will take to run a dress with fifteen ruffles.

Why that man of forty whose brain power is so unusually spent when asked to match wrosted.

Whether it is wiser to marry a homely man with a big fortune, or a handsome fellow without a cent.

Why it is so much more thirsons to sweep a five-foot room than to take a five-mile tramp after autumn leaves.

Whether sky-blue, Paris green, or old-gold ribbon is most becoming round a stout gray poodle's neck.

If Edison could get up some sort of a patent kitchen machine to run things while the cook is on the strike.

Which is the best way of putting on the right side of her husband's pocketbook for winter supply of waffles.

How some girls can contrive to get married after one season's courtship, and others can't after a half-a-dozen.

The Philosophy of After Marriage
"You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half in his gown and slippers. "Why do you say that, Puss?" he asked, quietly, removing a cigar from his lips. "You do not care me nor call me pet names, you no longer seek so anxiously for my company," was the tearful answer. "My dear," continued the aggravating wretch, "did you ever notice a man running after a car? How he does run—over stones, through mud, regardless of everything till he catches the car, and he seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seizes himself and reads his paper."

"And what does that mean?" "An illustration, my dear. The car is as important to the man after he gets in, as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have said any one who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you, as I would now about any one who would come between us; but as a proof of my love you insist on my running after the car."

Keep it to Yourself.
You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general do not move pleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and extinguished, but when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The paper for sad and distracting things is under the ground.

A cut finger is never benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Tie it up and let it alone. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar, but once published and couched to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and when sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say:—"No one ever knew that until the trouble was all over."

The Farmer's Life.
There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and a hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed sometimes to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race for life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was first. But the farmer goes on, as it were, late partnership with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and hilly slopes. He hears the pleasant rain fall upon the waving corn, and the trees belpanted in youth rustle about him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

Not one of our Facilitators.
So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pliffing your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor, is asked for. He will pliff your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere.

O. E. Constock, Cajonville, Minn. writes: "I was suffering the most excruciating pains" from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil afforded almost instant relief and two bottles effected a permanent cure.

Mrs. R. M. Gilford, of Port Haven, was for many years a sufferer with Liver Complaint, and a serious complication of disease. In a short time she says that she has only taken a few bottles of Putnam's Blood Purifier, and she is now covered with health and an abundance of hair. Her name in advertising is for the benefit of humanity.