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Acton Free Press.

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Volume VIII. No. 28
ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1883.
Whole No. 408

ACTON BANKING COY.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS.
Acton, Ontario.

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

BIG BARGAINS
IN
WATCHES
and
JEWELRY,
FOR THIS MONTH

I intend giving the best bargains ever offered in
GUELPH.

Don't fail to examine my stock.

Shop open every evening during the Holidays.

W.M. S. SMITH,
The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE OF
DOLLS AND
FANCY GOODS
IN IMMENSE VARIETY

10 CENT STORE,
and Cheap Cash Bazaar.

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

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

FUR CAPS.
In South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver.

SHAW & GRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors
GUELPH.

BE YOUR OWN JUDGE.
I make no unwarrantable boast of having
The Largest Stock,
The Biggest Stock, or
The Cheapest Stock,
But respectfully invite you to call and examine my stock for
Quantity, Quality & Cheapness
Draw your own conclusions!
Be your own Judge!
I am quite satisfied as to the general results.
Yours respectfully,
James Goodall,
ACTON BOOT & SHOE HOUSE,
MILL STREET, ACTON.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
Succesor to E. F. Chapman,
BOOKBINDER.
St. George's Square, Guelph.

JAMES MATTHEWS,
Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,
Accident
Insurance Tickets.
(83000 for 25c. per day.)
Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co.
return tickets issued, or tickets to bring out
your friends, **CHEAPER THAN ALMOST ANY**
EVER LIVE.
Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed
short date notes discounted.
Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings
Co., Toronto.

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 re-
spectfully 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.

CHRISTMAS GOODS
—TO BE—
Opened Up This Week.

Ten large cases Fancy Goods.
Four cases Books.
Two cases Photograph Albums.
One case fine Bibles and Prayer
Books.
Three cases Letter and other Bk.
Books.
One case Purses and Wallets.

Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.

The Above Goods Are All new.
IF YOU ARE IN WANT
OF
PURE DRUGS
AND
MEDICINES,
GO TO—
PETRIE'S

New Drug Store,
GUELPH.

You will there find the best quality at Moderate Prices.

DYE STUFFS.
My stock is selected with the greatest care. All my own colors guaranteed. Handy package dyes every color kept.

IN PATENT MEDICINES
my stock is very large, and constantly adding all the new remedies.

MACHINERY OILS
All kinds: Castor Oil; Elephant Oil; Neatsfoot Oil; Seal Oil; Lubricating Oil; Sewing Machine Oil, &c., at bottom prices.

COAL OIL, COAL OIL.
Wholesale and Retail.
The best quality always kept, and the lowest prices.
Come and see the New Store.

A. B. PETRIE.

The Free Press

THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 11, 1883.

POETRY.

The Trout Song.
Down in the deep
Part below the
And there in the moment of that and deep
By the bank's edge
And the sparkling beam
And the shining silver in the
The water's top
Comes tumbling by
But never a moment it stays in my eye
For the hermit trout
Is not such a trout
As to be by a smiling boy pulled out.
King of the brook,
So white and sleek
This is no wild trout of the woods brook
That you find
And handle as they try
Shall look at their bait? No, no, no!
But what the stream
With moonlight gleams
Sparkle all silver, and I shall be
Then look out
For the hermit trout
For the spring and summer
The hermit trout
While the time is longer dream.

OUR STORY.

Miss Burke's Love-Letter.

"Johnny, Johnny Hunter, I want you," said Miss Laura Hunter, bringing a letter of like and ribbon into the small sewing room where Johnny was leaning contentedly on the sewing machine talking to Miss Burke.
"Well, what do you want?" says Johnny with a discontented air.
"I want you to take this note to Mr. Reed's store, leave it. I don't see what you are in here bothering Miss Burke for anyhow."
"Ain't a bothering a bit," says Johnny, sulkily.
"Indeed he isn't. I like to have him here," said the little dreamer.
"Oh, well, I was always in the way, poking around the house," said Miss Laura.
"Come, Johnny, take this note and I'll give you a nickel."
"All right, hand over your nickel then," the small coin was placed in the young man's hand, and dropped into his pocket along with the note, but Johnny still lingered in the sewing room.
"Head's store," said he, after Laura had gone out. Reed's her head, and I'll let it in a new letter. I wonder what girls are so fond of love-letters for?
"Aren't you?" asked Miss Burke.
"You bet I ain't. Write em to the girls at our school, sometimes, just a nicker 'em mail. But later, they never come nothing. How many love-letters do you get, Miss Burke?"
"Never had one in my life," Johnny.
"Oh, she's not! Honor bright!"
"Yes, honor bright."
"Well, I think it's a shame. You're awful nice looking. Prettier than our Laura, with all her long braids and frizzes, I think."
"Johnny, I'm afraid you're a flatterer."
"I ain't. It's what I do think, honest."
"Then I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion."
"You're welcome. Now there's Laura, she gets dozens of 'em. Laughs at some of 'em, and burns 'em up. Not at Reed's, though. They're always writing to each other. I wouldn't carry 'em, but I make 'em pay me—the gives me nickles, and Reed gives me dimes, quaters so sometimes. It's too bad that you don't get any, Miss Burke."
"Shall I tell you what I think, Johnny?" said his friend, gently.
"Yes, of course."
"Well, I think that when boy's letters ask them to take a note in a hurry, boys ought to go."
"Oh, Lol's always in a hurry," said Johnny, deliberately. "But I reckon I'd better go, or she'll give me banknotes. She never says boys are always in the way, though."
"It's a little hard on the boys, Johnny. But never mind, remember you are not in my way, whenever you like to be in here."
"All right, that suits me," said Johnny, and off he went upon his errand, with his head full of a plan of his own, to return Miss Burke's kindness.
"It's too everlasting bad," he said, "and I ain't going to stand it! I'll get Uncle John to help me, and then I'll be all O.K. you bet!"
When Master Johnny came back from his errand, he sped upstairs to his Uncle's room. Uncle John was a bachelor, and boarded with his sister-in-law, Johnny's mother.
"Uncle John!" cried our small friend, dashing into the room with his usual lack of ceremony. "I want you to write me a slam up, sepulture, love-letter!"
"What do you want that for, scalliwag?" asked Uncle John.
"That's for me to know and you to find out! You write it, that's all."
"Which one of the school girls have you set your heart on, monkey?"
"I don't have to tell! Here's a sheet of paper; please write that letter, Uncle, and I'll send it. It needn't be long; you know."
"Well, if I must, I must, I reckon.

What out of you do you want?
"Oh!—any kind! Only not too silly, just a note to write for you, like you would write yourself."
"I have not had much experience in the love-letter line," said Uncle John, laughing, "but I will get up something."
He scribbled over the paper and then he gave it to Johnny, who took it delightedly.
"Thanky, Uncle. When you get a girl I'll help you."
"I do—my you with, you know! Go along with you now, and don't bother me."
"Well, give me an envelope, then."
"Help yourself, there's the drawer."
Johnny took an envelope and addressed it to Miss Burke's letter, and his Uncle forgot all about it.
The next morning, when Miss Burke went to her work, a small white envelope directed to Miss Mary Burke lay upon the machine.
"She took it up, somewhat surprised, opened it, and read that which might be each her breath, while her eyes filled with tears.
The note read thus—
"Dear Mr. Reed—I am sure, respect and love you above all other folks. My heart is yours, and I want yours in exchange. If you will accept me, I'll be mine forever, I shall be forever yours affectionately."
Miss Burke could hardly believe her senses. "Could this be a trick? No, she felt sure from the small acquaintance she had with John Hunter that he was not the man to do such a deed. She knew that Mrs. Hunter sometimes scolded because he would not pay attention to the fine young ladies who visited her, and she heard him say that he wouldn't give a quid little somebody for 'em all. But could it be he? He really chosen her? Was it true that she might have a nice home of her own, and not be a wanderer serving from place to place? It seemed too blessed to be true. But there was the note, and it must have some sort of an answer, so she wrote—
"Ma Hunter—I feel sure you would not make me the subject of a cruel joke, yet I can hardly believe that the note you sent was really meant for me. I never dared to hope that a happy home and the love of a noble man were for me, but if you were truly in earnest, I shall be in the sitting room tonight, and if you wish to talk it over you can."
Miss Burke.

Mr. Hunter dropped the note in terror and amazement.
"In the name of the people!" he cried, "if the woman crazy? Send her a note! I never dreamed of such a thing. How on earth can I talk her so? She takes me in dead earnest too—gracious, what a position! Make her a cruel joke! No, indeed, I could not! Such a modest little thing as she is, too! My it's too bad! Somebody has done it, and I know—great goodness! hullo, here!"
These last words came as a sudden remembrance flashed over his mind. Just then the front door shut with a well-known bang. Mr. Hunter hurried to his door and called:
"Johnny Hunter, come up here quick!"
"O.K.!" came in the response, and up bounded Young America, three steps at a time, and stood unabashed in the presence of his uncle.
"Look here, did you send that nonsensical love-letter I wrote for you the other day?"
"You bet."
"Who to?"
"My girl."
"And John the younger looks John the elder calmly in the eye."
"Confound you! Tell me her name!"
"Her name's Miss Burke, and she is a jolly nice girl."
"Whose name did you sign?"
"Why, my own, to be sure. I ain't ashamed of it."
"Did you put it to it?"
"No. Why should I?"
"Uncle John could hardly help giving the little girl a shake. He dropped into a chair, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.
"Do you know what a scrape you've got me into?" he exclaimed. "She thinks I wrote it! She has answered it and she believes I have asked her to marry me!"
"Golly, what a sell! I never thought of such a joke! It's too rich for anything."
"Don't laugh, you expiring scalliwag, or I'll be tempted to thrash you!"
"Catch you at it, however! It's too good! What are you going to do, Uncle John?"
"Lord knows! I never was in such a scrape, I'm sure I confound it!"
Johnny coolly sat himself, with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, which was his usual attitude when advising his elders.
"Well, now, I'll tell you what to do."
"I'll just marry her."
"Good Heavens!"
"Well, I would!" with a sage shake of his head.
"She's nice and pretty, and she never gets cross, and she don't bang her hair, and you own the nice house next door and—law sakes, Uncle John, just get married and be done with it, and I'll come over and live with you."
"That's an excellent, certainly. Hang on! I haven't a notion to!"
"I would, Uncle John: Old bachelors are always being made fun of. And you've got lots of money, Uncle John. Just go on and let's have a big wedding, and lots of cakes and goodies, and I'll let that letter come on my own account, but I'll let it stand for you, if you want her, and we'll fix it all up

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Blossoms.
They met while yet the year was young,
And 'mid the blossoming boughs they sung,
Like other birds, their tale of love.
Like other birds they were "free"
In their shade of sun or tree,
Or twilight of the sky above.
They wandered free, and loved the dawn,
Brushed with their wings the dew of morn,
And innocently sped the days.
Like other birds, when autumn came,
Their love could never be the same.
They went along their separate way.
With half a smile and half a sigh,
When, as the winter hours go by,
Come, like a melody's refrain,
A sweet remembrance, softly sung,
They remember: "When the year was young
They met." "Till never come again."

Couundrums.
Why is love like pattern?—Because it
elevates the soul (so).
Why are stars the best astronomers?
Because they have studied (studied) the
heavens since the Creation.
If Mr. Rowland Hill were to give each of
his children half a sovereign, why would he
be like the rising sun?—Because he tips the
little Hills with gold.
What is the difference between a pastry-
cook and a bill-sticker?—One puffs up paste,
and the other passes up puff.
Who was the first whistler, and what was
his tune?—The wind, when he whistled
"Over the hills and far away."
Why have fowls no future state?—Because
they have their next world in this world
(flocks twirled in this world).
Which is the easiest of the three profes-
sions?—Divinity; because it is easier to
"preach" than to "practice."
Why are your nose and chin always at
odds?—Because words are eternally
at odds with them.
What kind of food is that which people
eat when they are ever of bad?—Ail vee.
Why should a little man turn a bouncing
ball?—Because he would be called "the
widow's mite."

Loss of Confidence.
A shepherd was eating his dinner beside
a spring when a wolf walked out of the
forest and coolly enquired:
"Well, how is the wool and mutton busi-
ness?"
"Pretty fair," replied the astonished
shepherd.
"I have come to tell you," continued the
wolf, "that the hyenas have formed a plot
to break into your sheep-fold to-night, and
to offer my services as a private watch-
man."
"You are ever so kind to give me this
warning."
"And you just leave the gate open and
go to bed feeling perfectly safe. The first
hyena who comes fooling around your
mitten will find his heels breaking his
neck."
After some further conversation it was
agreed that the gate should be left open
and that the wolf should stand guard.
Darkness was scarcely an hour old when
a great outcry was heard at the fold and
the shepherd ran out and discovered the
wolf in a trap he had set within the pen.
"Is this the kind of confidence you had
in me?" bewailed the wolf as he struggled
to get free.
"I had plenty of confidence in you," re-
plied the shepherd, "but more in the trap!
Prepare to die!"
MORAL:
Don't lead both horse and saddle to the
same pen.

My Smoking Brother.
Can you afford to stand in the way of
your sons? Can you afford to be a stam-
pling block in the path of these little ones
when you consider that the use of tobacco,
besides its own evil effects, leads straight to
smoking habits, isn't the responsibility too
heavy for you to assume? Perhaps you
have not informed yourself upon this
subject, but ignorance is no excuse in the
eyes of God or man. You are setting an
example to the young around you, and one
day, after time is no more for you, before
the bar of God, you will render an account
for the seeds sown in the body; and by
no means least in the list, will stand your
example.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.
Honor the name of Dr. Scott Putnam,
inventor of Putnam's Painless Core Ex-
tractor. Many less deserving men have
their names enrolled among those considered
benefactors of their race. Why not his?
Ask those who have used Putnam's Painless
Core Extractor what they think of it.
Their thankful hearts cannot sound his
praise too high. Safe, sure and painless.
Beware of cheap substitutes. Sold every-
where by druggists. N. C. POLSON &
CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

Beware of Imitations.
Since Dr. Thomas' Elettro Oil has
become celebrated, a number of unprin-
ciple persons have been endeavoring
to palm off Elettroton and Elettro Oil for
the genuine Dr. Thomas' Elettroton Oil.
Beware of these similar named articles,
if their originators had any faith in the
healing properties of their own medi-
cines they would, like honest men, give
them a name of their own, and not try
to sell them on the reputation of an-
other; but as they know their pre-
parations have no merit, they resort to
the most unprincipled means of selling
them by getting a name as near as
possible to Elettroton. We therefore ask
the public when purchasing to see that
the name Dr. Thomas' Elettro Oil is
on the front of the wrapper, and the
signature of NORMAN & LITTLE,
the proprietors for Canada on the back.

Housewife.—Before I employ a man
I you ask, "Have you a liver?"
"Servant-maiden—" "Ost! I should say!"
A young man in Des Moines loved a girl
so wildly that he wrote her fifteen letters a
day for five weeks. At the end of that
time she dropped with another lover.
"How can I keep the cattle from break-
ing down the fence to get into my garden
at night?" said a man to a neighbor.
"That's easy enough."
"But how can I keep the cattle from
breaking down the fence?"
"By leaving the gate open."

A Common Delusion.
A good-looking young lady has been con-
fined in a New York State asylum for a
long time, because she labored under the delu-
sion that several men desired to marry
her. If all the good looking young ladies
and let's have a big wedding, and lots of
cakes and goodies, and I'll let that letter
come on my own account, but I'll let it stand for
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