—THE—

Acton Free Press

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT

The Free Press

Power Printing & Publishing

OFFICE,

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.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit 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	$50.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

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.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont

JOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE 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.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of Riggs & Ivory, Toronto.

Will be at Campbell's Hotel on the first Monday of every month, in the practice of his profession. All work executed in the latest and most improved style of the dental art. No charge for consultation.

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. F. FULLERTON, WM. M. HALL, F. 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.

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.

May, 1st, 1882. Box 172, Acton.

TIMBER WANTED

The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm, birch, red beech, soft maple, rim ash, red oak, basswood, white ash, poplar, white wood, balm of gilead, pine, cedar, or black ash, in either bolts, logs, or standing trees. Apply at once to

THOS. C. MOORE,
Acton, Ont.

GRAIN.

The undersigned have purchased the Grain business of Messrs. G. & E. Tolton, and will pay the highest market price for all kinds of grain, delivered at their warehouse, at the Grand Trunk Railway, Acton. Clean your grain well and secure the highest prices. We will also pay cash for Pork.

JAMES MATTHEWS & SONS.
Acton, Oct. 25th, 1882.

FRANCIS NUNAN,

Successor to T. F. 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.

JAMES MATTHEWS,

Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,
" " Life " "
" " Accident " "
" " Insurance Tickets.
($3000 for 25c. per day.)

Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., return tickets issued, or tickets to bring out your friends, CHEAPER THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER LINE.

Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed short date notes discounted.

Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.

—CONVEYANCER OF—

Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattle Mortgages, Farm and House Leases, Agreements, &c.

Clerk Div. Court, Com'r in Queen's Bench, &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

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.

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

Volume. VIII. No. 29 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883. Whole No. 404

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.

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.

WM. S. SMITH,

The Watch and Clock Hospital, Guelph.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE OF

German, French, English and American

DOLLS AND FANCY GOODS

IN IMMENSE VARIETY

—AT THE—

10 CENT STORE,

and Cheap Cash Bazaar.

Our Goods and Prices Draw the Crowd.

JAS. F. KIDNER,

Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

FUR CAPS.

In South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver.

Our Caps have been very carefully selected, and we are showing very choice Furs very low prices.

SHAW & CRUNDY,

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 judges!

I am quite satisfied as to the general results.

Yours respectfully,

James Goodall,

ACTON BOOT & SHOE HOUSE,

MILL STREET, ACTON.

—CHOICE—

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 Blk. Books.
One case Purses and Wallets.

—AT—

Day's Bookstore,

GUELPH.

The Above Goods Are All new.

IF YOU ARE IN WANT

—OF—

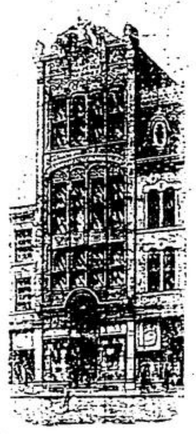
PURE DRUGS

—AND—

MEDICINES,

—GO TO—

PETRIE'S



New Drug Store,

GUELPH.

You will there find the best quality at Moderate Prices.

Horse and Cattle Medicines carefully compounded.

DYE STUFFS.

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

Trusses, Supporters, Bandages, I. R. Stockings, &c. A very full line of these goods kept. They are fitted on without extra charge.

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.

Paints, Oils, Colors, Turpentine, Harness Varnish, Hoof Ointment, Store Varnish, Carriage Varnish, Turpentine Varnish, Furniture Polish.

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. 18, 1883.

POETRY.

WORK AND YOU WON'T GO WRONG.

For many and many a weary year
John Benson struggled along,
And a simple motto was all his plan,
"Work on and you won't go wrong."

You see he was only a commonplace man,
And he worked in a commonplace way,
But commonplace honesty was his rule,
And a day's work every day.

But little by little his trade increased,
And his fortune slowly grew;
And he slowly gathered a pleasant host
Of friends both kind and true.

He made no foes, for in all he did
He never gave cause for blame,
Till people were glad through all the town
To honor John Benson's name.

He never had struggled for fame or place,
And greatly surprised was he,
When the people chose him from all the rest
At the head of the town to be.

And the commonplace man for his commonplace work,
Has been their selectman long,
And he might have chosen a motto worse
Than "Work and you won't go wrong!"

OUR STORY.

A FORTUNATE JEST.

A certain young man residing not a thousand miles from the city of London, had, at the age of one-and-twenty, come into the possession of a large fortune.

Immediately the sun at the fore—other friends assembled about him, and sought to make him believe that they could make life pleasant for him. He was fond of company; full of life; with no restraint save his own conscience; and he was easily led on into the glare and glitter of convivial enjoyment.

His mother had died when he was a youth of eighteen, and his father had died a year to get. And he had no near relative to counsel or to guide him.

Once he had loved a beautiful young girl, but his dissipated course had frightened her parents, and they had forbidden him their house until he could lead a sober life. This had so angered him that he jerked from the image out from his heart, resolving that he would never be a slave.

And he was living a brilliant, glorious life, he knew—or, at least, he felt himself so. He drank deeper and deeper; and, soon, he came to the gaming table. In short, every vice that a wealthy spendthrift might find fleeting pleasure in, he indulged in.

And the circle of friends clung closely. They swore by him; declared him a trump. They drank his wine, and robbed him of his money; and if a new source of pleasure could be found, they all went in for the enjoyment, and he paid the bill!

One day, after his eye had become cleared, and his step uncertain, he met the girl he had once loved in the street. He read pity in her sweet face, and saw tears in her eyes; and he tried to steel his heart; yet he thought of her until his wild friends were again around him.

One day he went to the bank and drew out a thousand pounds.

That night he sat down in his own apartments, with his own wine upon the sideboard, and his own cards upon the table, and played with his dear friends! The wine flowed freely, he drank deeply, and the game went on recklessly. They played for high stakes, and played fast and late.

On the following morning the young man awoke with a bursting head and aching eyes. By and by he called to mind the events of the night. He looked into his pocket-book and into his purse. Empty both! And he remembered that he had given his checks to various members of the party for large amounts. He found the counter-foils, and they told him he had drawn his checks to the amount of over two thousand!

But what of that? Before night he had drunk brandy enough to steady his nerves, and make him once more happy.

Another evening came, and again his friends were assembled round his board. He had got up a grand supper for them this time! and after the various courses of food had passed in order, came the wine and the toasts.

And one of the friends, to whom a large check had been given, got up to offer a compliment.

"Fill up! fill up!" he cried; "While I give you the toast of the evening! Here's to our sober and thrifty host! May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!"

It was drank with cheers—three times three.

It was observed that from that moment the spirits of their host seemed to fail him. He became moody and abstracted. By-and by some-one bantered him upon it, and asked him what was the matter.

He answered:

"I was thinking, did Tom tell the truth when he said I was sober and thrifty?"

And thereupon they all exclaimed:

"Of course he did! Ou! was ever a man soberer, or more thrifty?"

"Because," perused the host, pathetically, "I shouldn't want a friend to lie on my account!"

"Oho! Sensible to the last! Fill up!"

But the host would drink no more. He bade the others enjoy themselves as much, and as long, as they pleased; but they must excuse him.

Without him, however, the sport lagged; and when they found there was to be no card-playing they soon dispersed.

And after they were gone, the young man sat down alone, and thought; and the words "Sober and thrifty!" "Sober and thrifty!" rang in his ears, and he repeated them aloud.

And then he repeated:

"May he be ever as sensible as he is at this moment!" And then, with a smiting of his clinched hand upon his bosom, he exclaimed, "Tom did not lie! I will not let him lie!"

On the following day the youth went to the bank, and was closeted for half an hour with the manager.

On the morning of the next day a paragraph appeared in the society papers, announcing:

We are rather pained to announce that F——B——, the young man who was the inheritor of a fortune little more than two years ago, has lost every penny. Misfortune has befallen him; false friends have betrayed him; so that now his bill for less than a hundred pounds has gone to protest.

On the next day after this the young man (we will call him Fred), went to Tom Amberly, to whom he had given hundreds and thousands, and asked him for the loan of a hundred pounds.

"Pon my honor Fred, I wish I had it, but, really——"

The youth waited to hear no more. He tried half a dozen others, and with the same result; save that one man, who had won two thousand pounds from him at one sitting, offered to *give him five pounds*, but he wouldn't lend him!

Then Fred went to his rooms, and sold off his furniture, and gave them up; and from that time was lost to sight for a word months.

It was getting towards Christmas time that a society paper came out on a certain morning with a paragraph which, to a certain set, was startling:

"We are happy to state that a mistake was made a few months since in the announcement of the entire loss of Mr. F——B——'s fortune. He had at that time been very unfortunate, and through some strange mistake, a bill of his went to protest; but he is all right now. The manager of the bank who is his account is kept informs us that he will honor the young man's check for a hundred thousand pounds with pleasure. All is well that ends well.

Within forty-and-twenty hours of that time Fred was in receipt of a dozen gushing notes, from as many different individuals, offering him any help in their power to give, and begging him to remember the old friendship.

Only one of them did he answer, and that was the note from Tom Amberly:

"Do you remember, Tom, that you once offered a toast in my rooms in honor of myself; and you called me your 'sober and thrifty host'? And I resolved in my heart of hearts from that moment, that you had not lied!"

And when the Christmas bells were ringing Fred led the dear girl of his old-time love to the altar, and took her home in wedlock, promising that the night had passed, and that the morning had dawned upon a new and better life.

Wit and Humor.

The lay of the last minstrel—The shoemaker's song.

An unavoidable breach of the piece—The stock of a gun.

A horse that is as beautiful as a dream—The nightmare.

In Scotland it is conceded that the shepherd is a head man.

There are a great many men who never mind their own business.

Colors are fast when they don't run, and run when they are not fast.

They say the ground is the only reliable bank; but it is broken every day.

The fall meeting, to which the sporting papers allude, is the wrestling match.

Why is a drunkard like a bad account? Because he generally overbalances.

In the Western schools opthalmia—except in a few exceptional cases—is unknown.

Mr. Smithers thinks he will have to get a horse, seeing that his wife's tongue keeps a waggin'.

The Cause.

A Kentucky paper puts it in this way: Whiskey is the cause of nearly all crime, disorder and misery.

Strike it out, and *strikes* will end.

Tramp it out and tramps will be few.

Murder it, and murders will cease.

Stab it to the heart, and hearts will no longer be stabbed.

Put an everlasting end to the mean thing, and meanness will be the exception, instead of the rule.

Set fire to it—burn the last bottle and barrel, and fewer souls will burn in hell!

Away with the cruel curse forever.

This is true, every word of it; it is today blighting the brightest prospects, and withering the finest intellects in the land. Genius is a babe, and manhood the veriest weakness, in the hands of this monster.

Scotch Dialogue.

They sat down one night in the glorious and discussed their son—verially.

Jenny—Weel, John, he's sixteen now, an' it's time he was wan' tae something. What d'ye think we should mak' him?

John—Deed, to tell the truth, Jenny I'm no very sure. He's no very gleg at the best, an' ditna incline tae anything particeeklar.

Jenny—What d'ye say tae a shopkeeper? There's gey mony a job o' that kind.

John—No, no, that'll no do. He wants tae be Parliament, he says tae turn for an' wad ye see sae the public.

Jenny—Weel, a shoemaker?

John—That's aiver fauchious. He has neither skeel nor patience for that. Wha think ye o' vin o' the faw rut professions?

Jenny—No bad ava. For instance, a doctor? There's genteelity an' bawbee there.

John—Ou' o' the questin, my woman. He hasna nerve. He couldna handle a knife for the life o' him.

Jenny—a minister then?

John—Far aiver little an' even, sahun. He wan' get mixt amang verbs an' adjectives, an' the ministher would frankter 'im.

Jenny—Then I tell ye a lawyer.

John—A lawyer! The deil's i' the woman. He's tae mair heid for that than a pig has for pettin' gems. It takes a clever chiel tae be a lawyer. Whatever could he answer the arguments tae feeing him? He wanna such. Gin I get my will he's tae be a minister.

Jenny—Faith, an' ye're mebbe no far wrong there, John. We hae twa hunner lib'ra' tae, an' we might put 'im through the College.

John—Fine! It's an easy job. Anybody can mak' a minister nae days. There's nae mickle tae learn' tae' tell. An' look at the fine' manse, an' the glebe, and the dekh! The stipend tae. It dinna need a great heid. I tell ye that's the right plan, Jenny. I'll mark' a minister o' him, an' it'll fit me hair into society. Tae quote the words o' the poet, say I—

A minister, a minister's the thing,
Upo' the spirit Cow hopes will fling.

[In the language of the reporters, this "was unanimously agreed to."]

What an Old Farmer Says.

This is the advice of an old man who has tilled the soil for forty years:—

I am an old man upwards of three score years, during two scores of which I have been rich and poor; do not owe a dollar, have given my children a good education, and when I am called away shall leave them enough to keep the wolf from the door. My experience has taught me that—

1. One acre of land well prepared and well tilled produces more than two which received only the same amount of labor used on one.

2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed is more profitable than two kept on the same sum not necessary to keep one well.

3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.

4. No farmer who buys oats, corn or wheat, fodder and hay, can keep the sheriff from the door to the end.

5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a lucky road, poor stock, broken down fences, and complains of "hard seasons."

6. The farmer who is above his business and entrusts it to another to manage, soon has no business to attend to.

The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refrain to drink.

A Dog Story.

"Yes," said Hostetter McGinnis, who hates to be beaten in telling a story, "that reminds me of an intelligent pointer I once owned. He was a remarkably intelligent animal. I was in the habit of putting a plate on the table for him, and it would make a graven image laugh to see that dog sitting up in a chair as dignified as a judge. One day I purposely placed no plate at the table for Pointo, which was his name. He looked at his vacant place and then came to me, and by pawing me and rubbing me with his nose, tried to call my attention to his neglect, but I did not take the slightest notice of him. Finally, he walked out into the garden and disappeared."

"And that was the last you ever saw of him. I know of several dogs that have done that."

"No, he came back in a few moments with a flower in his mouth, which flower the intelligent animal placed in my hand with a significant look, to call attention to his having been overlooked. Now, what sort of a flower do you suppose the dog had picked out to remind me of my apparent neglect of him?"

"I don't know what sort of a flower it was."

"Well, intelligent brute, out of more than forty different kinds of flowers, had picked out a forget-me-not."

Most men will dodge and come back to you on any argument, but no man will allow another to split hairs on the question of "Next" in a barber shop when it's his turn.

THE WISH-BONE.

They say the boys are horrid things,
And don't know how to act;
They're nothing, though, to grown-up girls
I tell you it's a fact.
I saw myself the whole affair
And I watched the fun begin;
'Twas Sue that laid the spiteful plot
To take Amelia in.

At dinner 'Melia twitted Sue
About a bean she'd lost;
And, though Sue kept a smiling face,
I saw how much it cost.
I knew that something had to come;
Boys like an honest fight,
But girls will smile and kiss, and then
Do something mean for spite.

"Just put the wish-bone, dear," said Sue,
"Above the parlor door;
Your husband be the first will be
Who steps the threshold o'er.
She helped Amelia mount the chair
(I watched it with a grin),
Then beckoned with her finger-tips,
And called the waiter in.

Words of Wisdom.

He that hath no cross deserves no crown.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

He who expects a friend without faults may expect.

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.

We would rather trust a vivacious woman than a vain one.

Who comes too near the sun, with golden wings, melts them.

The good are better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

Learn not to judge too harshly of any one either in respect of good or evil.

Do not eat cherries with your superiors; they will blind you with the stones.

Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

He is not so good as he should be who does not strive to be better than he is.

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself to be decidedly homely.

Call to mind the heavier sufferings of others, so may you better bear your own small troubles.

Most of their faults women owe to us, while we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

Individual character is in the right that is in strict consistence with itself. Self-contradiction is the only wrong.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

The angels may have wider spheres of action, may have nobler forms of duty, but right with them and with us is one and the same thing.

Nothing does so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools, which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools which are so.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in silent repose.

Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means. The means, by all means.

The New Story.

Not a tale of failure or disappointment; not the old story of the victim of caustic applications and the evils attending their use; but the new story of success of freedom from pain and consequently absence of spots left on the flesh. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor gives inspiration for happier reports, and sufferers from corns need not hesitate to try it. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

☞ Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without a single complaint. Everywhere they are the favorite Dyes.

"TEABERRY" is very fine—
Makes your Teeth as white as mine;
Try "TEABERRY" and you will see
If it's not what 'tis said to be.

Kram's Fluid Lightning

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks, but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. Twenty-five cents per bottle at J. E. McGarvin's Drug Store.

No household should be considered complete without a bottle of DR. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE is in the closet. It is the only remedy that will positively, permanently and promptly cure all forms of kidney disease. Sold by J. E. McGarvin.

Beware of Imitations

Since Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has become celebrated, a number of unprincipled persons have been endeavoring to palm off Electron and Electric Oil for the genuine DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Beware of these similar named articles. If their originators had any faith in the healing properties of their own medicines they would, like honest men, give them a name of their own, and not try to sell them on the reputation of another; but as they know their preparations have no merit, they resort to the most unprincipled means of selling them by getting a name as near as possible to Eclectric. We therefore ask the public when purchasing to see that the name Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is on the front of the wrapper, and the signature of NORTHROP & LYMAN, the proprietors for Canada on the back.