—THE—

Acton Free Press

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT

The Free Press

Power Printing & Publishing

OFFICE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Main 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, $5.00 per annum. Business, 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, and charged accordingly.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$40.00
Half column one year	25.00
Quarter column one year	15.00
One column six months	25.00
Half column six months	15.00
Quarter column six months	10.00
One column three months	15.00
Half column three months	10.00
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 8 o'clock on Monday, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at 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, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—In Kenny's Stock and Shoe store, Residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms cash.

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 Moore's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—T. J. FISHER.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the late firm of Bovell & Riggs, Toronto. Will be at Campbell's Hotel on the first Monday of every month, to the practice of his profession. All work warranted in the latest and most improved style of the dental art. No charge for consultation.

FULLERTON, MALL & STORLY, Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Conveyancers, &c. Toronto Georgetown. Office—No. 50, Church street, Toronto, and Mill Street, Georgetown. W. MALLORY STORLY, B.A., LL.B.

WM. HIMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer, For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms—Cash.

Money to Loan.

Money to loan on the most reasonable terms, and at lowest rate 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, tamarack, red oak, basswood, white ash, poplar, white wood, balm of gilead, [illegible] black ash, in other logs, or otherwise, delivered. Apply at once to THOS. C. MOORE,
Acton, Ont.

GRAIN.

The undersigned have purchased the Grain business of Messrs. G. & L. 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. [illegible]
Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed short date notes discounted.
Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.
Conveyancer for Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattle Mortgages, Farm and House Leases, Agreements, &c.
Clerk Fire, Comm. Court in Queen's Bench. 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 find 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. 31 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1883. Whole No. 406

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 House of Guelph.

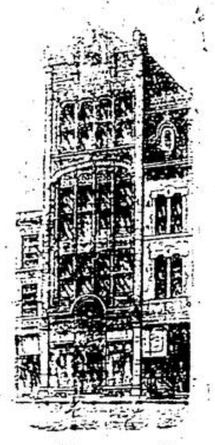
Card of Thanks

We return our sincere thanks to our customers for the large Xmas business we have done, the shelving packed to the doors with purchases from morning till night since Christmas, we had five times our usual number of assistants, we regret being unable to serve all that came alone.
Hoping and all we wish a happy and prosperous New Year.

10 CENT STORE,
and Cheap Cash Bazaar.
JAS. F. KIDNER,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.
Our Goods and Prices Draw the Crowd.

The Largest
AND BEST
ASSORTMENT OF
Biscuits, Confectionery
ETC., ETC., AT THE
EXCELSIOR
BAKERY.
Comprising, Fresh Biscuits from leading manufacturers. Choice Confectionery in great variety. Raisins, Nuts, Icing Sugar, Cake Trimmings, Wedding Cake Boxes, Mince Meat, Dates, Figs, Fancy Boxes of Xmas Confectionery, Jellies, Canned Goods Etc., Etc.
Christmas & Wedding Cakes
Made to Order.
BULK OYSTERS
constantly on hand fresh. Oyster parties supplied at a reduced rate.
Christmas anniversaries & other gatherings supplied with Cakes, &c., at low figures.
Call and See Us.
Wishing you the compliments of the season,
Yours Respectfully,
E. NICKLIN & SON.

SCHOOL BOOKS!
All the School Books used
IN THE CITY
And City Schools.
Will be found Cheap
AT
Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.
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, J. 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, Feb. 1, 1883.

POETRY.

LIKE HIS DAD.

I hear his mother's chiding voice.
"How come your trousers torn?
And black as ink, sir, is that shirt
You put on clean this morn.

"Your feet are wet, too, I declare;
You're muddy to your knees;
It is too bad; you only care
Your mother, sir, to tease.

"And those nice shoes, your Sunday best,
That but three times you've worn;
Are scratched and scraped and all run down—
The look of one is gone.

"Your hair is twisted in a snarl,
And just look at that hand!
It looks as though 'twere never washed—
How dare you say 'tis tanned?

"You've been a rebellious, sir, I guess
What? been to see the match?
You'll have a bit of sickness, sir;
A pretty cold you'll catch."

And thus she talks for half an hour,
And only stops to say,
"Your father'll hear of this to-night;
I wonder what he'll say?"

My friends in complimentary way
Declare to me they see
A close resemblance—very marked—
Between the boy and me.

But nothing that they see in him
In either form or face
Bespeaks my son as do his pranks—
In them my own I trace.

And why should I let tattered clothes
Or dirty one repine?
In him I live my youth again—
God bless the boy! he's mine!

OUR STORY.

Marrying an Heiress.

The great bell has changed, the conductor had shouted "All aboard," and we were on the point of starting, when she entered the car with two bird cages, a poodle dog, a bouquet and a travelling bag. Who do I mean by "she?" Why, I mean the most beautiful woman in existence. She was slight and dark, with bright brown eyes, hair curling in flashy tendrils all over her forehead, and the most charming little retrousse nose that did bid defiance to society in general. And the moment I saw her, I felt the curious sensation we all experience at times, as if I had known her all my life.

"Just like a woman, said Jones, to come on board with forty bundles at the last moment."

I annihilated him with a glance, as I rose promptly and stepped out into the aisle.

"Will you have this seat, Miss Silvington?" said I, bowing low, and offering to relieve her of her travelling bag and one of the bird cages. She looked at me in surprise.

"Ah," said I, "you think I am a conjuror. But it is very simple, pointing with a smile to the card bearing the name "Alice Silvington," that was attached to the cage. "I have often heard my cousin, Nellie Ford, speak of her friend, Miss Silvington, and I am delighted to be of any service to you."

"I am much obliged for the seat," said she, colouring a little.

And so, leaning over the back of the railway settee, I began to get comfortably acquainted with my unexpected companion. Fortunately for me, a fat lady got out at the next station, and I succeeded in obtaining the place next Miss Silvington.

"I am going to Crystal Lake for change of air," said she, when at last our conversation turned on our respective destinations.

"And I am going to Crystal Lake to marry an heiress," said I.

She looked up with mischievously sparkling eyes.

"Really and truly?" said she.

"Really and truly—always providing I can get the heiress to have me. It's a lady my sisters want me to see,—a Miss Jessup.

"Ah?" said Miss Silvington, "is she pretty?"

"So they say."

"And agreeable?"

"So I am told."

"It must be very pleasant to marry an heiress," said Miss Silvington, dipping her pretty little nose into the heliotrope and mignonette of her bouquet.

"If the heiress is nice."

"And suppose," with a little sly, sidelong glance from under her curled eyelashes, "you don't like her?"

"Then I shall not marry her."

"And suppose she don't like you?"

I smiled. "Then I suppose she will not marry me!"

And then Miss Silvington declared that she was sleepy, and laid her head against an impromptu pillow of travelling shawls that I had devised for her on the edge of the seat; and the next we knew the conductor called out "Crystal Lake," and we were there. And in the general crowd and bustle I lost sight of Miss Silvington, except that I had the chance to wave my hand to her as she drove away from the station in a delicious little brown brougham, with a high stepping horse and a man in plain livery.

"The Silvingtons have property, oh!" thought I, as I drove out. "I wish I hadn't said quite so much about heiresses."

Somehow the bloom seemed brushed off the Jessup idea, after that brief tête-à-tête with Miss Silvington; but I had pledged my word, and I never was a man to go back on my word. So, after dinner, Jones and I walked down to the Jessup cottage, a pretty little gem of a place, close to the shore of the lake.

"Is Miss Jessup home?" I asked of a grizzled-headed old man, who was rolling a lawn-mower over an emerald expanse of green grass in front of the house.

"Yes, sir," said the old man. "In the flower garden, sir, just out a bit, motioning with his hands towards a hedge of rhododendrons, 'a-lookin' at her roses.

So we followed the little winding path, Jones and I, until we came in sight of a precise little old maid of five and forty, at the very least, in a flowered muslin gown and a garden hat, who was gazing at a newly-blossomed rose on one of the largest bushes.

"Jones," said I, in a sepulchral whisper, "is that the heiress?"

"Old enough to be your mother," said Jones, repressing a violent inclination to laugh.

I paused for no more extended acquaintance, but took Jones' arm and hurried him away.

"I couldn't marry that old hag," said I, glancing back at the still unconscious Miss Jessup; "no, not for her weight in gold. Kate must have been crazy to think of such a thing."

I met Miss Silvington the next day on a shadowed like road, with her gypsy hat stuck full of ferns, and a bunch of wild roses in her hand.

"Well," said she, with a world of mischief shining in her great eyes, "how do you get along with the heiress?"

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

"Of course I do," she answered, archly.

"Well, I've seen her."

"Seen her! Oh!" cried Miss Silvington, "how very awkward of me to drop all my roses. Oh, pray don't trouble yourself, I beg. Well—and how did you like her?"

"Not at all," said I, replacing the pink cupped treasures in Miss Silvington's hands.

"Dear me!"

"A nice little elderly person, who would do well enough for a mother or an aunt; but for a wife——"

"But she is rich," was the reply.

"Do you take me for a mere heiress-hunter?" said I, indignantly.

"Most men are mercenary," she said, intent on a little pink bud that she was trying to detach from the rest.

"Count me among the exceptions if you please," said I, without dignity. "I would rather break stones on the road than marry a woman I could not love, were she possessed of the wealth of the Rothschilds."

"And I honor you for it," said Miss Silvington, with a sudden flush of color rising into her pretty cheeks.

This was on Wednesday morning. On Saturday in the shadow of the woods, I asked Alice Silvington to be my wife.

"But what is to become of your heiress?" she asked, half laughing, half crying.

"My darling, said I, I love you better than all the heiresses in the world!"

"But—but you don't understand, interposed she, as I resolutely obtained possession of her hand. "You have been under a misapprehension from the beginning."

"How?" I looked at her incredulously.

"I am not Alice Silvington."

"You said you were."

"There's where you are mistaken," she retorted, laughing in spite of herself. "You took the fact for granted because you saw the name written on my friend Alice's bird cage, which I was taking home with me for the summer, as she has gone to the White Mountain, and I did not contradict you. I thought it an excellent joke, but I might have known that jokes turn out disastrously sometimes."

"Then you are——"

"I am Marion Jessup."

"Nonsense!" said I, with an air of serene superiority. "I saw Miss Jessup myself, and she is no more like you than a whisp of dried hay is like a bunch of blossoming red clover."

"Yes, said she, looking shyly down; "but that was my aunt. There are two Miss Jessups, you must know."

I looked despairingly at her.

"Then you are an heiress after all," said I."

"Oh, Harry, she said, bursting into tears, it isn't my fault."

"I'll manage to forgive it," I said, "if you'll only tell me that you love me."

"I do," she replied.

And so I married Miss Jessup in spite of fate.

What Time Is It?

A bachelor gentleman tells the following. On [illegible] evening a little son and heir [illegible] the delicacy of his papa's over a Christmas gift from his father of a pretty watch. The boy was, of course, exhibiting his watch to every one. Satisfied that the lad was too young to tell the time of day, and thinking to puzzle him, he asked him "What time is it, my lad?" "Time," answered the boy in an indescribable voice of mingled pity and contempt; "Christmas time!. And you don't know it. [illegible] for "Somebody's [illegible]

Lord's Paayer.

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It breathes—

A filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."

A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be Thy name."

A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A penitent spirit—"Forgive our trespasses."

A forgiving spirit—"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

A watchful spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A believing and adoring spirit—"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever, amen."

Delusions.

The bad desires to be a man.

The brains which lead a mob.

The desire to keep a rash vow.

The friendship given you by an envious man.

The secret hatred uttered rather than give an open rebuke.

The doing of good in order to have it well spoken of.

The man who thinks real money in him when it is not possible.

The man who causes a false rate, thinking to catch it.

The person who thinks realization of folly the side right of the aged.

That "in a thousand pounds of law there is not one ounce of love."

He who takes all advantages brought to him by Fortune's smiles on him.

He who thinks himself a saint just because he advertised the fact that he found a pocketbook.

Free Pressings.

"Well" posted.—The pump.

Well "posted."—The telegraph.

Free of charge. An empty gun.

The earliest squatters.—Kangaroos.

The path of duty—Through the Custom House.

It is the late cat that watches the early boot-jack.

Always in debt when there's no necessity for it.—The letter b.

According to the articles of war, it's death to stop a cannon ball.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

Some men are good because goodness pays them; some are good for nothing.

If one dog can be placed on a cent, how many dogs can be placed on a trade dollar?

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs. "Yes," answered the grocer, "There's millions in it."

A Chicago coroner recently held an inquest on a defunct cow, and rendered a verdict of "died from an unknown cause."

Every day proves the power of the press. The merchant who advertised for a boy found a male baby on his steps yesterday evening.

Frightening Children to Sleep.

A lady overheard her nurse girl the other night talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she indulged was this:

"If you don't go right to sleep this very minute, a big, awful, black bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and eat you all up!"

The poor little thing hid her head under the clothes and after a long season of terror fell asleep to dream frightful dreams of horrid bears eating her up.

That night when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and put the light out, there came a sudden rap at the door, and the voice of the mistress called loudly through the panels.

"Maggie! Maggie! for mercy's sake get up as quick as you can! There's a fearful burglar under your bed, and as soon as you get asleep he's coming out to rob and murder you!"

At the word burglar the girl sprang screaming from the bed, tore open the door and fell in hysterics into the hall. The lesson was even more instructive than the mistress had designed; but when the girl's fears were calmed she said to her:

"You did not hesitate to tell my little delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie, a cruel story of a bear under her bed; now, when I treat you to the same kind of a slumber story, you are nearly frightened to death. To-morrow you can go into the kitchen and work—you are not fit to care for little children."

How many children are there who, every night of their lives, are frightened to sleep?

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.—A blood purifying compound of herbs, roots, barks and berries, all finely ground and ready for use. Price 25 cents per package.

"TEABERRY" is very fine—
Makes your Teeth as white as snow;
Try "TEABERRY" if you will,
It's the best article to fill.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

An Interesting Chapter From the Life of a Prominent Gentleman.

(*Boston, Mass., Globe.*)

The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts. The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee, formerly of London but now of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrabee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somehow I felt unaccountably tired at times although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pains in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next, and my head pained me more or less much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing and that a sediment, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realise that these things meant anything serious and I allowed the disease to run along until the 28th day of October I fell prostrate while walking along Tremont street. I was carried home and constantly attended by my regular physician, but in spite of his skill I kept growing worse and finally they tapped my side in the vicinity of the heart, taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctors gave me up entirely, declared I could not live more than twenty-four hours, and my daughter, who was residing in Paris, was telegraphed for. Still I lingered along for several weeks, far more dead than alive, but never giving up hope. One night—it was on the 20th of April, I very well remember—my attendant, who was reading the paper to me, began an article which told how some severe cases of Bright's disease had been cured, and so clearly and sensibly did it state the case that I determined to try the means of cure which it described. So I sent my man to the drug store, procured a bottle of the medicine unknown to my physicians and friends, and took the first dose at 10 o'clock. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sleep; I had the short breaths and could scarcely get any air into my lungs. I was terribly bloated from head to foot, and the motion of my heart was irregular and painful. The next morning I was able to breathe freely; the pain began to leave me and the bloating decreased. I continued to take the medicine, and to-day, sir, I am as well as I ever was in my life, and wholly owing to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Cure. I do not know what this medicine is made of, or anything else about it, but I know it saved my life when I was given up by the doctors and had really been dead for weeks; that it has kept me in perfect health ever since, and has cured many of my friends to whom I have recommended it. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excited much attention, and physicians as well as others have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver or heart, in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and inquired if he were seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Toronto for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr Larrabee was. I have been to see the physicians of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did they say?" asked the man of news.

"Say! Why, sir they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I called at the Commonwealth hotel, where Mr. Larrabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs. Brugh & Carter are the proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said, "Why, for weeks and weeks every time that bell rang I said, "That means the death of Mr. Larrabee." No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover, and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made and his recovery was simply a miracle."

"I then called on Dr. Johnson who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every hour for a number of weeks and never called to see him during that time, but he was prepared for it. The doctor said the recovery was due to Warner's Safe Cure, and if he had friends, male or female, troubled with Albumen or any kidney troubles he should certainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. Johnson said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are especially subject to albuminous troubles which require prompt attention.

"I next went to see Dr. Melville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear headed and well informed gentleman, and he said:

"I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical doctor of Life Insurance com-