—THE—

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Business Directory.

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I intend giving the best bargains ever offered in

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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 store being packed to the doors with purchasers from morning till night and although we had two extra assistants, we regret to say, we could not attend to all. To one and all we wish a happy and prosperous New Year.

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

SHAW & GRUNDY, Merchant Tailors GUELPH.

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None Other Genuine.

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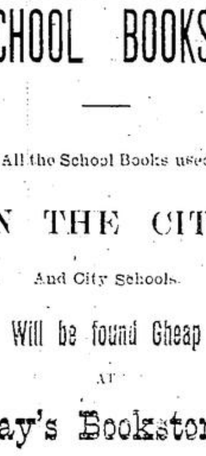

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COAL OIL, COAL OIL.

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The best quality always kept, and the lowest prices.

Come and see the New Store.

A. B. PETRIE.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 22, 1883.

POETRY.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

My Willie has parted with me,
An' oh! but he left me sad;
To think of the days we've seen,
Now drives the tear to my e'en.

He's promised—we've had it mair than
Many times before—that;
He'll be back—but I doubt it may be,
An' I'm sure my heart feels sae wae.

He promised to be back before
An' there's been a month more;
The mark I have on the wall
That mark I have on the wall.

When I hear the wind round the hill
Or the rain beat on the pane,
Or hear the cock crow in the night
That he'll be over the sea.

When I hear the birds sing
On yon bonnie trysting tree,
It kindles up my love again
For him that's over the sea.

The flower that blooms on the lea,
The gowan by the burn,
But speak to me of the bonnie laddie
Take the heart from me.

As now I sit sighing alone
With tearful eyes and sad,
For bonnie laddie that's over the sea
Who left me with a sigh.

My heart will break if he bide
When I get my love back
That I may never see.

OUR STORY.

WHO WAS GUILTY.

"It was twelve fully o'clock up—and the old Governor. Among those who remember the curious event, there are now two, if not three of us still extant.

"It was a gala night at one of the fashionable city mansions. The wealthy host and hostess had spared no pains for the entertainment of their guests.

"The occasion had proved a great success, till, at length, the hour came for the crowning event of the night, the performance of a drama, for which such elaborate preparation had been made that the expectation of all was on tip-toe.

"Never was a play better received. Every act and every scene, down to the last, had been applauded to the echo, and deservedly so.

"Two of the young amateurs, Charles Ellerly and Kate Manning, to whom it had been assigned to represent a pair of devoted lovers, acquitted themselves with especial credit.

"How well they do it!" was the whispered comment.

"Little wonder," others said, "it's more in earnest than in play they are, or many are mistaken."

"I doubt that," returned one of the less good natured set. "Kate is a confirmed flirt. They say, that having sufficiently amused herself with Charley Ellerly, she has turned her attention to Jules Carson of late, who is foolish enough to fancy himself engaged to her. The *denouement* with which she has played Charley's sweetheart tonight is doubtless a ruse to torment Jule's jealousy."

At last the grand *denouement* was reached. It was a scene in which Jules Carson, in the character of an assassin, was to attempt the life of Charles Ellerly, whilst it was Kate Manning's part at the critical moment, to rush between them and receive in her own breast the murderous missile intended for her lover.

"Nothing could be more true to life than the acting with which the scene proceeded. The wild fury of the mimic assassin's eyes, and the look of cool courage with which it was encountered—the piercing shriek with which Kate sprang forward to protect her lover's life, were all startlingly natural. Terribly natural indeed, was the cry which rose above the report of the assassin's pistol; and when she tottered and fell between the two men, her acting was no longer life-like; it was death-like.

"Instead of springing over the girl's body at the villain's threat, as the stage directions indicated, Charles Ellerly, who had cast a quick glance downward, staggered back, trembling and aghast. A little stream of blood trickled from Kate's breast, and her features were convulsed with an agony which was too plainly that of death!

"In an instant the two men knelt by the wounded girl, and supported her in their arms; and, as the last sigh escaped her they softly let her down, and rising, faced each other.

"Murderer!" hissed Ellerly, through his teeth.

"It is the name that befits you, hurled back the other, his eyes glistening. "I was you who charged the pistol."

"And it has since remained in your possession," Ellerly retorted—adding with a bitter sneer: "You have had ample time to tamper with it."

"It was a scene not unlike that of Hamlet and Laertes at Ophelia's grave. Indeed, there is no telling to what pitch of violence the excited pair might have been carried, had not friends interposed.

"It is impossible to describe the consternation and confusion which followed. Was it an accident or was it murder? was the question wildly put on every side; and if a crime had been committed, who was the criminal?

"No arrests were made immediately. Those between whom the question of guilt lay, were not likely to condemn themselves by present flight. For the time being it was deemed sufficient to keep them under surveillance.

"But few were inclined to suspect Charles Ellerly. He was of a nature so frank and open, that a deed so dastardly and treacherous stood to everyone abhorrent to his character.

"When examined before the coroner, he freely admitted having charged the pistol, an office which, he said, he had taken upon himself in order to make sure that there should be no possibility of an accident.

"He were positively that he had loaded the pistol with powder only, and then delivered it to Jules Carson, after which he had not seen it again till the happening of the sad occurrence.

Carson acknowledged having received the pistol from Ellerly more than an hour before the accident, but denied vehemently that he tampered with the loading. He further recalled the fact—which it should be mentioned he had omitted to state in the confusion of that terrible night—that for half an hour, whilst engaged in one of the earlier scenes, he had left the pistol on the table in a small chamber which had been used by the players as a dressing room.

"The case was a perplexing one. Jules Carson was an impulsive youth, having in his veins the hot blood of Southern France. He was known to have fallen desperately in love with Kate Manning, and to have been madly jealous of Charles Ellerly. It might well be that the warmth with which Charles and Kate had played at love making that night had inflamed his passion beyond control. At any rate it was his hand that had been the instrument of that horrible tragedy, and, under the coroner's instructions, the jury rendered a verdict which held Jules Carson to answer to the charge of wilful murder.

"Another tragedy soon followed. Thekla Dale, a darkeyed maiden of wayward temper, was found dead in her chamber one morning, evidently the victim of poison self-administered.

"Clutched in her stiff fingers she held a scrap of paper, bearing the following words:

"I loved Jules Carson better than my soul. He had plighted me his troth, but Kate Manning came between us. I found the pistol on the table where Jules had left it. It was I who put in the ball. I swear it was done without his knowledge. My motive was revenge. I had no thought that Kate Manning's death would be laid to other cause than accident; but now Jules Carson's life is in peril, and I must protect it at the cost of my own.

THEKLA DALE."

"After this the case against Jules Carson was not pressed, though many believed that Thekla Dale had invented her story to shield a lover for whom she was ready to die in spite of his perfidy.

"Stranger things have been true."

Great Truths in Few Words.

A greedy man God hates.
A great mark is soonest hit.
A great tree hath a great fall.
A hasty man never wants woe.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall.
A hungry man is an angry man.
A great ship must have deep water.
A great reputation is a great charge.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
A happy heart makes a happy visage.
A handful of trade is a handful of gold.
A jest driven too far brings home hate.
A great man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.
A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.
A joyful evening may follow a sorrowful morning.
A headstrong man and a fool may wear the same cap.
A joke never gains an enemy, but often loses a friend
A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.
A great man will not tramp on a worm, nor speak to an emperor.

Grandpa in the Ark

The following dialogue occurred between a patriarchal gentleman and his granddaughter:

"What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" inquired the maiden.

"I am very old, my dear, I was in the ark," says Grandpa humorously, but with reckless disregard for truth, which does not propossess us in the old man's favor.

"Oh!" says the child regarding her relative with fresh interest, "Are you Noah?"

"No, I'm not Noah."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No I'm not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No I'm not Ham."

"Then you must be Japheth," says mademoiselle, at the end of her historical tether, and growing rather impatient of the mystery that surrounded her aged relative's identification.

"No I'm not Japheth."

"Then, Grandpa, you're a beast!"

Sawing Wood.

Now you ever hear a boy complain about the back-breaking, soul killing hardships of wood-sawing. All such talk is confined to adults, and it has no real foundation. There is only one way to saw wood and take comfort at the same time, and every boy has that way. Yesterday afternoon a half a cord of four-foot wood was flung down at the gate of a house on Second street, and the wagon had only departed when a boy 15 years old appeared with a buck-saw in his hand. All his actions indicated his purpose to go through that wood pile like chain lightning, but it took him exactly seven minutes to discover that he had left the saw-buck in the wood shed, and five minutes more to bring it out.

Some boys would have dropped the saw-buck wherever it happened and pitched right in, but this boy spent five minutes in selecting a location of the first water. By this time he had the presence of three other boys to cheer him on to victory. These three boys made the following suggestions in the order given below:

"I'd hire a masheen."

"I'd run away and fight injuns."

"I'd let the old man do it."

But the hero went right ahead with his work. In twenty minutes after his first move he had a stick of wood on the saw-buck. He turned it over four times before it settled down to his satisfaction, and then he picked up the saw. A buck saw is a simple yet ingenious piece of machinery. Men who were sawing wood by the day have been known to stand and gaze at the saw for an hour at a time without being able to solve its mysterious points. This boy picked up the saw and carefully examined it. In the course of seven minutes, with the aid of the other three boys, he was enabled to discover:

1. That the teeth were all there.
2. That the frame work was of beech.
3. That it was in perfect order, as far as a boy could judge.

When these discoveries had been made, a murderous look as to what a boy could saw faster by sawing teeth inside it. The vote on this question was cast in the negative, and now the moment arrived for settling.

The boy spat on his hands.
He removed his coat.
He cramped up his back.
He planted his eye over over his work.

He had his knee on the stick and the saw at hand, when a little three cent dog down on the next corner ran out at a passing goat. The goat rushed into a yard and a girl was heard screaming. The saw fell to the ground, the saw buck was upset, and the boy went tearing down to the corner like a cheap whirlwind, and when darkness began to settle down over the face of the earth he returned to carry the saw and buck into the woodshed for the night.

Strength of an Egg.

Some years ago an engineer, now prominent in the official management of our great railroads, was superintending the construction of a new railroad in Pennsylvania. After supper one evening he strolled into the "settin'-room" of the country tavern, where some twenty men were seated around the stove, smoking and chatting. A regular down-East Yankee was expounding the remarkable strength of the arch, its use and application in mechanics, and illustrating his remarks by pawing a half-bushel measure.

"You ain't no idee," said he, "how strong the arch is if ye set it right—if ye know how. Now, there's the egg—nothin's got a prettier arch than the egg, and if you set it right it's mighty strong. Why, I kin set an egg on this floor in sich a shape that ye can't break it with this half-bushel measure."

A general murmur of sneering disbelief ran around the room, but the Yankee was game.

"I said I kin, and I kin, and I'll bet the drinks for the crowd on it."

Our engineer hated a Yankee, and though a reserved man, he could not permit a Yankee to bluff a whole party with such an arrogant and preposterous statement, so he quietly said:

"I will take that bet."

An egg was brought in from the kitchen and handed to the Yankee. He took it and stood it upon the floor in the *corner of the room*.

Our engineer did not even attempt to fill a square corner with a round measure, but paid for the drinks and retired, sadder and wiser.

Humor of the Day.

Ill advised—The doctor's patient.

Music, like firewood, is measured by the chord.

Never count your chicken before it is hatched.

It is a curious thing, but when a man slips up he always slips down.

Young men who want to "see something of the world" think they must stay out nights to do it.

They say you can't freeze a cat. But then you can try the other extreme and make it hot for him.

Settle Wid Mose.

The following notice is by a Virginia blacksmith:—"Notis.—De copartnership, heretofore resisting betwix me and Mose Skinner, is hereby resolved. Dem as what owes de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

(The following pieces, taken from "Three Part Songs," will be sung at the Halton Teachers' Convention, at Milton):

REST.

Mists are rising slowly,
Earth her increase yields;
Silent, calm is Holly,
Reigns o'er wold and fields.

But while all is sleeping,
Still the brook flows on;
Onward willily sweeping,
Goes that restless one.

Him the raving willow
Cannot soothe to rest;
He must seek a pillow
Of the snowy breast.

So when we have striven
On as I on through life,
We may find in heaven
Rest from that long strife.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Come, shoulder your fellows,
And up and on your way!
'Tis time we were off
To our practising to-day.
For hark! boys, hark! the bugle's call sounds clear,
And summons to his work each trusty Volunteer.

Your hand must be steady,
For true must be your aim,
And keen be your glance
As the hunter for his game:
So lightly tread, for nimble as the deer,
And firm as rooted oak must be the Volunteer.

We talk not of glory—
Be that the foeman's boast:
Not always they win her
Who talk of her the most:
But duty calls each man in the summers hours,
Our coasts are guarded by our gallant Volunteers.

THE PILOT.

Oh! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night.
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee.
I do not dare to sleep.
"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down.
This is no place for thee:
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever you may be."

Oh! Pilot, dangers, oftentimes
We all are apt to slight
And thou hast known the raging seas.
But to subdue their might:
"It is not apathy," he said,
"Which gives this strength to me
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever you may be."

"On such a night the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form:
My only brother's boat went down
In just to will a storm:
And such, perhaps, may be my fate;
Yet still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever you may be."

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow.
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way:
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow.
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
So farewell, England, mush as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before:
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England, farewell for evermore.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country;
Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest labor:
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.
Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
And the world shall follow in the track we're going.
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.—Cho.

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His hair intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,
This love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold
Be kind to thy mother so dear;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold;
Be kind to thy sister so dear.