—THE—
Acton Free Press.
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT
The Free Press
Power Printing & Publishing
OFFICE,
Next Door to Methodist Church,
Acton, Ont.

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.

TERMS.—Casual advertisements, 10 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, $7.00 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	$60.00
One column six months	35.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column one year	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Contracts without specific directions will be published and charged according to Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

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

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found at the office of Messrs. P. Without Paper Subscriptions and Boston Advertising Bureau, IN NEW YORK.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

E. J. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown.

T. J. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday and will attend to all calls pertaining to the profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention.

T. J. FISHER.

C. H. BIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of Biggs & Boomer, Toronto, Office at Guelph, Hours on the first Tuesday in each month, in the practice of which he has adopted all the most recent improvements in the dental art. All work executed in the most substantial style of the dental art. Satisfaction guaranteed.

EMERTON, HALL & STOREY, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Office—Corner of Main and Mill streets, over the Bank of Montreal, Georgetown. Money to loan.

W. S. HINSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer, Township of Nelson, Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or addressed to him at Acton, will be promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

Money to Loan.

Money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums to suit applicants.

FOR SALE.

Lime for sale on the Canada Line in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the kiln, near Tolerton's mills.

C. S. SMITH.

March 1st, 1882. Box 172, Acton.

TIMBER WANTED.

The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm, birch, red beech, soft maple, hard maple, 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.

HANLAN
BARBER SHOP.

J. P. WORDEN

Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Foster as a medical office, and solicits a share of the patronage of this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call.

J. P. WORDEN.

Jan. 23rd, 1883.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
Successor to T. F. Chapman,
BOOK-BINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph.

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding 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.

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. 35. ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1883. Whole No. 410

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 store being packed to the doors with purchasers from morning till night, and although we had five times our usual number of assistants, we regret being unable to serve all that came along.

To one 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.

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 & GRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors
GUELPH.

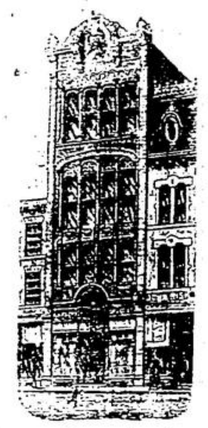
CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
None Other Genuine.

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, 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.

Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, March 1, 1883.

POETRY.

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

With never a word she passed me by,
With never a look or sign;
She silently went her way, and I
As silently went on mine.

No one could have dreamed who saw her face
As we so coldly met,
That her heart was touched by the fragrance rare
Of memory or regret.

Nor did I think that she spent
Who waddle I my tranquil hour,
Would have guessed that the memory stirred my heart
Of a faithless, broken vow.

And thus we can't have guessed for ourselves, you see,
For this was the reason why
I didn't know her, and she didn't know me.
And so, she passed me by.

OUR STORY.

MY WILL. WHARTON.

I, Marjorie Gray, had had a quarrel with Will Wharton; but I felt sure he would come to me to make it all up. It was his fault, and I would not more than meet him half-way; but I would do that. Yes, that was womanly and ladylike. So I waited for him, and he did not come. Soon I discovered that though he might have written he could not well have come in person. An officer in the navy must obey orders, and his vessel had sailed away to be gone two years.

"He will write on the first opportunity," I said. But he did not write. I heard of the *Neptune*; she was safe and on board well; but there was no message for me. Then I said:

"When he returns I must see him, and time will have calmed us both. Really, we were fools to quarrel at all over so slight a thing." And I was very sad and very penitent, although I would not write. No, never that. He should not have it to say that I wrote first.

We were in the end of winter by this time, and spring came soon, full of preparations for a gay summer. My mother and sisters were going to Newport, to Saratoga, to Lake George. I of course went with them.

They all knew that there had been a "tiff" between Marjorie and Will, and all took different views of it. Mamma was of opinion that in such a changing world as this little quarrels should be made up, and that I ought to write—though, to be sure, a very dignified letter.

Josephine was "contrary minded," and declared that I had better really break off and make a surer match. And Katy, who always laughed at everything, said that it would do Will good and make him properly humble to let him alone until he came around himself.

I had my doubts about the "coming round," but I said nothing. What was the use? I had done it: that was the end of it, and I should have to suffer the penalty, whatever it was. We were at Saratoga. There was to be a hop at the hotel that night, and I had heard that Miss Nannie Dew was to be present. I had never seen Miss Dew, but Will had once said to me that she was so charming, that if he had not already fallen in love with me, he might have lost his heart to her. Such a speech from her lover would have made any girl anxious to see another, and I did my best to look well that evening. If my idea was to cut Miss Dew out, the effort was a failure. She was prettier than I had ever dreamt of being, and only seventeen—a rosebud, with the dew still on it; and when we were introduced she said, "I've often heard Captain Wharton speak of you, Miss Gray," and blushed beautifully. On her "Engagement finger" glittered a splendid diamond, and she looked, to my eyes, as though her heart were full of some one. How mine ached. "She took a great fancy to me," she told my sister, and she sought my society as though she did. At last one day, as we walked home from the springs, she laid her hand, in its pretty lace mit, with the diamond gleaming through the pale-blue meshes, on my arm, and said:

"I suppose you know what that ring means?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose I do," I answered, remembering the ring I still wore on a chain about my neck, under my dress.

"I thought you did. It was so curious," she said. "We had always loved each other, but he went away, and said nothing; and when he had been gone a month, he wrote and offered himself. I accepted him, and he telegraphed to the jeweller for a ring. An old way of being engaged."

"Yes," I answered, feintly; "something like a young queen, being married by proxy. What is his name, Miss Dew?"

"Oh, you don't know, then?" she answered—"such an old friend of the family! I thought you would have been told. It's William Wharton, and he's away on the *Neptune* for two years. Isn't it hard?"

"Oh, it is very hard," I said, and the tears sprang to my eyes.

"You have so much sympathy, dear," she said, softly, "I think you must understand."

"How do you direct your letters?" I asked.

She told me.

That night I took my ring off its chain, and inclosed it in an envelope, with the address, and not one word except my name—Marjorie Gray.

Two years go by slowly sometimes. Time did, I know. Josephine and Katy got married, and Katy started on a European tour, having whispered in my ear:

"Don't be an old maid, Marjorie. Get married before he comes home. You can if you like."

Yes, I could. I knew that. And her words remained with me.

I remembered an elderly gentleman who only needed a word of encouragement from me—a handsome man, enormously rich, who had had a diplomatic position abroad. I resolved that such love as I could give would be all that he would desire.

He wanted a lady at the head of his table, a loving nurse in his illness and old age. I could give him that and he would give wealth, position, protection, and so I smiled and wore a second engagement ring when the *Neptune* came home, and Nannie Dew confided to me the fact that "Will wanted to be married very soon."

Yes, the *Neptune* was home again. Will Wharton breathed the same air that I breathed; our feet trod the sidewalks of the old town where we had breathed our vows, and we were nothing to each other. Where were his vows of eternal love and fidelity? Blown away like thistledown by a hasty word or two. "Oh no! he never loved me, *Never!*" I said. "Had he done so he would not have been so ready to turn from me. The secret lay in Miss Nannie Dew's beauty, and youth, and elegance. He had cared for her and was glad that I had broken with him."

And yet before we were both married—for after that it would be wicked—I had promised myself the luxury of going quite alone to spend an hour in the spot where we were betrothed to each other, once more to sit under the old trees that sheltered us then, to hear the river sweep by, and see the boats upon its breast; and this romantic performance I undertook one mild spring morning.

I hired a cab and drove out to the sweet country place, left it, and turning down a long lane, came to a deserted country seat—long in the lawyers' hands—and entered its neglected garden, where a wilderness of beautiful flowers had gone wild. There was an old arbor here, great trees grew over it, and a great vine shaded it. Through its entrance one saw a picture of the river and the opposite shore. On the broken bench within we sat in that happiest moment of our life. There would I sit, shed the burning tears that made my eyes ache, and bury my dead love.

My foot pressed the threshold. I started back—a man sat there, his arms upon the worm-eaten table, his face hidden in them. The old boards creaked beneath my tread; he sprang to his feet. It was Captain Will. Wharton.

"You here?" he said. "I thought it was only I who cared enough for the old place to revisit it. My words—the words I uttered here—meant something."

I laughed heartily.

"No pretence will avail," I said. "I saw Miss Dew's engagement ring a few days after she put it on. I know you have come home, glad and happy, to marry her. I congratulate you. She is lovely; but don't play the injured lover to amuse yourself with me."

At these words he started forward, seized me by the hands, and looked me in the face.

"Have you thought that it was I who was to marry Miss Dew?" he asked.

"Of course," I replied, growing faint under his touch.

"And did you not know that my cousin, Will. Wharton, is lieutenant of the *Neptune?*" he asked. "A handsome fellow, younger than I am, and a school-girl's ideal. Will. is very happy. As for me, I came home to be forgiven, and found my true love lost to me. I am wretched."

"Oh, Will!" I cried, not trying now to withdraw my hands. "Oh, Will! if I had but known! I do not love Mr. Chalmers. It was only because of this news I—"

He sat down upon the bench and drew me to his side.

"I won't part with you to an old gentleman," he said. "Send back that gigantic diamond, and put on these little pearls again. "I've worn them next my heart all this while."

I did as he demanded. I loved him, and would marry no one else. I was not afraid of breaking Mr. Chalmer's heart. He could find another wife with his wealth and appearance—which he actually did in a very short time.

And I was married to my Will. Wharton on the day that united Nannie Dew to hers.

A Good Reason

"Look here," said the governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that $10?"

"Upon my honor, governor, I don't know."

"Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness you asked me where I would be Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me on Tuesday."

"No, sir."

"Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?"

"Because I wanted to know where you'd be so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."

Onion Eating—By an Expert.

I know this: An onion is the most vilified and worst traduced excellent there is, and yet it is one of the most delicious to some persons that the earth produces. There is one thing that it licks and that is popularity. I know men who, if they experience the slightest whiff of an onion, become so sick that they are in the deepest imaginable misery for hours thereafter. What I say is no exaggeration in the least. Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Hooper is afflicted that way. On the other hand there are those who are so passionately fond of onions that they would rather eat a mess of onions than to sit down to the finest banquet in the land. General Samuel F. Hunt is one of them. General Hunt is an enthusiast on the subject of onions. He told me once that every time he visits the residence of a friend of his, who makes a specialty of raising a particularly fine species of onions, he eats so many that he is ashamed of himself. Many a time he slips off to a restaurant and enjoys a feast of his favorites in several courses. He says that those are the happiest moments of his life. To the travelling man, the onion is the best friend in the world. You can't think of any shape that an onion is not good. Boiled, stewed, fried, baked, fricasseed, escalloped, roasted, pickled or raw, they are palatable and delicious. Cooked with potatoes, beefsteak, turkey or duck they are exceedingly savory. Just let a fellow hanging around the country, disgusted with the fare he receives at out-of-the-way hotels or boarding-houses, eat a raw onion and see how it will brace him up. If you have taked too much tea of an evening, and feel the worse for your bout the next morning, manage to get outside of an onion or two, and see how it will help you. Onions are excellent cures for heavy colds, as everybody knows. Then when a fellow becomes wakeful, just let him fill up on nice sliced onions. Gracious to goodness, what a comfortable drowsiness, will come over him! He forgets all care, and sinks into a regular old-fashioned, forty-knot snooze that does him a power of good, I tell you.

Peculiar People.

People who take snuff.
People who dislike oysters.
People who hold their tongues.
People who have no poor relations.
People who have no sense of humor.
People who keep all their old letters.
People who take long walks before breakfast.
People who always know where the wind is.
People who give large parties in small rooms.
People who like getting up early in the morning.
People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.
People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.
People who have more money than they know what to do with.
People who say leisure, interesting, inhospitable and inapplicable.
People who have nothing the matter with their digestion and can eat anything.
People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crotchets or favorite theories.
People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathen at home to take care of themselves.
People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing costs next to nothing, cross their letters.

Wise Words.

Affliction, like the iron smith, shapes as it strikes.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

True moral courage is the diamond pin which may unite poetry and mildness with a world-braving stoicism.

There are a great many subjects to be wise or witty upon—and just as many to be ignorant and foolish about.

Say nothing, do nothing, which a good mother would not approve, and you are on the certain road to happiness.

A man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time beneath them.

Whatever exception occurs, it is a great truth that man's body must be sound if he is to be sound in mind and heart.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business.

Don't Doubt It.

Failure is not always followed by failure, and although you may have tried remedies repeatedly without benefit, don't doubt that you will find the right thing yet. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is a positive remedy for corns, and once used at once cured. This fact has been vouched for by thousands who have used it. Sold by druggists. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

The Whole Art of Kissing.

BY REQUEST.

People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy—at least for us! The little form is not alone for young beginners, but for the many that go at it like hunting coons or shelling corn. First know you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although mistakes may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, on the fore part of the forehead, on the end of her nose, or slop over on her waterfall or bonnet-ribbons—in haste to get through.

The gentleman should be a little the taller. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouthful of expression instead of tobacco. Don't kiss everything, including little dogs. Don't sit down to it. Stand up. Need not be anxious to get in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss. More persons spoil the sport. Stand firm. It won't hurt any after you are used to it. Take the left hand of the lady in your right hand. Let your hat go to—any place out of the way! Throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon the right toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry. Draw her gently toward your loving heart.

Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder-strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry; send a little life down your left arm, and let it know its business. Her left hand is in your right hand. Let there be expression to that—not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry; her hand lies on your shoulder! You are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes! Gently but manfully press her to your bosom. Stand firm, and Providence will give you strength for the ordeal. Be brave, but do not be in a hurry.

Her lips almost open! Lean lightly forward with the head, not the body. Take good aim. The lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rideth the storm, trouble and sorrow of life (don't be in a hurry!)—heaven opens before the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid!)—the nerves dance before the just-created sister of love as zephyrs dance with the dew-trimmed flowers—the heart forgets its bitterness—and the art of kissing is learned!

No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming, like a hook-impaled worm. Kissing don't hurt; and it don't require a brass to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing frogs! Do not mass her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons and leave her mussed, rumpled and dumbuxed! Don't grab and yank the lady as if she were a struggling colt!

Free Pressings.

Relics of bugs—Blisters.
Places of interest—Banks.
Hosts of people—Landlords.
A scrub race—Floor-washers.
Knot-withstanding—Bachelors.
The champion light weight—A ton of coal.
Stuff and nonsense—A big dinner and the postprandial speeches.
Thirsting for knowledge—Wondering if you can hang up the barkeeper for a drink.
Who is the most finished orator? asks a correspondent. Well Demosthenes has been finished about as long as any of them.

Don't Whine.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags.

Decidedly The Best

Said a farmer, who was given to long drinks, to a brother agriculturist: "What breed of cattle would you advise me to adopt?" "Short horns," was the significant reply.

One of experience says there is probably no time in a woman's life more trying or when she is more heavily laden with the sense of responsibility than the first time she is left entirely alone with her first baby.

"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.

BARBER'S ITCH.—This is one of the most difficult sores to cure known to medical science. One box of Churchill's Climax Ointment will cure it. Price 25 cents.

G. W. Mingay, Parkdale, Toronto, writes: "My wife had several very severe attacks of cramps in the stomach. Hearing of DR. AUSTIN'S PHOSPHATINE, and its pleasantness to take, I gave her two bottles, and she has not had an attack since, and her health is much improved." For sale by all druggists.

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.