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. 38 — ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1883. — Whole No. 413

Acton Free Press.

Free Press Power Printing House

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

Don't fail to examine my stock.

Shop open every evening during the Holidays.

WM. S. SMITH,
GUELPH.

COME & SEE
Our Entire New Stock of
Thousands of Articles,
Useful and Ornamental
SELLING CHEAP FOR CASH,
AT THE
10 CENT STORE,
and Grand Cash Bazaar.
JAS. F. KIDNER,
Upper Wyndham Street Guelph.

SPRING
Arrivals.
Scotch Tweeds
In Great Variety
SHAW & CRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors
GUELPH.

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

EASTER CARDS.

A New Supply
Just to Hand at
Day's
Bookstore,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

GOLD
WATCHES,
FOR
PRESENTATION.
Fine stock, bought since Christmas. High grade of American Movements.
AT SAVAGE'S
Near Petrie's New Drug Store.
GUELPH

The Medical Hall,
GUELPH.

The Oldest Drug Store in Guelph.
The Cheapest Drug Store in Guelph.
The Handsomest drug store in Guelph.

SMITH'S DRUG STORE
Is the best place to buy anything you require in the Drug line.

We have the largest stock, the most reliable goods, at the lowest prices.

We keep all the leading makes of Dye Stuffs, Diamond package Dyes all shades, Union and Handy package Dyes. Also our own Dyes which give universal satisfaction.

Toilet articles and perfumery in great variety.

In Hair Brushes and Combs, Nail and Tooth Brushes,

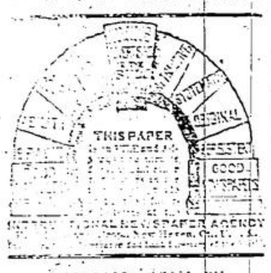
we have the largest stock ever brought into the Royal City.

We buy direct from the English and French markets, and are able to sell much lower in consequence.

Patent Medicines all kinds. Machine Oils. Castor Oil. Neatsfoot Oil. Sewing Machine Oil. Lubricating Oil. Best American Coal Oil. Best Canadian Coal Oil.

We have the reputation for keeping the best Coal Oil in Guelph, and we intend to maintain it.

W. G. SMITH & CO.,
Chemists & Druggists.
No. 12 Wyndham St.—Higinbotham's Block.

THIS PAPER


HANLAN
BARBER SHOP.
J. P. WORDEN
J. P. WORDEN.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
BOOKBINDER,
Guelph.

JAMES MATTHEWS,
Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,
" Life "
" Accident "
" Insurance Tickets.
($3000 for 25c. per day.)
Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattle Mortgages, Farm and House Leases, Agreements, &c.
Commissioner in Queen's Bench, &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, March 22 1883.

POETRY.

IRONING SONG.

First your iron smooth must be,
Chorus—Rub away! Rub away!
Rub and iron also dry,
Rub away! Rub away!

Though your iron must not be hot,
Glide away! Slide away!
It must never scorch nor spot,
Glide away! Slide away!

Iron the floor beneath the table,
Press away! Press away!
On the table next be laid,
Press away! Press away!

Counterpane and sheet and pillow
Smooth away! Smooth away!
Every part which you go over
Work away! Work away!
Must be done while bent low,
Work away! Work away!
Turn your head from side to side,
Put your back into your stroke,
Now the ironing is done,
Happy day! Happy day!

OUR STORY.

TIBBIE'S TROUBLE.

"Hasn't he come yet, Tibbie?"

"No, dear, not yet. But it will be safe to come. Try to go to sleep again, and don't worry."

Two slender white arms tumbled about the hot pillow. The sick man was too ill to notice that all the rings but one were gone from them.

He sighed impatiently, and soon lapsed into an uneasy insensibility which was hardly sleep.

It was a young girl's face on the hot pillow, with its wealth of tawny hair in ebony rings upon the flushed forehead, a perfect profile—a chin like Diana's.

Its beauty had never struck Jack Asheroft's wife so sharply as then. When she sat watching the fearful fever settle down upon her husband's young form, alone and penniless in a strange land.

She, too, was young and beautiful, with something of the same firm, proud cast of face, but essentially womanly and very fair, with rings of gold knit shading the blue eyes.

The process by which a high-spirited Canadian girl had been endowed with this peculiar name, was by the perversion of Elizabeth into Libbie, and thence into Tibbie; but it was too late to mention matters.

A doting old uncle and an adoring husband had used the name too long—it had been associated with too much petting and happiness—to be cast aside ever. Tibbie would remain Tibbie to those who loved her to the end.

Yes, she had been an old uncle's darling, and she was now a young one's, and the experience had hardly fitted her for her present situation.

The care-free smile was invisible utterly now from the pretty, coral mouth; it was drawn down like a grieved child's, but the steadfast blue eyes resolutely refused to shed their weight of tears.

Jack Asheroft was very sick, and his wife knew it. On her unaccustomed shoulders rested the very preservation of his life; and to arrest increasing his fever by excitement was her first instinctive care.

While to him she said, "Don't worry, Jack," she was herself consumed by anxiety and apprehension.

They were in respectable lodgings in the students' quarter of Paris. They were without money or resources, needing the wherewithal to pay for food, rent, and physician's attendance, and, strange as this seems, it had all come about in a very natural way.

Their elegant lodgings of a month before had been devastated by fire, which had consumed their clothing and money with the exception of a few dollars which Jack had upon his person (having driven out of the city with his wife at the time of the disaster.

Straitened by want of means, they were forced by taking humble though comfortable apartments in the students' quarters, where Jack happened to know some young men, and were on the eve of sending home for reimbursement, when a letter arrived from Tibbie's uncle—the indulgent Uncle John, who had been more than a father to her—that he would set sail immediately to join them.

This delightful news appeared to make an exertion on their part unnecessary, for Uncle John was coming, and all that he had would be Tibbie's.

He had insisted that Jack should throw up his situation as book-keeper, and go abroad for his health; and the sea voyage having cured Jack's cough, our young couple were as happy as the proverbial king and queen, until suddenly misfortune overwhelmed them.

First came the fire and the loss, and then Jack's illness. What had caused the development of the fever which consumed him, he could not tell; he only knew that lips and throat were parched, his head a ball of lead, his blood a liquid lava.

Tibbie, with snowy hands and tender eyes, bent over him, watched and tended him in pain. Daily he grew sicker; the cool living did not abate the fever which scorched his vitals; the choice viands she had obtained by selling her rings did not tempt his appetite. And day after day went by, and Uncle John did not come.

Jack started up suddenly on his pillow.

"The rent! I thought the people turned us out of this place for the rent. It is due, isn't it? The rent, you know?"

"Hush, Jack! Lie down. You were only dreaming."

"Didn't you say the money was all gone?"

"I have a little. Try not to be so nervous, Jack. Go to sleep again."

"Oh, dear! I feel so strangely! And you are all tip-toe. Poor little Tibbie! Stretch yourself on the outside of the bed and try to rest. I need a thing now. I can get the water myself."

Tibbie glanced at the clock. It was just seven of the pleasant autumn evening. She was so weary! It would be a relief to lie down, and she would not go to sleep.

She stretched herself on the edge of the bed, and laid her slim, cool fingers upon her husband's forehead. He breathed a sigh of momentary relief.

How fast the days flew after that until the one on which Jack seemed to be dying. There was hardly any pulse at his wrist, and the fever was supplanted by a deadly pallor.

"I am so faint, Tibbie! I could take a cup of cocoa, I think, if it were cool and nice. I feel as if I were starving."

It flashed over Tibbie that the fever had turned, and the cool weakness was a favorable sign. Jack could not live a hand, but he turned his great hollow eyes toward the little stand. There was not a particle of food there. The jelly he could not take nor had been forced to take to keep herself from starving. She had eaten nothing else for twenty-four hours. Jack must have nourishment. Cream, wine, tender steak he must have the best, and at once, or he would die. And for Jack to die!

She crept to a window and looked out upon the twinkling light. There was no use thought. It was his right to have what he needed. Uncle John would come, but it would be too late.

She stood there at the window, with that terrible pain gnawing at her heart, for awhile longer. She believed she knew what many people in such straits as hers did, and it did not seem wrong. It was dangerous—but Jack would die else, and it did not seem wrong.

She turned toward the bed at last. Jack had fallen asleep, his poor, pale face in shadow. She gave a dry sob and wrung her hands. Then she set her small, white teeth, and turned silently toward the next apartment.

Her husband's clothing was there in a wardrobe—the suit he had divested himself of when he lay down upon—his death bed, perhaps. Not while she could prevent it—at any cost.

Her face was white and set now, as she removed part of her clothing and dressed part of it in her husband's. Finally she drew the soft felt hat well down over her features, and went out into the night.

She threaded her way rapidly through the lighted streets until she entered one less frequented. There was an archway in the shadow of the tree, and here she stood herself, drawing well back into the shade.

Her eyes glittered as she observed the occasional passer by; there was another glitter in her hand—the handle of a revolver.

This poor woman meditated robbery, murder. Why not? All the other lives in the world were not worth Jack's, to her. Money she would have, even at the cost of another's life—money, money!

A man went by, a burly fellow, rolling heavily—passed in safety. She waited for the next. There shuffled by an invalid, pale and threadbare, and coughing dolorously. Another, a lad, who probably had not a franc.

It was a long time before more pedestrians passed. Another big, hulking fellow; but they were all alike, helpless under the power of a revolver. But this one was not well dressed.

"By-and-by, a slight, spare gentlemen, wearing a rich broadcloth coat, came down the sidewalk. He had an orange in his hand; he paused an instant to throw the paring in the gutter. He turned and looked into a pistol's mouth.

"Money! Your money or your life!"

Tibbie saw plainly his white, shocked face. She even felt pity for him, he looked so alarmed and ill. He was evidently a gentle and kindly man. But he fumbled at his breast and took out a portemonnaie. It was well filled.

She grasped it, deliriously, triumphant; then a fierce hand gripped her shoulder from behind. Detection, arrest—and Jack—Jack pining in that lonely chamber.

* * * * *

"He has come! Tibbie, wake up, dear—he has come."

Her husband's low voice — footsteps, voices, a knock, the impatient opening of a door; a hasty exclamation of "Bless my soul!" and Uncle John's big beard brushing her cheek.

"Tibbie, darling! Jack—why, Jack, are you sick?"

Tibbie struggled out of the nightmare with a gasping breath.

"Oh, oh, oh!" was all that she could say at first.

"Why, what the dickens—" cried Uncle John.

And then he took his niece in his big arms, and sat down in a great chair with her.

"Now tell uncle all about it."

Tibbie pressed her hands to her throbbing temples.

"Oh, Uncle John, I had such a horrible dream! Jack is sick—we have no money. But oh, that horrible dream—the worst of all!"

"No money? Good gracious! You are starving here!" cried Uncle John, utterly shocked.

He banged a big purse down upon the table, with such force that the long-tied meshes broke, and the yellow sovereigns rolled upon the floor.

"Here! where is your man, your maid, your servants? Ring the bell!" ringing it furiously himself. "Good-ness! why didn't I know this? What a sight you are, Jack! Don't faint, Tibbie! There, cry, dear, cry! Do, dear—on old uncle's shoulder!"

The physician entered.

"Get the best of wine, oyster, beefsteak, milk, oranges—everything you can think of to eat—instantly! Instantly! Don't let the grass grow under your feet until you have it here. Money! There is money! This is my niece! that is my nephew. Start your legs!" cried Uncle John, in emphatic but unavailable English.

And Tibbie was forced to dry her tears, laughing hysterically, and repeat the order in a modified form in French.

It was obeyed with creditable speed, and in a short time plenty reigned.

Uncle John had come. Tibbie's trouble had ended. She remembered to look at the clock. She had dreamed all that horror in half an hour; but in half a lifetime it was hardly less vivid.

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God reacheth us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

Xamine your conduct daily.

You will never live by doing a good turn.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Gems of Thought.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it take it least.

Prosperity is no just scale. Adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

It is not enough to have reason; it is spoilt, it is dishonored by sustaining a brusque and haughty man.

It is not a lucky word, this same impossible; no good comes to those that have it so often in their mouths.

Pungent Paragraphs.

It bears the palm—The hand.

Fruitful of trouble—Green apples.

Often call to mind—The nursery maid.

Within a year nineteen American singers have perished at C.

A telegraph wire is like a moustache. It is of no use when it is down.

Worth makes the man. When Worth makes the dress he breaks the man.

Lumbago is one of the back taxes that you can't readily supply a check for.

Herein differeth ye damsel from ye potato: She maketh the more readily when raw.

The churchman and the family umbrella closely resemble each other in one particular. They both keep Lent.

Thanksgiving Day.

It now seems the general rule to crowd into one day the thankfulness of a whole year. The exception to this rule is in the case of those who have used PUTNAMS PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, with the invariable results attending its use for a perfect cure. They feel thankful always. Putnams Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and painless. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

SLANDER.

I was but a breath—
And yet the fair, good name was wilted;
And friend once found grew cold and chilled.
And life was worse than death.

One whispered word,
That struck its cowering victim blow,
In craven whispers hurled and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low, for very shame.
The thing the Outsider dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

A blast so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human wreck its side-path hour,
Like crushed leaves beneath its flight!

Mischief Makers.

A little girl in the street, a wild-haired little thing in checked gingham, is dancing over the pavement, pointing at another who is sneaking away with an angry look, and singing:

"Tell tale tit
I don't like you a bit—
Mischief maker—mischief maker—
Tell tale tit."

"What's the matter?" asks another little girl with a big hat and a Mother Hubbard cloak, rushing out of a basement door.

"Ann Black went and told Jane Brown what I said," answered the other. "Tell tale tit."

Childhood is womanhood in miniature. How many Ann Blacks there are in the world, and what mischief they make. There, for instance, are Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C, the best of friends, and enjoying life so much better for their sociability. Mrs. F sees, and resolves to break up this pleasant intercourse. Twelve odd years ago did she not hear Mrs. A say to Mrs. C: "I can't see what Mr. B saw in her," speaking of Mrs. B. And Mrs. C replied: "Nor I, I'm sure." Yes, certainly she did; and it is her duty to reveal the fact, to unmask their hypocrisy. She thinks of nothing else for several days.

She sees them kiss each other, and shakes her head and declares that "this is dreadful." At last she makes a morning call on Mrs. B, prefaces her statement by mysterious warnings, and then tells the story, not dating it, merely mentioning the remark. Mrs. B blushes, throws up her head, declares that it is "immaterial to her," but that they must be very deceitful, but is so plainly in a passion that Mrs. F is delighted. She departs triumphant. Mrs. B sits down to cry. She argues with herself that it may be untrue; that she ought not to put faith in that foxy-looking Mrs. F; but the story rankles.

At last she goes up stairs, and takes from a basket of invitations to a tea party the notes addressed to Mrs. A and Mrs. C, and tears them up. Her heart beats fast, and her face is flushed; she is very, very unhappy—very angry, also.

The tea is given. Mrs. A and Mrs. C are slighted. Mrs. F, meanwhile, has thought it her duty to mention to them that Mrs. B thinks them both mean and deceitful.

The affair of the party gives foundation to the tale. The ladies pass each other coldly, Mrs. B always saying to herself: "Ah, their consciences must tell them what I am angry about." They think the same of her. Yet none of them have anything on their consciences. Mrs. A and Mrs. C really said what Mrs. F repeated, but these were the circumstances: Twelve years ago, before they knew her, they stood at the station and saw her alight from the train. She had just ended a long journey. She was tired; her hat was dusty, her hair had escaped from its pins. The dress, made by a village modiste, did not hang well. They thought her plain.

"Dear me," said one to the other, Mrs. F standing by, "is that the bride? What did he see in her?" A stranger's hasty criticism. Afterward they met, liked and grew to love her. They had said a thousand kind things of her. Their forgotten speech was of no importance whatever. It was a true friendship that Mrs. F. has broken, yet it can never be renewed. No good has been done, but much harm. It may be that serious trouble will follow; wounded pride and hurt love blaze furiously sometimes; but all the treachery and ill-doing has been on Mrs. F's part; and as she placidly folds her hands as she sits in her pew in church, trying to believe that she has done a meritorious action, those words shining in golden letters from the wall—"Blessed are the peacemakers"—do not touch her. Now, as she passes up the street in her new bonnet, calm and consequential, how little she thinks that I am vulgar enough to wish to follow the example of the naughty little girl yonder and sing:

"Tell-tale tit.
I don't like you a bit.
Mischief-maker, Mischief-maker.
Tell tale tit."

Humor of The Day.

A slip of the pen lets the pig out.

The money lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.

Patent medicines are now made that will cure everything except hams.

"Ma, may I go on the street?"
"Yes, my dearest daughter,
Provided the young man will treat
To cake and soda water."

$500.00 Reward,

For any Testimonials recommending McGregor's Speedy cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, ect., that are not genuine; none of which are from persons in the States or thousands of miles away, but from persons in and around Hamilton, Ont. We gave trial bottles free of cost, so that you cannot be deceived by purchasing a worthless article, but know its value before buying. Trial bottles and testimonials given free at J. E. McGarvin's Drug Store.

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

A STEADY STREAM.—Since its introduction there has been a steady stream of the Fountain of health flowing. It is the greatest Dyspepsia remedy of the age. Price 25 cents.