

Acton Free Press.

Volume IX. No. 14. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1883. Whole No. 431. Terms.—\$1.00 in Advance. The Newspaper.—A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns. #1.50 if not so paid.

Advertisements.—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers postage paid for \$1.00 per annum in advance. Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, \$4.00 per annum. 1 square, 11 lines, \$5.00 per annum, payable in 6 installments 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 seal of solid Newspaper.

THIS PAPER may be found at the following places:—Barnett & Co. Newsagents, 44-46 Front Street East, Toronto. Contracts may be made for 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 Red Bank St., Acton.

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George Street, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto. Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office in Keegan's Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Hours explained as to conditions, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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

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

G. S. GOODWILLIE, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, GEORGETOWN & ACTON. Acton Office, in Mrs. Seaton's Block.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, Ontario. Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

W. B. BRAGG, PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT, Manufacturer of Flour Mills a Specialty. P. O. Address, Box 102, Hockwold.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. 26 Years Practice. No Patent. No Pay.

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. Binding neatly and promptly done.

W. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Farm House Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

Money to loan. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

LINE FOR SALE. Lines can be had at the Canada Line Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Mill, near Tolson's mill-pond. C. S. SMITH, May 1st, 1882. Box 172, Acton.

SHINGLES, STAVES AND HEADINGS FOR SALE. The undersigned has in stock first-class Pine, Cedar and Ash Shingles, Staves and Treated Headings. Call and examine stock if you require anything in the line. THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, P.O.

Those owing me are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, otherwise the court will collect them.

DELAWARE FARMS For Sale. From \$10 to \$100 Per Acre.

J. B. HENDRICK, Real Estate Agent, Houston, Delaware. These farms are improved with buildings, fences, fruit trees, and berries of all kinds, good water, plenty of timber land, good roads, schools and churches, good markets, only 95 miles from Philadelphia; very productive soil, climate mild and pleasant, come and see for yourself and be convinced. I am prepared with team and carriage to take visitors to see the farms free of charge. J. D. HERRICK, Houston, Delaware.

HANLEY 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. 22nd, 1883.

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent for Fire Insurance Co's, Life, Accident, Insurance Tickets. (\$3000 for 20c. 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.

Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattel Mortgages, Farm and House Leases, Agreements, &c. Clerk Div. Court, Com'rs in Queen's Bench, &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK. 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.

New Wall Paper, New Borders, New Window Shades, New Vases, New Toy Goods.

All for the Present Trade. Fix up your Homes for Exhibition Week, and get the Goods to furnish your Rooms.

AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH. Day Sells Cheap.

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK IN EVERY LINE.

BARGAINS IN—LADIES' & GENTS' GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

A LARGE STOCK OF ELECTRO PLATE—JUST RECEIVED—

ALL NEW STYLES. Big Bargains in Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

WM. S. SMITH, The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

Guelph Cloth Hall.

OUR SCOTCH TWEED FALL SUITINGS. Have now all arrived, and orders for Suits are respectfully solicited.

SHAW & GRUNDY, MERCHANT TAILORS, GUELPH.

All kinds of Machine Oil always on hand.

W. C. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Higinbotham's Block, Guelph. No. 12, Wyndham St.

Crowded! Crowded!! COME AND SEE THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN OUR SPECIAL LINE OF Fancy Goods of All Kinds, Toys, China Dolls, Express Wagons, &c. EVER SHOWN IN THE ROYAL CITY OF GUELPH, AT THE 10 Cent Store, and CHEAP CASH BAZAR, Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

JAS. F. KIDNER, FARMERS RAILWAY MEN!

Patent Dust-Proof Case, With Waltham Movement.

B. SAVAGE, GUELPH. THE OLDEST DRUG STORE IN GUELPH.

HIGINBOTHAM'S Cholera Preventative, Never known to fail.

A sure cure for Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Gripping Pains in the Stomach, Spasms, etc. Every house should have a bottle on hand. Prepared only by W. C. SMITH & CO.

Best American and Canadian Coal Oil, at lowest prices. Bring along your 5 gallon cans and have them filled before the price advances. The combination has forced up the price, but we have bought largely beforehand, and will give our customers the benefit.

Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 4, 1883. POETRY.

FAME. Ah, fate cannot a man be woe without a cheer! From East to West, from Iberia to Dan, No man is ever lower.

But fate will not permit The soul of gods to die, Nor suffer woe to win from wit Its crown in the sky; Nor let a life, whatever its pleasure, The world's light, without a treasure.

Go then, and seek your shine! Go, sacrifice to fame! And live to face the flame! Thy hapless life for praise, better, And die to fame an honored name!

OUR STORY. THE DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

"If you please, uncle," said Nanny Juniper, "I would like to speak to you."

"Old Doctor Juniper dropped his newspaper in dismay; the spectacles fell limply off his nose.

"You don't mean to tell me," said he, "that them cider-bar's sprung a leak again?"

"No, uncle," said Nanny, nervously, "pleasing the fill of her apron, and changing color as she spoke.

"Then the red cow is got astray," groaned the doctor. "It does beat all how careless the neighbors are about their bars."

"The red cow is all right, uncle," said Nanny. "It's about myself that I wanted to speak."

Doctor Juniper drew a long breath of relief. "Oh!" said he, "about yourself? Well, if it is a new dress, you've had two already since Thanksgiving Day; and if you want to take lessons of the war-flower woman, I think it's all stuff and nonsense. So there! Just hand me up the paper, Nanny, there's a good girl, and see what a nice blue-berry dempling you'll make me for dinner."

"Uncle," persisted Nanny. "I don't think you understand. I—I am not satisfied."

"Not satisfied?" repeated the doctor, opening his small, blue eyes to their utmost capacity.

"I should like you to pay me wages," went on Nanny; "because, uncle,—don't you see?—I'm doing all the work of the house, and saving you the expense of a hired girl, and I haven't a penny that I can call my own; and if it's ever so small an allowance, uncle, don't you see that it would save me the mortification of coming to you for every yard of tape and paper of needles that I want?"

"Nonsense!" roared the doctor. "I shouldn't ask for it, uncle, if I didn't feel I deserved it," pleaded Nanny.

"Rubbish!" said her uncle. "Six dollars a month isn't such a great deal of money," urged Nanny. "And I have lived here eight years already for nothing, you know."

"For nothing, eh?" said Doctor Juniper, severely. "I expose your board and lodging; I don't count; nor yet your clothes. Oh, the person was right when he preached, last Sunday week, about the rank ingratitude of the human race. There never was anything like it—never!"

"Of course I'm very much obliged for all that you have done for me, uncle," said Nanny. "But I'm two-and-twenty now, and I really feel that I can earn a little money of my own. And if you think six dollars is too much, I shall be very thankful for five."

"Ah, indeed!" said Doctor Juniper, satirically. "Quite moderate, I'm sure! But, you see, our ideas don't exactly agree. If you ain't satisfied with things as they be, you're welcome to better yourself."

"Pick!" cried Nanny, her blue eyes brimming over with tears.

"What I say I mean," said Doctor Juniper, renouncing the study of his newspaper. "And now I'd like the chance to read a spell afore I go out into the maple-pasture."

And, surreptitiously eyeing her departing figure over the rim of his glasses, the old man chuckled to himself!

"I calculate I've settled that business. Wages, indeed! Times has come to a pretty pass, when my own niece wants wages for doing my house-work."

As for Nanny, she went quietly into the kitchen, where she prepared the fowl for roasting, made a little bread-sauce for it, concocted her uncle's favorite blueberry pudding, and then retreated up stairs, where she packed the little trunk, which had once belonged to her mother, and whose surface was decorated with "A. J."

—for Antoinetta Juniper—in brass nails. "I can't live so!" said Nanny. "My boots are all patches, and Uncle Juniper thinks two pairs a year are enough for anybody. My dresses aren't fit to be seen, and Uncle Juniper is always saying that his mother's calico dresses lasted year after year. I can't even put a five-cent piece in the contribution-plate at church, without Uncle Juniper's accusing me of extravagance. If he won't pay me the wages which I am sure I earn, I will go down to Lake View House and help Mrs. Danesbury make pies and puddings for her boarders. She told me, long ago, that she would give me ten dollars a month, during the best season to assist her."

Doctor Juniper relished his roast chicken and blueberry-pudding as only an elderly gourmand can relish the appetizing dainties of this world.

Nanny sat opposite him, looking rather dazed and thoughtful. And when he had sipped up the last of his pudding-sauce with a piece of bread, wiped his mouth, and folded up his napkin, she spoke out:

"Uncle, I'm going away to-morrow."

"Be you?" said Doctor Juniper. "To earn my own living," said Nanny. "Humph!" commented Doctor Juniper. "Well, suit yourself—suit yourself!"

"Mrs. Danesbury is going to pay me ten dollars a month," explained Nanny. "But I'd rather stay with you at half the price, if—"

"I'll see you—further!" said Doctor Juniper. "I won't pay you a red cent!"

"Very well, uncle," said Nanny. "And so she went away."

"She needn't think she's going to wind me around her little finger," said Doctor Juniper. "I can get plenty of house-keepers for less money than that. And I would be imposed upon!"

The doctor got his own breakfast the next morning. It wasn't so easy as he had supposed it would be. The fire smoked and sizzled, the coffee-pot tipped over, the fish was scorched, and the eggs overdone.

"Hang it all!" said the doctor. "Things don't taste right, anyhow. There must be a knack in cooking, after all."

He left the unwashed dishes on the table, saddled the roan horse, and set off immediately after he had swallowed the last drop of the flavoured coffee, in search of "help."

The Widow Keene was all smiles when he stopped at her little red cottage.

"So Nanny has gone, has she?" said the Widow. "Wal, there ain't no dependence to be put on gals. And you feel the need of a real helpful companion? I did say, when I married Keene, that nothing should induce me to marry again, but—"

The doctor reined up Old Boas so suddenly that that meditative steed jumped off all four legs at once.

"Hold on!" said he. "I wasn't talkin' of matrimony, I ain't a marryin' man. All I want is hired help!"

"Do you mean to insult me?" said Widow Keene.

And she slammed the door in his face, and Doctor Juniper rode on, much marveled at the narrow escape he had had.

"I'll try Miss Mahala Dickerman," he concluded. "She ain't a widow. Widows are naturally sly and tricky."

Miss Mahala Dickerman was more reasonable. Yes, she would come. But she required her Sundays to herself, every Wednesday afternoon, the use of a horse and wagon to take her to church, and fourteen dollars a month.

"But what is to become of me on Sunday?" Doctor Juniper ventured to inquire.

Miss Mahala didn't know. She had her soul to look after—that was very certain. And she couldn't reconcile his Sunday business to her conscience. So Doctor Juniper rode away once more, solemnly shaking his head.

"What's come to all the women?" said the doctor.

Betsy (rewe was the next person on whom he called—a sharp-nosed gossip, with a high, shrill voice, and spectacled eyes.

"I think I kin suit ye, Doctor," said Miss Crowe. "I've lived housekeeper to several families. My terms is twelve dollars a month, and the privileges of a home, and a young gal under me. Her wages will be four dollars extra."

Mrs. Danesbury's maid asked to see Nanny. Nanny came in, all smiles and dimples. "Really," said the doctor, to himself. "I hadn't any idea the girl was so pretty!"

She welcomed her uncle with the most affectionate of kisses.

"Nanny," said he, "you were right, and I was wrong. I'm sorry I ever let you go away. If you'll come back to the old farm, I'll pay you ten dollars a month and be thankful to you."

"Oh, uncle, I can't!" said Nanny, laughing and flushing. "I've promised to marry Hugh Danesbury."

Doctor Juniper's face fell.

"Hugh Danesbury?" said he. "That's the young fellow that works at the mill, ain't it?"

"Yes, uncle," said Nanny.

"Then come, both of you," said Doctor Juniper. "Hugh shall run the farm on shares, and I'll pay you the ten dollars, just the same. I can't live as I've been livin'. I'd sooner take landman!"

So the young people were married, and came to Juniper farm to live.

"And uncle's a deal easier to get along with than ever he was before!" said Nanny.

For Doctor Juniper had profited from his experience.

THE FUTURE NEWSPAPER. In a recent address of the Ohio Press Association, Whitlaw Read, of the New York Tribune, said:—I do not believe that the daily newspaper of 1880 will give many more pages than that of 1860. Book-making is not journalism. Even magazine-making is not journalism. The business of a daily newspaper is to print the news of the day, in such compass that the average reader may fairly expect to master it during the day, without interfering with his regular business. When it passes beyond these limits it ceases to be a newspaper, and it ceases to command the wide support which is essential to its success. A feeling of annoyance arises in the mind of a reader who has put into his hands in the morning more matter than he can find time to read during the day. He does not want to skip any of it, because he feels that if he does so he may be missing something he ought to get. He can not possibly read it, and, at least, in a feeling of irritation, he abandons the paper, buys a smaller one in its stead, skims that, and assumes that if it was properly edited he has missed nothing of real importance. He does not wish great masses of undigested news thrust upon him, in bulk, that he may take out what he wants. He insists that his editor shall do this for him; shall select the salient points and present them with reasonable compass. It would make no difference if you offered him the undigested mass at the same price with the compact summary. He will pay just as much for half the matter if put in manageable shape. The great revolution of the future in newspapers is not, therefore, to be in doubling their size, in doubling the quantity of matter they give, or in doubling the multitude of subjects they already treat."

Fell Into His Own Trap. Asa Taft of Waterford, relishes a good joke and occasionally puts up one on a neighbor. The other day, while hunting, he shot a woodchuck, and as he stood over him it occurred to him to deceive some ambitious Nimrod. Accordingly he set up the woodchuck, leaving him in a life-like sitting position. "Now," said he, as he left, "I'll have a good one on the fellow who happens along and wastes ammunition on that woodchuck." This was early in the afternoon and Taft continued travelling about in search of further game. Towards night he spied a woodchuck and blazed away, but the trusty rifle failed him. Again he loaded and fired, but the game didn't even wink. Taft was surprised, because the mark was perfect and the rifle was usually reliable. He fired again with the former result. "Well," said Taft, still eyeing the woodchuck, "that beats me."

Not willing to give up, he tried once more but failed. Then losing confidence in his rifle, he started to run down the woodchuck, but as he approached it he recognized the locality and realized that he had fallen into the trap set for the other fellow.

Did Not Ask. Baby is very exacting at table. Her mother has, in consequence, been obliged to forbid her to ask for anything. The other day there was a dish of magnificent strawberries upon the table. Baby coveted them with longing eyes. She threw a supplicating glance at her mother, and another at her father, but this characteristic mimicry was unsuccessful. Baby was dissatisfied. She uttered a deep sigh, and, leaning over to her father's side, in a way to be well heard, she said: "Papa, tell mamma that I have not asked for any strawberries."

A Tough Chicken Story. The Chicago Record tells the story and vouches for its truth, of a hen in that place, with a brood of 10 chickens, which she refused to provide for, and as they gave her great trouble, she flew to the top of a fence one day, put her head between a couple of the pickets and then stepped off, thereby committing suicide. The little orphan was adopted by a pullet only a few months old, which has never yet laid an egg, but is taking care of the family with as much skill as an old tough hen could.

THE RECOGNITION.

Home they brought her sailor son, Crowned a man across the sea, Tall and broad and black of beard, And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss Both he offered ere he spoke; But she said—"What man is this? Come to play a merry joke?"

Then they praised him—called him "uncle," "Tightest lad that ever stepped!" But her son she did not know, And she neither smiled nor wept.

None a source of friendly tears, Set a pigeon plip in sight; She saw him out—"Tis he!" "Tis he!" She knew him by his appetite!

Pleasantries. A Fashion article—Woman. A sequestered spot—The coppered ace. The hate-day of the week—Washday. Chickens get upon the world's deck through the hatchway.

It is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being very much heard. "I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

The worst case of indolence related is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "J" and then punched a hole through the paper. Some workmen while putting up a sign at a Newport store dropped two of the big letters, both H's, on the pavement. A dozen Newporters immediately exclaimed, "How delightfully English!"

He Took the Necktie. Mr. Emery Storrs, the Chicago lawyer, tells a story of a man who bought a bill of goods for \$1,500. The firm being suspicious of their customer, put \$500 on the usual price. The customer could only raise \$1,000 which was the regular rate, the rest being in excess. He said he would give a note for the remainder and they took it. Then he said he was in the habit of recovering a present on making so large a bill. They gave him a necktie. He bitterly objected to such a mean little present. The proprietors concluded to present him with his note for the \$500. "I think I will prefer the necktie, if it's just the same to you."

Respected. There was a middle aged woman in town last week. A highly respected young citizen was observed walking upon the streets with her, and when our reporter asked who she was, he replied: "Well, sir, she is a lady for whom I have the highest respect and regard. She is one whom I have known, and known well, for a great number of years, and in whom I have the most implicit confidence. I look upon her as being one of the most self-sacrificing, most womanly, most tender, most upright and noble women I ever knew. I shall never forget what that woman has done for me." "Who is she?" "Well, sir; that woman is my mother."

Good Advice. A writer in Health and Home volunteers the following excellent advice: "Mothers, fathers! cultivate after supper talk play after supper games, keep after supper books, take all the good newspapers and magazines you can afford and read them aloud after supper. Let your boys and girls bring their friends home with them at twilight, sure of a pleasant and hospitable welcome and of a good time after supper, and you can laugh to scorn all the temptation which town or village can set before them to draw them away from home for their evenings."

What the Master Taught. Some little children were sitting one day on the steps of a door singing some of their favorite hymns. They were suddenly surprised by a half drunken man, who came up to them, and, uttering odd, odd, odd, said: "Does your master teach you nothing but singing those foolish hymns?"

Yes, sir," said a sharp little fellow, six years of age. "He tells us it is wicked to swear."

The poor, worthless man seemed ashamed of his conduct, and passed on without further remark.

His Wisdom. When the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, it is said, she tried every means to assure herself not only of his superior wisdom, but also of the quickness of his perception. She placed before him, one day, two robes, one artificial but so well made that she defied the king to distinguish the false one from the real. He sent for a dove, which naturally alighted on the true one, and thus without approaching either was able to give his decision.

Defiance is the most delicate, the most indirect and the most elegant of all complaints.

Foundations are good, and paths are good; but they are not enough. Foundations are to build upon; paths are made to walk in.

"El de descendantes qd de roeste what crowded at Peter was ter make a noise ebery time a lie is told, dar would be such a noise in de world dat yer couldn't heah de heans cackle."

A little girl, the Chicago Tribune says, unconsciously and tonically testified to the excessive draggery of her mother's life when, on being asked, "Is your mother's hair gray?" she replied, "I don't know; she's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

A Massachusetts Minister, rather at a loss for some fitting eulogy to pronounce at the funeral of a poor, shiftless, rum-drinking legal practitioner in his town, at last boldly affirmed that "our worthy departed brother won and held the first place at the local bar for many years." The statement was not denied.