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Volume IX. No. 18.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1888.

Whole No. 436.

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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 the vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call.

J.P. WORDEN

Jan. 29th, 1888.

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Patent Dust-Proof Case, With Waltham Movement.

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No. 12, Wyndham St.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 1, 1888.

POETRY

MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two to-night— No guests our bonny share; The damask cloth is snowy white; The service elegant and bright.

Our china quite and rare; My little wife provides; And perfect love abides.

The bread is spongy, the butter gold; The music nice and hot; What though the winds without blow cold The walls a little would rattle;

And the storm is soon forgot; In the twilight cheerful glow; See us a paradise abode.

A fairer picture who hath seen; Soft lights and shadows blend; The central figure of the scene; She smiles in the cream for me;

Her head a little bent; And in her eyes of blue I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea; With quiet, gentle grace; With fingers deft and movements free; She smiles in the cream for me;

A bright smile on her face; An air she sends it up; I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed? I scarcely need say; The passing thought she must have guessed; For now dear lips on mine are pressed.

An arm is round my neck; Dear treasure of my life— God bless her—little wife!

OUR STORY.

THE YOUNGEST CLERK.

"Is it a beggar, Jane?" said Mrs. Troop. "Oh, don't send the poor creature away! Give him a glass of milk and a bit of cold beef!"

"Please, ma'am," said Jane, "there ain't so much as a drop of milk left; and you gave the last of the beef to old Gideon Gallip."

"And besides, ma'am, I don't think it is a tramp at all. It's quite a respectable young man, in a brown linen duster, and a carpet-bag."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Troop. "A new boarder, eh?"

"Well, ma'am, I ain't quite sure," said Jane, discreetly. "Folks is so different."

"Jane," said Mrs. Troop, mysteriously, "see it all now. It's the youngest clerk."

"Ma'am?" said Jane, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, don't be so stupid!" cried Mrs. Troop, who was one of those nervous New England women who are perpetually in- stinct with electricity, and who saw and comprehended things by flashes.

"Call Barbara," and make her about it!" Barbara came into the green gloom of the little pantry, whose window was thick- ly shaded with morning glories—a tall, slim lassie, with solemn blue-gray eyes, brown hair, and a sleek queue of manner which she must have inherited from the birches on the mountain-side and the reeds in the swamp, for other teachers she had none.

"What is it, mother?" said she. "I was emptying the feathers out of the old pillow-ticks, and—"

"Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, "don't bother about pillow-ticks! It's the youngest clerk—he's waiting just over there in the porch, with his bag. Can we accommodate him, do you think?"

"Mother," said Barbara, "what on earth do you mean?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Troop, with a little impatient gesture, "don't you remember old Mr. Fanshawe, the book-keeper in Browne, Brownson & Browne's, telling us about the youngest clerk there, who had the weak lungs and the small salary? And he said he'd recommend him here for his summer vacation; and he hoped we'd take him cheap and do what we could for him."

"Oh!" said Barbara, arching her pretty brow. "Yes, it seems to me now that I do remember something about it. But, mother, where can we put him? Every room is full—even to the two sloping-roofed cham- bers in the garret."

"But a poor young man," said Mrs. Troop, in a distressed voice, "with heredi- tary consumption and almost no salary! Barbara, we never can turn him away!"

"No, of course not," said Barbara, re- flecting. "Mother, I can manage it. Don't fret any more. Tell him he may come."

"And high time, too," said Mrs. Troop, nervously, "with him waiting there on the porch, and wondering, no doubt, what all this means."

She bustled out, with kindly hospitality in her eyes. There, in the purple twilight, apparently listening to the song of the slender person, dressed in cool, brown linen, with a valise resting on the floor be- side him. How was Mrs. Troop to know that he had heard every word of the brief colloquy?

"Madam," he said, lifting the straw hat from his curly head, "I—"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Mrs. Troop. "I know all about it. Your name is Browne— with Browne, Brownson & Browne. Mr. Fanshawe told me all about you. You are the youngest clerk there."

"Madam, I—"

"Is it necessary to explain," kindly

interrupted Mrs. Troop. "We'll give you a room and board for two dollars a week. I can't promise you the duties they have at the Choochoo House, but everything shall be plain and wholesome. Mr. Fanshawe knew I would be interested in you because I had lost a son of about your age."

"Indeed, Mrs. Troop, I am very much obliged to you, but—"

"Here comes my daughter Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, evidently desirous to al- leviate the new-comer's thanks. "Bar- bara, this is the youngest clerk. His name, I believe, is Browne."

Barbara let her soft, blue-gray eyes rest upon his tired face for a second, with the most angelic sympathy.

"Is your cough very bad this summer?" she asked. "Oh, I hope the mountains will do you good! How long a vacation have you—two weeks?"

He smiled.

"You are very kind," he said. "The firm will allow me to be gone as long as I like."

"And your salary will go on just the same?"

"That is what I call real generosity," said Barbara. "Oh, I should like to thank Messrs. Browne, Brownson & Browne. Well, come in. Our little cottage is full of boarders, but my mother said I will con- tribute to make room for you somewhere."

And the pale boarder slept that night in a little rose-scented room, with a strip of bright rag carpet on the floor, hand-paint- ed china vases on the wooden mantel, and cheap muslin curtains at the window, af- ter a supper of black cake and milk, de- licious home-made bread, fresh honey and Johnny-cake.

"Two dollars a week for such fare as this, so saying nothing of my cunning little corner room!" said Mrs. Browne to him- self. "I never boarded so cheaply before in all my life."

At the end of a week he was more than delighted with his summer home. Mrs. Troop was the kindest and most motherly of hostesses; Barbara was the impertinent- ness of the kind; and the most impressive of sweet and gracious refinement. The mountain was full of purple glens, merry- voiced cascades, winding footpaths and breezy heights. Mr. Browne enjoyed him- self intensely. He believed that he had come to the right place.

"Don't you think," said Barbara to her mother, "that he's very strong for a con- sumptive?"

"It's that herb-tea, and the diet of honey and new milk that is building him up," said Mrs. Troop, triumphantly. "I never knew it fail yet in lung disease. But let's very pleasant, Barb, isn't it?"

"Very," said Barbara, earnestly.

Mr. Browne had not been a month at the little cottage on the mountain, when over- taken by a sudden shower, he took refuge in an old unused barn, not far away from the house, where a thicket of blossoming elderberries concealed the rude stone beam- ent, and a veteran yellow pine tree hung its swags of black green shade over the mossy shingles of the roof. Unused, except to stow wheat by in—and in one corner a little chamber had been finished off, long ago, with a brick chimney and a tiny-pane- lled lattice. The door was half open, and Mr. Browne could discern a little cot-bed, draped with white; a dimity-covered toilet- stand, whose coarse, cheap bowl and pitcher were enriched with purple and crimson autumn leaves in hand-painting; and a little needlework rug, which lay at the foot of the bed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Browne, to that best of confidantes, himself. "I comprehended it all now; I have displaced Mademoiselle Bar- bara from her little corner room in the cottage. Upon my word I feel like a usurper! But how good they are, this mother and daughter, whose only income is derived from this precarious occupation of taking summer boarders! How unselfish, how utterly self-sacrificing, there are good Samaritans yet left in the world, thank heaven!"

When September came, with its yellow leaves and its clusters of vivid blue asters on the edges of the woods, Mr. Browne prepared to return to the city.

"You are sure you are strong enough to resume work?" said Mrs. Troop, anx- iously.

"Mother," said Barbara, "he ain't at all like an invalid. Either old Mr. Fanshawe was mistaken, or else Mr. Browne has made an almost miraculous recovery."

Just at this instant Jane came to tell Mrs. Troop that neighbor Jackson was at the door waiting to borrow a drawing of tea.

The gentle widow bustled out; Mr. Browne turned to Barbara.

"Yes," said he. "I am going to return to New York. But I shall leave something behind me."

"Of anything for you," said Barbara, who was sorting over red-checked pears for preserving.

"Shall you? But you don't know what it is, Barbara," suddenly lapsing into extreme gravity, "it is my heart, I am driven to confess that I have left it—and to you."

"You are joking!" cried Barbara, color- ing and half-disposed to be indignant.

"I never was more serious in my life," asserted Mr. Browne. "I do love you, dear little Barbara, truly and tenderly: Do you think you could dare to trust your future to me? Here as I seem; I could not

give you a good home."

"Oh, I am not afraid of that," said Barbara, with rising color and drooping eyelashes. "I have been brought up to be independent, you know, and I believe I could earn a little money by art work, if ever I had the chance. If—if you really care for me—"

"My own darling!"

"Then—yes, I do love you!"

So Barbara was wooed and won.

"Of course, the dear little mother must live with us," said Mr. Browne. "I couldn't do without her."

"Mrs. Troop, who had once more joined the group, looked puzzled.

"Is it a flat," said she, wistfully. "No, I occupy a whole house."

"But dear me!" cried the mother-in- law-elect. "Isn't that rather extraor- dinary?"

"I think so," said Mr. Browne, seri- ously.

"But must you really be married at once?"

"I should like to carry both Barbara and you back to the city with me," said the lover.

"And poor Jane! Thought of course, it would be out of the question for Barbara to keep a hired girl!" hesitated Mrs. Troop.

"Oh, Jane must come, too," said Mr. Browne. "Bring her with you, by all means. We can manage it somehow. To tell you the truth—"

"Well," said Mrs. Troop, eagerly. "I am a fraud and a delusion," confessed Mr. Browne, while Barbara raised her soft eyes in amazement. "I am not the youngest clerk in the firm at all. The youngest clerk went out to Bermuda, at the expense of the firm last spring. I hope he is doing well in that climate. This man was Ferdinand Browne. I am Augustus Browne, the youngest partner."

"But however came you here?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Troop. "Didn't Mr. Fanshawe recommend you?"

"Not at all. I came to the hotel, but it was full; and they thought that perhaps I could be provided for at Mrs. Troop's cot- tage until there was a vacancy in the Choochoo House. But when the vacancy came I didn't care to claim it."

"So you are not poor at all!" said Bar- bara, in a low voice.

"Not in your sense of the word, perhaps; but I shall be poor indeed, sweet Barbara, if I have forfeited your favor," he uttered fervently.

"Nor consumption?"

"No, nor consumption," he admitted.

"You have been deceiving us all along," said Mr. Browne. "But, under the circumstances, do you see how I could help it?"

"It is very strange," said Barbara. "I ought to be thoroughly indignant with you; but somehow—somehow I love you more dearly than ever."

Mrs. Troop could hardly believe her own ears. A palace in Fifth Avenue; a double carriage driven by two fine gentlemen who wore choicer suits and glossier hats than the parson himself; double damask nap- kins, with monograms embroidered on them, at every meal; egg-shell china; all the luxuries which she had dreamed of, but had never known! And all these gifts bestowed by the hand of the poor young clerk whom she had undertaken to board at two dollars a week because he was alone and friendless, and for whom she had saved the choicest slices of honey- comb and brewed the most invigorating herb tea!

"One often reads of these things in novels," said she; "but how seldom they come true in real life!"

Kind, simple-hearted Mrs. Troop! If she had been a student of the great "novel" of Human Nature, she would have known that we are all of us living romances at one time or another. And why not? Is not the world always full of love and youth?

He Took the Hint.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were starting for church. "Wait, dear," said the lady. "I've forgotten something; won't you go up and get my gazebo out the bureau?"

"Your gazebo," replied Jones; "what new-fangled thing's that?" "I'll show you," remarked the wife, and she sailed up stairs and down again with a pair of kids on her hands; "There they are," said she.

"Why I call those things kids," said the surprised husband. "Oh, do you?" snapped the wife, well, so did I once, but they are so old now, I'm ashamed to call them anything but gazebo. Then they went on to church. The next day Jones' wife had a half-dozen pairs of new gaiters in a hand- some lacquered box of the latest design.

If a market gardener should cauliflower, would it be any sign that he wanted to make a bouquet?

"Why is a young man like a kernel of corn?" asked a young lady. "Because," said another, "He turns white when he pops."

"One-half the world don't know how the other half lives," exclaimed a gossiping woman. "Oh, well," said her neighbor, "don't worry about it; 'tisn't your fault if they don't."

"I don't love you, and I won't marry you!" she said to him in a pet. "Two negatives make an affirmative, my dear; let's go and see the parson," he answered, quietly. She wept.

BABY. My bloom, my treasure, I'd sell with all pleasure The bloom of a thousand bowers. They could not come nigh thee, Whole worlds could not buy thee, My one little flower of flowers.

ADVERBITY AND SUCCESS. If hindrance obstruct thy way, Thy magnanimity display, And let thy strength be soon; But oh, if fortune falls thy fall, With more than a propitious gale, Take half thy canvas in!

BABY'S EYES. Look down deep in baby's eyes, Tell me what therein you see, Only strange and wondering thoughts Of the purest purity. Eyes grow dim with toil and care, But for innocency itself, Look down deep in baby's eyes.

Forty Billion Germs. A Wonderful Theory that Concerns the Welfare, Happiness and Life of Everyone.

In his quiet and cozy library at the close of a busy day sat a gentleman and his wife, he absorbed in a new book and she in the newspaper. Quickly glancing toward her husband, she asked, at a certain point in the article.

"John, what in the germ theory?"

"The germ theory—well—yes; just look in the encyclopaedia under 'Germ,' that will explain it so much better than I can."

Accordingly his wife opened the book at the word named and read: Germ theory of Disease—A theory advanced by the ablest and best investigators and scientists of the times. It supposes the surface of the earth, and air and water to be inhabit- ed to a greater or less extent with a pecu- liar growth of the lowest form of fungi— commonly termed bacteria, whose power of reproduction under favorable conditions, is so great that a single germ will increase to fifteen million in twenty-four hours' time, and unchecked in its increase would grow to a mass of eight hundred tons, in three days' time, if space and food be fur- nished. There is no condition under which it can be said to be absent, unless it be from fire or air filtered through cotton- batting in numerous layers. A single drop of water containing a germ, put into water, boiled, filtered and thus freed from bacteria, will grow murky in a day or two from the development of new germs. When it is considered that it requires about forty billion to weigh one grain, some remote idea can be had of the capacity of germ reproduction. Professor John Tyndall, in a late work, elaborately treats of the in- fluence of germs in the propagation of disease and charges upon this cause, the inception and development of very many of the ailments most injurious to man. Professor Pasteur, an eminent French savant, has carried his original and beautiful experi- ments so far, and from them deduced such practical results as very greatly to dimi- nish the number of cases of anthrax among sheep and chicken cholera among fowls, proving his theory and these are essentially and actually germ diseases. These germs are carried into the system through the lungs, the stomach, and possibly the skin, but through the lungs chiefly. Once in the system, they begin to develop, poisoning the blood, invading the nerve centers, dis- turbing the functional activity of the great organs of the body and inducing a general impairment of the vital processes. They are the cause of fevers, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidneys, pneumonia, blood poisoning, liver disease, diphtheria and many other ailments. Lately Professor Koch, a famous German physician, has proved that consumption of the lungs is due to this cause—the presence of a pecu- liar germ.

When the circulation was bounding, the nerves elastic and the system all aglow with life and energy, the germs seek to de- velop poorly, if at all. But with weakened nerves, poor digestion or mal-assimilation of food, a lowering of vitality from any cause, a change ensues, and in this im- perished and weakened fluid the germ finds a genial home and develops until symptoms of disease are distinctly mani- fested. This is seen in the every-day ex- perience of all. The healthy man resists the influences around him and does not take cold, while those whose systems have become weak from any cause readily con- tract colds. This is on the same principle as the germ theory. The germs attack any weakened spot in the body, and fixing themselves upon it, begin their propaga- tion. It is plain therefore that it is only by fortifying the weak portions of the body that the germs of disease can be resisted and driven from the system. But this has proved almost an impossibility heretofore, and it has been the study of physicians for years how best to accomplish it. Within the past few years, however, a preparation has been attracting great attention, not only throughout the entire land, but among the medical profession and scientists gen- erally, which is based upon this theory, and it may safely be said, no remedy has ever been found which can so successfully place the system in a condition to resist the germs of disease as Warner's Safe Cure. This article is unquestionably the best and most efficient that has ever been discover- ed for this purpose, and—

"John, say, John! does the encyclopaedia advertise Warner's Safe Cure?"

"I should not wonder, dear, it's a grand remedy, and that pamphlet we received the other day stated that Dr. Gunn, of the United States Medical College endorsed it. At all events the wonderful cure it is so- completing article it is to be honorably noted among the great discoveries of the present century."

However the facts above stated may be, the truth remains, that the germ theory of disease is the correct one, and that the great remedy mentioned is the only one which has ever been found that can put the system in a condition to kill these germs before they obtain a hold upon the body, and undermine the life.

The faith cure is nothing new, for faith that can move mountains ought to easily drive away life.