Acton Free Bress.

FATRY THURSDAY MORNING.

--- 4T THP---FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE MILL STREET, ACTON, OST.

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will be inserted tillf arbid and charged accordlagir. Transitory advertisements mustbe Notes Discounted and Interest Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office or 9 a m.on Mandays, other-. IT. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprieto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. THIS PAPER Rewell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Survey (N Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Business Directory.

H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Ges luste of Trinity College, Mem. ber of College of Physicians and Surgeons Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George In town, Out TOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE OF ON-

TARIS VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO. Veterinary, Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Officein Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

J. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN L. Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesisy, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderaté.

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S. GOODWILLIE Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

GEORGETOWN & ACTON. Acton Office, in Mrs. Secord's Block. TOHN DAY.

ARCHITECT. Guelph-Ontario. OFFICE .- Queen's Hotel Block, Market Sidare. T. B. BRAGG.

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

Lime can be had at the Canada Lime OUR SCOTCH TWEED Norks in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to

May. Ist. 1552. Box 172, Acrox. CHINGLES, STAVES AND HEADING

The andersigned has now in slock firstclass Pine, Cedar and Ash Shingles, Staves and Turcel Heading. Call and examine SHAW & GRUNDY stock if you require anything in the line. THOS. C MOORE.

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

DELAWARE FARMS For Sale. From \$10 to \$40 Per Acre. J. D. HENDRICK'S, 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 only 95 miles from Philadelphia; plenty of fish, oysters and game; very productive land, 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. HENDRICKS; Houston, Delaware.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP.

J.P. WORDEN Has opened a Barber Shop in the premiers office, and solicits a share of the patrouage of this vielnity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call. . J. P. WORDEN. Jap. 23rd, 1883.

Actin

Terms. -81.00 in Advance.

The Newspaper.- " A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."

ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1883.

\$1.50 if not so paid

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., Crowded! STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,

BANKERS.

Volume IX. No. 19.

Ontario. GENERAL BANKING BUSI-

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

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PAINTED CLOTH FOR WINDOW SHADES

. (ALL COLORS.)

37 inch wide-25 yards.

45 inch wide-35 yards. Tassells to Match.

The Hartsborn self-acting Spring Koller. The best Spring Balance Roller.

50c. EACH. Also a handsome painted shade, with Dado at bottom, 37 inch by 7 feet, FOR 75c. This is an American Shade, and is very thick and a fine quality, big stock to pick from.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE, CUELPH: DAY SELLS CHEAP.

ar Come at once and get those shades, and give your house a good appearance. SPLENDID NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE.

BARGAINS

LADIES' & GENTS' GOLD AND SILVER

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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.

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FALL SUITINGS

Have now all arrived, and ordeos for Suits are respectfully golicited.

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TAMES HATTHEWS. Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,

Accident Insurance Tickets: (\$3000 for 25c. per day.) Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., eturn tickets issued, or tickets to bring out your friends, CHEAPER THAN ALMOST ANY Money to Loan, Good joint or endorsed

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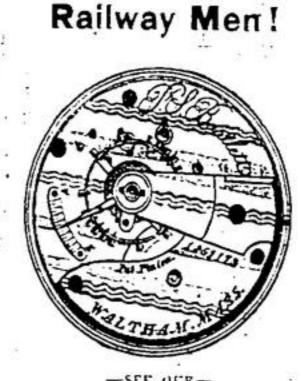
IN OUR SPICIAL LINE OF Fancy Goods of All Kinds, Toye, China Dolls, Express Waggons,

COME AND SEE

LYER SHOWS IN THE ROYAL CITY OF GUELPH, -AI THE --Cent Store, and

CHEAP CASH BAZAIL Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph. JAS.F.KIDNER.

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Dust-Proof Case,

With Waltham Movement.

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HIGINBOTHAM'S Cholera Preventative.

Never known to fail.

A sure cure for Cholera, Diarrhoa, Dysentery, Griping Pains in the Stomach, Spasnis, etc. Every house should have a bottle on tune." 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 advauces. The combination has forced up the price, but we have bought largely beforehand, and will give our customers the benefit.

All kinds of Machine Oil always on hand.

W. C. SMITH & CO.,

Dispensing Chemists. Higinbotham's Block, Guelph.

No. 12, Wyndham St.

Acton Free Press.

Paterson Monsing Nov. 8 1883

POETRY

IN THE LAST PEW. Poor and forformly old; no grace

Smoothes the sharp angles of her form. Long buffete I by life's slow storm. All else amount is fine and fair; And stained light falls, a politon glare,

She meekly mumbles o'er the bynin, Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim :

They toes bright smiles on every side. Nor does she know the hearts such fair looks Now still the site, with tear-wet face.

As leath to leave that sacred place : The organ, with quick thunder given. Lifts her sad trembling soul to Heaven; She feels a sense of glissful rest. Her bony hands across her breast She class, and slowly sight: "God knoweth

Where kings and ministers must wait. While the hojes humbly for low place Far from the dear Lord's shining face, Above the chant of heavenly choir These words may sound, with gracious fire : higher !"

HER BEAUTY FAILED.

DECEIT PUNISHED.

She was one of those young la dies who seldom trouble themselves about the convenience or inconvenience of others, as regards their own self-indulgence.

Miss Baker, moreover, "went out" good deal, and balls, soirces, and receptions do not correspond with early hours. Mrs. Baker, a gentle, weak-eyed little woman, who sat in an apologetic manner behind the coffee urn, was, to tell the truth, afraid of her tall, handsome daughter, who came into the room like a fresh breeze, and seemed actually to light it up with her brilliant dark eyes and shining braids of auburn hair.

was always settled down at her desk in the sunny bay window-the second Miss Baker. who was domestic, was engaged in looking over a basket of linen-but Ethel, the acknowledged beauty of the family, pretended to be a specialite. "I shall marry rich," said Miss Ethel,

manner seemed almost to authorize her in her boast. ball last night?" said Mrs. Baker, as she

poured out a cup of hot coffee, and pushed be plate of toast towards her daughter. "Oh, well enough," said Ethel. "But, oh, mamma l" brightening suddenly up, "who do you suppose I met there?" "I don't know, I'm sure," sald Mrs.

"Norton Wilde." "No!" ejaculated Mrs. Baker, while Eleonara looked up from her transactions, and Sophia dropped her ball of darning

into her coffee, " he has returned, and Mrs. Styver tells me he has made a great for- half a crown for that plant." "Does he admire you as much as ever, strainedly.

darling?" asked Mrs. Baker, smiling. that, mamma," returned Ethel, with and the man are come."

"I'm sure I hope so, dear," said Mrs. Baker, rather dejectedly, "for papa really getting quite outrageous about the bills for kid gloves and bouquets, and Mme. Beaumanoir's little account-" "But, oh, mamma!" recklessly inter snowy blossoms away,

plant he gave me before he went awaythe threshold before her uncle Abner's that white gardenia, you know." "And I told him I had watered it every night and morning during his absence What else could I say? He meant it for

"Oh, Ethel, did you let it die?" asked Eleonara, reproachfully, "Of course I did," said the beauty. "What did I care for it? Norton Wilde was a poor man then-he's a rich man

"And what will he say?" demanded

She site, bent over with wrinkled face. In seeming mockery on her loose gray hair.

The preacher faulthosely arraye !. Tells how our bearts afar have strayed. And how all souls should be content With these good blessings God bas sent. And one of all that self-prised throng. Hangs on his worde nor deems them lon; And humbly thinks only her beart is wrong

What can their gay world hold for her . This worn and weary worshipper ?" Now, rustling down the airles in pride,

One day, within wine arender gate Well done, good, faithful servant, come up

PUR STORY.

Ethel Baker had just come down Miss Baker was always late at the morn-

The eldest Miss Baker, who was literary to be some chance customer, of which commodity, poor child, she stood sadly in

And really her pretty face and stylish "Well, dear; and how did you enjoy the

Baker. "Who was it?"

"Yes," said Ethel, stirring the cream

conscious toss of her pretty young head. "He waltzed twice with me. You can't think how much he has improved since he went away. And he's to call here this evening. I always told you I would marry rich, mamma, and I rather think the hour | away."

rupted Ethel, "he asked me about that

sort of gage d'amour, you know, and wouldn't do to own that I had forgotten all about it, and let it die."

"That's the question," said Ethel. "He

mustn't know. I must obtain a white blossom. gardenia somewhere or other before tonight to reproduce the one I have wept

and mused over during his absence." And she laughed sarcastically. "Oh, Ethel, what a hypocrite you are !" cried out Sophia.

"I'm no worse than other girls," retorted Ethel. "I saw a lovely gardenia at the florist's last week," remarked Eleonara, " but they

asked a pound for it." "I haven't got a pound to spare, and that's the end of it," said Ethel, knitting | in; himself to his full height, "you are a her brows.

. "Lucy Parke has one in bloom," said Sophia. "I was looking at it only yesterday, and wondering how poor folks can keep such exquisite plants." "Who's Lucy Parke?"

"She does sewing for me," said Sophia. same I cave you three years ago!" Mrs. Hoyt, of our Doreas Society, recommended her. Supports an old uncle, or fingers nervously working together-de something of that sort, I believe. I never ! tected ! should have thought of the thing again if | The platitudes which she would fain you hadn't chanced to mention a white have uttered died away on her hips-she gardenia." "Good," said Ethel, "it shall be mine."

"I don't think she'd sell it." "I'll have it, anyway, asserted the im-

"No. 17 Raven Lane, third floor, front," said Sophia, referring to a little memorandum book in the drawer of her workstand. - It's rather a poverty-stricken sort of place, but --- "

there at once.' Lucy Parke was very busy that day, finishing an order for Miss Sophia Baker. She was a pale, pretty girl, with regular Greciau features, glossy black tresses, and an air of lady-like refinement which one would scarcely expect to find in a mere sewing-girl. Lucy had not always occupied that

hamble sphere. She, too, had had her dreams of a higher, more luxuriant atmosphere, from which, alas! she had awakened to the realities of a life of toil But Lucy's heart was lighter than usual. for a generous friend was even then sitting

in the adjoining room with her old uncle, and through the partially open door she could hear his voice. "Do you think, Abner Parke, I would let my father's old clerk, the man who had broken down and grown gray in his service, suffer from want ! Before I went away I was almost as poor as yourself; but now that I have succeeded in amassing a little money. I am going to make you comfortable. Yes, I know Lucy is a good girlaye, and a pret:y girl-but that's no reason she should toil herself into a consumption. I've bought that Whartley place, and you shall be lodge-keeper at a good salary. There's a pretty little house for you and your old wife, and the country air will do

Lucy good. And-" But just then the girl's attention was called off the cheery monologue by a sharp, imperious rap at the outer door. She opened it, supposing the new-comer

And Miss Ethel Baker swung in, hung with jewellery, scented with a faint odor of violets, and dressed in the very extreme "I see you don't know me," she said.

Lucy rose in some surprise. "I am Miss Baker, sister to the young lady who occasionally employs you." Lucy bowed. "And," added Ethel, looking past her at the superb creamy blossom which rose like

a royal crown out of its glossy green leaves, I want to buy that gardenia." "It is not for sale," said Lucy, coloring deeply. "It was my mother's. She raised t from a slip before she died, and-" "I daresay," coldly interrupted Ethel " but poor people oughtn't to talk nonsense

about sentiment. I see," with a glance, "that you need money. "I'll give you "It is not for sale," repeated Lucy, con-

"Then you don't mean to oblige me," "I don't think there's much doubt of haughtily spoke out Ethel. "Very well if you persist in your obstinacy, it will the worse for you. I will tell my sister Sophia to withdraw her custom from you. Don't be an idiot; listen to the common sense of the thing. Here's half a crown just wrap the plant up and let me take it

> "But Miss Baker-" "I have no time to argue the matter, interrupted Ethel. "Yes or no? 1 want the flower-and my sister is one of your best customers. And Ethel Baker triumphantly bore the Her footsteps had scarcely died out

that handsome visage has stolen away your not worth one of those glittering tear-disflowers before night-fall." "You are very kind, faltered poor Lucy,

trying to smile: "but-but they will not be my poor mother's gardenia." toilette when Mr. Wilde called that even-

stood poor Lucy Parks cream white

Whole No. 436.

"You see," said Ethel, smiling sweetly "how I have tressured it for your sake." Nortou Wilde looked her straight in the

"Do you mean," said he, in that cold. blunt way of his that some how jarred upon her prefty conventionalities, "that this is the same flower I gave you before ! Went away?"

"Of course it is." said the unconscious

" Miss Ethel," said Norton Wilde, drawwoman-and from a woman's lips falsehood comes with a double-distilled terror you brought this flower from Lucy Parke's house to-day: you wiled it from her by threats and entreaties alike. And now you would palm it off upon me for the

Ethel stood with crimsoned cheeks, an

only felt that she had played out her came Norton Wilde took his leave-and when

Mrs. Baker and the girls hurried in to enperious young beauty. "What's her ad- quire the reason of his unexpectedly brief sojourn, they found Ethel in a storm of passionate tears.

That was the end of her hopes on the subject of Norton Wilde. And six months afterwards, when they

heard of his marriage to Lucy Parke, "I don't care," said Ethel. "I'll go Ethel Baker clevated her handsome eyebrows, and contemptuously remarked: "After all, Norton Wilde aiways had low tastes. To think of him marrying a dressmaker."

What She Said.

A rather fast young man, becoming enamored of a prefty girl, finally decided to make her a formal offer of his hand and heart-all he was worth-and then he hoped to be indulged in loverlike demonstrations, the young lady being so far coolly indifferent in her manner toward him. He attributed this to maidenly reserve. for it never occurred to him that she wasn't in love with him. He cautiously prefaced his declaration with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himself wife's duty to make home happy? Would the street-cars." she consult his tastes and wishes concern. . Pa, why didn't you learn a trade when ing her associates and pursuits in life? you were a boy?" Was she economical? Could she make "That's not only a silly, but also an her own clothes, etc.? The young lady impudent question. I didn't learn a trade said that before she answered his questions; when I was a boy out of regard for your she would assure him of some negative feelings. I wanted to give you an opporvirtues she possessed. She never drank, tunity to say that your father was a gensmoked or chewed; never owed a bill to tleman." her laundry or tailor; never stayed out all . "It can't be helped now," replied the night playing billiards; never hung on the boy, moodily, "but I wish you had constreet corners and ogled giddy girls; never | salted me, for if we had arranged for you stood in with the boys for cigars and wine to be the brick-layer, I could have been suppers. "Now," said she, rising indig- the gentleman myself." nantly, "I am assured by those who know that you do all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in ne, while you do not possess any of them yourself. I can never be your wife;" and she bowed him out and left him on the cold doorstep a madder if not a wiser man.

Irish Humor. Some years ago there was a scene beween the clerk of a criminal court and the Irish prisoner which brought out that inconsistency in ideas that makes Hibernians so amusing.

An Irishman was arraigned for assault

and battery. The clerk, after reading the indictment, asked the prisoner, in accordruce with the form then in their use. "Do you demand a trial on this indict-"Niver a trial do I want," answered Pat.

on ve, indade, its anxious I am, for me of yez trials at all, at all !". And Pat, thinking that he had settled the business, rose to leave the dock, but of course was prevented. When the laughter had subsided, the clerk, changing the form of the question, asked-

tint I'd be to lave the house wid me blessin'

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Arrah, and how can I tell till I hear the evidence ?" said Pat. It was several minutes before the court

could go on with the business.

Four and Twenty Blackbirds. There is often a great deal of sense in the Mother Goose rhymes, if only we know what is intended to be taught by them. A writer in Golden Days thus explains the times past. story of the "four and twenty blackbirds:" friend bent pityingly over Lucy's drooping | The birds are the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the earth, and the top "What, crying, Lucy! And only because | crust the sky that overreaches it. The opening of the pie is the dawn of day, one little flower. Believe me, child, she is | when the birds begin to sing: "The King sitting in the parlor counting out his monds. I will fill your windows with money," is the sun, and the golden pieces -that slip through his fingers are the golden sunshine. The Queen in the kitchen is the moon, and the honey which she relished herself is the moonlight. The maid is the day dawn and the clothes she hangs | varying degrees of velocity. He says the Miss Baker was in her most enchanting out are the clouds; while the bird who "nips off her nose" is the hour of sunrise.

THE WAY THE RAIN BEHAVES Beating the clover Under and over, Tossing it thither, Flinging it hither-

THIS is the way the rain behaves Pelting the garden, Begging no pardou. Though all the roses

Fell on their noses-THIS is the way the rain behaves! Drubbing and rubbing, All the leaves scrubbing. Then the leaves shaking,

Leaving them quaking-Time is the way the rain behaves : Splashing and dashing. Merry drops clashing. Each other hustling-Ob, what a bustling!-This is the way the rain believe

Two Dollars Ahead. The "drop game" is frequently played by thieves in city banks. While some customer of the bank is counting the money which he has drawn a stranger calls attention to a bill which has apparently been dropped by the depositor. The customer stoops to pick it up, and on regaining his feet generally finds some if not all of the money which he has been counting gone, together with the stranger. The following story is told of how ex-Senator David

Davis once outwitted a would-be thief : The judge was making a deposit at a Washington bank, and stood counting a large pile of money at a desk. A welldressed young man stepped up and, with a bow and a smile, said : "Judge, you have dropped a bill." Sure enough, there lay a clean, crisp, genuine two-dollar bill at the depositor's feet. "Thank you," blandly answered the judge, placing his ponderous right boot over the bill on the floor, and calmly resuming his counting. The sharper, taken aback by the coolness of the proceeding, disappeared, and the judge was \$2 ahead by the transaction.

Wise Words.

Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day.

Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manuers. The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

If you desire to be held wise, be so wise

as to hold your tongue. He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to daty approaches sublimity. Better be unborn than untaught; for

ignorance is the root of misfortune. The darkest chapter in the nature of man is the tendency to pull down the reputation of his fellow man. Give me the benefit of your convictions,

if you have any, but keep your doubts to

courself, for I have enough of my own.

We must not roughly smash other people's idels because we know or think we know that they are of cheap human manufacture.

The Young Man Wasn't Consulted "You should learn some trade, my son," away." Did she love him well enough to said an Austin gentlemen to his young live in a cottage with him? Was she a good | hopeful. "Brick-layers are getting 56.50 cook and bottle washer? Did she think it a a day, while lawery can't afford to ride on

Too Much Wood! Simpkins' wife as he staggered in about three o'clock this morning. "Well (hic). y'she I wush out (hic) wish Hennery (hic), an' 'e said : " Putsh stick in m' so-(hic)soda." So I saysh, "Putsh stick in mine." Then I gesh-" "Well I guess," remarked Mrs. Simpkins, laying considerable stress on the personal pronoun, "that he put a whole cord of wood in your sods, and that it all went to your head." And when Simpkins woke up the next morning he

London's Vastness

An: American correspondent says o London: It covers 122 square miles, and I couldn't get through its streets in ten years with the utmost nonchalance. "Ye need behind Mand S. Its gin-palaces and beer not give yourself the throuble of thrying shops would, if put in a line, reach seventyme. Ye may as will save the expinse of five miles. There are 400,000 gas lamps in that, and put me down as innocent. Conits streets. Twenty-seven miles of new streets are added every year. Every day 160,000 strangers come into the city, and boss is waitin' for me beyant, I want none | 123 babies are born. I begin to feel crowded and shall get out.

A simple lay-An egg.

worm-eaten nut.

A gold pen-A coin vault.

Pressed for time-A mummy.

It isn't a great way to the end of a cat's nose, but it's fur to the end of its tail. Bleached mouse is the latest favorite shade. This will probably be followed by the rat tan.

Rattler says the cures effected by laying

on of hands is an old story with him. His

Not what it is cracked up to be-A

mother often indulged in the pastime in These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together-manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

A subscriber wished to know if it is wrong to eat pie with a knife. Well, no. not exactly wrong, but we prefer to eat ours with the teeth, as our grandfathers

An old farmer has made the scientific discovery that different sounds travel with first stroke of the dinner bell can be heard by the workmen at the farthest corner of a quarter section farm, while the call to work has to be repeated several times at a distance of ten rods.