

Acton Free Press.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE, MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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Business Directory.

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MONEY TO LOAN. At Six Per Cent. CLARKE & GANNIFF, BARRISTERS, &c., Cotten's Block, Guelph.

FRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. E. Chapman, BOOKBINDER, St. George's Square, Guelph.

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer, For the Counties of Wellington and Halton, Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.

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.

LIME FOR SALE. Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP. J. P. WORDEN, Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Foster...

DELAWARE FARMS FOR Sale, From \$2000 to \$100000 Acres.

J. B. HERRINGTON, Real Estate Agent, These farms are improved with buildings, fences, fruit trees, and borders of all kinds...

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Volume IX. No. 36. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1894. Whole No. 458.

ACTON BANKING COY., STOREY, ORNSTEIN & CO., BANKERS, Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

SCHOOL BOOKS, COPY BOOKS, DRAWING BOOKS, ALL THE NEW TEXT BOOKS FULL STOCK.

AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

JAS. F. KIDNER, 10 Cent Store, and CHEAP CASH BAZAR.

Upper Wyndham St., GUELPH.

Removed to Cheaper but Better Premises. Directly opposite the old store.

10 Cent Store and Cheap Cash Bazar. JAS. F. KIDNER.

WELLINGTON MARBLE WORKS, QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR, (Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton) Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to cemetery work.

Guelph Cloth Hall, MERCHANT TAILORS, GUELPH.

SHAW & GRUNDY, MERCHANT TAILORS, GUELPH.

SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS.

ESTABLISHED 1848. SAVAGE'S Watch, Clock, Jewelry Spectacle HOUSE.

Large Stock. Prices Right. Special Attention to Fine Watch Repairs.

B. SAVAGE, Near Petrie's New Drug Store, GUELPH.

A MARVELOUS STORY TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "In Cedar St., New York, Oct. 10, 1893. (Continued.) My father resides at Glenside, N. Y. He has been a great sufferer from Sciatica, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect...

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scurvy sore on the wrist, until about five years ago.

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scurvy sores. The humor caused an incessant and insupportable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved.

THE OLDEST DRUG STORE IN GUELPH.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworms, Itchings, Sores, Blisters, Tumors, Blotches, Sore Throat, and all eruptions of the skin.

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THURSDAY MORNING MARCH 6, 1894. POETRY

PROVERBIAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Many little mak's mickle. Hand together what ye has; Though it seems a scanty mickle, Keep it for a rainy day.

Many little mak's mickle. Never heed though fortune frowns; Prase her wheel some draps will trickle, Catch them ere they are gone.

Many little mak's mickle. Black as pennies mak's a pound; Fourth is ill kept, and third is found; None when that is never found.

Many little mak's mickle. Self-dependence be your pride, Gather true industry's mickle, Gotten gear is ill to guide.

Many little mak's mickle. Little does mak's mickle din; Little does mak's mickle win; Little love can mickle win.

Many little mak's mickle. Little words gie mickle pain; Little thorns can jae and prickie; Little waste mak's mickle gain.

PUR STORY.

THAT LAWYER'S ADVICE. SARAH JANE'S STORY.

"I haven't set out to tell everything that made me think of getting a divorce from John, for wiser folks than me'll tell you there's some things best covered up and never spoken of."

"It all began when the children died—that sad summer when the three little ones were carried out of our home in one week. They left such a awful darkness and loneliness behind them that perhaps it was no wonder John turned away from me like to shake off things, instead of brooding over them as we women do."

"I had tried to brighten up a bit, it might have been different, but the gloom in my heart was so heavy, that I had no eyes for anything until it had gone on a long, long time, and I couldn't help noticing how different from his old self John was getting to be."

"Perhaps if I had been more patient and forbearing, I might have won him back. But it made me feel so hard and bitter to think he could be unkind to me, that I didn't try. For when the little ones died, he had said that the logs must only bring us nearer to each other. And now—ah me!—it was such a shock to find that John could be wrong, and keep doing wrong, that I only saw a fence anger towards him and showed it."

"So things got worse and worse, till I settled down to a dreary feeling that I didn't care for anything, the children being gone, and John, who had loved me so, almost worse than gone—though that seems a dreadful thing to say."

"And at last I took a notion I'd go back to father's, I thought I'd see how John would take it, if he saw I could leave him. I had never, you see, given up the hope that some time he might come back to himself, and to me, and that we might be happy together again. I thought he'd soon be coming after me with promises to do better."

"So one day I packed my trunk, and left everything in order, and went home unbeknownst to John. I looked for him within a week, but he was not there, and then another, and another. I was determined I would stand it out as long as he would. I used to hear about him sometimes—folks said he was working the farm same as usual, but had shut up the house and gone to boarding at a neighbor's. I knew that wouldn't suit John long, for he was always a great home body, and I watched and watched for him to come and ask me to go back, but he never came, and the longer he waited, the more I was bound never to go back of myself."

"After I had been gone a long, long time, one day one of my brothers came storming home, telling how he'd heard say John was going to get a divorce from me for desertion. Father and the boys were all as mad as they could be, to think of his doing it, after treating me so. I'd felt driven to leave him. I was angry enough myself, too, and they talked to me till they brought me to think the only thing for me to do was to get the divorce myself."

"Well, I was so worn out and disheartened that I didn't care what I did, so I went to see a lawyer. He was a nice looking man, but a great many lawyers, are—had a look at it, he present to right, and I was only thinking how much money he could squeeze out of me, as they say most lawyers do. He took a peep in his hand in a business-like way that almost frightened me, and says—

"What's your name, young lady?" "Sarah Jane Price," says I. "And then he looked at me good and long, and looked

in a book that had writing in it, and then says he: "Any relation to John Price?"

"So I told him I was John Price's wife, and what I'd come for. He looked very serious when I told him all about it. "Any children?" he says.

"Of course I couldn't help crying when I told him how we'd lost the little ones, and how happy we'd always been till then, and how happy we might have been even yet, if I'd done a little more to help John over it, and he had not been led away. And then he got out of me how my folks had talked me over about the divorce, and he looked more serious than ever, and said a good deal like this:

"I suppose in the eye of the law you are entitled to a divorce, but the law is not always right. It is a dreadful thing to separate two people who ought to live together, and make each other happy. Now, I say, 'Mrs. Price, are you sure you have no love your husband left?"

"He looked straight in my face—solemn—and I broke right out and cried harder than ever, and could find it in my heart to say right up and down that I hadn't."

"Well," says he, "you'd better take a little time to think of it, and call again."

"I said I would, and I went home. But they wouldn't give me any peace there, all keeping on that it wouldn't be keeping up the dignity of the family and showing a right spirit if I didn't get the divorce. So I went into the village again in a few days. But just as I crossed the street to go to the lawyer's office, who should I see but John!

"Looking for all the world just as he'd looked years ago before trouble ever came between us. I knew in one look that he was himself again, for he held his head up like a man, and his eye was clear and bright."

"I took a few steps forward, so dazed I didn't know what I was doing. (All the sad years between, seemed to go off like a flash, and I only saw John, my husband. Then I heard screaming and shouting, and a great noise and rush near me, and something dashed at me, and everything seemed to go far away."

"When I opened my eyes again John was with me. I'd been knocked down and run over, and John had taken me into a house and hadn't left me for a week. I was so happy lying there and him taking care of me like in old times, that I couldn't let myself think of anything. And when the doctor said I could be taken home, I wondered what John meant to do, but didn't say a word."

"And neither of us had said a word when he carried me into my own room, and the smell of apple blossoms came in the window, just as it had two years before."

"But as it was an unwelcome surprise, I caught sight of my own name in print, on a piece of newspaper. I looked again, for I'd never seen my name printed before, excepting when John and I were married, and when the little ones died. There was some lawyer's talk and John's name, and my name, and something about divorce, and I screamed out for John."

"He looked and looked at it, and his face was black enough."

"John, John," says I, "what does it mean?"

"I'm blessed if I can make head or tail of their lawyer's lingo," he says.

"Oh, John," says I, "are we divorced?"

"He looked at the paper again. "Sarah Jane," says he, "I don't know!"

"He stared straight out to the stable and saddled a horse, and the next minute I saw him galloping towards the village with all his might. He got back to me quicker than ever he'd made the trip before, and put both arms right about me."

"No, Sarah Jane, says he, 'we ain't divorced, and unless you're a long ways more set on it than I think you are, we never shall be."

"I never would've believed Sarah Jane'd go off and leave me, but I was considerable taken aback when she did, though I couldn't but help owing to myself, she had good cause enough to do it. But all the same, I was as mad as a hornet, and said to myself, I'd never ask her to come back if she stayed away a thousand years."

"I felt sure, though, she'd come back of herself before long. The house was so forlorn and lonesome, that the time and again I was within one of just hitchin' up and goin' to fetch her, but I always hardened to her again and wouldn't. I had a lot of thinkin' those days, though, and one day it came over me strong what a fool a man is to let himself go to ruin when he can help himself as well as not. I've heard folks say they can't help it, but that's all nonsense, you know! If a man wants to quit, the way for him to do it is just to quit—no tergiversin' off, nor foolin' about it."

"Well, Sarah Jane stayed and stayed, till at last it came across me she'd been gone better than two years, and I felt so thunderin' mad to think she wouldn't give in that, but 'sick and tired of her' so, I think I to myself, 'I'll get a divorce for desertion, and go West.' So I went to see a lawyer about it one day when I had in a load of seed potatoes."

"After he'd heard all I had to say, says he: "I think you'd better go and bring back Sarah Jane."

"I'm blessed if I do that!" says I, "she went away of her own accord, and she may come back the same way."

"He looked a good deal, and I supposed his wife was down, and I supposed

quite got to that. He said I'd have time to think of it before a decree could be got, and I'd better not be too hasty. But soon after I heard that Sarah Jane's folks were talkin' about gettin' a divorce, and I was determined they shouldn't get ahead of me."

"So I went to the village again, and was just goin' up to see the lawyer when I heard a how-do-ye-do in the street. There was a runaway. Things went flyin' helter-skelter, and a woman was hurt. I pushed into the crowd and saw her lyin' there with blood on her hair. I was always powerful strong, and I picked her up and carried her into a house close by, and a doctor came to see what the damage was, and when they turned her face up I gave a jump."

"For if you'll believe me, 'twas Sarah Jane! She hadn't come back to me, nor I hadn't gone for her, but here we were come together, for all!"

"She looked so pale and so pitiful that I forgot in one minute all about bein' mad with her. I carried her to a room they fixed for her, and it seemed the most natural thing in life to be tendin' on her, and before she knew anything else, she just settled right down to it and wouldn't let a soul but me do for her."

"So I had the old house opened and brightened up, and I took her home, and it was good to both of us to be there."

"We had a big scare along of that divorce business, though. Her folks had had it published how she was applyin' for one, and we saw it in a newspaper, and for the life of us neither of us could make out whether we were divorced or not. But it was all right, and it's been all right ever since."

"Only that wasn't quite the end of it. A little while after there came a letter to me, and 'twas a bill—a lawyer's bill. Yes, sir, that chap had the face to send me a bill for twenty-five dollars."

"I was dumfounded, and the first day I had anything to hand in, I made straight for that man's office."

"Look-a-here, now!" says I, "what have you ever done for me that you should send me this bill?"

"I thought he'd 'a' looked foolish, but he didn't. He laughed."

"Why, my dear sir," says he, "that bill is for advice."

"Advice!" says I. "What advice do you mean?"

"I advised you very strongly to set like a sensible man and go and make up things with your wife, and I understand you have done it. You don't think I can afford to stay in this office to give you or other folks advice for nothing, do you?"

"Now look here!" says I. "Do you mean you were gettin' off all that preacher talk on a feller for a fee? Couldn't I 'a' gone back to Sarah Jane without any of your tellin'?"

"He stopped laughin' and looked so solemn I was afraid he was goin' to get off another advice bill on me."

"Yes, my man," says he, "but whether you'd 'a' done it or not 's another question. If I had pushed on your work as you wished, a gulf would have been fixed between you and your wife which would probably never have been filled. Now I'm going to leave it to you," says he, "whether my advice was't the best advice you ever had in your life, and worth at least twenty-five dollars."

"He took it so cool, I couldn't but stare at him; and then it all seemed so overawingly ridiculous, this thing of a lawyer tryin' to keep families lined together and chargin' a good fee for it, instead of splittin' 'em apart—and the way me and Sarah Jane had been makin' such simpletons of ourselves—I laughed myself. I laughed lots harder 'n he had. I laughed till I had to stamp about and sit down and unbutton my coat before I could answer him a word. Then I says:

"Well, I declare it was? And I paid him that twenty-five dollars without a groggin' thought; and when I'd got out of his office I laughed and I laughed harder 'n ever—till the lawyers and folks that had offices about them, opened their doors and began talking about the police. Then I ran back and opened the door again, and says I:

"Say—bring all your folks and come out to our place and eat strawberries and cream, will you?"

"The Autograph Bixiness." Josh Billings hits the nail on the head when he writes: "I receive every day from four to ten letters asking me for my autograph, all of which I reply to, sending the desired signature. The matter has grown into a first-class business. To make it profitable one thing must hereafter be observed. I shall not be able to supply the demand only to those who inclose a stamped and addressed envelope for remailing. They may be off, but it is so honest that I think a barbarian would shed tears over it. It may pay a new beginner in an autograph trade to send his signature in an envelope stamped by himself, but I feel as though I had got a peg higher in the traffick if this bixness is did as it is did now: in 40 or 50 years more I will be expected not only to furnish each applicant with an autograph, but a box of pills and a \$5 greenback to pay them for the trouble."

"Oh, Tommy, that was abominable in you to set your little sister's shins of the table!" "Why," said Tommy, "didn't you tell me that I was always to take her shins off the table?"

HOW TO KEEP A TRUE LOVE.

Is this a Part, to keep The Ladies loose, And chase From fast of veils and sheep? Is it to quit the dish Of flesh, yet still To All The platter high with fish? Is it to fast an hour, Or rag'd to go, Or show A down-cast look and scow? No: 'tis a Part to dole Thy sheaf of wheat, And moist, Unto the hungry soul.

Is it to fast from strife, From old debate, And hate? To drumme thy life. To show a heart grievant To stare thy son, Not bid; And that's to keep thy Lent. —Old P. xxv.

A Practical Sermon to Young Men

BY H. G. KATKIN, LL. D.

You are the architects of your own fortunes. Take for your stars, Industry, Self-Beliance, Faith, and Honesty, and inscribe on your banner, luck is a fool, pluck is a hero. Earnest effort in one direction is the surest road to wealth and high position; diligence and stick-to-it-ness is the winning hand. Don't take too much advice, keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humility, think well of yourself—strike out—assume your position. It is the jostling and jolting of life that bring great men to the surface; hot potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and small potatoes go the bottom; turn a raft of logs down a mill-race, and the large logs come on top. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Envy, irritable determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't doze. Don't read novels. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous—there are two sides to every balance, and favors thrown in one side of the scales are sure to be reciprocated in the other. Be kind. Be civil. It is a foolish man who does not understand that impudence will catch more flies than vinegar. Read the papers—they are the Great Educators of the people. Advertise your business. Keep your own Councils, and superintend your own Business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-man. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey the law.

How Grandma Knew.

Mabel—"Oh, Edith! I have just heard the wildest thing about the Blanks." Edith—"Goodness gracious! What is it?"

Mabel—"Their grandfather used to keep a fish-stand in one end of the market." Edith—"Oh, it can't be!"

Mabel—"But it is. Grandma says she has often seen him cleaning fish for customers." Edith—"How did grandma happen to see him?"

Mabel—"Why, you see, she was the proprietress of an egg and butter emporium at the other end."

Little Laughs.

It is undoubtedly true that absence will conquer love, but a young man will never get over feeling sure in the place where that big lively bill struck him.

Every girl married thus far this year positively declares that the engagement was made in 1883. She does this to avert suspicion that the took advantage of leap year.

At leap year parties it is positively required that the gentlemen should chew gum, but it is not true that the ladies are expected to chew cloves and seeds and things.

A wedding party in boats was seen down the river yesterday. Oupid can't drive, but he has laid aside his bow and arrow to get a good grip on a life preserver or a plank or skiff.

A Humane Invention.

Robbie Burns described the toothache as "the hell o' a' diseases." But the cure of the disease—the extraction of the offending molar—is about as bad as the original ache itself. Those who have gone through the operation know full well the terrible enduring experience which will be glad to bear, is to come. Hereafter what was once an excruciating pain will be a delightful pleasure. At least the British Medical Journal tells us that a dentist of Geneva has invented a new and ingenious process of tooth-drawing. A small square of India rubber, pierced with a central hole, is pushed over the tooth till the upper part of the root is reached. The India rubber gradually contracts, pulls off the root, and the offending tooth is finally enucleated, without causing the patient any pain whatever. Four or five days are generally required to complete the operation. Very slight bleeding and a slight swelling of the gum are the only inconveniences experienced.

Hollowy's Pills.—Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Disordered Bowels.—These medicines are sweet, pleasant, and if left unopposed frequently terminate fatally. It should be everywhere known that all these complaints originate in the presence of some indigestible substance in the stomach or bowels, and of some deleterious matter in the blood, and that Hollowy's Pills cut through these with sweet and expeditious efficiency. They combine in a surprising degree the most powerful purgative, with the most delicate and agreeable ingredients, and are perfectly adapted for all cases of indigestion, dysentery, diarrhoea, and disordered bowels, and for all cases of biliousness, headache, and general debility. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 pills each, and are to be taken with water or tea.

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