# Acton Aree Aress.

--- IE PUALLERED-EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE MULL STREET JACTON, ONT.

Tanks :- The Fare Pages will be sent to au n in alcance; \$1.50 if not so paid. No paper liscontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher. ADVERTISING RATES. - Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertiou cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, \$4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines. \$5.00-per annum, parable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice the object of which is to promote the recuniary benefit of any individual or

company, to be considered an advertise- STOREY, ment. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil. COSTRACT RATES Jae column one rear Hall column one yest larter c dama one year in . c. dumu air months Larter columnsix months ...

Balf column six months Half column three months Trarter column three mouths # Ill be laserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements mustbe Changes for contract advertisements must De in the office of \$2 m. on Mondays, other-wise they will be left over till the following

H. P. MOURE. Kditor & Proprietor

### vertiains Bureau (10 Sproce St.) where advertising

THIS PAPER may be found on the at Gen. P.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeous. Office and residence, at the head of Fred-

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George-

TOHN LAWSON, GRADIATE OF ON TARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TOBONTO, Veterinary, Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Officein Kenner & 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.

H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of RIGOS & IVORT, 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.

### TOWAT & McLEAN,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, de La Moner to Lous. Office :- Town Hall, Acton. W. A. McLEAN J. A. MONAT.

S. GOODWILLIE. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

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

ARCHITECT. Ontario. Guelph. Office.-Queen's Hotel Block, Market

LIVINGSTON, LL.B., BIRRISTER, Ornice:-Next door to Hynds' Jewellery Store, Mill Street, Acton.

DAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS. OFFICES: Over Imperial Bank, 24 Weilington Street, East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

WILLIA LUDIAY. GEORGE KAPPELL W. B. BRAGG.

PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. Re-arranging of Flour Mills a Specialty -P. O. Address. Box 103. Rockwood.

DATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS

HENRY GRIST, OTTAKA, CANADA 20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay

MONEY TO LOAN. (PEITATE FEXDE) At Six Per Cent.

CLARKE & CANNIFF. BARRISTERS, &C., Cutten's Block, Guelph.

MRANCIS 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 Ruling neatly and promptly done

MY HEMSTREET,

Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton, Orders left at the Pazz Pazzs Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Money to Loun.

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

Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's C. S. SMITH. Box 172, ACTOX. May, 1st, 1882.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP. J. P. WORDEN

Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Forster as a medical office, and solicits a share of the patronage of this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in thret class | Near Petrie's New Drug Store. style. - Give as a call.

Jan. 23rd, 1883.

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 IX. No. 44.

ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1884.

## THE FAVORITE

Oyster Parlor

A. E. MATTHEWS

-IS NOW RECEIVING DAILY YRESH-

Lemons, Oranges, Grapes,

And all other goods in his line.

Biscuits.

The largest assortment of plain and fancy

My customers will find all my goods

THE OYSTER PARLOR

Oysters served in any style during the

scason, or will be supplied by the can,

ST Good cooking apples always on hand.

QUEBEO ST., GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton,

PROPRIETOR.

(Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton

Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything

pertaining to cemetery work.

Received first prizes at Provincial Ex

hibition Guelph, the Western Fair, and al

local exhibitions for excellence of material

and superiority of workmanship. Your

IN GUELPH.

-

ONLY 20c. a gallon.

COAL OIL.

orders are solicited.

A. E. MATTHEWS.

fresh and in every way satisfactory.

Biscuits in town, and from the best manu-

CONFECTIONERY,

Cauned Fish and Fruits.

facturers.

quart or gallon.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,

Ontario. Acton, GENERAL BANKING BUSI-

NESS TRANSACTED. Advertisements without specific directions MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED

NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

WINDOW SHADES,

BABY CARRIAGES. BASKETS.

BIG STOCK.

BOOKSTORE.

GEELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

COME AND SEE

**OUR NEW STORE** CROWDED TO THE CEILING WITH

GOODS --- TROX---

Germany, England, New York, Salling Cheap for Cash! Cent Store, and CHEAP CASH RAZAB.

Directly Opposite Old Stand, Hazleton's Upper Wyndham St., GUELPH JAS.F.KIDNER.

Our Spring Stock is now fully assorted, comprising all the newest shades in

Plain and Fancy Worsteds,

West of England Trouserings, and Scotch and Canadian Suitings.

We can assure our custovers and the general public that we have this season the choicest selection of goods we have ever been able to place before them, and in consequence of the low prices prevailing in the Wholesale Markets we are able to sell Clothing at very low figures.

> SHAW & CRUNDY. MERCHANT TAILORS, Guelph.

> > Repairing.

B. SAVACE,

CUELPH.

Now is the time to buy your

ESTABLISHED 1848.

### HIGINBOTHAM'S SAVAGE'S Condition Powders

Watch, Clock, have given universal satisfaction, and all who have used them for horses and cattle testify to their ex-Jewelry & Spectacle cellence. Prepared only by W. G. SMITH & CO. HOUSE.

> Winter Finid .- An elegant prepara tion for Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Frost Bites, &c. Prepared only by

Thoriey's Horse and Cattle Food. Special Attention to Fine Watch Sold in any quantity to suit purchaser,

Diamond Dyes, the best and cheapest in the market.

W. C. SMITH & CO., Guelph, 10th Dec., '83.

at least half a head taller than we are. Acton Free Press. And there is no time to lose!"

THURSDAY MONNING, MAY 1, 1884.

POETRY

She knot with her sweet hands folded Her fair little head bowed low, Without, earth dumb with winter ; Within, hearts dumb with care ; And up through the leaden silence Rose softly the baby's prayer.

And help me be good," she said; Then, stirred by a sudden fancy, She lifted the shining head. Did she catch on the frozen maple Some hint of the April green, Or the breath of the woodland blosson The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered "Where the orioles used to sing. They are tired of the cold, white winter Oh, help them to grow in spring; And the flowers that I loved to gather, Lord bring them again to May; The dear little violets, sleeping Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes And hearts may be cold with care. But wastes of a baby's silence Are crossed by the baby's prayer;

In jubilant hope may sing.

For when earth is wrapped in winter
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

Gray and ice-cold the twilight had dark ened over the Stone Tower, until the ruddy glow of the fire became insufficient to dispel the creeping shadows, and Nannie brought in the lamp.

It was a great, low-ceilinged room, wit an antique-carved cornice and a wainscor of oak which reached above kamie's shoulder-a room where the faded crimson hangings shut out the dying daylight, and the pattern of the carpet had long become indistinguishable.

And the three blooming, bright-eyed young girls in this ancient room seemed ab much out of their element as a cluster of rosebuds would have been lying on an Egyptian sarcophagus. But Col. Copely liked seclusion and antiquity. Moreover he liked economy. And when he brought his three motherless daughters down to the Stone Tower, he grimly gave them to understand that they too must teach themselves to like these three aspects of life.

was a man-hater, added to himself, "they'll getono beaux here! No gurl ought to dream of a beau until she is twenty-five years old.

brain, with dark, melancholy eyes and might be realized in a suitor.

Col. Copely was in the city, and Miss | hands, and unloose the doz!" Baird, the governess, was confined to her room with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, Ada and Nan were going to a sur- | tion). reptitious party.

were at home," said Ada. ed Nan.

"But everything happens for the best." said Ada. "Do look at this lovely, goldcolored silk, Nan. Wasn't it good of Mary | taper shoulders, away she shot, like an colored silk, with this black lace mantle."

plump, with china-blue eyes and radiant, bronze-brown hair, "shall wear the white, all brocaded over with pink rose-buds, and the rose-colored satin slippers. Oh, Ada darling "-pouncing upon her sister with a little, ecstatic kiss-" we sha'n't know ourselves, shall we?" "Couldn't I go, too?" pleaded Bess, and cherry cheeks, half hidden by the shawl drawn over her head and ears, she

whose gypsy beauty gleamed in between the apple-bloom faces of her sisters like a Jacqueminot rose among white moss-pinks. | Nan. "Couldn't I wear the pretty garnet silk that you've neither of you chosen ?" a child, Bess !"

preed Bess. "And I'm almost as tall as a grown-up party in my whole life!"

erity, "hold your tongue. It's quite out of the question. "You are to stay here with "But Miss Baird is always asleep in the

evening!" whimpered Bess. nonnoed Nan. the house."

Bess drew a deep sigh and obeyed.

"Why was it," she argued within herself, "that she must always be put down and snubbed, and kept in the background. because she was the youngest, and wore short frocks and her hair braided in two Chinese tails down her back? If ever she was a grown-up young lady, she'd show

But Hew got a little better natured when she was allowed to make waffles her ownself for wa, in the absence of Eliza, their sole domestic, (whose brother had bethought himself to fall of fever, half a mile or so up the mountain, at this auspicious time, of all others), and to select a jar of raspberry jam by way of accompaniment.

For Bess, tall though she was, had not ! quite outgrown the age of tea-sets and de- her hands over her eyes. light in playing at bousekeeping. And she arranged the tea-rose buds in her sisters' hair, and gave the last dainty touch to their dresses-Bess was a born lady's-maid. the girls declared, laughing,-and looked regretfully after them, as, with their spiendor all shrouded in black serge cloaks, they harried down the frozen road, two merry, flecting shadows.

"Oh, dear !" said Bess, aloud. " how wish I was going, too! Then she winked the tears down, and ran back into the oak-wainscoted room, returned in a little while, and the housewhere the lamp still glowed, and the logs hold was restored to order. blazed and snapped on the hearth, so bur-Ada's farewell caution as to the looking

and double-looking of the outer door. ing to her for companionship; for she cherish no malice against his fair little lost, but the entrancing memory of hers snored and slept with her mouth open, and | jailer. was not in the least an ideal simmberer. And the kitchen was very lonesome without as the season advanced, "I do believe he Eliza, and even the cat was too drowsy to likes Bess the best of us all, or he would do purr or frolic with a ball of knitting-yarn.

"What shall I do?" said Bess. "Oh. I know! I'll try on the garnet silk dress and fancy I'm a grown-up young lady going to She was walking up and down the floor

trying to see herself in the old Venetian mirror that hung above the tall, wooden mantle, when the creaking of a board in the hall startled her. Flying to the door, garnet silk, train and all, she came face to face. face with a man. "I beg your pardon!" he said, apolo

getically; "but you did not hear the knock, child!"

"What do you want?" cried Bess, all in a panic. "Go away, at once!" "I called to see if the young ladies-

Bess waited to hear no more. Vague ideas of peddlers, tramps, burglars, mid night assassins, floated through her brain "Yes," said she with assumed coolness they are at home. Please walk in." And, opening the nearest door, she mo

tioned him to enter. As it was dark there in, how was he to know that it was the coal-cellar, or that the next minute the door would be shut and bolted upon him?" "There!" cried Bess, exultantly, her Which was rather hard on Ada and dark eyes shining like balls of fire, her

cheeks turned from deadly pale to glowin "But stop a minute !" pleaded a stiffe voice from the other side of the door. 'There's a mistake. I wish-"

"Yes;" said Bess, "there is a mistake to be imposed upon. Now, stay there un And upon this windy March night, when, til I call the coachman and the two stable (Which four last, be it understood, were

entirely a fiction of Miss Bess's imagina-

She stood a second or so, to consider "Of course papa wouldn't let us go if he | Miss Baird must not be excited or disturbed-at least, so the doctor said. Besides, of what use could Miss Baird possibly

" I'll go for the girls," said Bess. " I'll be at the ball, after all !" So, folding a shawl about her pretty

Sinclair to lend us the three dresses to arrow, quite heedless of the lace-lined train Hazel Hill, where the ball was being held, was not more than a quarter of a mile from Stone Tower, and, lighted from

garret to cellar, it presented a very pretty sight to Bess's wondering eyes. She posted herself on the verandah, just where a casement had been opened to cool the perfumed atmosphere of the dancing room, and there, with big, sparkling eyes

They were dancing. Bess would scarcely have known them, so radiant they seemed "Nonsense!" cried Ada. "You are only | - their exquisite borrowed dresses set off by lights, their faces flushed by happy excitement-and at last Ada sat down by was. this very open casement, smiling and fanning herself, while her partner hurried to bring her some refreshments.

All of a sudden a cold little hand fell on her dimpled shoulder. "What on earth has brought here? Is Miss Baird dead? Has paps come home?"

"No." answered Bess, sepulchrally. But I've caught a burglar! Call Nan. and come home at once; because, maybe, And so Ada never got the refreshments and Nan didn't finish her walts with

Whole No. 461.

would have done credit to a Rory O'More himself. Thus backed up, Bess drew the bolt, unlocked the door, and called in stern accents to the sequestered victim,-

"Come out, you villain! - come at Whereupon a tall, rather pleasant-looking young fellow emerged, shivering with the cold, and having the traces of coal-dust on his white shirt-collar and light kid

"Who are you?" savagely demanded

Prank Sinclair. The gentleman presented his card. "My name is Safford," said he. "Col. Copely requested me to call here and bring his daughters back to New York with me. Here is a letter from him. He has taken a house in forty-seventh street, and-"

"Goodness me!" gasped Bess, clasping him in the coal-cellar !" For one dread second there was silence, and then they all burst into a peal of con-

tagious laughter, which broke up all cersmony at once, and rendered them all excellent friends. revolvers and the blackthorn stick, departed; and Bess, with a little of Nan's amateur assistance, served up an impromptu supper of bread and toasted cheese, which

was pronounced a decided success. Eliza riedly that she never once remembered for removal. Eliza was to remain in the Stone Tower until Miss Baird's convalescense, and the three girls returned to Miss Baird was asleep, after her supper | New York with Mr. Safford. And this and her medicine. There was no use go- gentleman, strange to say, appeared to

so if she wasn't such a child."

"But she's growing older and prottier every day," said Nan. "Yes, she outshines both of us," said

Ada, with a laugh. was no telling what might happen one of these days. But if they venture to question Bess herself on the subject, she only laughs and blushes, and coyly hides her

I'm not a grown up woman yet," says Bess. "On the contrary, I'm 'only a

Canned Goods.

A good deal of attention has of late been called to the question of canned goods of different kinds. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that a considerable number of cases of poisoning have resulted from their use. In a paper on "Poisoning by Cannod Fruits and Meats,"-by Dr. J. G. Johnson, of Brooklyn, some directions are given regarding the purchase of such commodities. In the first place the cap of the are seen to have been punched in it instead | dead-beat. He "puffs" a concert troupe can has been "re-processed," that is, put and is thus passed "free." If the hall is in a hot water bath a second time. The second hole has been made in order to the gas escape. The other rules are as fol-

"Reject every can that does not show the golden line of resin around the edge of the soldier of the cap, the same as is seen on the scam of the side of the can. All others, the doctor claimed, were sealed with muriatic acid." "Reject any and every can that shows

any rust around the cap on the inside of the head of the can. Rust proves that there was air inside, and consequently ermentation."

manufacturer's name." "Before buying, press the bottom of the can up, and if the contents are decomposed the tin will rattle like the bottom of the oiler of your sewing-machine. If the contents are sound, the bottom will be solid

> and impossible to push up." Woman's Capabilities.

She can say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means." yes." She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes to small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time. She can pass a display window of a drygoods store without stopping-if she is run-

watched to catch a glimpse of Ada and ning to catch a train. She can go to Church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you a faint idea of what the text She can walk half the night with a col-

icky baby in her arms without once ex-

pressing a desire to murder the infant. She can suffer abuse and neglect for years which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection. She can-but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do i well. She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

"Enquire Within." A man left a bony steed on the street, whiskered young gentleman from Montreal. | and coming back, a short time afterward, WORK AND TRUST

Workers in the Master's vineyard, Weary not Toil brings joy and sweet reward

For thy lot. After many days returning Back to thoe

Sowest thou along the wayside? Birds are there. Holding council o'er the noontide For a share Stony ground is over yonder,

Some will fall But the great and wise Dispenser Gives to all. Now among the thorns you scatter Seed divine, And while growing it will late:

Droop and pine But some seed prepared by at red Cheered by ardent sun and watered Faith ully. Will a harvest yield abundar:

Thirty some, and sixty some and some, A hundred-fold. Everywhere the hand may scatter Seed thereat: For thou knowest not which shall prosper

This or that. He that goeth weeping, bearing Precious seed, Golden sheaves will bring returning, Glad indeed.

Faithful servants of the Master,

Labor on, Trusting in the Saviour's promise Sure and strong. will never, never leave thee, I am nigh; To my Home I'll safely bring thee By-and-by.

Old-Fashioned Mothers. Thank God, some of us have old-fashioned mothers. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, fler curls and bustle, whose white, Mr. Sinclair, with the tall waiter, the jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear old-fashioned, sweetvoiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love-light shone, and brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon the faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guiding our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothing our pil-The next day commenced the packing low in sickness, or reaching out to us in yearning tenderness.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume from some wooded blossoms. The music of other voices may be will echo in our souls forever. Other faces "On the contrary," said the shrewd Ada, may fade away and be forgotten, but hers

When in the fitful pauses of business life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the room she hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childhood, innocence and dependence comes over us, So that, as the two sisters agreed, there | and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the open window-just where long ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that "Because, you know, my dear sisters, mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unsel-

Editors Pass Free. An exchange sets forth the benefits of the editorial profession as follows: One of the beauties of an editor's life is his dead beating it. No one who never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass," rides \$25 worth, and then is look! can ought to be examined. If two holes ed upon as a dead-head or a half-blown of only one, there is something wrong. The \$10 worth, and gets \$1 in complimentaries growded, he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitiously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while the man who donates a few dollars to a Twenty-fourth of May celebration, brass band or church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an "Reject any can that does not bear the editor. He passes "free," you know.

### A Barrel Post-Office.

Hunt up on your map the Straits of Magellen : look at the mountains hanging over : imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-office! The postmaster doesn't stay up there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact it has no key. Yet it is a grand old post-office. Ships coming along that way stop and fish out packages of precious letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way, and, if so, they take them on; in their place they leave a package which is to go in another direction; and some day a ship comes along, studies the direction of that pankage, "Ah, I can take that," and away she sails. And the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.

Served Him Right!

"Don't you think she's pretty?" said the mother to the father, as she stroked the baby's silken hair. The father was in a sulky mood-some-

thing had disagreed with him-and he re-

plied somewhat curtly-"Ob, all babies are about alike. They look like little monkeys." Just then a neighbor entered, and, taking the baby on her lap, said-

"Mercy on us! how like its father that

"Anna, dear, if I attempt to spell Cupid,

child is !"

THE BABYS PRAYER. While dead vines tapped at the window And the air was thick with snow.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,

And lips that are dumb with sorrow

OUR STORY.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"There's one thing," Col. Copely, who

at the very least !" and had their pretty heads full of vague | red. visions of love and letters. And even little Bess, the youngest, who had barely turned fifteen, had an imaginary ideal in her brow like ivory, which she hoped one day You are mistaken in supposing that I am

"And we couldn't manage it if Miss Baird wasn't laid up, either," eagerly add- | be?

choose from? I think I'll wear the gold- of the garnet silk dress. "And L" said Nan, who was pink and

you and Nan. And I never, never was at "Bess," said Nan, with autocratic sev-

"Bo much the better for you!" pro-"The house won't run away," pouted

"I shall be sixteen in nine mouths,

Bess, still rebellious.

"And you can look after he'll break loose."

"That isn't the question under discus- | And Frank Binclair, the prother of the | discovered that a funny youth had placed sion." said Ada. "Get the work-basket hostess, accompanied them back to the a pard against the fleshless ribs, hearing these dresses a little, for Mary Sinclair is revolvers, and a blackborn stick which in!"

W. G. SMITH & CO. Miss Baird-"

Dispensing Chemists. | now, like a darling, and help us tuck pp | Tower, with the tallest of the waiters, two | the notices "Oats wanted enquire with-