

Acton Free Press.

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Acton Free Press.

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

\$1.50 if not paid

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ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1884.

Whole No. 465.

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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Oranges, Lemons, Red Bananas, Pineapples, Coconuts, Strawberries, Dates, Figs, Pure Maple Syrup.

Fresh Canned Goods, Confectionery, &c.

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ICE CREAM.

I am making ice cream this season by a new recipe, which every one pronounces equal to any to be had in the city.

Having refitted my Ice Cream Parlor, I am in a position to give good satisfaction to parties wanting Cool Drinks, or Ice Cream by the dish or quart.

Early Vegetables, Choice House Plants.

ICE CREAM.

That night a passing policeman found

A sleeping writhing upon the ground.

Still grasping to his beating heart

The handle of that storied cart—

"Ice Cream!"

There at midnight, cold and gray,

Regard and wonder he lay.

For from his nose came o'er and o'er—

Distinct, yet mingling with each snore—

"Ice cream!"

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have given universal satisfaction, and all who have used them for horses and cattle testify to their excellence. Prepared only by

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W. G. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists, Guelph, 10th Dec., '83.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1884.

POETRY

THE ICE CREAM FIEND.

The golden sun was rising fast As through a lake-side village passed. A man with cart or smallish size Which bore the somewhat queer device— "Ice Cream!"

His hair was wild, his eyes bright green. His clothes the worst that e'er were seen. And like a fish-horn, loud and long. He belted forth in accents strong— "Ice cream!"

"Try not the cream," he old man said. "For colic hours just ahead. And doctor's bills are long and wide"— Adown the street that voice replied: "Ice cream!"

"Mister, give me and Sal a dish"— It was the rustic's gentle wish; But big tears fell from Sal's bright eyes. For from his nose came o'er and o'er—"Ice cream!"

At close of day as through the street The people passed with busy feet. Beneath the street lamps murky glare They heard a creaky voice declare—"Ice cream!"

That night a passing policeman found A sleeping writhing upon the ground. Still grasping to his beating heart The handle of that storied cart—"Ice Cream!"

There at midnight, cold and gray, Regard and wonder he lay. For from his nose came o'er and o'er— Distinct, yet mingling with each snore—"Ice cream!"

PUR STORY.

AUNT BETSY'S PRESENT.

"Well, I must must say I think it is, horribly mean of your Aunt Betsy, Estella. After making a favorite of you all your life, and having you with her ever since you were a mere baby, she might have sent you something worth having on your twenty-first birthday, especially as she knows how poor you are since your father's death," said my mother, sharply.

"You had better take it as a hint for the future, and not build any more castles on what Aunt Betsy is likely to do for you," remarked my sister Lena, while Walter, my only brother, added, with a provoking grimace:

"Here endeth my sister Stella's great expectations."

"You need not make such unpleasant remarks," I answered, pettishly. "In sending me the portrait of her old sweet heart, poor old aunt has given me her greatest treasure, and she, no doubt, thinks I shall value it as much as she does."

"Well, it may come in useful, after all, for if, as I expect, you never get a sweetheart, you can imagine he was yours, when you are a sour old maid like Aunt Betsy," said Lena, who prided herself not a little on being engaged at eighteen, while I, at twenty-one, had never had an offer, not even the ghost of a lover.

I had lived with Aunt Betsy down in her quiet country home in the south of Cornwall until my father's death two years before, when coming up to London for his funeral, I found my mother left in such straitened circumstances that I felt it my duty to stay and earn what money I could to help her; thereby, however, I incurred Aunt Betsy's anger.

"Surely," she wrote, "your brother and sister can help your mother; you have no need to leave me lonely in my old age, after I have had all the trouble of you as a child," etc., etc.

I would willingly have returned, for a close London lodging was not at all to my taste after my aunt's large, airy country-house, but my mother seemed to lean on me, and so to dread my leaving her, that I had not the heart to go.

Aunt Betsy neither came nor wrote, and I had quite resigned myself to the idea that I was hopelessly on her black books, when the above related event took place.

Now I knew that I was forgiven. In her early youth Aunt Betsy, then the beautiful Elizabeth Maxton, my father's only sister, had been engaged to the son and heir of a wealthy London banker.

He had been sent abroad, on business for his father, just before they were to have been married, and through the jealous treachery of another man who had loved her, the engagement had been suddenly broken off by him.

He then remained abroad, and Aunt Betsy never heard from him again. Just before he left England, he had presented her with a beautiful little miniature of himself set in gold and diamonds, and this she had kept together with her maidenname—no other lover ever induced her to change it.

As a girl, I had often seen and reverently admired the pretty souvenir, and I had taken all a girl's interest in the love-story attached to it. Aunt had always told me it was to be mine, and now I felt certain with this treasure in my possession, that I had not quite lost my old place in her favor, though I heard in the same letter in which she solemnly commended the portrait to my care, that she had adopted an

orphan girl in my place as her companion and probably heiress.

I put the letter and portrait away with a sigh of regret for my old happy home, with its quiet and freedom from the toils and care and worry that were now my daily portion.

Things went on from bad to worse with us, and my twenty-second birthday found me in despair.

Walter, unable to get on here, had gone to New Zealand. Lena had married on a very slender income, and gone to live in the North. I could not bend to ask help from Aunt Betsy, and my mother was ill and my work so scarce that I could barely find us the necessities of life.

At last, I too, became ill, and we had not a penny in the house; everything we had, even poor mamma's engagement ring, had gone for food.

"Stella, you must go and get some money. Mrs. Burton says she will have the rent by to-morrow, or we shall have to turn out into the street. There is—would you mind, dear?—your Aunt Betsy's present; you could get your father put it to keep us for a long time."

"Anything of mine I cannot, dare not sell it! Anything of mine I would not withhold, but this—oh, don't ask me!"

"And yet the generous donor has never sent me the price of a loaf," said my mother, bitterly. "Well, take my wedding ring; it has never been off my finger since your poor dear father put it on, twenty-five years ago; but it must go now."

"No, no, mamma, you must not, you shall not take it off. I will go and take aunt's present, not to sell, but to pawn the shop; then I may, perhaps, get it back when Walter sends us some money."

With a heavy heart and weary lagging steps, I departed on my hateful task. All our things had been sold, we had preferred to lose them to going into that disgraceful refuge of the destitute, a London pawnshop.

Arrived outside, I peered to and fro, until my tottering limbs, weak from illness and continual fasting, warned me that my strength would not hold out much longer.

I entered. Only one other person, a tall dark gentleman, whose face I could not see in the semi-darkness, stood there talking to the shopman.

"I tell you, my man, the plate is here. It has been trodded by a clever detective, who will join me here in a few minutes. He is only delaying because he thinks he has traced the thief, and has gone to follow up the search."

"Well, sir, I am sure you are mistaken, but my principal will be here in a few moments, you must talk to him. What can I do for you, young woman?" he asked, turning to me somewhat eagerly, evidently glad of an excuse to evade his unpleasant visitor's conversation.

"Unable to speak, I drew forth my treasure. The shopman looked suspiciously at me as he took it up and tested it."

"Your name and address, please," he said sharply. "And how much do you want?"

"I want—a little money, if you please," I faltered.

As I spoke the gentleman turned, and I could feel a pair of bright keen eyes scanning my pale face. I grew more helplessly confounded, my tongue absolutely refused to utter a word.

"Tell the shopman how much you want, and your name, my good girl, he said in a kind and pitying tone.

Then, for the first time, I raised my eyes to his face, feeling I had found a friend. Merciful heaven! it was I dreaming, or had my late troubles driven reason from my brain, and filled it instead with wild delusive fancies.

Surely there stood the original of my Aunt Betsy's portrait, but young and stalwart as he had been forty years ago, when it was taken.

In vain I tried to speak. I could only point helplessly to the portrait; the shop, with its occupants and its contents, swam around me, and with a cry, I sank fainting to the ground.

When I next awoke to consciousness, I was lying on an improvised bed on the old couch in our sitting-room at home. I couldn't move my head, it felt weak and sore. Then I tried to lift my hands, but to my surprise I was powerless to do so. A woman, plainly dressed, with a kind and motherly face, was sitting near me, and now as I moved, I looked around bewildered.

"Mamma!" I called feebly.

"Hush, hush, my dear miss," said the kind-looking woman, soothingly. "You must not speak; your mamma is asleep and you might wake her."

So I lay still, wondering weakly who she was, and who had sent her there; but presently, seeing her stir the fire into a blaze, I forgot her caution, as all my old anxieties came back, and I said pleadingly:

"Don't poke the fire, please. It will burn out too quickly, and we have no more coals."

"Oh, now, miss, you have been dreaming. The cellar is nearly full, the coals only came in last week."

Again I essayed to answer, but was so gently, yet with such authority, ordered to be quiet, that I was glad to obey; so I lay still, enjoying the sensation of being able not even to think. In a day or two I grew stronger, and one morning to my delight my mother came in, and I had leave given me to talk a little.

Thus I heard all about my late adventures.

"It is really a most wonderful story, my

dear, and it reads like a chapter out of a three-volume novel," said my mother, who, by the way looked quite bright and strong again. "When you fall down in a faint, you let fall the envelope in which you had carried the miniature, and the gentleman who was in the shop—"

"I remember him, mamma," I cried, excitedly, "he was the very image of the portrait. I fancied I must be dreaming."

"That is the strangest part of the story, but you won't let me tell it to you properly, my dear. That gentleman saw your name and address, brought you home in a cab, sent in a nurse, and everything we wanted, and has been our good angel ever since. He is Arthur Bashleigh, the only son of your aunt Betsy's first lover, who, after mourning the supposed faithlessness of his old love, married late in life, and has not long been dead, leaving Arthur a large fortune. His attachment to seeing you with his father's portrait, you may be sure, was very great. However, it was a very lucky thing for us; after all, Aunt Betsy's present was not such a poor one. By the way, here it is; Mr. Bashleigh was kind enough to bring it back with him."

There was one thing which did not appear to concern my mother in the least, but made my pale face flame, and that was the idea of receiving all those benefits from a mere stranger, upon whom we had not the slightest claim, unless the fact that his father, forty years before, had been my aunt's lover, could be considered one.

So I made up an eloquent speech in which I thanked him warmly for all his goodness, and delicately yet firmly conveyed the information that I intended to fully repay him, as soon as I could get to work again.

But carefully as I rehearsed it, that eloquent speech was never uttered, nor did I wonder at my mother's willingness to receive benefits from him, when once I had seen and talked with him. He was so lonely," he said, he had not a single friend or relative in England, and a man-servant, whom he had treated with kindness and confidence, had just robbed him of some valuable old family plate which his father had thought highly of, and had carried with him in all his wanderings.

"For me—I confess it without shame?—the grateful interest I felt in him soon grew into love; and, ah, happy as my life has been since, can I ever forget that happy evening, when walking home from the concert, whether he had taken me, he told me that he loved me dearly and asked me to be his wife.

"But I—I am poor, I am not pretty, and I am so old!" I pleaded, fearing to accept this sweet new happiness, and mindful of Lena's depreciation of my personal appearance, age, &c.

Arthur laughed and drew my arm closer to his.

"If you are too old for marriage at two-and-twenty, how may I hope with six years added on, ever to enter that blissful state?" he asked.

So I said yes, and soon after, we all went down to Aunt Betsy's, and there I was married at the little village church, to the son of her old lover, who loved and revered the queer touchy old maid not a little, for her loyal devotion to his father.

So Aunt Betsy's present saved my dear mother's life, and also saved me from the dreadful fate, Lena had threatened me with. I had it made into a locket, and I wear it constantly. I am generally mistaken for the portrait of my dear husband, so is the large oil-painting of his father which hangs in our drawing-room; from which this miniature was copied.

We are very happy, and when my brother Walter comes home, as we expect him to do with his new bride, next Christmas, we shall have a wonderful story to tell him of that same present which he and Lena thought so little of.

The Rules of Courtesy.

Probably one-half of the rudeness of youths of this day, that later in life will develop into brutality, is due to the failure of parents to enforce in the family circle the rules of courtesy. The son or daughter who is discourteous to members of the family because of familiarity with them is very likely to prove rude and overbearing to others, and very certain to be a tyrant in the household over which he or she may be called on to preside. There is undeniably among the rising generation a lack of courteous demeanor in the family. Of all places in the world let the boy understand that home is the place where he should speak the gentlest and be the most kindly, and where courteous demeanor should invariably prevail. The lad who is rude to his sister, impertinent to his mother, and vulgar in the house, will prove a sad husband for a suffering wife and a cruel father to unfortunate children. The place for politeness, as Helpe puts it, is where we mostly think it superfluous.

Disillusioned.

A Clifton girl who married a poor young man and who has in consequence been practicing domestic duties, has lost faith in the entire social system. The other evening her husband came in at six o'clock to supper and handed her a paper folded and sealed.

"What is it dear?" she said, tenderly.

"An insurance policy on my life, darling, for \$10,000."

"Why, yes, you already have one. What did you want with another?"

"Angel! mine, I see two pieces of black ink you had for them."

THE SLANDERER.

Behold the slanderer On her way through town! Her prey marked out, The details noted down! With such a glance From out her cunning eye, As seems to say, "Sir, figure never lie!"

The neighbors know, All up and down the street, Her measured tread, So like a funeral beat! While she, with lengthened face And smothered groan, Confesses sin, But not, alas, her own!

She is loathed, yet sought for, Like the hungry leech! Kept at arm's length, She now rejoices, E'en while others weep! Owing no creed, Serving no human law, Heaven pluck the lamb From out her greedy jaws.

A ravenous wolf In the clothing of a sheep She now rejoices, E'en while others weep! Owing no creed, Serving no human law, Heaven pluck the lamb From out her greedy jaws.

About Fainting.

It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person fainted with a fainting or other fit, falls into the recumbent position death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady fainting was held upright. I found her pale, white, and apparently dying, and I believe that if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would really have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately she returned to her cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember this fact, namely: fainting is caused by want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fall with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity, and in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage the fainting person, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.

Pearls of Thought.

It is vanity to seek after perishing riches, and trust in them.

Perfection is the point for which all should steadily aim.

It is vanity to desire to live long, and not to care to live well.

It is vanity to strive after honors, and to climb to a high degree.

We are all frail, but do thou esteem none more frail than thyself.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother—luxury.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life comforteth the mind.

Who hath a greater combat than he that labors to overcome himself?

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Affect not to be otherwise, but rather acknowledge thine own ignorance.

Learned men are never anxious to seem learned to others, and to be called wise.

Buttermilk.

In warm summer weather many persons feel an irresistible craving for something sour, and often gratify this desire by a free indulgence in pickles or vegetable made acid with vinegar. This demand for acids indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions of the stomach, and the demand for an artificial supply is a natural one, but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and, therefore, one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than on any diet drink he can use.

That Fetched Him.

Husband (stirly, they had just returned from their wedding trip)—"If I'm not home from the club by—ah—ten, you won't wait?"

Wife (quietly)—"No, dear, but— with appalling firmness, "I'll come for you." He was back at 9.45 sharp.

No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to now your wild case. Go ahead and sow all you wish. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you rich. Add you have to gather it in. If you don't it gather you, you're a great deal better than the farmer. Lactic acid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and, therefore, one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than on any diet drink he can use.

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H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor

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