—THE—

Acton Free Press.

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

L. E. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont

JOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in 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.

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MOWAT & McLEAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. MONEY TO LOAN.
OFFICE:—Town Hall, Acton.
J. A. MOWAT. W. A. McLEAN.

G. S. GOODWILLIE,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
GEORGETOWN & ACTON.
Acton Office, in Mrs. Secord's Block.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT.
Guelph, Ontario.
OFFICE—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

J. LIVINGSTON, LL.B., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE:—Next door to Hynds' Jewellery Store, Mill Street, Acton.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.
OFFICES: Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street, East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q.C. C. A. MASTEN.
WILLIAM LAIDLAW. GEORGE KAPPELE.

W. B. BRAGG,
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT.
Re-arranging of Flour Mills a Specialty.
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20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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At Six Per Cent
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FRANCIS NUNAN,
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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.

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.
Terms reasonable.
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. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to
C. S. SMITH,
May, 1st, 1882. Box 172, ACTON.

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 first-class style. Give us a call.
J. P. WORDEN.
Jan 23rd, 1883.

Acton Free Press.

Terms.—$1.00 in Advance. The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns." $1.50 if not so paid

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ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS,
Acton, - - Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
BABY CARRIAGES,
BASKETS.
BIG STOCK,
AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Rushing Busy At The
10 Cent STORE 10 Cent
& Cheap Cash Bazar.
New Baskets,
All sorts and sizes, cheap.
Large Stock of new Jewelry, Cheap.
Large Stock of Tinware, Cheap.
Large Stock of Vases & Toys Cheap.
10 Cent Store, and
CHEAP CASH BAZAR.
Directly Opposite Old Stand, Harleton's Block.
Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.
JAS. F. KIDNER.

Guelph Cloth Hall.
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 customers 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.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
SAVAGE'S
Watch, Clock,
Jewelry & Spectacle
HOUSE.
Large Stock. - Prices Right.
Special Attention to Fine Watch Repairing.
B. SAVAGE,
Near Petrie's New Drug Store.
GUELPH.

A. E. MATTHEWS
—OFFERS CHOICE—
Oranges. Lemons,
Red Bananas. Pineapples
Cocoanuts. Strawberries,
Dates. Figs.
Pure Maple Syrup.
—FULL LINE OF—
Fresh Canned Goods,
—AND CHOICE LOT OF—
Confectionery, &c.
Early Vegetables.
Choice House Plants.

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.
Pic-nic Parties supplied at reasonable rates.
Please Give Me a Call.
Everything Fresh.
Everything Cheap.
A. E. MATTHEWS.
Acton Fruit Depot.

LARDINE
MACHINE OIL
LARDINE HAS BEEN AWARDED
Gold and Silver Medals
WHEREVER EXHIBITED.
Farmers, Threshers & Mill Men
SAVE MONEY BY USING LARDINE.
Will outwear Lard or Seal Oil, and warranted not to gum. Manufactured only by
McCOLL BROS.
TORONTO.
For Sale in Acton at
J. E. McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

THE OLDEST DRUG STORE
IN GUELPH.

BEST CANADIAN COAL OIL,
ONLY 20c. a gallon.
Now is the time to buy your COAL OIL.

HICINBOTHAM'S
Condition Powders
have given universal satisfaction, and all who have used them for horses and cattle testify to their excellence. Prepared only by
W. G. SMITH & CO.

Winter Fluid.—An elegant preparation for Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Frost Bites, &c. Prepared only by
W. G. SMITH & CO.

Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food.
Sold in any quanity to suit purchaser.

Diamond Dyes, the best and cheapest in the market.
W. G. SMITH & CO.,
Dispensing Chemists,
Guelph, 10th Dec., '83.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1884.

POETRY

AN OLD-TIME PICNIC.

Deep in the woods, and by a brook that made
Perennial laughter to what jests were uttered—
No other impulse but pure joys obeyed,
And free of wing as ever wild bird fluttered—
We made our picnic of the old-time sort,
With country girls and country lads matched fairly
For honest pleasure, and such homespun sport
As our forefathers must have relished rarely.

Mauds, Nells, Fans, Carolines and Belles were there,
And Toms, Dicks, Harrys—but why stop to name them?
Love, life and joy were in the woodland air,
With ne'er a rule conventional to tame them.
Short preparation for the festive scene:
Soon were the swings fixed, soon the lasses soaring;
With lightsome games that make the mind serene—
Grace-hoops in air, croquet and battle-dooring.

Then the white cloth upon the turfy bank,
With platters few, but viands in profusion;
Ham and cold chicken—places without rank
Of wealth or power—and fear of no intrusion.
Cool bottles dripping from the icy spring,
Sweet cider bubbling and clear soda popping;
With sly birds blinking o'er the jocund ring,
Or some, more fearless, for the stray crumbs hopping.

Then the gay sport upon the fresh-cleared sward,
The queer old fun—for partners the contention—
The merry badinage, the breathing hard,
The romping "forms" unknown to late invention.
Then, wreaths of wild flowers, shading many a brow,
And garnered nosegays of the blooms prized highly;
Stray couples missed, and soft conjectures how
And why and when they slipped away so slyly.

Then home, by lone path, cross-cut and old lane,
In the last glow of sunset's dying embers;
Now at this farm house, now at that, the train
Making slight pause to drop some weary members;
Till, thread by thread, the party fell apart,
Worn out, perchance, but brimmed with healthful pleasure.
Oh, what of freshening joy to mind and heart
Did not the old-time picnic often measure?

OUR STORY.

AUNT REBECCA'S GHOST.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window; but the rest of the apartment was already shrouded in the gray shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore. From the walls frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazlewood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinage, were infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick Place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own sweet voice, "only years ago, long before my great grandpa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of old superstition."

"What are you looking for, aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterwards, coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It's not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet zoomts a little higher."

But a peremptory summons from Col. Orme himself [illegible] this library, to a [illegible] "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazlewood; "by and by when your father has gone to his room and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl-papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Col. Orme's brilliantly lighted library.

"I wish Capt. Hazlewood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides——"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I think I shall go to bed."

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night. It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearls, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver.

At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazlewood as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay-window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously a century backward on the stream of time.

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearth-stone were falling into a dreamy, sleepy sort of a chirp, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand.

Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and eighteen-year-old style of dress, was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing-robe enveloping her lank figure! and the latter was by no means the more pre-possessing of the two.

Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. "How provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! What is that? The ghost!—the ghost!"

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clapped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of enquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong symptoms of an intention to go into hysterics.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind!" she shrieked, replying at hazards to the questions rained upon her—"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat! It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live! Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor at this time of night," interrupted Col. Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual occurrence in real life, or merely a fragmentary part of his last dream.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob. "I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them there, with Violet and Capt. Hazlewood standing by, and so—and so—"

"Oho! that's it, eh?" said Col. Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman fifty years old."

"Only forty-nine, James," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazlewood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air.

Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the confined influences of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Col. Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with eau de cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming too, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Col. Orme, through a crack in the door.

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure, said the colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hallos! is this you, my little Violet? What is the matter? You haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet, "but——"

"[illegible] Col. [illegible] I [illegible] the library, [illegible]

ed colonel, when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light. Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed that young lady, "I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of colds, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and——"

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazlewood, "I had just asked her if she would marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said 'Yes,' that is, if I could win her father's consent."

"Well!"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer, laughingly, detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape."

"He says," answered Col. Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now, but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" she whispered, as he arose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that—"

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret; but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Alnwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is, that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall after sunset.

Weight of Milk.

A great many little things are constantly passing before our eyes that most of us fail to notice. Every one who eats apples knows that they contain seeds, but not everyone who eats apples can tell whether the seeds of the apples as they lie in their little seed cases or "hulls," lie with their small end or large end towards the stem of the apple. We have heard the question asked repeatedly in large congregations of apple eaters, without bringing out half a dozen correct answers, the large majority appearing among the number who do not pretend to know, while of those who thought they knew, more usually voted wrong than right. Most persons, probably, know as much about milk as they do about apples, and perhaps one ought not to be surprised that in a mixed gathering there might be a difference of opinion concerning so simple a thing as milk. Yet we were hardly prepared to find, upon a recent occasion, where a number of farmers were discussing the milk question, that scarcely one could tell for a certainty which of the two liquids, milk or water, was the heaviest, while of those who thought they knew, the larger number were in the wrong. Because milk contains fat, which is lighter than either water or milk, many think that the milk itself must be lighter than water. Probably very few farmers ever took the trouble to weigh a gallon of either water or milk to ascertain their weights or difference. The difference is comparatively slight, though varying according as the milk is rich or poor in the several milk solids. Take a vessel that will hold exactly 100 pounds of pure water, and fill it with pure milk of average quality, and the weight will be found to be about 103 pounds. In other words milk is 3 per cent. heavier than water.

Mr. O. S. Bliss, who is good authority on dairy matters, gives, in a recent letter to the *Rural New Yorker*, the specific gravity of pure milk, as found by many tests, to be, 1.032. The standard gallon of pure milk, taken at a temperature of 60°, is now generally understood to weigh 8.6 pounds, or 2.15 pounds per quart. By this rule ten quarts of pure milk at a temperature of 60° will weigh just 21½ pounds, which are easy figures to remember, and from which it is easy to reckon the number of quarts given by a cow after finding the number of pounds by weighing. A good many owners of large milkers have come to reckon two pounds of milk as a quart, which is wrong and misleading.

How He Does It.

Sharp Clerk—There is a beautiful piece of goods, miss. It will make up very handsome, and, I am sure, will become [illegible] you or your sister.

Lady Purchaser (thinking)—Why—ahem—and it is. Yes, I think I can trust to your judgment. Suppose you cut me off twenty yards. As they were leaving the store. Why, ma, why didn't you tell him I was your—

Lady—Hush! Do be still, Maud. You chatter so unceasingly.

[illegible]

Public Opinion.

A WHOLESOME REVOLUTION.

Amid the conflicts of public sentiment it is pleasant to observe that there is one subject upon which all parties, sects and classes think alike. We refer to the recent reform in the practice of medicine, of which THOMAS HOLLOWAY is the author. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the best cures for political evils, there are none as to the best remedies for disease. The experiment has been made, and its success is assured by an uninterrupted series of triumphs extending over many years, and covering every variety of human ailments. All plots of parties, all schemes of political aggrandizement, sink into insignificance when contrasted with the scope and objects of an enterprise which shows its remedial influence wherever death threatens or physical pain exists. To explain the uses of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, to point out the certainty and rapidity with which they operate upon the elementary germs of disease, to recount the cures which they are daily accomplishing in cases that have been pronounced beyond the reach of medicine, to reproduce [illegible] the proofs of their infallibility with which the public journals throughout the world continually teem, would be to fill our columns with information always familiar to an intelligent people. In the wooded wilderness and the inhospitable marsh, in the gilded saloon as in the lowly cottage, on the fishing grounds, on the borders of the inland seas, and in the pasture lands of the interior, as in the densely populated towns, everywhere these preparations are reckoned among the necessaries of life. Fever and ague, bilious fever and rheumatism, [illegible] and all other complaints that are the comitants of exposure [illegible] the effect of a vitiated atmosphere, are readily and uniformly controlled by these Pills and Ointment, that all classes buy and use, and acknowledge them to be the one great world's remedy for disease. In towns where luxurious living [illegible] thousand indulgences of social life, many of the maladies produced by these causes in the country, the beneficial action of these medicines has been remarked and palpable; and their popularity, founded as it is upon the daily experience of the sick, must always continue to increase as ease is preferred to pain.—*Advocate.*

Josh Billings on Marriage.

Sum marry bekaz tha think wheat will be scarce next year, and live under how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, discover that the game was one they could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over carefully fust and then set down and marry.

No man ken tell jist exactly wear he will fetch up when he touches calico.

No man kan tell jist exactly what woman has made up her mind tew do. Calico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstancis.

Marriage is a safe way tew gamble; if you win, you win a pile, and if you lose, you don't lose anything.

Humorous.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer sugar.

"My! but you're a 'strapping fellow!" the dull razor remarked to the barber, as it was being sharpened.

"It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

"The city must put its foot on such corruption," shrieks an excited editor. But it can't, you know. Corporations have no soles.

A camel will work seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who drink seven or eight days without working.

Why He Stumbled.

A clergyman married a lady with whom he received a substantial dowry of $10,000 and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read four stanzas, and was reading the fifth.—

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,

when he hesitated and exclaimed, "Hush! the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, astonished by his apparent confusion, read these remaining lines:

Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

The individual singly anxious to see the rule did sleep.—The Rhode Boy.

[illegible]