

The Acton Free Press.

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TERMS:—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for \$1.00 per annum in advance. If not so paid, the paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES:—Annual advertisements, 5 cents per line for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, \$4.00 per annum. 1 square, 24 lines, \$5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES:—One column one year, \$40.00; Half column one year, \$25.00; One column six months, \$25.00; Half column six months, \$15.00; One column three months, \$10.00; Half column three months, \$7.00; Quarter column three months, \$5.00. Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till further notice and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance. Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Monday, otherwise they will be left over to the next week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. ...

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office and Residence:—At the head of Frederick Street, Acton.

H. E. WEBSTER, M.D., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office:—Mill St. Residence:—Cleveland's Hotel, Acton.

T. H. GRHAM, L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST, BARRETT'S, ONT. Will visit (Professionally) Acton on Monday of each week. Rooms—Agnes's Hotel. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ontario.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS. Unaltered Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of: C. B. HAYES, L.D.S., 107-109, Upper Wyndham Street.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of Riggs & Ivory, 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.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto. Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. 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.

MOWAT & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Office:—Town Hall, Acton.

G. S. GOODWILLIE, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT. Office:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS. Office:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY CRIST, Ottawa, Canada. 20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

W. M. HEMSTREET, LICENSED ACTONER. For the Counties of Wellington & Halton. Office:—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, 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 Tolson's mill, or to: C. S. SMITH, Box 172, Acton.

HANLAN BARBER SHQ. J. P. WORDEN. Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Foster as a medical office, and solicits the patronage of the business community. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call.

J. P. WORDEN. June 26th, 1884.

Acton Free Press.

The Newspaper.—A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns. \$1.50 if notso paid

Volume X. No. 8. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1884. Whole No. 477.

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.

Guelph Business College, GUELPH, ONT.

WILL OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION of Students on Sept. 1st, next.

One of the finest Suites of Rooms in the city has been leased, and is being fitted up in first class style, embodying the latest and most practical ideas in Business College Apparatus.

A comprehensive and practical course of instruction is insured to the student by the services of a large staff of experienced lecturers and teachers. The subjects taught are Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Banking, Actual Business Practice, Business Correspondence, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand, Calligraphy or Type-writing, French, Physiology and Hygiene.

The Annual College Circular, giving full details, will be mailed free to any address.

McCormick, Bogie & Timmins.

2,000 CORDS HEMLOCK BARK WANTED.

The subscribers will pay \$5.50 PER CORD

For all prime quality Hemlock Bark delivered at their Factory in Acton before November 1st, 1884.

Bark must be bright on shell, flat, and full four feet long. Curled or damaged bark only received at a proportionate reduction.

We wish it distinctly understood that no bark will be received after the first of November without special contract.

Any other information will be gladly furnished upon application at the factory to MR. C. B. WILSON.

Beardmore & Co. Acton, April, 1884.

Acton Fruit Depot.

Business Change.

J. M. FERNLEY

Has purchased the stock and business of A. E. MATTHEWS, and will hereafter keep constantly on hand, in season, a full line of choice

Confectionery, Fruit, Canned Goods, Choice Cigars, &c., And everything kept in a first-class establishment of this kind.

ICE CREAM

And Cool Summer Drinks

ALWAYS FRESH AND PURE.

Kindly soliciting a continuance of the patronage heretofore given the

ACTON FRUIT DEPOT.

I am, respectfully,

J. M. FERNLEY,

Post Office Building, Acton.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

SAVAGE'S

Watch, Clock,

Jewelry & Spectacle

HOUSE.

Large Stock. Prices Right.

Special Attention to Fine Watch Repairing.

B. SAVAGE,

Neaf Petrie's New Drug Store.

GUELPH.

HAND BAGS

A Beautiful Lot of Samples Bought and Sold at Half-Price

CHOICE

NEW WINDOW SHADES

ALL COLORS.

AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

COAL AND WOOD

THE UNDERIGNED HAS JUST got in a large quantity of first-class

EGG, STOVE, AND CHESTNUT COAL,

which he is prepared to dispose of by the car load. Parties using Coal will do well by laying in their winter's stock now.

I have also on hand a large stock of dry hardwood, in store and cordwood lengths.

C. S. SMITH, Acton, July 22nd, 1884.

325 Acres. 325 Acres.

Fonthill Nurseries.

The Largest in the Dominion.

SALEMEN WANTED.

To begin work at once on Fall Sales. Steady employment at fixed salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant

Work the Year Round.

Good agents are earning from \$40 to \$75 per month, and expenses. Terms and list free. Address—

Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont.

Underclothing.

MRS. R. CREECH

Has a full assortment of Ladies' and Children's Underwear, and solicits a call from the ladies of Acton and vicinity.

Cashmere Net Now In.

Underclothing Made To Order.

MRS. R. CREECH, Acton, May 7th, 1884.

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 & GRUNDY, MERCHANT TAILORS, Guelph.

Wellington Marble Work.

QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR.

(Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton)

Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to cemetery work.

Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair, and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

See Columns and 1st Engraving in each issue. \$1.50 a Year.

Sent three to each Sample Copy (English or German) of the Editors and Best Agricultural Journal in the world.

Orange Judd Co., David W. Judd Pres. 121 Broadway, New York.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 21, 1884.

POETRY

COMEDY IN COURTSHIP.

Watch each other through the room, Hate the daylight, love the gloom, Give the bobbin men a boom; Just engaged.

Speak of "angels without wings," Watch the style of wedding rings. Do a thousand foolish things; Just engaged.

Fawns round her brother Mike, Brings her "dreams" by Marvelik—Which the maid assumes to like; He's engaged.

Leaves of smoke and beer from date, Goes to church to sit with Kate, Puts two quarters on the plate; He's engaged.

Hastens on her friends to call, Blithe and gay announces all Schemes for keeping "Old Maid's Hall;" She's engaged.

Chooses bridesmaids ten or eight, Saying guests to seek her fate; He's engaged.

Go to playland, Sing the "joggle" and the "bea," Have a fight about "Roche;" Disengaged.

Maiden weeps the long night through, Lover's beautifully blue, Life's a tragedy to two; Not engaged!

Deep the chasm 'twixt the twin, Morning—has it come in vain? But to rouse despair again; Not engaged.

Mark! a ringing at the door, And a voice, "Miss Katie Gore!" Kisses bride—she chases o'er; Re-engaged.

PUR STORY.

BOTH SIDES OF A STEP-LADDER.

BY CHARLOTTE E. LEMON.

Mrs. Bronson was crying as if her heart would break. The cause of her crying lay in an experience of the day before, but her temper had sustained her thus far—till ten o'clock the next morning—when anguish had taken the place of anger, and she had abandoned herself to grief and regret.

A carriage drove up to the door and the bell rang. Mrs. Bronson, drying her eyes as well as she could, ran down stairs, sure of whom she would find there.

"Oh, Aunt Eunice!" she exclaimed, opening her arms to receive a serene-faced and white-haired old lady who stood smiling on the door-step. "I'm so glad you've come."

The welcome shone in her eyes and needed no words, notwithstanding the flushed and tear-stained face at which Aunt Eunice looked wonderingly.

"I've been house-cleaning more than this week," Mrs. Bronson explained, as she led the way into the little sitting-room. "I hoped to get to rights before you came, but you see I couldn't quite accomplish it."

"And somebody has been painting and papering, I see. 'This is delightful!'" Mrs. Howland looked about the room with evident pleasure.

"It is certainly delightful to have a clean house, but, Aunt Eunice, I'd give more just now for a clean conscience."

Mrs. Bronson's lip trembled and the tears began to fall again.

"Tell me about it, my dear," and Mrs. Howland drew the younger woman close beside her upon the sofa, with tender invitations of confidence and mute promises of unlimited sympathy.

"It was not easy for Mrs. Bronson to begin the telling. She touched the plain gold ring on her aunt's finger—a wedding ring.

"I've had my first quarrel with Harry," she said at last, in a queer, broken voice—the result of her effort to keep her self-control—that is, we've had a dreadful fight, but it always takes 'down' it."

"And there was only one in this case?" Mrs. Howland asked.

"The only one—and I was the one. That's the worst of it. You see, I never worked so hard in my life as I have the last week. Why, Aunt Eunice, I've actually scrubbed floors!" and she spread out her plump little hands with a comical gesture. "I hired a woman for two days—I couldn't afford to have her longer—and between us we got the carpet down. But there wasn't a single thing in place when Harry came home last night, nothing, not a thing, except the furniture. All the books and knick-knacks were piled into the closet, and the pictures were standing around—your see, every picture nail was pulled out of the wall, and it was anything but easy to drive them in again, so far up. Well, I asked Harry to wipe the dishes for me after tea, so we could get to work as soon as possible. Of course, I supposed he'd help me, and be glad to do it. But what do you think, Aunt Eunice? He just came into the sitting-room, threw himself down on the lounge and took a newspaper out of his pocket! I never was asked to speak, even so I didn't speak. I went for the step-ladder, dragged it along to the mantel-piece, and climbed up on it to pound that great nail into the wall. My hammer wasn't half big enough, either, and I hurt my hand awfully—see there!"

and she pointed to a little bruise on one of her fingers. "Then I got down again and lifted that Madonna, your wedding present, Aunt Eunice, and managed—I'm sure I don't know how—to get it on to the nail. Just as I was pulling the ladder away, Harry became conscious of what I was about. 'Oh, let me help you!' he cried, as pleasantly as possible, threw down his paper and took hold of the ladder. By that time I was just trying. Think of his not noticing and not trying to help me all that time! 'No, I thank you,' I said, as late as I possibly could; 'I'm likely to would feel any particular interest in fixing up your own home.' If you could have seen the look he gave me! But I didn't appear to notice him. The ladder was so heavy I had all I could do to manage it. I gave it a vicious twist and it tipped over, struck the mantel and the picture, and smashed the glass into fifty pieces. Harry laughed, and that was the worst of all. 'Will you let me help you now?' he said. 'No, I won't, Harry Bronson, never as long as I live.' He gave me that queer look, again, muttered something—I don't know what, but Harry never ceases—and took up his hat and left the house. Of course I expected him back in a few minutes, but Aunt Eunice," and Mrs. Bronson laid her hand on her aunt's knee to emphasize the statement which she made in a most impressive manner.

"It was half-past eleven before he came back. Of course I was in bed, though I worked the whole evening as hard as I could spring; you know how you can work when your temper's up—though I don't suppose you do, Aunt Eunice," she added.

"You're too good."

"Mrs. Howland smiled significantly, and shook her head.

"Harry thought I was asleep when he came, but I didn't sleep one bit all night. We didn't speak to each other this morning, either, not one—single—word! I never was so miserable in all the days of my life, and Harry won't be home till six o'clock to-night!"

The temporary excitement of her talk died away in another storm of tears. Mrs. Howland tightened the clasp of her arm about her niece's waist.

"We'll talk over this some time when you're not so excited," she said gently. "I insist upon your lying down for an hour and using all the will power you possess to get calm again."

"But the lunch is in such a state, and then there's the house, and—"

"Never mind about the house. I can help you myself when I'm a little rested, and we needn't think about lunch for three hours yet."

Mrs. Howland had her way, as she generally did, and for that reason it was fortunate that her way was generally a wise one. She set beside her niece until the tears ceased flowing, and the tense, harassed nerves gradually relaxed under her soothing presence, then left her to fall asleep, if possible.

Twenty minutes after Harry Bronson came home. He greeted Mrs. Howland as affectionately as his wife had done, then looked anxiously into the next room.

"Where's Sis?" he inquired.

"Up-stairs—sleep, I hope. I made her lie down. But why are you home at this hour, Harry?"

"I don't feel well, Aunt Eunice. I didn't sleep much last night. The hot air, and he looked as if he would find it hard one to believe. 'I treated Sis like a brute last night.'"

Mrs. Howland's eyes invited further confidence.

"You see," he went on with a sort of desperation, "we've been all torn up here lately, painting and papering. Sis has had a hard time of it, for we couldn't afford to have much help. I have it hard, too, all day long. I'm always tired out when I get home. I was last night, but I offered to wipe the dishes for her, she looked so dragged out. After that I lay down to rest and read the paper. The first thing I knew there was Sis tugging away at a great step-ladder heavy for a man to handle. I jumped up to help her—but I won't tell you what she said. I couldn't believe my ears! If she wanted me to help her, why didn't she say so? I should think that was easy enough!"

"Yes, it was easy enough in one way, and altogether too hard in another. Probably she wanted you to do it without her saying."

"But I didn't think of it."

"Pshaw! That's unreasonable. We've never quarreled before since we were married. I couldn't stand it, going off this morning as I did, so I got away from the office to—to—I know you to blame. Sis was as tired as I was, and she's not half so strong. I don't wonder she hated to ask me if I was too stupid to see. It was all my fault."

"No, 'twasn't, Harry, it was all mine!"

They both started as a figure with white face and red eyes ran into the room, and into her husband's arms. The little domestic drama which followed might have been witnessed by any other third party but Mrs. Howland.

"When you can see appropriate the blame in that wholesale fashion," she said, smiling upon them both, "I think you can be trusted for the future."

"But how could we ever have done it in the first place?" Mrs. Bronson asked with vague philosophy.

"You each have a good deal of that some-

RAISIN-BERRY RED.

Ripe red raspberries, raspberries red, Will you buy, Madam, buy? Harry is in the sun to-day, Have wandered far and far away.

Dear little Bob and I, After those berries, push and red, Over rocks and hills our way has led: Who'll buy, who'll buy our raspberries red?

Ripe red raspberries, raspberries red, Will not somebody buy? We hurried along so fast, so fast, They were might not be the very last!

With our berries, Bob and I, For mother is poor, and father is dead, And we must sell these raspberries red: Who'll buy, who'll buy our raspberries red?

Ripe red raspberries, raspberries red, Will you buy, Madam, buy? Before their lustrous bloom is shed, Our raspberries ripe, raspberries red: Who'll buy, who'll buy these raspberries red?

Ripe red raspberries, raspberries red, Will nobody buy, nobody buy? Rob's tears are making maddy streaks All down his dusky little cheeks: Robby, Robby, you must not cry: You are so tired—so tired, you said, Yes; I know you are—Raspberries red, Ah! here's some one to buy our raspberries red.

How the Scott Act Works.

The *Brussels Post* of last week publishes the following letter from Mr. Jas. Menzies, reeve of Nassagaweya, and one of the most influential and widely known residents in Halton County:—

DEAR SIR,—According to promise I send you a few lines in regard to the working of the Scott Act in this county. I suppose you are aware from experience that the way to find out whether a person is in the question, how does the Scott Act work in this county? If I proposed to do, the answer will be it is a failure, in favor of the Act the answer will be it is a success. Now, that a man may vote honestly and intelligently on this matter either in this or any other county, he ought to know where it has failed and where it is successful. In the fact that liquor has been sold in this county since the passage of the Act, is true, then it has been a failure, as witness the convictions, but we have frequent violations of other laws, and no one thinks of those laws being failures. I believe the Scott Act has been fairly successful in this county. Drunkenness has largely decreased, as evidenced by our county and township fall exhibitions and other gatherings. The congregation of our young men and boys in the bar-rooms has entirely ceased as far as my observation goes, and I think that this is one of the grandest achievements of the Scott Act, because it was with recalcitancy that the great army of drunkards was kept up. You will also have noticed in your travels in this county the different answers given to the question, 'Has the Scott Act injured business?' From one party the answer will be 'No!' and from the other 'It has ruined business,' but if you have gone a little further as I have done and asked some one who is crying that business has been ruined, 'Has your business decreased?' 'Oh, no, but business in general.' They seem to think that with their superior business ability, decrease would be out of the question. With very few exceptions we have the same accommodation as we had before the passing of the Act. Some people say that the tables are not so abundantly provided, but personally I have found no difference. In this township (Nassagaweya) there were three hotels under the license system, we have now two. In Campbellville we had two hotels and two stores before the passing of the Act, we have now one of the former and three of the latter.

Yours truly, JAMES MENZIES, Campbellville, July 28th, 1884.

Pearls of Thought.

"The human soul needs to be mated to develop all its value.

At thirty years of age the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; at forty, the judgment. There is a moral world in being swept away by a crowd, even toward the best objects.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.

They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or to receive.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefits of that charity which his own pesty projected.

Never contradict anybody in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is deserved.

Employment, which has been called "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother to misery.

Philosophy on a Farm.

"An' a drump comes along an' vane it hire me out on my arm," said old Switzers, "I examine his clothing, more particular his bantaloons. An' day was bashed in front, un' I some work hav. I gif him a chob, but an' day was bashed perhilt on der set down back of his breeches. I told him I don't no work got at present, but he can a little wood saw; we his best work done, I ear out his breeches perhilt. You chust put dot in your pipe un' smoke it."

George Washington could so readily tell a lie as any other man when a politician asked to pass sale on him.

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where is the best place for salt water bathing?" In the salt water, dear friend.

Can you speak of a young lady as being brow-beaten when she has her hair banged? Countessrum Constructeur.

A boaster in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country he had visited. A fellow asked: "Have you ever been in algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster; "I passed through there on top of a stage coach about a year ago."

Her Money.

The way to become interested in a good cause is to invest in a little time money. The growing interest will soon lead to larger investments. The following anecdote illustrates the fact that where even a little treasure is, there also the heart is: Amy Bell, a little girl