

Acton Free Press.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE

TERMS:—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers...

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

Volume X. No. 13.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1884

Whole No. 483.

ACTON BANKING COY.,

STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS,

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Acton Fruit Depot.

J. M. FERNLEY

has constantly on hand, in season, a full line of choice

Confectionery, Fruit, Canned Goods,

Fruit & Specialty.

ICE CREAM

And Cool Summer Drinks

ALWAYS FRESH AND PURE.

ACTON FRUIT DEPOT,

J. M. FERNLEY,

Post Office Building, Acton.

Guelph Business College,

OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

THE BEST FACILITIES FOR ACQUIRING

BOOKKEEPING, COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC,

Banking, Acton, Ontario.

2,000 CORDS HEMLOCK BARK

WANTED.

The subscribers will pay

\$5.50 PER CORD

For all prime quality Hemlock Bark

delivered at their Tannery in Acton before

November 1st, 1884.

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 tannery

to MR. C. R. WILSON.

Beardmore & Co.

Acton, April, 1884.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

SAVAGE'S

Watch, Clock,

Jewelry & Spectacle

HAND BAGS

A Beautiful Lot of Samples

Bought and Sold at Half-Price.

NEW WINDOW SHADES

AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE,

QUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

COAL and WOOD

THE UNDERSIGNED 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 desiring stock of dry hard-

wood in lots and short wood lengths.

C. S. SMITH.

Acton, July 24th, 1884.

325 Acres. 325 Acres.

Fon thill Nurseries.

The Largest in the Dominion.

SALESMEN 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 ad-

dress—

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 Not 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 Trouser-

ings, 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 con-

sequence 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., QUELPH.

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 all

local exhibitions for excellence of material

and superiority of workmanship. Your

orders are solicited.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each

issue.

50 CENTS PER YEAR.

Send three 10-cent stamps for Sample Copy (English

or German) of the Standard and Best Agricul-

tural Journal in the world.

Orange Judd Co., David W. Judd, Free

121 Broadway, New York.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 2, 1884.

POETRY

JOY IS LINKED WITH GRIEF.

The fairest flowers that bloom on earth,

They soonest fade and die;

And joy that fills our hearts with mirth,

With wings inconstant flies.

The more we love a treasure dear

And sleep in realms of night,

For every joy that blossoms here

Is sadden'd by some cross.

The mother loves her first-born

With all a soul's delight;

But soon to grieve her babe is borne,

And sleeps in realms of night.

Friends love in heart each other's joys,

As gay thro' life they rove;

But separation's woful voice

Disparts their dream of love.

And oft when homes are blest with joy,

The earth seems fair and bright,

And care no thoughts of life annoy

All basked in joyful light.

But all at once the Summer's sky

Is clouded o'er with gloom,

And warfare's horrid din is heard

From out the opened tomb.

OUR STORY.

RUTH MAXWELL'S RIDE.

BY SARAH P. BISHOP.

My name is Ruth Maxwell. Twenty

years ago this morning, when the sun

was soft and clear and the flowers as frag-

rant as now, I stood in the doorway of our

newly-built cottage with a bunch of pink

roses in my hand. The rattling of wheels

caused me to glance down the road, and I

saw Marcus Flint, seated in a light buggy,

driving a fine spirited horse. A moment

after he stopped at the gate. He was a

neighbor's son, several years my senior, and

my staunch friend.

"Good morning, Ruth. I'm going over

to Chertynow. Wants a ride?" he inquired

gaily.

"Yes, indeed," was my quick response.

"Get your hat and come. We'll have a

joyful time."

I was soon ready and jumped into the

buggy beside Marcus, and we rode away.

He had several errands to do on the way,

and we stopped first at the post-office.

"Ruth, hold the horse a minute. I've

some letters to leave here. Don't be afraid.

Dan is gentle as a kitten if he is swift as a

rover," giving me the reins.

While he was within the office's mis-

chievous spirit seized me. I strook the

bridle purposefully, and started Dan off on a

brisk trot.

"Whoa! Whoa! Marcus, come, come!

Dan is running away with me. Oh dear!

Help!"

He dashed out of the door, and ran like

a frightened deer after me. In a few rods

I pulled up the horse, and laughed loud and

merrily, as Marcus came up and pant-

ing.

"I'm all right. I was only fooling," I

said, and I flourished the whip over Mar-

cus' head as he jumped into the buggy.

"You'll find out some time, Ruth, that

fooling is dangerous business," he said in a

pleasant tone.

"I only wanted a little fun; don't be

angry."

"Fun made out of tricks don't pay in the

end."

We rode half a mile further, till we reached

the snug farm where Jacob Stone lived.

Again Marcus stopped, and got out and left

me in the buggy holding Dan, while he

went into the barn to speak with Mr. Stone

and I could see that they stood talking

with the great doors wide open.

As I sat waiting for Marcus' return, a boy

came out from behind a spruce tree and un-

folded a long red flag, rose quickly and

fattered in the strong breeze. At this

Dan gave an sudden frightened jump to the

opposite side of the road. The reins held

loosely in my hands received a jerk, and

he was pulled from me and fell to the ground,

and Dan, finding himself free, started at a

good pace down the road.

"Marcus, Marcus, I've dropped the reins!

Dan's running away with me," I shouted

in real terror. "Whoa! whoa! whoa!"

"Let him go. He'll stop when you get

ready to have him. You can't fool me

twice."

"It's true. The reins are on the ground.

I've lost 'em. Oh, dear! Help! Whoa!

Whoa!"

Marcus did not stir an inch, and went on

quietly talking with Mr. Stone.

"Do come! Dan is running away!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You don't cheat me again!"

By this time Dan was quite a distance

from Mr. Stone's. From a quick walk he

took a slow trot, and went faster and faster

till he dashed ahead at a full run. The

wheels rattled furiously over the road and

the buggy swayed violently. On Dan ran

at a frightful speed. I held on to the seat

with both hands, to keep from falling out.

Fortunately we encountered no other

vehicle to cause a collision.

We had had a terrible race of over two

miles, and still the horse ran maddly on,

with nothing to check his course. Blake's

"thirty-acre wood lot" lay on one side of

the road. When we reached it, Dan, in-

stead of keeping to the main road, plunged

into the cart path which led through the

woods. Soon one of the wheels struck a

stump; then there was a snap and a fright-

ful crash. The buggy was broken and

overturned, and Dan said the whitestree

were out of sight in a moment. I was

bruised and half stunned by my fall, and

remained some time in a state of uncon-

sciousness. Upon reviving I was quite be-

wildered at finding myself in a great forest

with a broken buggy on the ground beside

me. Soon all that had happened came back

to me, and I attempted to rise. But a

sharp pain darted from my foot to my

brain, and I felt dizzy and faint. My

ankle was badly sprained, and it was im-

possible for me to take a step.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" I cried,

while great tears fell down my cheeks.

Then I shouted, "Marcus! Marcus! Help,

help!"

Echo brought back my words; they had

reached no human ear.

I tried to crawl, but had hardly gone two

yards when I was forced to stop. The pain

in my ankle almost drove me mad. Again

and again I shouted for help, and strained

my ears to catch the sound of coming feet.

None came.

The sun was nearly overhead, and I knew

it was noon-day. I must have been two

hours in that great gloomy forest, and I