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Advertisements:—Classified advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash.

Change for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over the following week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON THE APPEAL, P. 1, OF THE ACTON FREE PRESS, ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1884.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRIE, M.B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons.

H. E. WEBSTER, M.D., O.M., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

T. H. GRAHAM, L.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, BRANTFORD, ONT.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ontario.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS. Vitalized Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of C. B. HAYES, L.D.S.

C. H. BIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of ROSS & FROST, Toronto, will be at Campbell's Hotel on the first Monday of every month, in the practice of his profession.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont.

MOWAT & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Money to Loan.

G. S. GOODWILLIE, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. GEORGETOWN & ACTON.

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

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS. Office:—Queen's Hotel Block, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. 20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

W. M. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington & Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rate of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

LIME FOR SALE. Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works, in small quantities, at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to C. S. SMITH, Box 172, Acton.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP. J. P. WORDEN. Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Fowler as a medical office, and solicits the patronage of the vicinity. 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.

Terms.—\$1.00 in Advance.

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

\$1.50 if not paid

Volume X. No. 17.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1884.

Whole No. 487.

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. Acton Fruit Depot.

J. M. FERNLEY has constantly on hand, in season, a full line of choice

Confectionery, Fruit, Canned Goods, Choice Cigars, &c.

Fruit a Specialty. OYSTERS In Bulk or Can. Always Fresh. Served in any Style.

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, Near Petrie's New Drug Store, GUELPH.

Guelph Business College, GUELPH, ONT., OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN the best facilities for acquiring a Complete Thorough Business Education.

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 Tannery in Acton before November 1st, 1884.

Back must be burnt on fresh flat, and full four feet long. Curled or damaged bark only received at a proportionate reduction.

We wish it distinctly understood 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.

WILL CLEAR OUT STOCK OF FANCY GOODS AT ANY PRICE, to make room for New Goods on the way from England, France, Germany and New York.

VASES, TOILET SETS, GLASS GOODS, LADIES' SATCHELS, And Lots of Other Goods. AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

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 using Coal will profit by laying in their winter's stock now.

I have also on hand a large stock of dry, hard-wood, in store and cordwood lengths. C. S. SMITH, Acton, July 28th, 1884.

CROWDED! CROWDED! Come and See the 10 CENT STORE—CENT 10 And Cheap Bazar

Crowded with New Goods, Useful and Ornamental, from Germany, England and New York.

Selling CHEAP For CASH. 10c. Store & Cheap Cash Bazar. JAS. F. KIDNER, GUELPH

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. 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. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. \$1.50 a Year. Send three stamps for Sample Copy (English or German) of the present and Best Agricultural Journal in the world.

Orange Judd Co., David W. Judd Pres., 231 Broadway, New York.

THE KEY NOTE SOUNDED. W. P. BROWN Has now on hand the Largest, Best Assorted and Cheapest stock of

Classware, China and Crockery Ever shown at one time in Acton, comprising COLORED TEA SETS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

WHITE AND COLOR DINNER SETS—SQUARE DISHES. GRAND DISPLAY OF CHINA TEA SETS.

BEAUTIFUL COLORED AND WHITE TOILET SETS. CHINA MOTTOS AND MOUTACHE CUPS—IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

A FINE CHOICE IN MUGS, VASES AND JUGS. Glassware. ALL LINES COMPLETE IN THE LATEST DESIGNS.

White Stoneware. IN ANY QUANTITY, FROM ONE PIECE TO A THOUSAND—IN VARIOUS PATTERNS.

Lamps & Lamp Goods. GLASS AND FANCY LAMPS, LAMP SHADES AND RINGS, PLAIN AND FANCY CHIMNEYS, WICK AND BURNERS.

Croceries. MY STOCK OF GROCERIES IS COMPLETE, FRESH STOCK ARRIVING EVERY FEW DAYS.

Teas. A SPECIALTY. FINE FLAVOR AND GOOD DRAWING QUALITIES.

Sugars. 12 POUNDS GRANULATED, TO 18 POUNDS GOOD BROWN. Provisions. FRESH BUSQUETS, ALL KINDS, BUTTER, CHEESE, APPLES AND POTATOES ON HAND.

Woodenware. A GOOD STOCK OF WOODENWARE, WELL ASSORTED. Coal Oil. GOOD QUALITY, IN SMALL & LARGE QUANTITIES.

We do not intend to be undersold by anyone in the trade. Come and see for yourselves. Highest price paid for Good Butter. W. P. BROWN, Acton, Oct. 21st, 1884.

Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 30, 1884.

POETRY. WET WEATHER TALK. It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, Why, 'tain't my choice.

Men generally to all intents— Although they're apt to grumble some— Pats most their trust in Providence. And take things as they come— Or work or wait, 'round to do Before the plow's done, And maybe, like as not, the wheat. Just as it's lookin' hard to beat.

Will fetch the store—and just about the time the corn is jinin' out! In this existence, dry and wet— Will overtake the best of men— Some little shillit' clouds'll sheet The sun, and rain 'round to do Before the plow's done, And maybe, like as not, the wheat. Just as it's lookin' hard to beat.

Will fetch the store—and just about the time the corn is jinin' out! These here cyclones a foolin' round— And back and crop—and wind and rain— And 'till the corn that's watered down. May elow up again! They ain't no sense, as I can see, For more, such as you and me, A faultin' Nature's wise intents And lock'n horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain! It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, Why, 'tain't my choice.

OUR STORY. FARMER GORDON'S ECONOMY. Stephen Gordon was a rich farmer. Broad acres, fertile lands and money at interest, were his, but with all this, he was always "talkin' economy." "We must economize" in this or that or the other, was always his theme. His family consisted of a wife and three boys, and an uncle of his, an old man of more than 70 years.

One morning he entered the kitchen where his wife had just been working over butter, and had the great balls all ready for market. "My! Hannah! What butter! It makes a fellow's mouth water to look at it, and I've got forty cents a pound all winter; it's so much better 'n most folks' butter, they are willing to pay a good price for it. How much have you made this month?"

"This makes forty pounds this month." "Well, that ain't bad this time of the year."

"No, but it's hard to work over so much butter by hand this cold weather. If I only had a butter worker it would be so much easier; it makes me so tired every time I work over ten or fifteen pounds. I don't get over it in two or three days, my arm and back ache so lame. Can't I have a butter worker, Stephen?"

"Nonsense, wife! I suppose you want me to pay \$5 for a butter worker, don't you? Why, my mother had a large dairy, and she never wanted a butter worker—she preferred to do it with her hands and save the money, rather than spend it on every new thing that came along."

"Well, your father had more grass to mow than ever you had, and he never had a mowing machine or a raking machine, and you have both."

"Well, don't you see how much time and labor they save? Why, I should have to hire twice the men I do now, if I wasn't for them."

"And don't you suppose it would save me time and strength, too?"

"Well, perhaps you can have one some time, but I have got to have a new horse and wagon, and several new fences, and I don't know what I'll tell you, wife, we must economize all we can," said Stephen, as he left the room.

Yes, that was always the way when he wanted anything; perhaps she might have it some time, but now she must economize. This her husband said five years ago, and she was using the old cracked stove yet. It was just so about everything in the house. Her home was bare and comfortable. Didn't she economize in everything? Wasn't her own wardrobe threadbare, and also that of her boys? Didn't she patch their clothes until it was time wasted to patch them more? Didn't she economize in everything but her table? Oh, yes!—and the little woman raised her dishes in a way that surprised Uncle Moses in the corner. She would economize so as to make Uncle Moses and her boys say, "Hannah, that ain't but a better work, as if you want it," said Uncle Moses.

"No, uncle; I will have one, but you shan't give it to me. Stephen can afford it, or I would not have asked him. I have taken too much from you already, but now I am going to economize so that I can have all I need. Husband is always talking economy to his family, but I can't see any way that he practices it himself; but he is going to."

The next day at dinner Mr. Gordon said, "I guess you forgot to put cream on this boiled ham, Hannah."

"No, I didn't forget, but I am saving my cream for butter. I must make all I can, for we must economize."

And a little later: "I'm ready for pie now, wife. Perhaps you've got one of these nice puddings that are just what I like."

"No, Stephen, I have neither. It costs a great deal to make pastry and puddings, and it takes time, too. We must economize, you know."

"Papa, can't I have a slice? You said last winter perhaps I might this winter," said little Willie, the 6-year-old.

"And can't I have a pair of skates?" said Fred, a boy of 10. "It is such good skating, please buy them for me, papa."

"No, indeed, boys, we must economize. I never had a sled or skates, and I guess you can do without them."

"You must have lost lots of fun, then; I'm really sorry for you," said Willie, with tears in his eyes. "I shan't let my boys go without them when I'm a man."

A week passed by. In that time the Gordon family had no pastry, cakes or puddings. Now Mr. Gordon liked all kinds of sweetmeats, and it was hard for him to do without them. He craved them so much that when he went to the store he bought half a pound of block sugar and filled his pockets. He had never "economized" on his living, and he prided himself on setting as good a table as any one in town.

On going home one night he found the minister and his wife making a call. He was glad to see them, of course, and now, he thought to himself, Hannah will have a decent supper once more. But what was his consternation to see, as he seated himself at the table, nothing but bread and butter, cold boiled ham and apple sauce.

"Well," said Mr. Gordon to his wife, "I'm afraid the pastor will think your supper a scant one."

"I'm sorry, Stephen, but the fact is, we have been economizing lately, and they come so late that I had no time to prepare anything different."

"This delicious bread and butter needs no apology, to say nothing of the other good things," said the clergyman.

Poor Stephen! his pride was deeply hurt as he contrasted his table with others that had been spread in honor of his pastor's visit.

"Have you met with losses recently?" asked the pastor's wife with concern.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Gordon, "but in the spring, on a farm there are a great many things wanted, and we are economizing in order to meet expenses."

The next morning Mr. Gordon called on a neighbor, Mr. Jones, to pay him for a pair of young cattle.

"Here is the money for the steers," said Mr. Gordon, handing him a roll of bills.

Mrs. Jones was working over her butter in the kitchen. She had a butter worker, and it was astonishing how fast she made the butter into cakes and stamped them, draining out every drop of buttermilk with hardly any exertion, while Mr. Gordon watched her.

"Got a butter worker, I see?" "Yes, and I don't know how I ever lived without one. It is so easy working butter now compared with what it used to be. Why, it used to make me so tired to work over so much butter, that I wasn't good for anything for two days afterwards."

"Here, wife, is twenty dollars you wanted for a clock. Give Mr. Gordon a receipt for fifty dollars."

Mr. Gordon started. Twenty dollars for a clock! When had he given his wife that sum for anything? He looked around the kitchen. Here was a model range, a sink and everything convenient and handy with which the farmer's wife could do her work. What a contrast to Hannah's kitchen! He well knew he was better able to afford such an outfit than his neighbor was.

On returning, Mr. Gordon first stopped at the barn. Here everything was in order and everything convenient to work with. He was possible he had made Hannah do all the economizing!

In one corner of the shed, was something that looked like a sled. His little boy had been trying to make one, and the words of the child rang in his ears, "I shan't let my boys go without them when I'm a man." He went into the house.

"Where is Hannah?" he inquired of Uncle Moses.

"She's gone over to see Bill's sick child."

The farmer sat down and took his paper, but his thoughts were too busy to read. He had never looked so mean in his own eyes before. He was still angry with his wife for humbling him so the night before, by giving the minister and his wife such a supper. Yet now as he thought it over, he wondered how he could have blamed her.

"Uncle Moses, how much do you think it would cost to make a woman's butter worker?"

"We'll never cost much to make your butter worker, but I'll be glad to make one for you, if you want it," said Uncle Moses.

singly with anyone as you have been with her. She's too good for you, and it's time you found it out. There you've got enough to keep her like a lady, but instead of that she can't even have things to work with. You'll never get a cent of my fortune. I'll settle it on Hannah and the boys."

"That's all right. Why did you not tell me how selfish I was before?" "Haven't I been a-tellin' ye all the time, and what good did it do? If yer stomach hadn't been pinched a little, yer never would have found out how good it was to follow what yer allers a-proachin' to, 'er, 'We must economize.' 'We must economize.'"

"Well, I did miss the goodies, but that wasn't all the reason, and its never too late to mend."

After dinner Mrs. Gordon went back to the dying child, and her husband harnessed up and went to town. In about two hours he returned with a Hammoth, a new stove, a new churn, and a butter worker; a new sled for Willie and two new pairs of skates for the other boys.

When Mrs. Gordon came home she found the children rejoicing over their presents, and Uncle Moses and Mr. Gordon busy getting tea.

"Why, where did that stove come from?" said the astonished woman, and as her eyes fell upon the new churn and butter worker, she exclaimed: "Why, what does it mean?"

"It means that we have done 'economizing' for the present, and that you are to have the money for yourself for all the butter you make. This is your capital to begin on," said her husband as he handed her \$25.

After this Mr. Gordon never told his family again, "We must economize," and Hannah gave him no cause to do so.

FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN. WRITTEN BY THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMER. It's curious, isn't it, Billy, the change that twelve months may bring? Last year I was at Saratoga. As happy and rich as a king— I was taking in pools on the road. And seeing the waters with 'em, And sipping mint juleps by twilight, And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me to do it?" What ails Leads men to destruction and crime? The prodigal son, whom you've read of, Has led you, somewhat, in his time. He spends his substance as freely As the biblical fable of old; But when it is gone he fancies The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera, High steps while fortune is flush. The passionate kisses of women Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush— The old, old story, Billy, Of pleasures that turn to tears. The froth that foams for an hour, The drops that are tasted for years.

Last night as I sat here and pondered On the end of my evil ways, There arose like a phantom before me The vision of boyhood days. I thought of my old home, Billy, Of that schoolhouse that stood on the hill, Of that brook that flowed through the meadow—

I can't hear its music still. Again I thought of my mother, Of the mother who taught me to pray, Whose love was a precious treasure That I heedlessly cast away. I saw again in my visions The fresh-lipped, careless boy To whom the future was boundless, And the past but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here— Of my ruined and wasted life, And the pang of remorse was bitter— They pierced my life like a knife. It takes some courage, Billy, To laugh in the face of fate, When the yearning ambitions of manhood Are blasted at twenty-eight.

Dividing the Expenses. "Look here, young man," said an Acton parent to his daughter's lover when, the latter entered the parlor to make his first call of the indoor season the other night, "look here, you burned up a good deal of coal and kerosene last winter coming round here and staying till 10 and 10 o'clock two or three nights a week. Now, I've no objections to your visits, as you are a respectable young man, but you have got to furnish your own fuel and light this coming winter. I cannot afford to keep fire running and a lamp burning in this parlor all winter."

"All right, sir," responded the young man, "I am willing to share the expenses, but you should hardly ask me to bear the whole of it. Should you furnish the coal and I'll furnish the light. How would that do?"

"All right," said the parent, as he turned to leave the room. "I am willing to bear my share of the expenses if you bear yours." "Let's see," said the clear-headed youth, as he sat down by his lady love, "How much oil did we burn last winter, Dad?" "Why, John," she replied, with a blush, "we didn't burn a lamp all during the whole winter."

Dimples. Should mustard plaster be classed among drawing materials? "Save me from my friends!" is the plaintive cry of the oyster. Why is the letter B like the face of Hamlet's father? Because its more in sorrow than in anger. "Don't be much on the left side," says the writer. No; if you must lie, do it on the winning side. Callow youth (before looking-glass, sticking chin): "Bie, I think I must get me a razor." "Bie: Do, Bob; a beard is better." "Pa, I want to go whaling." "All right my son." And in a few minutes he was busy in the woodshed with lots of blubber. A thing of beauty may be a joy forever. But no man thinks so when he sees his wife: Ah the photograph of a beautiful actress out of his inside pocket. Smart-looking young man to millionaire: "Good-morning, sir; do you wish to hire a coachman?" Millionaire: "No, sir; my daughter is already engaged."