

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

Acton Free Press.

Our Motto.—'Home First, The World Afterwards'

Single Copies Three Cents.

Volume X. Number 21.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1884.

Whole Number 491.

ACTON BANKING COY., 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.

And everything kept in a first-class establishment of this kind.

Fruit & Specialty.

OYSTERS

In Bulk or Can. Always Fresh. Served in any Style.

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,

Near Petrie's New Drug Store.

GUELPH.

Guelph Business College,

GUELPH, ONT.

OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN the best facilities for acquiring a COMPLETE TRAINING FOR BUSINESS PURSUITS.

Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Banking, Acton Business Practice, Business Correspondence, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Short-hand, Calligraphy or Typing, Writing, French, English, and Hygiene are taught by the most practical and interesting methods.

Six experienced teachers and lecturers are permanently on the teaching staff. The various departments are elegantly fitted up with the latest and most approved apparatus for Business College work, thus insuring the comfort as well as the rapid advancement of students. Students may enter at any time. For a copy of the Annual College Circular (MATERN, FREE), 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 Tannery in Acton before November 1st, 1884.

Bark must be bright on flesh, dry, and cut 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.

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

EGG, STOVE, AND CHEMIST COAL

which is prepared to dispose of by the car load. Parties using Coal will profit by laying in their water stock now.

I have also on hand a large stock of dry hardwood in stove and corded lengths.

C. S. SMITH.

Acton, July 2nd, 1884.

OIL PICTURES.

When I was in England a few weeks ago, I purchased some very choice Pictures of Old Country Scenes and Castles in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. They are Pictures of well-remembered, noted places in old country people now living in Canada.

The pictures are all by eminent artists, framed in Rich, Handsome Gilt Frames, 16x28 inches, at a very low cost. It will be seen that the frames are worth the prices asked for the pictures.

10 CENT-STOVE-CENT 10

And Cheap Bazar

JAS. F. KIDNER, GUELPH.

Underclothing.

MRS. R. ORECH

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. ORECH

Acton, May 7th, 1884.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

Strong Durable Tweed Suits to Order from \$14.00 upwards.

On hand a Large Quantity

READYMADE OVERCOATS

Manufactured by Ourselves which we can Thoroughly Recommend.

SHAW & CRUNDY

Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

Wellington Marble Works.

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.

WANTED.

WANTED: A RESIDENT AGENT IN EVERY village town and city in the Dominion, also a few travellers to sell our New Air Gas Machines, for making air gas 50 per cent cheaper than coal, equally as good. No fire or power required. Made in all sizes from 1500 to 10000 for private houses, stores, hotels, factories, mills, streets, mines, etc. Address: CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE MFG CO., 115 St. Francois Xavier St., MONTREAL, P.Q.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 27, 1884.

POETRY

BOTH SIDES OF THE HOUSE.

A COMPARISON DEPICTED.

Wanted—A wife who can handle a broom. To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the room; To make decent bread that a fellow can eat; Not the horrible compound you every where get.

Who knows how to broil, to fry and to roast; Make a cup of good tea or a platter of toast; A woman who washes, cooks, irons and stitches; And sews up the rips in her fellow's old breeches; And makes her own garments—"an item that grows."

Quite highly expensive, as everyone knows; A common sense creature, and still with a Mind.

To teach and to guide—exalted indeed; A sort of an angel and household combined.

A COMPARISON SELDOM FOUND.

Wanted—A husband who thinks of his wife As the help and the pride and the joy of his life; Who is thoughtful to put all his garments away; Who hangs up his slippers, brush and comb every day; Who will bring in the water the coal and the wood; Nor grumble about it, and speak harsh or rude; Who, comes home to supper as he does, often late; Blames not the tired wife because he has to wait; Who thinks of her "unblemished step" here and there; And paying no help, grudges naught she may wear; If a man with these qualities—blest with a mind; That knows true from false—wants a wife he will find; There are still a few left—wife and help-mate combined.

"Oh, I've been so discouraged, auntie!" pleaded the little wife. "But I see now, perhaps not very plainly, what you mean by the poetry of housework! The more than clean enough, the freshness added after the place is what some call decent, that is the poetry."

"No, my dear," answered Aunt Ellen, "that all poetry consists in the 'more than enough.' You have hit the subject capitaly. I shouldn't have the patience to take so much pains with you if you weren't so intelligent."

Afterwards, minding kitchen aprons of blue and white gingham, on the easy-running sewing machine, a present by the way, from Aunt Ellen, they took up the subject again.

"I was really happy getting dinner today," said Nell. "My new boiler, and my clean, white apron, and the false sleeves you made for me, the more that clean enough kitchen quite raised my spirits. And when Charley came in and kissed me, and said I hadn't known what a relief it was to him to see me look so much brighter. Why, he had actually been thinking of giving up his home, and boarding."

"There's a fair in soap-suds," said Aunt Ellen, "and scrubbing liberates her, and she laughs and sings, and people wonder what makes the place so pleasant."

"Well, I'm sure there's a demon in dirt," said Nell, smiling at her aunt's words.

"It is demon verily fair with all house-keepers," was the answer. "And I'm sure there is no longer a question which will be in the ascendant in this house."—The Standard.

"It is all wrong side to me. Those who have sufficient keenness of vision to discern a right side to housework should be the housekeepers, that is all I have to say."

Nell was a young wife, fresh from boarding school, and having married a poor man, had undertaken to do without a servant. Her Aunt Ellen, for whom she was named, feeling sure that there would be trouble in the new home within a month, had very opportunely made a visit, arriving at the moment when "little Nell," as she was called, was at the last gasp of discouragement.

And now to have Aunt Ellen come into that disorderly kitchen, where soiled, dirty towels and broken china, and little stacks of dry bread, and sticky pots and pans formed a terrible combination, and talk about the poetry of housework—that was a little too much.

"You have heard me speak of my grand-mother," said Aunt Ellen, as she tied on a wide kitchen apron, taken from the depths of her travelling bag.

Nell smiled with as much brightness as she could call to her face under the circumstances. Aunt Ellen was always depicting her grand-mother Howard, metaphorically speaking, to serve as an example to her, or careless, or ignorant niece.

"I was once at my grand-mother's when I was at your age, and hated housework quite as unconsciously. It was cleaning day, and she was scouring her kitchen table, giving vigorous rubs, after it seemed to me, as white as could be. I made some scornful remark about wasting strength, and grand-mother said, 'Perfect freshness and cleanliness is the poetry of housework.' I can see the dear old lady now—her spectacles cap, her calico dress with its little bap, and her blue checked gingham apron. By the way, Nell, have you no kitchen apron?"

The young wife shook her head languidly.

"Your education has been neglected. No kitchen apron! No holders! Dear me! We must go to work this very afternoon and make a kitchen outfit. No wonder you burn your fingers, using a piece of stiff paper to open the oven door. Ho!"

Nell looked down at her white, Hamburg edged apron, and then at her blistered hand.

"It's a bother to fuss about such little things," she said with a discontented look on her handsome, intellectual face.

"Aunt Nell was too busy at that minute to answer. It is an incredibility short time she had gathered the soiled towels and laid them to soak in warm water, had rinsed her steam and laid it aside to be dried in the oven and graded, had made a strong soap suds, and with a bit of soaking had cleaned the sink till it was perfectly fresh.

She set Nell to removing the dishes from the pantry shelves, and in a little while

they were restored to clean, sweet quarters. The pantry floor was cleaned, Aunt Ellen getting heroically on her hands and knees, and the benches were fragrant and spotless. Nell's eyes brightened. She breathed easier. The place, as far as they had gone, was so sweet and clean and neat.

"Why," she said, quite forgetting her former discontent, "I'd like to make something. I mean cake or cookies, or something. I am just tempted to go to work. And how pleasant the sunshine is! I have not seen the sun shine in this place."

Aunt Ellen laughed. Nell laughed. The clean pantry seemed to laugh too.

In a few minutes more the dish towels, a dozen of them, wrung from hot water, were drying in the sun.

"Oh, yes, I've always kept the parlor and our room pretty nice."

"Well, well, there's excuse enough for you. When you learn to love your kitchen as well as your parlor and 'our room,' it will be all right. In a certain sense, a house rightly managed keeps itself clean. When our work gets ahead of us it isn't easy to overtake it."

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Trashy Literature.

Light literature is to the young women of many homes what whiskey is to the stern sex. It is a dissipation of the mind which saps its powers, absorbs precious time, cultivates emotionalism, drags the soul from its appointed station, creates longings that can never be fulfilled, stirs up the baser passions, and puts society out of joint. There are more useless girls in all classes of society from this one evil than any other. And judicious fathers and mothers would do well to see that such bad courses are nipped in the bud. Good reading in proper hours should be supplied, and this wilful dissipation of the mind ended by burning up the books.—Protestant Pillar.

Gems.

By increasing instructive influences, we lessen our evils.

There is no crown in the world so great as patience.

Like practices in all paradises beget unity of sentiment.

Preserve thy strength in youth so as to enjoy it in old age.

Whatever cannot be destroyed must of necessity be eternal.

A sweet temper tends to all the whole house with sunshine.

Nothing can be held secret that gets into another's custody.

Character is what you are; reputation is what people think you are.

Fill any land with good homes, and it must be a good place in which to live.

Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—J. Ingelow.

Turning the Joke.

An Irishman changed to be present at a jumping match the other day at West Hartlepool, and seeming much interested in the contest, was invited to try his hand. He gladly consented, and taking off his long black coat, laid it across a fence nearby. Three dandies, who had just halted to witness the sport, thought it was a good chance to play him a trick. Accordingly, when his back was turned, one of them procured a piece of chalk and drew an ass's head on the back of Pat's coat, and waited to see the fun when he discovered the trick. He soon returned for his coat, with a smile beaming on his comical face. As his keen eyes glanced at the profile on the back of his coat, one of the dandies laughingly asked how he liked jumping. "Oh, I like jumping well enough," said Pat; "but if you'll tell which way ye had the chalk to yere face, an' I'll tell ye if ye took a good likeness!" —Eng. Ec.

The Dude and the Indian.

It is easy to decide which of the two young men was the gentleman, in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight-haired, copper-colored Indian, going back to the reservation after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes which fitted him badly, and a paper collar without any necktie. He attended strictly to his own business and was unmolested until a young sleeper, came into the smoking car from the sleeper.

"An Indian, I guess," said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then, approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting with strange gestures: 'Ugh! hear! big Injun! Omaha! Sioux? Pawnee? See great father? Have drink growler? Warm Injun blood!'

The copper-colored savage gazed at the young man's mouth, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation: 'You must have been reading some dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the east at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No, I do not drink whisky. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whisky flasks in their pockets.'

The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much crystalline young man retired to the sleeping coach."

Window Garden in December.

A sudden cold snap, or "cold wave" as it is now termed, is liable to come at any time during the winter, and must be guarded against, in the green-house by attention to the fire, and in the dwelling by moving the plants away from the windows, to the middle of the room. Dryness of the air is the chief obstacle to successful window gardening. Plants succeed much better in the kitchen than in the parlors