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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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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 Street, Acton.

H. E. WEBSTER, M. D., (C.M.), Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, Physician, Surgeon, Accoucher, Office: Mill St., Residence—Carpenter's Hotel, Acton.
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HANLAN BARBER SHED, J. E. WOODS, Has opened a Barber Shop in the building newly opposite Storey's old Glove Factory, Mill Street, Acton, and solicits the patronage of the public in this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Gives a call.

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Fine Oranges, Lemons, Figs and Dates, Nuts of all kinds, Fruits & Canned Goods, Pure Confectionery, In Endless Variety, So that those at home may enjoy the same luxuries as those who spend so much in travelling to procure them.

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BURCESS' WORM POWDER these two desirable qualifications are to be found. These Powders do not require the help of any purgative medicines to counteract the cure, and effectually destroy the worms, and remove the cause of the trouble, and restore the patient to health, and relieve the sufferer of their injurious effects. Full directions on each box.

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When I was in England a few weeks ago, I purchased some very choice Pictures of Old Country Scenery and Costumes in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. They are Pictures of well-remembered, noted places by old country people now living in Canada. The pictures are all of eminent artists, framed in Rich, Handsome Gilt Frames, 16x22 inches, at a very low cost. It will be seen that the frames are worth the prices asked for the pictures.

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Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 26, 1885.

POETRY THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid To this share of work; Who never is by toll'd dismayed, And never tries to shirk. The boy whose heart is brave to meet The lions in the way; Who's not discouraged by defeat, But tries another day. The boy who always means to do The very best he can; Who always leaves the right in view, And aims to be a man. Such boys as these will soon take The future of our land; And we shall speak their names with pride. All praise to the boy who says A man at heart, I say; Whose motto is his shirt is his; "Right always wins the day."

OUR STORY. MISS SCAMPER.

None at the Rappahannock Sulphur Springs knew who Miss Scamper was, and few cared to know. She came with an old gentleman, who regaled the pair as "S. Scamper and granddaughter, New York City." They were doubtless poor folk on a holiday. They had no servants with them. The old man wore a suit of rather rusty black, and his trunk, an antique leather convenience, bore the letters S. S. in brass-headed nails. The young woman's trunk—she had but one—was large enough, and of modern make, but it was apparently not well filled, since she had shown but three dresses all the three weeks she had remained. One of these, of rich material was worn alternately in daytime. She had no jewelry beyond a plain gold brooch. One of the eligible young men there said that "the Scamper has one Sunday-go-to-meetin' and two work-day suits," for which his neighbour should have kicked him, but didn't. The eligible young man was looking for an eligible mate in the person of Miss Bolsover, the great heiress, whom the society paper had said was coming to Rappahannock, though, as she hadn't come, the Brown's young man of the society paper laboured under a delusion. The match-making drawers did not fear this modest, pretty, and well-cultured young woman, for the girl, young, who was also lying in wait for Miss Bolsover, much more gilded, did not dangle in her train. Indeed, she had no train. Her business was to look after her poor old grandfather, who was not in good health, and with whom, the waters seemed to agree. Didymus Dodd, who had scraped an acquaintance with old Scamper, as the fellows irreverently called him, seemed to be her admirer; but Didymus was nobody. He was well made, tall handsome, and of good address; but he was only an upper clerk in a Philadelphia insurance company. To be sure, he would be superintendent in January, and would draw a salary of five thousand a year. But no one knew that, and the possible good fortune to poor Miss Scamper; and had they known, five thousand a year was no great matter. So the field was left to Miss Scamper and welcome.

Didymus only began paying attentions to Miss Scamper out of courtesy, and because he more he liked her, and it ended in his being badly hit. As he and she were the only impetuous people at the old and old-fashioned resort—the other visitors counting their dollars well up in the hundred thousands—the matter attracted attention, and by way of getting both out of the way of marriageable sons and daughters, scheming mothers' tent the affair all the quiet encouragement possible. And this passed into a more active nature from two little incidents that occurred about ten days before the end of the two months' vacation of Didymus.

There was a Mrs. De Nyse at the springs who was well known as an amateur vocalist of merit, and whose voice though a little reedy in the upper notes, had been trained so well as to make her worth a hearing.

One evening, when a few were in the parlors, her friends besought her to favour them, and so on, and she expressed her readiness, but there happened to be no accompaniment. Miss Scamper, who was chatting near by with Didymus, looked up, and quietly said, "Perhaps I can serve you that way, Mrs. De Nyse."

"Can you play at sight, Miss Scamper?" enquired Mrs. De Nyse.

Miss Scamper nodded assent, and seated herself at the piano, and accompanied the voice with such good judgment that the singer was delighted.

"I wish I could carry you about with me, my dear," she said. "But do you not sing? You surely must."

"A little."

Urged by all around, Miss Scamper, to her own accompaniment, sang an aria from *Il Tratore*. Her voice proved to be a rich soprano, of full register, clear as a silver bell, and admirably cultivated. There was a moment's pause when she had done, as though not to lose a note, and then a storm of applause.

Here was a sensation. Everybody talked of her method, and the gilded youth were in raptures. The mamma, confided to some English opera troupe, who had been in Europe. There was a party going over to Belmont, Colonel Parfall's place, next day. Would she go? She assented. Didymus said to her in a low voice:

"It is a riding party, Miss Scamper. I know the best horse in the livery stable here, and if you'll permit me, I'll secure it for you."

To which she assented in the same tone. "Thank you Mr. Dodd, you are very kind; but I have one at command already. Get that for yourself."

Somewhat rebuffed, Didymus coloured, but she added, "Miss Dodd, shall not disgrace you," which was a distinct intimation that she expected him to desert. The spirits of Didymus rose from zero to blood heat.

The next morning, as the riders were ready to start, a groom, known to be one of Colonel Parfall's, rode up leading a magnificent blooded bay horse, equipped with a side saddle. As they were admiring the animal, Miss Scamper, in a neat riding habit, made her appearance. Didymus was not a little astonished, but forth his hand, and the lady vaulted to the back of the horse with easy grace. The cavalcade set out, Miss Scamper and Didymus together, and being better mounted than the others were soon at the head of the column.

About a mile from the spring there was a bar in the way. A lofty tulip-tree had been blown down during the night, and had fallen across the road, the trunk well up on account of the wide roots. Some one had already cleared a way by letting down fences on the road-side; but Miss Scamper did not go around with the rest. She faced the trunk, the horse went over, and trotted on. Didymus faced it too. His brute got over, but half stumbled. Didymus was country-bred, had ridden horses to mill bare-backed, and was a half gentian when a boy; so he brought his horse up. Miss Scamper smiled approvingly. Everybody admired the ease and grace with which Miss Scamper managed her horse, and Didymus more than everybody. When they arrived at their destination the party dispersed in the house and over the grounds. They found old Scamper there. He had gone over before in a carry-all. Almost was the property of Colonel Belmont, and was for sale, with its fine blooded stock of horses and cattle, its furniture made to order, and over twelve hundred acres of land in a high state of cultivation—"for," as he said in his letter, "a mere song." So it was, but as it was to the tune of three hundred thousand dollars, there were few who could tender the music.

They all admired the place. The agent, who was there, seized on the Scampers and Didymus, to whom he showed everything and explained everything. Didymus was amused at this, and whispered to Miss Scamper: "He has picked out the only three who could certainly not buy it. Miss Scamper, by the twinkle of her eyes, evidently appreciated the fun of the situation. Then the agent seized old Scamper and dragged him off to look at the blood horses and imported cattle, leaving Didymus and the girl together.

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"How do you like the place, Mr. Dodd?" enquired she.

"Like it, Miss Scamper. Why, it is a garden of Eden, that it is, it would be so to me, if I had it with an Eve in it."

The young lady smiled, and said, "You like country life, then, Mr. Dodd?"

"Naturally," replied Didymus. "I lived in the country until I was twenty-two. I was born and bred there. I should have been there yet but for the death of both my parents. I went to the city in search of fortune. I have done very well for the last seven years, and have put a little by; but to cover a place like this is the wish for the hour."

"The country is the place to live in, and the city to work in," said Miss Scamper, sentimentally.

"To live in, I grant you, if you have the means—a good farm and money to work it. Otherwise you'll hold in the country town in town, with less comfort and less profit."

Then they discoursed on rural topics, with a marvellous unity of sentiment, until the venerable Scamper and the agent got back, which was at the time the whole party, each with a nosegay furnished by the gardener from the greenhouses, was ready for a return to the Springs.

There were yet two days of the young man's vacation left, when he determined to place his fate at Miss Scamper's disposal at the first opportunity. The chance came that very night. That evening a number were seated on the veranda enjoying the moonlight. Miss Scamper sat apart from the rest, in heavy shadow, with her grandfather. The old gentleman rose when Dodd came, and left. Miss Scamper made room for Didymus at her side, and the two began to talk of the day's doings.

"By-the-by," said Didymus, "have you heard that Belmont has sold?"

"Yes."

"And to the great heiress, Miss Bolsover. I wonder if she will keep old 'fraid's' half there?"

Miss Scamper laughed, a low, silvery laugh.

"I presume she will," she said, "unless she chancos to marry. Wasn't that a sad accident at the mill to-day?"

"Yes. The man has a wife and five children. I went over to see how they were to see if they were in pressing need, you know; but that part is all right. This Miss Bolsover, who must be staying some where near, has been there, and provided for all their wants. I suppose, as she has bought Belmont, she means to play the Lady Beautiful here, which is all the better for poor Minky and his family."

"I believe, Mr. Dodd," said the lady, "that you play the Lord Beautiful sometimes, especially if some poor woman left with four children should arouse your sympathies."

"How did you know," he asked.

"A little bird told me," she said. "You not only paid Mrs. Grant's rent, but got her eldest boy employed, and then fairly run away to avoid her thanks. She was full of praises."

"But she did not know my name," said Didymus.

"True. But don't you remember that a veiled lady sat there the last time you came? That was I. I was in Philadelphia on a visit, and looked up Mrs. Grant, who had been a servant in our family before she married. She told me of her troubles, and how a stranger had helped her. I looked at you well, and when you came here I knew you in an instant."

Didymus felt his heart flutter. Now was the time; but his tongue refused its office. After a little pause Miss Scamper said: "I have had a very pleasant time here, and am almost sorry that I leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Didymus, in desperation, seizing her hand, which was not withdrawn. "Oh, Ruth—Miss Scamper—you must have seen—"

Here he stopped, but the fingers of the lady tightened a little in his grasp. A friendly cloud passed over the moon, and the recess grew darker.

"I love you, Ruth darling," he murmured, and drew her irresistibly towards him.

The people on the veranda were too busy in conversation to hear a faint sound made at the hearing of a compact between two foolish young people. But once it was all settled, the tongue of Didymus was fairly loosed, and he went on building his joint scheme of life. He told her of the money he had laid away, and the big salary in prospect, and the cozy little suburban cottage on the Schuylkill, with its acre of ground, that he would be able to buy.

"And there is room for grandfather to live with us," he said.

"That might not suit him, Didymus," she replied, "though it is kind and thoughtful of you. He would prefer his own larger house in New York."

"His larger house!" cried Didymus. "I thought he was poor."

"Poor! Silas Scamper poor! Why, he has a two-thirds interest in the great banking house of Gould, Silver, & Co., New York, Paris, and Vienna, though he figures as the Co. He has his own house, and a great many more of them."

Didymus, in spite of his acceptance, felt a gulf yawning somewhere. The rich bank—"I beg your pardon, Miss Scamper," he said, "but I somehow—"

"Yes, Didymus, you believed him poor. But why do you call me Miss Scamper? Why not Ruth? which is far sweeter—from you. And then my name is not Scamper at all."

"Not Scamper, Ruth? Are you not Mr. Scamper's granddaughter?"

"Oh, yes, his only granddaughter, and all the near kin he has. But my mother was his only daughter—we are both orphanous, Didymus—and of course I take my father's name. I hope you won't buy that cottage, since you like Belmont: for I am Ruth Bolsover."

A Good Story From England. Gay Tippetton is a great practical joker. At a country house not long ago, when the ladies had retired for the evening, the gentlemen congregated in the smoking-room.

"Easy, Ewart," said Tippetton, "I think it's a very bad form of you coming in here without taking the trouble to go up-stairs and change your coat. If you do it again I certainly shall have those claw-hammer tails cut off."

Next evening—some repeated—Young Ewart strode into the smoking-room with his dress coat on. Without more ado Gay and a few congenial spirits had young Ewart down on a couch and cut the tails off his coat. Ewart took it very coolly. He stropped up to the fire, and stood in the attitude, the ladies allege to be the favorite one of the male sex.

"You take it very philosophically," said one of Gay Tippetton's friends.

"Oh," replied Ewart, "it doesn't matter to me. It's not my coat; it's Tippetton's garment. I knew he'd keep his word, so I just dropped into his room in passing, and put his coat on."

A bad way to read other people's hearts is to try to conceal your own.

THE CATS.
Hear the warbling of the cat—
Merry cats!
Oh, I love to hear the music of their mid-
night nibbling spats!
As they walk around and frisk all,
In a way so weird and brisk all,
While their shapely tails they whisk all
With a cat-like dainty
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Bantu flasks,
To the conca-cantation, sung in sand-
dry shapely flasks,
Of cat-like flasks,
Rate, rate, rate, rate—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!

Hear the turbulent Tom cats!
Laddy cats!
How the catapillars' bootjack interrupts
their laddy chats!
In the darkness of the night,
How their shapely tails they whisk all
With a cat-like dainty
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Bantu flasks,
To the conca-cantation, sung in sand-
dry shapely flasks,
Of cat-like flasks,
Rate, rate, rate, rate—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!

Hear the house grandfather cats—
Apocryphal!
How they make us long to grasp a score of
rattling good breakfasts!
They have such a bad catarrh,
Caterwauling to the moon!
(See it? Caught a bad cat! R!
You may hear them from afar!
Roll it like a British R,
Out of tune.)
In a clamorous appeal to the aged tabby
cat,
In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf, old
tabby cat,
Shrieking higher, higher, higher,
Like a demon in a fire—
While the little kitten cats—
Heard cats—
Sing an emulous, sweet dirge of their love
for nice and rats!
That's
But a rudimentary spasm of the capers of
the cats!

Clippings for the Curious.
There are 2,750 languages.
The Romans used water clocks 160 B. C.
In 1120 A. D. the striking clock was in-
vented.
A bright, iron-cent of the coinage of
1844 was recently sold in New York for
\$200.
Sacramento, Cal., claims to have the
only horridie plantation in the United
States.
The highest denomination of United
States legal-tender notes, or gold certifi-
cates, is \$10,000.
The clock in Trinity church tower, New
York city, is the heaviest in America. It
takes two men over an hour to wind it up.
Scorpions and spiders properly feed upon
the juices of their victims after lacerating
them with their jaws, yet fragments of