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Acton Free Press.

Volume X. Number 36. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAR 5, 1886.

Whole Number 306.

Advertisements - The Free Press will be sent to subscribers... Advertisement Rates - Contract Rates...

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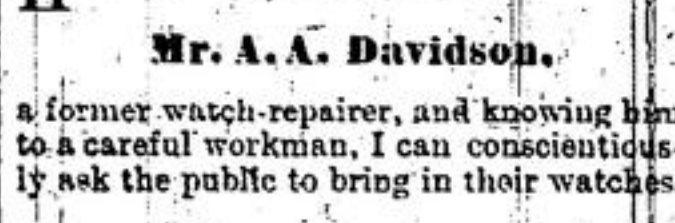
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THE TWO LIGHTS.

"When I'm a man," is the poetry of youth. "When I was young," is the poetry of old age.

"When I'm a man," the strapping cries, "And strives the coming year to soan, Ah, then, I shall be strong and wise, When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs, "Bravely the last and the finest song Their choral under sunny skies, When I was young!"

"When I'm a man, I shall be free To guard the right, the truth uphold, When I was young, I bent no knee To power or gold."

"Then shall I satisfy my soul With yonder prize, when I'm a man, Too late I found how vain the goal To which I ran."

"When I'm a man, these idle toys Aside forever shall be flung, There was no poison in my life, When I was young."

The boy's bright dream is all before The man's present less far behind; Had we the resources all no more, Fate were unkind.

But, brother, toiling in the night, Still count yourself not all unblest; If in the east there gleams a light, Or in the west.

"I'll Move, Too."

In reply to a young friend who was leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or liking, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where everything and everybody are always pleasant, and nothing is disagreeable whatever we may know and I'll move there too."

The grumbler in any town or village who always disparaging the place where he happens to reside, may get a good idea into their heads from the old lady's remark. There are some good people and some bad people, about an equal portion in every place one may live in. If one is disposed to find the good and avoid the evil, almost any town can be made a pleasant habitation. We shall find human frailties and foibles wherever we find human beings - and possibly if we were to seek where no human foot had yet been seen, we might still find some of the weaknesses and evil passions of humanity illustrated.

Things are bad enough, no doubt, where we are, but will they be better elsewhere? The frying-pan may seem hot, but how about the fire? Sometimes the things that trouble us most are within, rather than outside, and it is hard work for a man to move away from himself.

A Windy Day in March.

No portion of the year so tries the cheerful temper of the farmer as does the month of March. From childhood he has been told, and the almanac has repeated it in his mature years, that spring begins with March. This idea has become so firmly fixed that excessive windy disquietudes have not dislodged it, but as each ensuing jag March comes round, he feels that it should bring spring weather and spring work. We are apt to think with something akin to envy, of the English farmer, whose weather comes true to the almanac, and whose spring, if it does not begin in March is not deferred until May, but borrows the later days of February. Even in the generally genial climate of England, March is proverbially a blustering and uncertain month. Even in our fair Anglo-Saxons had in their language names for March which meant "frozen month" and "stormy month." These people believed that March had borrowed three days from April, and expressed the character of these days, in a proverb, which is said to be still in use by the rustics in parts of England and Scotland. It said of those three borrowed days:

"The first it shall be wind and wet; The next it shall be snow and sleet; The third it shall be sleet and frost. Shall gar the birds stick to the trees."

With us, in some years, this ancient description of its last three days will apply to all the others that precede them. The thoughtful farmer will the more patiently endure the bluster of the month if he thinks of preparing his lands for the plow. A March wind is probably a drying one, and it takes up the moisture left by melting snows with an astonishing rapidity. These winds are even fertilizing his fields. As they rapidly remove the water from the surface, more comes up from below by capillary attraction, bringing with it the plant-foods held in solution; as this in turn is evaporated, whatever it contains is left in the soil, within reach of the roots of the crop. It is a mistake to fret about the weather. However disagreeable it may be, if we look with believing eyes we can see that every disposition of Nature is ever working for our good. - HARPER'S Young People.

Things Made, Improved, or Stolen.

"A little humor now and then, Is relished by the wisest men." To rest 'em.

Noah kept his bees in the Ark-hives. A charity bag! "Please give me a penny." With men, as with umbrellas, as a general thing, the poorer "gets left."

Report from the Love Market: He made an advance; she declined.

A street railway man named his first two children Car-line and 'Os-car.

"It isn't good for a mango to loan. No woman should borrow another's husband." - N. Q. Pic.

Why did Mrs. Dudley shoot Ross in the back? Because she feared that if she shot him in the face it would glance off his cheek.

Chicago began the use of postal cards on Jan. 1st, but they will hardly be a success; there is only room for a Chinaman's signature on an ordinary post.

Missus: There it is again, Bridget, the door will open. Wery you brought up in a saw mill? Miss: No marn; I allus lived wery in families as could afford door-stops.

Mother Graves: Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take, safe and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 5, 1886.

POETRY

BACK TO HIS MOTHER.

BY JOSEPHINE FOLLAND.

She stood at the gate with an anxious face, A mother with soul distressed;

And they held her back with the eager crowd, "Think close to the barriers passed."

"You cannot pass!" said the warden grim, "Your efforts are all in vain;

My orders are to let no one in, But those who would take the train!"

There were husbands waiting their wives' return, And they held her back with the eager crowd;

There were brothers and lovers too, Impatiently wandering up and down;

For the train that was long overdue, There were fair young maidens in merry mood;

And now were some sore distressed As she who stood at the barrier's head;

With her hands clasped tight o'er her breast, "I tell you, husband, you cannot pass!"

"Nor can you hurry the train along, So you'd better sit down and wait!"

A shade passed over the aged face, And she said with a gleam of joy,

"I'm here, sir, to meet my boy!"

"To meet your boy? Then why should you make, Good woman this strange ado?"

"Sit patiently there in the waiting room, And wait your boy will soon come to you!"

"Would God, that he could!" the mother exclaimed, With eyes from which hope had fled;

"He'd come to me surely, with eager feet, But alas, sir, my boy is dead!"

"Dead!" said the warden, and turned the key, In the bolt with no more delay;

For before the grief of a loving heart, The locks and the law gave way;

And the train like a monster all out of breath, Crawled under the ample shed,

And the crowd passed out through the gates, And each led his way to his end!

OUR STORY.

"CLUMPS."

Either the clothes were too large or the boy was too small, for all suits he was a queer-looking object, in that that would have completely distinguished him if he had not possessed remarkably large ears, which stood out and served to support it, and a coat which reached to his heels, and fitted him much as it would have fitted a poker.

He shrank behind Mr. Dalrymple as he was ushered into the great farm-house kitchen.

"I picked him up in the street, Sarah," explained Mr. Dalrymple to his wife. "We need somebody, now the boys have gone away to school and Jonas is getting run down. And - this was whispered in her ear - 'I picked the poor little rascal.'"

"Just like you, Stephen," said Mrs. Dalrymple with a sigh. "It's a great risk to take a boy like that. Probably he lies, or steals, or swears - perhaps all three."

The boy heard that, although Mrs. Dalrymple didn't mean that he should. His big ears were sharp.

"I've only taken him on trial. I shall send him back at very short notice if he doesn't behave himself."

Jonas the "hired man" had just come with two great pails of milk.

"I calculate lookin' after him to keep him out of mischief will take more time'n he werts!" he said.

Jonas was a tall, thin, severe-looking young man, who considered all boys bad.

"He'll always be under foot, I know by the looks of him," Barbara, the hired girl, muttered crossly.

"Come, come! it is the way to welcome a friendless boy who is cold and tired and hungry?" And grandma took off the boy's hat and led him to the fire.

"What is your name?" she asked him kindly.

"Cronelis Shanly, ma'am, but they call me Clumps. A customer of mine, when I was in the boot-blackening business used to give me his shoes when he'd wore 'em 'most out, and my feet was small and the shoes was awfully large, and I'd go kind of clumpin' round in 'em, and the fellers give me the name of Clumps, and it stuck. They give me these clothes to the Mission Rooms. They're good 'n' warm, but they make the fellers call me Daddy, and I've had to 'round lively thrashin' 'em."

"The clothes will be made to fit you if you are a good boy, and I think you will be," said grandma, kindly. "If you are, you'll have a good time. This farm is a fine place for a boy."

A cozy, warm little room over the kitchen and next to Jonas was given Clumps. There were grey chintz curtains at the windows, and pictures on the walls, and a bed and bed and pillow, that so it must have been stuffed with down - or so thought Clumps, who was used to a board.

"I hope - oh, I hope they won't send me away!" he murmured.

Talking to himself - that's a bad sign, thought Jonas, who had stopped at the door on his way to his own room to see if he could discover any signs of mischief brewing. And Jonas barricaded his door, which had a wooden button as a fastening, with a table and a chair. Jonas had a big, strong, muscular, almost full of money, his savings from childhood, and Jonas had been saving indeed - tucked into the

straw of his underbed. He preferred to take care of his room, and Barbara, having plenty to do, was quite willing; so nobody ever touched that bed but Jonas, and he had felt that his possessions were quite safe until that boy came.

Clumps made himself useful. He hadn't a lay bone in his body," Barbara declared; and even Jonas reluctantly acknowledged that he was "blatantly to have found."

"It was a good day both for him and for us when I picked up that boy," said Mr. Dalrymple, very often.

But, alas! one bright forenoon Jonas rushed in from the barn and up to his room, looking very much disturbed. He came down stairs in a few minutes, white and trembling, and sank into the nearest chair. "They're gone! Stolen! My watch and my money both!" he gasped.

"I left my watch under my pillow; I hadn't done that before since Clumps came, and as soon as I remembered it I hurried up stairs. But it's gone, and the stocking of money that was hid in the straw box. It's just what I expected when that boy came here."

Mr. Dalrymple looked perplexed and disturbed. "We'll make a thorough search," he said, after a moment's thought. "I won't question the boy until that is done."

The search was made, and proved of no avail. Burglars had not been in the house, for the doors and windows had all been found locked on the inside in the morning.

The things must have been taken after Jonas was up in the morning, the arose before five, and by somebody in the house, for no stranger could have made his way into the house and up stairs unperceived.

That was the conclusion to which they were all forced, and Mr. Dalrymple summoned Clumps to a private interview.

"The boy denies the theft stoutly," said Mr. Dalrymple, after the interview was over, and Clumps, looking half defiant, and half pleading, and wholly miserable, hid gone out of doors. "And he seemed so innocent that I could hardly help believing him. He showed me that he had nothing of the kind about his clothes and we have searched his room."

"He might have buried 'em easy enough, or perhaps he had a friend from the field prowlin' round ready to take 'em," said Jonas. "It's more likely he's cleared out now," he continued, starting up. "I'll have him arrested right off, if I can catch him."

"Wait till to-morrow, Jonas. I'll answer for his not running away," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"Just as you say, sir," said Jonas reluctantly; "though it seems to me its only giving him a chance to misdo more. There's the big silver ladle, and the old-fashioned silver cream jug, that Mrs. Dalrymple thinks so much of, just locked up in the china closet at night."

"I don't think there is any fear of his stealing anything more if he has stolen those things. But we will watch him closely," said Mr. Dalrymple.

Clumps felt that he was being watched, and that everybody looked cold and suspiciously at him. From a happy and contented boy he turned into a miserable one. He was suspected of being a thief. He could not eat, and he could not sleep at night; he tossed and turned, and the downy bed seemed harder than a board.

One night, two or three days later, he fell into a troubled doze, from which he awakened suddenly and saw a light shining through the cracks of his door. He listened, and heard the sound of a stealthy step. It might be the thief. Clumps sprang out of bed, threw on some of his clothes, and stole softly out. He was just in time to see the gleam of a lantern at the foot of the stairs. - He slipped softly down.

He heard the door of the china closet shut softly; then somebody came out of the dining-room.

"It was Jonas' tall figure, and he had the big silver ladle and the little silver cream jug in his hand. As the light of the lantern fell on his face Clumps saw that his eyes were tightly closed. And although he brushed against Clumps, he did not seem to be conscious of his presence."

"He's in a fit or something, or - No, I know what it is; he's walking in his sleep!" thought Clumps. "And I won't wake him until I see what he is going to do with the ladle and the cream jug."

Jonas walked with slow and deliberate steps through the great kitchen, and the long woodshed, and the granary to the barn, and Clumps followed, his heart beating so that it sounded like a drum in his ears. Jonas set the lantern down on the barn floor, and carried the long, long ladder which was seldom used, from one side of the barn to the other. He stood the top against a little loft, away up under the eaves of the barn and began to ascend.

After a moment's hesitation Clumps followed. It looked as if Jonas was going to hide the ladle and the jug up there. The watch and the money might be there too.

Cautiously Clumps followed Jonas up and up until they were among the beams and rafters of the barn, Jonas stepped up on the loft, and as he did so he accidentally pushed the ladder with his foot, and it slipped. Clumps sprang upon a beam which ran from the loft to the other side of the barn. The ladder slipped slowly! Clumps could almost reach it - but quick! it went with a crash to the floor.

It seemed bad enough to be up there, with only a little loft and a narrow beam for foot-hold, and a sleep-walker who seemed to Clumps exactly like a maniac. But worse was in store. The ladder as it fell hit the lantern, and sent it rolling against

the sharp edge of one of the stalls, where the glass was broken to atoms. There was hay all about. Clumps, gasping as if spell-bound with terror, saw a wisp flare up, then another, as the fire crept along.

To cry for help was useless; there was nobody within hearing. Oh, was there no way to get down?

The narrow beam on which he stood ran across the barn; if he were on the other side he might leap down on to the hay loft; it was a great height, but the hay was soft, and from there he could easily make his way to the floor.

But the beam was so narrow! It made him giddy to stand where he did. Could he walk across that great yawning gulf? All these thoughts that are so long in the telling flashed through Clumps' brain.

A cry started him. It was Jonas' voice. The fire, now flaming brightly, showed him Jonas' face as white as death, the eyes wide open. Was it the noise of the falling ladder or the smell of fire, or some subtle instinct of danger that had awakened him?

Jonas' despairing face strengthened Clumps' courage.

"Keep quiet! I'm going down!" he cried.

Yes, he was going down - he had made up his mind - crushed and mangled and powerless for good it might be, but he would try.

In the Mission school they had taught him a prayer that began, "Our Father which art in heaven." He had almost forgotten it, but Grandma had made him say it again, and he had promised her that he would never forget it. He said two words of it over and over again as he set out on his perilous walk - "Deliver us, deliver us, deliver us!"

Steadily onward, one foot before the other although it was trembling in every limb; almost to the end now, but the last few seemed miles of agony! He tumbled rather than leaped to the hay loft; he was buried deeply in the soft hay, safe and sound.

Only a second to recover himself, and he made his way down through Sancho's stall to the floor.

The great horn which Mr. Dalrymple used to summon the men from the field hung beside the door. "Never since it was a horn were such blasts blown upon it as Clumps blew then. Mr. Dalrymple came first, Barbara next, and then Mr. Bingham and his son, from a neighboring farm. Water was brought in great buckets, and the fire was extinguished without a general alarm."

And then Clumps remembered Jonas, who had not been discovered on his high perch by anybody else. The long ladder was put up, and Jonas descended, carrying in one hand the ladle and jug, in the other his watch and a great blue yarn stocking full of money.

"Now what does all this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Dalrymple.

Clumps told his story to the point where the lantern was broken.

"And he walked across that beam!" broke in Jonas. "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it! I shut my eyes excepting every minute to see him dashed to pieces!"

"And it seems you stole your own watch and money, Jonas, and were caught stealing my silver," said Mr. Dalrymple smiling.

Jonas hung his head.

"I wouldn't have believed I could hide them things in my sleep like that if I hadn't woke up doing it. I used to walk in my sleep. When I was a boy I went out to the barn and foddered all the cattle, and never woke up till I pinched my finger in the crack of the kitchen door."

"We all ought to ask your forgiveness, my boy," said Mr. Dalrymple, laying his hand on Clumps' shoulder. "The safety of our property, and perhaps of all our lives is due to your courage and presence of mind."

"I wouldn't dare ask you to forgive me, Clumps," said Jonas, humbly, "but you're a plucky one, you are; and if ever you should want anything that I could do for you, why, it would make me feel a sight better."

And Clumps, who had shown himself so stout-hearted, burst into tears, - but they were tears of joy and pride.

Of course he was praised and petted almost enough to spoil any boy, but Clumps was made of pretty good stuff.

It is said that Mr. Dalrymple is going to send Clumps to school with his own boy; there is also a report that Jonas and Clumps are talking of buying a farm together one of these days. - Harper's Young People.

One that was not Dead.

A