Acton Free Press.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
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JAMES BROWN

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New Butcher Shop. THOS. BURNSIDE Would respectfully inform the citizens of Acton and vicinity that he has opened a butcher shop next to McGarvin's drug store and is prepared to supply First-Class Meat OF ALL KINDS. Poultry and Game in Season. Having experience in the trade, I can assure all satisfaction, and solicit a liberal share of custom. MEAT DELIVERED. CASH FOR HIDES.
THOS. BURNSIDE, AGENT

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 by 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.
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JAS. F. KIDNER, GUELPH.

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J. C. HILL, Mill St.

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SHAW & CRUNDY, Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

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Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 19, 1885.

POETRY

TO-MORROW.

"You'll come to-morrow then;" light words lightly said.
Gaily she waved her little hand, gaily he bared his head.

"You'll come to-morrow then," and the man on his errand went,
With a tender prayer in heart and lip, yet on his work intent.

The woman a moment lingered, would he turn for a parting look?
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household burthen took.

"You'll come to-morrow then," and when the morrow broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city, of the "railway accident" spoke;

A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away.

So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan,
While fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her playing—man—

Discounting the dim strange future, while his blind eyes cannot see,
What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may be.

And love float, laughing onward, and at his side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk, and say, "we'll meet to-morrow!"

OUR STORY.

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Won.

"I declare to man, I won't stand it no longer!"

Miss Celosia Clematis looked as belligerent as a setting-hen, when the privacy of her nest is invaded.

"Its a-going on nine year now that I've kep' house fur Brother Ben an' his family, an' Joanna ain't never give me so much as a Christmas gift even. Reckon she thinks my board is enough pay for gittin up of mornings an' cookin' breakfast, summers an' winters, rain or shine, besides doing the washing, ironing, mending and baking; an' twelve in the family, besides a hired man. But if *she* thinks so, I don't. Why, I might as well of married Pete Stebbins an his 'leven, when he first asked me, after his second wife died. But la! I would not have him *then*, nor I wont now. Its about time fur him to be a-renewin' his offer, like he does every year; but he wont git nothing only *no* for his answer, if he offers from now till kingdom come!"

Miss Celosia was strong-minded. Needless to add she was "getting along" in years. That is to say she was thirty-five or thereabouts; but her bright eyes and fresh complexion gave her the appearance of being ten years younger, at least.

"I won't stand it, not another day longer!" went on Miss Celosia. "Joanna gets lazier an' lazier every day; a-laying in bed till breakfast is half-eat sometimes, an' not purtending even to help with the patching an' darning. There's Ben's blue ducking overhauls jest a-goin' to rags, but I tint a-goin' to mend 'em. I've patched the last patch an' darned the last darn I low to do in *this* house. I'm sorry fur Ben, though, but it'll be better fur him an' the children too, if Joanna has to stir herself a little. She wont have so much time fur fault-finding. I've been a fool fur nine year, but I ain't a-going' to be one no longer."

And having twisted her black hair in a tight knot on the top of her head, and tied a clean apron around her waist, Miss Celosia assumed her most resolute expression and walked into the dining-room, where her sister-in-law was sitting with the breakfast dishes still ungathered on the table.

"Dear me Celoshy!" she grumbled, fretfully, "if you hain't got on your best calico frock an' cross-barred apron. Here 'tis Monday, too, an' nothin' a-goin, not even the wash-biler put over to heat. What on airth be you a-thinkin' of, I'd like to know?"

"I'll tell you what I'm a-thinkin of Joanna," returned Miss Celosia composedly. "I'm tired of workin' an' slavin' fur no thanks an' my board. If I cant earn nothin' more'n my vittles an' houseroom a-workin', I'm a-goin' to quit,—that's what."

"Wall, I declare!" cried her sister-in-law astounded at what she heard.

"An' I'm a-goin' to see if I can't do better myself than I'm a-doin' here," continued Miss Celosia, frankly.

"Oh, so you're a-goin' to marry Pete Stebbins' an' his leven young ones, after all your fine talk, be you," sneered Joanna spitefully.

"No, I hain't. He hain't asked me this year yet, an' if he did I wouldn't," was the emphatic reply, if not very lucidly-stated answer. "But I'll tell you what I *am* a-goin' to do, Joanna. I've got a little money, two hundred dollars or so, that I let Ben have the use of, when I come here to live. He promised to give it back to me when I wanted it. So, I'm a-goin' to take that, an' rent me a little house an' a patch of ground, an' go to raisin' truck for the market. There's plenty of men-folks makes a livin' at it, an' women has jest as much right to be gardeners as men."

"Humph! You'll be glad enough to quit it, an' come back to us, when you've lost your two hundred dollars, I kin tell you. Better not resk it!"

But Miss Celosia was not to be dissuaded.

"Nothin' venture, nothin' have," she declared, stoutly.

And so the house was rented—a bit of a cottage, with an acre or so of ground, and furnished with some pieces of cast-off furniture, to which Miss Celosia had fallen heir in various ways—an old fashioned wooden-dresser, a faded rag carpet, six split bottomed chairs, and a high posted, cord bedstead.

And having purchased a few needed articles, together with a good stock of provisions she took possession, as happy and independent as if she were the Sovereign of all the Russias, or any place else.

"And now," she commented, as she sat down to her cozy supper of tea and warm biscuits, chipped beef and raspberry jam, "now let me see. First, I must have a cow, and some black Spanish hens. 'Tain't like living to do without milk and eggs. Besides, I can make butter to sell, and if my hens lay, I can sell eggs too. Then I must git the ground broke up. That'll cost something, but it cant be helped. An' then there'll be garden seeds to buy. I can do the plantiug, hoeing, and weeding myself. I'll git Eph Boyers to do the plowing; and I'll make out a list to-night of what seeds I want, and git 'em right away, so's I can plant 'em, soon as the ground's ready."

And that night Miss Celosia sat up until some unheard-of hour, quite unusual to her looking over various seed catalogues and debating the relative merits of Snowflake and Early Rose potatoes, dwarf and marrow-fat peas, six weeks and German wax-beans, mammoth sugar corn, blood beets, and oxheart cabbage, short-horn carrots and butterhead lettuce.

Her list was finally made out, however, including several choice varieties of cauliflower and celery, cucumbers, egg-plant and spinach.

And with a tired frame, but an approving conscience, Miss Celosia sought a few hours of repose on her comfortable cord bedstead, only to awaken when the first pink rays of the morning sun crept in through the shining panes of her little east window.

The ground was duly broken up and harrowed by Eph Boyers and his yoke of oxen, and after a little more help from Eph himself with the spake and hoe, Miss Celosia got to her planting.

The first pink rays of sunlight never caught her abed now. She had her breakfast over by daylight, and long before sunrise she was at work in her "truck patch."

But gardening is hard work, and in spite spite of her most indefatigable efforts, the weeds would slip in here and there among her crops; and the fox-tail grass persisted in growing faster than cucumbers and squashes.

Then, the weather was not always to be relied on implicitly, and her first planting of mammoth sugar-corn rotted in the ground.

Miss Celosia bought more seed, and replanted. This time the crows pulled up two-thirds of it as soon as it had sprouted. Again she replanted, put up a "scare-crow," and this time corn grew rapidly.

Miss Celosia hoed it carefully and laboriously, giving a sigh of relief when she was through, for hoeing corn is hard work.

And the very next night Farmer Hodson's pigs found their way into the patch through a gap in the fence made by a defective rail and destroyed at least half the corn, and all the butterhead lettuce.

Miss Celosia was almost in despair, but she replanted her corn and lettuce with later varieties, and worked away early and late, harder than any farmer of them all.

But somehow or other, fate or fortune, or the weather, or all three combined, seemed adverse to Miss Celosia's success in "truck raising."

The rabbits eat up her early peas and cabbages, the striped bugs killed her cucumbers and cassava musk melons; garden fleas devoured her purple strap-leaf turnips and rutabagas; and the squash-bugs destroyed her young crook-necks and Boston marrow squashes. The cut-worms severed the stalks of her thrifty tomatoes; and the hawks, foxes, 'possums, weasels and other "varmints" feasted on her black Spanish hens and fat spring chickens.

Then the cow took to jumping into Farmer Hodson's clover field, and he threatened to shoot her if her mistress didn't keep her out.

This was the last in the catalogue of mishaps, and like the oft-quoted camel, Miss Celosia broke down under it.

"What's a lone woman a-goin' to do, I'd like to know," she demanded, wrathfully, in a private interview with herself, "when the weeds an' the bugs an' the varmints are all in league agin 'em? An' now my two hundred dollars is gone an' I hain't raised garden truck enough to do me over winter, let alone havin' any to sell. An' An' how Joanna will laugh!"

"I almost wish now I'd married Pete Stebbins, an' went to be stepmother to them 'leven children. He's shif'less. But I wont go back to Ben's, that's certain! I'll hire out first, or go an' housekeep fur somebody that'll *pay* me, an'—"

"How-de-do, Miss Celoshy—how-de-do?" cried a hearty voice.

And there was Mr. Phœbus Filbert standing in the doorway, with a friendly smile on his cheerful face.

Mr. Filbert was a good-looking well-to-do bachelor, of about forty summers and winters alternately, but like Miss Celosia he looked ten years younger.

He was a neighbor and intimate friend of her brother Ben's, and had seemed almost like a brother to herself in the old days, before she had set out to mend her fortune by vegetable raising.

"And how do you git along with your truck, Miss Celoshy?" he asked with interest. "You must let me see your garden."

"I shan't!" declared the lady, flatly. "It's full of weeds an' grass—*I* couldn't keep 'em out. An' Farmer Hodson is agoin' to shoot my cow, if I don't keep her out of his clover-field. An' how he 'spect I can keep her out, I'd like to know, when he can't?"

"Sho, now! Why, that's too bad!"

Mr. Filbert looked as amazed and sympathetic as if he hadn't heard the whole story beforehand.

"But I tell you what 'tis, Miss Celoshy!" he added gravely. "You'll hev to git married, and that's the hull of it!"

"I shan't!" declared Miss Celosia. "Eve said I wouldn't marry Pete Stebbins if he offered till kingdom come, an' I shan't—so there!"

"Who said anything about Pete Stebbins?" demanded Phœbus. "I didn't. I want you to marry *me*—not him!"

"You!" Miss Celosia stared incredulously at her visitor.

"Yes—*me!*" repeated Phœbus, stoutly. "I'm tired of keepin' bach. an' I reckin you air about tired of raisin' truck—"

"Yes, I be!" declared Miss Celosia, emphatically. "I don't never want to tech a hoe nor drop a row of corn the longest day I live!"

And so Miss Celosia's venture turned out a success after all.—*Helen Whitney Clark.*

What a Husband Should Do.

He should resolve, when intending to take a friend home to dinner, to send a message to that effect to his wife.

He should resolve to eat his dinner pleasantly, even if it is a little cold through his having kept it waiting half an hour.

He should resolve to give his wife a £5 note occasionally, and insist that she spend it on herself as she pleases.

He should resolve to kiss his wife occasionally and compliment her. A wife is never too old or too plain to appreciate such courtesies from her husband.

He should resolve, when in difficulty, to consult his wife about the matter, and in nine cases out of ten, he will wonder that he allowed himself to be so troubled.

He should resolve to curtail his little private luxuries one-half, and give the saved amount to his wife for certain little things which will add so much to her comfort and happiness.

He should resolve to speak pleasantly to his children when arriving home at night, and if he should indulge in half an hour's romp with them before they go to bed he and they will sleep all the better for it.—*Eng. Ex.*

A Rat Story.

Instinct or reason, or both? is what an honest farmer of Versailles asked as he related the following marvellous rat story to a *News* reporter: "Last fall I found the work of rats in my cellar. They were eating nearly all of my vegetables, and, as I consider myself a successful trapper, I thought I could fix them in short order. I placed about two quarts of meal in a half bushel measure, put a good trap in, and covered it up. In the morning I found a rat in the trap. Removing the game I renewed my efforts. The next morning I found the bait gone, and, to my surprise, sticks, dirt and small stones thrown into the half-bushel, trap sprung, and no rat. I cleared out the rubbish, put in fresh meal and upon examination next morning, found nearly a quart of stones and dirt thrown in on the spring of the trap. Again I tried with no success. I repeated my efforts, but found the rats equal to the emergency. They got the meal, and avoided being caught by covering up the spring. Now, if they did not show reason, what did they show?"—*North Chautauqua News.*

Things one Should have Left Unsaid.

A few days since, a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer, blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride, when a neighbor, a young farmer who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom said, "Well, you have got the pick of the batch!" The countenances of the four unmarried ones, as may be imagined, were a study.

Had Him Foul.

"Say mister, do you want your valise carried?" asked a street urchin, running after a man going down Fourth street with a valise in his hand.

"No, I don't," answered the man with a snarl.

"I'll carry it to the depot for a dime," presisted the boy.

"I don't want it carried, I tell you," said the man, hurrying along.

"Don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, mister, what the dickens are you carryin it for? Why don't you set it down?"—Merchant Traveler.

THE BANGS.

Oh, the bang, the horrible bang!
Worse, even worse than the modern slang,
Covering, hiding the forehead so fair,
Warning young men of that girl to beware.

See it disfigure the head of a child
Spoiling her features so fresh and so mild,
Cut with the kitchen clip down to the eyes
Leaving her brows an affair of surmise.

Plenty of charms has the sweet little girl,
Eyes of clear azure and teeth of pure pearl;
Yet we must ask, of her head and its shape,
"Is she a damsel, or is she an ape?"

See her grown sister, her bangs all in curls,
Deeming herself the most lovely of girls,
Making that bang with such exquisite care,
Look like a plaster or poultice of hair.

Young fellows stare at such girls as they stop,
Not to admire, but to quiz their make-up,
Saying with utterance quiet but deep,
"Mucilage ought to be plenty and cheap!"

Grandmother, too, must come out with a bang,
Nearly as bad as the rest of the gang;
Hiding the forehead that grand, as admires
Under a frizz that she borrows or hires.

Why should our women, the loved of our hearts,
Make themselves frightful by hideous arts?
Why should they cover their foreheads so fair,
Worse than the male fool who plasters his hair?

Surely the serpent bequeathed us a fang,
Left in the garden and known as a bang.
Let it depart and by no more insidious
Ways may the beautiful make themselves hideous.

Our Boys.

The years of adolescence are often full of restlessness. The boy is, perhaps, overflowing with vivacity, and gay spirits lead him to do and say things which look idle and foolish to grave middle age. On the other hand he may develop a tendency to morbidness, retiring into himself and repelling sympathy. Either way he requires delicate handling. It is an inestimable benefit to a boy to be confidential with his mother at this period of life, telling her his trials and troubles, and receiving her counsel.

As a rule, mothers do not pet their older children enough. The sweet, soft words, the caresses which are lavished on the babies are not freely bestowed on the older children. And yet a mother's tender hands smoothing her big boy's brow, her fingers straying through his hair, her kiss in passing him, are tangible evidences of her love, which are beyond price.

It is beautiful to see the knightly grace, the lover-like devotion, which some sons show their mothers. Be assured that if you would have this crown of crowns, you must win it by being your boy's friend all the way on from his babyhood. Do not be afraid of demonstration. Many a hungry soul is half famished in the midst of plenty, simply because those around him are so afraid of showing their affection by speech and smile and touch.

Served Him Right.

Some said it was hard on Spillkins; and and yet they could not deny that it served him right. He was a jealous, uncomfortable man; ready to take offence where none was meant, and so feel hurt where none had thought of doing him harm. He had the misfortune to be bald-headed; and he could not wear a wig because it made his head ache. This simple fact gives an insight into the root of his mental disorder. His blood was rampant and unhealthy.

Once upon a time, at an evening party, where Spillkins chanced to be present, the girls got into a gale on the call for photographs. Now, Spillkins was, really and truly, one of the handsomest men of his set; and, to some his baldness gave him an "intellectual look,"—or, rather it heightened that already possessed. Well—the girls—two or three of them—seized upon him, and begged of him to give them his photograph.

"I have none," he told them.

"O! then you must have some taken for us. Will you do it?"

And he grimly promised them that he would think of it.

A few days later the ladies who had asked him for his picture received each a neat envelope, containing a card photograph and a written note. The photograph was a view of Spillkins' *back from his shoulders up!*—simply the back of his head; and it looked like a full moon on a cushion. The note read as follows:

Miss ——: I send to you my photograph as you requested; and, as it was evidently my poor bald head that you wished to preserve in memory, I have had such a view taken thereof, as I thought would do it entire justice. Respectfully, SPILLKINS."

The young ladies were very soon gathered in conclave, and, be sure they were indignant. They were hurt; and they were of the opinion that the deed was an outrage.

A few days later Spillkins read, in his evening paper, that a certain dealer in Antique Books and Pictures had on exhibition at his place of business a wonderful photograph of the moon—one of the most astonishing works of art, and triumphs of science, ever seen.

Spillkins was a lover of art—or he thought himself to be—and he made it in his way on the following morning to call in at the Antique Art Treasure store to look at the wonderful photograph of the moon.

Judge of his surprise, if you can—of his mortification and rage—upon finding the widely advertised representations of the moon to be nothing more nor less than the four photographs of his own precious, hairless occiput which he had sent to the four young ladies.

Spillkins wended his way homeward firmly convinced that the blooming damsels had got the best of him. A. S. C., JR.

Rev. J. G. Fallis, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicines extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for liver complaint, indigestion, kidney complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at J. E. McGarvin's drug store. Trial bottle given free.