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Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1885.

POETRY

BEYOND THE CLOUDS. Tell me, ye winged winds, That round our dwelling blow, Do ye not know some spot Some quiet, pleasant dell, Some vale in the West, Where freed from pipe and smoke, A soul in peace may rest?

Tell me, thou ocean deep, Whose billows oft I see, Know'st thou some island home To which our eyes may flee, Side from tobacco's quill, And streams of fifty juice Ejected from men's mouths; (O, what extreme abuse) Thine billows sadly murmured, "Not a place."

Tell me, bright silver moon, When on thy nightly round, Thou lookest down on earth, Hast thou not somewhere found A spot yet unexplored, Behind a cloud, the moon withdrew her face: A voice of sadness answered—"Not a place."

Tell me, ye spirits bright, That now are hovering o'er, Must we endure this curse Forever, or never? O, best, beyond this earth, Pure regions of the west, Can ye not find some place, Faith, hope and love may rest? Faith, hope and love best boughs to mortals given, Whose bright wings, and whispered "Yes; in Heaven."

OUR STORY.

WHICH WAS THE HERO? "Why, I've known you all my life, Ned!" "You say that as though it was very much against me, Jessie?" "And it is, isn't it?" "What romance could there be in falling in love with somebody one has made mud-pies with, and gone coasting with, since one was first able to toddle? Ned, you're an awful nice friend, but—well, my lover must win me in a romantic way, and he must be a stranger, with poetical eyes, and musical voice, and—"

"A perfumed fool, which nothing earthly could make of me," Ned threw said angrily, as they went beyond her companion and followed the graceful figure of a housemaid that was approaching the farm-house slowly. "And Ned, seeing that look on her face, turned his eyes in the same direction as his own. In a moment they grew dark as night, and his lips twitched.

"Jessie," he said sternly, "this isn't your hero, is it?" "You're not, at any rate; so don't inquire as to who may be," the girl said, sharply. "I'm going in now, Good evening, Ned!" "Good evening," Ned answered stiffly, and turning on his heel, strode rapidly off in the direction of his own farm, while Jessie Moore, instead of going in as she had said, hastened along a path which ran through the old orchard, and found the horseman—none other than Squire Rodney's son and heir—waiting for her at the stile, while his horse was cropping the grass in the little lane near.

Young Rodney, as she gave him her hand, bowed gracefully over it and touched it to his lips with the air of a courtier, while pretty Jessie colored and trembled with delight.

An hour later the squire's son was riding slowly homeward, a look of positive amusement in his eyes. It was as well that the girl he had left at the stile looking after him with bright, admiring eyes, did not hear him say laughingly to himself as he waved his hand to her: "What a romantic little rustic!"

How often she traversed that orchard path! Jessie Moore did not, in after years, care to remember. But, when summer was dying, occasionally she found herself keeping the track alone. For years a gay youth who had no occupation save seeking for something with which to sly the lag-

ging hours finds a pretty face, when seen too often, pall on his fancy; and so, on the evening of the concert in the village hall, Jessie dressed for it with nervous fingers and tears were in her pretty eyes, for he had asked her to meet him that afternoon at the stile and had not kept his trust.

She looked very sweet and girlish in her dainty dress of pale cashmere when with her father she entered the spacious hall. She was shown to a seat which commanded a view of the door, and to it her eyes were constantly wandering, while she paid but little attention to the music; and when the concert was half over became—her horn.

He came, but with him was a fair, flower-faced girl, graceful and faintly, gracious and beautiful, and as they were shown to seats which had been reserved for them Jessie caught a whisper from her neighbor which turned the lights dim for her for a moment and made the sweet voice of the singer seem horribly discordant.

"That's the young lady who is to marry the squire's son in the winter. Isn't she pretty? They say she's a great beauty."

"Then she shut her pretty teeth together tightly and forced back her composure, and when the concert was over and she met them in the aisle, she was smiling a little, if a trifle pale, and she bent her pretty head to young Rodney with a half-proud indifference, at which he stared.

The following day she received a note from him, asking her to meet him at the stile at sunset; she said no reply, and he, greatly to his surprise and chagrin, kept the tray just that once for Jessie did not come; she was in her own cozy parlour with Ned, who had dropped in for the first time for a month and to whom she was very, very kind, so kind indeed, that when he was parting with her at the little gate, to which she had walked with him, as had always been her custom, he took her pretty hand in his and held it tenderly, looking yearningly into her downcast face.

"Jessie," he said, "I suppose I'm very foolish, considering that I'm not a hero and never will be one, but I wish you would try to love me a little, dear, I cannot help loving you, and I shall love you all my life."

Her lips quivered a little as she listened. How differently the other had wooed! With whispers low and sweet and thrilling, with delicately-turned phrases and poetical fervor; but—had he had all the time been pledged to another, and had laughed at her for her faith in him? Her hero had been, but she had held him noble and true, incapable of wrong, and yet, what had he done? Said Jessie, fair work up her hair and ready to the door, sweet-faced beauty, who was to be his wife. If honesty of speech and upright life made the hero, why—why the hero was before her, humble farmer though he was, and she laid her other hand impulsively in his, her cheeks dimpling with the smile that parted her pretty lips.

"Oh, but you are a hero, Ned," she said softly, looking shyly in his face, "and if you love me so, I think I am sure—I shall love you with some day. Not now; not just yet," with a half sad droop of the pretty eyes, "but when I become more worthy of your love—of being allowed to love you."

And she wondered why her heart thrilled so because of the warm glow in his eyes. "I cannot let you talk like that, dear," he said gently, "but I can hope now for the greatest happiness on earth, for I will teach you to love me well, darling, and we will be very happy in some time to come," and he lifted her hand to his lips as gracefully as courtiers do, as had Squire Rodney's son. In the winter time there were two fair brides in Ashton. One became, mistress of the beautiful house on the hill, where luxury and ease were to be her portion, and one went happily to the quaint old farm-house, peering among the trees where the many cars that might come to her would be lightened by her husband's love. And Ned's wife, singing happily as she tripped from room to room of the pleasant old home, never envied the bride of young Rodney. Was it unlikely that in the years to come which would but strengthen the farmer's love for his wife—which would bring coldness and indifference to mingle with the luxuries about her—Mrs. Rodney would learn to envy her? For love is a woman's life, you know, and when it fails her she is poor indeed, though the richest of jewels adorn her.

Words of Wisdom.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

If you have good health, you have nineteen of all that Nature has ever given to any man.

Keep trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

All fattery is dangerous. So people always think if it is addressed to others, but never when it is addressed to themselves.

Use your property with so much caution and prudence as may not suffer you to forget yourself or despise your inferior; and consider, while you enjoy much, how little you deserve it.

Retirement may be sought, but for itself or to shun work, or for a preparation to good work. The latter thought demands proper alignment, time, and silence for its germination.

Every one who takes pains is naturally not a genius—many who do so are the reverse; but the restless desire to attain a higher standard and the capacity for working until it is attained are attributes of the highest intellects.

GENERAL GRANT. Is The Old Hero Dying Because of Medical Intolerance.

The American Homoeopathist has an article on the treatment of General Grant by the Allopaths, in which it says:

"General Washington was murdered by his medical attendants; but at least they were heroically—heroically endeavoring to extinguish the disease. Their brutality was of the active sort, and in a commendable, though disastrous result. General Grant was maltreated for months under an error of diagnosis, and at last escaped beyond the reach of his eminent torturers. Here, also, there was much medical heroism and activity displayed, albeit misdirected. Other illustrious patients have suffered from eminence in the profession; but General Grant seems reserved as a shining example of cold-blooded expectancy. To him the little group of eminence have nothing to offer but a diagnosis. For him they purpose no relief but the grave. Ignoring the only source of therapeutic salvation, they gather round his bedside to observe his unskilled struggle. The fat has gone forth that nothing can be done; and nothing will be permitted to be done. Those who question such a decision are quacks and cranks; but who ought not to be proud of such a designation from such a source? Scholarly, refined, cultured earnest gentlemen as they are, of what avail are all these good qualities in the presence of such therapeutic bankruptcy? On the contrary, who so-called scientific medicine is to the fore, well may the daily papers announce in startling headlines, 'A bad day for General Grant—Seven doctors in consultation.'

Yes, the hero of Appomattox is dying! He who knew no fear in war, knows no fear in suffering. His quiet fortitude wins universal admiration.

President Lincoln, in visiting a hospital during the late war, noticed a poor Confederate boy, mortally wounded. With his native tenderness he put his arms around his neck in sympathy. The sight melted the hospital to tears.

The heart of the American people in like manner bleeds for Grant, the silent sufferer. It would have him get well, by an effective means.

His physicians say he can not recover. They fill him with anodynes but despite their favorable bulletins he is daily growing weaker.

A specialist who has won reputation in the treatment of cancer visits his bedside. The opposition he encounters from the attending physicians brings finally to mind the story of the dog in the manger.

And General Grant, perhaps, must die because of this intolerance. Is it possible that there is no hope of cure outside of the medical profession?

Preposterous! Every medical man insisted that certain fevers were incurable; but Chinboon proved the contrary. For centuries they have protested that certain renal disorders were incurable and yet a special preparation has cured and permanently cured the very worst cases.

Why may it not be possible in like manner to cure a case of cancer? B. E. Larrabee, of Boston, was doomed to death by many eminent Boston physicians. J. B. Henion, M.D., of Rochester, N. Y., was given up by the best doctors of all schools. Elder J. S. French, of Cleveland, Ohio, was gravely injured by them that he could not live, and yet those men and thousands like them, have been cured and cured permanently, of serious kidney disorders, by a remedy not officially known to the world.

What has been done may be done again. General Anson Stager died of Bright's disease in Chicago last week. "Joe" Goss, the Boston pugilist, died of it. Hundreds of thousands of people perish of it every year, while in their doctor's hands. The cause of death may be called blood poisoning, paralysis, heart disease, convulsions, apoplexy, pneumonia, or some other common ailment, but the real difficulty is in the kidneys. Physicians know it but they conceal the fact from their patients, realizing their inability to cure by any "authorized" means. The remedy that cured Larrabee and Henion and Prescott (i. e., Warner's safe cure) is a special, independent discovery. Its record entitles it to recognition, and it gets it from intelligent people. Its manufacturers have an unequalled reputation and are entitled to the greatest consideration at any school of physicians.

Professor R. A. Cram, M.D., Dean of the United States Medical College of New York City, rises above professional prejudice and on its personally proved merits alone gives it several pages of the warmest commendation in his published works—the only instance on record of a high professional endorsement of such a preparation.

The unprejudiced people do not want General Grant to die. If there is in all nature or anywhere in the world a remedy or a man able to cure his cancer, give them a chance.

Will they do it? No.

Why? Is it not too often the case that many excellent physicians who are greatly devoted to his code, would prefer that their patients should die rather than that they should recover health by the use of any remedy not recognized under their code?

The largest and cheapest stock of Boots & Shoes to select from is at Nelson & Mellic's.

THE LAD I MEAN TO MARRY.

There's many a handsome lad about, That many a girl would fancy; A jovial knight who could capture quite The heart of a Loisie or Nancy. A gay companion in social halls, At ease with Tom, Dick or Harry; But, ah! they are blind who think that's the kind Of a lad that I mean to marry.

There is many a lad that is good and true, Who carries a face that is homely; There's many a lad with a noble heart Whose figure is far from comely. There's many a one who will come to woo, Many a lover I'd marry, Till I find the one that is second to none— The lad that I mean to marry.

His eyes may be blue, or black or brown, So long as their glance is tender; And he may be either short or tall, Very robust or slender; For the height or depth of a man depends On the soul he may choose to send; And above them all—like a king's seal— Is the lad I mean to marry.

There's many another maid I know, Who has wed in a foolish fashion; With scarcely a thought, the very next man Who chanced to declare his passion. But, oh! I have never envied them; For neither Tom, Dick nor Harry— Though a great millionaire—could ever compare With the lad I mean to marry.

Ah! well-a-day! the years run away, And there is much weeping and wailing; And eyes that were bright with the soul's delight The tears of sorrow are shedding; For from the shades of grief or greed, But a fresh young heart I carry, With a "sit ill I meet my mate," Contented to "sit up to marry." The lad that I mean to marry.

Pegs in his Mouth. A child two-and-a-half years of age, having heard some complaints in the family about pegs in their shoes, came up to his mother with his fingers in his mouth, and said, "Mamma, me dot pegs tumbling in my mouth, and they hurt me." This was his way of expressing the fact that two teeth were coming.

The Supply Exhausted. There was once an old minister who was always deploring deeply the want of proper judgment in the members of parliament in the selection they made in appointing magistrates.

He thought they should be intelligent, Christian men, when in most cases the reverse was the case. Very soon after a number of men throughout the country had been appointed to this office, the old minister was riding out to a nice covered buggy, and was met by one of these newly-appointed magistrates, who addressed the old minister in these words: "Indeed, Mr. —, you are out in style to-day, why don't you do as your Master did?" "How was that?" said the minister. "He rode on an ass."

"O; cannot do that," was the reply. "Why can't you?" asked the magistrate. "O, I cannot get one, because the Government has just made magistrates of them all."

The World's Four Richest Men. It is estimated that the following are the incomes in round numbers of the four men who are reputed to be the richest in the world:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Capital, Income per Year, Income per Month, Income per Day, Income per Hour, Income per Minute.

A Parallel. Hangs on a girl gave her an unready look, like a cork with a board over her face. You take the gentlest cork in the world and put a board over her face, and turn her out in the pasture and she gets the reputation of being sturdy, and you would swear that she would jump fences and raise merry lads, and you wouldn't give so much for her by \$10 only for beef. It is so with a girl. If she wears her hair high on the forehead, or brushed back, or even frizzed, and has a good look, you will get your bottom dollar on her, and feel that she is as good as gold; and that when she tells her young man that she loves him there is no discount on it, and no giggling back; but take the same girl with her front hair bangs, and which she looks at you feel just as though she would look, and you can't trust her. She has a fence-jumping look that makes a young man feel as though he would not love her, unless she was tied hand and foot; so she could not get out of the pasture.

A dilapidated Physique may be built up and fortified against diseases by that incomparable promoter of digestion and fertilizer of the blood, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Diocody and Dyspeptic Cure. It counteracts Biliousness and Kidney complaints, overcomes bodily ailments special with the feeble sex, causes the bowels to act like clockwork, and is a safeguard against malaria and rheumatism.

What to do. If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore, Mr. Victor & Parke's Carbolic Cure. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the blood is cut of order, take with it a few doses of McCreary's Speedy Cure from J. E. McCreary's Drug Store.

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