

Acton Free Press.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE, MILL STREET, ACTON, ONTARIO.

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ADVERTISING RATES:—Continental advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less \$4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, \$5.00 per annum, payable in six months from date of insertion.

Charges for contract advertisements must be in the office by 11 o'clock, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

J. P. MORRIS, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons.

H. E. WEBSTER, M.D., C.M., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

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BRAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS. OFFICES:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East, Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

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JOHN J. DALEY, Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased, Money loaned for parties in Mortgage and other security. Conveyancing in all branches.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP, J. P. WORDEN. Has opened a Barber Shop in the building nearly opposite Storey's old Glove Factory, Mill Street, Acton, and solicits the patronage of the public in this vicinity.

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Terms—\$1.00, in Advance.

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

Single Copies Three Cents.

Volume X. Number 45.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1886.

Whole Number 515.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS.

Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

J. E. MCGARVIN'S SPECIAL AGENCY, Acton - Ont.

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Messages received and transmitted at lower rates than telegraphing.

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Tickets issued to all points of Great Britain and the Continent at very lowest rates. Buy the tickets here if sending for friends.

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The Cheapest and Best route to all points East and West. See Time Tables.

Money Saved by Dealing with J. E. MCGARVIN, ACTON, ONTARIO.

COX & CO., STOCK BROKERS, TORONTO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange. Have independent direct wire, by which New York continuous Stock quotations are received more rapidly than by any other source.

Buy and sell on commission, for cash, or on margin, all securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal, & New York Stock Exchanges.

Also execute orders in Grain and Provisions on the Chicago Board of Trade. Early take quotations of Hudson's Bay and other Stock.

26 TORONTO STREET. Wellington Marble Works, QUEBEC ST. GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR, (Formerly McGillivray & Hamilton)

Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work.

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Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Foreign Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

BUSINESS COLLEGE GUELPH, ONTARIO.

OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN the best facilities for acquiring a complete training for business pursuits.

Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Banking, Actual Business Practice, Business Correspondence, Penmanship, Business Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand, Calligraphy or Type Writing, French, Hygiene and Physiology are taught by the most practical and interesting methods. The staff comprises six experienced teachers and lecturers. The various departments are elegantly fitted up with the latest and best apparatus for Business College work. Students may enter at any time.

For a copy of the Annual College Circular, address: M. McCORMICK, Principal.

CARRIAGE PAINTING.

Repainted or revarnished and made equal to new on shortest possible notice, and at lowest prices, should leave their orders at once with Mr. J. C. SPEIGHT, Undertaker and Carriage Builder, or with C. C. SPEIGHT.

C. C. SPEIGHT.

PARTIES DESIRING THEIR BUGGIES, WAGGONS, CUTTERS, ETC., Repainted or revarnished and made equal to new on shortest possible notice, and at lowest prices, should leave their orders at once with Mr. J. C. SPEIGHT, Undertaker and Carriage Builder, or with C. C. SPEIGHT.

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MERCHANTS and others requiring Copper for change, can be supplied with any quantity at the FREE PRESS OFFICE.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

All the School Books USED IN THE City and Country Schools ARE IN STOCK AT

DAY'S BOOKSTORE

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

New Goods.

BRACELETS BRACELETS BRACELETS (New Stock, Beautiful Patterns.)

WATCHES WATCHES WATCHES

Waltham and Elgin, in Gold and Silver cases.

GOLD RINGS & LOCKETS ETC., ETC.

(Just Opened.)

B. SAVAGE, Near Petrie's New Drug Store, GUELPH.

HILL'S Tin & Stove Depot.

GOOD ASSORTMENT ON STOVES CHEAP FOR CASH.

TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Extravagating a Specialty, AND PUT UP ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

FIRST CLASS MATERIAL ONLY USED.

A CALL SOLICITED.

J. C. HILL, M'NIST.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

IRISH TWEED SUITINGS. BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS.

12 Different Shades SHAW & CRUNDY Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1886.

POETRY

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

"Do angels wear white dresses, say? Always, or only in the summer? Do their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?"

"Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?"

"When little Jessie died last night, How could she walk to Heaven, it is so far?"

"How did she find the way without a light? There wasn't even any moon or star."

"Will she have red or golden wings? Then will she have to be a bird and fly? Do they take men like Presidents and kings, In harness with black plumes clear to the sky?"

"How old is God? Has He grey hair? Can he see yet? Where did He have to stay?"

"Before you know—He had made—anywhere Who does He pray to—when He has to pray?"

"How many drops in the sea? How many stars?—well, then you ought to know."

"How many flowers are on an apple tree? How does the wind look? It doesn't blow?"

"Where does the rainbow end? and why? Did—Captain Kidd bury the gold there? When will this world burn—and will the firemen try?"

"To put the fire out with the engine then? If you should ever die, may we Have humpkins growing in the garden, so that your godfather can come to me, Where there's a prince's ball, and let me go?"

"Read Chindrella just once more—What insects—men's other wives—so mean?" I know

"That I was tired, it may be cross, before I shut the painted book for her to go."

Hours later, from a child's white bed— I heard the timid, last queer question start: "Mamma, are you—my stepmother?" it said.

This innocent reproof crept to my heart. Mrs. S. M. PLATT.

OUR STORY.

WILD AND WILFUL.

BY R. E. NELSON.

Floyd Warren, grave, handsome, aristocratic, from his loosely curling blonde hair to his well-shaped feet, stood leaning against the olive sash, crimson-and-gold-and-blue embroidered hampshire that draped the mantle in his sister's pretty little boudoir; and listened, without the vestige of a smile, to her energetic remarks, although a curiously mischievous spirit lurked in his hazel eyes.

"It's too horribly reckless for anything!" Mrs. St. Cyr exclaimed, frowning herself.

"Engaged to a girl you know you know very little about! O, Floyd, Floyd, I would never have imagined you could be so silly."

Then Mr. Warren smiled, and although, as a rule, men, and men of thirty-five, do not particularly enjoy a "going over" by their sisters, he resigned himself with amused patience to his temporary punishment.

So he stood his ground, his arms folded, leaning lightly against the mantel, and looked down upon Mrs. St. Cyr—pretty, golden-haired, bright-eyed, and a year-old matron of twenty-two.

"No, I don't suppose I know much more about her than Philip did when his married you, Beth, but—well, have to take our risks, you know."

"But to think she is a year, common girl!"

"Not quite," he interrupted good-naturedly.

"Poor, I admit, but not common according to your rendering of the term. She is a wonderful girl, and is employed from eight to seven in Madame Fremont's establishment, and she lives in a tenement house on Eighth Avenue with her parents—top floor, too. And her name is Ida, Diggle. And now you know all you are likely to know of the future Mrs. Floyd Warren, until she appears in the actual role of sister-in-law to your serene majesty."

Mrs. St. Cyr frowned, and a most charming little frown it was too.

"You are very convenient! Perhaps you didn't know you haven't informed me that she is beautiful as an angel, graceful as a gazelle? They always are, you know?"

Her sarcasm fell unheeded.

"Beautiful! Graceful! Beth, you ought to see her! Why—"

And then Mrs. Beth shrugged her white organza shoulders.

"Spare me, I beg."

"While at the self-same moment, in the plain, comfortable, yet almost shabby little parlor on the top floor of No. 399 Eighth Avenue, Mrs. Ingles pale faded and bright with the cares of life, and the feverish ringing of the telephone ends meet, listened occasionally to Ida's announcement of an engagement between herself and Floyd Warren."

"It's too good to be true, dear! Only to think, you'll have a beautiful home, and everything you want, and—money to buy what you need! He is a gentleman, and so handsome, with position and dignity. Ida, darling, you ought to be proud, happy girl."

And then Ida laughed—and such a laugh as she had, like rippling cascades of silvery water, or the sweet, soft murmur of a summer breeze in a wood—it remained you of anything that was lovely and merry.

"Of course I am proud and happy, mamma, naturally a girl would be under the circumstances; but mamma, you must not think I feel honored by Mr. Warren's preference—no man's gracious preference would make me feel that I was honored. It is I who honor him!"

And the rich crimson leaped to Ida Ingles' ivory-fair cheeks and a defiant flash to her eyes, that Mr. Floyd Warren had certainly not seen there yet.

"And I had actually feared you were becoming interested in Paul Crawford! I am so thankful, dear!"

"Paul Crawford? As if I ever cared for him! mamma!"

And then Ida stooped over and silenced the mother with a loving little kiss.

"I know just what you mean, mamma, dear. Floyd would not approve of him, nor would I, except in the most conventional way. But one thing is sure and certain: it would not do for Floyd to presume to dictate to me about his likings or dislikes, or my tastes or distastes. He must take me as I am—Ida Ingles just as Ida Ingles is, or—let me entirely alone!"

And in answer to Mrs. Ingles' appalled look Ida laughed merrily.

"I am, as you say, an anomaly! And a dreadful creature, I know."

"I wouldn't have a hair of your head different darling—you are my dutiful, loving, noble daughter."

And with a wistful glow in her heart, Ida went off to her daily work—such an "anomaly" really, as she called herself.

Proud, sensitive, passionate, honorable, truthful and independent despite her sensitiveness, frank and free, cold and sarcastic by turns, she was like a human kaleidoscope a character worth closest study, well worth warmest interest and eager winning.

"Love him? Love him? she thought to herself; "indeed I love him with all my heart and soul and strength. The question is—does he love me? And can I retain him always?"

But with Floyd Warren's nature—grave, positive, steady, and firm as a rock bedded in the sea—and here, an inharmonious jarring was sure to come at one time or another.

And it came on one August moonlight night, when Mr. Warren picked up an invitation card lying on the table in the Ingles parlor.

"Of course you will not go, Ida," he said.

"What! Not go to the moonlight dance at Fern Dale?" she answered quickly.

"Why shouldn't? All the other girls are going."

"It will be rather a promiscuous crowd."

"But I am not an aristocrat, you know," she retorted coolly.

"No, dear, that isn't what I mean. But I understand the Judyth sisters, and the Crawfords, and the Watchleys are among the invited guests, and, Ida—frankly, I would rather you would not associate with such people."

"A saucy, cold little smile answered him. "On that point, as on several others, we do not agree."

"But you won't go, Ida? To oblige me, dearest, I ask it as a personal favor."

If his many patience and considerate tenderness touched her, she gave no sign.

"Indeed, I'll not give it up! The music the moonlight, the dancing, the river—I worship them all. It will be like a living dream—I'd not miss it for all the world."

He looked gravely at the sweet defiant face, all adfash, and asked himself—after all, was Beth right when she said she must so recklessly marry girls, knowing so little, really, of them.

"You must do just as you please, Ida. But, remember, if you go in the very face of my disapproval, I shall construe it into meaning but one thing."

And his slow patient speech only made Ida more wilful than ever.

"Go? Of course I'll go, mamma," she said, after Warren had gone. "If Floyd doesn't like it, I won't help him. I told you he must take me as I am, or else leave me!"

And so she did—the fairest, sweetest of them all in her white lawn dress, so daintily made in her own delicate fingers, and she danced to her heart's content, laughed and sang, while under all, she was unsuspectingly miserable.

"Half-a-dozen of us are going ashore for a fifteen minutes' ramble, to get some spring water," Clara Crawford said. "Isn't the capital good-natured, Ida? We want you to come too. Come?"

And not pausing to consider the matter, Ida followed the little group just rushing over the gateway plank.

"Wait a minute, girls! Clara, Isabel, where are you?"

For in the sombre darkness of the forest that reached to the river's edge, Ida had lost sight of the forward part of the party.

"It's all right, Ida, don't be in such a hurry! They're taken a cross-out Clara knows of, but I'll escort you by another road I know of. Take my arm, won't you?"

It was Paul Crawford's voice, close in her ear—Paul Crawford, with whom she was alone, in the dark, lonely place!

"Thank you, I'm going back to the boat," she said sharply, angrily. "I don't like to be here."

"With me, you mean?" And he laughed unpleasantly.

"But I am of a different opinion. I like both the place and the company exceedingly well, and Clara has played the game into my hands even better than I dared hope. There they go now, back to the boat—hardly had time to sample the spring water, have they?"

At the same instant the whistle shrieked.

"There isn't a second to lose. We'll be left!" she cried breathlessly.

"Exactly. We will be left just as I intended," and he stepped in front of Ida, planting himself resolutely in the narrow path. "You needn't tremble so, Ida, you won't stay here long. I happen to know of a very pleasant family who live not a mile from here, and we'll spend the evening there and have the waltz you denied me on the way up." All's fair in love, you know, my proud little duchess."

A wild shriek came from Ida's pale lips, and before her quivering mouth had closed it tall stalwart figure stepped up beside her, and Paul Crawford fell like a log to the ground.

"We haven't a second to lose, come Ida!"

And Floyd Warren linked her arm in his and hurried her back just in time to spring aboard—

In a retired corner, as far as it was possible to get from the music and dancing, Ida sat in her chair, pale, crying, while Mr. Warren stood beside her, grave and pale too.

"How came you here?" she asked presently.

"Because you needed a protector, thank God I came!" he said impressively.

"You can never forgive me, I know."

"I have been so wild and wilful, that I know I deserve the reward you will bestow. But, Floyd, before you say good-bye for ever, let me tell you how sorry I am! If—if I could recall it, I would never defy your judgment or authority again!"

And for answer, he stooped and kissed her tenderly.

"My darling, until you send me from you I shall never go. You are all that is sweet and pure and true; for a little wilfulness shall I spoil my whole life?"

She gave him a look that thrilled him from head to foot.

"I'll never be wilful again," she answered fervently. "From this hour you are master."

And Mrs. St. Cyr declared there never was a sister-in-law so good; hers for dignity, graciousness, sweetness, and general perfection, while Mr. Warren—well, if he doesn't adore his young wife, then no man ever did—and not altogether because in every respect of her life, Ida Warren shows her loyalty to her lord and master.

Quarrelling.

I think that, as a general thing, when people quarrel it is because, like the belligerent Hibernian at the fair, they are anxious for a fight. We go about dragging the tails of metaphorical coats on the ground, and some gentleman or lady is sure to tread on them at last.

For quarrels come from such small things, such trivial incidents, such trifling words! The happiness of a life-time is marred by a toss of the head, and friends are parted for ever by a contemptuous laugh.

How wildly men quarrel over a strip of merely land or a few odd dollars! What stress women lay on "a remark" garbled in the repetition! How miserable and feverish and hot we grow over nothing!

I suppose if we could be sensible enough to take ourselves in time, when the quarrelsome spirit arises within us, and look ourselves up—as some sensible man, conscious of a predisposition to become drunkards, have looked themselves for their bottles for awhile, that the world might become as peaceful as though the millennium had already arrived. M. E. N.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Thomas Robinson, Farmham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

Ayer's Cathartic Pill are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. "Gentle yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system."

The "Continually tired-out" feeling so often experienced is the result of impoverished blood, and consequent enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla feeds and enriches the blood, and the assimilation of its strengthening qualities. The system being thus invigorated, the feeling rapidly changes to a grateful sense of strength and energy.

Holloway's Pills.—With darkening days and changing temperatures the digestion becomes impaired, the liver disordered, and the mind dependent unless the cause of the irregularity be expelled from the blood and body by such an alterative as these Pills. They directly attack the source of the evil, thrust out all impurities from the circulation, restore the disordered organs to their natural state, and correct all defective or contaminated secretions. Such an easy means of instituting health, strength, and cheerfulness should be applied by all whose stomachs are weak, whose minds are much harassed, or whose brains are overworked. Holloway's is essentially a blood purifying medicine, whereby its influence reaches the remotest fibre of the frame and effects a universal good.

Best and Comfort to the suffering "Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sour Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted. "As it