

Acton Free Press.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE.

Terms:—The Press will be sent to subscribers postage paid, for \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements:—Professional Cards, quent insertion, cost \$1.00 per annum.

Changes for contract advertisements must be made in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ontario.

A. C. McINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon, new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalize Air).

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS. Vitalize Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas for Painless Dental Operations.

RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, South East Corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ontario.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto.

MOWAT & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc.

G. S. GOODWILLIE, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, Guelph, Ont.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.

JOHN BEN, Q. C., C. A. MASTERS, WILLIAM LAING, GEORGE KAPPEL.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.

FRANCIS NUNAN, (Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER.

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED ARCHITECT.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

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Money to loan on Real Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages preferred. Money loaned for parties in Mortgage and other security.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP. J. B. WORDEN.

Has opened a Barber Shop in the building opposite Storey's old Glove Factory.

Acton Free Press.

Our Motto.—"Home First, The World Afterwards." Single Copies Three Cents. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1885. Whole Number 519.

ACTON BANKING COY., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS—Ontario. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Revised Bible DAY'S BOOKSTORE. Price \$1.00 \$1.35 \$1.60, \$2.00, \$2.80, \$3.35.

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

ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Bell Telephone Company. Messages received and transmitted at lower rates than telegraphing.

New Goods. BRACELETS BRACELETS BRACELETS.

Canadian Pacific R. Ry. The Cheapest and Best route to all points East and West. See Time Tables.

Watches. WALTHAM AND ELGIN, in Gold and Silver cases.

COX & CO., STOCK BROKERS, TORONTO.

Watches. WALTHAM AND ELGIN, in Gold and Silver cases.

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

Gold Rings & Locketts, ETC., ETC. (Just Opened.)

Wellington Marble Works, QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

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

John H. Hamilton, PROPRITOR, (Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton)

HILL'S Tin & Stove Depot.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH. The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock, as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second Class Pine Shingles & Lath.

THE WIND'S WARNING. Two men sat smoking their pipes away up under the shadows of the great peaks of Wyoming.

Coal & Wood. Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I have prepared to supply all kinds of Wood, Steam Coal, and Anthracite, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

OUR STORY. THE WIND'S WARNING. Two men sat smoking their pipes away up under the shadows of the great peaks of Wyoming.

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

GUELPH CLOTH HALL. IRISH TWEED SUITINGS. BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. C. G. SPEIGHT.

12 Different Shades SHAW & CRUNDY Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

Parties Desiring Their Buggies, Waggons, CUTTERS, ETC., Repaired or revarnished and made equal to new, on shortest possible notice, and at lowest prices, should leave their orders at once with Mr. J. A. SPEIGHT Undertaker and Carriage Builder, or with C. G. SPEIGHT.

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POETRY. I'M HURRIED, OHILD.

"O mother, look! I've found a butterfly fluttering upon a leaf. Do tell me why there was no butter! Oh, do see its wings! I never, never saw such pretty things—All streaked and striped with blue and brown and gold."

The mother now has leisure infinite, She sits with folded hands, and face as white As winter. In her heart is winter's chill. She sits at leisure, questioning God's will; My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night. In heaven so dark that thou dost grudge me light. O God! I must discover why The tide drags by."

OUR STORY. THE WIND'S WARNING.

Two men sat smoking their pipes away up under the shadows of the great peaks of Wyoming. A night without moon or star hung above them. But their camp-fire glowed brightly out, throwing a yellow glow about the spot. The great trees that skirted the foot of the mountains locked their arms together, far above their heads. The night wind moaned through their branches, as though bewailing some tragedy they might have witnessed. The men were silent; their pipes seeming to engage their whole attention. Not a word had passed between them for the past fifteen minutes. One of them was old and grizzled, while the other must have been nearly a score of years his junior. Their garb and surroundings showed them to be hunters or trappers, and that they made this place their headquarters, for some few days at least. Suddenly the younger of the two gave a start, as though of surprise. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he held it for a moment, a little apart from his lips. "Then he gave utterance to some low warning word. "Hist!" "For the space of a minute his companion stared at him without speaking. But he listened intently for any sound that might be brought to his ear. But he heard nothing, save the wailing of the wind through the tree-tops above their heads. Then he opened his lips. "What was it, Sin?" "Hist! there it is again." Still his companion heard only the sighing of the wind. And so, he told him a minute later. "But I am sure I heard something. I know that I cannot be mistaken." "What was it like?" "It sounded like a man's voice." "Could you catch the words?" "No. But it struck me as though it was trying to warn us of danger." It might be that the old trapper turned a shade paler, but whether that was so or not, the hand that held the pipe trembled just a little. But it could hardly be with fear. He had faced danger too many times. Both men were silent now, and as motionless as though turned to stone. Once more the strange sound came to their ears on the wings of the lagged wind. Both heard it now. It did sound like a human voice. "Yet the old trapper knew that it was not. 'It's the wind's warning,' he said. 'What is that?'" asked his companion. "Did you never hear it before?" "Never." "It is a warning that the wind gives sometimes when there is danger nigh."

Under Our Feet.

Among the Louisiana planters impoverished by the war was one who lived in the Teche country. He had a large family of small children, and a tract of poor land, which, without fertilizers, yielded little besides weeds and wild pepper. One of his neighbors went to California, another to the northwest, still another to sea, to seek their fortunes. "What do you mean to do," they asked. "I have always believed that good luck is close at hand. I'll first try what can be done at home," he replied. The ground was useless; he had no money to fertilize it, or to pay for labor. After long trial he made of it liquid manure, which won a ready sale among his neighbors. Wife and children assisted him; the family unaided gathered the pepper, pressed the juice, bottled, labeled and shipped it to other markets. They are now in receipt of a comfortable income from the weed which so long grew under their feet unnoticed. An English farmer, near Bexley in Kent, about 50 years ago raised sheep on the barren tract which he owned, and saved a few pounds a year which his wife hid away in an old stocking. Visiting the south of Ireland on business, he examined the soil in which gooseberries grow. Why not try them on his own sunny heath? He secretly took the money from his wife's chest, bought fertilizers, planted his garden, and looked silently to her lamentations over her lost store for a year or two. Then he led her out to the bushes full of costly fruit. "There is where your stocking was spilled," he said. The berry farm, one of the richest in Kent, is still known as "Betsy's Stocking," and fruit and flower-raising has become the chief industry of that shore. Tens of thousands of men and women owe their comfort and livelihood to this man's persistence in "looking for luck close at hand." Too many of us are too apt to suppose that success lies always in the distance, and that we must carry our energy, pluck, and industry across the continent before we can conquer. Hawthorne's wanderer found the treasure which he had searched for in vain all over the world, under his own threshold.

The Faces of Audiences.

An eminent lecturer declares that all audiences are about alike to him. He enters at 8 o'clock the public hall, and finds a circle of humanity coiled around him just like the one he saw in some other hall on the previous night. Our experience is different. We had no two audiences alike. Each one is as different from all the others as one man's face varies from another's physiognomy. Some audiences are dull. Everything is profoundly silent save as a cough or a sneeze interrupts one. The stolidity of the assembly reacts upon the lecturer. While you are speaking you look at your watch. You begin to measure off like a miser a yard of castanets. You say to yourself, "Half through!" "Three-fourths through!" "Five minutes more and I may quit!" And you close your manuscript, shake hands with the treasurer, and go out. At another place the audience seems upon you as you enter. Everybody seems to say, "Welcome to our town! We are all waiting for you. Now do your best. If you have any wisdom or wit, fling it over this way." Your smallest joke goes off like a spark of Fourth July fire-crackers. You are amazed to see how people take things. Your poorest lecture catches enthusiasm from the good-natured audience. You feel as if you were in your own parlor talking with a group of college chums. The hour and a half seems to you only like twenty minutes, and after shaking hands with men, women, and children, you are so pleased that the commercial part of your engagement seems most insignificant. You got your pay before you came to the platform. Let audience know that oftentimes they are responsible for the staidity of a speaker. The attempt to build a fire among green wood makes a smoke but no blaze.

Farmers and Their Wives.

H. C. Black of South Barton, Vt., is moved by Miss Putney's essay. "He says: 'Twelve years ago I stood up before the person with a blooming farmer's daughter, and promising to love, cherish and protect her. I had an idea also that means that if she put her shoulder to the wheel with me I would win any of this world's goods she was certainly entitled to her share. Keeping this idea always in view, I am proud to say that my wife has never yet known the humiliation of begging for money, and that such of this world's goods as I have bestowed upon her that were not needed for the family, have so improved under her care, that the assessor calls on her for almost as many dollars as myself. And you who have already travelled many leagues in the journey of life, just try my plan for a while and see if the bright smiles and quick steps of your wife do not pay you a hundred-fold. Many a farmer who looks with pride at his broad acres and his flocks and herds, forgets that he owes a great deal of all this to the prudence and hard labor of his wife. Then why not give her some substantial token that she may truly feel you appreciate her labors and are willing to reward her? Once more I say, try it!'"

WHAT IS AN EDITOR, TA?

A man who gathers the news, my boy, And does it all to amuse, my boy, A man of wit— And tact and grit— A man they all abuse, my boy. The man the printers deride, my boy, Who's troubled on every side, my boy, A load of care, That's hard to bear, Weighs on his mind beside, my boy. His purse is always light, my boy, Never a coin in sight, my boy, Early and late, Driven by fate, He works for the cause of right, my boy. In spite of all that's said, my boy, In the end he'll be ahead, my boy, For up above, Where all is love, He'll go when he is dead, my boy. —Exchange.

Push.

If there was more push in the world there would be fewer hungry, half clothed, homeless, suffering children; fewer broken-down, dissipated men and women; less need of almshouses, houses of correction and homes for the friendless. Push means a lift for a neighbor in trouble. Push means a lift for yourself out of the slough of despondency and shiftlessness, out of trouble, real or fancied. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push the better, if it is given in the right direction. Always push up hill—few people want a push down hill. They are afraid of your muscles and sinews; they were given you to use. Don't be afraid of your hands; they were meant for service. Don't be afraid of what your companion may say. Don't be afraid of your conscience; it will never reproach you for a good deed—but push with all your heart, might and soul, whenever you see anything or anybody that will be better for a good long, strong, determined push. Push! It is just the word for the grand clear morning of life; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is full of work as this is. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back push! If there is anything good being done in any place where you happen to be push!

Why Barbers Always Talk.

"You hear a great deal of talk about our being too talkative," said a Pittsburg barber, "but let me tell you that the barber who doesn't talk isn't any good. He isn't popular with the trade and he doesn't make a good workman. You see, a man comes in and he gets into the chair, and the barber commences shaving him without saying a word. The man who is being shaved has nothing to think about except himself; and he immediately begins to kick about the razor. It pulls and hurts his face, and nothing suits him, and he goes away dissatisfied with the shop and the barber. Now, one of these good-natured, talkative barbers would take the same man and commence talking politics and the weather, the police, and the skating rink to him; and there would never be the slightest kick. No, sir; the barber could use the oldest, dullest, and roughest razor, and the man would never think of complaining; and when the barber would finish combing his hair by telling him he had hair just like Abe Lincoln or Charles Sumner, he'd get up and give him a cigar, and go off feeling good-natured, and swear that was the best barber in the city." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mortality in War Time.

From official records of the War Department, based on the losses given and the total number of men furnished by the States and Territories during the war, it appears that: Out of every sixty-five men one man was killed in action. Out of every fifty-six men one man died of wounds received in action. Out of every thirteen men one man died of disease. Out of every nine men one man died while in service. Out of every fifteen men one man was captured or reported missing. Out of every ten men one man was wounded in action. Out of every seven men captured one died while in captivity.

The Country Editor Goes to Church.

The editor of the Deadwood Roarer attended church for the first time Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted to the telegraph editor: "What news?" "What news?" "I have blazes are you fellows doing?" "How about the news from the east of war?" "What news?" "Why, all this about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red Sea. Why, the Gospel barged up at the church was telling about it just now and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle round, you fellows, and get the facts of the ship that will get a beat on us. Look up there, and run an extra edition if necessary, while I put on the bulletin board 'Great English Victory in the Soudan.'" —Ez.

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