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POETRY TO INK.

"To ink, or not to ink, that is the question."—Shakespeare Adapted.

Wine of the muses pure, black, sparkling ink with three children looking for her support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth sympathy and pity from its recipient.

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

THE OUTWARD SEEMING. BY LOTTIE E. STEPHEN.

"No, not a single cent will they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips.

"But, dear, as they're your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "it's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look! They'll take it out in looks!" I told Tom when he married Sarah Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it.

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. "She'd oughter have taken my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it comes out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too everlasting delicate, an' he would break down in less'n five years. But he would have his own way an' marry her, an' now she's laid up—just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah, as she went out; "but you know young people is generally mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute, and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone she sat for some while with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage to Sarah Bayard, an orphan daughter to the man who, to use the expression of his neighbors, had never been "fore-handed," had not pleased his sister, who thought Sarah far too delicate and dainty to prove of much help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however, had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to inform his sister whenever he wrote to her.

And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Sarah.

Tom's death, seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and children, who were left almost penniless.

But Sarah, knowing the way in which she was regarded by her sister-in-law, did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the poor young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school, and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed, and a long illness which followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Millford, made it necessary for the trustees of the school to appoint another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farm house provided Sarah with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself wholly unacquainted with the duties of a teacher, and with three children looking for her support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth sympathy and pity from its recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure in being able to say at last, "I told you so."

As she sat at her kitchen window that warm July afternoon, the quiet broken only by the ticking of the large eight-day clock, and the purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she should write in reply; in what words she would remind Sarah of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor at his sister's hands."

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait a while for an answer," she thought. "I'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the middle lot. First thing I know them pesky town boys will be after 'em an' I won't get one for 'em."

She put on her sunbonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry went out. She paused on the path that led to the meadow to look back to the house, thinking it was very likely that Sarah had calculated on being asked to take her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, with roomy chambers, wide fire-places, and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were all shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother, who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she made him a present of five hundred dollars when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to heed the old motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," whenever she spoke of him.

The black ladies in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteous that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time.

It occurred to her as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few berries such as these. So, on reaching home, Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and, starting out again, turned her steps towards the village.

visited the jail and made herself generally useful. But, nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and selfish to a pitiable degree.

She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings against an only brother, because he did not marry to suit her, and she was told not an hour ago, that she had declared her intention not to help in any way that brother's sick and penniless widow and children.

She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that as last they are compelled to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly insulted, I knew; if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian, but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come to church next Thursday night and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins and for help to walk in the right way. But she only prays with her lips; her heart has nothing to do with it. She thinks and cares only for the outside seeming, and so—

At this moment little Lulu Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready, and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor, as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail and berries behind. She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home she sat down in the rocking chair by the kitchen stove, and leaning her chin on her hand stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life.

"Only the outward seeming," she murmured, over and over, inaudibly, as if the sound of the words frightened her; and after all these years I've only just found out that I'm not a Christian."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not come in to the regular prayer-meeting on Thursday night, and when he called to see her on Friday he was surprised to see three curly-headed children making mud pies in the front yard who informed him in a loud chorus they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah welcomed him very cordially, and although she felt tired and warm after her journey to Millford, she seemed quite happy.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes, it'll be a surprise to most folks, but I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life was very lonely."

"Yes, I reckon I take considerable satisfaction out of it; seems sort of nice to see 'em round, for they're well mannered children. Sarah's been very particular about 'em. Did you notice the boy as you come in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village, he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty.

Early in the following winter Mrs. Jenkins invited her minister and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupying a position before Mrs. Lawton.

"I'm so fond of blackberry jam," said the lady, as she helped herself to the article in question. "I put up a lot of it last summer, but the nicest I made was from berries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who left them there, but took it for granted they were left there for us, and so took possession of 'em, pail and all. Lulu called it my mystery jam. I've often wondered if the mystery would ever be explained."

But it never was.

The punctuality which reigned over the domestic regulations of Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch preacher and divine, was sometimes not a little inconvenient to his guests. His aunt, while living in the house, appeared one morning too late for breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she did "not take the first word o' flyin', she thus diverted the expected storm: "Oh, Dr. Chalmers!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room; "I had such a dream last night. I dreamt you were dead."

"Indeed, aunt," said the doctor, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly upon his own future history.

"And I dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral day was named, and the funeral was fixed, and the funeral cards were written, and that the day came, and the folks came, and the hour came; but what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done chattering twice, which was the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice peremptory and ill pleased like, came out of it, saying, 'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no livin'!'"

The doctor was too fond of a joke not to enjoy this one, and in the hearty laugh which followed the ingenious culprit escaped.

A naturalist says a sponge has a nervous system. Next thing it will be discovered that a printing office towel has something besides a backbone.

WOMAN'S WILL. Men dying make their wills—but wives Escape a work so sad. Why should they make what all their lives The gentle dames have had?

FOUR ACTS PLAYED. Sad Report About Ex-President Arthur.

WILL THE FIFTH AND FINAL ACT BE A TRAGEDY? Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Dr. Lincoln who was at the funeral of ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, says ex-President Arthur looked very unwell."

"He is suffering from Bright's disease." "During the past year it has assumed a very aggravating form."

The telegram is act IV. of a drama written by ex-President Arthur's physicians. In act I. he was made to appear in "Malina," of which all the country was told when we went to Florida.

In act II. he represented a tired man, worn down; walking the sands at Old Point Comfort and looking eastward over the Atlantic toward Europe for a longer rest.

The curtain rolls up for act III. upon the distinguished actor affected with melancholy from bright's disease, who act IV. discovers him with the disease in an aggravating form, suffering intensely (which is unusual) and about to take a sea voyage.

Just such as this is the plot of many dramas by play-wrights of the medical profession. They write the first two or three acts with no conception of what their character will develop in the final one.

They have not the discernment for tracing in the early, what the latter impetuosity will be. Not one physician in a hundred has the adequate microscope and chemical appliances for discovering bright's disease in its early stages, and when many do finally comprehend that their patients are dying with it, when death occurs, they will, to cover up their ignorance of it, pronounce the fatality to have been caused by ordinary ailments, whereas these ailments are really results of bright's disease of which they are innocent victims.

Beyond any doubt, 80 per cent. of all deaths except from epidemics and accidents, result from diseased kidneys or livers. If the dying be distinguished and his friends too intelligent to be easily deceived, his physicians perhaps pronounce the complaint to be pericarditis, pyæmia, septicæmia, bronchitis, pleuritis, valvular lesions of the heart, phlebotomy, etc. If the deceased be less noted, "malaria" is now the fashionable assignment of the cause of death.

But all the same, named right or named wrong, this fearful scourge gathers them in! While it prevails among persons of sedentary habits—lawyers, clergymen, congressmen, it also plays great havoc among farmers, day laborers and mechanics, though they do not suspect it, because their physicians keep it from them, if indeed they are able to detect it.

It sweeps thousands of women and children into untimely graves every year. The health gives away gradually, the strength is variable, the appetite fails, the vigor gets less and less. This is not malaria—it is the beginning of kidney disease and will end—who does not know how?

Its nature has not been remiss. Independent research has given an infallible remedy for this common disorder; but of course the bigoted physicians will not use Warner's safe cure, because it is a private affair and cuts up their practice by restoring the health of those who have been invalids for years.

The new saying of "how common bright's disease is becoming among prominent men" is getting old, and as the Englishman would say, sounds "stupid"—especially "stupid" since this disease is readily detected by the more learned men and specialists of this disease. But the "common run" of physicians, not detecting it, give the patient Epsom salts or other drugs prescribed by the old code of treatment under which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers practiced!

Now, we hear, that the patient is "comfortable." But ere long, maybe, they "stap" him and take some water from him and again the "comfortable" story is told. Torture him rather than allow him to use Warner's safe cure! With such variations the doctors play upon the unfortunate until his strength is made, when we learn that he died from heart disease, pyæmia, septicæmia or some other deceptive though "diagnosed" cause.

Ex-President Arthur's case is no singular—it is typical of every such case. "He is suffering intensely." This is not usual. Generally there is almost no suffering. He may recover, if he will act independently of his physicians. The agency named has cured thousands of persons even in the extreme stages—in to-day the majority of the health of hundreds of thousands. It is an unfortunate fact that physicians will not admit there is any virtue outside their own sphere, but as each school denies virtue to all others, the people act to their own judgment and accept things by the record of merit they make.

The facts are cause for alarm; but there is abundant hope in prompt and independent action.

Mind and Health. The mental condition has more influence on the bodily health than is generally supposed. "It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause a depressed and morbid condition of the mind; but it is no less true that powerful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, unimpaired by them, would be in sound health—or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not a few physicians considered the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents, which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into beautiful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes, depress all the vital forces. To the physically well one must, in general, be happy."

A "middle aged girl" recently advertised for a situation. Soon we expect to hear of youthful octogenarians.—Oil City Derrick.