

# The Acton Free Press.

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Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till ordered and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOONEY,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**THIS PAPER** is found on file in the office of the Acton Free Press, and is a newspaper of the same name as the one published in NEW YORK.

**Business Directory.**

**W. H. LOWRY, M. D., M. C. P. S.,**  
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Office and residence—At the head of Frederick Street, Acton.

**C. E. STACEY, M. D., M. C. P. S.,**  
Trinity University, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Office—Mill Street, late Dr. Webster's office.

**L. BENNETT, L. D. S., DENTIST,**  
Georgetown, Ontario.

**A. C. MCINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon**  
Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalize Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patients may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operation performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

**PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS.**  
Vitalize Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of  
**C. B. HAYES, L. D. S.,**  
Tovell's Block, Guelph, Ont.  
Upper Wyndham Street.

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In Kenby Bros. boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given as to all calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

**M. CLEAN & McMillan,**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Private Funds to Loan. Office—Town Hall, Acton.

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Office—First door west of the Champion office, Main Street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,  
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W. T. ALLAN, J. SHILTON, B. A. BAIRD, B. A.

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

JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MARTIN,  
WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE KAPPEL.

**PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.**  
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.  
20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

**W. M. HENSTREET,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Money to Loan.

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

**G. E. KNOWLES & J. A. MURRAY,**  
Licensed Auctioneers for the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left with James Matthews, Acton, will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable.

**JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,**  
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Money to Loan on Farm Property at 8 per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money loaned for parties in Mortgages and other securities. Conveyancing in all its branches properly and neatly done, charges low. Farms and City property for sale. List with farms for sale sent to all parts of the Dominion to intending purchasers, and circulated in Europe. European capitalists wanting farms in Ontario will be sent directions through our European agents. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

**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. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call.  
J. P. WORDEN.

**ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,**  
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,  
—BANKERS—  
Acton, Ontario.

**A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.**

**MONEY OBTAINED ON APPROVED NOTES.**

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

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

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

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

**CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.**  
The Cheapest and Best route to all points East and West. See Time Tables.

Money saved by Dealing With  
**J. E. MCGARVIN,**  
ACTON, ONTARIO.

**Wellington Marble Works.**  
QUEBEC ST. GUELPH.

**John H. Hamilton**  
PROPRIETOR,  
(Formerly McQuillan & Company)

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

Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

**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.

**Coal & Wood.**

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

**JAMES BROWN.**

**PLANING MILL.**

Having made arrangements with Messrs. W. H. Storey & Son for the continuance of the Planing Mill in the building formerly occupied by the Acton Flour Company, we would inform the public that we are prepared to take

**CONTRACTS FOR BUILDING**  
—ALSO—  
**DRESSING FLOORING, SHEETING AND MOULDING, &c.**  
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

**PUMPS! PUMPS!**

In connection with the above we are also prepared to receive orders for pumps. From long experience in the business we feel confident that we can supply an article second to none. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Kindly soliciting a share of public patronage, we are respectfully yours,

**THOS. EBBAGE, Manager**  
—GUELPH—  
**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

**THE SECOND SCHOLASTIC YEAR** commenced September 1st. Each department is in charge of a specialist. To impart a practical training for the efficient conduct of business affairs is the sphere and work of the institution. Its graduates are already holding responsible positions in the commercial centres in the Dominion. Energetic young men and women are thoroughly prepared for positions as Book-keepers, Short-hand Writers, Correspondents, or Telegraph Operators. Students received at any time. For circulars and catalogue, giving full information, address,  
M. MACCORMICK,  
Principal.

**MUTUAL**  
**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
—OF THE—  
**COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.**  
ESTABLISHED 1840.

**HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH.**

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufacturing, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

**F. W. STONE, Chas. Davidson,**  
President. Secretary.

**JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.**

**FRANCIS NUNAN,**  
(Successor to T. F. Chapman,  
—BOORBINDER,  
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.)  
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

**CHEAP AND GOOD SLEIGHS**

**DAY'S BOOKSTORE.**

Well-made, well-painted Sled, 65c, for 40c.

Extra large, three bench, handsome, \$1.35, for 85c.

The \$1.75 Clipper for \$1.20; the \$1.50 Clipper for 85c.

The \$1.00 Clipper for 60c.

Baby Sled, fine box, handles, carpeted, \$1.30, for \$1.

Baby Sled, large roomy box carpet handles, \$3, for \$2.

**The Best Value**  
**The Best Assortment**  
Call and Examine for Yourself at  
**DAY'S BOOKSTORE**  
GUELPH.

**Day Sells Cheap.**

**EXCELSIOR**  
**BAKERY,**  
ACTON.

HAVING purchased the above Bakery from Mr. D. Mass, I hope to give satisfaction to the numerous customers who patronize it.

Thinking them for past favors, I will endeavor to attend to customers promptly and obligingly, and trust that they will be all extended to us their patronage.

I use nothing but the Best Roller Flour, and keep it in stock.

**Fresh Bread, Buns, &c., every day.**  
**Also Steam Bread.**  
Cakes of all kinds,  
New York Tea Biscuits,  
Soda and Oatmeal Scones,  
on hand or made to order at shortest notice

**Biscuits and Confectionery of all kinds,**  
Lung Sugar, Ginger Snaps, Boston Mixed Cakes, Wholesale Flour.

**Butter and Eggs taken in Exchange for Bread at Market Prices.**

**Mrs. T. Statham.**  
ACTON

**Livery & Sale Stables**  
**JOHN STREET, ACTON.**

**Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.**

MR. SMITH has purchased the Livery business of Mr. H. B. McCARTHY, which he has removed to his commodious stables on John Street, in the centre of the business portion of the town. Mr. Smith has had lengthy experience in this business, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to every patron.

Anyone desiring a **Commercial, Pleasure, or Company Waggon**, can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

**Horses Boarded and Sold.**  
Terms reasonable.

**WM. E. SMITH.**

**GUELPH**  
**CLOTH**  
**HALL.**

**McRAE'S**  
**UNDERCLOTHING.**

**Men's Shirts and Drawers,**  
all sizes,

**Boys' Shirts and Drawers,**  
all sizes,

**Children's Combination Sets**  
all sizes.

**SHAW & GRUNDY**  
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

**The Acton Free Press.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1886.

**POETRY.**

**HOME.**

Oh, stormy night, so cold and white!  
How dark the home doth seem,  
As a shelter bright from the cheerless night,  
So bright the fire doth gleam.

The children dear to him,  
In that colder grove, and the rough wind blows,  
We seem so safe from harm,  
In the home so dear comes no cold or fear.

No shadow so light clouds their peaceful night,  
No shade will ever dim,  
Though the night be wild He will guard His child.

With faithful, tender care,  
In that heaven bright all in peace and light;  
He waits his children there.

**OUR STORY.**

**A MODERN OTHELLO**

I am, if you will allow me to introduce myself, your humble servant, Mr. Felham Palmer, of the firm of Potts & Palmer, white goods.

I was forty when I made up my mind to marry. I had never thought myself handsome, but having amassed a fortune, and having decided to settle down as a married man, I was lucky enough to win the affections of the fairest of her sex, Miss Phoebe Pearl, and having offered myself to her was accepted. I had previously interviewed her father, who approved of our union, and I had gone through the courting phases and was really married. Our carriages were rolling up me by one to Mr. Pearl's door, whilst the crowd of little boys, girls, nurses, maids and beggars, collected on the sidewalk, uttered loud 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' of a Fourth July and say rocket nature, whenever a more than usually gorgeous train swept the dust from striped carpet spread upon the front door and vanished under the fringe of the awning.

I was unfortunally, as bridegrooms always are, when taking part in the wedding show; but I expected to be very happy when I got my wife to myself, and knew the touch, or amner, or breakfast—I really don't know what my respected mother-in-law called the feast—we were going off to spend a month at Niagara—and get acquainted.

Even in that halcyon hour I was aware that we were both not well acquainted yet. However, I knew I was a good sort of fellow and I had the greatest confidence in myself. In fact, I had just repeated this to myself when a postman's whistle sounded in the area, and I saw Phoebe's own maid exchange a glance with my wife as she slipped a pink envelope into her pocket.

It was a very foolish idea, I knew, but I took it into my head that the letter had something in it that my newly-wedded Phoebe wished to keep from me. I datter myself that I am a good reader of the human countenance, and that is what I thought I saw in the glances those girls exchanged. However, I really wanted to kick myself for harboring the thought.

But afterward, when the congratulations were over and we were going downstairs to supper, I saw Betsy Jane, under pretence of adjusting her mistress's dress, slip this pink envelope into the white satin lace-trimmed pocket that was pinned by a bunch of orange blossoms to her belt. And I saw Phoebe dart a warning look at me. This time I was sure, and a memory of certain beads which had caused me pain in their time did drip into my mind.

To be sure, Phoebe was mine, but she should not have any secrets from me. I was older than she was, not handsome, and very well off, and well, I felt that some of those other men had been young, and fascinating, and poor—and girls had married for money before now.

And so in a few moments, to drive all doubts away, I said, in an airy manner that seemed to me just the thing:

"Got a letter, my dear?"

She blushed scarlet.

"No; only a note," she replied.

"Who from?" I asked.

"Oh, I am not a chattering, tattling, she replied. "I can't read through the sealed envelope."

"Open it then," said I.

"I couldn't. It would be bad manners," said she.

"Whom do you think it is from?" said I.

"Some belated bridemaid, perhaps," said she.

"Miss Smith, Miss Brown and Miss Robinson are all here," said I.

"Oh, well, it is from my Grand-aunt Fendleton, to say she can't come, and wishes me joy and sends a couple lads. She always sends a soap lads to brides in the family," said Phoebe.

"Then I think you ought to open it at once out of respect to the old lady," said I.

"What a tease you are," she cried; and pulled her handkerchief from her pocket. The letter came with it and fell to the floor. I stopped to catch it up. Our heads crashed furiously together. I got the letter.

"Hope I have not hurt you, my dear," said I.

"You have, horribly," said she, and snatched the letter, but not before I had glanced at it.

"Your aunt writes a very fine masculine hand," said I. "Is she a strong-minded lady?"

"Very," she answered, and crammed the pink envelope into her pocket, and began to talk to a maid who had known her from a child. There are always such old ladies at wedding parties, and it is more reasonable to meet them when young than when you are not. I feared she might have known

me also, and I had clipped four years off at the tag end of my age.

Somehow, thirty-six sounds so much better and younger than forty.

I hurried away and began to play with somebody's little girl—I think it was a cousin's—who had brought with her a hideous staring doll, dressed up like a bride. I told falsehoods, and said I loved little girls, and that mannikin was pretty! and I boomed inwardly with rage and jealousy; and my head ached hardly less than my heart. I suppose hers did also. "This was a state of things for a wedding day.

But we went down to dinner together and I responded to the proper toast, and forced myself to seem happy.

"Champagne helped me. After a while I said to myself:

"Idiot. It is some little bill she wants to hide. A shoemaker's perhaps. Her father lives up to his income; no doubt she had hard work to get her things ready. Poor child, I've been cruel to her."

So when she had gone away to get ready for the journey, and it was time for me also to go, I hurried to the room appointed for me, and, knowing it was next to her, softly opened the communication door and peeped in, meaning to kiss her, and tell her that she should always have everything she wanted after this. The room, however, was empty. Her wedding dress lay on the bed, and a ghostly wail and wraith floated from a gas fixture; but paper, pen and ink were on a desk, and I saw that even in this hurried moment she had taken time to write a letter.

It lay finished, but not folded, beside an undressed envelope, and I tipped eagerly across the room, hoping to read that she would settle the account as soon as possible, and read this:

"Indeed, sir, you are right. I shall suffer miserably throughout all my honeymoon, and it is your fault, not mine.

"I could hardly keep my tears back at the altar from the pain. My husband must not know, but I shall be a martyr until I get back. On the very day of my return I shall see you, but as for forgiving you—"

"I relied on you so implicitly. How could you?"

PRINCE PALMER.

I gazed about the room, looking wildly for the letter to which this was a reply. I saw a whisp of pink paper on the floor, and caught it up. The paper of littleboot-heels was on the floor of the hall, and I closed the door behind me just in time.

Trembling with wrath—I had I not reason for it?—I unfolded the paper. It was only a small piece of the note; but I read what it contained over and over. It was this:

"I did not think it would give you pain; but I can scarcely expect you to forgive me for breaking my engagement with you. I am sorry that I cannot see you before you go, but your husband can certainly find some good dentist who will do the little that is necessary. Why need you make two false teeth a secret? Everybody has them now-a-days."

Yours, regretfully,  
PRINCE PALMER.

The epistle ended with the name of the old family dentist.

"You thought it was beaux, didn't you?" asked Betsy Jane. "It only shows what fools gentlemen are. Well, shall I pack up and go? 'Twasn't my advice not to tell you. I said, 'Tell, and be over with it. They'll come out some day, like enough, at breakfast.'"

"Betsy," said I, "I retain your services. Here is a little present. And I offered her a ten-dollar bill. 'Don't mention this to Mrs. Palmer.'"

Then I went away to make peace with my poor, snubbed, heart-broken little wife, who was crying her heart out; and, as I said before, I have never been jealous since.

P. S.—I think Betsy Jane played me false, after all, and told the story.

**Ben Franklin's Code.**

He who can master his early hours has won the battle of life. Some one has wisely said that "Time is the stuff which life is made of." Benjamin Franklin's plan for disciplining his life was a good one. He formed the following scale of the virtues, defining each, and devoting special attention to one virtue each week:

**Temperance**—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.

**Silence**—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

**Order**—Let each part of your business have its time.

**Resolution**—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

**Frugality**—Make no expense but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

**Industry**—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

**Sincerity**—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

**Justice**—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

**Moderation**—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

**Cleanliness**—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.

**Tranquility**—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

**Humility**—Imitate Jesus Christ.

**Sunbeams.**

A go-between—Ham in a sandwich.

A Door Belle—a pretty and attractive maid servant.

Love's warning cry—"Don't, Jack; you hurt my vaccination."

According to the Darwinian theory our ancestors were all tail-bearers.

An exchange says—"Listen to your wife." How can one help one's self?

Butcher—"Porterhouse steak, madam?"

New Landlady—"No, boarding-house."

"What is your idea of love, Mr. Sinwick?" "Three meals a day and well cooked."

Women swallow flattery as babies swallow batons, without any idea of the trouble that may follow.

A new word has been coined which is probably come to stay—hellogram—meaning a message by telephone.

**Plantation Philosophy.**

No person is lazy 'cause he don't want money, but because he don't wantter work.

I don't like de man what passes me in de road widout speakin'. De dog dat wout neider growl nor wag his tail ain't no earthy er connt.

In de bus'ness o' life a man 'ma's' older go up er come down. 'Dar ain't no stand-still. De sun don't stay at twelve er clock more den er minute.

De berry man what kaint stan' good luck is de berry man what granbles 'cause he ain't got nuttin'.

"I know the contents of that letter," said I.

"There now," said Betsy Jane, "I told her you'd find out. But you don't mind, do you? It's a great deal commoner than you'd think, and she's only got two. Some young ladies has a whole lot."

"Two!" I gasped. "Unhappy girl! I only knew of one."

"Why, I've got four," said Betsy Jane, "and I'd tell anybody."

"Hardened young woman!" said I.

"But I am no longer deceived, that is one comfort. I will send that woman back to her parents with you."

Betsy Jane stared at me.

"I think you're crazy, Mr. Palmer," she said. "So much better looking and younger as she is than you, now! And you've got a whole upper set, I believe. So there, now!" She stopped and laughed.

"I believe you're misled somehow," she said. "You don't think that letter was one from missus's old beaux?"

"I have read a portion of the letter," I said, fiercely. "I have it there."

"Oh," said Betsy Jane. "I have got