

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1886.

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The Acton Free Press

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE, SIX MONTHS, 30 CTS.
THREE MONTHS, 15 CTS.
Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance, the paper will be charged. No paper returned if not paid for in advance. All arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS PAPER is published for the Proprietor by H. P. Moore, at No. 118, N. York St., New York.

Business Directory

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

C. F. STACEY, M.D., C.M., graduate 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.

C. C. McKINLAY, L.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called "Vitalized 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—Avenue's Hotel.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS.
Vitalized 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.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO.
Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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

W. A. McLEAN, HUGH McMILLAN,

M. E. MITCHELL,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. Office—First door west of the Champion office, Main Street, Milgrove. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Toronto and Georgetown. Offices—Creechman's Block, Georgetown, and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

W. T. ALLAN, J. SHILTON, D.A., J. BAIRD, D.A.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
Barristers & Solicitors. Offices—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

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

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

W. M. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Post 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.
GUELPH, ONT.
Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

JOHN J. DALY,
(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)
Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased, Money loaned for parties in Mortgage and other securities. Conveyancing in all branches, property and realty done at 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 waiting farms in Ontario will be sent direct through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our clients. 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 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.

ACTON BANKING CO.,

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.

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 & Hamilton)

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 and Lath.

Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. 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.

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 Plow Company, we would inform the public that we are prepared to take

CONTRACTS FOR BUILDING
—ALSO—
DRESSING FLOORING, SETTING 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 will mail receive prompt attention.

Kindly soliciting a share of public patronage, we are respectfully yours,
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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, Shorthand Writers, Correspondents, or Telegraph Operators. Students received special practical training for the efficient conduct of business affairs, and are given full information, address

M. McCORMICK, Principal.
14-6m

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

HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, Casp. Davidson,
President. Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

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

CHEAP AND GOOD SLEIGHS

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
Well-made, well-painted sled, 65c., for 40c.
Extra large, three bench, handsome, \$1.25, for 85c.
The \$1.75 Clipper for \$1.20; the \$1.00 Clipper for 60c.
Baby Sled, fine box, handles, carpeted, \$1.50, 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 one day all extend 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

Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Biscuits and Confectionery of all kinds, Iceing 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 Comm. Crotal, Fleasuro, or Company Rig, 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 28, 1886.

POETRY

WEIGHING SUGAR AND BUTTER.

Old Farmer Ray came home one day
(With groceries from the Center;
And jumping from his queer old shay,
He called out, like a Stentor,
"Ho, there! Bring out the steelyards, Ruth!
I'm some mistrustful, I am,
Friend Barton's scales don't tell the truth,
And I'm a-going to try 'em."

So then his wife the steelyards brought,
And Farmer Ray proceeded
To weigh each article he'd bought,
To see if justice was needed.
To make it of the proper weight,
And, lo! the trial ended.
The sugar lacked just one pound, eight,
Of what had been pretended.

Into his shay jumped Farmer Ray,
And whirled around in a jiffy,
Then out the door, and down the way
He started off, as if he
Were riding for his life. "I'll teach
Theascal to cheat me, sir!"
He muttered. "I'll make him a speech,
As sure as my name sits 'neath!"

Arrived before the Center store,
He roughly shouted, "Come, sir, sit!"
To Robin; then turned towards the door,
To seek the guilty grocer.
There, at his desk, Friend Barton stood,
So smiling, fat and ruddy,
One foot at once he was too good
To injure anybody.

"Oho! Back ago you, Farmer Ray?"
Pleasantly quoth friend Barton;
"Left nothing that I bought here, hey?
Well, now, I felt right sartin—
But here the farmer cut him short;
"Yes, sir," he cried, "I've hit it,
I did leave something that I bought,
And I've come back to get it!"

"I'll like to know," continued he,
"Though well-nigh choked with choler,
How much white sugar, usually,
You sell for a dollar?"
"Ten pounds, eh? Then you just weigh this:
Two dollars' worth complete, it
Purveys to be; but if it is,
Then I'll agree to—eat it!"

With this he threw the sugar down
Before him and awaited
His answer, with a threatening frown.
The grocer, thus heard, answered:
"Looked up, apparently,
Although his mouth was working
Obligingly, and in his eye
A humorous gleam seemed lurking."

"What, neighbor Ray, I've mean to say
There's less than twenty pounds there?
Well, now, I'm funny, as you see,
Why, neighbor, I'll be bound there,
I'll tell you how I know it:
You'll grant that this, if anything,
Is evidence to show—"

"You brought some butter in to-day,
All into balls made nicely,
Just twenty of them, said to weigh
A pound apiece precisely.
Well, when I look 'em from the pail,
I see 'em all to be the heaviest,
I put all twenty in one scale,
And weighed your sugar in 't'other."

"An' so you see it used to be right,
An' you luv'd me an' a niter
Mistake. However, if you ain't quite
Convinced, I'll sit that butter—
"I don't do that! I say you won't!"
Quickly explained the farmer.
"I asure you, there ain't no need of it!
Where! Ain't it growin' warmer?"

He paused, and stood and wiped his brow,
With his immense handkerchief.
A very different person now,
In look and tone he came.
A sickly smile replaced his frown,
And 'twas as voice of thunder
In which (with eyes that would drop down)
He owned he'd made a blunder.

"You're right, you're right!" The plain as day!
I was mistaken," said he.
"I'll weigh it, I must be on my way!
I've stayed too long already."
So saying, he humbly took once more,
From where he'd lately thrown it,
The sugar, and went out the door,
As if he had not shrewd it.

"Wall," said the grocer, watching this
Exit with quite a leer,
"I guess them butter-balls of his
Will weigh a pound hereafter."

"Wall," said the farmer, in his shay,
"Fondling the case, the fact is,
I've had a lesson in weighing to-day
I'm 'goin' to put in practice."

OUR STORY.

A Leaf From Two Lives.

"I will not deny it any longer, Richard,
this life is growing miserable! I am
sure I am getting to hate it more and more
every day!"

She spoke in a quick, nervous way, as if
a little ashamed of her words, and yet there
was a look of stubborn defiance in her soft
eyes.

She made a pretty picture standing there
in the dark, green woods, her brown hair
catching little gleams of gold from the sun-
shine that filtered down through the inter-
laced boughs overhead, and her cheeks
that had suddenly flushed hotly under such
strange, powerful emotion.

He had been leaning carelessly against a
tree, looking at the slim girlish figure before
him, with something like a smile upon his
handsome sunburnt face, but as her last
words he came swiftly to her side. Placing
a hand on either shoulder, he looked keenly
at her for a moment without speaking. The
smile had faded from his lips and his brown
cheeks had grown pale with a vague feel-
ing and dread.

"You wish to go back?" he said at last
as if in answer to the mute questioning of
her tear-dimmed eyes.

She drew her breath quickly, and his
eyes dropped before the utter misery in the
own.

"If I have made a mistake, understand
that it was because I loved you so," he said,
his hands tightening about her shoulders.

"I love you too well to give you up—and
yet I never deceived you in anything; you
know that, dear. I pictured to you just
what life shared with me would be, yet you
were willing and eager to come."

"Because I was foolish enough to be-
lieve that I could brighten the darkest spot
into a bow of beauty; because I was weak

enough to imagine that life with you, even
in this dreary wilderness, would be a para-
dise."

She spoke with exceeding bitterness,
meeting his look of sad reproach with one
of scornful anger and disdain.

"And only one year of this life has suf-
ficed to convince you of your mistake. Am
I not right?" he asked with outward calm-
ness, though his heart was beating with the
strange new pain.

"It has taught me this, that even your
love and tender care cannot satisfy the
cravings of my heart. What right had you
to bring me here?" she asked, with sudden
passion. "You might have known that I
could never learn to be satisfied in this
wretched place."

"I must have been mad!" he cried, more
to himself, than to the woman before him.
Then, with sudden, remorseful tenderness,
he drew her close to his heart, and, looking
down into her tear-stained face, said:

"Believe me when I tell you that the
weight of my heart has been to make you
happy. Has my love been so selfish, dear,
that it has failed to satisfy you? Can it
be that in my own blind madness I have
cheated myself into the belief that you, too,
were content? With the knowledge of your
unhappiness before me I would give my life
to undo the wrong I did you in marrying
you and bringing you to this lonely place,
if I could believe that you really meant
all you said a moment ago."

The last words were spoken with almost
a sob. He had withdrawn his hands from
her shoulders, and stood tall and erect be-
fore her, his face grave and white with in-
ward pain.

"It is too late to wish for freedom, you
know that," she exclaimed, bitterly.

"I have been dreaming for a year—
dreaming that you cared for me; that you
were content and happy—and now—"

He broke off suddenly and leaned against
the tree. His face wore the dazed look of
one who had received a mortal blow. The
world, which only a little while ago had
glowed fair and smiling, had suddenly
grown gray. Even the songs of the birds in
the trees overhead seemed to his dulled
senses but harsh, discordant sounds.

"The fault was mine as well as yours, I
suppose, and yet I cannot retract the words
I have just spoken," she said, coldly, mov-
ing a step farther away. "Oh, if you could
only be made to understand just how bitter-
ly my heart rebels against this wretched
existence," she said, in quick, passionate
tones.

"I think I understand," he said,
bitterly, looking straight into her rebel-
lous eyes, "and I will do what is right
and best."

There was nothing to hope for, nothing
to do but to live out this miserable life,
he said, in a despairing tone.

"Give me time to think," he said, lifting
his hand to his forehead. "It is all so
sudden, so hard to believe, and—perhaps
to-night—I may think of some plan to give
you back the freedom you so desire."

All that day he walked and thought as
one in a dream, feeling nothing of that
gladness and freedom which belong to youth
and health and strength, so long sought
and the fairness of that soft June day. And
when at nightfall he dragged himself slowly
homeward it seemed to him that the very
silence of death hung over everything.
There was no light in the little home far up
among the hills, no gleam of white dress
through the deepening gloom—no one to
greet him at the door. And when he en-
tered there was only a brief note to tell him
that which his heart had feared and
dreaded and fought against through the
long hours just ended.

"I am going away," she wrote. "When
I left you this morning, full of anger and
bitterness, I little thought I should so soon
obtain my heart's great wish. I found my
brother at the house waiting for me, wait-
ing to take me away from this wretched
place back to the dear old home and the old
sweet life I long for so. I cannot wait to
bid you good-bye. I dare not wait. The
sight of your sorrowful face might cause me
to alter my decision, and, Richard, I want
to go back."

"Besides, after what passed between us
this morning, life could never be quite the
same to either of us again. And if it has
given you pain to know that I have been
miserable, will it make you less unhappy to
know that I am leaving this life happily,
gladly, and with no regret save that you
will be alone and wretched. Yet that you
will be in time—you must forget me. It
is better so."

He read it over and over again, every let-
ter stamping itself on heart and brain in
lines of fire. Could it be her hand that
 penned those cruel words? Had the feign-
ed happiness which she secretly brought
freedom? Was love that master of his own
all? Yet what did it matter if his own
hopes were lost since she had gained her
wish? Had he not told her that his only
desire was to make her happy?

"The past year has been but a dream, a
dream too fair and sweet to last," he told
himself in the first bitterness of his despair.
And he took up the burden of life again;
not with the gladness of hopeful youth, but
with the strange mad unrest that follows
despair, the feverish energy that sometimes
serves as a shield against bitter memories.

He had not anticipated the days or even the
months that had passed since she left him.
He only knew that the days had been long
and lonely, and that somehow he had man-
aged to live them. He remembered, in a
vague, dim way, that twice the spring had
come and gone since she went away, for
twice he had counted the buds on her lilac
tree and watched them burst into fragrant
blossoms. Twice had the roses bloomed and
faded in her little garden, and now they
were fading again; yet to him all the sea-
sons were the same, because for many
months he had known but one—the cold,
cheerless winter of the heart.

Outside, a gray sky overhead and the
steady fall of winter rain; inside, the glow
of a cheerful fire, before which he sat, ob-

livi-
He had been reading, but the book had
fallen at his feet, and he was sleeping—a
deep, sweet, troubled sleep.

He had been dreaming, too, for a year
had trickled down and lay on his haggard
cheek.

He stirred uneasily and murmured some-
thing in his sleep, but did not wake, when
the sudden opening of the door let in a gust
of wind that scattered the ashes over the
hearth and fanned the fire into a furious
flame. It was not until a soft hand was
laid on his own, and warm, sweet kisses fell
on his face, that he awoke to find her kneel-
ing by his chair, the old remembered love-
light shining in her eyes, though it shone
through a mist of tears.

"I have come back," she said, softly, up-
heeding his bewildered look, and lifting his
hand lovingly to lay it against her warm
cheek.

"Oh, my love! my love! I can you
guess how my heart has hungered for a
sight of your face? How through these
long, weary years, I have prayed day and
night that He would spare my life that I
might come back and say, 'Forgive me,
Richard! I dare not pray for more.
Richard, the old home life has lost its
charm, and it was not long before I learned
to understand that I could never be happy
without your love. I have given up every-
thing to be with you again to share your
poverty, if you will let me, dear."

"I dreamed every night that you had
come back, but I always awoke to despair,"
he said, the look of doubt and perplexity
deepening in his eyes.

"I was mad when I threw away my hap-
piness that day," she said, with sad humil-
ity, laying her soft cheek against his big-
gared one. "Can you ever forgive me, Rich-
ard, for the pain and sorrow I have caused
you?"

"I have dreamed so often, so often," he
said, looking at her with anxious eyes.
"Tell me am I dreaming now?"

"It is no dream," she answered, softly.

"Oh, Richard, my husband, can't you un-
derstand that I am never to leave you—that
I have learned at last to love you?"

The light of great happiness broke over
his face.

"The waiting has been long and bitter,"
he said, holding her close to his breast.

"There was no word of reproach for the
suffering she had caused."

"You are sure, quite sure, you have for-
given me—sure that you love me still?"
she asked, anxiously.

"For answer he drew her closer to his
breast."

"There is no need to tell you what your
heart has learned at last to understand, my
love, my love!"

Sam Jonesisms.

If you sow whisky you reap drunkards.
A man who will swear before his chil-
dren is a brute.

The truth follows from a good man like
mosses from a log.

A good man is like a city set upon a hill,
you can't hide him.

Some of you men have sowed enough
seed to damn the world.

I have great contempt for a man who
has the time to play cards.

A man who gets drunk will steal if he is
not too much afraid of the jail.

Most of you don't care if your neighbor
goes hungry so you have enough.

Live so your children may put their feet
in your tracks and be honorable.

There's a merchant in this town who
tells the truth, and he's mighty lonesome.

The man who don't laugh needs a liver
medicine