

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1886.

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The Acton Free Press

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR.....\$1.00
THREE MONTHS......50 CTS.
Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance \$1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discounted till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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Advertisements, without specific directions will be inserted till closed 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. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. Y. Sturton, 100 Front Street East, Toronto. It is also on file at the Acton Free Press Office, 100 Front Street East, Acton, Ontario.

Business Directory.

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

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., graduate of Trinity College, Fellow of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office—Campbell's Hotel.

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

A. C. MCKINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon
Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Nitrous Oxide) for all dental work 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.

J. STURTON, L. D. S., M.R.C.D.S.,
Ontario, Honor Graduate of Trinity College of Dental Surgery. (Successor to C. B. Hayes, L.D.S.) Artificial teeth inserted on Rubber, Celluloid, Gold or Aluminium, and satisfaction guaranteed. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered. Fees moderate. Appointments made by letter. Office—Tovell's Block, opposite P. O., Guelph.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto,
Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. OFFICE—In Kenny Bros. book and shoe store—residence in the rear. Has examined as to soundness, and certifies if given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

MCLEAN & MCMILLAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private Funds to Loan. OFFICE—Town Hall, Acton.

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

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Toronto and Georgetown. OFFICES—Greenman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.

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

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

JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MASTEN,
WILLIAM LADLAW, GEORGE KAPPELLE.

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

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED ACTON AGENT. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Post Office, Acton, or at my private 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.

SURVEYOR—JOHN DAVIS, Provincial Land Surveyor and G. E. Guelph. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Office—38 Perth St., Guelph.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT. GUELPH, ONT. OFFICE—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

JOHN J. DALEY, (Successor to Thompson & Jackson.) Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money loaned for parties in Mortgage and other security. 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 agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good shampoo, an excellent shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair neatly cut.

J. P. WOODEN, Tonsorial Artist.

ACTON BANKING COY.,

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 parts of Great Britain and the Continent at very lowest rates. Buy the tickets here if sending for friends.

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

ALL THE FARMERS AND OTHERS

Having crippled horses, will do well to call on

GEO. STODDARD,

Who is prepared to remove Ringbones, Spavins, Curbs and Splints, Without injuring the horse. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge.

GEO. STODDARD, Creel's Old Stand, Acton.

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 Wood Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood-Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

JAMES BROWN.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Burned Out, But Not Destroyed.

HAVING perfected arrangements for the rebuilding of the

PLANING MILL

at the head of River Street, recently destroyed by fire, and purchased new machinery, we would inform the public that on or about the 1st of May we will be in a better position than ever to supply their wants in the shape of

DRESSING LUMBER, SHRETTING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c.

Also in the meantime, Pumps will be repaired, and General Jobbing done as usual

Thanking you for past favors and hoping by strict attention to business and reasonable prices to merit an increased share of 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, shorthand Writers, Correspondents, or Telegraph Operators. Students received at any time. For circular and catalogue, giving full information, address

M. McCORMICK, Principal.

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, Chas. Davidson, President. Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

Telephone connection.

FLORAL VIEW

Greenhouses,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

THE newest and choicest Plants and Cut Flowers, Wholesale and Retail.

Funeral and Wedding Designs prepared on short notice, and shipped safely any weather.

CHOICE NEW

Wall Paper

Borders to Match

Newest Styles, Colorings and elegant designs for 1886.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE

GUELPH.

Best Stock to select from.

Lowest price and best value

at Day's Bookstore.

Day Sales Cheap.

ACTON

Livery & Sale Stables

JOHN STREET, ACTON.

Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.

MR. SMITH has purchased the Livery business of Mr. H. B. McARTHUR, 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, Flour, or Company Rig, can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

Horses Boarded and Sold.

Terms reasonable.

WM. E. SMITH.

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton,

PROPRIETOR.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importer of all kinds of Granite and Marble.

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc. of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, I will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 6 ft. high, \$60, 7 ft. \$75, 8 ft. \$90, 9 ft. \$100, 10 ft. \$120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

DON'T READ THIS.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class

Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood.

Also, FLOUR AND FEED, and anything in the line of farmers', house-keepers' or contractors' necessities.

THOS. C. MOORE.

GENERAL AGENTS

H. J. McDONALD & CO.,

No. 2, Victoria St., Toronto.

Estate & Insurance Agents

Money to loan at six per cent. Houses rented. Business chances.

Chattel Mortgages, Promissory Notes and other Securities Negotiated. Valuations, &c.

Farms or other properties sold or exchanged.

Call at FREE PRESS Office.

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.

A GIFT

Sent 10 cents postage, and we will mail you a royal valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making money at once, than anything else in America. Both spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Pay no more for those who start at once. STURTON & CO., Portland, Maine.

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1886.

POETRY.

THE SUGAR GAME.

The sugar camp that I have in mind was reached by paths that downward wind from fertile fields to the valleys, where the maple held out their arms in air.

The freezing frost and the melting sun brought boys and girls, mixed toil and fun: The toll was to empty the filling trough, And the fun was had in the "sugaring off."

The sap was boiled in the freezing night, And the boys and girls in the glaring light would sit and sing, or walk and "spark," Where trees cast shadows long and dark.

The sap in the pot that boiled and steamed was not so sweet, and the fire that gleamed 'neath the iron pot had not such glow. As the love their hearts had come to know.

'Tis years since then and the maple trees are dead to stuns and the frost that freezes, But love goes on, as in other days, For love has a hundred thousand ways.

OUR STORY.

Dick Minturn's Lesson.

"Good news, Dora!" cried Dick Minturn, as he came in from the office one evening. "Mr. Dale has offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best plan of a house for Rosebank; and I am going to try for it. I'm almost sure to win; for none of our fellows are much good at that sort of thing."

Dick was one of the clerks in an architect's office; and he and Dora, his only sister, kept house together in the little cottage which their father had left them, and which Dora made a perfect little paradise of a home. Just opposite them was Rosebank, whose owner, Mr. Warrington, had been abroad some years. The house had been burned down some months before, but the grounds had been kept in beautiful order, and one of Dora's daily pleasures was to stroll through the cool, shady, winding paths, or dream away an hour on the bank of the clear, merry little stream, which was one of the chief charms of the place.

Now Mr. Warrington had written that he was coming home to live; and that Rosebank was to be rebuilt—of which building Mr. Dale, his agent, had charge.

"Oh, Dick, if you will only try in real earnest!" exclaimed Dora, eagerly. "Just think how much we need the money! You can do it, if you only will. I know. Do begin at once."

"Of course I can," said Dick, confidently; "but there's plenty of time; the plans are not to be submitted till the first of the month; so don't worry."

But Dora could not help worrying. She knew Dick's failing as well. He seemed to reverse the old saying, never doing to-day what he could put off till to-morrow.

"If only had Dick's chance!" she said, desperately, as the days went by, and he showed no inclination to begin his work.

Why shouldn't she try? The thought came over and over again. She had studied drawing with her father when Dick did, and far more diligently. To be sure he had all the practice in Mr. Dale's office; but she knew Rosebank by heart, and had built up many dream-castles there, that had to plan a more substantial structure seemed an easy matter.

It wasn't, she found, when she had once begun; but she possessed what Dick lacked—perseverance—and that helped wonderfully. She worked early and late, weaving into her plan those lovely day-dreams with which Rosebank had always inspired her, till it grew into a beauty which was even beyond her brightest fancies.

The last week of the allotted time came, and Dick, thoroughly awakened to the need of haste, and ashamed of his foolish idling, began to work with a feverish energy that prevented his progress.

"What shall I do, Dora?" he exclaimed, petulantly. "I cannot even think, much less put an idea on paper."

His anxiety really made him ill, and on the evening day, when the plan was to be given in, he declared himself unable to leave the house.

Dora had intended to give him her plan then, but, since he could not go, she would send it; so she went out, and called Jimmy Ryan, the watchwoman's boy, who happened to be passing, she sent him with the precious plan, secretly sealed, to Mr. Dale's office, with strict injunctions to deliver it to that gentleman only.

Poor Dick was restless and miserably unhappy.

"It can't be helped now," he said, as he prepared to go to his duties next morning. "Some one has won the prize; I wonder who it is."

What was his amazement to be greeted by Mr. Dale with:

"Well, Dick, my boy, I congratulate you. Your plan is the winning one. It's just perfect! I did not think you could have done it. Were you too modest to bring it yourself yesterday?"

"My plan!" exclaimed Dick, in utter amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean your plan," said Mr. Dale, impatiently. "Here it is, 'D. Minturn.' Don't you know that name?" And he unrolled Dora's paper, and pointed to the name modestly inscribed in a lower corner. "And let me tell you," he added, "that if it had not been for this plan I should have dispensed with your services to-day. You will not deny that you have been idle and careless, leaving your work to do at the last moment, or else leaving it undone, and I cannot put up with that. But this shows what you can do, if you try; I shall hope for even better things hereafter. Now, here is the money; I am very glad, indeed, to give it to you." And he laid ten shining gold pieces on the table before his clerk.

What could Dick do? Except for that threat of losing his position, he would have

told the truth. He knew it was Dora's work. But he could not understand it. Where had she learned to do this? She should have told him; it was not fair. And, man-like, he began to blame some one beside himself. By noon he had worked himself quite into a passion, and rushing home he threw down the money into Dora's lap, exclaiming:

"There! That is yours! If you had taken half the trouble to keep me at my work than you took to do your own, it would have been mine, and I shouldn't have lost my situation."

Unkind, illogical, Dick! As if Dora had not tried her utmost to keep him at his work, helping him at last in her own way, when she could do nothing else.

"Lose your situation, Dick?" she exclaimed, startled at his words. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," answered Dick, roughly, and then he told her what Mr. Dale had said. "I could not tell him the truth then," he continued. "I was so coward. But he must know. And this afternoon—"

"No, Dick! Let me go!" interrupted Dora, impatiently. "I'll tell him. He will not be angry, I am sure. And he must give you another chance; for you'll do better, for my sake, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, not ashamed of the tears that filled his eyes. "It has been a lesson I won't forget. I promise you."

When dinner was over Dora put on her hat and jacket and hastened to see Mr. Dale. She was a privileged visitor to the old gentleman, and—so often before—entered his private office without knocking. He was not alone, and she blushed to see herself confronting a handsome young gentleman, who, she saw at a glance, held her plan in his hand.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dora," said Mr. Dale, kindly. "Can I do anything for you?"

Dora forgot her embarrassment then; forgot everything but that she had come to plead for Dick; and she told him what she had promised already to help; and eagerly she told her story.

"He did not mean to deceive you; he did not know I sent it. Oh, please do not vex and send him away. See, there is the money; take it; and forgive us both."

"So it was your plan, eh?" remarked Mr. Dale, thoughtfully. "Where did you get it from?"

"From my heart, I think," answered Dora, softly, her voice full of gentle reproach. "I love Rosebank so dearly; and I was always building air-castles there for Mr. Warrington, so that I seemed to know just the kind of a house he wanted. Perhaps it was wrong—I meant to tell you sometime—I did it for Dick's sake; won't you forgive him for my sake?"

Before Mr. Dale could reply, the strange gentleman stepped forward.

"Allow me, Dick; this concerns me, I think," he said.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Dale, bowing; "Miss Minturn, this is Mr. Warrington, the master of Rosebank."

Dora turned her sweet face toward him.

"Are you really Roy Warrington? Then you are the 'lord of my castle,'" she said, artlessly. "Won't you intercede for my brother?"

It was all for Dick's sake. He knew that, and answered heartily:

"Indeed, I will, or, if you like better, he shall be my private secretary, with a room in the new house fitted up for his use. Would that please you?"

"It is a part of my dream come true," said happy Dora, with a shy glance at the handsome face beaming over her. Then, as she remembered the rest of her "dream," and how much her words might imply, her eyes fell, and a rosy flush crept over her cheeks, tingling even the fairness of her forehead with its lovely coloring.

Perhaps Roy Warrington guessed what a young girl's day-dream might be. Besides, had she not said he was "lord of her castle"—this charming maiden, whose greatest charm was her perfect unconsciousness of self.

But she had asked his help, and he had promised it. He must let other thoughts wait. He would see her, and learn to know her, by and by.

"Will you trust it all to me?" he said; and Dick, smiling a glad assent, went home to tell Dick the wonderful news.

"It is better than I deserve," he said, humbly; "but I still deserve it."

And so far he has kept his promise nobly. The house is built; that fair structure which Dora planned. When it was finished Roy led her through its beautiful rooms.

"Is it like your dream?" he asked. Then, suddenly: "Oh, Dora, I love you!" he cried, passionately. "Will you share Rosebank with me as my wife? It will not be long else."

She did not answer; she could not. For as she looked up, her soft eyes shining with the love-light that Roy's words had called up from their depths, he stooped and kissed her.

And her dream has all come true.

The Difference in a Year.

"Oh," she sighed, drawing back the curtain and looking out into the back and gruesome night: "It is storming like mad, and he won't come. But he did come—and assured her, as he wound his arm about her waist to support her fragile form or something, that 'nothing less than a storm of dynamite could keep him from the woman he loved better than life itself.'"

A year after marriage he remained down at the club until midnight, and told his wife, upon his return, that he "would have been some earlier, but he looked as if it would pour down rain every minute."

It is not true that gout runs in a family. No one ever saw gout make a decent attempt at walking even.

The Preacher and the Landlord.

When Rev. Dr. Tappan was the agent of the American Home Mission Society he once made a trip through the northeastern part of Maine on horseback. It was before the days of railroads. On arriving at Mattawamkeag, where he was pleasantly entertained, he was told he had better remain over night there, as the place which he intended to make his next station was rather rough and uncomfortable, and the landlord was a rude, blasphemous man, who might not use him well. But Dr. Tappan was anxious to carry out his itinerary as he had planned it, and journeyed on. He arrived at his destination at dusk. The landlord came out, greeted him cordially, took his horse and put him up; hastened in to help entertain his reverend guest, prepared a nice warm supper for him, and was as polite as a lightning-rod agent.

Just before Dr. Tappan retired the landlord and all his family, arranged in procession according to their ages, filed into the room