

The Acton Free Press.

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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. P. Russell & Co., Newsagents, 407 Front Street East, Toronto. It is also on file at the office of the publisher.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., 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., C. M., graduate of Trinity University, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Member of the 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 Vialized 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 Hotel.

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Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—In Kenney Bros. boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given.

JOHNSTON & MCLEAN
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 Clatsop office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
Toronto and Georgetown.

OFFICES—Greenlan's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.

W. T. LEAN, J. SHILTON, J. A. RAIRD, B.A.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
Barristers & Solicitors.

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JOHN BAIN, Q. C., C. A. MASTER,
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HENRY GRISSET, OTTAWA, CANADA.
29 Years Practice. No Patent, No Fee.

W. M. HEMSTREET,
LAWYER & SOLICITOR.

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. Most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT.
Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER,
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

JOHN J. DALEY,
(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)
Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 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 agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

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.

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

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Farms or other properties sold or exchanged.

Call at Free Press Office.

GUELPH—

BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE thoroughly prepared for positions as Bookkeepers, Shorthand-writers, Calligraphers or Telegraph Operators. Students have been in attendance from nine Provinces and States within the past year. Our graduates are meeting with marked success in the commercial centres of Canada and the United States. Rates moderate, accommodations excellent; students may enter at any time. For terms, etc., address
M. McCORMICK,
Principal.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will long 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. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—River kind of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

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

ESTABLISHED 1810.

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.

HELLO!

Pause and Consider

That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building,

Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Millings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.

N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for—

PUMPS
on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your order and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the difference, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

ACTON Livery & Sale Stables
JOHN STREET, ACTON.

Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.

NEW GOODS

DAY'S BOOKSTORE

GUELPH.

25,000 Rolls Wall Paper

100 Sets Lawn Croquet

Car-load Express Waggon

BIG STOCK. LOW PRICES.

Day Sells Cheap.

SUMMER UNDERCLOTHING.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

ALL-WOOL GAUZE, BALBRIGGAN, MERINO, COTTON.

SHAW & GRUNDY

Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

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, 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, 5 ft. high, 30 x 7 ft., \$75.00. 6 ft. high, 30 x 10 ft., \$120.00. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

ACTON MEAT MARKET!

Rutledge & Cresson, BUTCHERS,

Have purchased the business of Mr. R. Holmes, and solicit a share of public patronage.

The members of the firm are practical butchers, and are prepared to ensure their customers thorough satisfaction. There will always be found on hand a full stock of all kinds of meat, &c., in season.

We have settled in Acton to stay, and feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public confidence and support.

Rutledge & Cresson,
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

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' household or contractors' necessities.

THOS. C. MOORE.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1886.

POETRY.

SYMPATHY.

As out into the night we stepped,
And turned our faces toward the town,
The stars (that hitherto had slept
Unseen) looked gaily down;

And the pale moon threw off the cloud
Within whose folds her light was lost,
Awakened by the whisp'ring loud
That thrilled the straggly hood.

For they, their sister, she, her child
Beheld in these O radiant maid,
Thou whom a fairer star ne'er smiled
In heaven, than earthward stray'd!

But when I mark the deep unrest
That lurks within thy lustrous eyes,
I question if that choice was best
Which led thee from the skies;

For there thy steadfast sisters dwell,
Forever bright and strong and free,
Thou mak'st the widow's loss thy own,
And dost her sorrow share.

Whilist thou—who oft'st another part,
And all that glittering state resign'd
To wear on earth a woman's heart
And sympathetic mind—

Must suffer not those ills alone
That even selfish nature bears;
Thou mak'st the widow's loss thy own,
And dost her sorrow share:

Thy neighbor's grief is thine no less,
And solace in his deep distress
Draws from thy sympathy.

Thus others' burdens lighter grow
Whilist thine are doubled: Ay, but He
Who set the stars in heaven doth know
What thy reward shall be!

—Century Magazine.

OUR STORY.

THE HEIRESS OF RUSHTON MANOR.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It was a pretentious name in a republican country, but Rushton Manor was a most superb country residence. I think the owner himself did not realize how many thousands it cost, as he added conservatory, billiard-room, hot-house, aviary and other trifles here and there, to the original magnificent dwelling, or beautified with all the modern improvements the extensive grounds. But the most magnificent of homes cannot close its doors to one dead visitor, and a day came when Thomas Rushton had to be placed in a close-fitting casket, and Ethel Rushton, his orphan niece, became heiress to all the splendors of Rushton Manor and a noble income, and her cousin, Tom, the millionaire's only son, was disinherited, with the mockery of a legacy of five hundred dollars.

And it is with Mrs. Owen Carroll and her only son, a rising young lawyer, not yet thirty years of age, that my story has to do at first. She was an essentially worldly woman, nearsighted, but carrying her years gracefully under all the modern devices for concealing the ravages of time upon the feminine face and form. He was a tall, handsome man, with a frank, sunny face, a true, manly heart, and a strong, well-cultivated brain. A man who promised to make his mark in the world, but lacking the worldly wisdom of his mother, being generous to a fault, and looking upon money as a "means, not an end."

They were in Thomas Rushton's library, two years after his death, the son pacing slowly up and down, the mother leaning negligently back in a deep arm-chair, and screwing her face from the glow of the open grate fire.

It was her clear, well-modulated voice that broke a long silence.

"Why do you not tell me, Owen, how your wooing succeeded? Have you won the heiress?"

"I wish you would not speak so of my love for Ethel, mother. Her money is not an attraction to me, but a drawback. If I did not love her so dearly, it would be an insurmountable barrier between us."

"Sentimental! You are dreadfully like your father. But Ethel? Did she refuse you?"

"She will give me a decided answer when we return from our drive. Ah! there is the carriage now."

"And here is Ethel," said Mrs. Carroll, as a little figure came swiftly down the staircase and into the library. "Are you well wrapped up, dear?" she asked, as Ethel came in.

"Very warmly, Auntie. My furs are warm enough for a Russian winter. Are you ready, Owen?"

"At your service," was the reply, as Owen's eyes rested lovingly upon the soft, dark eyes, clustering brown curls, and winsome smile of the girl he loved. She was not beautiful, by no means possessing such beauty as he could claim, yet her face was one to win love by its sweetness, and to hold forever the affection it gained.

They drove slowly down the wide avenue and into the road, and then Ethel said:

"I want you to drive just where I direct, Owen, and stop when I tell you. Only a short drive, not two miles from her stately home, followed, before the horses were drawn up before a tiny cottage. Here Ethel alighted, and Owen, after fastening the horses, followed her, wondering why, into the house.

An old woman received them, answering Ethel's pleasant greeting with:

"It's a summer's day when you come to see me, dearie."

"I want you to see my old home, Owen," Ethel said, earnestly—"the house where I lived with my mother until she died and Uncle Thomas sent for me to live at Rushton Manor. We were very poor, dear, in those days," she added, as they stood together in the little parlor, "but my uncle was very kind to us, and when my mother died this cottage and four hundred dollars a year were all I could call my own. It was a very modest fortune, Owen," she said, in a wistful tone that puzzled him.

"It was not much, to be sure," he said, gravely, "but you were not long limited to that."

"No, and yet—Owen, what I want to say to you is a long story, yet it must be told. You know that my uncle disinherited his only son, to make me his heiress. Tom offended him by marrying one of the sweetest women I ever met, whose only crime was poverty. She was a teacher in the seminary where I was educated, and I love her next my own mother. They were not very young lovers, for Tom is past forty. Past forty, Owen, and had never done any harder work than help his father about the care of the estate, when he was thrust out of his inheritance. My uncle's anger was still bitter when I went to live with him, although I had been married five years, and was struggling with bitter poverty. Owen, I did try, prayfully and most earnestly, to reconcile them, this father and son."

"I am sure you did, my darling. I am very sure it was by no wish of your own you took your cousin's inheritance."

"All my efforts were of no avail," continued Ethel, earnestly, "until Uncle Thomas was stricken down with paralysis. It was not until after he had the second stroke, and lay helpless and speechless, that I saw he wished for something more than all I offered him. The day before he died I was sitting near him, when he fixed his eyes upon Tom's picture, turned away before he faced the wall, and then upon me, with an unspoken prayer in their imploring look. I turned the picture, so that he could see his own face, and by his look of gratitude I knew I was on the right way to find out his wishes. I asked him if he wished to see Tom, and he made, what I had learned before, was his sign of assent. Still, after I wrote to Tom, and read the letter to him, promising to send it at once, he looked troubled. Then it flashed over me that it was the will that was grieving him. I knew all about it, but I could not bring it to my uncle to destroy, because his lawyer in New York had possession of it. But upon my knees I promised him that as soon as I came of age I would restore his son's inheritance. Already I had sent him the forgiveness I read in the dying eyes, and I knew by the peace that followed my promise, by the added love in my uncle's eyes, that I had taken the last weight from his heart. Owen, you asked me to day to be your wife. I will not answer you until you fully understand that I shall keep my promise. My cousin Tom knows that on this day I am of age, eight December, he can enter his old home, obtain his father's will, and my mother's fortune intact of this cottage and my mother's income."

Owen Carroll looked down at the sweet, grave face, raised to meet his eyes, with no loss of love, no shrinking back from his proposal.

"Understanding this fully, Ethel, and most cordially approving of your noble generosity, I ask you again to give me your love—to be my wife. I cannot give you such a home as Rushton Manor, my darling; and if you had never known any other life than the one you lived, I should have hesitated before asking you to leave it. But I am not a pauper, and my wife need not fear poverty while my brain is clear and my arm is strong. You lived without luxury, dear, with your mother. Can you live so again with me?"

She was sobbing in his arms, only then conscious of how the fear her wealth had induced him had been deep in her heart.

"With your love," she whispered, "I can be happy anywhere."

Mrs. Carroll was against when matters were explained, though she saw a ray of hope of "Owen's success" in Ethel's resolution to defer the wedding until after the cause of age and had resigned her legacy.

Five years after the interview in the tiny cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Carroll and two bonny boys were breakfasting in a comfortable room in a modest house. Mr. Carroll was at ease with fortune; by no means wealthy, but adding every year to an income that already secured comfort in his home.

Mrs. Carroll the elder, after vainly trying to make her son break his engagement, had once more taken a wife's duties upon herself, and married an elderly suitor, whose wealth gave her every opportunity she desired for the display of the newest fashions upon her stately form and in her handsome home.

Breakfast was nearly over when letters were brought in. "Owen for Mrs. Carroll, on being opened, meant that lady's sweet face take an odd gravity."

"Owen," she said, after sending the boys to their nursery, "have you ever regretted the loss of Uncle Rushton's fortune?"

"Never! I thought your cousin was not very generous in falling to settle something upon you out of so large an estate. But we have not suffered for that omission, Ethel."

"But it would be a grand thing to turn the boys loose in that garden, Owen; to know you had leisure for studies you love better than dry law books; to buy new things without carefully considering the necessities of the old ones."

"Ethel Ethel!" her husband cried in a shocked, pained voice, "I never imagined you were discontented."

"I never was, but for one hour, not for one moment. But, Owen, my uncle's fortune has come back to me. For Tom died last week! He never recovered from the shock of his wife's sudden death, and, having no children, he has made me, once more, the heiress of Rushton Manor."

Pen Graphs.

The state is the child of the pen and the sword.

That is a poor pen which does not provoke thought.

The pen is a helpless tool—its power is the writer's brain.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, how about the pin?

The pen that scribbles bad thoughts finds few unpaid defenders.

The glory of the pen is ancient. The press is the pen of to-day.

The world's heroes of the pen are honored before those of the sword.

The fanny pen will find its lovers, according as it is pure and sensible.

The pen and the brain are but the servants of the spirits controlling them.

Much of the pen's best work is done by women—they at least write valiantly.

The power of the pen was never set too high. It molds the men who wield the sword.

The nation shows its progress more in its honor to the pen than its forts, seaports, or floating bomb-proofs.

A good deal has been said on the subject of death that is morbid—much more that is commonplace and conventional.

The pen loses its power when it ceases to be truthful, as the sword its honor when it ceases to contend for the right—Chicago Ledger.

Curse of Slang.

"Mumie," said a grammar school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?"

"Oh, yes," gushed Mumie; and it is too lovely for anything—a Princess slip of white satin, the back cut off a little below the waist line, and full bunches of silk gathered so as to hang gracefully over the shoulders, and three bias ruffles on the—

"Why, what are you talking about?" interrupted her friend. "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?"

"Er—no," said Mumie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have begun it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax."

"What's the subject?"

"The Curse of Slang."

"Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?"

"Difficult? Well, I should giggle! I'll have to hump myself to get it finished in time for the Commencement, and I've got a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the Professor's optic by pleading ill-health, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin! But come, waltz up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. I'll paralyze you."

He Took the Others.

A gentleman who paid the best prices for his provisions and who liked to live as well as did his neighbors, was once deceived by his poultry in the age of some poultry he bought. Meeting the dealer a few days afterward he walked up to his wagon and enquired:

"Oh, yes," said the poultryer, "a fine lot."

"How many have you got?"

"A dozen—nice ones." The customer turned them over and then he asked:

"Now, you see, I've got a pesky lot of fellows at my house, and they eat a great deal of poultry. Haven't you got any tough ones?"

"Well, yes," said the dealer, picking them over. "There's one, two, three, four, five of 'em."

"Is that all the tough ones you've got?"

"Yes, that's all," said the dealer, separating them.

"Well, then, I reckon on the whole," continued the buyer, "that I'll take the other lot." The poultryer looked thoughtful, and, like most thoughtful people, was silent.—Yacht's Companion.

A Testing Time.

Next year will decide the fate of the Scott Act in Ontario. If the electors act as they have done in the past, the temperance question will receive a blow from which it will not recover for many years. If the supporters of the Scott Act allow municipal councillors, and members of Parliament to be elected who are unfavorable to the Act, the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs will remain, and the electors will take the first opportunity to repeal the Act in the Counties in which it is now in force. It will then be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to get them to adopt the Act again. Let us then bend all our energies to the securing of temperance men for municipal councillors at next election, and also for pledged prohibitionists for members of Parliament at the coming general elections for the House of Commons.—Hamilton Times.

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chlorine Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaint."

"Mamma," said Johnny, still smarting from a shingle application, "is the roof of anything on top of it?" "Of course it is," she said shortly. "And don't shingles always go on the roof?" "Certainly they do." Then Johnny was silent for quite a while. Finally he said, in a quavering voice: "Mamma, ain't my roof sprung down?"—Washington Chronicle.