

The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press
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—AT THE—
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ACTON, ONTARIO

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Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted in the usual places, and on the day specified. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Change 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 read on street corners, and in all public places, and is sent free of charge to all who apply for it. It is published by the Free Press Power Printing House, Acton, Ontario.

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., C. M., graduate of Trinity University, Fellow 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 Vitallium Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patron may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Will visit Acton every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office—Acquies Hotel.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto.
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JOHNSTON & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private Funds to Loan. Office:—Town Hall, Acton.

E. F. B. JOHNSON, W. A. McLEAN.

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

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

Offices—Crescent Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
Barristers & Solicitors.

Offices—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JOHN DAY, Q. C., C. A. MASTER.
WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE KAPPEL.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.

HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
29 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

W. M. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED ARCHITECT

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.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT.
GUELPH, ONT.

Office:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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 neat and promptly done.

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(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)

Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money loaned for parties in mortgages 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 descriptions through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our life. 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 exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair (tastily cut).

J. P. WOODEN, Tonsorial Artist.

JAMES STIRTON, L. D. S., DENTIST.
Honor Graduate and Member of the Ontario College of Dental Surgery.

Painless Extraction, or no charge.
Artificial teeth, perfect in appearance and use, \$5.00 per set. Written guarantee with every set.

Office—Tovell's Block, opp. P. O., Guelph.

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.

Albert College,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

CHARTERED and opened in 1857. Over 3,000 pupils have been in attendance; 100 students enrolled last year, representing BURTNESS COLLEGE, MARYTON, MICHIGAN; NEW YORK, ONTARIO and QUEBEC; 87 diplomas and certificates awarded, including Matriculation, Music, Fine Arts, Commercial Science, Collegiate and Teachers' Courses. Fall Term begins Sept. 7th, 1886. For annual catalogue, etc., address Rev. W. P. DYER, M. A., Pres.

—GUELPH—
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits. Graduates eminently successful as Accountants, Clerks, Managers, Shorthand Writers, Clerks, Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada and the United States. Moderate rates, thorough, practical work and courteous treatment characterize the institution. Ladies admitted to all the advantages of the College.

Splendid facilities afforded for the acquisition of French and German. For information address
M. MACCORMICK,
Principal.

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. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of other kinds of Lumber, also First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

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.

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 Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and dispatch.

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

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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, Farmers, or Company Waggon, can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

Horses Boarded and Sold.

Terms reasonable.

WM. E. SMITH.

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.

GUELPH

CLOTH HALL.

SHAW & GRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors,

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR

FIRST INSTALMENT

FALL GOODS

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, 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, \$50, 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 me before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

—ACTON—

MEAT MARKET!

Rutledge & Crosson,
BUTCHERS.

Have purchased the business of Mr. B. 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 located in Acton to stay, and feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public confidence and support.

Rutledge & Crosson.
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', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.

THOS. O. MOORE.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1886.

POETRY.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN.

Not costly dress, nor queenly air;
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;
Not graceful form, nor lofty tread,
Nor paint, nor curls, nor splendid head;
Not pearls, nor teeth, nor sparkling eyes;
Not voice that nightingale outvies;
Not breath as sweet as eglantine;
Not gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine;
Not all the stores of fashion's mart,
Nor yet the blandishments of art;
Not one, nor all of these combined,
Can make one woman, true, refined.

'Tis not the caress that we prize,
But that which in the pocket lies,
These outward charms that please the sight,
Are naught unless the heart be right.
Must make her beauty goodness blend;
Must make her form incessant care
To deck herself with jewels rare;
Of priceless gems not to be missed,
In robes of richest beauty dressed;
Yet these must clothe the inward mind,
In purity the most refined.

She who doth all these goods combine
Can man's rough nature well refine;
Hath all she needs in this frail life
To fit for mother, sister, wife.
Contentment dwell within her mind,
And peace doth there a lodgment find,
He who possesses such a friend,
Should cherish well till death doth end.

Woman, in line, the mate should be,
To sail with man o'er life's rough sea;
And when the stormy cruise is o'er,
Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.

OUR STORY.

A POORMAN'S WIFE.

"My choice is made at last, Sister Belle. Now I am ready for blame or praise from others, but I want your approval."

The older sister looked at a couple of open letters lying on the writing-desk before which the speaker sat, her cold gray eyes softening a little as she replied:

"If you tell me which of the two you have chosen I can answer you."

"You ought to know without being told," Stella laughed. "Clarence, of course."

Belle Lawson looked serious.

"Stella, I am sorry. Not that I bear Clarence Henshaw any ill-will, but, child, you are not fit to be a poor man's wife. Remember you are proud and have been reared in ease and comfort. Follow my advice and marry Harry Lakeman."

"Stella look her head," she said, "No, Belle, I wouldn't marry Harry Lakeman if he was a hundred times richer than he is."

She slipped a picture into its envelope after a long view.

"It is a lovely place," she sighed, "and I would like to live there."

The sister was watching, and, stooping, kissed the smooth, white brow, while she said:

"Don't be too hasty, Stella. If you forget this pretty home of Harry Lakeman's, accept it."

"But I love Clarence. I prefer a cottage with him to a mansion with Harry."

Miss Lawson turned to the window with a sorry look. Some sweet dream of her childhood was in her memory, perhaps, but she held it worse than folly to indulge in regrets. Love, in her estimation, was no balance in the scale for wealth.

"Stella," she continued, very gravely, "I have acted the part of a mother for many years; my wish has ever been that you form a wealthy marriage. I know you love luxury, you enjoy display, and I am not saying too much when I add that your worship beautiful apparel. Harry Lakeman can give you all of these. Clarence Henshaw cannot. As his wife you will be subjected to all manner of privations; be obliged to live a commoner's life; stint and economize and manage the best you can. How long will that suit a girl of your tastes? Think well of it. I shall let you have your own choice in regard to this marriage."

"My mind is made up, my dear Belle," Stella responded.

She took up the view, slipping a letter into its envelope as she spoke.

"If I favored his suit I was to keep it, sister Belle," she continued, touching the edge of the wrapper to her rosy lips, and sealing it with a heavy slip of her hand.

"I do not, you see. I won't be sorry," murmured she, turning the envelope to look at its superscription.

"Your happiness is within your own grasp, Stella. You'll recall my words some day," and with a stately gait Belle Lawson left her.

Stella ran lightly up the stairs to her own room, and touched the bell in great haste.

"You will oblige me by mailing this at once," she said to the servant who answered her call, handing him this very envelope, and, "and," she said, smiling and blushing, "be careful of this," putting another letter into his hand. "Leave it with no one but the person to whom it is addressed."

"There'll be no mistake, miss." And that night a perfumed note lay on Clarence Henshaw's pillow, and he, foolish fellow, was transported to the upper heaven of delight.

Three months later they were married. They were a happy and hopeful couple. This life upon which they had entered was like a new and unexplored country, but Clarence meant to work hard and felt little or no doubt in regard to their future. He had been a head bookkeeper for many years and had the promise of something better yet the coming season. They rented a house in the pleasant part of the city, kept a servant, and Stella wore the handsome clothes which had been provided at the time of her marriage. But toward the end of the first year of their wedded life his firm was said to be under heavy liabilities, and the anniversary of their marriage found the house bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation. They moved out of their house

and took a cheaper place in another part of the city. By this time their funds began to run low, and Stella wanted something new for her wardrobe.

"I shall find something by-and-by," the husband said bravely.

It was at this trying time that a little spark of humanity was put into Stella's arms, and she felt well told that the responsibility of motherhood was here.

"I'm the happiest man alive," Clarence exclaimed, caressing wife and baby boy.

"Let pride go to the dogs, Stella," he added, remembering that now his responsibility was greater than before. "They are in want of workmen on the new city hall. I'll take my hammer—it will give us bread."

She ought to have been contented—ought to have thought with pride of the man who would thus brave the world's opinion. He went out in the early morning, and came home late at night, his handsome face glowing with love. But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a common workman hurt her.

Sister Belle had said that her tastes were luxurious, and she wanted a pretty home now and fine apparel for herself and baby. The people of the world in which she had lived had never to count their money; to know if they could buy a new dress. He had never had to make the best of circumstances, and why should she now? The little privations she endured worried her, and in a little while the sweet-tempered woman became moody and down-hearted.

"Stella is homesick," the husband would say; "the care of the baby is too much for her. I must make some money," and his hammer rang with redoubled energy; but Stella continued to sulk.

"How can you expect me to live among such surroundings?" was her appeal, when he begged her to cheer up. "It is cruel in you. I want to go home to my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face, and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look of pain in his handsome eyes. Then came a day a little later when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis. The city hall was finished, and Clarence must look for something new. Jennie, who had been Freddy's nurse, had to go, and all the household cares fell on Stella. They had moved about a great deal, hoping to find a place in which the fretful girl-wife would be contented.

"These people are all alike, you know, and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply to Clarence when he suggested that they move.

It was unreasonably in her to say this, she knew, and she thought to run after her husband and beg his forgiveness, but just then Freddy caught by her dress, causing her to spill the water she was pouring into the kettle, which only increased her vexation.

"You cross little thing!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "Take that!" laying her hand heavily on the little bare shoulders. Then she sat down and fell into hysterical weeping. Freddy, with the prints of her fingers still on his neck, tried to climb into her lap, but she pushed him away roughly.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for, Stella," her husband said, coming into the room just then.

"I thought you'd gone to town," she said, sharply. "Oh, dear! If I had taken good advice I would not have married a poor man."

"You are not yourself this morning, Stella," and his eyes were full of unshed tears as he saw the red marks on the baby's neck.

"Do you think I can endure everything?" she cried, spitefully.

"You are nervous and tired, dear; come here, and he put out his hands to clasp her, but she turned away from him and left the room.

Something fell on the baby's head, and he pressed him closely to his bosom as he caught the sound of her sobbing.

"I have heard of something new this morning, Stella, and I'm going to New York by the next train."

"You are always hearing of something new," was her quick reply; "but what does it amount to?"

"I am hoping for something better, and think I have found it now."

He rocked Freddy to sleep, put him into his crib, then went to the door of his wife's room.

"Are you going to kiss me good-bye, Stella?" he said. "I may be gone a day or two."

"No," she replied, coldly; "you'll be back soon enough."

"But I might never return, you know."

"See if you are not back in a day or two with the same old story."

Clarence turned quickly and left her. She heard him cross the room, and knew he bent over Freddy's crib and kissed the little sleeper again and again.

"He'll come back before he's really gone," whispered she to herself, going toward the door, but a turn in the street hid him from her good-byes.

"Well, we've been married long enough to be done with such nonsense," she said, by way of consolation, yet there was a terrible pain at her heart.

She sat still till Freddy woke, then, with a cry of anguish, she ran across the hall to the nearest neighbor with—

"Please come, Mrs. Wilson. My baby is dying."

Mrs. Wilson came, for though rough in her manner, she was kind in heart.

"He is in a fit," she said, the moment she saw the child. "Bring me some water and help get off his clothes."

Stella obeyed.

"Hold him so till I run home and get some medicine," she said, putting him in the bath. "Such women as you ain't fit to be mothers," she continued, returning with her hands full of bottles.

"I have so many trials to bear," moaned Stella.

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Wilson. "You

have a pretty home if it was put in order." "I'm used to a better."

"Young people can't begin where the old ones left off. They must make their own homes."

"I never understood it so. My sister advised me never to marry a poor man."

"And so you keep finding fault and complaining when your husband is trying in every way to make an honest living. It is a wonder you haven't driven him to drink long ago."

"But my husband is a good man," replied Stella, resenting the last part of the speech.

"He has shown himself to be a good man."

The woman said it in good faith, wrapping Freddy in soft flannel and administering a quieting potion. She had been watching the movements of the people ever since they came to live in the house.

"My baby will get well, won't he?" was said pleadingly, and the poor thing sobbed again as if her heart would break.

"Yes, indeed."

"And you will stay with me through the night?" forgetting that she was one of "those people."

"I'd stay with you a whole blessed week," replied true-hearted Mrs. Wilson, "if I could make you a wife worthy of your husband."

"Tell me what I shall do and I'll do it willingly and without complaining."

All through the long night, while Freddy lay between life and death, Mrs. Wilson worked over him bravely and told the girl-mother chapters in her own life-experiences. There were passages over which Stella wept bitterly, and when morning dawned, giving back the child from danger, in place of the fierce, unreasonable woman, there was one ready to meet life's work with firm purpose and strong heart.

She tidied up each apartment, and instead of going about in a dowdy wrapper put on a fresh dress, arranged her hair becomingly, and changed the pucker about her mouth for her own rosy lips.

"You're a pretty little thing," Mrs. Wilson told her when she had fastened a knot of blue ribbon in her hair. "See after baby now. I'll look in every now and then through the day and to-night will come back to you. Your husband will be here to-morrow morning."

"Yes," Stella replied, with a bright look in her eyes. He'll be here by 10 o'clock."

After all, it was a long time to wait, she thought. She was so