

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

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The Acton Free Press

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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THREE MONTHS, \$1.50
SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS

ADVERTISING RATES.
SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS, 50 CENTS PER LINE FOR THE FIRST INSERTION, AND 25 CENTS PER LINE FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION. THE NUMBER OF LINES RECORDED BY THE SPACE OCCUPIED, MEASURED BY A SET OF SOLID SQUARES.

Advertisements, without specific direction, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.
Changes for contract advertisements must be made in the office by 9 a.m. on Monday, otherwise they will be taken in the following week.

THIS PAPER may be found on the 1st of Nov. P. O. Box 10, Acton, Ont. No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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.

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

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Georgetown, Ontario.

A. 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 second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office—Acorn's Hotel.

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Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Operates in Kinky Bros. barn and show place—residence in rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to.—TERMS CASH.

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, Ac. Private Funds & Loans.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.

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

J. A. MURRAY,
LICENSED AGENT.
For the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left at his residence, Main Street, opposite Church Street, Acton, or addressed to Acton P.O., will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable. Notes discounted if desired.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at any 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.

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BOOKBINDER.
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.

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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. Property and real estate, charges low. Farm and City property for sale. Lists of Dominion to intending purchasers, and circulated in Europe. European capitalists seeking 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.

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.

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 eminent.

Successful as Accountants, Business 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. McCORMICK,
Principal.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, including First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

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

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF THE COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1816.

HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactures, and all other descriptions of property, on the Fireman 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, Ac., made with neatness and dispatch.
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 mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

EXCELSIOR BAKERY
ACTON

Will be left daily at the store of

MR. JOHN NELSON
For the accommodation of customers.

The Delivery Wagon will also call three times a week as usual.

Mrs. T. Statham.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.

An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good wash, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair neatly cut.
J. E. WOODEN, Tonsorial Artist.

NEW GOODS

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.

25,000 Rolls Wall Paper
100 Sets Lawn Croquet
Car-load Express Waggon

Still we're writing, though unconscious,
And it either helps or hinders,
From the smiles of his rough way,
Every sinful thought we cherish,
Every idle word we say,
Stamps its impress deep and lasting,
On the heart, or moulds our clay.

Words are things we seldom measure,
Quickly said, we think they've flown,
Fits a light as down of thistle,
They're fruitful soil have blown,
But o'er death, with ice-cold fingers,
Stops our journey o'er the earth,
They'll return in cruel vengeance,
Pierce the heart that gave them birth.

Oh, a word so quickly spoken,
Words of proud contempt and scorn,
Like an arrow swift and certain,
Leaves its victim bruted and torn,
And some soul that late was striving
Hard to rise to higher life,
Droops apace, from our injustice,
With fresh wrongs and conflict rife.

What you've written, "you have written,"
Spends not time in vain regret,
Life was given thee for labor,
Use it not to pine and fret:
From the smiles of his rough way,
Rise to better life and true,
Live, that through succeeding ages,
Angels may write good of you.

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 city of "Honey Granite" 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, 20 in. x 20 in., 8 ft. high, 20 in. x 20 in., 10 ft. high, 20 in. x 20 in. 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 20 to 30 per cent. below all other dealers.

ACTON MEAT MARKET!

Rutledge & Crosson,
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 pursue their customers through satisfaction. There will always be found on hand a full stock of all kinds of meat, etc., 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 & Crosson,
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

EVERYBODY COME

C. C. SPEIGHT
Has opened his new store on Main Street, and is now in a better position than ever before to supply

PICTURE FRAMES, MOTTED FRAMES, AND ALL FURNISHINGS
of every kind. Frames of all descriptions made to order on shortest notice, in best manner, and at low prices.
Call and see my stock.
C. C. SPEIGHT.

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

POETRY.

WRITING.
BY DELIA ROBERTS.

On the wings of proud ambition
We may soar to lofty heights,
On the page of worldly honor
Oft we strike our names to write;
But the blows of adverse fortune
Soon have dashed them to the ground,
Till of hope once fondly cherished,
Not a vestige now is found.

Or, with pencil and with paper
Write our thoughts that men may read;
And with impulsive, good or evil,
Sow the good or evil seed.
Or upon the soft marble
Write our names with skillful hand,
Chisel words, that through the ages
Of enduring years shall stand.

Still we're writing, though unconscious,
And it either helps or hinders,
From the smiles of his rough way,
Every sinful thought we cherish,
Every idle word we say,
Stamps its impress deep and lasting,
On the heart, or moulds our clay.

Words are things we seldom measure,
Quickly said, we think they've flown,
Fits a light as down of thistle,
They're fruitful soil have blown,
But o'er death, with ice-cold fingers,
Stops our journey o'er the earth,
They'll return in cruel vengeance,
Pierce the heart that gave them birth.

Oh, a word so quickly spoken,
Words of proud contempt and scorn,
Like an arrow swift and certain,
Leaves its victim bruted and torn,
And some soul that late was striving
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With fresh wrongs and conflict rife.

What you've written, "you have written,"
Spends not time in vain regret,
Life was given thee for labor,
Use it not to pine and fret:
From the smiles of his rough way,
Rise to better life and true,
Live, that through succeeding ages,
Angels may write good of you.

OUR STORY.

THE DEACON'S REWARD

Deacon Holcomb stamped the snow off his boots and sat down by the kitchen fire, looking around at the family with unusual seriousness.

His wife and his pretty daughter, Kate, were chopping meat and paring apples for mince pies; and his tall son, Gene, was mending a wash-tub.

Mrs. Holcomb looked at the deacon sharply, and suspended her chopping knife. "Anything the matter?" she said, anxiously.

"Nothing very bad," the deacon responded, looking across the stove at her affectionately.

"You won't think so, anyhow," I say to Seth and William. "I know what she'll say"—meaning you.

The deacon drew a letter from his pocket. "From the colonel's lawyer," he announced.

The colonel was the deacon's half-brother, an elderly, eccentric person, who had died a month ago in the village where he had lived.

"Hasn't turned out to be worth a pile of money," said it to us, has he?" said Gene, gaily.

"Hasn't left us no money," said the deacon. "Hasn't none to leave, I reckon. He's ruther astonished. The colonel was worth considerable all one spell; no, but he's left us something else."

"What?" said Kate, eagerly.

"It's from his lawyer, as I say," the deacon rejoined, unfolding the letter. "And Seth and William's got copies of it. We was all at the post-office when the mail come, and took 'em together."

"It says"—he went on slowly—"and Seth's and William's says the very same thing—that it was the colonel's last wish that his daughter Melvina should have a home out here, with Seth or William or me. He said that whoever took her would be doing as act of charity, and would be aartin to get rewarded in heaven."

"Well," said Gene, going on with the wash-tub calmly, "of course Uncle Seth is going to take her. He's the best able to."

"I rather expected myself," said the deacon, hesitatingly, "that Seth would step forward in this crisis, but he hasn't. He said he could hardly see how he could do it. He said Melvina must be somewhere 'nigh 50 by this time; and being an old maid she might be cantankerous, and Julia Ann mightn't be able to get along with her. He said William and me would have to settle it between us."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Holcomb, indignantly—"him with all that money and that big house!"

"What did Uncle William say?" said Kate. "Now, see here, Pa Holcomb—as the deacon's kind eyes fell before her gaze—"you don't mean to say that he's going to leave it to you to do—your, the poorest of them all?"

The deacon moved uneasily. "I don't want to blame William," he said, mildly. "I can see it's just as he says."

"What did he say?" said Kate, her black eyes flashing.

"He said he didn't know how he could take her, now," the deacon replied. "He's building his new barn, and he don't feel like having any more expense just now. And he said he couldn't think of boarding people without nothing more substantial than a reward in heaven to look forward to."

"He's a brute," said Gene, warmly—"he and Uncle Seth both! But you're not going to let them impose upon you, father. Why, neither of them would feel it; but you—good gracious!"

Gene looked around the bare little kitchen

"I always thought a slight of the colonel," said the deacon, looking up at the cracked ceiling, "though he wasn't nothing but a half-brother; and I can't just bring myself to refuse the shelter of my home, if it ain't much, to any of his kin. There's where it is."

"You dear old silly pa," cried Kate, and she slammed her apple jab on the table, rushed around to the deacon's chair, and kissed him violently.

"Your pa is right, children," said Mrs. Holcomb, reuniting her chopping knife quietly. "It's our duty, plain as day, to take the poor creature."

"There," said the deacon, triumphantly, "I knew where you'd stand! I told Seth and William so."

"Well," said Gene, rising from the wash-tub, with a good natured despairing gesture, "we are to have our Cousin Melvina, Kate; but we are to give up all hopes of a college course and we are to be married to Mark Hill in the dress we have on—we shall not be able to scrape up money for a new one by next spring, with Cousin Melvina on our hands."

He put an arm about his sister's waist in mock sympathy, and whirled laughing away.

The deacon looked across at his wife rather soberly.

"I'm afraid it's true enough," he said. "No such thing," said Mrs. Holcomb, briskly, "and 'posin' it was, Mark Hill would marry her quick enough in her old duds, I reckon."

"But Gene?" said the deacon, anxiously. "Melvina Melvina will make a difference about that. And he's set his heart on getting an education."

"You didn't have any to speak of," said Mrs. Holcomb, stonily, looking a little troubled nevertheless.

"They're good children," said the deacon. "They won't make any trouble about it—I know that. But I should hate to have 'em disappointed."

"We'll trust in Providence," said Mrs. Holcomb, simply. "We know we're doing what's right, taking Melvina; and I don't believe but what it'll be for the best."

"You are always just the same—always real good," said the deacon, with feeling, as he picked up his hat and started for the barn.

And Mrs. Holcomb reflected that she could hardly be better than the deacon.

"She couldn't have had a better day for it," said the deacon, delightedly.

It was a week later. He stood at the sitting-room window, looking out at the snowy, hazy world, and rubbing his work-roughened hands with quiet satisfaction.

From the kitchen there came the odors of roasting pork, of simmering apple-sauce, of boiling turnips, and of hot mince-pies.

From the sofa came the sound of low-toned conversation, proceeding from the corner where Kate and Mark Hill were sitting rather close together—Mark being a prospective member of the family, dropped in to dinner occasionally.

Up the road there came the jingle of sleigh-bells.

The deacon watched the little old-fashioned cutter eagerly as it came nearer. For the deacon's resolution had been faithfully carried out. He had written a cordial invitation to poor Melvina, and the missionaries of his brothers, Seth and William, to be sure, and the astonished disapproval of such of his neighbors as were in possession of the facts, but with the laughing consent of his children, and with the warm abetting of his wife.

There had come a prompt response to his letter—a brief note stating Miss Melvina Holcomb's acceptance of her uncle's hospitality; and stating further that she would start directly, and would arrive a few days later.

The driver of the little cutter, turning up at the hitching post with a flourish, was Gene; and the small bundle of green velvet and water-proof cloak which he lifted down in the snow was his cousin Melvina.

The deacon hurried to the door; Mrs. Holcomb stopped in the act of mending the turnips and rushed out into the porch; and Kate followed hastily, with Mark close behind her.

The bundle had made its way up the snowy path. The green velvet had become disarranged, and there looked out from under it a sharp little face, with bright dark eyes, and two rows of faded corkscrew curls.

"We're glad to see you, Melvina," said the deacon; while Mrs. Holcomb pulled her indoors kindly, and helped to undo the voluminous waterproof-cloak.

It was a queer little woman that stood warming her small hands at the kitchen stove and looking sharply from one to another when the last wrap had been removed.

She was certainly past 50—so Kate mentally decided. She also decided that long ear-rings and a juvenile necktie, and tight curls, besprinkled with gray, were hardly becoming to her faded face; and that her checked silk dress was not in the best of taste.

But she felt a warm impulse towards her cousin Melvina. There was a kindly sparkle in her eyes as she looked around the modest table—Mrs. Holcomb had taken up the dinner with hospitable haste—at the deacon, carrying with a beaming face; at Kate and Mark, side by side, of course, and engaged at the moment in an affectionate conversation; at Mrs. Holcomb, dishing the apple-sauce, and at Gene, who had come in, cold and snowy, from the barn.

She did not appear to be much of a talker. She answered their enquiries in chirpy monosyllables, turning her gaze meditatively around the small bare room and through the door to the carpet-covered sofa and the well-worn rag-carpet of the sitting-room.

But she wore a look of quiet satisfaction and enjoyment, and by the time the mince pies had disappeared, and the dishes been washed briskly by Kate's nimble hands, and they were gathered around the sitting-

room fire, it had deepened into a positive warmth, which softened her sharp eyes and gave a pink tinge to her faded cheeks.

"I should judge, Uncle Holcomb," said Melvina, turning upon the deacon, "I should judge, now, that you ain't so well off as you might be?"

It was an embarrassing enquiry. Mark Hill looked at his boots and pretended not to have heard it; and Kate and Gene exchanged indignant glances.

"Surely any other remark would have come better from their cousin Melvina under the circumstances."

"Well, no," said the deacon meekly. "And I suppose," Melvina continued calmly, "I suppose Uncle Seth and Uncle William are better off now, ain't they?"

"Well, yes," said the deacon; "they be."

"So the colonel said. I always call him the colonel," said Melvina.

And there was silence, broke sharply by the violent jingling of Melvina's long ear-rings, as she sat straight up in her chair suddenly.

"I shan't wait another minute," she said decidedly; "the colonel advised me not to be hasty, look into things a little first. But I couldn't know you any better if I waited a year, you dear good man!"

Her listeners stared at each other in silent alarm, and Kate eyed a little nearer Mark.

"Was Melvina going out of her senses?" "I've been imposing on you shamefully," Melvina went on energetically, "shamefully."

The deacon looked at her apprehensively and Mrs. Holcomb turned a shadowy pale. Something was wrong with Melvina clearly.

"It was the colonel's plan," that small person continued apologetically; "you know he was always peculiar, and he took this way of showing it."

"Of doing what?" said the deacon, finding his voice with an effort.

"Disposing of his property," said Melvina composedly. "I suppose from the lawyer's letter you thought he hadn't any to dispose of? Well, if you recollect, it didn't say he hadn't. The colonel dictated every word of that letter just the day before he died!"

Melvina's voice trembled a little.

"What he wanted to find out was which of his brothers was the best and the kindest and thought enough of him to be willing to 'put up with the poor lonesome old woman he left alone; and that would be the one for his money, he said. And he said all along—he seemed to feel certain of it—that it would be you, Uncle Holcomb, though you're the poorest of them!"

The deacon looked at her blankly.

"You see, the colonel was pretty successful of late years," said Melvina, "and there's enough for us both. My income would take care of a dozen forlorn old women like me, and your share—well you'll find it enough to build you the best house in town, and live better than my uncles Seth and William ever dreamed of doing—not that that's a Christian spirit."

Mrs. Holcomb folded her apron in her fingers tremblingly, and the deacon struggled vainly to speak.

"It's a sort of surprise, ain't it?" said Melvina, smoothing down the checked silk spillingly. "And now that I've let it out, I suppose you will be glad to let me go home, I'm nothing but a bothersome old woman."

Perhaps it is needless to say that the bothersome old woman did not go home neither then or at any time; that Kate's wedding dress was the prettiest the town had ever seen, and that Gene's college course was promptly begun; nor that the deacon's surprise has not ceased to be a subject of wondering discussion among his neighbors, not excluding his brothers Seth and William.

A Chance For All.

A man who has studied the various phases of the matrimonial market, says the New York Mail and Express, has come to the conclusion that every woman has some chance to marry; it may be one to fifty, or it may be ten to one, she will. Representing a woman's entire chance at 100, he has made out the following table to show the chance at certain points of time between the ages of:

15 and 20 years..... 10 per cent.
20 and 25 years..... 25 per