

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XII--NO. 23.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1886.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR \$1.00, SIX MONTHS .60, THREE MONTHS .35.
Laid by in advance. If not paid in advance the paper will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.
BY THE LINE.
Our Column \$3.00, 100 Lines \$20.00, 200 Lines \$35.00, 300 Lines \$45.00, 400 Lines \$55.00, 500 Lines \$65.00, 600 Lines \$75.00, 700 Lines \$85.00, 800 Lines \$95.00, 900 Lines \$105.00, 1000 Lines \$115.00.

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.

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 "Vitalized Air") for extracting teeth without pain.

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.

JOHNSTON & McLEAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private Funds to Loan. Office—Town Hall, Acton.

E. J. B. JOHNSON, Wm. A. McLEAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notary Public. Money to Loan.

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

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

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

G. W. BADGEROW & CO. Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Ontario Hall, 50 Church Street, Toronto.

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

J. A. MURRAY Licensed Auctioneer. 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.

W. M. HEMSTREET Licensed Auctioneer. 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. Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN (Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDEE, St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario. Accounts Book of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruled 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 Mortgage and other security. Conveyancing in all its branches properly and cheaply done. Charges low. Farms and City property for sale. List Dominion land 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 direct conveyancing through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., 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 Tubbs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood.

ALSO FLOUR AND FEED, and anything in the line of farmers' householders' or contractors' necessities.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patrons drawn from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits. Graduates eminent in successful careers. Graduates in Business, Managers, Shortland 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.

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 Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered. JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.

ESTABLISHED 1840. HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Fire and Marine 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, etc., 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 mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

EXCELSIOR BAKERY

ACTON BREAD 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, MILLS STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good selection of shaving shampoos, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair cut neatly.

J. P. WOODS, Tonsorial Artist.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

ACTON PEOPLE

DAY'S BOOKSTORE

GUELPH. The stock is full of

Nice, New Fancy Goods Bought by Mr. Day when in England this summer.

TOY BOOKS, GAMES, TOYS, CHOICE BOOKS, BIBLES, HAND SATCHELS, WRITING DESKS, DRESSING CASES, And 1,000 other things.

SUITABLE FOR XMAS PRESENTS It will pay you to visit

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

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, ft. high, 600, 7 ft. 675, 8 ft. 800, 9 ft. 850, 10 ft. 950. 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 50 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 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 established in Acton a stay, and feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public confidence and support.

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

NEW BLACKSMITH IN ACTON.

ANDREW TESKEY Having purchased the General Blacksmithing Business of Mr. P. J. Smith, solicits the patronage of all the customers of the shop and the public generally.

ROSBOROUGH Will be made a special feature of the business. Interfering horses carefully shod and cured.

Having had large experience in the manufacture and repairing of agricultural implements and machinery of all kinds, as well as of general work, I feel that I can guarantee satisfaction in every case.

ANDREW TESKEY.

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2ND, 1886.

POETRY.

GOSPIP. Oh! I could there in this world be found Some little spot of happy ground, Where village pleasures might go round, And I set as little as possible of ground. How doubly blest the spot would be, Where all might dwell at liberty, Without the bitter misery Of Gossip's endless tattling.

If such a spot were really known, Dame Fate might claim it for her own, And in it she might fix her throne, Forever and forever.

There like a queen might reign and live, While every one would soon forgive The little slights they might receive. And be offended never.

"This mischief-makers that remove Far from our hearts the warmth of love, And lead us all to disappointment, What gives another pleasure. They seem to take one's part—but when They hear our cares, unkindly then, They soon retail them all again. Mixed with their poisoned measure.

And then they've such a cunning way Of telling ill-meant tales they say, "Don't mention what I've said, I pray, I would not tell it to another."

Straight to your neighbor's house they go, Narrating everything they know, And break the peace of high and low, Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew Were all reduced to one or two, And they were painted red or blue, That every one might know them. Then would our village be so free, To rage and quarrel, fume and fret, Or fall into an angry pet. With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part To make another's bosom smart, And plant a dagger in the heart. We ought to love and cherish. Then let us evermore be found In quietness with all around, While friendship, joy and peace abound, And angry feelings perish.

OUR STORY.

JOE'S PEOPLE.

"Only think of it," said Bessie Gale, lightly. "My husband's people have sent me a tub of apple-butter and a roll of rag carpet for a wedding present. Because my mother-in-law's letter says, it isn't likely I have had time to do up many preserves yet, and the rag carpet will save me such a deal of trouble in scrubbing the kitchen floor."

Miss Millian put up her eye-glasses with a click; "They must be regular pro-Raphaelites," said she. "I have never seen them," said Bessie, "and I never mean to. Of course, when I married Joe, I didn't expect to marry the whole family. And so I have given him pretty plainly to understand."

"Did he like it?" said Miss Millian. The bride tossed her head. "I don't know whether he did or not," said she. "But it's just as well to have all these matters definitely settled at the very outset."

Bessie Gale was an ideal bride—very pretty, very frivolous, full of a vague idea that life was a pilgrimage of roses, and that it was her mission to enjoy herself as much as possible. She had stepped directly from the recitation-room of a fashionable school to the altar.

Mr. Gale—"Joe," as Bessie called him—was the assistant cashier in a bank, with a good income and a sunny temper. He regarded his young wife as a little less than perfection, although he found it difficult to reconcile her type of womanhood with that embodied in his mother and sisters, and the dear old aunts who had alternately scolded and spoiled him in the days of his boyhood.

"Do you think it is necessary to keep three girls," said he one day, "with our small family, Bessie?" "I couldn't get along with less," said young Mrs. Gale, "unless," lifting her large gawlike eyes reproachfully to his face, "you want me to make a perfect drudge of myself."

"My mother will come here, if you like, Bessey, and instruct you in—"

"No she won't," quickly interrupted Mrs. Gale, coloring to the roots of her lovely auburn-gold hair. "I'll have no mother-in-law in this house."

Joe looked hurt, but he said nothing more.

"My Millian says I must be resolute or I shall be conquered," thought the bride, and when Helen and Honora Gale, her husband's sisters, from Primrose Hollow, telegraphed that they were coming to New York for a day's shopping, and would laugh with their new sister, Bessie wired back a most uncompromising message that "it would not be convenient," and immediately invited Miss Millian to eat a crab lunch with her at Delmonico's upon the same day.

"Oh, you're doing splendidly," said Miss Millian to her, when she learned of this deed of prowess. "They'll soon get tired of obtruding themselves on you at this rate."

All this diplomacy, however, did not protect honest Elihu Gale, her husband's elder brother, from dropping unexpectedly in upon them one evening, when they were entertaining a few friends at a little supper previous to a theatre party.

Joe, unsophisticated moral, joyfully welcomed the young giant from the rural districts, and made room for him, as if he had been a guest of honor; but Mrs. Gale pursed up her cherry lips and scarcely inclined her head when Joe called out:

"Bessie, my darling, this is my brother Elihu. Wasn't it fortunate that he chanced to come in this evening, of all others, when we are going to the theatre?"

Joe enjoyed it, certainly. So did Elihu. But Mrs. Gale's displeasure was but too evident.

"Sister," said the young man, blantly, when the moment arrived for him to take his leave. "I'm afraid you are not glad to see me."

"To tell you the truth," said Bessie, brightly, "I am not."

"No?" said Elihu Gale. "Why not?"

"Because," said Bessie, "I think it will be altogether better if my husband's family and I set as little as possible of each other. We belong to a different world, as you yourself must see. It is impossible that we should harmonize."

"Think so, eh?" said Elihu. "I am certain of it," declared Bessie. So Elihu Gale went back and gave his mother and sisters a description of Joe's wife.

Scarcely six months had elapsed, however, when a cloud of vague, unanticipated trouble loomed up on the horizon. Mr. Gale went abroad on some mission for the bank, to be gone several weeks; and, to the surprise of all concerned, he did not return when the allotted time was up.

"I always thought so," said Miss Millian, with a shrug of her velvet-draped shoulders. "These Gales live a deal of extravagantly for people of their means. Johnson" (to the servant) "if Mrs. Gale calls here and asks to see me, mind, I am not at home."

Bessie was bewildered. Cold glances were turned towards her; suspicious whispers met her ear on every side; Miss Millian openly "cut" her in the street, and tradesmen sent in their bills, with various degrees of insolent persistence.

"What does it all mean?" she said to herself, with a creeping chill at her heart. "Why does not Joe write, or telegraph or something? What shall I do? I cannot, cannot live so!"

In the midst of her fearful perplexity there came a prodigious thumping at the door, and in walked Joe's tall brother Elihu.

"What, trying, little Bessie?" said he, kindly. "This won't do. What is it all about?"

"My husband" sobbed Bessie, glad to rest her throbbing head against the tender arm. "They say he has embezzled the bank's money—that he is a—defaulter!"

"Then they are uttering a pack of lies," said Elihu, cheerfully. "And you and I, sister-in-law, ought to know that, if no one else does."

"The landlord has put up a bill on the house," faltered Bessie. "And the butcher and baker won't serve me any longer—and that odious dressmaker has sent in her bill—and people look the other way when they meet me, and pretend not to see me! Oh, what is to become of me?"

"I'll tell you," said Elihu. "Pack up your trunks in less than an hour, and come back to Primrose Hollow with me. Mother and the girls are expecting you. Don't delay a minute."

And, irresistibly impelled by the current of the stronger will, Bessie Gale obeyed. It was such a comfort to have some one to lean on—to feel herself upheld by a strength that was greater than her own! For, after all, she only belonged to the "climbing vine" type of woman!

It was a chill autumn dusk when they reached the old farm-house at the foot of Primrose Mountain, where the red lights shone out into the frosty dusk like cheery eyes. Old Mrs. Gale stood smiling in the doorway, and Helen and Honora ran to the gate to help her out of the depot wagon, with many welcoming kisses and words of affection.

"Oh, I don't see how you can have any patience with me," said Bessie, peevishly, as she stood the centre of loving attention and caresses. "I don't deserve it. I have treated you all so badly! But if you will try and bear with me for poor Joe's sake—"

"Joe need not fret about you, dear," said old Mrs. Gale, kindly patting her shoulder. "He will know that his wife will always be sure of a home with us."

And the next morning, when Bessie opened her eyes, a billow of indescribable comfort swept across her soul. They all believed in Joe here. They were ready to love and honor her.

Oh, what a happiness all this was, after the atmosphere of doubt, scorn, intangible contempt from which she had escaped.

"Joe's mother is the sweetest old lady in the world," she thought. "Helen and Honora are born gentlemen, even though they do bake and cook and sweep their own floors. And Elihu, oh, Elihu, is like Joe, a perfect among men."

A peace which dwelt under the loving wing of "Joe's people," and at the end of that time, just as kind Mrs. Gale was helping her to plan out a self-supporting future for her own, the door opened and in walked Joe himself.

"Such an outrageous jumble of lies!" said he. "I was detained on private business for Mr. Auranis, the bank president. I missed only one steamer, yet that delay was enough to serve as foundation for a perfect Tower of Babel of non-sense. I've good news for you, Bess. I am to be promoted to first cashier, with another thousand a year of salary."

But, to his amazement, Bessie burst out laughing and crying in the same breath.

"I don't care for any more salary, now that you are back, Joe," said she. "And no money could buy the happiness I have experienced in the kindness of your people, dear, dear Joe!"

In vain did Miss Millian attempt to knit together the broken stitches of the old friendship when Mrs. Gale came back. Bessie would have nothing more to say to her. Joe's sisters were enough companion-ship for her, and Joe's mother henoteorward was here.

"But I always told you, didn't I," said honest Joe, "that they were nice?"

A Fourfold Work. Burdock Blood Bitters act at the same time upon the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin, relieving or curing in every case. Warranted satisfactory or money refunded.

What to Teach Our Daughters.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar, and teach her how to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No" and mean it, or "Yes" and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to set on buttoned, darn stockings and mond gloves.

Teach her how to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is unbecomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important axiom: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the further she will get away from the poorhouse."

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

Proprietary Medicines.

A visit to Dr. Green's Laboratory, at Woodbury, N.J., has considerably changed our views, and especially our prejudices in regard to what are generally known as "Standard Patent Medicines." Of course we are getting to that age in life when we are forced to conclude *Life* itself is a humbug, and naturally mistrust anything that has not withstood long and arduous experience. Being a physician I had the curiosity to know how such a sale of two medical preparations could be sustained for so many years. The perfect system upon which the business is conducted, and the pharmaceutical arrangements for the manufacture of the two recipes with which we are made acquainted, are sufficiently convincing to us that the August Flower, for dyspepsia and liver complaints, and Boschee's German Syrup, for throat and lung troubles, were for the complaints they are recommended, most excellent remedies, and only regret that in much of our practice, medical ethics prevent us from prescribing them without making the formula public. When we were shown the great quantity of voluntary letters having been forwarded Dr. Green, from all parts of the country, and from all classes of people, lawyers, ministers and doctors, giving a description of their ailments, testimonials of their cures, &c., I feel like endorsing Dr. Green's suggestion that the Government accept such valuable formulas, and license them for general use by giving protection to the inventor, same as patents generally.—Cited from N. Y. Druggist's Circular of Oct., 1885.

Eggs by Weight.

Isn't it strange that we buy and sell eggs by number instead of by weight? Number does not show their value; weight does. Some eggs weigh twice as much as others.

What justice or business sagacity is there in paying the same price for one as for the other? Is not the farmer who sells a large egg for the same price that his neighbor sells a small one cheated? And is not the buyer of the small egg cheated? Just as well might butter be sold by rolls, the small roll bringing as much as the large one. We do not buy or sell butter by the number of rolls or meat by the number of pieces, or cheese by number; nor should we sell eggs by number.

If eggs were bought and sold by weight, the value of certain breeds of fowls would be changed. Now the breed that furnishes the greatest number of eggs is the most profitable; then it would be the breed that furnished the greatest weight. Some breeds are remarkable for the smallness of their eggs; such breeds would suffer in popularity, while the fowls that lay large eggs would gain. This would work only justice, however, to the fowls, as it would to their owners and the consumers. Clearly eggs should be sold by weight. Then why does not every one insist upon it?—*American Agriculturist for December.*

A Fair Offer of Exchange.

Jones—Ha! old fellow, how are you? Just heard that you had gone into the newspaper business.

Smith—Yes, just bought a country paper.

Jones—That so? Good enough. Why, I guess you can give me an occasional puff then?

Smith—Certainly. What are you busy with now?

Jones—I'm in the clothing business—ready-made clothing.

Smith—Ha! Then I guess you can give me an occasional pair of pants? Jones—Well, I dunno about that. It costs money to manufacture clothing, you know.

Smith—That's true, and it costs nothing to manufacture newspapers. Then they started.—*Boston Courier.*

CHRIST IS MINE.

O, what precious joy divine, I am Christ's and Christ is mine. Mine to love in weal or woe; Mine to keep where'er I go; Mine upon the stormy deep; Mine where turbid waters leap; Mine upon the mountains cold; Mine in scorning, wood or wild; Mine in dark and stormy night; Mine in hours of peaceful light; Mine in poverty and wealth; Mine in sickness, pain or health; Mine when storms of sorrow fall; Mine when joys have turned to gall; Mine when foes shall hate me sore; Mine when friends know me no more; Mine when every hope has flown; Mine when in life or death, Mine beyond earth's scenes of woe; Mine where sorrows none shall know; Mine when passed life's stormy tide; Mine forever at His side; O, what precious joy divine, I am Christ's and Christ is mine.

As to Breathing.

Tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to the habit of good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting and standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest; and it is as hard for the lungs to do good work when the chest is narrow and contracted as it is for a closely-handcuffed hand to set a copy of clear, graceful penmanship.

There are also lazy ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air and for changing it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an injurious effect upon the lungs. A story is told of an Indian