

# The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO.

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**THIS PAPER** may be found on the 6th of Dec. at the residence of Mr. J. P. Moore, 100 Queen St. East, Toronto. A notice will be inserted in this paper if it is not found at the residence of Mr. J. P. Moore.

**Business Directory.**  
W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S.,  
Notary Public, 100 Queen St. East, Toronto.  
Office and residence: At the head of Keele Street, Acton.

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**Merchant Tailors, Guelph.**

**Wellington Marble Works.**

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**Rutledge & Crosson, BUTCHERS,**

**NEW BLACKSMITH**

**ANDREW TESKEY**

**HORSESHOEING**

**THE ACTON FREE PRESS.**

**The Acton Free Press.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1887.

**POETRY.**

**A PUZZLED VOCALIST.**

How can a person learn to sing?  
That's what I want to ask,  
I started out some years ago  
All ardent for my task.

The teacher that I met with first  
My brain with terms would cram—  
"Don't use the thyroid muscle so;  
Sing from the diaphragm."

He used to open wide my jaws  
And in my windpipe drop  
With little mirrors set on wires,  
Called a laryngoscope.

My second teacher said my voice  
Had been quite falsely tried,  
"Registers" were simply "boah,"  
And must be set aside.

A third one told me that my voice  
Was built for second bass,  
And if I got it "focused" right  
It would improve apace.

Another told me that my breath  
Must be near the armpits lay;  
The next one said that force of tone  
Within the membrane lay.

With vocal chords and diaphragm  
And crico-thyroid bone  
I was becoming mystified  
And could not give a tone.

At last I met a teacher grand,  
He heard me through quite patiently.  
Then said, "You have no voice."

**OUR STORY.**

**No Murder After All.**

One summer's afternoon the train from New York, arriving at the quiet little station of Willoughby, let out two passengers, a man perhaps thirty, and a lady some twenty years of age, apparently man and wife.

They both present into the village and did not halt until they came to a neat little cottage near the end of the village. On the side of the door there was a paper tacked, and on it was written:

"Summer board. For a respectable family. Clinda Niggins."

Reading the above, they ascended the stoop and pulled the bell, which was immediately answered by a thin, spinster lady of perhaps fifty, with a kind-looking face.

"You have accommodations for boarders, I believe," began the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; and better can't be found in this village, ma'am," nodding to the lady.

"This is my wife. We should like to see the interior."

"Certainly, sir. Walk in, ma'am. And she led them into one of the coziest homes they ever saw. Everything was neat and inviting. The visitors were delighted with it.

"Have you much of a household?" asked the gentleman, who had given his name as Mr. Wilmot.

"Not much, sir. Tom Trollope, my old gardener, and Peggy, his wife; Sary Anne, my niece; Billy, the cat, and Bobby, the poodle. Them's all, ma'am; and we're a quiet family, sir, as every one can tell you."

Before night arrangements were made, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot became the boarders of Clinda Niggins.

Three days had passed, and Miss Niggins had nothing to complain of in her new boarders. In fact, she liked them very much, as they were pleasant and agreeable.

Miss Niggins never could find out Mr. Wilmot's business or profession.

Whenever she touched that subject they would always manage to change the conversation, and so up to this day, Clinda Niggins never found out the occupation of her boarders.

"One thing," Miss Niggins would say to old Peggy Trollope. "They be great readers, for from morning till night they do nothing but read out of little yellow, covered books, which I think must be novels, which I think is very foolish of 'em."

So days lengthened into weeks, and at last August came, and with it something which startled that sleepy little village into a convulsion of horror and excitement.

The cottage of Clinda Niggins is wrapped in slumber and quiet as a tomb, for though the hour is but nine o'clock the spinster's household is in silence.

The only light to be seen issues from the boarders' window in the second story. Clinda Niggins couldn't go to sleep that night, for the moonlight shone brightly, and for an hour that lady had done nothing but murder all she could.

"You must die, you die, and so pay the forfeit of betraying me to the police."

Miss Niggins is paralyzed with terror, she goes to her boarders' door, and looks through the keyhole, her heart fluttering with fear, and her tongue glued and powerless to cry out.

Miss Niggins sees Mrs. Wilmot in the centre of the room on her knees, her hair hanging over her shoulders, and an agonized look on her face. Mr. Wilmot stands near her, grasping his wife's hand, and looking into her face with a madman's stare, as he holds, uplifted over her head an empty bottle.

"Terrible!" says the horrified spinster to herself, "he is going to murder the poor, dear woman!"

Again Mrs. Wilmot began to plead with the heart-rendering voice of hers.

"Mercy, Bill!" she cried, wringing her hands in entreaty; "don't take my life, in mercy, don't; your soul is crime-stained enough, now; don't add my murder to it. Oh, Bill, by the love you once bore me, spare my life and believe my innocence!"

"Silence, woman, all your prayers are useless."

And with these words Miss Niggins beheld Mr. Wilmot, who the bottle he held in his hand and bring it down upon his wife's forehead again and again, and the poor wife, clasping her hands on her forehead, which was now red with blood, fell on the floor of the room.

Miss Niggins could stand no more; in terror she flew down the stairs, yelling "murder" at the top of her voice.

Out at the front door and into the village street heads were popped out, people began to gather in the streets and crowds began to congregate before the house of murder.

A minute after and twenty people filled the spinster's house and stood by the door of Mr. Wilmot's apartments, Miss Niggins weeping among the crowd.

"Open the door!" cried out John Jubilee, the head village constable, rapping at the door.

On the instant the key was turned in the lock, and Mr. Wilmot, with surprise on his pleasant face opened the door of the room.

"For goodness sake, my good people," he innocently asked, "what is the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, you vile villain! O, you assassin!" wept Miss Niggins.

"You murderer!" went on Miss Clinda, shaking her fist at Mr. Wilmot, "you needn't try to hide your guilt. I see you do it, and my evidence will hang you."

"Hang me. What on the face of the earth do you mean, Miss Niggins? You haven't been drinking, I hope?"

"You killed your wife—I see you kill the poor dear creature, and—"

"Gracious me, Robert, what is this confusion about?" said Miss Niggins, who Mrs. Wilmot came up to her husband's side, looking as pretty as ever, and not wounded.

"What?" gasped poor Miss Niggins, rubbing her eyes, "ain't you wounded, Mrs. Wilmot, dear; ain't you killed—and didn't he do it?"

"Wall, Clinda Niggins!" cried out the head constable. "You've been makin' a nice time, ain't ye, and all about wuthin' too!"

"I see him through the keyhole," groaned Miss Niggins. "I see him strike her with a bottle. I see—"

She was interrupted by a fit of hearty laughter, coming from Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, as they dropped into chairs, as if to burst their sides.

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Mr. Wilmot, exhausted with laughter. "I suppose I must tell you our profession. Miss Niggins, my wife is an actress, and I am an actor, both engaged during the fall and winter season at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York. There now the secret's out."

"What you belong to the dramatic profession, do ye?" asked Miss Niggins.

"Yes my wife and myself!" was Mr. Wilmot's answer; "and the horrible murder you witnessed through the keyhole was merely a rehearsal of our parts which are given to us in the new drama which we open our season with in New York."

A roar of laughter from the people and their quick dispersion to their homes, a sigh of relief from Miss Niggins, and her retreat to her own room immediately followed this explanation.

So it turned out, the Wilmots became great friends of Miss Niggins, and every summer for many years after they were her boarders, and so they had as many private rehearsals as they wanted, without terrifying the spinster or causing her to give rise to another midnight alarm.

**Good-Bye!**

It was in the drill-square, Royal Engineer Barracks, says an exchange. A squad of recruits were at drill, amongst whom was an Irishman named Doherty, 6 ft. 1 1/2 in. in height. At that time the Sergeant-Major was Mr. G., only 5 ft. 4 in. On this day he was seen approaching the squad, looking sharply about for some fault. All squared up with the exception of Doherty, and the Sergeant-Major made straight for him, when the following dialogue ensued—Sergeant-Major—"Head up, that man!" (Doherty raised his head slightly.) "Up higher, sir!" (The head was raised again.) Then the Sgt.-Major, by standing on his toes, managed to reach Doherty's chin, and poked it better still, with the remark—"That's higher! Don't let me see your head down again!" By this time all were interested at seeing Doherty staring far away and above the Sgt.-Major's head, when just then a voice from above us, in a rich brogue, said—"Am I to be always like this, Sergeant-Major?" Sgt.-Major—"Yes, sir!" Doherty—"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, Sgt.-Major, for I'll be off, and ye again."

**Phil's New Year's Present.**

In one of the big buildings in the "downtown" of New York, whence the newspapers emanate and the financial wheels that move the whole country revolve, there is a cigar store, presided over by a young man known as "Phil." He has a more prominent name, no doubt, but the customers who buy cigars there have never heard it. His face has been daily reflected in the glittering show cases of the establishment for five years. In describing him it would be enough to say that his principal apparent possessions are a fiery and formidable mustache and a kind heart.

The little newsboys and newsgirls in his neighborhood had learned to be very fond of Phil in the five years they have known him. When the weather is cold they fit in and out of his place of business like stray birds seeking shelter, and they are always welcome. Phil never said a word or wore a look that would cause the rugged and dirtiest of them to feel that their presence was an intrusion. They flattered in at all times with bags flying like flaglets over their shivering little bodies and hair falling over their red and grimy faces. They warmed their benumbed fingers and chirruped together, feeling perfectly at home in Phil's shop, and then singly, or in groups, darted out into the cold to pursue the difficult business of earning their bread.

On last New Year's Eve, just before Phil was ready to close the store, a party of his little friends rushed in. Their eyes were glowing, and their manner indicated that something unusually exciting was in the wind. The company was headed by a black-eyed, baby-faced girl, who has no other name than Mary. She has been selling papers on the corner for three years, and when she first began she was so little she could not walk up the steps. Paddy Haggerty was next in the procession. For years his father had a news stand on the corner of Beekman street, and just four weeks before New Year's had dropped dead there. Besides these were Mickey-the-Boy, Snowball Billy, a fatty-headed blonde; Becky McGilly, Oscar the Dodo and one little Bible Bunch, so called because he had a hymn between his shoulders resembling a family Bible. Yes, and Siquis Johnny was also one of them. He carried his name from a chronic rash on his face resembling erysipelas.

The procession marched up to the counter with an air of mingled mystery and solemnity. Then Paddy Haggerty pulled out the remains of his hat and struck a stony attitude.

"Phil," he said, "me an' the rest of us is been about your shop a good while and we've always got used white. You've done lots of decent things by us, and we likes yer. So Mary and the Dodo was sayin' as how we got quite a little pot, and Becky and Bible had a one."

The little Italian girl stopped to the front as Paddy concluded, and from beneath her thin and faded wrap drew a gorgeous old gold silk handkerchief.

"Ain't it a corker?" she said as she handed it over the show case. Phil took it and for a whole minute was silent. Tears stood in his kind eyes, and when he did speak his voice trembled. All he could say was, "Thank you, little friends; thank you," and then the small procession faced about and marched out.

Phil sets a higher value on the old gold handkerchief than on any gift he ever received. It represents gratitude and abundant good will.

**A Hundred Famous Authors.**

To be exact, one hundred and two famous authors had place in the fifth volume of the "Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature," now issued. The list is headed by Mary Cowden Clarke of England, living, and closes with Cyriacus of Carthage, A. D. 200-250. Between these appear the names of not less than thirty-two American authors (which shows the great importance of the work in this respect), including the names of S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Robert Collyer, J. Fenimore Cooper, Henry Clay, Bishop Cox, F. S. Cozens (author of Sparrows Papers), F. M. Crawford, and Geo. Wm. Curtis. French literature is represented by Cousin and Comptey, Chinese by Confucius, Italian by Colonna—and thus the whole world is brought under tribute. The "Record of Philadelphia" says: "The plan of the work is certainly original, and excellent judgment has been shown both in the choice of authors and of subjects." The "Christian Union" pronounces it "excellent." The "Argus and Patriot of Vermont" says: "The project is an admirable one. When completed the student and general reader will have a complete Cyclopaedia of all literature." The form in which it is issued is as superior as it is unique, the volumes are handy the type all that can be desired, and the binding is in the very best taste. Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the work is its low cost—only 30 cents for paper, 50 cents for cloth, 60 cents for half Morocco bound volumes of nearly 500 pages each, and even from these prices large reduction is made to early purchasers. Relying upon the intrinsic merits of the work the publisher offers a specimen volume in cloth for 25 cents, or in half Morocco 35 cents (postage 8 cents extra), on condition that within three days after receipt you will remit the remainder of the price or return the volume. The work is planned to be completed in fifteen volumes. The publisher's 64-page descriptive catalogue of standard and popular works is sent free to any applicant. Address JOHN D. ALDEN, Publisher, New York or Chicago.

—Persian lamb says, the best quality, at low prices; also black Atractons; good and cheap as J. P. Moore.

**WHAT BABY IS GOOD FOR.**

Give me kisses—two, three, Sweet as baby's kiss may be!

What are you good for, Bessie, say? Good to frolic the days away?

Good for kissing? Good for a squeeze? Good to dandle on lap and knee? Good to laugh when you feel inclined, And cry when big folks will not mind? Good to crawl and creep and fidget, And get into mischief, little Miss Midget?

What is the use of those tiny hands? To cling to mother when baby stands.

What is the use of those restless toes? To trot into trouble, I suppose.

And what is the use of this mouth, I pray? Good for chatter the livelong day.

And what is this dainty golden hair? Why, the sunbeams love to anoint there.

Well, then, my baby, I do not see But you are useful as babies can be— But oh, now, what shall I do with you? Teach you how to be good and true— How to strive for the noble and right; How to be brave in life's long fight. Ah, there'll be lessons life's season through, Which mother must patiently teach to you.

**Take the Children to Church.**

But "do they not have the Sunday school?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday school is the right arm of a Church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm separated from the body is a useless and imperfect thing. All honors to the zealous, devoted Sunday school teacher! He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday school never was ordained to be, and never can be, a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary.

Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nesting place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about, while you are sitting in your pews?

How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday newspaper, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the policy reports and fashion goods and wretched scandals of those Sabbath brokers, while you are listening to the sermon.

Then keep the secular delectations of holy time out of your doors, and take all your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. T. C. Chapin.*

**Two Ways of Looking.**

One man enjoys what he has; another suffers for what he has not.

One man makes up his accounts from his wants; another from his assets.

One man is thankful for his blessings; another is morose for his misfortunes.

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud"; another, "This will lay the dust."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil"; another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."

Try to be like those happy-tempered people, and always view things on their brighter side.

Two boys, examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

Two boys, looking at some skaters, one said, "See how they fall"; the other, "See how they glide!"

One man complains that there is evil in the world; another rejoices that there is good in the world.

Two men, being conversant, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day"; the other said, "I was worse yesterday."

Two boys were eating their dinner. One said, "I would rather have something better than this"; the other said, "This is better than nothing!"

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world; another is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it; another thinks he is justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

**Don't.**

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log-cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.