

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1877.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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Frederick Street, Acton, in the house  
formerly occupied by R. Little, Esq.

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The Ontario Photographic Gallery  
For Beauty of Finish and Brilliance  
in Tone, they cannot be surpassed.

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L. J. Anderson, Esq., Solicitor  
L. J. Anderson, Esq., Solicitor

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**ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF BINDING**  
Neatly Executed.

**Account Books of all kinds Made to**  
Order.

**Binding Promptly Attended to.**  
SUNDAY—St. George's Square, Geolp.

**Orders left at the FREE PRESS**  
Office will receive prompt attention.

**UNDERTAKING.**  
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## HURRAH! HURRAH!

### BEST PHOTOGRAPHS

in the County, at  
The Ontario Photographic Gallery  
For Beauty of Finish and Brilliance  
in Tone, they cannot be surpassed.

**COPYING & ENLARGING**  
In all its branches, in the best style of  
the art, done on the shortest notice and  
at reasonable rates.

Also a splendid stock of Mountings  
and Picture frames kept on hand and  
made to order.

A call is solicited and you will be  
gladly attended to in the place to get  
photographs.

Yours respectfully,  
C. W. HILL,  
Acton, Dec. 5, 1876.

## TRAVELERS

### Life and Accident INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Hartford, Conn.

Paid-up Cash Capital..... \$600,000  
Cash Assets..... 4,054,000  
Surplus for dividends of  
Policy-holders..... 1,170,555  
Deposits with Dominion Gov-  
ernment..... 120,000

The Travelers is a STOCK COM-  
PANY and writes Life Policies upon  
the Low Rate all-cash plan. No un-  
certain promises of impossible "divi-  
dends," but a reduction of the pre-  
mium at the outset; equivalent to a  
"dividend" in advance. The Travel-  
ers writes Life and Accident Pol-  
icies combined as cheap as most  
companies write life policies. It is  
the largest Accident Insurance Com-  
pany in the world, having written  
435,000 policies and paid in actual  
cash benefits to accident policy  
holders alone over \$2,565,000. An  
accident policy costs but a trifle. No  
medical examination required. Get  
a policy and share in the general  
good.

C. F. RUSSELL,  
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33 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.  
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## LIVERY & SALE STABLE

J. P. ALLAN  
Takes pleasure in announcing to the  
public generally that he is prepared to  
furnish

First-class Horses and Carriages  
at Reasonable Rates.

His Rigand Horses are the best that  
can be had, and he is determined not to  
be surpassed by any City Stable.  
Acton, July 1st, 1875.

**DAY SHOWS THE LARGEST**  
STOCK OF

## WALL PAPER

Eyer, shown in Geolp., all

**New and Choice**  
and prices lower than ever.

**Children's Carriages**  
To be sold off cheap, at

**Day's New Bookstore**  
Nearly opposite the old stand.  
Geolp., April 21, 1877.

**JOB PRINTING of all kinds**  
done promptly executed at the

**FREE PRESS OFFICE,**  
Next to the P. O. Bldg., Mill Street.

## CHURCH RULES FOR THE LADIES.

Dress hard all morning, such is fate,  
Then enter church some minutes late,  
All eyes will then be turned on you,  
And will observe your bonnet new.

Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,  
And rearrange your cardinal tie.  
Let all your heart be filled with praise,  
And notice Mrs. Abigail's lace.

Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,  
And recollect your husband pin.  
Think of how good religion proves,  
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves.

Catch well the precepts as they fall,  
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.  
Think of the sinner's fearful fate,  
And notice if your bonnet's straight.

Pray for the influence divine—  
That lady's basque, mark the design.  
Let tender peace possess your mind,  
And criticize that lid behind.

Reflect on Christian graces dear,  
And fix those curls behind your ear.  
Let your heart warm with silent prayer,  
And view that hooded green silk tress.

Reflect upon the wicked's ways;  
See if your gold chain's out of place.  
Think of the peace the good shall find,  
And wonder who are sitting behind.

Think of the burdens Christians bear,  
And notice those strange ladies there.  
The last words hear with contrite heart  
And fix your pull-back when you start.

## THE FIRST GLASS.

I had often noticed when we  
were in any party of pleasure am-  
ong our own companions, how  
Cyrus Greyson would be the first  
to take the first glass.

The merriest occasion, the hottest  
day, or the coldest evening, found  
him ever, strictly temperate—a  
cold-water man of the most rigid  
type. And yet, he made no strong  
professions of temperance, and in  
his life there was every temptation  
to mere pleasure-seeking.

He was wealthy, an artist of no  
mean standing, a favorite in society,  
and would have been eminently  
handsome, but for an expression of  
sadness that never left his dark  
eyes, a reserve that hung over his  
speech on all occasions. But that  
he loved me, that we had become  
like brothers in five years of close  
intimate friendship, I should never  
have learned the secret of his sad-  
ness, or the cause of his strict  
practical temperance habits.

I remember well the morning  
when he came into my studio quite  
early, to find me lying on a sofa,  
lounge, nursing a splitting headache  
instead of finishing the picture  
upon my easel.

It was but seldom I allowed good  
company or great occasion to lead  
me into drinking, but my headache  
that day was most certainly to be  
attributed to a free flow of cham-  
pagne on the previous evening, and  
Cyrus knew it. He made no com-  
ment, passed about the room a lit-  
tle, and then sitting near me, he  
said, in a voice that to me, proved  
that he had nerved himself to some  
great effort.

"Will you follow, I am going to  
make you my father-confessor, to  
tell you the story of my life."  
His face was so deadly pale, and  
his whole appearance so shocked me,  
that I cried:

"Not if it troubles you to tell  
it, Cyrus!"

"Never mind that. I want to  
tell it. You will respect my boy-  
hood, Wil. I know I was a boy  
of five years old, I think, when my  
father suddenly disappeared from  
our home. I cannot tell you what  
his business had been, I never  
knew, but we had always lived in  
comfort and my vague memory of  
father recalls only kindness and  
love for my mother and myself, the  
only child.

"After he left us, my mother  
sank into a most desponding sorrow,  
weeping convulsively at all times,  
often praying fervently, wasting  
away to a mere shadow of herself.  
She was absent from home a great  
deal, and my grandmother came to  
care for me. They would be gone  
for hours at a time on alternate  
days, always coming home weeping  
and prostrated by sorrow. I can-  
not tell how long this lasted, but  
one day they went out together,  
were gone till late at night, leaving  
me with the servant. When they  
came home mother was carried into  
the house insensible, and my  
grandmother seemed scarcely more  
conscious. All night, from my  
little cot, I could hear the sobs  
and praying in what, even my  
childish comprehension told me,  
was the extreme agony of despair  
and grief. The next day my father  
was brought home dead, in his cof-  
fin, and I kissed him for the last  
time.

"I remember a long illness of  
my mother, and her death. Then  
I travelled, grandmother and I, a  
long, long distance to a new city.

"Here I was sent to school, and  
for the first time I heard myself  
called by the name I now bear,  
Cyrus Greyson. I questioned my

grandmother about this, remembering  
my mother had always called  
me "her darling Freddy," but she  
told me sadly I must try to forget  
my old life, my old name, and  
something in her white face and  
hushed voice compelled my awed  
submission.

"These are my childish impres-  
sions of sorrow, soon forgotten in  
my happy life. For, in spite of the  
unpleasantness of my father's  
death, I was very happy.

"My home was very pleas-  
ant, with every comfort wealth  
could give, and I was allowed any  
childlike indulgence, and my re-  
straints were only judicious little  
ones. I went to good schools, and  
when I wished to be an artist,  
every advantage of study and travel  
was given to me, till, at twenty-  
one, I was legally put into posses-  
sion of my father's share of my  
grandfather's property, and learn-

ed to be a gentleman. He was from  
one of the best families in the country,  
a scholar and man of wealth and  
refinement. You are young? He  
was not thirty. I say to you stop  
now! Make a vow and keep it,  
that you will never again touch  
liquor, for I tell you that man,  
who gave up his life to expiate his  
crime, was my son, and your  
father!"

"My father!" I gasped, feeling  
that the coffin lid close over me, Wil-  
son, who I have told you, will you use  
my confidence to try to win others  
as I have won you, from the demon  
of drink?"

I promised compliance with his  
wish, and in this sketch, prayer-  
fully and tearfully recorded, I keep  
the pledge, and tell the story of  
Cyrus Greyson's rise and fall.

It was among the loveliest cus-  
toms of the ancients to bury the  
young at morning twilight, for, as  
they strove to give the softest in-  
terpretation to death, as they im-  
agined that Aurora, who loved the  
young, had stolen them to her em-  
brace.

Invariably after salmon,  
When there is washing being  
done at home,  
When the painters are in the  
house,  
When a person feels faint and  
doesn't know what is the matter  
with him,  
When a friend turns up after an  
absence of several years, or when  
you are parting with a friend  
whom you do not expect for several  
years,  
When a person has the tooth-  
ache,  
When a person has lost at cards  
or has come into property,  
When a person has met with a  
great misfortune, or made a tre-  
mendous bargain, or made a re-  
conciliation has taken place,  
When a man is going to be mar-  
ried to a beautiful young lady, and  
has made her a present of a \$500  
set of jewelry, and she elopes with  
her music teacher,  
When a person takes a ride in a  
buggy or is on a sea voyage, or goes  
out between the acts of a five act  
tragedy, or before ascending in a  
balloon, or after coming off the jury  
dictated by a coroner's inquest, or when  
you are sitting up for your wife, or  
when a friend drops in to smoke a  
cigar, and, in fact, upon all suit-  
able occasions of sadness and merrit-  
ment.

When Whiskey may be Taken  
Medicinally.

After goose, or Irish stew, or any  
delicacy of the season into which  
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Oh, Cyrus, do not read this story  
with careless heart, do not turn  
from my prayers and tears.

"I raised her up, and held her  
tenderly in my arms.

"You take my state last night  
too much to heart, I said. I shall  
never become a drunkard, and  
really, grandma, it is not very  
pleasant to suppose I shall become  
a murderer and die by hanging,  
and I laughed aloud in my pride  
of strength.

"I must tell him! I must tell  
him!" my grandmother moaned.  
"I have kept it from him all these  
years, but I must tell him now.  
Cyrus, she said, rising to her full  
height and looking down upon me  
where I sat, "you say you are in  
no danger of this man's fate. You  
are a gentleman! He was from one  
of the best families in the country,  
a scholar and man of wealth and  
refinement. You are young? He  
was not thirty. I say to you stop  
now! Make a vow and keep it,  
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can never tell you, and because I  
loved her I let her go from me,  
when my heart told me I might  
have kept her by my side. I would  
ask no woman to bear my burden.

I would give no woman the pang  
of knowing her children could never  
bear the heritage of shame—that  
clung to it. Still less would I de-  
ceive any woman who trusted in  
me. I let her go out of my life  
forever.

"Will, dear friend," and Cyrus  
took my hand in his own, "do you  
know why I tell you all this? Be-  
cause I love you! You are dear  
to me as a brother, and I would  
not have you tread the path that  
might blight your young life, as my  
father's was blighted, curse your  
son as I am cursed!"

"And you have not told it in  
vain," I cried.

"In God bless you for the words,"  
he said. "It will be some comfort  
to me as a brother, and I would  
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**Gems of Thought.**  
Time may unfold more than prun-  
dence ought to disclose.

If you wish to pronounce an im-  
partial judgment, never accept any  
favor.

Men will wrangle for religion,  
write for it, die for it, anything but  
live for it.

Great powers and natural gifts  
do not bring privilege to their pos-  
sessor so much as they bring  
duties.