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Acton, Oct. 17, 1877.

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Acton, July 17, 1877.

JOHN SPEIGHT, Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

## A REMARKABLE COMPOSITION.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions ever published. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement such as we have never seen before. The initial capitals spell, "My boat is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in italics, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:

Make known the Gospel truths, our Father King; Yield us thy grace, dear Father from above; Bless us with hearts which feelings can sing; "Our life thou art for ever, God of Love!"

Assuage our grief, in love for Christ we pray; Since the bright Prince of heaven and glory died; Took all our sins, and hallowed the display; Instant being first, a man, and then was crucified; Stupendous God! thy grace and power make known; In death thou ledst all the world rejoicing; New labor in thy heavenly kingdom own—

That blessed kingdom for thy saints the choice; How vile to come to thee is all our city!

Entrance to thyself and that's thine; Graceless our will, we live for vanity; Loathing thy very being, evil in design; O God, thy will be done from earth to heaven; Reclining on the Gospel let us live, in earth from sin delivered and forgiven; Oh! as thyself hast taught us to forgive; Unless thy power temptation doth destroy; Sure to our fall into the depth of woe; Carnal to our mind we've not a glimpse of joy; Raised against heaven in us hope can show; Oh, give us grace, and lead us on thy way; Shine on us with thy love, and give us peace; Self and this sin thy race beyond us lay; Oh! grant each day our temptations may cease; Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do; Give us the daily of thy love to show; Help us with heavenly bread; forgive us, too; Recurrent lusts, and evil adore thy name; In thy forgiveness we our souls can die; Since for us our trespasses, so high, Thy son, our Saviour, blood on Calvary.

HANS AND FRITZ. Hans and Fritz were two Dutchmen who lived side by side, remote from the world, its deceit and its pride; With puzzle and beer the spare moments were spent, And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day, And looking a part of the GELD—as they say; Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan; To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend, And gave the required amount to his friend; Remarking—his own simple language to quote—"Borrowers it is better we make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive tongue, and Hans gets from Fritz fifty dollars to-day.

When the question arose, the note he was to sign, "Which you holds dot paper until it ras laid?"

"You keeps dot," said Fritz, "and den you will know; You takes me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot is set; Dot makes me remember I had dot to say; And I brings you der note and der money some day."

Amozth had expired when Hans, as agreed, Paid back the amount, and from debt was freed; Says Fritz: "Now dot settles us," Hans replied: "Yaw, Now, I takes dot paper according by law?"

"I keeps dot now, and it?" say Fritz, "den you see I always remember you paid dot to me; Says Hans: "Dot is so, it was'nt your shant so blain; Dot I know, dot to do ven I porrow again."

## How to Make Buckwheat Cakes.

The season for buckwheat cakes will soon arrive, and our experience is that the finest, tenderest cakes can be made by adding a little unbolted wheat (or Graham) flour to the buckwheat. Less than a quarter will do. Mix with cold sour milk, or fresh (not sweet) buttermilk which is best. The soda (nearly any are dispensed with), when put in cold water, will be a satisfactory. Bake at once. The heat will start the effervescence, and as the paste rises it will bake, thus preventing it from falling. Hence the culminating point of lightness is attained. The batter rises snowy and beautiful, and the pancakes will swell to almost undue dimensions, absolutely the lightest and tenderest that can be baked, with not a touch of acid. More salt, however, must be added than usual, to counteract the too fresh taste, when soda alone is used. Thus the bother of emptyings is all dispensed with. Pancakes in this way can be baked at any time. We keep our flour mixed, the Graham with the buckwheat, ready for use.—Cor.

## The Husband's Story.

HOW IT CHANGED THE SYMPATHIES OF COURT AND CROWD.

An incident that would suggest material for a play or novel took place in the Quarter Session Saturday. His Honor Judge Kirkpatrick was disposing of the complaints of a woman whose husband had deserted her. So many cases of an aggravated nature had been brought up that it began to look as if the man bipped in a domesticated slave and a constitutional offender.

The sympathies of the auditors were growing in favor of the oppressed woman. The tendency was heightened by the entrance of a very pale, spare, benign-looking lady, apparently of culture and refinement, dressed in a neat, dark fabric. She was accompanied by a sweet young girl of about fifteen, very tastefully decked in the latest fashion hat, ornate ornaments, and also some dark texture, and a little child of three or four in a light, and also tasteful dress.

Great was the sympathy for the lady-like mother when she arose and in a low voice and refined language told how she had been defamed by her husband, how he had failed to provide for her support or that of her two interesting children. An old and accomplished lawyer, her counsel, drew her statement with an effect almost dramatic. His Honor was affected. Any man with a sympathetic nature would be so. His Honor called upon the husband to stand up and all eyes turned upon the culprit.

He was a tall, thin Irishman, aged perhaps fifty, gray-haired, and with mild, courteous features. His boots were too large; his coat hung about him in folds that suggested he had once been a stouter man; he wore no collar, his shirt at the neck was frayed, but cleanly. He stood before the bench, not with fear but with sorrow, and a big tear had gathered in his eyes.

"What an ever have you to make to this charge, sir?" said the Court, rather severely, but with some astonishment at the apparition, which was different from what it had been expected.

"Well, indeed, I don't know, Yer Honor," said the man in a low tone, "I'm but a poor man and have done the best I could."

"Your Honor," said counsel for the defendant, "this man has been ruined by the fully and extravagance of his wife, who is now here suing him."

The Court proceeded to investigate. He found that the unfortunate old man defendant was a peddler, though he did not look as if he had the strength for hard labor; that he had accumulated some property and sold it for \$3,700 to meet the demand of his comparatively fashionable wife and family; that they moved into a \$40 per month house, and afterwards one a little cheaper, bought marble-top tables and lived high until this money was spent, allowing the old man meantime to work over the furnace and keeping the luxuries necessary to themselves; that when out of money they got his wages until he had not enough to pay board where he was living in Sharpsburg; that he had given them all he had; that he could get work sometimes but about three days in the week, but all he needed they were willing to take.

A universal feeling of indignation ran through the court-room. Even His Honor could not help sharing it. Said he, turning sharply to the prosecutor and her fashionably dressed young daughter, "You have no business in this court, madam. You can go madam—you can go at once. You pushed this poor man into hardships by your extravagance, and now you come here in your crapes and your reys and your stylish clothes to prosecute him because he is no longer able to maintain you. This Court will not assist you. And as for you, poor man," continued His Honor, "we pity rather than prosecute you. Go—go free—no more even the costs shall you have to pay."

There was a low murmur of applause through the court. The lady and her children walked out somewhat abashed; the vindicated husband took his hat and with a "Thank Yer Honor," left, not triumphant but still sorrowful.

And through the remainder of the session it was noticeable that the tide of feeling was turned the other way, and complaining wives had to undergo a closer order of cross-examination than before.

It is easy to wish for heaven, but hard to find a heavenly mind.

As well might the chemist hope for a universal solvent from the cold water of a stagnant lake, as mankind expect from earthly things the light and bliss of their immortal souls.

## Getting Ready for School.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"The cause of education to be longed for?" he muttered as he sat down on the curbstone on Shelby street yesterday.

He was a lad of thirteen. He spit through his teeth, and he spit often. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothes line girted around his waist, his hat was ancient and greasy, and his big, flat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder shower to wash them clean.

"That's what ails me!" he went on as he pushed his toes into the wet sand. I don't believe in a faller duffer in an learning all there is to learn, and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I ain't going to be a hog and try to learn all there is to learn."

After a while he went on: "Don't I know 'nuff now? Three times two are six, and four times five are twenty, and four and four are eight. That's as correct as I could get 'em if I went to school for a hundred years. And don't I know how to spell? O-!-t is 'cat' the world over, and I'll bet on it every time. He's an apple 'bony, and I know it just as well as if I weighed a ton."

He rose up to throw a stone at a dog across the street, and after resuming his seat, he went on: "Joggertry kinder wrestles me down, but I don't go much on joggertry. What do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water, or whether there ain't any water within ten miles of it? I s'pose I'm going to buy and sell s'poons for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, do I? I'm going to keep a fast store, and when I'm rolling tubs of hay around what will I care for mountains and rivers? I've heard the boys go on about exports and imports, and straits and seas, and capes, but what's that to me? If a feller wants a bag of oats, he's going to go to the store, and when he gets of Madagascar was discovered?"

He carefully examined the big toe of his left foot and the heel of his right foot, and gloomingly observed: "The old folks are making ready to push me into school, and I've got to make ready to keep out. I can't take to school somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I get into a school house I'm nervous. Something's going to happen to me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheelbarrow with a big gash in this heel or this toe almost out of it. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow him boys to go to school, and crutch up and down the aisles. O' s'posin' I go home with palpitations of the heart! The old lady had it, and I won't more than get into the house before she'll have 'em tucked up on the lounge, 'nuff 'nuff bottle down, 'nuff 'nuff jolt and sponge cake in the distance, and she'll call out to the old gent: "'Palpitation is the key-note! A sore toe can be seen—palpitation heart is away under hide and fat and rib. Now them—sosh—roll yer eyes, kick out yer left leg and make her bob around like a fly on a hot stove coker."

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly or use an improper word.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your names at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well and do you through eternity. Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and all places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

We may lose the whole of our worldly property, and yet be rich; but if we lose our souls, the world though gained in lieu of them, is but an insignificant toy.

## Information Wanted.

Will some benighted being explain to me—

Why a dog allwuss turns around 3 times before he lies down.

Why a horse allwuss gits up ppph from the ground on his forward feet fust.

Why a cow allwuss gits up oph from the ground on her behind feet fust.

Why when a man gits lost in the woods, or on the plains, he allwuss walks in a circle.

Why a goose stands fust on one leg and then tuther.

Why rabbits have a short tail and kais have a long one.

Why most all the birds bid their nests out of different materials.

Why a hon allwuss knows her little ones from another's, and why she will hatch out 12 ducks eggs and then think they are her own chickens.

Why a bear allwuss climbs down a tree backwards.

Why a turkey's egg is speckled and a ducks egg blue.

Whether a log floats faster in a river than the current runs or not.

Why an oyster and a klan are the only things I know of with animal life that don't have to move out of their places to get a living.

Why a mules bones are all solid, and their ears twice as long as horses.

Why a pig gathers straws in his mouth and runs about with them just before a rain storm.

Why Henning was never known to strike a beach tree.

Why mules among the feathered race do all the singing.

Why nature will allow one cross between man animals and then allow no more.

Why the black snail is the only snail in this country that "kan climb a tree."

When the flies all go to where the cold weather sets in, and where they all cum from so sudden next summer.

Why a mink rat's tale haz no fur on it, and a minks haz.

Why a quails egg is round, and a hens egg is pointed.

There is lots of oily eddicated people who want believe the Book of Genesis because they kant prove it, who kant answer correctly one-third of the abut questions.—Josh Billings.

## A Way to Get Rid of Borrowers.

A gentleman, whose place of business is not a thousand miles from the Merchant's Exchange, is annoyed, as many business men are, by impetuous individuals desiring small loans. He has adopted the following new method of dealing with them: He will listen amicably to the long prologue to the request for "Just lend me five dollars for a few days," and answer, "certainly," and then turning to the clerk, says: "James, we have five dollars to lend, have we not?"

"Yes, sir," says well-trained James.

"Well, lend it to Mr. Beet."

"It is not in, sir, you loaned it to Mr. Bummer day before yesterday."

## "Touchy" Persons.

There are people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. Indigestion makes them see impediments in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose that a slight was intended unless the neglect was open and direct. After all, too, life takes hues in a great degree from the color of our minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.

## A Lone Widow's Device.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturist, recently dead, leaving a wife, a horse and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him, and bade her sell his horse and give the proceeds of the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself.

Soon after the death, the wife went to market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them, with the announcement that the price of the dog was 50 francs, and that of the horse 5 francs. The passer-by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed the would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first. At last a curious passer-by concluded the bargain; after which the skillful woman handed over five francs to the family of her deceased husband, and retained five hundred francs for herself, thus contriving to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of the wishes of her husband, and to secure the largest sum of money for herself.

## A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER.

"And above all, Nelly, my love," were the parting words of a Boston woman to her daughter, as she packed up the newly-yedded pair drew up at the door, "above all, Nelly, if you should quarrel with Reginald, be a man, and life is full of thorns—remember that your first duty is to yourself, as a lady and a housekeeper. Order and neatness above all things. Never hit your husband with a rolling-pin or a potato-masher. You could never forgive yourself if the result of such a blow were to be the appearance of a hair at table in a dish of mashed potatoes or a pie-crust when you had company at tea. The poker will do quite as well and is infinitely more ladylike. Good-bye. Write every day, and don't forget your poor old mother—loo hoo!"

## THE FORCE OF TRUTH.

Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as the heavens. When his eye has base ends, and speaks falsely, his eye is muddy and sometimes, asquint. I have heard an experienced counselor say that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.—Emerson.

## A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

The Stratford Herald says: Mr. Joseph Watson for several years has been trying to raise potatoes from the seed. Last spring he planted the contents of a "potato apple," and on Tuesday last he harvested twelve pounds of potatoes of various sizes and colors, which he purposes planting next spring, and from which he hopes to be able to supply many new varieties and help to stop the degeneration of so useful a vegetable.

## CURIOUS EPIGRAM.

This is on a Mr. Bywater: Here lie the remains of his relative's pride, Bywater he lived, and by water he died; Though by water he fell, yet by water he'll rise, By water baptismal attaining the skies.

## How to Start Seeds.

A writer on gardening gives the following hints on starting tender seeds, such as tomatoes, squashes, melons, and the like: "It is desirable in transplanting not to check the growth by disturbing the roots. A good way to avoid this is to scrape out turnips and fill them with good soil, and plant in two or three seeds, making them in a warm, light place and keeping them moist. When the weather is suitable, place these out in the garden at a proper depth. The turnip will decay and the plant will thrive unchecked if properly cared for. Do not use potatoes in place of turnips. Another method is to get squares of soil, six inches wide, from good, mellow soil, turn them bottom up, and put in such seed as squashes, melons, or sweet corn, and treat them in the same way, not putting out till the weather is quite warm, and then protecting against bugs. For more delicate plants, flowers, etc., make little square paper boxes out of thin writing paper or thick newspaper, merely folding them at the corners as you would the paper in covering a book and tacking in contact with a needle and thread, making them about three inches square and two deep. Fill with good soil; start the seeds and put them out at the proper time, boxes and all, without disturbing the root. If you fear the paper is too strong for the roots to penetrate, cut carefully the bottom of the box the shape of a cross, and all will be well.—Western Rural.

## DIFFERENT WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

This is the scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the aural space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the root of the tongue; and if respiration be carried on through the mouth the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep, he will snore."

## When a man always feels put out when he is taken in.

Religion would have no enemies, if itself were not an enemy to vice.

They are generally better satisfied when Fortune never favored, than those whom she has forsaken.

While we are wrestling with the momentous question of unemployment labor, let us pause to consider how steadily and lucratively employed is the man who minds his own business.

As one who carries gunpowder would not wish to see where sparks are flying, lest he should be destroyed; so should we carefully avoid such places and company as may lead us to sin.

A Russian captain by the name of Schrenzelski once took a soldier, who was wounded in the assault on Lovatz the other day, to be taken off the field in trisyllables on three stretchers.

The potato bugs in this part of the country have decided that it is too late in the season for them to offer any cooperation in the temperance crusade, but next spring, they say, they will get up a Murphy movement that will make them howl.

There are numerous kinds of elevators on exhibition at the Mechanics' Exhibition. One kind you get into that costs ten cents; the other kind gets into you and that costs five. We don't know which is the safest, but we observe that the latter is the more popular.

Chicken-rearing by machinery has reached its test and most glorious period—it even supplies an artificial mother hen for the guileless chicken to brood under at nights and fly to in moments of peril during the day. The hydro-mere is a French invention and strikingly resembles a real hen in all but one particular; beneath its downy breast, instead of a warm heart, there is only warm water.

Thus, ope after another, by the chicken-batching machine, by the chicken-feeding machine, and now by the heatless hydro-mere, are the innocent joys of chickenhood vanishing.

Stand by your friends, let come what may, is a good motto. If you don't stand by them you needn't expect them to stand by you. So whether they are friends of high or low degree, in affluence or poverty, stick to them and don't stop to inquire whether it will pay or whether it will be popular.

Whenever you move to a new place, and now by the heavens, hydro-mere, are the innocent joys of chickenhood vanishing.

Stand by your friends, let come what may, is a good motto. If you don't stand by them you needn't expect them to stand by you