

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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## THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or firm, or to do anything in the nature of an advertisement, must be paid for when ordered. All advertising accounts rendered quarterly.

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**CARD OF THANKS.**

At this season I take much pleasure in thanking my numerous customers for the liberal patronage they have bestowed on me during the past year, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

Customers can always rely on receiving the best quality of

**BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS, CAKES, CONFECTIONERY**

R. T. GALLOWAY, Acton, Jan. 7, 1878.

**West End Bookstore.**

**BOOKS & STATIONERY**

**THE ONTARIO SADDLERY, ACTON.**

**SHORT-HAND**

**UNDERTAKING.**

**UNDERTAKING.**

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## THE SOLITARY GUEST.

A curious dinner was lately given at one of the principal Parisian restaurants. Thirteen covers had been laid; but to the surprise of the waiters, only a single guest made his appearance. The story was afterwards explained. Many years before, thirteen friends (amongst whom were Alfred de Musset and Theophile Gautier), met at the restaurant, and agreed to dine together every year, on the same day and in the same place. The solitary guest present was M. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged 84.

At Paris, in a sumptuous room, The lamps were lit one autumn night; The air was fragrant with perfume, And all was luxury and light.

Alivered crowd with noiseless foot, Like shadows drifted to and fro, Just touched a flower, or turned to fruit, Each to the other whispering low: "Eve's eyes are Medusa's eyes—'tis true, 'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis true—'tis true."

Her eyes were Medusa's eyes—'tis true, 'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis true—'tis true."

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## Novel Application of the Telephone.

A Detroit saloon-keeper has suffered much pecuniary loss at the hands of dead-beats, and has racked his brain for a remedy. It does not pay to knock a man down because he has no money, and harsh words collect a crowd and give a place a bad name. The other day the saloonist got the idea he had been struggling after. He rigged up a wire, a mouth-piece, and other parts of a telephone, and was ready for the first case. It came along pretty soon. A well-dressed and decent-looking man called for brandy, swallowed it, and softly said: "I'll call around and settle as soon as I can get a cheque cashed."

"All right—all right," smiled the saloonist, and he stepped back to the mouth-piece and called out: "Chief of police, are you in?"

"The beat halted to hear what was going on, and the saloonist continued: "All right. I wanted to give you a description of a suspicious-looking character just gone out of my saloon. Are you ready?"

"There was an interval of two or three seconds, and the saloonist went on: "About five feet eight—light hair—blue eyes—goatee—brown overcoat—black—"

"Say, you've fifteen cents for that brandy! I had some change in my vest pocket!"

"Oh—ah—yes," smiled the saloonist, and taking the money, he went to the mouth-piece and called: "It's all right—I made a mistake—man is good as wheat!"

"The beat walked out without a word, but as he reached the street he growled: "That was a dead give away on me, and I'd like to punch old Professor Bell's head about half an hour."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Surprise Party.

One evening recently the friends of a married couple up in Chillicothe determined to give them a surprise party. To this end, twelve couples of young folks, with well-filled baskets, made their appearance before the house about nine o'clock. As they came up to the door they saw the gentleman standing in the alleyway with his eyes closed, and smoking a cigar, and the parlor was all lighted up. This struck them as rather singular, but the leader grabbed the door-knob, and they rushed hilariously in. The gas was burning brightly, and six dignified old ladies were sitting around the stove, looking as solemn as grand inquisitors.

"Oh, my! where's Mattie?" shouted one exuberant lady, setting her basket on the piano.

"She's up stairs," said one old lady, looking over her spectacles with a solemn air.

"Let's have her down," screamed half-a-dozen girls in chorus, as they made a break for the hall.

"Here, girls, girls, don't go there!" said the old ladies, who made a hasty attempt to check the proposed raid.

"Why, what on earth's the matter here, anyhow?" inquired the impatient darlings.

"Well, I believe it's a boy."

"And that company of nice young men and women moved away like a soap-bubble in a hurricane, and the girls never stopped for beaux or baskets, but stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to hold their breath down till they were safe behind their own door, and not a girl in the place knows where Mattie lives."

## A Protestant Dog.

One day, while walking in the suburbs of the city of Cork, Father O'Leary met Rev. Mr. Fluck, a Protestant clergyman, and Mr. Solomon, a Jew, both friends of his. Mr. Fluck's dog was running on before them.

"Good morning, friends," said O'Leary. "Well, what interesting topic engages your attention now?"

"To be candid with you," replied the clergyman, "we were just conjecturing what religion this dog of mine would be likely to embrace, if it were possible for him to choose."

## Better than Nothing.

A good old Methodist lady, very particular and very pious, once kept a boarding-house in Boston. Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm.

After some time, a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call.

"Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off soon as I load."

"Wal, I don't know," said the old lady.

"Oh, house full, eh?"

"No, but—"

"But what, ma'am?"

"I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?"

"About what?"

"Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?"

"Oh, thunder! yes."

"Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire eternally?"

"Don't know, ma'am, really—never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wal, lem!" mused the good woman; "I guess I'll take you; fifty thousand is better than nothing."

## Screwing a Kise on the Devil.

A correspondent of an English newspaper sends the following communication, which will be read with interest by all Christians and tinkerers.

"One meets with many curious things in his journey through the bounds of this broad, circumambient globe. I have met with many myself, but the most unique thing I remember of seeing is the following curious bill, paid in the year 1182, by the officers the Church of England, for repairs at the Winchester Cathedral. This is a literal copy:

WINCHESTER, October, 1182.  
For work done by Peter M. Sollers. s. d.  
In soldering and repairing St. Joseph, 0 3  
Cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, 0 6  
Repairing the Virgin Mary behind and before, and manufacturing a new child, 4 3  
Screwing a nose on the devil, and putting hair on his head, and placing a new joint on his tail, 6 4  
Paid December, 1182. 11 4  
P. M. Sollers, Church mechanic."

## Turner's Bojhood.

An anecdote has been preserved which gives the very starting point of the boy's art-life. One morning, when "little Billy" was about six years old, the barber of Maiden lane went to a certain Mr. Tomkinson's to dress that gentleman's hair. The boy was allowed to accompany his father on this occasion, and one can imagine him "stotting along, grand with the responsibility of carrying the barber's scissors or curling-tongs. Mr. Tomkinson was a rich silversmith, whose house was filled with many objects of beauty. While the father was at work frizzling the wig of his grandpapa, the boy was placed on a chair, where he sat in silent awe, gazing with his great blue eyes at a large silver salver on the table at his side, adorned with rampant lions. The barber's work finished, father and son again turn their faces towards the dusky little shop in the lane. The boy was silent and thoughtful all that day, he sat up stairs away from the confusion of the little shop below, brooding over a sheet of paper. At tea-time he appeared triumphantly producing his sheet of paper, upon which was drawn a lion! a very good imitation of the one mounted on the salver at Mr. Tomkinson's. The little barber, unlike some parents whose children have given early indications of artistic talent, was beside himself with delight. His son's vocation was at once settled in his mind. Thenceforth, when old customers, looking up from under the glittering razor, would mumble through obstructive teeth, "Well, Turner, have you settled yet what William is to be?" the barber would smile proudly, rest the razor on a piece of thin brown paper, and reply, "It's all settled, sir; William is going to be a painter." Two or three years later the door of the little barber shop was ornamented with small water-color drawings hanging around among the wigs and frizzes, ticketed at prices varying from one to three shillings. Some were copies or imitations of Paul Sandby, a fashionable drawing-master; others, original sketches made by Boy Turner, as he was then called. His great delight was to get outside of London into the fields, and with pencil in hand, spend whole days trying to catch the exquisite effects of color and light and shade, which touched the young artist like a golden poem.

## A Case of Self-Defense.

A young lady was visiting the family of Warden Patterson, at the State Prison, a short time since, when a gentleman Dick was sent out about the place doing chores as a sort of trusty, attracted her attention. Dick seemed so gentlemanly and accommodating that she could hardly believe that he had ever done anything that could bring down upon him the heavy hand of the law, and placed him within the walls of a prison.

One day the young lady said to him: "What are you in here for, Dick?"

"For highway robbery, Miss."

"Oh, dear me! Highway robbery! But you are not guilty—you didn't rob any one, Dick?"

"Oh, yes I did! I robbed Col. Stone."

"What! Col. Stone, of Virginia City—Col. Stone, the lawyer?"

"Yes, Col. Stone, the lawyer."

"Why, Dick, what made you rob Col. Stone?"

"Drawing near to the young lady's side, and casting a searching glance about the yard as though to make sure he was not observed, Dick shaded the barboard side of his mouth with his hand and whispered: "Sh—sh! I did it in self-defense.—Virginia City Enterprise."

## A grate want—Coal.

Joint affair—Rheumatism.

A good motive—Locomotive.

The lady of Lyons—A lioness.

Standard business—Flag raising.

The last rose—Ze rose of winter.

Sanitary measure—A medicine-glass.

Police-man's motto—"Give us arrest."

How to get into a scrape—Go to the barber's.

Sealed proposals—Kissing the girl for contenting.

A truism—An expensive wife makes a pennyless husband.

The way to elevate an ill-tempered woman—Get her ire up.

The real quickstep is what they call a hanging in Arkansas.

Why was Eve so afraid of the mesquit? Because she'd Adam.

The man who said he was "out on a lark" was out on a swallow.