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JOS. H. HACKING,
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FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1875.

THE BONUS SYSTEM.

The question of offering bonuses to encourage the establishment of manufactures in Acton was discussed some weeks since, and the agreement was unanimously assented to that the Council should advertise such offer. The advertisements only appeared in the Toronto and local papers, but up to the present time we understand no one has made *bona fide* application to establish any description of manufacture here. The matter has therefore not yet been presented to the ratepayers in a practical shape. Pending any further action, it would be as well that the whole principle of bonuses should be thoroughly discussed in all its bearings. Both sides of the question will bear careful and thoughtful consideration. For the benefit of our readers we submit the following excellent arguments which we find in a late issue of the Seaforth *Expositor* :—

New towns are anxious to rival in size and population their older competitors, but the country tributary to them does not of itself supply sufficient trade to enable them to accomplish this desired object. Both, therefore, are anxiously looking for some source of trade to supplement that directly derived from the rural districts. All naturally turn to manufacturing as a means to gain this addition to trade. The demand for manufactories thus caused, has led to the system of offering additional inducements to those which nature may have provided, in the shape of bonuses. There are many branches of manufacture capable of much greater extension, and there are many places which now desire manufactories which are not adapted to sustain them. There are, again many places which now have none, which really possess certain branches. Thus, places not naturally adapted to sustain manufactories will have to go down, where those places where good openings exist will, most likely, sooner or later get what they most desire and what they need. But to build up a manufacturing business, even although there may be a good opening, requires a large amount of capital, and in this country capital is not over abundant. It is this fact which leads so many manufacturers to seek for municipal bonus to aid them in their manufacturing enterprises. Many municipalities have gained valuable manufactories by granting this aid, and have thus secured a source of trade which supplies the deficiency caused by the lack of territory through the increase in the country of railway facilities. Many municipalities are now adding out bonus inducements, and through these inducements will, in all probability, secure what they desire, but while many will secure the benefits of manufacturing through granting an encouragement in the shape of bonuses many more will not, simply because their location is not favorable. To many towns and villages, increased manufactories are a necessity, if they wish to continue to prosper. For these, therefore, it is, we believe, good policy to offer such inducements as they can afford for the purpose of securing what they need. If they secure this boon through offering the inducement, good and well; if they do not secure it, they will have to bear up under their misfortune and the loss of trade as best they can. There is one thing certain and that is, no municipality can lose by offering a bonus. If it is accepted, the municipality cannot fail to get value for every dollar paid; if it is not accepted, then it is no poorer. Some might, through the bonus inducement, secure manufacturing, who if they had not offered the inducement would not have obtained the benefit, for, in a country where capital is limited, an offer of five or ten thousand dollars is no small attraction.

We know that many object to the bonus system entirely. Such found their objections on two points. First, they hold that if a place is suitable for any particular branches of manufacturing, these branches will seek that place, and that offering of bonus inducements encourages the locating of manufacturing establishments in places not adapted for them. Now, in reference to this objection, we would say that many municipalities which now enjoy the benefits of railway facilities, would still be without them had they not assisted the undertakings by bonuses. Had the bonuses not been given, the railway would not have been built. The bonuses were given, however, and the benefits of railway facilities are now being reaped. The fact that the railway companies asked bonuses was not evidence that the country could not support, or did not require the railway; but, on the contrary, the granting of the bonus by the municipalities was the best guarantee to the company that a railway was required. The same may be said with regard to bonusing manufactories. The people of a municipality are the best judges whether any particular branch of manufacture will pay in that municipality, and the fact of their granting a bonus is a guarantee to the manufacturer that the proposed industry will pay. Again, suppose that two towns are nearly equal in the point of eligibility for a particular manufactory, the place which offers a bonus will be sure to attract the attention of the manufacturer first, and man is decidedly the better chance of securing the benefit.

The second objection urged is that the offering of a bonus to new manufactories is an injustice to existing manufactories, inasmuch as a person who has by his own industry and enterprise overcome all hardships and difficulties and succeeded in establishing a branch of manufacture, is taxed to assist another person who has not before contributed anything towards the prosperity of the municipality where he proposes to locate. This is the more plausible objection of the two, but even this, when examined into, must vanish.

If the prosperity of a place would be secured by the granting of a bonus, the old manufacturers would profit proportionately with the others in the community. If a manufactory, employing, say 100 operatives, could be secured to a town by granting a bonus of $10,000, would not this additional increase to the population and business of the town cause a proportionate increase in all branches of trade and manufacture? Consequently, the manufacturers with established business and property would get full value for the additional taxation the granting of the bonus which secured this benefit would entail upon them. So that, in reality, there is no injustice done the old manufacturers.

The Country Press.

There are few people who do the country paper full justice. Most everybody is inclined to look away over the shoulders of the country editor to some paper printing more reading matter, and then make comparisons. There are people who actually believe it impossible to find a person with common sense, with industry or with brains, in the office of a country newspaper; a newspaper can have no charms for them unless it can be mystified under a strange personality, and in buying a copy they proceed over the same as in the purchase of a bar of soap—they would rather have one that comes from the city, because it must necessarily be so much better in every sense than a home production. The same man would laugh at you if you should refuse to patronize the cross-roads mill, because you believed you had rather get your flour from the city. The country newspaper is one of the most important attributes of every town in America. When a colony settles anywhere with the intention of building a village the first thought is a newspaper; the press is thus in the very vanguard of civilization. It is the useful agent in every place of progress and growth. There is not another single power that can do so much good, patient work in the way of building up as the local newspaper. It is not altogether important how it is edited, whether with ability or not, so that it be conducted with an industry and enterprise at least side by side with the town—if it can afford to keep a few years in advance it is all the better. A country paper that had little else than advertisements would be an immense help to any place, for advertisements constitute a most reliable index to the character, size, business and general condition of the town. To the stranger who may have looked in a prospective way upon a place the advertisements are the invaluable part of the paper that has been sent him. Without a newspaper with its local news and business announcements, what would the average American city or village be? It would surely be unknown to its neighbors.

The country weeklies ought to be the best supported newspapers of the whole land, for they contain news and gossip that cannot be found in any of the city dailies. The farmer can learn from his local paper—if he prefers to take it instead of some more expensive publication—how much his neighbor's sixty-acre farm sold for, how the schools are prospering, the price of butter and eggs at the village market, and what improvements are in progress through the section in which he lives. He can get none of this in the city paper, and he cannot be a useful citizen without such items of light information. It is not always that the best towns support the best newspapers, but it is strictly a fact that no place ever gets the credit of being thrifty or enterprising until it can send out a first-class paper, and that always depends more upon the people than the editor.

GAS SPRING.—A Mr. Muir, of Newmark, writes to the "Era" respecting a gas spring which he has discovered in that village, and says:—"I yesterday visited this spring. When within a few yards I could easily perceive a continued commotion on the surface of the water, (the water in the spring is on a level with the surrounding ground.) The spring is curbed by a box, apparently about 2 feet square by 4 in depth. The depth of the spring is about five feet, with clear sandy bottom. I am credibly informed that the water never freezes during winter, and that the gas escapes during winter as freely as during summer. In looking down into the spring, an almost contiguous stream of bubbles come rushing from the bottom to the top sometimes with great force. These are gas bubbles. I procured an old tin pail, and having made a small puncture in the bottom, proceeded to test the inflammability of the gas. Having plugged the puncture, I turned the pail bottom upwards, and placed its mouth a little lower than the surface of the water. In a very short space of time I perceived by the buoyancy of the pail that it was getting well filled with gas. I then withdrew the plug and applied a lighted match. The gas immediately ignited and continued to burn with a lambent, flickering flame, a few inches above the bottom of the pail. the gas, being at first too pure to be inflammable, and only becoming so after uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere."

A kind-hearted peace-loving man painted his front steps twenty three times trying to please his wife, and then she decided that the first color was the best.

The Greatest Sale of the Season

IS NOW GOING ON

AT THE GOLDEN LION, GUELPH.

Determined to clear off the balance of Summer Stock, tremendous bargains will be given, such as no other house in Guelph can afford to give.

OBSERVE THE PRICES OF A FEW OF THE LINES REDUCED.

Rich Printed Lawns and Muslins, 7½c., worth 12½c.
Those beautiful Celestial Lusteretts Dress Goods to be rushed off at 12½c., former price 25c.
10 dozen Ladies' Silk Square ties, 25c., real price $1.
Lace Shawls, 75c., worth $2.
One dollar Parasols for 50c.
Millinery, Mantles, Grenadines, Black and Colored Silks at half price at the Great Guelph Dry Goods Store, the Lion.

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

GUELPH, July 16, 1875.

SECORD BROS.,

MONTREAL HOUSE,

ACTON.

In Hardware our stocks are full; our prices cannot be undersold.

In Crockery and Glassware we hold large stocks, and at prices below the market. Granite sets from three dollars.

In Groceries, we have one of the largest and choicest stocks west of Toronto.

Our stock of Teas is not equalled, and ranging from 15 cents to 90 cents per pound.

10 lbs best White Crushed or Granulated Sugar for $1.
11 lbs best Bright Refined Sugar for $1
12 lbs best Medium Sugar for $1
13 lbs Dark Moscow Sugar for $1.

Turnip Seeds and Harvest Tools, &c., in Great Variety.

GRAND CLEARING SALE

OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

AT THE FASHIONABLE WEST END.

The inhabitants of the Village of Acton and surrounding country are invited to attend the Grand Clearing Sale of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

Now Going on at the

FASHIONABLE WEST END

Dress, Mantle and Millinery Establishment,

UPPER WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

Immense Crowds every day. Astonishing Bargains to be had. Come and See.

A. O. BUCHAM,

Fashionable West End Dress, Mantle and Millinery Establishment.
Guelph, July 1, 1875.

THE CENTRAL STORE

Mill Street, Acton,

Is the Place for Cheap Goods.

J. W. MANN'S

STOCK OF

Dry Goods,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Groceries,
Crockery and
Glassware

Is Large, Well Selected and CHEAP.

Groceries always fresh and of the best quality.
Great Bargains may be always had for Cash or Produce.

I wish to do strictly a Cash business, as our goods are selling at the LOWEST Market Prices.

Highest price paid for all kinds of Produce

☞ Call and Examine our Stock.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

NOW GOING ON AT THE

ELEPHANT CLOTHING STORE,

NO. 31 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

Will be given during this Sale, having reduced every article to

Cost and Under,

As we are anxious to clear it right out. Call and examine stock, as we consider it a pleasure to show goods.

WM. RUTHERFORD & CO.

Guelph, July 15, 1875.

GRAND CLEARING SALE

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

At KENNEDY BROS.

The undersigned having disposed of their Grocery business, and having purchased the immense stock of Boots and Shoes of Mr. JAMES MATHEWS, are now prepared to offer to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity

GREAT BARGAINS FOR CASH

In Men's English and American Styles of Shoes and Gaiters, and in Ladies' and Childrens' Goat, Kid and Prunellas, which for Style and Durability cannot be equalled in the county.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

Custom Work and Repairing

Having secured the very valuable services of Mr. THOS. EDGAR, who as a Cutter, is unexcelled, a fit will be guaranteed, or no sale.

Sewed Work a Specialty.

☞ Remember the Stand—Main St., opposite Dominion Hotel.

KENNEDY BROS.

N.B.—All Book accounts must be settled at once.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

THE GIRLS.

Somebody has written the following about the girls and sent it afloat:—

God bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Blend with our evening dreams;
They haunt our lives
Like spirit wives,
Or, as naiads haunt the streams.

They soothe our pains,
They fill our brains
With dreams of summer hours;
God bless the girls,
God bless the curls,
God bless our human flowers.

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey;
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick,
They heal us quick,
That is, if they do love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry
And place tombstones above us.

Of roguish girls,
With sunny curls,
We may in fancy dream;
But wives—true wives—
Throughout our lives
Are everything they seem.

A Midnight Adventure.

The other night, about half-past twelve, old Major Thorndike was awakened by a tremendous tapping at his front door.

Now the Major, although he holds a military commission, is apt to be a trifle timid in the night time; so he awakened his better-half to have her judgment in the matter.

"What appears to be the trouble?" inquired the old lady.

"Trouble enough," replied the Major; "somebody is rapping at our front door as though the house was on fire, and you had better get up and see to 'em."

"Get up yourself, you pusillanimous old coward," exclaimed his affectionate spouse. "What kind of a head of a family do you call yourself anyway?"

"Now, Mrs. Thorndike," gently remonstrated the Major, "do be reasonable about this; you know very well that if there is a murderer or a burglar at the door he wouldn't be mean enough to harm an unprotected creature. Go down, Martha Jane; go down and appeal to his better feelings."

"I'll appeal to your bald head with a boot-jack, if you don't start in just about fifteen seconds, you dilapidated old idiot," suggested the chosen of his heart, as she jumped out of bed and lighted a match.

Major Thorndike had resided with Martha Jane for twenty-seven years, and he well understood the peculiarities of her disposition.

"Well, well, wife," said he, "I'll go down, but you had better go with me, for perhaps some of the neighbors are sick, or something."

All this time the thumping and kicking at the front door had not ceased for one instant.

It sounded as though Bedlam had broke loose, and the hair on Major Thorndike's head stood up till the strings of his red flannel night-cap quivered like aspen leaves.

He grasped the trusty sword with which he had marshalled his battalions to victory in many a valient sham fight, and with a face as pallid as clay he whispered:

"Come, Martha Jane, and let us face the dangerous foe."

"Oh, you had better go to bed and have another nap, you weather-beaten old settin' hen," remarked his wife, "and I'll go alone."

But the Major considered his honor at stake, and down they went.

The military chieftain, with his sword at "shoulder arms" led the way, and the old lady, with the kerosene lamp in one hand and the boot jack in the other, brought up the rear.

And still the rapping and kicking at the outside door continued.

Down the back stairs and through the long entry that melancholy procession slowly passed.

Arriving at the door, the commander-in-chief faintly ejaculated "Halt!" and then to the disturber on the outside he warbled: "Who's there?"

The pounding ceased, and a voice exclaimed:

"It's me; let me in!"

"Who in thunder is me?" said the Major, his courage rising as he thought he recognized the voice.

"It is Deacon Blaisdell; your next door neighbor," replied the man on the outside, "and I want to come in."

Slowly and cautiously they unfastened the door, and Mrs. Thorndike, whose costume was somewhat inadequate, set the kerosene lamp on the floor, and gracefully retired behind a hat-rack.

The Deacon entered. Under his arm he held a mammoth copy of Webster's Unabridged, and his hands were full of spelling-books, primers, and dictionaries.

"What are you prowling around here for at this time of night?" shouted the Major, in wrathful tones. The Deacon was a small sized specimen of humanity, and the Major was beginning to feel courageous.

"Major," said the Deacon, "I've got seven words here to spell that no mortal man in town has yet been able to spell. Squire Tewksbury can't do it, nor Lawyer Wheeler, nor Schoolmaster Jones; and I've just come from Parson Ferguson's, and he had to give 'em all up. Now I want you to have a try. The first on the list is *Philoprogenitiveness!* Spell that if you can."

The valiant Major laid aside his ponderous sword, and fastened his night-cap firmer on his head; he gave the Webster's Unabridged a kick that sent it flying half way across the street, and the air was filled with spelling books and primers.

"I'll give you a spell that'll keep you quiet for a month," said he; and with one hand he tenderly seized the trembling Deacon by the coat collar, while the other affectionately grasped him by the pantaloons.

"I'll teach you to come prowling round here at midnight with your silent letters and your diphthongs and your tripthongs; I'll give you the worst spell you ever had."

And he gently carried the Deacon out of the door, through the front yard and into the street, where he carefully deposited him in a mud-hole about twelve inches deep.

The Deacon floundered, and kicked, and strove, and spattered, but the Major, after leaving his burden, stalked majestically back to the house with his garments fluttering in the breeze, while Mrs. Thorndike stood in the doorway, proudly waving the kerosene lamp over her head and shouting aloud, "The next word on the list is 'Am-phi-bi-ous-ness!' Deacon Blaisdell, it's your turn to spell!"—*Danbury News.*

He Always Thought So.

Many years ago, before the addition was built upon the State Prison at Concord, N.H., Elder Eastman, an elderly and universally respected and beloved Free Will Baptist preacher, was appointed chaplain of that penal institution for the year then to ensue. Shortly after his appointment Bro. Willey, another elder of the same persuasion, was riding through Conway, and chanced to see Bro. Allard sitting in his doorway, enjoying the fresh spring breeze.

Now Brother Allard was a disciple—and a warm one—and of all the men whom he had entertained, and whom he had heard preach, Elder Eastman had been his favorite. In fact, he had openly declared, on more than one occasion, that Brother Eastman was really and divinely inspired. Upon seeing Brother Allard sitting there so quietly and so reflectively, Willey could not resist the temptation to a joke. So he drew in his horse at the door, and after the usual salutations had passed, he said, with a woeful countenance:

"My dear Brother Allard, did you know that Brother Eastman had been sent to the State Prison?"

"Sent—*What?*"

"To State's Prison."

"But—you don't mean *our* elder?"

"I do. He has been sent for one year."

"*Our* elder. It can't be."

"I know it. I have seen the official papers."

"Well," said Brother Allard, leaning forward, and folding his hand resignedly, "I don't know as I am so much surprised after all; for, between you and me, Brother Willey, I always thought Eastman wasn't the saint he appeared. In fact, I've had it on my tongue two or three times, lately, to tell my wife—though I didn't let the words drop—that he'd be sure to fetch up in the State's Prison if he didn't look out!"

Brother Willey rode on, highly amused, as well as slightly astonished, at the way in which his announcement had been received. It is said that Brother Allard, when he learned the truth, felt not a little chagrined; and he declared that it was Brother Willey that he deemed worthy of imprisonment, and not that dear, blessed man—Brother Eastman.

But Brother Allard need not have felt so very badly. There are thousands more like him in the land.

WAGES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—Before the discovery of America, it is said that money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by the English Parliament, in 1351, at one penny per day; and 1414 the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops [then in prison in England] was three half pence per day. At this time, twenty-four eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for four pence, a fat goose for two and a half pence, a hen for a penny, wheat three pence per bushel, and a fat ox for six shillings and eight-pence. So that, in those days, a day's work would buy a hen or two dozen of eggs; four day's work would buy a pair of shoes. On the whole, human labor brought, on the average about half as much food and perhaps one-fourth as much cloth or clothing as it now does. These are encouraging facts for labor reformers.

THE ROAD TO POOR FARMING.—1. Invest all your money in land and run in debt for more. 2. Hire money to stock your farm. 3. Have no faith in your business, and be ever ready to sell out. 4. Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen, and cheap tools. 5. Feed poor hay and mouldy cornstalks exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame. Very cattle are terribly hard on rickety wagons and ploughs. 6. Use the oil of hickory freely whenever your oxen need strength; it is cheaper than hay or meal, and keeps the hair lively, and also pounds out all the grubs.

To down upon only one knee to a young lady. If you go down on both, you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the appearance of an enraged father.