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Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

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and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.

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Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish

First-class Horses and Carriages at Reasonable Rates.

His Riggs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds
neatly and promptly executed at the
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Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing
And names that are never spoken;
There are treasures guarded with jealous care,
And kept as a sacred token.

There are faded flowers and letters dim
With tears that have rained above them.
For the fickle words and the faithless hearts,
That taught us how to love them.

There are sighs that come in our joyous hours,
To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes,
For the things that we loved in our youth.

In hours of thoughtless singing,
For the blithest birds that sing in spring
Will blit with the waning summer,
And lips that we kissed in fondest love
Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where lilies rest
In white bands still forever,
The roses of June will not and will not glow,
Unheeding the hours that sever,
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
All words of hope refusing.

Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
That perish with the using.
Summer blossoms and winter snows,
Love and its sweet elixir;
Hope, like the siren, dim and fair,
Quickening our fainting vision,
Drooping spirits and failing paucity,
Where unbold memories hover,
Eyeballs touched with the seal of death,
And the fatal dream is over.

The European War.

The Turco-Russian war is not a popular topic of conversation. Beyond vague references to the Russians and the Turks nothing is said.

When the names of commanders, important points, and battle-fields are approached, the parties simultaneously and unanimously wilt and back swiftly down.

When a man is out for the evening and desires to make a favorable impression upon the company, he will lose color and self-possession if the war is mentioned.

Consequently that information is made known is dispensed almost entirely by the papers. Things which cannot be spoken can be printed. No man attempts to read the war news to another.

He says he has had the time and that the other would get a much clearer idea of it by reading it himself, which is undoubtedly true.

As large and as bright and as intellectual as is Danbury there is only one man here who dares tackle the subject.

Nothing that the contents of the news have so far developed makes him quail. He is a type setter, and is keeping company with a young lady who is the sole hope of her parents, and appears to be the sole hope of our friend. Sunday night he went after her to go to church, but she was not feeling well so he proposed to spend the evening with her and the elderly parents.

"John," said the old gentleman, "what is the war news?"
"Oh, yes, John," said his wife, "I wish you would tell us something about it. Edward don't get the papers, and when he does the pesky names are so long and so awkward that he can't make out anything. I wish you would tell us about it."

The accommodating young man straightened up in his chair as a self-directed injunction to brace up, and smiling agreeably upon the old couple, said:

"They ain't got it at over there very hot just yet, but there's going to be a lively time in a few days. The Russians are now trying to force their way across the Danube."

"What's that?" asked the old lady, with lively interest.
"That's the river which cuts down through Roumania. If the Russians get across it they'll be slap down upon the Turks in a jiffy, and'll make the stuffing fly. Gen. William Rosegoff is in charge of the Russian army at this point, and Eugene Ishmail has the command of the Turks opposing him. Now William is right here (indicating the spot on the table with his finger) at Lavascratchi—that is, his infantry is here. At Hoopenbush he has his artillery, and back at Toobnakashevitchi he has his cavalry."

"Gracious! what names!" ejaculated the astonished old lady.
The old gentleman said nothing, but he made up his mind that John must have a tremendous intellect to scoop in those names and hold them.

"Eugene," continued the young man, modestly, "has his army on the other side of the river, of course. Here is his infantry at Rnstyebuch, which he has covered fully by batteries, while his other artillery is at Sorghumpubbia. He wants to keep the Russians on the other side of the river, you know, but William is too much for him."

"He is?" gasped the old gentleman.
"Yes—oh, yes," replied John, with great confidence. "William is tony; he is right up to it every time. The first thing you know he'll be across that river and Eugene will be paddling up out of that in no time; and before you

can turn around, as you might say, William will have scooped in Howdell, Plunkettville, Samaris, Schaddlowatch, Brewacowari, Spodecuballawallachornia, Schamhorn, and other points equally and uniformly contiguous."

John paused, looked up at the ceiling, sighed, and mournfully added:
"It looks bad for Eugene."

"I should say it did," emphatically ejaculated the old gentleman.
"Poor man," sighed the old lady. "Has he a family?"
"A wife and seven children," said John, gently.
The old lady sighed again.

The Dunkin Act bolted down—its provisions in brief—The gist of what it enacts.

The provision of the Dunkin Act, briefly summarized, are as follows:

Clause 1 gives the power of passing a by-law to enforce the Act to every Municipal Council, without submitting the matter to the electors unless it chooses to do so.

Clause 3 provides that Councils may, if they prefer, order the by-law to be submitted to the electors for their approval.

Clause 4 enacts that any 30 electors may propose by requisition the passage of such a by-law in any given municipality, and demand a poll to determine whether it shall be adopted.

Sub-section 4 of clause 5 provides that the voting shall be done openly (not by ballot) each elector voting "yea" or "nay" as he may elect. i. e. "yea" means for the by-law and "nay" against it.

Sub-section 6 of same clause provides that the poll may be kept open one day for every 400 voters in the polling division.

Sub-section 8 enacts that the by-law shall come into force on 1st March after its passage.

Clause 9. The by-law must remain in force one year from coming into operation.

Sub-section 3, clause 12. Licenses distillers of brewers may sell only the liquors they manufacture in quantities of five gallons, to be all taken away at one time.

Sub-section 4. Any merchant or trader having a store or place for sale of goods may sell five gallons (or a dozen bottles) at a time.

Clause 13. Clerks or agents selling the liquor shall be punished and incur the same penalty as their principal or employer.

Clause 14. Prosecutions can be brought in the name of the Inland Revenue officer of the district where the by-law is in force, or of the "trustee," or in the name of any private person.

Clause 15. Prosecutions may be commenced within three months after the alleged offence.

Clause 17. Two or more offences, by the same party, may be included in any given complaint, but the maximum penalty imposed is \$100.

Sub-section 1, clause 34. When the prosecution is brought in the name of an Inland Revenue Collector, one-third of the fine goes to the Government, one-third to the person on whose information the action is brought, and one-third is retained by the Collector.

Municipality for the whole fine shall belong to the Municipality, but it may pay one-half to the party on whose information the action was brought.

Clause 36. There is no appeal from the decisions of magistrates or other duly qualified officers.

Clause 40. Any person obtaining liquor at any inn or other such public house, contrary to this Act, drinking to excess and being killed, committing suicide while intoxicated, or otherwise come to his death through such drinking to excess, the legal representatives of such person may enter an action against such innkeeper, etc., and recover damages.

Clause 44. Druggists may sell liquors for medicinal purposes; neither they nor the storekeeper shall sell any between nine Saturday night and six Monday morning.

Any police officer may be authorized by two or more magistrates to act as inspector, and enter houses of public entertainment to see that no infraction of the law is being committed.

CHANGE OF OPINION.—He that never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—*Dr. Wisbecker.*

Systematic Training.

Very much of the success of a life depends upon the early training that a child receives. Not only his success, but his health and happiness depend largely upon it.

It is essential that from the very beginning of his life he be trained to systematic thought and action; and the child that is thus trained up until it becomes a fixed habit, will be more likely to succeed in what he undertakes than the one who is not. Many business failures have their origin in the school-room. A bent twig often grows into a crooked branch, and the chances are that the boy who is allowed to parse words and solve examples in a haphazard way will keep his business accounts in the same manner.

The teacher who has in his hands the training of immortal minds has assumed no small share of responsibility. And yet it is astonishing, when one looks about it, to find what a small amount of consideration many persons enter upon the teacher's work. Men and women enter the profession and go to work as if they considered a human mind a no more difficult thing to manage than a hand-saw, and indeed if driving, simply, be the teacher's chief aim in life, an easier thing often to drive a boy for six hours a day than it is to drive a hand-saw for twelve hours.

Business takes deep root in many hearts and it is consciousness; hence we often do that which is easiest, whether be best or not. The consequence is that there are many persons trying to teach who had better be sawing wood.

It often happens that it takes less time and labor to start forth upon the world a full fledged pedagogue than it does to get ready a first class blacksmith or stone mason, and yet the man who simply makes nails or walls can scarcely be said to exert as important an influence upon the world as the one who takes an active part in moulding its mind and thought.

Still in our practice we too frequently act as though we supposed the reverse were the case.

We take two boys and give them a good common school education; then we expect them to learn the trade of a blacksmith; the other determines to be a teacher; the one must serve an apprenticeship of three years before he is considered able to depend upon himself, the other goes immediately to his work; the one when he has served his apprenticeship and then he goes to work as a teacher; the other makes a failure, because he was not prepared, and we wonder at the result; but it is no wonder at all. Loose work will show itself somewhere sooner or later. It is, of course, possible for a teacher to become too systematic, to carry system to such an extent that he will go into the school-room so well equipped that his teaching, as far as method is concerned, will not be a mere experiment. There is a vast difference between having a simple knowledge of a subject and having an ability to impart that knowledge to another in the easiest and quickest way, and the teacher who goes into his school-room without knowing how to teach fails to recognize that fact.—*Parent and Teacher.*

An Indian woman is a squaw, therefore an Indian baby is a squawling.

"Give me a fifth story room, next the skylight, so I can get out one way at least," said a traveller as he registered his name at a travel hotel.

You can always detect a teacher by the way he handles a baby, but to be safe from loss it is well to use a borrowed baby in making the experiment.

Gems of Thought.

We increase our wealth when we lose our desires.

As a man lives, so shall he die; as a tree falls, so shall it lie.

Perseverance is the bridge by which difficulty is overcome.

Words are sometimes signs of ideas, and sometimes of the want of them.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Human glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyriste.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Of all passions avarice is the most unaccountable, as it precludes the miser from all pleasure except that of hoarding.

If the league of friendship is once broken, the cabinet of secrets is unlocked, and they fly wildly about like uncaged birds.

Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.

In our adversity it is night with us, and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

Toil and trial are grim school-masters, but a flash of hope can make them beautiful, even as a sunbeam the rude mountain frown.

He that neglects the culture of ground naturally fertile is more shamefully culpable than he whose field would scarcely compensate the husbandry.

The talent of success is simply do what you can, well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good action done as it ought to be done, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

The first burst of passion, increased and rendered more dangerous by a stubborn opposition, will generally yield and fall harmless when it is met by softness and submission.

Man regards as an eternity—first the present hour; then his youth; then his life; then his century; then the duration of the earth; then that of heaven; and, finally, time.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only foolish. They counted, not so much that you should become, wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

A Fine Distinction.

A young man, whose attire was clean and neat, and whose general appearance was rather prepossessing, stood before the bar of a Police Court. By his side stood a young man of about the same age, with a coal black face and woolly hair, and who was dressed with all the gorgeousness of a "swell."

"What's your name, white man?" asked the Court.
"McFinnigan, sir,"
"And yours, my man and brother?"
"George Washington Jones, sah."

"What was the matter, George Washington?"
"Sah, I'll tell yo' do, truf, sah. I was a goin' up do street, sah, las' night, when I met this man an' I 'kin' of jostled agin' 'im, sah, an' he turn' right round, sah, an' fetch me a clip on de nose, sah; den I call' an' an' an' had dat man arrested, an' dat's all de truf."

"How was it, McFinnigan?"
"Shure, yer Onor, an' it was all de nagger's fault. I was a comin' down the av'ne, quiet as a lamb, sor, sayin' nothin' to nobody, when that spalpeen came forrinst me, an' and his elbow, an' I up an' hit 'im upon de spur de momint'."

"No, sah, he hit me on the nose, sah?"
"On de nose, sah."
"Never mind de distinctions, said his Honor, "it costs a man \$10 in this Court to hit a man, whether it be upon the spur of the moment or upon the nose. George Washington, you are discharged.—*New York World.*"

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us footsore more than the rocks, which require only a bold effort to surmount.

Another conscientious man is opposed to having the drug stores open on Sunday. He is a druggist himself, and Sunday is the only day he has to go fishing.

The First Article.

He was a friend of mine and used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper.

He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote it a little more to the cause of religion and not quite so much to politics.

He said it could be made a power for good in the Western land, in which we had cast both our fortunes. He was a lover of the original, too, and said that he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, to fill the paper right up with good new stuff. That seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say:

"Brother you had glorious meeting at the school house last night, I hear. Suppose you write it up for me."

He didn't seem to act as though he wanted to.

I asked him to write for me. He flushed a little and stood around, awkward like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before.

I still urged.

Then he took off his gloves. And his hat. And his overcoat. Then I gave him a seat at the table with paper and pencil.

He sat down to editorial work. He had always been talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it.

He started up.

I went about my work, and having written a column or two of matter for the week's paper, left him still writing while I went out to solicit some advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back, he was still at it.

He was sweating awfully. The table and floor were white with copy paper, and the pencil in his hand was much diminished in length.

I went to dinner.

When I returned he was at it yet.

There was more paper scattered around the pen, was shorter, and he was wetter. It was summer.

The hours dragged along into the middle of the afternoon.

Great cords stood out on the preacher's heated brow.

His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper before him, and his fingers moved nervously, and the pencil was a stub.

I began to grow frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that its fourteen columns of space (one side was patent inward) would not hold the contents of the Bible, and a supplement message from heaven.

At last the man looked up, and timidly advancing with a piece of paper in one hand, suddenly turned, and went back to change a word.

Then he came on again, and like one who had passed through a vision, held out the paper and feebly asked:

"Will that do?"
I looked.

There were just seven lines of it, advertising measure!

He was a large man—weighed over 300 pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later he weighed less than 225.

He had been sick.

Mr. Barker and His Bull-dog.

Mr. Barker was walking down Broadway yesterday, a benevolent smile on his ruddy countenance, and a fat bull-dog trotting complacently at his heels. Occasionally Mr. Barker would look around at the dog and chuckle to himself.

"The Board of Aldermen be damned," said Mr. Barker. "I am not going to put a four-foot strap on your neck, Marcus Aurelius," and Marcus Aurelius wagged his stub of a tail. Just then a boy exploded a bomb directly under the dog's black nose, and that animal gave a howl and made a dash at the boy.

"Look a yer," yelled a policeman to Mr. Barker, "you want to put a strap on that yer dawg. He's mad."

"He is not mad," said Mr. Barker, indignantly.

"Well, old feller, who's the judge. I say yer dawg's mad, and I'm going to knock 'im on the head with my club."

Mr. Barker for the moment looked frightened. Suddenly, however, a twinkle came into his eye, and drawing himself up to his full height he addressed the policeman haughtily:

"Officer, you evidently do not know whom we are. We had desired to preserve our innocence, but you force us to reveal ourselves. We are the Grand Duke Alexis; and that is our bull-dog. That dog is an alien; he is not a citizen, and must not be bound by foreign laws and straps. Do you wish to embroil your land in a war with Russia? If you do, just club that dog."

"Well, call off your dawg, then," said the policeman.

"Here, Blowitzkourkirkidibschowakichowhockouki," said Mr. Barker without the slightest hesitation.

"Well, I'm blowed," mused the officer, as Mr. Barker and his dog disappeared. "I'm blowed if the dawg couldn't work a free lunch route off the people's legs after the Jake could pronounce half his name."

Slow But Sure.

The "slow shtiger" was a tall, rawboned specimen of the Pike county breed, and when he arrived in the mining camp the boys began to have fun with him—to "milk him," as they call it in the parlance of the mines.

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready and squared off, Pike county stretched out his long neck and presented the tip of his big nose temptingly close to his tormentor's.

"I'm a little slow," he said, "and I'm a little stupid. I'm a little slow; just pester me one—a good un—right on the end of that sneller!"

His request was complied with. "That was a good un," he said, calmly, "but I don't feel quite healed yet" (turning the side of his head to his adversary); "please chug me another lively one under the ear?"

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike county remarked that he was "not quite so well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he