

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume III, No. 17—Whole No. 132

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1877.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. E. LOWRY, M. D.
D. D. Esq., also Agent Canada...
DE E. MORROW, Phys.
...
D. HENDERSON, Convey.
...
J. D. MATHESON, Attorney.
...
T. W. COOPER.
...
W. M. LAIDLAW, Barrister.
...
HENRY L. DRAKE.
...
PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.
...
WILLIAM WATKINS.
...
MRS S. CARTER.
...
OLIVER LOZIER, Plasterer.
...
ACTON FLOUR MILLS.
...
ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton.
...
DOMINION HOTEL, Acton.
...
WM. HEMSTREET.
...
F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN.
...
Undertaking.
...
JOHN SPEIGHT.
...

ACTON BAKERY.

The subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed upon the late firm of Galloway Bros., feels a continuation of the same, feeling assured that the utmost satisfaction will be given, and that the high reputation of our bread and pastry will be fully maintained. Our superior quality of **BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES** Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock always on hand at the Bakery—fresh and cheap for cash. No credit given except to prompt paying monthly customers. Wedding and Fancy Cakes Made to order on the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. All goods are warranted pure, as nothing but the best material is used. **R. T. GALLOWAY.** Acton, Oct. 17, 1877.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In stock at **Day's New Bookstore** GUELPH.
The Sunday Teacher's Treasury. The Bible. Treasury. The Sunday School—an essay by Louisa Davis. The Child and the Book, by Robert Dunning. The Apostle Peter, by Samuel Green. Counsels to S. S. Teachers, by T. A. Cooper. The Note Book. Our Work, by W. H. Crozier. The Four Gospels of the one Christ, by G. E. Johnson. The Art of Teaching in a Sunday School, by S. G. Fitch. Ready for Work, by W. H. Crozier. Barnes' Notes, Rev. &c., &c. A cheap, big stock at Day's bookstore. Day sells cheap.

TRAVELERS Life and Accident INSURANCE COMPANY

of Hartford, Conn.
Paid-up Cash Capital \$600,000
Cash Assets \$464,000
Surplus for protection of Policyholders \$1,370,833
Deposit with Dominion Government 140,000
The Travelers is a STOCK COMPANY and writes Life Policies upon the Low Rate all-cash plan. No uncertain promises of impossible "dividends," but a reduction of the premium at the outset; equivalent to a "dividend" in advance. The Travelers writes Life and Accident Policies combined as cheap as most companies write Life policies. It is the largest Accident Insurance Company in the world, having written cash benefits to accident policyholders alone over \$2,565,000. An accident policy costs but a trifle. No medical examination required. Get a policy and share in the general benefit.
C. F. RUSSELL, District Agent, 33 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.
WILSON IRWIN, Special Agent.

ACTON LIVERY & SALE STABLE

J. P. ALLAN
Takes pleasure in attending 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. Acton, July 1st, 1875.
JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly & promptly executed at the **FREE PRESS OFFICE.** Next the Post Office, 1311 Street.

AT THE BAR.

"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white Throne, Velled in its roscate clouds the voice came forth; Before it stood a parted soul alone, And rolling east and west and south and north. The Middy accounts summoned quick and dead: "Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?" Shivering he listened, for his earthly Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away; He brought no glory to its daily strife, No wreath of fame, or garland ditty; Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure, Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor." There was nothing offensive in his speech, save his familiarity and the reflection, perhaps, that whether I objected or not, he was quite able to do as he said. I only replied by saying "heavyweight," which he should have borrowed his weight from. To my surprise, he replied quietly, "That's so," adding that the horse was at my disposal when he wasn't using it, and half of it when he was. "Dick has carried double many a time before this," he continued, "and kin do it again; when your master gives out, I'll give you a lift, and room to spare." I could not help smiling at the idea of appearing before the boys at Red Gulch en masse with the stranger; but neither could I help being oddly affected by the suggestion that his horse had done double duty before. "On what occasion, and why?" was a question I kept to myself. We were ascending the long rocky flank of the Divide; the nervousness of the trail obliged us to proceed slowly, and in file, so that there was little chance for conversation, had he been disposed to satisfy my curiosity. "He toiled on in silence, the buckskin giving way to a timber, the western sun, reflecting again from the blank walls beside us, blinding our eyes with its glare. The pines in the canon below were olive gulfs of heat, over which a hawk here and there drifted lazily, or rising to our level, cast a weird and gigantic shadow. Only some long wings on the mountain side. The superiority of the stranger's horse led him often far in advance, and made me hope that he might forget me entirely, or push on, grown weary of waiting, but regularly he would halt by a boulder, or rapping of a sapling, or a change of where he had patiently waited. I was beginning to hate him mildly, when at one of those reappearances he drew up to my side, and asked me how I liked Dickens! "Had he asked my opinion of Huxley or Darwin, I could not have been more astonished. Thinking that it was possible that he referred to some local celebrity of Lagrange, I said hesitatingly, "Charles Dickens. Of course you have read him? Which of his books do you like best?" I replied with considerable embarrassment that I liked them all—as I certainly did. "He grasped my hand for a moment with a fervor quite unlike his usual phlegm, and said, 'That's me old man.' Dickens ain't no man you can count on him pretty much all the time." With this rough preface, I launched into a criticism of the novelist, which for intelligent sympathy and hearty appreciation I had rarely heard equalled. Not only did he dwell upon the exuberance of his humor, but upon the power of his narrative, and the all-embracing eloquence of his poetry. I looked at the man with astonishment. I had considered myself a rather diligent student of the great master of fiction, but the stranger's felicity of quotation and illustration surprised me. It was true that his thoughts were not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period, yet it never was rustic or homespun, and sometimes struck me with its precision and fitness. Considerably softened toward him, I tried to converse with other literature, but in vain. Beyond a few of the lyrical and emotional poets, he knew nothing. Under the influence and enthusiasm of his own speech, he himself had softened considerably; offered to change horses with me, read my skill, transferred his pack to his own horse, insisted upon my sharing the contents of his whiskey flask, and noticing that I was unarmed, pressed upon me a silver-mounted revolver, which he assured me he could "warrant" for these various offices of his book-begging. I was from noticing the fact that the trail was beginning to become obscure and unrecognizable. We were evidently pursuing a route

When he was out of ear-shot.

When he was out of ear-shot, I drew the puzzled Sylvester aside. "I have picked up—I mean I have been picked up on the road by a Kearnan man, whose name is not Kearney. He is well armed and quotes Dickens. With care, acquiescence in his views on all subjects, as general submission to his commands he may be placed. Doubtless the spectacle of your helpless family, the contemplation of your daughter's beauty and innocence may touch his fine sense of humor and pathos. Meanwhile Heaven help you, and forgive me." I ran up stairs to the little den that my hospitable host kept always reserved for me in my wanderings. I lingered some time over my ablutions, hearing the languid, gentlemanly draw of Sylvester below, mingled with the equally cool, easy slang of my mysterious acquaintance. When I came down to the sitting-room I was surprised, however, to find the self-styled Kearney quietly seated on the sofa, the gentle May Sylvester, the "Lilly of the Lone Valley," sitting with maidenly awe and unaffected interest on one side of him, while on the other that arrant flirt, my cousin Kate, was protruding the pitiless archery of her eyes with an excitement that seemed almost real. "Who is your deliciously cool friend?" she managed to whisper to me at supper, and I set utterly dared between the enraptured May Sylvester, who seemed to hang upon his words, and the giddy girl of the period, who was emptying the battery of her charms in active rivalry upon him. "Of course we know his name isn't Kearney. But how romantic! And isn't he perfectly lovely? And who is he?" I replied with weary irony that I was not aware what foreign potentate was then travelling incognito in the Sierras of California, but that when his royal highness is pleased to inform me, I shall be glad to introduce him properly. "Until then," I added, "I fear your acquaintance must be Morgengendieff." "You're only jealous of him," she said partly. "Look at May, she is completely fascinated. And her father, too! And actually, the languid, world-sick, cynical Sylvester was regarding him with a boyish interest and enthusiasm almost incompatible with his nature. Yet I submit honestly to the clear-headed reason of my own sex, that I could see nothing more in the man than I have already delivered to the reader. In the middle of an exciting story of adventure, of which he, to the already prejudiced minds of his fair auditors, was evidently the hero, he stopped suddenly. "It's only some pack train passing the bridge on the lower trail," said Sylvester, "go on." "It may be my horse is a trifle uneasy in the stable," said the alleged Kearney; "he ain't used to boards and cooing." Heaven only knows what wild delicious relation lay in the statement of this fact, but the girls looked at each other with cheeks pink with excitement as Kearney arose, and with quiet absence of ceremony quitted the table. "Ain't he just lovely?" said Kate, gasping for breath, "and so witty." "Witty" said the gentle May, with just the slightest trace of defiance in her sweet voice. "Witty, my dear, why don't you see that his heart is just reeking in pathos! Witty, indeed; why when he was speaking of that poor Mexican wean that was hung, I saw the tears gather in his eyes. Witty, indeed!" "Tears," laughed the critical Sylvester, "tears, idle tears. Why you silly children, the man is a man of the world—a philosopher, quiet, observant, unassuming." "Unassuming?" Was Sylvester intoxicated, or had the mysterious stranger nixed the "insane herb" with the family pottage. He returned before I could answer this self-asked inquiry, and resumed coolly his broken narrative. Finding myself forgotten in the man's friends, I retired to rest curiously, only to hear through the partitions, two hours later, enthusiastic praise of the new guest from the volubility of the girls, as they chatted together in the next room before retiring. At midnight I was startled by the jingling of spurs below. A conversation between my host and some mysterious personage in the darkness was carried on in such a low tone that I could not learn its import. As the astralade rode away I missed the window. "What's the matter?" "Nothing," said Sylvester. "Only one of those playful hotheaded freaks peculiar to the country. A man was shot by Cherokee Jack over at Lagrange this morning, and that was the Sheriff and his posse hunting him. I told him I had seen nobody but you and your friend. By the way, I hope the cursed noise hasn't disturbed him. The poor fellow looked as if he wanted rest." I thought so, too. Nevertheless, I went softly to his room. It was empty. My impression was that he had distanced the sheriff of Calaveras about two hours.

In a Shape to be Answered.

In one of the courts of Sacramento, two or three days ago, there came up for trial a case in which the Chinaman was the complaining witness against a white man. During the empanelling of the jury one of the attorneys questioned closely the summoned as jurors, to ascertain their views on the Chinese question. "Would you believe a Chinaman under oath?" The witness answered in the affirmative. "Would you believe a Chinaman as quickly as you would a white man?" "Well," hesitatingly, "I would believe him as soon as I would some white man." "That isn't an answer to my question. I now ask you, and I desire a categorical answer, would you believe a Chinaman as soon as you would believe me, or the attorney for the defense, for instance?" "Oh, yes, sir, certainly!" The attorney did not appear to feel much better after he found out.

Gems of Thought.

The magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells. An army understands better the idea of glory than that of liberty. When fortune catches a man too much, she is apt to make a fool of him. Henry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch is the evidence of a strong one. If industry will banish poverty, no man should complain of adverse circumstances. The doubt and the fear, the caprice and the change, which agitate the surface, swell also the tides of passion. Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate of vice than poverty. Amongst men of the world comfort merely signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others. Always act in the presence of children with the utmost circumspection. They mark all you do, and most of them are more wise than you may imagine. The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manners than in the spirit developed in conducting true intercourse of society. There are some people who, though very amiable in the main, and obliging in their offices to others, have yet that most unhappy propensity of being gloomy over everything. Many who would act for the world utter a falsehood or yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others respecting facts, character and opinions. Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time to rest, don't live an hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through with it from beginning to end. Such are the casualties of life, that the presentment of fear is far wiser than that of hope; and it would seem at all times more prudent to be provided against accident, than laying our schemes of future happiness. As we advance in age, it is singular what a revolution takes place in our feelings. When we arrive at maturity, an unkind word is more cutting and distressing as more than any bodily suffering in our youth it was the reverse. Language should be like the air, revealing things to us without itself being visible. Sometimes subjects of not absorbing interest may have done in it, and going straight through with it from beginning to end. We are what we are; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection not by copying, much less by aiming at originality, but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to all according to the character which Heaven has given us. Avoid the companion who jests at everything! Such people disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert. One of the surest ways of producing confusion and annoyance is to allow one's self to form the habit of taking things for granted. The habit is easily acquired, and is such a natural result of the lack of thoughtfulness, that many, while suffering from its consequences, are unconscious of the habit. The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorrest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storm, and most fearless under menaces and insults; whose religion is truth, and whose end God is most unflinching. Young ladies, if they only knew how disgusting to worthy men, is, and how attractive are displays of neatness and taste, would array themselves in the simplicity and cleanliness of the robes of the fields, or, if able to indulge in costly attire, they would study the harmonious blending of colors which Nature exhibits in all her works.

Who Was My Quiet Friend?

"Who was my quiet friend?" From the great white Throne, Velled in its roscate clouds the voice came forth; Before it stood a parted soul alone, And rolling east and west and south and north. The Middy accounts summoned quick and dead: "Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?" Shivering he listened, for his earthly Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away; He brought no glory to its daily strife, No wreath of fame, or garland ditty; Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure, Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor." There was nothing offensive in his speech, save his familiarity and the reflection, perhaps, that whether I objected or not, he was quite able to do as he said. I only replied by saying "heavyweight," which he should have borrowed his weight from. To my surprise, he replied quietly, "That's so," adding that the horse was at my disposal when he wasn't using it, and half of it when he was. "Dick has carried double many a time before this," he continued, "and kin do it again; when your master gives out, I'll give you a lift, and room to spare." I could not help smiling at the idea of appearing before the boys at Red Gulch en masse with the stranger; but neither could I help being oddly affected by the suggestion that his horse had done double duty before. "On what occasion, and why?" was a question I kept to myself. We were ascending the long rocky flank of the Divide; the nervousness of the trail obliged us to proceed slowly, and in file, so that there was little chance for conversation, had he been disposed to satisfy my curiosity. "He toiled on in silence, the buckskin giving way to a timber, the western sun, reflecting again from the blank walls beside us, blinding our eyes with its glare. The pines in the canon below were olive gulfs of heat, over which a hawk here and there drifted lazily, or rising to our level, cast a weird and gigantic shadow. Only some long wings on the mountain side. The superiority of the stranger's horse led him often far in advance, and made me hope that he might forget me entirely, or push on, grown weary of waiting, but regularly he would halt by a boulder, or rapping of a sapling, or a change of where he had patiently waited. I was beginning to hate him mildly, when at one of those reappearances he drew up to my side, and asked me how I liked Dickens! "Had he asked my opinion of Huxley or Darwin, I could not have been more astonished. Thinking that it was possible that he referred to some local celebrity of Lagrange, I said hesitatingly, "Charles Dickens. Of course you have read him? Which of his books do you like best?" I replied with considerable embarrassment that I liked them all—as I certainly did. "He grasped my hand for a moment with a fervor quite unlike his usual phlegm, and said, 'That's me old man.' Dickens ain't no man you can count on him pretty much all the time." With this rough preface, I launched into a criticism of the novelist, which for intelligent sympathy and hearty appreciation I had rarely heard equalled. Not only did he dwell upon the exuberance of his humor, but upon the power of his narrative, and the all-embracing eloquence of his poetry. I looked at the man with astonishment. I had considered myself a rather diligent student of the great master of fiction, but the stranger's felicity of quotation and illustration surprised me. It was true that his thoughts were not always clothed in the best language, and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period, yet it never was rustic or homespun, and sometimes struck me with its precision and fitness. Considerably softened toward him, I tried to converse with other literature, but in vain. Beyond a few of the lyrical and emotional poets, he knew nothing. Under the influence and enthusiasm of his own speech, he himself had softened considerably; offered to change horses with me, read my skill, transferred his pack to his own horse, insisted upon my sharing the contents of his whiskey flask, and noticing that I was unarmed, pressed upon me a silver-mounted revolver, which he assured me he could "warrant" for these various offices of his book-begging. I was from noticing the fact that the trail was beginning to become obscure and unrecognizable. We were evidently pursuing a route