THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume IV. No. 8—Whole No. 165. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1878. $1.00 per annum in Advance

THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

Is Published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Building,

Next to the Post Office.

TERMS.—One dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three months one dollar and a half will be charged; if not paid until the end of the year, two dollars. Single copies three cents. No paper will be sent to any person where has one year unpaid.

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EVERY HUSBAND SHOULD
EVERY HUSBAND SHOULD
EVERY HUSBAND SHOULD

TAKE HOME TO
TAKE HOME TO
TAKE HOME TO

HIS WIFE
HIS WIFE
HIS WIFE

A CRUET STAND.
A CRUET STAND.
A CRUET STAND.

SEE THE STOCK
SEE THE STOCK
SEE THE STOCK

AT GEO. HYNDS'
AT GEO. HYNDS'
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DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To never slam that gate.

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate,
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things!)
O, do not slam that gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it,
Will say our future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate.

For though it is all very trig,
I wish that they would wait,
To canvass our affairs—until—
Well—pray don't slam that gate.

At least not now; but by and by,
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate.

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP LIKE A MAN.

If the stormy winds should rustle
While you tread the world's highway;
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope and labor day by day;
Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
Jog along with lightsome heart;
Fortune seldom follows fawning,
Boldness is the better plan,
Hoping for a better dawning
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though ever so rich and mellow,
Yields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station
Hold your head up like a man.

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES

—IN THE—

Canadian Wilderness.

The Counties of Halton and Wellington between 1820 and 1840.

BY "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

"And now, Edmund, no time is to be lost, that is if you are willing to go on the salmon spearing expedition of which we were speaking. It is now almost daylight and as we have a long journey before us we must begin our preparations immediately. I will finish my story again.

We will not weary the reader with a description of their arrangements and departure. It will be sufficient, we presume, to state that about nine o'clock a. m. they had arrived at a farm on the town line between Esquesing and Trafalgar, where at that time two Scotchmen were chopping. They were evidently father and son, the one being about thirty years of age, the other fifty or sixty. When our travellers observed them the son was mounted on the top of a huge brushpile which he was arranging and tramping, while his father was at the distance of twenty or thirty yards collecting the limbs of a lately felled bass wood. As the hunters approached they could distinctly hear the young man crying "hurry father, man, gie us up the timmer and I'll do the biggin." "Ah! ah! said the elder, but "man, Willie, dinna ye think it would be a gude plan to take these unco trees out by the roots at once and no be fashed wi' the stumps." Edmund and Frank, however, passed on unnoticed, leaving the Scotchman and his son to clear their land as they thought proper. They soon arrived at a track known as the Baseline, beside which they resolved to rest for a few minutes. They had been sitting but a short time when their attention was attracted by the peculiar strut of a fashionably dressed bachelor that they saw approaching. His long hat, his swallow-tailed coat, his moleskin breeches, his high standing collar and his white vest with huge brass buttons, all told that he was on important business.

"As I live, there's a genius in search of a wife," whispered Edmund.

This opinion was afterwards confirmed in a laughable manner, for when the dandy was within a few rods of our friends he suddenly stopped, listened a few seconds, then making a gentle courtesy, bade a most delightful and enticing good day to the top of a fallen hickory, which lay at the opposite side of the road. He listened a while as if expecting an answer, and then passed on muttering something to himself about "asking her father." Edmund and Frank sat still, and "the long-legged bachelor in search of a wife" continued his journey without being aware of their presence. The poor fellow being shortsighted, had heard a squirrel gathering nuts in the hickory top, and consequently had mistaken the dark object which he saw on the opposite side of the road from him for some young lady's father or brother that he did not wish to become acquainted with his failing. Having enjoyed a hearty laugh, our heroes shouldered their rifles and proceeded on their journey through the woods to the "Scotch Block." They had gone about a mile and a half when their attention was again attracted by a hoarse Scotchman who had observed them in the distance, roaring out "Sannie, here's anither ane wants some mair o' ye're pa' soup." The unceremonious rustic, as Edmund thought fit to term him, in a short time made his appearance. He seemed a little surprised at first but soon came smiling forward when he offered the following explanation. He and his two brothers, all bachelors, had, it appeared, just finished logging and fencing a large fallow, in consequence of which, as a little recreation, they had resolved to go on a great partridge hunt. There was one great difficulty, however, viz—They had plenty of powder but no shot. Peas would have made a very good substitute but they were too light to insure anything like the precision required. An ingenious scheme for obviating this difficulty had at length, however, been suggested by one of their number, named Sannie. His plan had been to soak the peas until they would be heavy enough to answer their purpose. To their mortification, however, they had soon discovered that their soft peas did little more than frighten the game against which they were directed. Hence our young Scotch friend seeing two hunters at a distance had supposed them to be his brothers, and embraced the opportunity as favorably for twitting Sannie about his "pa' soup," and for making known his presence, thus, as he would have expressed it "killing twa dougs wi' ane stane." "Poor Sannie," said the Scotchman, "I've got anither rig on him, it was but the ither day that we cast lots, to see who should get a wife. The black button fell to him and he broke out into loud and grievous lamentation, declaring that the bad luck aye fell o' his back. I'll be able to pay him noo for puttin' the cat i' the churn an' for spoilin' the sugar I was makin' last spring."

After this amusing interview our hunters continued their journey, and about 9 o'clock reached the Credit at a point a little above what is now the village of Glen Williams. Having been informed that a log house was being raised in the neighborhood they repaired thither. When they arrived there was a great commotion among the men. They had a heavy beam bearer upon the skidds which seemingly with all their force they were unable to move. Our friends lent their assistance but all to no purpose, the ponderous log remained as firm and immovable as the "Pillers of Hercules." They lowered it to the ground and many had begun to speak of leaving the building in despair, when Edmund, who had been informed that the men were chiefly bachelors, and that a number of young ladies were quilting in the house, cried out for them to wait a minute and he would show them a Yankee way for overcoming such difficulties. He said no more but ran to the house and immediately returned at the head of ten or a dozen as beautiful, rosy cheeked, smiling looking "lassies" as ever handled a needle or a handspike on the banks of the Credit. Frank, thinking that Edmund intended the ladies to lift, cried shame as he approached, but it had no effect. The young women took up their position within three or four rods of the building, on an eminence, while Edmund put his shoulder to the log and desired some married man to step out and speak clearly and distinctly the name of the first bachelor that he observed neglecting his duty, or not lifting with all his energy and ability. The result was almost miraculous. The log was soon in its place, others followed in rapid succession, the building was soon finished, and that too without the man on the watch being under the necessity of mentioning a single name. Edmund was overwhelmed with applause, and constituted the hero of the day, and I think we might say, of the night, for during the amusements which followed the young ladies vied with each other in endeavoring to attract his attention.

As he and Frank were too sleepy to attempt a salmon hunt the next night they accepted the invitation of a clever-looking young Dutchman, who invited them to spend a day or two at his house. He proved to be both an interesting and agreeable companion. His father, a U. E. Loyalist, had fought valiantly during the revolutionary war, and the son, himself, had won distinction in the border struggle of 1812-14. Several days had been spent in listening to tales of these wars and other strange adventures, when Mr. Dutchman to give our friends a further proof of his bravery and ingenuity, said he would tell them a secret about hunting, by which he with little or no exertion had secured considerable profit. He informed them that on a certain occasion having succeeded by means of a trap in capturing a large female wolf, he had been on the point of killing her when the thought occurred to him that perhaps she might be pregnant. He accordingly imprisoned her for several months in his milkhouse, and at length on going out one morning he had the satisfaction to find that the wolf had rewarded his prudence and patience by giving birth to eight or ten young whelps. With the government bounty which he received for these he had been able to purchase a horse and start farming on an extensive, and what was then considered, an almost magnificent scale.

Edmund and Frank took leave of their hospitable Dutch friend with regret.

It was necessary that they should procure a boat, a spear, some pitch-pine, and an iron grate to burn it on, before they would be prepared to go on the proposed salmon spearing expedition. These accoutrements they borrowed from a settler on the Credit who kindly accompanied them. A whole day was spent in pulling the boat up the river a distance of four or five miles to the "Salmon Hole," (now Salmonsville.) The current was so strong that in many places it was necessary to plunge into the stream and drag the boat by hand. When they arrived at their destination a fire was therefore necessary to dry their clothes and fit them for enjoying the expected sport. The settler now gave them some information and directions regarding the habits and haunts of the salmon, the method of preparing and managing the bait, the substance of which is as follows: One of the party was to keep up a light by attending to a fire of pitch-pine which had already been lighted on an iron grating about the size of a common waterpail, which having been prepared for the purpose, stood about two feet above the boat to which it was firmly fixed. The whole river would thus be lit up with one resplendent blaze, revealing every object in the bottom, from the silvery salmon to the crab or the smallest pebble. This first mentioned person was also occasionally to assist a second in managing the boat, while the third remained continually on the watch, spear in hand ready to strike his intended victim as soon as it came within his reach. The salmon was very shy he said, seldom venturing into the open stream during the day. Hundreds were speared every year, many more died from their wounds, and he very much feared that this noble fish would soon cease to be found amid the sparkling waters of the clear and rapid running Credit. They next launched their boat and were soon gliding hither and thither on the surface of the crystal stream. Ere long a salmon was struck; it plunged and writhed in such a manner that the boat was nearly overturned, the water was dyed with its blood, but despite its utmost efforts it was borne triumphantly from the stream by the stalwart settler on the point of his barbed and death-dealing spear. They had not descended the stream for more than a mile and a half before five others had been struck and captured in a similar manner, so that, although scarcely half way home, they had succeeded in making what was considered a fair night's spearing. They were all in high spirits when suddenly the boat was overturned, the light extinguished, and every hope of being able to continue the sport destroyed. They accordingly returned to the settler's shanty where they enjoyed a comfortable sleep, a hearty breakfast, and the conversation of a free and easy companion until they were ready to take their departure.

According to a previous agreement Edmund and Frank separated; the former proceeding through the new settlement westward in search of his Lucy, and the latter resuming his hunting in Nassagaweya. There was a mutual understanding, however, between these friends that a correspondence was to be kept up between them, for the last words that Frank uttered as they parted were, "Be mindful Edmund of your promise and write as soon as possible." And Edmund did write, and the following is a copy of his first epistle:

London, C. W., Jan. 1st, 18—

DEAR FRANK,

After a long and weary searching I have at length succeeded in finding Lucy and Mr. C——. I was travelling in the neighborhood of London when I accidentally met a man that was acquainted with them, and who very kindly gave me all the assistance in his power. Lucy is now by my side. We are to be married on the 16th inst., when you are cordially invited to attend. You will see and hear all particulars when you arrive. In the meantime

remain your true friend,

EDMUND CASTLE.

And now, dear reader, our story has in a manner been brought to a close, and as Frank afterwards settled in Esquesing, and Edmund near Elora, a regular correspondence was kept up between them for many years, thus keeping each in remembrance of the night when they related the stories of their lives, and the pleasant salmon hunt on the Credit forty or fifty years ago.

THE EXP.

Evils of Flirting.

How few the girls who in the palmy days of maidenhood indulge in unlimited flirtations with the men of their acquaintance, that ever dream of the retribution which maturer years will bring. As a rule, men who are so egotistical that a girl cannot favor them with more than the coolest marks of friendship without having herself open to the charge of being in love. What license then does she give to their tongues who consent to the stolen interviews, the silent hand pressures, the sweet nothings of conversation (which express so little and insinuate so much) with all the other minutiæ of flirting. And the pity is these episodes so often occur between men of the world and young girls who are just out. Could they who in submitting to this contamination, exhibit a nature they little dream of, hear the sneers and see the meaning looks of their supposed admirers when with their own set; it would most effectually eradicate any desire for further initiation in the art of flirting. Pretty sixteen puts and blushes at this information, and says that she does not believe men who have sisters of their own would speak lightly of the sisters of others. But, gentle maiden, here is a great mystery. You may not know it, but so it is; the fastest society men, the men who disparage women most pitilessly, who are often only too intimate with the most worthless of your sex, are the very ones who expect and exact the utmost rectitude of walk and conversation from their wives, sisters and daughters. Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion, and so should every other man's wife. Happy is she who at the altar receives her husband's first kiss from the only lover who ever embraced her! But too often the marriage vows are spoken by lips whose virgin bloom has long since been brushed away by the moustache of the worldling. And it is a question which might be agitated with benefit to the rising generation, whether there has not much evil arisen from the habit of kissing. How often has the drama which commenced with the "hunnid seal of soft affection" ended in a ruined life and a shameful grave! Judas kisses, truly! Were this custom stamped out there would be fewer broken hearts and soiled reputations.

Mothers have a great responsibility in this matter—greater than many of them assume. Their daughters come home from school with heads crammed with all the rubbish which fifty or a hundred girls can interchange with each other, and the trashy romances they have read surreptitiously under cover of some text book their deluded teacher supposed them to be diligently studying. They are bursting to be introduced—to make their first conquest and enter that fairyland of sighs and protestations, of moonlight rambles and romantic situations, of tender looks and all the fiddle-faddle of sensational literature. And what do the mothers of these misguided creatures? Eighteen out of every twenty raise eyes and hands in holy horror if by chance their girl drop a word in their hearing of their little peccadilloes. Their own youth is so far back they cannot recall it, and "the idea of any well brought up girl flirting or making freedom with young men. Shameful! says mamma, bristling all over with puritanical chastity, "Never let me hear you mention the like again." And they never do; but all the same the mischief goes on, "for," they argue, "mamma did just the same when she was a girl."

The nineteenth mother is as her daughters, and not only listens to their narratives, but encourage them by relating sundry of her own experiences when she was a brilliant belle. But the twentieth, dear, noble woman, when she grays her daughter in her first ball dress, also encases her in a double-proof coat of mail against the world, the flesh and the devil (which latter means the young man of fashion). She does not send her dove among hawks with the belief that they are doves of another color. O no! She teaches her that maiden purity is no sure defence against man's wiles: she tells her that men will presume if women will permit them, and that there can be no true love where there is no genuine respect. And that girl maintains her dignity and commands reverence where more lovely but weaker women fail. It may be called a harsh measure to open the eyes of a confiding young creature to the rude rules of life thus abruptly; but if they are facts why conceal them? Is it not better to tell her they exist, and fortify her against them, than to let her in sheer ignorance wreck her whole life? Were there more confidence between mother's and daughters, more openness of intercourse, more calling of things by their right names, there would be fewer mistakes made in the great questions of life. But this habit of making mysteries where none should exist, of frowning down as wicked what is only natural, of sternly silencing what should be sympathetically listened to, and the wrong, if any exists judiciously pointed out, has led to the ruin of many a bright girl, whose greatest fault was her too confiding and unsophisticated nature. And, dear girls, one word more. Do not be too fast in showing favor to your gentlemen friends. Stand well on your dignity, and at the least sign of undue familiarity send him to the right-about cavalierly. If a man loves you he will tell you so in his own time. The lord of creation in this nineteenth century is not so overwhelmed with modesty that you need go half-way to meet him, and he will prize you all the more if you are not too lightly won. Besides, it is a most satisfactory thing, during those interesting little episodes called family broils, to be able to inform your better half that you never would have married him had he not given you no peace of your life till you did. It is better to be the prudest of the prudes—yes, better never to have had an offer of marriage but from the man you marry—than be the girl with the nineteenth beaux, on the look-out for the twentieth, and have your name lightly spoken of by men. How many wives are tumbled to the very dust with shame at the remembrance of former entanglements, and more than all that their husbands have been cognizant of them! What would they not give for power to undo the past! How meagre after marriage, seem the doubtful delights of flirtation to the disconsolate wife of the present, when some former conceited lover tries to recall by impressment of look and manner their former intimacy under the very eyes of the husband! Keep your charms of mind and person pure and fresh for the happy man who is to call you wife, and you will make nobler women and better mothers. The improvement may in time, even extend to the men themselves, and Heaven knows there is need.

Put This and That Together.

Old Dr. Levi Ball, an Episcopalian clergyman of Chester Co., Penn., who died six or eight years ago, used to tell of a man and his wife—plain people—bearing the uneuphonious surname of Frog, and who came to him one Sunday morning, just at church-time, to have their child baptized. Without any preliminary observations, they were called up to the front at the end of the second lesson.

"Name this child," said the Doctor.

"We name it after you, sir," whispered the woman, as she handed the baby.

"Oh, but," whispered the Doctor back, "you named the last one Levi, as I now remember."

"Well said, she, in a hurry, "call this after your t'other name."

And so the Doctor did, and christened the baby by the name of Bull.

After the parents got home, and the excitement of the day had somewhat passed off, they began to reckon it all up, and they saw, for the first time that it had struck their attention that their youngest darling was bound to go through life with the cognomen of *Bull Frog*.

☞ In England the bicycle business is assuming large dimensions. There are 130 makers, a million pounds are invested in the business, and sixty thousand bicycles and tricycles are in existence in London and the provinces.

Buying and Selling.

The following is the way they buy and sell in Madrid:

A nut brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red and yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant, nodding before his wares:

"What is this rag worth?"

He answers, with profound indifference:

"Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?"

She drops the coveted neck-gear, and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

"Don't be rash. The scarf is worth twenty reals; but for the sake of Santissima Maria, I offer it to you for half price. Very well! You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals—more is simply robbery."

"Maria! Jose! And all the family! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for eight reals, I shall raise the cover of my brains! Go thou! It is eight in the morning, and still thou dreamest."

She lays down the scarf reluctantly saying:

"Five."

But the outraged merchant snorts, scornfully:

"Eight was my last word! Go!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulders a Parthian glance, and bids—

"Six!"

"Take it! It is madness, but I cannot waste my time in bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven. How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts!

Eramosa Council.

The Council met at the Centre Inn on the 12th inst. All the members present. The Reeve in the chair.

A by-law to assess the several school sections in the sums required by their trustees was introduced and passed, after the usual number of readings.

The following accounts for gravel for the improvements of the road, were ordered to be paid:—Wm. Hortop, $12; Thomas Moore, $35; William Forsyth, $2; James Chambers, 75 cents; John Johnson, $5.40; Mrs. Peters, $3.88; and James Mutrie for damage done to his crops in removing gravel, $1.50.

Innes & Davidson's printing account, $14.23, and Acton Burrows & Co.'s printing account, $6.50, were ordered to be paid.

A by-law to assess the township two mills on the dollar for the municipal expenses for 1878, was passed after the usual number of readings.

The clerk was instructed to notify the collector to be ready with his bond at the next meeting of the Council.

Twenty dollars were granted to the Eramosa Rifle Association for prizes at their next shooting match.

A petition from the Guelph High School Board was read but not granted.

Fifteen dollars were ordered to be paid to Archibald Smith for building a culvert at lot 20, con. 2.

The Clerk was directed to notify the chairman of Commissioners of the Erin and Eramosa Gravelled Road to perform their part of the award made by the Fence viewers, respecting a ditch to be dug and a culvert to be enlarged in front of Michael Ryon's hotel, on the said road.

On motion the Council adjourned to meet again at the Centre Inn on Monday the 23rd day of September next.

J. A. DAWSON, Tp. Clerk.

The Canadian wheat crop is unusually large and has fully verified all predictions. The fields are not confined to any particular locality of Ontario, but from all parts come returns that go to prove that the crop of 1878 will be the largest ever raised in Canada. It is estimated that 25 bushels per acre will be the average yield, higher than has ever been attained in the United States. The great wheat growing districts of the Western States have never gone above 22 bushels to the acre taking them as a whole. The fertile valleys of San Francisco and San Joaquin in California have never produced more than 23 bushels per acre. What with its wheat and grain raising and its large exportation of cattle, Ontario is beginning to make a name in the foreign markets.