THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume V. No. 13—Whole No. 170. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1878. $1.00 per annum in Advance

THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

Is Published

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AT THE

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The undersigned beg leave to announce to Farmers, and others engaged in butter making, who purpose getting a new Churn that they would consult their own interests by ordering one of A. Holmes' Improved Tubular Wash Churns. I am now taking orders for them, having purchased the patent right to manufacture and sell. They are without doubt the best in the market. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Circulars and testimonials free on application. Territory for sale. Manufactured and sold by D. L. McDONALD, Acton, Ont.

29-6m.

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The subscriber, having purchased the Acton Plow Works, is prepared to furnish Single and Double Frame Iron Plows, as well as the Boss Gang Plow, which has gained the reputation of being the best Gang Plow made, at the usual rates. All repairs done on the shortest notice and at the cheapest prices.

37-tf SYDNEY SMITH.

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Acton, Dec. 4th, 1877. 2-3m

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Thursday, 5th Sept.

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23-tf

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NIGHT.

Night came down upon the earth,
And took the tired day,
And clasped her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.
The moon like some vast light-house seemed,
Far up in the Milky Way;
The glistening stars, like tiny barks
At anchor round her lay.

And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through trees and brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl.
I heard the soft, low dip of oars,
Like a weary slow heart-throb;
And the wavelets lapped the bow of the boat—
A low half-broken sob.

And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wonderous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete.
O golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day,
The waking, cold gray dawn.

'Twere better far that I had died
Believing it were true,
'Twere better far to sleep for aye,
Beneath the sky so blue,
Than live, when each long weary day
Seems longer than before;
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.

The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.
The same! Yes. I alone am changed,
Oh God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

Disgust! Despair!! Delight!!!

BY A. T. C.

'My dear, take my advice, and say nothing to him. Robert is so eccentric, and has such exalting notions regarding love and matrimony, I have no idea he would be at all pleased with your proposal.'

'I mean to tell him what he ought to do, at any rate. Nonsense, mamma, he won't stand long before Kate; I tell you she is perfection; and besides—'

A step in the hall caused Miss Maud Templeton to pause in her oration; and turning, she encountered her brother in the doorway of the drawing-room, where she and her mamma had been dawdling away the morning hours.

'Good morning, ladies,' said Robert, 'what is the latest sensation? Maud, did the young Squire propose last evening, that you are looking so alive at this early hour?'

'Robert! Robert, do you think a Squire's proposal would, in the least effect me! Nothing short of a duke will suit my ideas, I can assure you; but here is a piece of good fortune for you though, if only you have the good sense to take advantage of it.'

'Indeed, and may I venture to enquire what so wonderful is about to happen to me?'

'Well, you see,' said Maud, 'when I was away at school last year, I made the acquaintance of such a splendid young girl; a Miss Kate Beaumont; she is everything you could desire, handsome as a picture, dresses like a queen, and dances most gracefully; and, to crown all his heiress to an immense property left her by a maiden aunt, with whom she has lived since the death of her father some few years ago.'

'Well, Maud, I really don't see anything so fortunate for me in this young lady's father dying, or her maiden aunt leaving an immense property, either; I conclude, therefore, that you have seen your duke and are, in consequence, slightly deranged, so I shall go and talk to mother a little while, just by way of allowing you a chance to collect your scattered ideas.'

'Now, Robert, you are really provoking; I was just going to inform you that Miss Beaumont has written saying she will be here very soon, and intends spending the summer with us. Now I think you won't fail to understand your good fortune.'

'Fiddle-sticks! such rubbish. Now, mother, I appeal to you. Don't you think our Maudy is a little daft this morning! Did ever you hear such rattle brained stuff and nonsense!'

'Why my son, you know I always wished my children would do well, and I think in this affair Maud's ideas are about correct, and I agree with her in saying this is a good chance for you.'

'Such sentiments from you, mother! Well I thought you would have advised me better. Virtue and goodness are, in my estimation, far above wealth and beauty. That all may be found in one, I will admit, and that person may be your adored friend, Miss Beaumont. However, I must inform you, I would very much prefer being left to choose my own wife, if ever I possess such a valuable piece of property, as I suppose they are all, and, as I shall find it necessary to go from home myself for the rest of the season, I think, my pretty sister you will just have to give my compliments to this paragon, who must be very sensible indeed, if you are so certain a fellow could propose, be accepted, and marry her, almost before making her acquaintance.'

'Oh, Robert, do be sensible and stay at home and at least help to entertain our guest through the summer. She was so kind to me when I was at school; I am sure you might just as well stay as not.'

'Impossible,' and away he started to his room, in a state of great vexation.

'I think Robert is so mean,' and poor Maud looked ready to cry over her disappointment.

'Just as I told you, my dear,' said her mamma; 'if you had taken my advice and left him alone all would have been well. Robert is his father right over, and neither very discriminating.'

'Well, I only hope he will stay at home,' answered Maud, as she settled herself at the piano and began going through her lessons most vigorously.

In the meantime our hero was stamping around his room, in a great rage, overturning closets and drawers in search of fishing tackle, powder, balls and everything necessary for a good time in the country, whither he proposed going for the sake of quiet.

'I hate match making,' he muttered, 'and as for dancing heiresses, dishing beauties, etc., I shall leave plenty of room for them to go husband hunting where I am not, and take myself off to Aunt Brown's, where I shall be free from torment.' Having finished his packing he bade his mother and sister a freezing farewell and strode off for his father's office.

'How now. What's on the blast this morning?' said the old gentleman, as he surveyed the wrathful countenance of his son.

'Nothing, father, only mother and Maud are determined upon marrying me to somebody they fancy, and I won't stand their better, so I'm off for a little peace and pleasure in the rural districts; only don't tell them where I am or they will come to see me and bring their dasher along.'

'Go ahead, my boy; I like your spunk; just do as you like. I did when I ran off with your mother.'

'Good-bye, father, here's the train and I'm off; I'll write occasionally, and away went Robert Templeton in high dudgeon, declaring to himself that he would never marry at all just to spite womankind in general.

Aunt Brown, we must explain, was not a relative, but Robert had, during some of his ramblings fallen in with and spent some very pleasant times in her little abode. The previous summer he and a chum of his had boarded there and found good fishing and hunting in the surrounding country, and now he was certain of an agreeable and safe retreat.

Arriving at his destination, he ran into the house through the kitchen door, fairly frightening the good dame out of her senses by his sudden appearance.

'Master Robert, I do declare it is!' she managed to gasp out, as he shook her hand heartily, and begged her not to be the least upset at his coming.

'Bless the boy,' said the old lady; 'I am heartily glad to see you, and you are right welcome. I was dreadful lonesome after you went away last time. Sit down and cool yourself, while I go and get your room ready.' And the old lady bustled off up stairs to ask Kate what she was to do about a room for her last visitor.

'Who is he, grandma?' asked the lady in question.

'Oh, he is Mr. Robert Templeton, from New York city. He has come all of a sudden like, but he has been here before, and I am right glad to see him. He is used to so much comfort, for they are dreadful rich.'

'Oh, grandma!' exclaimed Kate, her black eyes sparkling with mischief, 'he is a son of Mr. Templeton I am on my way to visit, and I do believe he is here to get rid of me. Now you must give him this room and I will take the one at the other side of the house, and you must introduce me as your grand-daughter in earnest, and don't tell for anything who I really am, for I mean to have a good time, and you won't spoil my fun will you?'

'Why, child, are you crazy?' and poor Mrs. Brown could not understand at all, what was the matter, for Kate flew around getting all her possession into the other room and seemed to be so amused, that the old lady had to have matters more clearly explained ere she could know what she expected to do out the common.

She was to Kate exactly the same in kinship as to Robert, only Kate had always called her grandma.

By the time the room was prepared for its guest the good lady was made to realize that she was not to let on who Kate was but to allow her to pass as her grand-daughter, who was passing the summer with her.

While Robert is making his toilet and getting over his temper entirely, Kate is busy making handkerchiefs, books, &c., with her new name Miss Brown, and when tea had nearly arrived, arrayed in pretty, white muslin, with a scarlet bow at her throat, and a single little flower in her raven hair, she sallied forth into the garden in search of Dick, the cow-boy, for she had a little business to transact with him before she had seen Mr. Templeton.

Dick was not a great favorite with Kate, for he always was getting into mischief, but she was sure she would manage him now. He stared at her in his most stupid manner as she explained to him that he was to call her Miss Kate in future and never mention her Beaumont name again.

'Now Dick,' she said, 'if you will be a good lad and mind these orders you shall have a double-bladed knife and a new pair of boots.'

Dick grinned and readily promised to be a good boy and do as Miss Kate told him, especially as she added 'mind, if you ever tell a word to anybody, I'll take your knife and boots away from you.'

'I'll never tell, as sure as anything, and I'll allers say Miss Kate, see if I don't, now.'

'Very well, you shall have both knife and boots to-morrow,' and she went up stairs to await tea.

'What is she up to now?' Dick muttered to himself, as he stood gaping after her, 'I allers thought she would do something or other; such a gal as she is anyway; rides a horse as if she had allers grown among 'em, and does all manner of things, but I'll bet I'll allers mind after this and do as she tells me. My eyes! a knife and boots; just what I wanted most, if ever I keered for anything besides plum puddin' and pumpkin pie.'

Tea-time came and our hero descended, looking as calm and unruffled as though nothing had ever transpired to mar his peace.

'Mister Robert, this is my grand daughter; Kate this is Mr. Templeton, and I hope you will try and find some amusement for him, for this is a dull place after the city.'

Kate bowed slyly, but poor Robert was dumbfounded, and stood for a moment as though fastened to the floor, then remembering himself he turned her bow and took his place at the table.

Mrs. Brown chatted away in a lively strain, Kate spoke when spoken to and Robert strove to appear at ease after making such a fool of himself as he believed he had done, and wondered if he had only jumped out of the frying pan into the fire by coming to Mrs. Brown's.

After tea Kate left the room and Robert began:

'Why Aunt, I didn't know you had any grandchildren. Miss Kate was never around before when I was here.'

'No, she was at school, and will be going again soon. I wonder if you could find a good place for her in the city, when she goes out as governess! only it would be such a trouble to you.'

'Why, Aunt, you know I shall be glad to be of service to you, and I will do all I can for to please you. And now I am going for a smoke in the garden to scare away the mosquitos,' and he strolled off towards the summer house, where he stopped to admire Mrs. Brown's taste in arranging things to look inviting.

Throwing himself under a tree, he began soliloquizing, rather above his breath, in this style:

'Where in the world did she spring from? I wonder if she is always so shy? Just wants bringing out, I guess. Wonder if she knows anything, anyway, or if she is like the little maid in Mother Goose's melodies? Her face is her fortune, but what do I care about it, at all? I'm only here to be rid the sex, and shall not bother my brain about a little country bumpkin, anyway. My wife must be a first-class woman at heart, regardless of face or fortune.'

Rolling over, and chancing to look upwards, he discovered Dick perched on the top of the summer house, grinning like a young monkey.

He had made his acquaintance before and had been good friends, and now Dick was pleased to see him, and greeting him by calling out:

'I say, can't you give a fellow a lift down? I got up and don't see how to get back, unless I smash a hole through the roof and tumble on Miss Kate's head,' and he began crawling along the roof, but thinking that style to slow, suddenly gave a spring and landed on his back at Robert's feet.

Jumping up, he said:

'I'm glad to see you. It was lonesome as anything when you left t'other time, but Miss Kate in there will be sorry you came, for she hates boys, and she said she wished she had us all in a bag, and she'd throw us in the well.'

Having said his say he scampered off in search of his cows, leaving Robert horrified with the thought that Kate had heard what he had said about her, and Kate laughing so heartily she feared he would hear her, and wishing also she had it in her power to treat Dick to a bath in the well or somewhere else, where he would be out of the way.

At last Robert gathered courage to advance a step, and bowing gravely to Kate, said:

'Excuse me, but this little retreat looks so cool and inviting that with your permission I shall come right in.'

(Concluded next week.)

Best Time to Paint.

The best time for painting the exterior of buildings is late in the autumn or during winter. Paint then applied will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer, or in hot weather. In the former it dries slowly and becomes hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterwards by the weather, or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather the oil in the paint soaks into the wood at once, as into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry, and nearly ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. By painting in cold weather, one annoyance might certainly be escaped namely, the collection of small flies on the fresh paint.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

JAMES GORDON BENNETTS' NEW BROTHER-IN-LAW. A HIGH-TONED WEDDING. THE GOTHAM CHARITY. JAY GOULD'S DANGEROUS SPECULATIONS. &c. &c.

(From our regular correspondent)

NEW YORK, Sept. 16th, '78

If James Gordon Bennett is not to have a wedding for himself he is, at least, to see that his sister is led to the altar in a style consonant with their position. The cards to the nuptials have just come to town and have created the customary flutter among the chosen two hundred. They are plain, and state in flowing script, that "Mr. James Gordon Bennett requests the pleasure of your company at the marriage of his sister, Miss Jeanette Bennett, to Mr. Isaac Bell, Jr. on the 17th instant, at eleven o'clock, at Newport." This event will crown the season at that fashionable watering-place, where people stay longer than at other resorts; for Newport is a fine, autumnal town, and its houses are substantial enough to withstand the penetrating cold better than the flimsy structures that rear themselves coquettishly above the beach at Long Branch, like souffles, brilliant, but unsubstantial. Even some people who have come back to town will return to Newport for the grand affair of Thursday. Miss Jeanette Bennett is one of the most popular graduates of the convent of the Sacred Heart. She is among the last of her school-fellows to mate—some are married and some are dead—but she is not forgotten, and the hour that makes her the bride of man, instead of the church, will witness many heart-felt prayers for her happiness in the cloisters that rise on the heights above the blue waters of the Hudson.

Gotham is keeping up its name as the City of Charities by its liberal subscriptions for the yellow fever sufferers. If the good work continues at the rate at which it has pushed since the beginning, New York's offering will soon reach $100,000. They are already considerably over $100,000, and there is much yet to come. The Chamber of Commerce alone has raised about $90,000. Fiske and Hawkins of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, have handed Mayor Eli $1,000 as the proceeds of the benefit at that theatre last week. Miss Davenport's proposition for a grand combination benefit at Booth's has been taken up by the energetic general manager of that establishment, "Commodore" Troker, who promises to make it a general success. Miss Davenport herself was notable to do much with it. She wrote to several prominent actresses, including Clara Morris, Genevieu Ward, Rose Coughlan, and some others, asking them to join her in getting up the benefit, and of course, to take part in the performance, but the only response she received came from Miss Ward. The petty jealousies of the profession, no doubt caused the others to hold back. As the suggestion was Miss Davenport's she would get most of the credit and they could not consent to that at all. But now that Troker has taken up the same idea there is a little better chance for success. He hopes to present Miss Davenport, Genevieve Ward, Clara Morris, Rose Eytinge, Ada Cavendish and Rose Coughlan, all in one afternoon. Mary Anderson would be included, but she has already done her share at the Fifth Avenue. The churches have as yet done very little, but this is at least partly owing to the fact that several of the fashionable ones are still closed. People are beginning to say it is a shame that the churches do not come to the front in this most pressing charity, but they seem inclined to take their own time and "gang their ain gait." Perhaps, though, they will wake up by and by and do something creditable.

For two or three weeks past a number of wealthy Wall street men have been puzzled to find out the meaning of certain operations of Jay Gould. Is he preparing a new Black Friday? Is he trying to escape failure? These and similar questions were put in a whisper in half a dozen of the prominent offices on the street. Many operators became frightened, and as a cause of this there has scarcely been a market since the middle of August. The queer operations of the great financier are noted as these: For weeks past he has been visiting brokers' offices with a lot of letters and telegrams in his pocket, tending to show that the grunger stocks, the Western Union and Lake Shore were not worth half the money they were selling for; then he would take the senior partner of the concern aside, "I'll give you 1,000 shares of Union Pacific," he would say, "upon condition that you go and buy another thousand shares on joint account. I guarantee you against losses; and we will share the profits." The broker in most cases has agreed to this proposition. Then Gould would add the additional condition that the broker should undertake to buy or sell (as the case might be) one or two thousand shares of stocks of the general list, with the understanding that the margin, in case any should be wanted, should be put up also in Union Pacific stock. The broker, tempted by the prospect of the commission on this additional one or two thousand shares, would again agree. The net result of all this has been that Gould has secured something like $65,000 cash for shares of the Union Pacific actually sold, and that he has obtained a faculty for operating on one or two thousand shares more without any cash margin. If he dies, fails or bursts to-morrow, the broker who made the arrangement and the banker or the private individual who loaned the money on the two thousand Union Pacifics must be the only losers. Solid and shrewd brokers have in most cases declined to enter into any such transaction, but the smaller concerns, anxious to extend their business, willingly swallowed, keeping in view the fact that the Union Pacific has a floating debt of about $4,000,000. These transactions create great uneasiness among solid operators. Meanwhile good luck seems to be as usual on the side of Gould. The Chicago and North Western of which he is short, had an increase of earnings of $1,400 on Monday and a decrease of $22,500 on Tuesday and Wednesday last, thus showing a loss of over $20,000 in three days, an item upon which Gould will probably induce some fresh victim to sell the stock short for him on Union Pacific margins.

AUGUST.

County Council

MILTON, Sept. 3rd, 1878.

The Council met at one o'clock, p. m., according to adjournment.

The Warden in the chair

Members present, Messrs. Black, Clay, Foster, Lindsay, Menzies, McKenzie, McEnery, McGarvin, McKerlie, Robinson, Waldie and Young.

The minutes of regular meeting held on 4th June, and special meetings held June 21st and July 6th, were read and confirmed.

The Clerk read two communications from J. P. McMahon, Esq., of Guelph, with reference to the presentation of an address by the wardens, councillors and officials of the several municipalities comprising the Province of Ontario, to His Excellency Lord Dufferin.

Mr. Menzies moved, sec. by Mr. McKerlie, that By-law No. —, to provide by assessment for payment of the principle and interest, under By-law No. 100, to raise by way of loan $10,000 to aid in carrying into effect the erection of a new Jail and addition to the Court House, be read for the first time. Carried.

The by-law was read the first time.

Mr. Robinson moved, sec. by Mr. Menzies, that the by-law to levy an assessment for the expense of the country for the current year and a part of 1879, be read second and third times and passed. Carried.

The by-law was read second and third times and passed.

Mr. Waldie, chairman of Standing Committee on Finance, presented its fourth report, which was read.

Mr. Foster moved, sec. by Mr. Clay, that the fourth report of the Standing Committee on Finance be adopted. Carried.

Mr. McKerlie moved, sec. by Mr. Clay, that the sum of $25 be granted to the 20th Battalion Rifle Association, towards the payment of prizes, and that the same be paid to Capt. Switzer. Carried.

Mr. McKerlie moved, sec. by Mr. Menzies, that the by-law to provide by assessment for payment of the principle and interest, under by-law No. 100, to raise by way of loan $10,000 to aid in carrying into effect the erection of a new Jail and additions to the Court House be read second and third times and passed. Carried.

The by-law was read second and third times and passed.

Mr. Waldie moved, sec. by Mr. Clay, that His Honor Judge Miller be permitted to address the Council with reference to the furnishing of the Judge's Chambers. Carried.

His Honor Judge Miller addressed the Council.

Mr. Waldie moved, sec. by Mr. Foster, that this Council adjourn until the first Tuesday in December. Carried.

Council adjourned.

Esquesing Council.

STEWARTTOWN, Aug. 30th, '78.

The Council met pursuant to adjournment. The Reeve in the chair. Members all present.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

Applications were received from the following Public School Trustees to levy the undermentioned sums, on their respective sections for school purposes, viz:

S. S. No. 11, to levy the sum of $300, S. S. No. 13, $500 and S. S. No. 11, $175.

The report of Messrs R. Little, W. H. Storey and J. M. Warren, appointed under the authority of the Public School Act, to value and adjust all the right and claims consequent upon the division of S. S. No. 5, in the Township of Esquesing, into two sections was received and read.

Applications for the office of Collector for Division No. 3 and 4, were received and read.

Mr. John Leslie, Pathmaster, presented an account for repair of bridge in his division.

Moved by Mr. McEnery, seconded by Mr. Shortreed, that the sum of $21.26 be paid to Mr. John Leslie, for plank and repair of bridge, Glenwilliams. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lindsay, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the sum of $8 be paid to Danford Swackhammer, being two thirds value of four lambs killed by dogs, the owner or owners of which are unknown; also, the sum of $5 to John Swackhammer, for one ewe and one and one lamb killed in a similar manner. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lindsay, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the sum of $2.64 be refunded to the Collector for Division No. 3, for 1876, being taxes he could not collect. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lindsay, seconded by Mr. McEnery, that the allowance to Chas. Scott be raised 50 cents per week, owing to his incapability to work, and being in destitute circumstances; also, that Eli Nixon be paid his account as follows: Poundage fee, $1.10; clothing purchased for the poor, $16.50; serving 64 notices, Court of Revision, $3.00, and $2.75 Constable's fees, in the matter of the late Wm. Wallace.

The Council then adjourned until the 20th of September.

Wm. Millard, a farmer in the township of Malahide, while labouring under a fit of temporary insanity, committed suicide Monday morning by cutting his throat with a razor. The deceased received a sunstroke some two months ago from which he never recovered, and he of late has been very despondent.

The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence, is better than she who maketh a tart reply.