

# The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1886.

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**The Acton Free Press**  
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—AT THE—  
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ACTON, ONTARIO

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
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Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 3 a.m. on Mondays, other days they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**THIS PAPER** may be found on file at Geo. P. Bennett & Co., 100 King Street East, Acton, Ontario. Contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

**Business Directory.**

**W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S.,**  
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence at the head of Frederick Street, Acton.

**C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M.,** graduate of Trinity Medical School, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office—Campbell's Hotel.

**L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,**  
Georgetown, Ontario.

**A. C. MCINLAY, L.D.S.,** Surgeon Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been a Demonstration and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patients may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

**JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE,** Toronto. In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and castrated when given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

**JOHNSTON & MCLEAN**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Office—Town Hall, Acton.

**M. H. MITCHELL**  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. Office—First door west of the Champion office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

**SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD**  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Toronto and Georgetown. Offices—Creddon's Block, Georgetown, and 85 King Street East, Toronto.

**BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.**  
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS. Office—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

**JOHN BAIN, Q. C., C. A. MISTERS,**  
WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE KAPFLE.

**PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.**  
HENRY CRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. 20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

**W. M. HEMSTREET,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Money to loan.

Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

**JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT.**  
Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

**FRANCIS NUNAN**  
(Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER, St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario.)

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Billing neatly and promptly done.

**JOHN J. DALEY,**  
Successor to Thompson & Jackson. Money to loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money loaned for parties in mortgages and other security. Conveyancing in all its branches properly and neatly done. Charges low. Farms and City property for sale. List with farms for sale sent to all parts of the Dominion to intending purchasers, and circulated in Europe. European capitalists desiring farms in Ontario will be sent directions through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

**THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,**  
MILL STREET, ACTON.  
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good shampoo, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.

J. P. WOODEN, Tonsorial Artist.

**JAMES STIRTON, L.D.S., DENTIST.**  
Honor Graduate and Member of the Ontario College of Dental Surgery.

Painless Extraction, or, no charge. Artificial teeth, perfect in appearance and use, \$5.00 per set. Written guarantee with every set.

Office—Dovell's Block, opp. E.O. Guelph.

**ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,**  
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,  
—BANKERS—  
Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

**MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.**

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

**GENERAL AGENTS**  
**McDonald & Stone,**  
No. 2, Victoria St., Toronto.

Estate & Insurance Agents

Money to loan at six per cent. Houses rented. Business chances.

Charitable Mortgages, Proprietary Notes and other Securities Negotiated. Valuations, &c.

Farms or other properties sold or exchanged.

Call at FREE PRESS OFFICE.

**GUELPH**  
**BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

**YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE** thoroughly prepared for positions as Bookkeepers, Shorthand-writers, Calligraphers or Telegraph Operators. Students have been in attendance from nine Provinces and States within the past year. Our graduates are meeting with marked success in the commercial centres of Canada and the United States. Rates moderate, accommodations excellent; students may enter at any time. For terms, etc., address M. MACCORMICK, 14-6m Principal.

**Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.**

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock, as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

**Coal & Wood.**

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Steam Coal, I have also a good stock of Wood, Hardwood and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

**MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
—OF THE—  
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.  
ESTABLISHED 1840.

**HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH.**

Insurance Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

**F. W. Stone, Chas. Davidson,**  
President. Secretary.

**JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.**

**HELLO!**

**Pause and Consider**  
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building.

**Lumber will be Dressed**  
while you wait, and Millings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.

**PUMPS**  
on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come with your order and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.

**THOS. EBHAGE, Manager**  
**ACTON Livery & Sale Stables**  
**JOHN STREET, ACTON.**

**Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.**

MR. SMITH has purchased the Livery business of MR. H. B. McCARTHY, which he has removed to his commodious stables on John Street, in the centre of the business portion of the town. Mr. Smith has had lengthy experience in this business, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to every patron.

Anyone desiring a Commercial, Pleasure, or Company Rig, can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

**Horses Boarded and Sold.**  
Terms reasonable.  
W. M. E. SMITH.

**NEW GOODS**

**DAY'S BOOKSTORE**

**GUELPH.**

**25,000 Rolls Wall Paper**

**100 Sets Lawn Croquet**

**Car-load Express Waggon**

**BIG STOCK. LOW PRICES.**

**Day Sells Cheap.**

**SUMMER UNDERCLOTHING.**

**GUELPH CLOTH HALL.**

**ALL-WOOL GAUZE,**

**BALBRIGGAN, MERINO, COTTON.**

**SHAW & CRUNDY**

**Merchant Tailors, Guelph.**

**Wellington Marble Works.**  
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

**John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importer of all kinds of Granite and Marble.

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, I will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 6 ft. high, \$60, 7 ft. \$75, 8 ft. \$90, 9 ft. \$100, 10 ft. \$120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

**ACTON MEAT MARKET!**

**Rutledge & Crosson, BUTCHERS,**

Have purchased the business of Mr. R. Holmes, and solicit a share of public patronage.

The members of the firm are practical butchers, and are prepared to ensure their customers thorough satisfaction. Theirs will always be found on hand a full stock of all kinds of meat, etc., in season.

We have settled in Acton to stay, and feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public confidence and support.

**Rutledge & Crosson.**  
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

**DON'T READ THIS.**

**Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood.**

Also, FLOUR AND FEED, and anything in the line of farmers', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.

**THOS. C. MOORE.**

**The Acton Free Press.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1886.  
**POETRY.**

**SHE NEVER GOSSIPS.**

I hate this gossiping about folks who have gone astray; I always hold my tongue unless I've something good to say.

Now there's the case of Peter Snell (What, have you never heard?) He had some money left in trust To him, and stole a third.

Oh dear! how fast the news did spread Of that poor fellow's fall; But I just said, "He's not so bad; He might have stole it all."

And when Jane Ann McDonaldson (What, really, don't you know?) She that is Mrs. Jackson now, Ran off with Patsy Rowe, Her first—she died soon after—who Was but a peddler's lad (And you better believe her pa And ma were awful mad), Her friends all cried, "How shocking! Who'd have thought it of Jane Ann?" I only said, "He might have been A rascal and a bad man."

And young Mulvey, who drinks a pint (Why, surely, you've been told?) Of something strong each day—"tis that That makes him look so old— Has one to take his part. I turn The sad fact into sport. When it is mentioned, with "A pint Is better than a quart."

For I won't gossip—that I won't— It's never been my way; I always hold my tongue, unless I've something good to say.

**OUR STORY.**

**BENNIE'S PLAN.**

Out in a part of the country where it is very hilly, there stands a road house at the foot of a steep hill whose side is covered with birch and pine trees, and a thick undergrowth of brush. In that house live two little children, and what do you think they did one day?

Their mamma was busy baking, and they went to play by the little brook in the yard. They were making a bridge of stones there, and that morning they finished it. Then Susie's white kitten tried it, and stepped across without once wetting her dainty feet.

"Now that's done, and what'll we do next?" asked restless Susie.

"I know, said Bennie; "let's go up the hill and find where the brook begins. It's hard climbing, and mother thinks I ain't big enough; but I'm bigger now than I was the last time I asked her."

"Well, let's go then," said Susie eagerly, and off they started, hand in hand at first, but they soon found they each needed two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they went; it was pretty tiresome, but there was fun in it, for the white kitten ran nimbly ahead and kept stopping for them, and the brook seemed to laugh out loud as it danced merrily to meet them.

"Haven't we gone as much as a mile?" asked Susie at last, winding her arm around a young birch tree, while she stopped to take breath.

"No, not more than three-quarters, I guess," said Bennie. "See, there's our chimney down there, and smoke going out. Mother's making perry!" Susie exclaimed, starting again, and as she pushed around a thick birch bush there was the white kitten waiting for them just ahead, and there at last was the bubbling spring, gushing from among the rocks, the birth-place of their dear brook.

"Oh, Susie, make a cup of your hand and drink some water," said Bennie, bending down to do it herself.

"I can't! I can't! I am caught in the briars!" cried Susie, struggling as she spoke to disengage herself, but it seemed as if every thorn on the bushes reached out to catch at her, and she couldn't get away.

Bennie ran to help her, but only got his hands scratched, and when Susie turned her head the briars caught her curls so that she could not move away any more without her hair being pulled. This was too discouraging, and she began to cry.

"Oh, dear! I wish mamma was here," said Bennie, looking wistfully down at the top of the home chimney below.

"Mamma! mamma! he shouted then as loud as he could; but the wind blew the wrong way and took the shout-up hill instead of down. Then he said he would go home and tell her to come.

"Oh, no, no!" begged Susie. "I don't dare to be left alone; there might be bears among the trees, or a snake. Don't go, Bennie!"

"Well, I won't," said Bennie; "but I wish I had some scissors or a knife, anyhow; I'm big enough."

Then he sat down by Susie, and they wondered what they would do; would they have to go without dinner and supper? Would they have to stay all night there on the hill?

"Oh, I am so tired!" said Susie, moving her head a little, but it hurt so that she began to cry again. The little white kitten rubbed against her and purred, but it could not help her. Yes, it could help her! A bright idea flashed into Bennie's mind.

"Let's send a note to mamma by kitty!" he exclaimed.

"I've got some paper in my pocket and a little stub end of a pencil, and I can print!"

Susie stopped crying and watched with great interest while Ben slowly printed down these words on a torn slip of paper:—  
Dear MaMa, We air up here Tangild in a BRRe Bush. Cum!  
Then he found a piece of string in his pocket, and tied the note around the white kitten's neck. When that was done, he turned her head down the hill towards home, and clapping his hands at her said in dreadful tones:—

"Seat, Seat!"  
The frightened kitten darted down the hill, and was quickly out of sight among the bushes.

"Now, mamma'll come!" said Susie, with a sigh of relief. But Bennie had thought of something else.

"I'm going to send a letter in a boat now," he said, and again he slowly pinned another ragged slip:—  
Dear MaMa, We air up here Tangild in a BRRe Bush. Cum!

This he fastened to a piece of birch bark, and launched it down the little tumbling stream, which carried it swiftly out of sight.

"Now she'll come pretty soon," he said, sitting down in perfect faith to wait.

Their mamma baked her bread that morning, and then she baked pies and made cookies and got dinner ready before she had time to think much about them. Then she stepped to the door to see how they were getting along and called them, but there was no answer.

The wind blew in her face and the white kitten rubbed against her feet.

"Where are the children, kitty?" she asked, looking down, and then she spied the note tied around the white furry neck. She took it off and read the blurred words:—  
"Dear MaMa, We air up here Tangild in a BRRe Bush. Cum!"

She caught her sun bonnet off the nail and started, but hardly knew which way to go. They were up the hill of course, but she might miss them. As she stood irresolute, right in sight down the brook came a little birch-bark raft, with a piece of paper pinned to it which was too wet to read, but it told her all she wanted to know, for now it was plain that they had gone along by the brook.

So she started swiftly to the hill, pushing the bushes aside, with the little white kitten running before her, and as it was not nearly a mile, nor even a quarter, that the little ones had gone, she soon reached the spot where Susie stood weeping in the grasp of the briar bush, and Ben sat patiently waiting at her side.

Was there ever a tangle that a mamma could not set right? Gently and skillfully she freed first the curls and then the little dress, and then with her light-hearted girl and boy followed the stream back again, just in time to meet papa as he came to dinner.

**Too Smart by Half.**

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railway. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you no where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"About nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

"Oh yes; thank you," said the old gentleman, "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this ain't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart and he chuckled loud over it. He did not offer the old gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller, "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said—  
"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wished to show the full extent of his smartness, replied—  
"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss!"

The "boss" came in, and seeing the stranger cried out,—"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? We—"

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later to his sorrow. Anyone needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employment.

**A Literary Coup D'Etat.**

Of all the surprises to which the reading public has been treated by Mr. Alden's surprising *Literary Revolution*, perhaps the most remarkable is the last.

Two of the choicest and most famous books in modern literature, Washington Irving's "The Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," are just published in style worthy of this most widely celebrated and universally honored of American authors. The two books together form one of the nine volumes of his works also just published. The type is large, loaded, beautiful; the two volumes bound in one comprise 608 pages; the binding is half Morocco, marbled edges. The only other edition in the market that at all compares with this or rivals it, is advertised by the publisher at \$3.00 per volume.

Mr. Alden's price when sold in sets of nine volumes, is a little less than \$1.00 per volume. He now offers this single specimen volume until September 1st, 1886, for the price (if it can be called a price) of 50 cents, by mail, postage paid.

This offer is without restriction or condition; if there are a hundred thousand, or half a million of those who take pleasure in the works of Washington Irving, who want the volume, he says he will fill their orders as fast as his printers and binders can turn them out.

If you want to complete your set after you have received this volume, you can, of course do so by paying the additional price for the set. The object of this extraordinary "Coup D'Etat" is of course, advertising except for this consideration the price would be ridiculous and ruinous. Mr. Alden sends his complete Illustrated Catalogue of standard books free to any applicant, or his Illustrated Catalogue, 132 pages, for four cents. Address, JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

**A "Baby Bunting."**

A "Baby Bunting" that could very readily be wrapped in the rabbit skin of ursursory lore has been born to a farmer's wife in the little settlement of Bell Kemp, Chester Co., Pa., which is about six miles from Oxford. The infant is a most wonderful freak of nature. When ushered into existence two weeks ago it was barely ten inches in length, and it failed to get the better of a four-pound weight when placed in the other end of an ordinary pair of scales in the village grocery store. The father is a fine, hearty farmer, rather above than below medium height, named Nelson Bunting. He is forty-five years old, and his wife, Julia, who is not over two or three years his junior, is quite a large woman. They are the parents of half a dozen girls and boys, fully as large as children of their respective ages usually are, and they can offer no explanation of this apparent phenomenon. "Since her birth 'Baby Bunting' had not grown in any perceptible degree, but she is by no means weak or puny despite her diminutive size, and her voice is as powerful as that of the largest infant born. She is well-proportioned and perfectly formed, and her father's Sunday silk hat is plenty large enough to hide her completely, and when put in a half-gallon measure her head does not come within several inches of the top.

**Thinking Aloud.**

One of the peculiarities of George the Third was a habit of thinking aloud. The Duke of Cambridge, his son, inherited the habit and indulged it even during divine service.

When the clergyman said, "Let us pray," his Royal Highness would add, in an audible voice, "With all my heart."

The clergyman was once reading the story of Zacharias as the "second lesson." As he uttered the words, "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor," the duke added, to the consternation of his congregation,—

"No! no! I can't do that; that's too much for any man—no objection to a tenth."

On another occasion, when a long drought caused the clergyman to announce that the prayer for rain would be offered, the duke said,—

"Yes, yes; quite right, quite right; but it will never rain till the wind changes."

The duke did not confine his thinking aloud to the prayers. The sermon frequently stirred him up to vocal criticisms which were more amusing to the congregation than to the preacher.

The curate of Kew finally resigned, giving as his reason that though the curacy was as pleasant as any in England, and would, perhaps, lead to preferment, and the duke, duchess, and every member of the royal household were very kind to him personally, he could not endure his royal highness' habit of thinking aloud.

**The Good Old Name of Smith.**

The Lynchburg Virginia defends the name of Smith stoutly. It says:—  
"Virginia was founded by a Smith. Two of her governors have been Smiths, and one of them was governor twice."

"One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was a Smith."

"There have been nine Smiths in the Senate of the United States."

"A Smith was the first Attorney-General of the United States, then Secretary of the Navy, and afterward Secretary of State."

"Eight of the Confederate generals were Smiths."

"Smith is one of the most illustrious names in England, and Scotland furnished Adam Smith, the great political economist. So there is no disputing on the Smiths."

**TO-DAY.**

"Make a little fence of trust  
Around to-day,  
Fill the space with loving works,  
And therein stay;  
Look not thro' the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes,  
If joy or sorrow."

Thou who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight;  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the only blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind,  
Let there be light!

**WHAT THEY MAKE.**

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of corn,  
Make the festive whiskey,  
And the morning horn.

And the little cockle shells,  
Humble though they be,  
Make swelled heads and fill the  
Pen—i—ten—tia—ry.

**What He Had in for Him.**</