

The Acton Free Press.

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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.
Trinity University, Fellow 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. Has been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Patrons may depend upon receiving attention in any special performance. Will visit Acton every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO.
Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—In King, Bank and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given.

JOHNSTON & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private Funds to Loan. Office—Town Hall, Acton.

E. F. B. JONES, Wm. A. McLEAN.

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Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. Office—First door west of the Chamberlain Office, Main Street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

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Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Toronto and Georgetown. Office—Greenman's Block, Georgetown, and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

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BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.
Office—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East, Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JOHN BAIN, Q. C., C. A. MASTEN.
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PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.

HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
20 Years Practice, No Patent, No Pay. Office—HEMSTREET.

W. 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.

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Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER.
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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)
Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money loaned for parties in Mortgage 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 wanting 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 scissor, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastefully cut.

J. P. WARDEN, TONSORIAL ARTIST.
JAMES STIRTON, L. D. S., DENTIST.
Home Graduate and Member of the Ontario College of Dental Surgery.
Painless Extraction, or no charge. Artificial teeth, perfect in appearance and use, \$8.00 per set. Written guarantee with every set.
Office—Tovell's Block, opp. P. O., Guelph.

ACTON BANKING COY., STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., BANKERS.
Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Albert College, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

CHARTERED and opened in 1857. Over 3,000 persons have been in attendance; 150 students enrolled last year, representing British Columbia, Manitoba, New York, Ontario and Quebec; 87 diplomas and certificates awarded, including Matriculation, Music, Fine Arts, Commercial Science, Collegiate and Teachers' Courses. Fall Term begins Sept. 7th, 1886. For annual catalogue, etc., address Rev. W. P. DYER, M. A., Pres.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits. Graduates eminently successful as Accountants, Business Managers, Shorthand Writers, Clerks, Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada and the United States. Moderate rates, thorough, practical work and courteous treatment characterize the institution. Ladies admitted to all the advantages of the College. Splendid facilities afforded for the acquisition of French and German. For information address
M. MACCORMICK, 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 Wood Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood, Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.

ESTABLISHED 1810.

HEAD OFFICE, — GUELPH.

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

F. W. Stone, Chas. Davidson, 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 Mouldings, &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 on with your order and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, 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, Flour, or Company Big, can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

Horses Boarded and Sold.

Terms reasonable.

WM. 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.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL,

SHAW & GRUNDY,

Merchant Tailors,

FIRST INSTALMENT

FALL GOODS

SHAW & GRUNDY

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, 30 x 7 ft. \$75, 8 ft. 80, 9 ft. 85, 10 ft. 90, 11 ft. 95. 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 20 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. There 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.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class

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

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

THOS. C. MOORE.

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1886.

POETRY.

WHEN YOU WAS A BOY.

Oh, don't you remember when you was a boy
What mischief and trouble you made?
How you was a sorrow instead of a joy
To parents you never obeyed?

How little you heeded their loving voice?
How saucy you was to them, too?
And how you would manage by every device
To shirk what they told you to do?

How selfish you were in enjoying your fun;
How little assistance you gave
To keep up the home which your parents
had won.

For you by denials so brave,
And do you forget, when you lay in your cot
In sickness, their nursing and care?
And don't you still think of the whippings
you got?

For which you resolved to get "square" to
'Tis well to remember these things when you die
Your children are copies of you, you see
And then, when you wail them, bear it in
mind
And try what more patience will do.

OUR STORY.

His Life's One Holiday.

Huntington Wayne was thirty-five, and had never yet been in love. He had worked hard and well and had made a fortune which even he felt would enable him to marry without being recklessly imprudent, and he began to think it was time to decide upon a wife who would satisfy his somewhat fastidious requirements. She must be of a stately and noble presence—Wayne had rather an idea of a fine woman; not too young nor too emotional—Wayne was a man who hated scenes; in short, she was to be a woman made to order, and he found it more difficult to discover than he had at first supposed.

It was with a feeling of something as akin to failure as his well regulated mind ever indulged in that he ordered his portmanteau packed for a fortnight's visit to Newton-on-Sea, and tore himself away from the fascinations of club and office life to pay a long visit to his old friend, Dr. Marshall. He had seen nothing of the Marshall for years past, though there was a tie of old associations between them, and even something of a sadder interest. Five years ago, when Wayne's uncle offered him a berth in the tea business, of which he was now the head, he extended a like offer to Huntington's younger brother, Jack; but Jack, always something of a hot-headed fellow, took offence at some word or deed of his elder's and refused the offer. Soon after he took some post on the east coast of Africa, and went out with high hopes of the fortune he was to bring back and lay at Hetty Marshall's feet.

Huntington heard of the engagement with some contempt, for the folly which possessed two young people without a penny; but when, three years later, news came of poor Jack's death in Zanzibar, the little bride that was to have been passed out of his mind, and it was only when an invitation came to him from the Marshalls, who were at Newton-on-Sea for Hetty's health, that the thought of her existence crossed his again.

He had not even seen her since she was a little child in pinafores, and when he was brought up, on the evening he arrived, to the side of a crimson hammock swung by two pine trees, and introduced to a slight, pale girl, whose great blue eyes were raised to his with a pathetic gentleness and sweetness, a feeling such as in all his thirty-five years of sensible life he had never before experienced shot through him with a thrill of wonder, and almost bewilderment. He took in his own small, fragile white fingers, and then laid them down almost reverently on the soft cushions amid which she lay.

"I suppose if any one had asked him then and there whether he believed in love at first sight, he would have answered as contemptuously as ever; and yet, for all that, he was as deep in love as ever man yet fell at any blow. He told himself it was pity—pity that only grew as the days passed by, and he saw how true and delicate a creature a trouble of two years had left her, it created to him it was his duty to try and atone to her for all the suffering and loss she had undergone; as if his life ought to make up to her for Jack's death, somehow. Strange, that duty had never had such a zest and a pleasure in it before.

She was a thing so new to his experience, with her pleading blue eyes, her soft little ways, and the pathos that hung about all that she said or did. Wayne used to sit and watch her furtively, as if she were a creature of some unknown race.

Three days after the first evening and the hammock, the ideal "fine woman" had died out of his mind, never to return, and before the week was over, he had said to himself—he the practical, cool-headed Huntington Wayne—that life without little Hetty would be hardly worth the living, and that he must have her for his own, or die. Practical common-sensical men often take the hardest form of the disease called love.

He spoke to Dr. Marshall before the middle of the second week, and asked his consent to win Hetty. The doctor listened with much surprise, but no appearance of displeasure, and when Wayne had finished he grasped him heartily by the hand.

"My dear fellow," he said, "with something between a smile and a sigh, 'you have my heartiest consent and best wishes, if you can get Hetty to say yes. You are almost a part of poor Jack, and there is no one else I should so gladly call my son. Of course it all rests with Hetty; but I know she does not dislike you, and we must trust to

time for the rest. Love such as she gave Jack, perhaps the same woman never gives twice over, but there's no reason why she should not love you and make you a good wife. The grief of two years back is passing away—it is more the physical state left by the shock of that time that wears on her now. Perhaps she will never be very robust, but you will take good care of her I am certain."

"She shall be strong again, please God, if I can make her so by my devotion," said Huntington, while a vision of unpeppable happiness danced before his mind's eye—a snow-white yacht cruising among smiling islands in a summer sea, seeking health for her who was its queen.

"I'll leave the business to look after itself," he thought, with a glow of rapture, "and travel around the world with her till the color comes back to her pale face and the light to her eyes—yes, and the happiness to her heart."

So the fortnight wore away, and another was well nigh gone, and yet Wayne lingered at Newton-on-Sea. He was never away from Hetty's side; he fetched and carried for her like a dog; he was a slave to her every wish. Dr. and Mrs. Marshall regarded him with undisguised favor. "Tom, the infant terror of his family, voted him 'no end jolly,'" and Hetty—Hetty liked him well; her eyes brightened when he came, she missed him when he went away; he was so thoughtful, so kind, so good, no one could help being fond of him.

One night there was a storm, and by noon the next day came the news that a great ship from the Cape had gone to pieces on the Razor Rocks, not two miles away. Nothing must do but that Hetty must go and see it. "There was no life lost, they heard, but the life-boat people must wait till the tide fell before they could get off all the crew, and Hetty was eager to see the rescue. So Huntington, of course, volunteered to drive her and Tom to the scene of the disaster in Hetty's little pony-carriage.

What a drive that was! Wayne will never forget it as long as he lives. The hedges were all aglow with June roses and honeysuckle, and a breath of summer floating up to them from the narrow winding lanes. The pony was fat and indolent and took its own time. Wayne would not have hurried one of its steps. The sun was setting when they reached the solitary bay where the steamer had run ashore, and a golden glory shone over the land and sea—edging the cloud bank with unearthly splendor, and dyeing with crimson the shallow pool left by the retreating tide. The cliff path to the shore was steep and narrow. Wayne had to help Hetty with a tender care. Perhaps life had never before held such exquisite pleasure for him. Her little light shawl lay over his arm, her small hand rested in his. It seemed to him the world was bounded by Hetty.

Never had his heart beat so high with hope. Once she stopped to gather a tiny blue cliff flower, and, after a moment's pause, she softly gave it to him. Was it only the sunset glow that smothered his fancy, or did a delicate color really mount to her cheek at his low spoken words of thanks?

Out, far out on the low, black ledge of craggy rocks lay the great, shattered ship. Little boats hid snugly and safely against the quiet shallows where the storm waves had raged not many hours before. Hetty was all excitement to see the rescued people; while Tom, with the frankness of his age and kind, declared about that sort of shipwreck wasn't much good—there wasn't any drowning to be done!

The thoughtful Huntington had, of course, brought a telescope, and stood like a statue of Atlas, while Hetty resting her glass on his shoulder watched the boats land their burdens at the little fishing pier. Hetty was in a sort of rapt dream, hearing dimly Hetty's little ejaculations of pity over the bedraggled aspect of the shipwrecked, and altogether ignoring Master Tom's somewhat crude chatter, as that youthful tormenter trotted his feet at the margin of the tide, and gave his opinion with delightful confidence about matters in general and shipwrecks in particular. The sunset glow grew brighter and more vivid, lighting up the sombre cliffs and level waste of water, and throwing into sharp relief such bleak sake of the fishing nets which dotted the bottom of the broad bay.

It seemed to Wayne that he would like to stand just so forever—Hetty close to him, her support and comfort, nobody to come between; for Tom certainly did not count for much. Was it not a type of what all their life has to be? "Crimson glory—Hetty dependent on him, his highest happiness to minister to her.

Suddenly into his dream ran a shriek, wild and terrible. The telescope fell from his shoulder and splashed into a pool at his feet, and as he turned to catch Hetty's fainting figure in his stalwart arms, with one lightning dash his eyes fell where hers had rested, and saw, in the crowded boat land just reaching the shore, among the bronzed and bearded faces of the wrecked ship's crew, the face of Hetty's lost lover—his own brother Jack!

Ah! well, well. Wayne behaved capitally, every one said. "Old Tom behaved like the brack that he is in after all," to use Jack's own expression. He took his brother into partnership, and enabled him to marry Hetty within six weeks—Hetty to whose cheeks the roses had come back, as if by some magic spell. He never married.

"Don was an old bachelor before he wore knickerbockers," Jack confides sometimes to his wife.

People say he means to leave all his money to his niece, little Hetty, who has her mother's eyes. And deep in a secret drawer, carefully treasured from prying eyes, lies a whorled scrap of wood, which was once a tiny cliff-flower and all that is left to Huntington Wayne of his life's one holiday.

Dry Seasons.

Those who thought that the dry spell in the West last spring was the longest ever known, will do well to read the following:—
In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1672, 80 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1674, 46 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1688, 81 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1715, 46 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1773, 80 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1826, 24 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1875, 26 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1876, 26 days in succession without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drouth that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the first of May to the 1st of September, making 123 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

Short Summer Sermons.

Dar' an sartin fings which you kin chalk down do de celloh doah wid a feelin' dat you am gwine to hit nine times whar' you miss once.

De wuss a man's breast smells de ousser he am gwine to git to you in an argyment. It am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillins of borrowed money.

No man can remember whar' he trowed empty cans and bottles until he discovers dat somebody has dumped ashes ober his fence.

Broadcloth an' silks look well on de street, but dey doan' hitch werry well with cold 'taters at home.

Nine men puter ten borrow wid de expectation of bein' just so much ahead. De odd one will want to borrow agin as a reward for his honesty.

It am powerful easy to descriminate between a wise man an' a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposition.

While you should lav your maybur as yourself, doan' gin him to understand' dat you kin be depended on to lie awake o' nights to protect his grape-arbor.

De man who figgers dat he kin so live as to dodge slender an' escape malice has got a heap o' 'thinns waitin' for his bar' feet.

"The average man's business word kin be depended on up to a certain pint—as fut as he will profit by keepin' it."

De problem of livin' doan' depend so much on hangin' to an old velvet ca'pet in parlor as it does in savin' de crusts and crumbs in de kitchen.

When a man's whiskey costs mo' dan his flour he should stan' ready to wote for de buildin' of twp wings on de County House.

While it am true dat all men war created equal, a heap of us have got spilled, in de bringin' up. About de only time social barriers am abolished am durin' a steam-boat explosion.

An Understanding Wanted.

A merchant who was taking baking-powder in bulk from a firm, called at headquarters the other day to say that there was something wrong with the goods.

"I don't think so," was the reply, "we make the best article sold."

"I think we ought to have a more perfect understanding," continued the dealer. "Now, you adulterate before you send to me, then I adulterate before I despatch, then the retailer adulterates before he sells, and the customer can't be blamed for growling. I wanted to see if we couldn't agree on some plan to be followed."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, suppose you put in 10 per cent. of chalk, then I put in 20 per cent. of whitening, then the retailer put in 30 per cent. of flour that gives the consumer 40 per cent. of baking-powder, and, unless he's a born hog, he'll be perfectly satisfied. You see if you adulterate 50 per cent. on the start, and I adulterate as much more, and the retailer adulterates as much as both together, it's mighty hard for the consumer to tell whether he is investing in baking-powder or putty. We must give him something for his money, if it's only chalk."

Sorry She Didn't Buy One!

"I've a perfect antipathy for the mountains," said Mrs. Gush to Mrs. Parvenu, as they sat talking together on the summer hotel piazza. "Have you?" said Mrs. Parvenu. "Well, I've an Alpine stiek, and this man said it was just the thing; but I'm sorry now I didn't buy an antipathy like yours."—New York Tribune.

INDIFFERENCE.

If I and mine are safe at home,
It matters not what wretches go by,
Nor that my neighbor's children roam,
Nor that I hear them loudly cry
Help! help! help! help!

If mine are safe and undisturbed,
It matters not what wretches beddie,
Nor who beguiled my neighbor's child,
Nor that by ruthless hand it died
Calling for help.

I've taught my own and made them wise;
I've watched them well and kept them pure;
My care the greed of wolves defies;
My walls are high, my gates secure,
I need no help.

Alas! my child has climbed the wall,
Is out among the wolves so fierce,
(I dreamed not harm could him befall.)
But now their fangs his flesh will pierce—
Help! help! help! help!

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,
If thou hast seen the wolves go by,
Nor warned thy neighbor's son beguiled
To pitfalls, where he ere must die
For want of help.

Or here, or there, the Lord will mete
To thee the measure of thy deeds;
Works make the prayer of faith complete
To help thy neighbor in his needs,
God doth of thee require.

Obligations to Contributors.

The following outline of the verbal law which governs the conduct of a newspaper, experience shows cannot be too frequently published. It is an unwritten