

The Acton Free Press.

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Business Directory.

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MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

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CHARTERED and opened in 1857. Over 5,000 persons have been in attendance. 170 students enrolled last year, representing BRITISH COLUMBIA, MANITOBA, MICHIGAN, NEW YORK, ONTARIO and QUEBEC; 87 diplomas and certificates awarded, including Matriculation, Music, Fine Arts, Commercial Science, (College and Teachers' Course). Fall Term begins Sept. 7th, 1886. For annual catalogue, etc., address Rev. W. P. DYER, M. A., Pres.

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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.

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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.

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

Coal & Wood. JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE COUNTY OF WELLINGTON, ESTABLISHED 1810.

HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH. Insures 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 Moldings, &c., made with neatness and dispatch.

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 margo, 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, Pleasure, 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.

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100 Sets Lawn Croquet

Car-load Express Waggon

BIG STOCK. LOW PRICES.

Day Sells Cheap.

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SHAW & GRUNDY, Merchant Tailors,

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR FIRST INSTALMENT

OF NEW

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, \$20, 7 ft., \$25, 8 ft., \$30, 10 ft., \$40, 12 ft., \$50. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see 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. There will always be found on hand a full stock of all kinds of meat, &c., 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', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.

THOS. C. MOORE.

The Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1886.

POETRY

THE HOMESTEAD.
Oh, wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave noisome mull and chaffering store,
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,
And build the homestead once more.

Come back to bayberry scented slopes
And fragrant fern and groundnut vine;
Breathe the air blown over hill and copse,
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small
That life's essential wants supply?
Your homestead's title gives you all
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many dolted crave,
The brick-walled slave of change and mart,
Laurus trees, fresh air and flowers you have,
More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom willed,
With none to bid you go or stay;
Till the old fields your fathers tilled
As manly men as they.

With skill that spares your toiling hands,
And chemic aid that science brings,
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,
And reign thereon as kings.

OUR STORY

A FAMILY STRIKE.

"There! I've stood it just as long as I'm going to! There's no use in being so particular!" and Jasper Jones threw his cap into a chair, his bat on the floor, and stretched himself upon the floor with a defiant look on his young face.

"What will you do when she comes in and says in that quiet, strong way, 'Jasper, your hat is out of place; hang it up in the entry, please; and put your bat behind the shed door?'" said Elsie, with a droll imitation of her step-mother's voice and manner.

"I'll just say, 'I'm going to when I've rested awhile.' We've all jumped at her bidding ever since she came. I've gone back to wipe my feet, and hang up my hat, and clean my overalls, and all that, till I am sick of it!"

"I'm sick of it, too!" said Elsie. "I left my clothes where they fell last night, when I went to bed. I was so tired. Mother didn't happen to look in, or I suppose she'd have roused me from bed to hang them up. It's awfully tiresome to have to put everything just so, every time."

"Ma never made us do it," said Jasper. "And the house was always tidy enough to suit me." Elsie. "Not so nice as mother keeps it, perhaps, but I like to be free and easy, and I hate to be prim."

"The old order was good enough, I say," said Jasper. "Let's strike! Strikes are all the rage now-a-days. When folks want the rules changed they 'strike.' We'll talk it up to Bess, and Clarence, and Rose; and if we're all in it, another'll see that she may as well give up. That's the way it always works, don't you see?"

"I don't want to do anything bad," said Elsie. "You know ma said if I'd sent us anybody who was willing to be a mother to us, we were to be good and obedient."

"Well, we have been, and we mean to be; only she needn't be so much more particular than ma was."

Bess and Clarence, and little Rose were easily led to embrace the views of their brother and sister. The league was formed, Jasper appointed as leader, and it was agreed that the strike should come off "before father comes home."

"The first thing to do is to form a procession and march," said Jasper, "and while we're doing that I'll think up my speech. Our marching will show mother that we mean business."

"It was fine fun for the little ones. They got strips of red and white cloth and tied them to short poles and carried them as banners; and they marched up and down through dining-room, and kitchen, and bedrooms, up-stairs and down-stairs, out into the yard, and back through the long entry, till the mother wondered, and grew a little restless over the tramp, that was making more thready the carpets which wore out so fast."

"Come, come!" said she, at last; "haven't you kept up that play long enough? Seems to me it is rather silly business for you, Jasper and Elsie."

"We're strikin'," said Clarence, waving his flag; "just like the big folks do."

In and out, and down, they still kept their march. There was a curious expression on their step-mother's face whenever they passed through the kitchen, where she was ironing their clothes.

Finally they halted before her, and, standing with toes all even with a crack in the kitchen floor, they made a low bow, as Jasper had instructed them, and then he began his speech as follows:

"Honored and Respected Mother, our Mother: We have tried to do as you wanted us to, and we don't wish now to be bad, or rebellious, or any thing, but we think, one and all, that it's too hard, when a fellow comes in all tired out with base-ball, or something, to have to run straight and put his bat in one place and his hat in another. This 'strike' is to see if we can't come to some agreement that we shall live a little more free and easy, as Elsie says, and do a little more as we've a mind to be about such things. We don't wish to be very disorderly, but we would rather not have to be quite so particular."

"I suppose," said she, "you expect me to make a speech in reply. But I must have a little time to think what I ought to say. Besides, it is almost lunch-time, and I must get these things ironed first. Suppose you march up and down on the sidewalk in front of the house till my speech is ready."

"Can't I iron, and you go right to getting lunch?" asked Elsie, pressed by hunger.

"That isn't the way. We ought all to keep marching," said Jasper. "But we're all hungry, so perhaps you'd better."

"Just as you like," said their mother. "And if Jasper and Clarence will bring some light, dry wood from the shed, we shall have lunch all the sooner."

Flags were consigned to Bess and Rose, and the procession broke up for the present. Nothing more was heard of the "strike" till lunch was over. Perhaps it would have been forgotten altogether, but Mrs. Jones herself reminded them of it by saying, "I have my answer ready now, if you wish to hear it."

"O, yes, we do! Form into line here! There, we're ready!" said the children.

"Well, when I came here you all threw your things down just where it happened, and often they were lost, or broken, or soiled, and it always made the house disorderly. I suppose your own mother used to pick them up for you, but I thought you were old enough to begin to learn to put them away yourselves. But it seems you do not like my plans. Now, I can't have a disorderly house, so we must compromise the matter. That is the usual way in case of a 'strike,' I believe."

"Yes, we should like to compromise," said Jasper. "That's just what we want."

"Very well. There is a large hoghead in the back room. Whenever you leave any of your things about I shall not ask you to put them in place any more. I will just drop them into that hoghead. We will call it the 'disorderly locker.' And when you want them you can look there for them."

Jasper and Elsie looked somewhat nonplussed, and glanced dolefully at each other, but Clarence and Bess and Rose hailed the compromise as every way satisfactory, and the "strike" was over.

The first thing that went into the "disorderly locker" were the flags which had been thrown together upon a settee. Mrs. Jones dropped in this first contribution with a quiet, amused smile.

For several days Jasper and Elsie were rather careful to put away their things, for the hoghead was deep and wide, and it got to be "such a bother" to get them out if they once got in. But presently the barrel began to fill up, and the faller it grew the more difficult it was to find any small article that had been consigned to its depths. Mrs. Jones seemed fully satisfied with the arrangement. She no longer reminded them to 'lay their things in the proper places, and books, slates, hats, bonnets, marbles, and jumping ropes were quietly dropped in together.

More and more frequently the cry arose in the house: "Where is my jack-knife?" "Where is my best alley?" "Where is my tipped?"

Little Rose's small piping voice was generally heard in such replies: "In the 'orderly locker,' I expect! The spirit of the law ran, often in hot haste, to rummage among the medley of articles.

The older ones stood on a chair, and reached down to search; but when time pressed and search was unavailing, they were often brought to the extremity of turning the barrel upon its side, pulling out the contents, and when the lot article was found, tumbling them back again. But Clarence and Bess, who were not strong enough to tip the barrel over, had been known more than once to climb into it, much to the detriment of some of its contents.

Jasper and Elsie complained of this; but the mother's laughing report in no wise availed to prevent a repetition of the offense. Consequently, many things came out of the disorderly locker crushed and spoiled that they might almost as well have been thrown into the fire.

"I can't go to the picnic to-morrow, nor to school next day, nor anywhere any more, as I see," said Elsie, one day. "My hat is just ruined! The crown is crushed down, and there's a stain of apple or something on the ribbon. I'll never wear it. I don't think much of your old 'strike,' Jasper! It's made us ten times more trouble than we had before! I should like to set that old disorder barrel afire and burn it up, with all there is in it, and never hear of it again!"

"Well, I own that I'm sick of my job," said Jasper. "Suppose we 'strike' once more, and get it abolished."

"O, yes; strike again! Where's my flag, I wonder?" said Clarence.

"The consequences are not fun to me," said Elsie, "and I'm not going through any more of this silly marching. I'm just going to ask mother to change back to the old way—that's all."

"But we ought all to go together and ask her, because we were all in the 'strike,'" said Jasper.

"Well, then, let's do it right away," said Elsie.

So the procession was again formed, and with no much preparation, and with no needless parade, they sought their mother, and made known their request. She cheerfully promised that the odious barrel should be abolished. And that evening she kindly pressed and retrimmed Elsie's school hat, so that the soiled ribbon and crushed place were no longer visible, and henceforth things returned to their old order, the gain from the "strike" being manifest only in the added zeal and cheerfulness with which over the slightest hints were obeyed.

Why None Would Dare.

Once, when Bishop Burnet was preaching before Charles II., the preacher became much warmed with his subject, and having given utterance to a certain doctrine in a very earnest manner, he with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk and cried out in a loud voice:

"Who dare deny this?"

"Faith," observed the king in a key very little lower than that of the preacher, "nobody that is in reach of that great fist of yours."

Wouldn't Let Him Speak.

There is a time to keep silence, but it evidently was not the right time in the case of a boy mentioned who lives in Newark, Conn. He got a sliver in his foot, and in spite of his protestations, his mother and grandmother decided to place a poultice over the wound. The boy vigorously related, "I won't have no poultice!" he declared, stoutly.

"Yes, you will, Eddie," declared both grandmother and mother, firmly; and the majority being two to one, at bedtime the poultice was ready. The boy was not, and he proved so refractory that a switch was brought into requisition.

It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother was to stand with the uplifted switch at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth" he would receive that which would keep him quiet. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot, he opened his mouth. "You—" he began.

"Keep still," said his mother, shaking the stick, while the grandmother busily applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth, "I—" but the uplifted switch aimed him to silence.

In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tucked in bed.

"There now," said his mother, "the old sliver will be drawn out and Eddie's foot will be all well."

As the mother and grandmother moved triumphantly away, a shrill, small voice came from under the bedclothes:

"You've got it on the wrong foot!"

Technical Violation.

"That the Constitution of the United States and of this State recognize the liquor business as a legitimate and proper one, and that it should be treated before the law as fairly as any other reputable business; we, therefore, protest against the practice of a few 'Prohibition Anarchists' in prosecuting reputable citizens engaged in the liquor business for technical violations of the letter but not the spirit of the law."

—Resolution of Illinois State Liquor Dealers' Association.

For cheek, brass, gas and concentrated sass, we commend the above. It is now in order for the penitentiary gang to hold a convention and denounce the judges and juries of the land as "Legal Anarchists," for opposing reputable citizens engaged in the stealing business for "technical" violation of the letter but not the spirit of the law. These Chicago saints do not seem to know that "reputable citizens" neither violate the law technically or spiritually.

Baltimore Weekly.

What in the name of common sense is meant by "technical" violation of a law against selling liquor? The spirit of the law is its intention to suppress the abominable traffic, and the danger is that some people get round this intention and so violate the spirit, which it is very difficult to make sufficiently stringent; but we never before heard of literal violation of the law that was not in actual defiance of its object and meaning.—Toronto Citizen.

On His Holidays.

"Very interesting scenery, sir," observed a dapper, loudly-dressed Cockney tourist to a hard-featured, grim-looking Scot on board the Loch Katrine steamer. "I'm pleased ye think so," answered Sawney.

"Replete with 'historical associations,'" "Maybe, but I dinna ken anything about them." "What!" exclaimed the Englishman, "surely, sir, you've read the works of your great countryman, Sir Walter Scott, the 'Wizard of the North' you know?"

"Never even heard o' him. Wha's he?" "Sir, that is perfectly hideous!" you a Scotchman, and never 'eard of the man who wrote the Waverley Novels, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, and all that sort of thing?" "Never in my life." The disgusted Cockney turned away with a muttered expression of contempt for such atrocious ignorance, and an individual who overheard the colloquy, blushed for his un-informed compatriot, and took an opportunity of asking whether his confession was actually true. "Toot, man," was the testy reply. "I didna want to hear o' that English idiot's sentimental blatherin'."

Heard o' Watty Scott! For the last twelve months I've had enough of Sir Walter Scott, and his novels too. I'm a printer's reader, and our firm have been printin' a new edition o' his works. I'm on my holidays, man, and canna be bothered speakin' about shop!"

Prohibition "Beverages."

David W. Judd writes from Iowa to the American Agriculturist:

However much the citizens of Iowa may disagree as to the prohibition laws, provided for by both the State Constitution and the votes of the Legislature, strangers cannot be otherwise than impressed with the remarkable effects of these prohibition enactments; and the innovation often borders on the humorous. For example, instead of seeing, as in the saloons surrounding the railroad depots in other States, such "bulletins" as "Old Crow," "Whiskey Fences," "Hot Sootches," "Kentucky Blue Grass," etc., etc., one is informed by the earnest advocates of temperance, until you reach the reports, after two years, from Iowa prisons and jails, until you see how much our taxes are reduced by the absence of murder trials, and the expense attending all the other crimes and excesses resulting from "free rum."

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.
Splendors of gold and crimson,
Fades from the clouded hill;
Shadows fall on the valleys,
Lying so dark and still;
Sadly the autumn's beauty
Fades in a cold, gray haze;
Where have ye drifted from us—
Beautiful days?

Joy that came in the morning,
Hopes with dawning light,
Dreams that we fondly cherished,
Hopes that were fair and bright,
All like the leaves have vanished;
Yet, o'er life's wintry way
Softly your memory lingers—
Beautiful days.

Bright in unchanging beauty
They have hurried on before,
Beckoning us from the shadows
On to the heaven-lit shore;
On in the world's cold darkness,
Sending their warm, soft rays,
Waiting us—calling us upward—
Beautiful days.

THE MITTEN.

From *Mollie*.
This little mitt I hope will fit,
'Tis for your hand intended.
I took me very long to knit, But I am glad to send it. You'll wonder why I send but one, And think I acted blindly. But one you do the best for you, And you may thank me kindly. It is all wool of good stout yarn. Your yarns are all un-common. And I am sure a gladder gift was never