

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1887.

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The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
—AT THE—
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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THREE MONTHS \$1.50
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

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Second Column 8 CENTS
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Fourth Column 5 CENTS

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Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted in the Acton Free Press, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines reduced by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Monday; otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on every street, and is delivered free of charge to every household in the town of Acton.

Business Directory.

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

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

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

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont., Office—15 County Bazaar, and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Texas casey.

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

E. F. B. JOHNSTON, W. A. MCLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public. Money to Loan. Office Days—Tuesday and Saturday. Office—Mathews's Block, Acton, upstairs.

M. E. MITCHELL, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c. Office—First door west of the Champion Office, Main Street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 percent.

S. HILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Toronto and Georgetown. Office—Creechman's Block, Georgetown, 24 King Street East, Toronto.

T. T. ALLAN, J. S. HILTON, B. A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., Barristers & Solicitors. Office—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Exchange, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JOHN B. C. C. C. A. MANTON, Barrister-at-Law, &c. Office—24 King Street East, Toronto.

BADGEROW & CARSON, Barrister-at-Law, &c. Ontario Hall, 50 Church Street, Toronto.

C. G. CARSON, M.P., JOHN CARSON, B.C.L., CO-SOLICITORS.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. 29 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

J. A. MURRAY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left at his residence, Main Street, opposite Church Street, Acton, or addressed to J. A. Murray, will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable. Notes discounted if desired.

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 DAVIS, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT. 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. Binding neatly and promptly done.

WEAVING. MR. T. MITCHELL. Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Bag Argets, Flannel Sheetings, Shirtings and Dress Goods, striped or plain, Millor plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over. And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.

T. MITCHELL.

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.

Find the Puzzle.

THIS undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice in any quantity and at the lowest price, all kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour and Feed,

and anything in the line of farmers' householders' or contractors' requisites.

The puzzle is to find a better place than

THOMAS C. MOORE'S

to buy anything in the above lines. Also to find out if you are not looking for anything pure and honest from him. His books say some and he would like to show you.

GUELPH—

BUSINESS COLLEGE

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from the 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 on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, Shingles, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.

Having purchased the coal business of Mr. C. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Best Coal. This is also a good stock of wood. Hardwood, Ash, and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

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 especially 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 dispatch.

PUMPS

on short notice, and from long experience 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

W. H. RUTLEDGE, The Butcher,

Deals in everything in the Meat line; wholesale and retail. No city establishment can be found better stocked at all seasons.

No Questionable Goods Offered to Customers at any Price.

Lowest prices and square dealing is my motto. One trial convinces on these points. Cash always paid for cattle.

W. H. RUTLEDGE.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON.

An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good seafoam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair cut and styled.

J. P. Worden, Tonsorial Artist.

Wall Papers

—AND—

BORDERS,

CEILING DECORATIONS,

ALL NEW FOR 1887.

—AT—

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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 Hay of Family granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of grey and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, I will, with further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 11 ft. high, 800 ft. sq., 8 ft. 200, 9 ft. 100, 10 ft. 100. 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 20 to 30 per cent below all other dealers.

LIST OF SALES

J. C. McLean, OF THE Temple of Music, GUELPH.

From 1st Jan'y. to 1st April, '87

JANUARY.

Miss G. B. Rodgers, Belwood, Organ, Mark Lehman, Weisenberg, Organ, William Swaine, Ermosa, Organ, William McKenzie, teacher, Guelph, T.P. Organ, Andrew McRobbie, Pasulich, Davis S. Machine, Knights of Labor, Guelph, Organ, Martin Schwartz, Preston, Wanner S. Machine, John Leitch, Brisbane, Organ, John Leitch, Acton, Organ, James Campbell, Acton, Piano, John Stephenson, Acton, Organ, Ada Harman, Guelph, Organ, Wilson Downie, Acton, Organ, James Price, Acton, Organ, Francis Huddell, Georgetown, Organ, Maggie Warden, Acton, Organ, John Pringle, Guelph, Organ, Andrew Lawson, Limestone, Organ, John Baird, Georgetown, Organ, Nathaniel Brown, Glenwilliams, Piano, Mrs. E. Ryde, Guelph, Davis Sewing Machine, Sarah Carwell, Plattville, Davis Sewing Machine, William Berryman, Georgetown, Piano, Thomas Brown, Glenwilliams, Organ, Samuel Mitchell, Glenwilliams, Organ, Mary J. Anderson, Glenwilliams, Organ, James Stoll, Georgetown, Organ, Alfred Owen, Glenwilliams, Organ, William Scott, Limestone, Organ, Ben Williams, Glenwilliams, Piano, Miss N. Hamaicher, Preston, Wanner S. Machine, Magnus Flaws, Guelph, Organ.

MARCH.

Jane Fogarty, Oustic, Organ, Joseph Woods, Fergus, Organ, Francis Murdoch, Elora, Organ, William Thompson, Xortol, Organ, R. J. N. Bell, Glenwilliams, Organ, John Wright, Rockwood, Organ, William Hutchison, Cheltenham, Organ, William Watkins, Glenwilliams, Organ, Joseph Shortell, Glenwilliams, Organ, John S. Clair, Preston, Davis Sewing Machine, William Campbell, Georgetown, Organ, S. Campbell, Georgetown, Organ, Isagmar Hunter, Georgetown, Piano, Simon Pratt, Glenwilliams, Organ, Mrs. George Lyons, Glenwilliams, Piano, John McCann, Nassagaweya, Organ, J. E. Washburn, Georgetown, Organ, S. Williams, Glenwilliams, Organ, James Lyons, Sijmonson, Piano, James Leslie, Stewarttown, Organ, William Wright, Cheltenham, Organ, William Wilson, Cheltenham, Organ, J. Kirkwood, Glenwilliams, Organ, James Leslie, Stewarttown, Organ, Robert Forbes & Co., Hespeler, 2 Davis Sewing Machines.

The above List is sufficient proof as to who is doing the Music Business. Intending purchasers will serve their own interest by going direct to the

TEMPLE OF MUSIC

before purchasing Piano, Organ, or anything in the line of Music.

J. C. McLEAN, Quebec St., Guelph.

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1887.

POETRY.

THE EMPTY PLACE IN HOME AND HEART.

"Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun"

An' somebody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done,

Somebody's hands are workin' for bread for the babe I eat.

Somebody's eyes are lookin' for me comin' up street.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun"

That's how I used to sing at my work; but that song's done,

Here's the lonely workshop I chisel an' hammer at plans.

Not wit' the old good heart—I shall never ha' that again.

There's nobody waiting at home for me; the cottage is all so lone,

An' the babies—God bless 'em—it breaks my heart to hear 'em moan.

An' nobody at the window lookin' out on the village street,

An' work do seem so hard now; she used to make it sweet.

An' the neighbors, kind hearts! they come an' stop at the workshop door,

An' pities an' talks an' talks—they mean all well, for I'm a poor fellow,

Calmer a bit maybe I'll grow; but there'll still be the place—

The empty place in my heart, 'spite of the cheerful face.

Something'll fit it? What! Now that I don't want it filled by nothin', Never! that's what I say,

Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun!"

An' somebody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done.

An' when the 'ol' ones come, an' I wipe the sweat from my brow,

I stop wit' my coat on my arm, an' think how lonely all is now.

I think of her place at the table an' fire, an' her empty chair,

An' the lonely supper a-waitin' me, an' she's not there!

The laces that crowd'd in her arms, an' hold to her dress them,

Comin' to meet me! How proud I was of her an' them!

I step at her door as I mind it, an' I haven't the heart to go

Back to the empty cottage; it makes me miss her so.

I see the shadows a-gatherin', an' the list of the settlin' up.

An' I wish they weren't over my grave day's work done.

The shadows over the church an' her grave an' the fields below.

An' there on the hillside cottage an' I haven't the heart to go.

Yes! I got my work to do, thank God! Hammer an' chisel an' plane!

'Tis work, work, an' steady on a heart an' brain.

Just the same for all on us, maiden an' wife, Life w/out work, I reckon, ain't worthy the name of life.

An' life w/out hope to hold to—why—better die a'most.

'Tis a ship w/out anchor, I say, a gate w/out a lock,

Plane an' chisel an' hammer gaily they flash in the sun!

Thank God, I've hope and work; 'tis that as helps me on.

That's what the parson 'ud say; but 'tis hard to stick to 't though;

'Tis hard to be left alone! 'Ag' the babes! An' to want her so.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer; gaily they flash in the sun!"

An' nobody's waitin' for me at home when my work is done.

There's her empty chair by the fire, and the seat by the window-pane;

She'll never come back to them or sit an' work in them again.

But the empty place in my heart, there's nobody's waitin' for me to say,

She'll come to that forever maybe, in heaven, some day.

—F. E. Weatherly.

OUR STORY.

The Clergyman's Ghost.

The Rev. Doyce Starkey had been a month in his new quarters, the parsonage of the church to which he had lately been called. The quarters were new to him, but half a dozen of his predecessors had occupied the house, which was pretty in itself, and prettily situated amid shrubbery and trees. The place was a smart town in northern Michigan. The pastor and his wife were entertaining for a day three of Mr. Starkey's classmates at college. These gentlemen came up from wild duck shooting on the Lake Huron shore and stopped for a visit to their old school-fellow in his new location.

After dinner visitors and host were sitting in the cozy parlor while the shades of night deepened. The talk was lively, and all were in the best of spirits, when one of the visitors suddenly exclaimed:

"What's that?"

"Of course everybody looked at everybody else, and the visitors saw in Mrs. Starkey's face an expression of annoyance almost amounting to distress.

It was John Tremann who made the exclamation. His comrades, Jack Duoceman and Henry Kellow, demanded in one breath:

"What is it, John?"

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

Tremann exclaimed: "Why, that voice, didn't you hear it, Starkey? A mad dog's howl like that—There it is again! Do you hear that?"

Every one had heard it this time. A muffled yelp, truly; but the words were plainly heard.

"Oh-h-h-h!—Don't!"

A long drag! upon the first word, in a sort of crescendo wail; then an instant's pause, and the second word came, short and sharp but in a louder tone:

"Oh-h-h-h!—Don't!"

A woman's voice, evidently. So it seemed to all the listeners.

Mrs. Starkey was the first to speak.

A DOOMED BUSINESS.

The Opinions of a Member Engaged in it Respecting The Business.

As the public is well aware the number of liquor licenses in Toronto will be reduced on the 1st May from 221 to 150. The Toronto News has been interviewing a number of the saloon keepers who expect to be out off and reports as follows:—

Some of them were very much cast down, while others appeared perfectly indifferent in regard to what might happen. One of them said: "I am a first class carpenter and will go straight back to my trade. I used to make more money with my saw and plane than ever I did in this business and I can do it again. I'm sorry I ever left it, and the wife is mighty glad I'm going back to it."

"Won't it be kind of hard on you handling tools after years in the saloon business?"

"Naw! The hardest work I ever did in my life was behind this bar. If you hire a bartender you might as well give him the plug and keep the chew. They want the whole earth, that's what's the matter with them. It's awfully tiresome work in a bar-room all day long. The smell of the liquors and foul cigars turns a fellow dead sick. I'm satisfied to let her go."

HE WAS HAUNTED.

"Look here," said another saloon keeper, "there's a load off my mind. I've been in the business ten years, and I may say that I have never been real easy in mind for one single minute during that time. I couldn't make a living without selling after hours and on Sundays, and the vision of the Inspector, summons in hand, haunted me day and night. I intend to go into the grocery business and be independent of anybody."

THEIR NO MONEY IN IT.

"It will throw me off my pins a good deal," said a saloon-keeper on Queen street, "but I intend to let her rip. I haven't made a blame cent at the business, not a cent. Suppose the license is \$250. Did you ever stop to think how many glasses of whiskey at 5 cents a glass, have got to go over this bar before I get that \$250 back? People think that everything is clear profit in a saloon. There's where they are away off. We've got to pay for our whiskey. We have our brewers' bills, and our cigar bills, our ice bills, our rent bills, in fact we have to give up till our heads ache, and we've got to handle a lot of five cent pieces before we get square. No sir; there ain't any money in the saloon business no more."

ASKING OF MURDER.

"I'm sick of the business, anyhow," said the way another saloon-keeper answered the reporter's query; "I've put up with more legalized tyranny during the last four years than I'll stand all the rest of my life. Look-a-here, I was fined \$50 and costs for selling liquor on Sunday, and I give my word of honor (and there's no use of my lying about it now) I did not sell a drop of liquor on that particular Sunday. I've had to get down on my knees and plead like a hound for my license every spring, till I'm ashamed of myself. A big brewer in this town owns me body and soul. I'm a crack watch-maker, and it will be a cold day when I get left."

FOR THE SAKE OF HIS GIBBS.

"Yes," said a comfortable looking saloon-keeper, "I guess I'll be guillotined. I don't care a cent. Take a cigar, matches in that box over there. I intend to go out of the business anyway for my family's sake. I have three daughters and they are married and furnished in society on account of their being the daughters of a man who sells whiskey. I've got money enough to take a nice house, and then I'll make them all bump themselves. My daughters ain't going to take a back seat for anybody. What would I do if I was offered my license? Um! I'd take it, I guess. Good day."

IT WILL BEAT CONFEDERATION.

"I'm going to fight this thing right along, now see if I don't," was what the next man said. "Is this a free country, I'd like to know? Haven't we got no privileges in this Canada of ours? It is all a piece of favoritism, that's what it is. They will ruin a lot of us to make a few favorites rich. If I can't sell legally, I'll sell on the sly, and if I don't sell slyly, I'll sell on the level, for I won't have to pay no license money. We'll take this matter right before the English House of Commons, if we have to walk there. Mind you, this thing will bust Confederation before it stops, see if it don't. The authorities should look out how they interfere with people's privileges."

HE'LL GO INTO THE BUTCHER BUSINESS.

"I will turn this place into a butcher's shop," said another dispenser of the liquid "and it will be one of the best stands on the street. I've been five or six times, and expect to get knifed. I couldn't help it. An old customer comes round on Sunday, and if you don't let him in to get a drink he won't come back any more, and you lose your custom—that's how it is. I've done more sneaking than I'll ever do again. Is there any money in the saloon business, eh? Not a nickel. Those days are past and gone, and they'll never come back again. Yesir, I'll sell pork instead of poison, and beef instead of beer in the future."

"You don't seem to have much respect for the liquor you handle," remarked the reporter.

"Not much—I haven't drunk a drop of liquor in eight years. I wouldn't touch it for a cow. If people knew what they were drinking, they would go into a saloon no more than they would go into a pest-house—that's dead right."

The reporter visited a number of other saloon-keepers, and they nearly all spoke in the same strain. With hardly an exception, they all had good trades, and were of the opinion that they could make as much money out of it as in the saloon business.

—Persian lamb caps, the best quality at low prices; also black Astrachans, good and cheap at J. Fyle's.

LET THE BARRIERS PLAY.

Oh! let the barriers play themselves; I like to hear their din; I like to hear each restless foot Come tripping 'o'er and o'er; I like to see each face so bright, And each we heart so gay; They mind me of my ain young days— Oh! let the barriers play.

Oh! let the barriers play themselves; Or mak' them dull and dead; W'at gloomy looks or cindered words, But let the barriers play. And since we folks should ne'er forget They once were young as they, As it's fun and mischief, too— Then let the barriers play.

And never try to get a head, W'at's aye grim and crazy; Upon a wee soft awnyness— No! let the barriers play. For, oh! there's morn' a weary night And morn' a weef' day; Before them, if God spare their lives— See! let