

# The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XV.—NO. 5.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press  
—PUBLISHED—  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
—AT THE—  
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,  
ACTON, ONTARIO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
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THOS. EBBAGE, Man.

Our Planing Mill  
Lumber dressed with planer. Milling done to order. We have also a quantity of lumber for sale, suitable for building. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

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In Acton.  
A harness maker who turns out harness to suit any one, both in price and material.

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Mell Street, Acton.  
In every hair, a stylish haircut, a good wash, a clean shave, a good shampoo, a good comb, a good brush, a good comb, a good brush, a good comb, a good brush.

SALESMEN WANTED.  
Permanent positions, with salary and expenses paid. Any experienced man, with a good knowledge of the trade, and a good character, will be preferred. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

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With excellent employment and good pay all the year round, reliable man, with a good knowledge of the trade, and a good character, will be preferred. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Lumber, Lath & Shingles.  
SAVER'S MILL, Nassauville, has now in stock about 1,000,000 feet of Lumber, including all the best grades of Lumber, and a large quantity of Lath and Shingles. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

LOOK.  
HAVING done business in Canada for years, on reputation and responsibility is established. We have a large stock of Lumber, and a large quantity of Lath and Shingles. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

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DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and designs. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

MARBLE WORKS.  
J. H. Matthews' Marble Works, Guelph, Ont. has now in stock all the best grades of Lumber, and a large quantity of Lath and Shingles. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Comfortable Dwellings,  
FOR SALE.  
That fine new double frame dwelling on West River Avenue, two stories, brick, with all the modern conveniences, and a large garden. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Wanted.  
A good, reliable man, with a good knowledge of the trade, and a good character, will be preferred. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

HAND PAINTED CLOTH  
WINDOW SHADES  
—WITH—  
Fine Dado  
One yard wide by 2 yards long  
350.  
200 pairs to select from

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,  
GUELPH.

DAY BILLS CHEAP.  
THE MERCHANTS'  
Protective and Collecting  
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.  
Head Office, Hamilton, Ontario.  
Established 1867.

J. B. Mills & Co., Managers  
Collection of Debts.  
And to prevent the members from making bad debts by neglecting to collect, and to prevent the members from making bad debts by neglecting to collect, and to prevent the members from making bad debts by neglecting to collect.

ACTON  
LIVERY  
—AND—  
BUS LINE.  
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that the well equipped and stylish rigs can always be secured.

JOHN WILLIAMS,  
A Little Talk About  
SHOES.  
Figures may be false and distorted, but feeling is believing, come and see.

W. Williams' Acton.  
Custom work and repairing prices and values in variety.

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

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Insurance Buildings, Merchants' Exchange, on the Premium Note System.

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Guelph Business College,  
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

FIFTH Scholastic Year. There are no vacancies. The College begins Session through out the entire year. It provides a course of instruction in all the branches of business, and a course of instruction in all the branches of business.

Lumber, Shingles,  
AND LATH.  
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has a large stock of Lumber, and a large quantity of Lath and Shingles. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Coal & Wood.  
Headquartered at the Coal Mines of Mr. C. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of coal, and a large quantity of Lath and Shingles. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Fruit Trees, Small Fruits  
And Ornamental Shrubbery.  
REV. B. B. Cook, Acton, has been appointed to sell for the undersigned, a large stock of Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, and Ornamental Shrubbery. Address: Mr. J. H. Matthews, Acton.

Poetry.  
"SMALL AND EARLY."  
When morning and I took my seat upon the  
No matter how much I drink, the clock  
Our table was the table, but in which her  
Our guests, a number, one-eyed doll, a wooden  
She poured our coffee, very fast—the tea-pot  
And in the bowl I poured sugar, and in the  
She added rich (pretended) cream, it seemed a  
First she stirred the coffee, it did not  
She said, "Take milk?" or "Sugar?" and  
She said, "Another cup, Papa?" and I,  
But then I had to take the "milk" and  
She put them in and told me that I "must take  
It!"  
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It!"

Select Family Reading.  
The Ordeal.  
Tina Clarence sat in her pretty little parlor, as a bright, tropical bird balances itself on the swaying boughs of a palm tree, for the carpet was of green and the walls were of green, and the window draperies were green, and the window was just tinted of that delicate sea green that shines transiently through the rolling hills of the deep, and the harvest, carefully carrying out the unity of things, were a dress of soft green cashmere, with silver lilies in her hair.

Her real name was Flora, but people called her Tina; it was a pet name she had ever since she could remember—perhaps because she was so small and dimpled and like a flower, and had a fashion of settling down on her elbows and little footstools, instead of perching herself on big, stiff chairs, like full size mortals.

She was very fair, with a transparent skin, flushed with pale rose, and her hair was like the warm, golden shadows, while her blue eyes were full of sweet, childish expressions—a human lily of the valley, in short.

At least Ernest Sargent thought, as he sat looking at her, with his heart in his eyes.

"You will not give me the answer, then, which is to read my fate?"

"Why not? I have already the right to ask the question."

"I am not altogether certain that I have made up my mind, Mr. Sargent."

"You will give me the benefit of the doubt, then?"

"I am not altogether certain that I have made up my mind, Mr. Sargent."

"You will give me the benefit of the doubt, then?"

Passing at a door on the fourth story, she knocked softly.

"Come in," she replied, and opening the door Tina Clarence entered.

"It was a small room, comparatively bare of furniture, but very neat. A little bed occupied the farther corner of the room, and the smallest possible remnant of a fire smoldered in the grate, while one or two chairs and a pine table constituted all the rest of the outfit.

"Close to the window a young woman sat sewing, while a crippled child played on the floor at her feet. She arose as Tina entered.

"Is it you, Miss Clarence?" she said, her pale face momentarily dyed with a deep blush of color, as she uttered a timid welcome. "This is not a poor place for you to come."

"Miss Clarence" repeated our little heroine, reproachfully. "You need not call me Tina when we were school girls together, Helen."

"But there is such a gulf between us now!"

"Because you are poor and I am rich, because you are a forsaken widow and I am still the child of a fortunate father, because you are unhappy and I am happy?"

"Helen Starr's eyes filled with tears. "Dear Tina, I will never do so again."

"Dear Tina, I will never do so again."

"I will never allow you to speak to me again."

She had her word. Ernest Sargent's nature had been tried in the balance of her womanly discrimination, and found wanting.

Tina Clarence was heart whole still—Chicago Evening Journal.

SPEED OF RIFLE BALLS.  
How fast does a bullet travel? If it is in proper shape for traveling, Col. Engler and his officers say it ought to go at the rate of 1,275 feet per second upon leaving the rifle.

The matter of speed is very important, and if a cartridge is five or ten feet too fast or too slow the quantity of powder must be changed. This matter of speed is tested in a very interesting way.

At the northern end of the arsenal grounds is a long wooden shed, in which a distance of 100 feet has been carefully marked off. At either end of this space is a stand something like a target, with a large circular opening where the ball's eye would be. Across each opening is stretched a small electric wire connected with the rifle instrument in another room. The distance from which the firing is done is so timed that the bullet which flies from it cuts both wires. Obviously the difference in time between the cutting of the first and second wire will mark the speed of the bullet through the hundred feet. The instrument used is a French invention called the Chronographing Apparatus. When the rifle wire is cut an electric circuit is broken and a rod which is suspended from a magnet falls a short distance, touching in its descent a point which makes a mark on its side. The breaking of the second wire lets drop a second smaller rod in the same way. By means of the difference in the marks on the rods it is possible to estimate the difference in the time of their falling, and from this the speed of the bullet per second. This is a provision for detecting any error, and nearly absolute accuracy is secured.

There is, perhaps, no one thing more difficult for us to do than to tell the exact truth. Imagination forms so large a part of the mind, that it almost unconsciously colors the incidents we would relate, and makes them seem essentially different from the reality, even when we mean to be truthful.

For instance, in testifying in court, it is a common fact that our witnesses give their testimony exactly alike, and describing the same scene, and conscientiously anxious to give it just as it happened.

This, I think, is largely due to the fact that when young we do not learn to observe accurately. The three-year-old baby sees something by common understanding, and gives his own ideas of the incident, when, instead of correcting him, and teaching him exactly what has happened, we laugh at his cunning use of words and old ways of seeing things, and let it go.

So, little by little, the habit of inaccuracy is formed, until we hardly attempt to give an exact relation of anything, thinking it all right to get within certain limits of truthfulness that we are doing very well.

BOARDSHIP-HOUSE SURPRISE.  
Dashley—"Geese things people discover when they are living at boarding-houses. At dinner at my boarding-house yesterday I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a collar-button that I lost a week ago."

Scargo—"That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding-house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?"

Dashley—"I give 'em up. A silk umbrella, perhaps."

Scargo—"No, no, strawberries."

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WHO CARRIES ON THE BUSINESS.  
Men do not carry on a business as their fathers used to. They've forced the door of the bread-crust to let in the light of the world.

Who carries on the business? They've forced the door of the bread-crust to let in the light of the world.

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