

# The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1898.

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## The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
Free Press Steam Printing Office,  
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The time to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Permanent advertisements must be paid in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Payment in advance must be made at regular rates.

Change of contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesday.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE  
Editor and Proprietor

## Business Directory.

### MEDICAL.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.

Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. D. M. B.

GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.  
OFFICE—Corner Mill & John Streets, Acton.

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EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.  
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### DENTAL.

L. B. BENNETT, D.D.S., DENTIST,  
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Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.  
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D. R. H. COOK, DENTIST,  
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Office—Mr. Adam Cook's residence, Main Street.

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JAMES S. JOYCE, V.S.

GRADUATE OF SPANISH VETERINARY COLLEGE.  
Treats all Diseases of Domesticated Animals.  
Residence at Joyce Bros., Butler Shop, Mill Street, Acton.  
Calls promptly at day or night.

### LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN

Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers  
& Estate Agents.  
Office—Town Hall, Acton.  
Wm. A. McLean, Jno. A. McLean.

A. J. MCKINNON.

BARRETER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.  
Office—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Guelph.

J. R. McLEOD,

BARRETER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.  
Main Street, Georgetown.

R. J. McNEAB,

Fourth Division District Court of Ont.,  
Conveyancer, Agent, Fidelity Life Assurance  
Co., Estate Agents, Money Lender.  
Office—Ferryman's Block,  
ACTON, ONT.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIBET,

Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.  
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the registration of Trade Marks and for the grant of Letters Patent. Thirty-two years experience.

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BOOKBINDER,  
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.  
Over Williams' Block.

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

### MARRIAGE LICENSES.

H. P. MOORE,

JUROR OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued  
residence in the office. Money to be paid in  
advance. Free Press Office, ACTON.

### MONEY.

IF you wish to reduce your interest  
on secure a first class list of money at  
low interest and on easy terms of repayment  
call on me. I have plenty of money. I also lend  
money and have plenty of funds. I also lend  
money on mortgage.

W. C. JACKSON,

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OFFICE: Wyndham St., near City Hall, GUELPH.

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Fire Insurance Company  
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NSURANCE ON Cash and Mutual Plan. Any  
communications for policy to my address  
or telephone No. 11 will be promptly at-  
tended to.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,  
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## Acton Saw Mills, and Wood Yards.

JAMES BROWN

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc.

kinds of Wood in stock and promptly  
delivered to any part of town at  
reasonable prices.

Headed up with above length always  
on hand.

Telephone communication.

## 125 Packages OF NEW

## Wall Paper

Opened during May

The very Latest and  
Cheapest Goods

6 1-2 to 45c.—A 1 Roll

Day's Bookstore, Guelph.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

## Your Portrait

Have you had one  
taken lately? If not  
give Ramshaw, the  
artist, a sitting and you  
will be delighted with  
the result. Courteous  
attention. Satisfactory  
Photographs. Prices  
reasonable. Call to-  
day. This weather just  
suits.

H. Ramshaw,  
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Spring is here again . . . .

## Cooper & Akins

The Tailors,  
Are prepared for you with a very attractive  
stock of

Spring Suits,  
Spring Overcoats,  
Spring Trousers,  
In all the latest goods.

Our workmanship is always satisfactory.  
Our prices are always right.  
We have places for the latest styles in  
Bicycle Suits, and are bound to please the  
wheelmen.  
Call in and inspect our stock.

Cooper & Akins,  
Main Street, Acton, Tailors

## PLANNING MILLS, ACTON, ONT.

Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings  
in all styles

DRESSING, MATCHING,  
AND MOULDING  
TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE.

Well assorted stock of lumber, 1 1/2 to 12 in.  
Bill Staff cut to order on short notice.

## JOHN CAMERON, Proprietor

Bring your Custom Logs in  
and Take the Lumber  
Home with You.

SAYERS'  
Lumber & Planing  
Mills, Niasagaweya,

Has constantly on hand a full line of  
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar  
Posts, Wood, Etc. Custom Logs and  
Bill Staff cut to order on short notice.  
Planing and Matching done to the best of  
satisfaction. Prices very cheap and made  
to suit the customer's pocket.

P. SAYERS,  
Proprietor

## ACTON LIVERY AND BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage  
of the public, and informs them that  
Well Equipped and Stylish Riggs can at  
all ways be secured.

At his stable, a comfortable bus meets all  
trains between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.  
Careful attention given to every order.  
The wants of Commercial Travel-  
lers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS  
Proprietor

## Georgetown Electric Works

T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor.

Manufacturers of

DYNAMOS,  
ELECTRIC MOTORS,  
WATER MOTORS, and  
HYDRAULIC RAMS

Pipes and Steam Fitting and General Repair-  
ing. Being equipped with the latest  
I am prepared to do business on flexible terms.  
Solely connected with direct to Tangent  
Spokane. Handle large amounts of any desired article.  
Full line of specialties kept in stock. Satisfaction  
guaranteed. Bicycles mounted in any color.

T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

## PUPILS of the GUELPH Business College and Shortland Institute

Public Schools of Guelph  
should not overlook the great advan-  
tages of a practical course of instruc-  
tion at the

GUELPH  
Business College and  
Shortland Institute

Students may enter any time.  
Summer Session will commence  
July 1st.

For call or information,  
Circulars Free.

J. H. BROWN, Principal,  
Circulars Free.

## THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Authorized Capital—\$1,000,000

## Guelph Branch

Sums of \$1 and upwards received on  
deposit and highest current rate of interest  
paid or composed half-yearly.

Deposit Receipts issued for large sums  
deposited.

Advances made to responsible farmers  
at their own option.

No charge made for collecting Sales Notes  
if payable in Guelph.

A General Banking Business transacted.  
A. F. H. JONES,  
Manager

## Japanese Floor Matting

are clean and cool  
for summer floor covering.  
If put down over your  
carpets they are a perfect  
protection from the  
hard summer wear.  
Used in Bedroom,  
Hall or Bathroom they  
are the most satisfactory  
healthful and inexpensive  
floor coverings to be had.  
We've good quality prices  
at 20c., 25c. and 30c. sq. yd.  
They are all excellent value.

J. M. BOND & CO.  
HARDWARE,  
GUELPH.

## McKEE'S Vegetable Antibilious Pills

Relieve and cure all forms of biliousness  
such as indigestion, nausea, drowsiness, bad  
taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of  
appetite, pain in the back, pain in the side,  
sallow skin, etc.

These pills are made from pure con-  
centrated vegetable extracts and contain no  
calomel or other mineral substance.

Their full medicinal effect is produced  
without even a tendency to gripe or sicken.  
They are prepared from our own special  
formula and when taken according to direc-  
tions they are a specific for habitual con-  
stipation.

In cases of Neuralgia, Nervous or Bilious  
Headache they are unequalled.

All looked toward Texas Joe, an old and  
tough miner, who by a brevity of speech  
and a quick use of his gun had long held  
the perilous position of dictator to the  
neighborhood.

No one spoke—indeed no one spoke  
at all. At length the crowd, stifling his plug,  
from one cheek to the other, said: "Pass  
the word that there'll be a meeting here of  
all the boys at 6 o'clock. It ain't to be  
allowed that a young shoo about village  
knew North City is to take the shine out of  
us. No, sir, it ain't likely."

Long before the whole adult population  
was collected near the saloon, and it was  
clear that no room would hold the crowd.

Fleeting an open-air meeting was proposed  
and carried—motioned by Texas Joe  
and seconded by the dictator took the  
barrel.

"Mon of South City," he began, "you all  
know why this here meeting is called. You  
have been made fools of by the people away  
yonder," waving his hand toward the  
city, "and it ain't to be. They have been presum-  
ing enough to get a party, as if the in-  
habitants of these parts were either doctors  
or preachers, and are cracking on about it  
and no end. Now, I ain't no religion that  
no, still I say," kicking his heel in the  
barrel to emphasize his words, "that it's a  
real disgrace to you that we ain't got a par-  
ty on our own. Now, you hear that? North  
City has got a party, South City will  
have one too. They have got a traveling  
company; we will have a man of our own, a  
chap who's got some education. That'll  
fix 'em up, you bet."

"Now, it ain't to be done without money.  
I ain't got no cash, still I'll give \$20," said  
the chairman. "I'll give \$5." "I'll give  
\$10!" "Here, take my deal!" "Here's for  
the sky-scaper!" were heard on all sides,  
and amid a scene of wild excitement  
Texas Joe, after counting the collection on  
the barrel head, said, "We'll have the best  
party that'll be got—we're got \$400." He  
beamed on the crowd and saw genuine  
satisfaction on every face in front of him.

Then, with a queer smile on his face,  
Trelavan pushed his way to the front and  
said: "I call that a good start, and now all  
we've got to do is to write to Frisco, for  
there's to be a big party, and it would be  
an honor to me to see the whole job."  
A dead pause followed this, for almost  
every man knew that Joe could neither read  
nor write. He rose slowly, with his pistol  
in his hand.

"Now, look here, mates, there's a kind of  
nasty looking about the last speaker's  
remarks that I don't like. I ain't a pushing  
man, but of course I'll write if Mr. Trelavan  
wants me to. Say, do you now?" he  
asked, looking intently at the Cornishman  
as he said.

"The crowd fell all on all sides, for the  
air seemed a little heavy.

"No, Frisco young Green, the last  
tenderfoot, had better write it. We ought  
not to put it all on you, Joe. No offense,"  
he muttered.

Then Texas Joe said, with an odd break  
in his voice for which he could not account:  
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We wrote to Frisco for parson, parson,  
and may the Almighty strike me dead if you  
ain't a bit too strong for us. Give us yer  
flat, parson, and—significantly—"good-  
bye."—G. P. P.

## AN UNIQUE INVITATION.

"Put a cork in each ear and listen to no  
other invitation for Thursday evening,"  
etc. This is the crafty way of calling  
attention to the society noted adopted by  
the Second Presbyterian Congregation of  
Dubuque, Ia. The "Hull" were invited  
by yellow ribbons to the corners of the  
invitation card.

## Portrait.

### THE NEW WOMAN.

My wife's bin really lately,  
An' she said the other day  
As how the brand new woman  
Had more like come to stay.

She goes to clubs and such like,  
An' she lingers in politics;  
Now I don't suppose exactly  
Of them mostly kind of ticks.

I ain't got much objection,  
If she likes to take a wheel;  
Tho' it did, when first I see it,  
Give me a question or two.

But when she comes to wearin'  
Suits and collars like us,  
Then I think it's time for me to  
"Make a rustic" face!

Always did say women  
Know more than the men;  
They're just a heap above us,  
An' I'll say the same again.

They're gentle an' they're loving,  
They're sweet an' they're true;  
It's the good old sort of men,  
Got no use for the new.

—HARRIET NULTY.

## Select Family Reading.

### A Strong Man.

The weekly coach was due at South City,  
and all the inhabitants were eagerly await-  
ing its arrival. The "Diggers Arms" was,  
as usual, crowded, and against its hospita-  
ble walls lounged those capable to get in.  
Suddenly a crack, loud and reverberating,  
sounded in the clear mountain air, and  
with a whoop and a rattle the great coach  
lumbered up.

"The driver," cried Texas Joe, who knew  
him well as well as he did his horses, shout-  
ed: "Have you heard the rum, boys?"  
"No, Well, I'll tell you—North City has  
impounded a parson!"

"A what!" shouted the miners, jealous  
of their own town.

"A real live parson, and what's more,  
they turned the old saloon into a meet-  
ing house."

There was a long standing feud between  
North City and South City, which dated  
from the first gold rush, and many and  
useless were the buildings that the rival  
towns had erected to "go one better" than  
the other.

All looked toward Texas Joe, an old and  
tough miner, who by a brevity of speech  
and a quick use of his gun had long held  
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flat, parson, and—significantly—"good-  
bye."—G. P. P.

## THE POET IN THE COUNTRY.

"What a perfect place for a poet!"  
you say. The right person in the right place  
for once.

You picture him in a flowery bower,  
or on a vine-draped piazza, with a blue sky  
overhead and birds singing in the trees,  
writing epics and sonnets, in a flow,  
hand on gill-net paper, all alone.  
Anybody could write poetry under such  
circumstances, you say.

In very truth, however, it is not all plain  
sailing for the poet in the country; for  
poets are sensitive, and the moment the  
inkstand cover is lifted, a scurrying  
with fourteen legs, omniscient in the  
depth of the sable pool. Under the shock  
occasioned by this occurrence the poet's  
best line departs, never to return again.

But another line occurs to him. He jots  
it down, when a mysterious and awful  
thing occurs; scurrying bug, rovers from  
his inkly suicide, walks along the line,  
turns the letter into goose-tracks, and then,  
with a sound like a creaking door-hinge, he  
lights on the poet's nose, then goes circling  
round, perches on the corner, and creeps  
there until evicted by the force of brooms.

The poet then sits down to a fresh sheet  
of paper and writes:

"Oh, beloved Arabella!"  
and there stops. He wants a rhyme for  
Arabella, and he cannot think of any but  
umbrella, which, besides being forced, is  
not appropriate. He begins again.

"Arabella, oh my soul!"  
There is no rhyme to angel either. With  
a groan he tries another.

"Arabella, best beloved!"  
With a little twisting that goes better, and  
the poem is proceeding, fluently, when  
Jerusha enters, crying:

"Mr. William! Missus says the bucket  
is down the well, and will you please try  
and get it up?"

"Where's the man?" asks the poet.

"It's his day off, and he's gone a-courting."

"The poet thinks, 'Would it were mine,'  
but he is a filial son and goes to work to  
get the bucket up. This done he returns  
to his study, but a gentle breeze has risen  
and he looks out at the window, about the  
five-acre lot, where a fat, ferocious bull is  
exercising.

The poet pursues his dying manuscript,  
but a hollow awful volume startles him,  
Little Neptune, he remembers has an  
aversion to scapula, and he wears a cap of  
the liveliest hue. He retires hastily and  
watches Neptune trample his poems into  
the earth, and comes to the conclusion that  
he will try "Arabella" another day. He  
will write something for music, and call it,  
"The Lover's Holiday."

"Little the rich can know of the bliss  
Of a poor man's holiday."

When a voice at his window opens the verse  
in two, and Mr. Clover sets his elbow on  
the sill, and says: "Bout' you sit in here,  
an' you looked so kinder lonesome, I  
thought I'd stop and speak. Eev, you  
hears how the cattle sale turned out?"

In the country one must be social or go  
to Coventry. The poet, satisfied that  
Mr. Clover's curiosity is allayed, and an hour  
more turns to the paper again. He has  
promised the editor of the *Evening Oracle*  
something for his "Poet's Corner" next  
week, so he begins:

"Give me the woods, the fields, the hills,  
The rolling meadows, and the evergreen  
The mother lark, the dove, the sparrow,  
My dear, I'm so sorry; but the Missus  
Briggs and Mr. Chipper have run over to  
play lawn tennis, and you will have to  
come later in his wrath, consigns a  
pound or so of his paper to the waste  
basket, and offers himself a sacrifice to the  
lawn tennis fiends.

It is his opinion that the country is no  
place for a poet. "Divine" writes the  
room, far up in a city house," he  
says, when I count the minutes." And he is  
right.

## THE TRAVELING PEDLAR

The itinerant pedlar is of no earthly use  
to a town. He gives nothing to churches  
or public expenses. He has nothing to  
do with the people in a town. He  
can swindle, and he often does, getting into  
the next town or county before his victims  
fully realize how badly they have been  
taken in. The home merchant has a  
reputation to sustain. He bears his share  
of the expenses of the town. When a sub-  
scription is passed he is the first to be  
approached. He builds a house and makes  
other permanent improvements that en-  
hance the value of our property. He helps  
pay for the churches in which we worship,  
and the schools in which we send our  
children. He can afford to afford to in-  
terpose his good or swindle his customers.  
Self-interest alone prevents this. It is not  
difficult to decide which of the two classes  
of merchants should receive the patronage  
of the people.—The Storekeeper.

## GLADSTONE LOOKED HIS PART.

A farmer came into the office of an  
attorney at law with whom I was studying  
a few years ago, says an English correspon-  
dent, and in the absence of the lawyer I  
invited him to sit down and wait a few  
minutes. While waiting the old gentleman  
amused himself with walking around the  
room and looking at some pictures of em-