

# The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXIII.—NO. 23. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1907. SINGLE COPIES—THREE CENTS

**The Acton Free Press**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE Press Printing Office, 111, KING ST. E., 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 date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.  
Advertising Rates—Transient advertisements, one cent per line for each insertion. For longer than one week, a special rate will be made. Advertisements will be charged only on the basis of the number of insertions. For change of copy, a notice must be given at least 24 hours before the date of publication. For a change of position, a notice must be given at least 24 hours before the date of publication. For a change of copy, a notice must be given at least 24 hours before the date of publication. For a change of position, a notice must be given at least 24 hours before the date of publication.

**Charles J. Western**  
Eyesight Specialist, of Toronto  
Vials Acton every month. Next visit Monday, December 16th.  
**The Courses of Study in**  
*Business College*  
TORONTO, ONT.  
Are up to the highest standard of excellence. WINTER TERM OPENS JANUARY 6th. Write to day for our large Catalogue. J. W. ELLIOTT, Principal.  
Carpenter's Alley and Alexander St.

**The Big Hardware Store**  
Hundreds of pairs of Wool Lined Leather Mitts and Gloves.  
Boy's Special Mitt, per pair - 25c  
Our prices are always right.  
**The BOND HARDWARE CO.**  
Retail Phone 07 QUEL'VE, Limited

**Poetry.**  
**TELLING FORTUNES.**  
I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad,  
For you to accept or refuse—  
The one is from good, and the other  
The one from bad.  
Now hear them and say which you  
choose.  
I see, by my gift, within reach of your  
hand,  
A fortune-right fair to behold,  
A hundred of a hundred good acres of  
land.  
With harvest fields yellow as gold,  
I see a great orchard, with boughs  
drooping down,  
With apples of russet and red,  
I see droves of cattle, some white,  
and some brown,  
But all of them sleek and well fed.  
I see doves and swallows about the  
barn doors,  
See the fanning mill whirling on its  
axis,  
And the wind thrashing the wheat  
on the floor,  
And now the bright picture is past,  
And I see rising dimly up in the  
air,  
O'er the beautiful house and the land,  
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,  
And a little kitten in his hand.  
Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you  
would wish  
That he were less wretched to see!  
For his hand-toes, they glow like the  
mouth of a fish,  
And his trousers are out at the knee.  
In walking he staggers now this way  
and now that,  
And his eyes, they stand out like a  
bug,  
And he wears an old coat and a battered  
hat.  
And I think that the fault is the fog's.  
Now which will you choose—to be  
rich and to die, or to be poor and to  
live?  
And to be right side up with your  
head?  
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes  
of a pig,  
And your shoes like the mouth of a  
fish?

"The Clear Creek Canon bridge is out again," was the order. "Send someone to draw plans and build a new one that will stay."  
The chief engineer laid the letter on Marshall's desk with the pencil note, "Will this do?"  
That night Clayton left on the limited express for the canon, to look over the ground, or rather, the hills.  
Two great walls, between which rushed the clear mountain waters, frowned at each other. The rails came to the high and steep top of the canon, of wedging a bridge across was not a slight one. For days Marshall measured and estimated and drew plans. Then he took the limited express back to the city.  
"Marshall's job to build the canon bridge," was the word that went up and down the line, and there were many words of incredulity that one so

"I'll have to let a man swing out on a rope and land there the best he can."  
Two days later, with cables drawn taut, with all gliders strengthened, with track in place, the bridge was ready.  
Out upon it crept two great engines, while the men and the railway officers cheered from the banks. The bridge was well built!  
"That afternoon, at the vice-president's private car, three men talked over events of the day. The happiest of them was a gray-haired workman.  
"I tell you, my boys, I'd give over and over again, 'I wish your mother could have been here to-day!'"  
"Well, we'll go right home and tell her about it!" was the engineer's reply.  
**TWENTY YEARS AGO.**  
Cuttings Carefully Collected and Copied from the Press of Acton, December 1st, 1887.

"A. O. C." writing from Ottawa furnishes regularly interesting and instructive news regarding matters in and around the Capital City. Many of our readers will remember the writer as Mr. A. O. Campbell, for some time a member of the Press Printing staff.  
"Four eleven years in succession the Sheriff of Hallowell has presented the Judge with a pair of kid gloves—probably a pair of mutton assizes unprecedented in Anglo-Saxon history. The absence of crime in Hallowell hardly supports the contention that the county has grown worse under the Scott Act."—Globe.  
A special egg train of 21 cars passed over the G.T.R. on Saturday to New York. These trains are guaranteed to make the run from Hamilton to New York in 24 hours. The shipment was a single engagement from Stratford, and the total number of eggs is over 31,000,000.  
The late Donna Moore, of Hamilton, left to the Victoria College, \$25,000; to the Methodist Missionary Society, \$5,000; to four charitable institutions, \$300 each.  
Mr. Expressman John Matthews now sports a new express lorry. It is from the shops of Messrs. Speight and McLean.  
The new mail-carriers commence their duties this morning. Mr. S. Laird, luggage man, has been the faithful carrier for years. He was always obliging, and our citizens owe him many thanks for favors rendered.  
Said a nice old gentleman, who came to the assistance of a middle-aged lady who slipped and fell on Mill St. the other day, "Did you fall indeed?" "Fall of course I fell. You don't suppose I'd allow her to rest, do you?" she snarled. He didn't say what he supposed.  
How like 1907 is this! Within the past ten days we have filled orders for work from business men and others in the following places: Eden Mills, Campbell, Ingersoll, and Londonboro, Mountbain, Nassagaway, Okaville, Owen Sound and Toronto, and not a single order among them was solicited. Our job dept. is rushed with work but we have always time to execute work of the finest and most attractive quality.  
Auctioneer Homestead the other day sold the farm of the late Thos. Lamb, west half of lots 27 and 28, in the 5th range, of Township of Mr. Moffat, late of Minnesota, for \$10,000. Mr. Moffat went from Nassagaway to Minnesota some years ago, and realized a good rise in value on his property lying between St. Paul and Minneapolis. He, however, preferred to live a Canadian, and returned to Hallowell.  
The Salvation Army foreclosed in their old barracks on Main St. last Saturday evening. Among those taking part will be Adj. Steve Marshall, well-known in Acton.  
Miss Jean McLean, of Walkerton, has been engaged as teacher of Lorne School for 1888.  
The students in the schools for November, is as follows:  
Sen.—1st dept.: Minnie Nelson, Hannah Laird, Annie Stephenson, Thos. Ryder; 2nd.—Kate Orr, Joseph Kelly, Herbert Henderson; 3rd.—Bella Stephenson, Annie Anasias, Annie Smith, T. M. Moore, teacher.  
2nd dept.: Minnie Norton, Milton Henderson, Lewis Orr, Christina McPherson, Jennie Ramsay, Chester Matthews, Frank Clark, Albert Adams, Charles Moore, Frank McIntosh, Miss Jolley, teacher.  
3rd dept.: Maggie Ramsay, Herbert Phillips, Sarah McClure, Eugene Daughlan, Bertie Mann, Minnie Edwards, Johnny Edwards, Nellie Blunfield, Nellie Hynde, Winnie Bennett, Miss Misher, teacher.  
4th dept.: Maggie Ramsay, Herbert Phillips, Sarah McClure, Eugene Daughlan, Bertie Mann, Minnie Edwards, Johnny Edwards, Nellie Blunfield, Nellie Hynde, Winnie Bennett, Miss Misher, teacher.  
The Ontario Government is about to enforce the teaching of "Scientific Temperance" in the public schools. This will be another blow at the liquor traffic, for youths will be educated on the evils of drink in all its phases.—Montreal Star.  
BOYS—At Spaylsde, Nov. 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Campbell, a daughter.  
BOYS—In Esquimaux, Nov. 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gibbons, a daughter.  
BOYS—In Erin, Nov. 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Norval Simons, Acton, a daughter.  
**A CHERFUL HINT.**  
Among the presents lately showered upon a Maryland bride was one that was the gift of an elderly lady of the neighborhood with whom both bride and groom were well acquainted. Some years ago the dear old soul accumulated a supply of cardboard frames, which she worked and had matted, which she never failed to draw out as an occasional favor.  
"I'd cheerfully work and blouse, suspenders by a cord of the same color, then the table on which the other presents were grouped, hung the motto: "Fight on! Fight over!"

**BY-AND-BYE**  
The chilly winds will cease to blow, And all this winter weather go, By-and-by.  
And all the violets will bloom, And all the winds will sweep perfume, By-and-by.  
The little birds will fill and wing, And warble as they greet the spring, By-and-by.  
This tired feeling, too, will cease, When everyone will say, "Oh, hum, By-and-by."  
The hours will fill with busy day, And eggs will hatch on every day, By-and-by.  
And we shall know the deep delight, That comes when kind men smile at life, By-and-by.  
The coal will thus decrease in price, And we will have to pay for ice, By-and-by.  
And though we will not shovel snow, There'll be a grassy lawn to show, By-and-by.

**Business Directory.**  
**MEDICAL.**  
ARTHUR I. HOKE, M. B., University of Toronto  
ROCKWOOD CHOPPING MILLS  
D. D. ADULT, M. D. C. M.  
D. R. DRYDEN, M. B., M.S., TUNNEY AND NOSS  
D. R. DRYDEN, M. B., M.S., TUNNEY AND NOSS  
L. HENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO  
E. AND J. HARDY & CO., ADVERTISING CONTRACTORS AND NEWS CORRESPONDENTS  
FRANCIS NUNAN, DOCKMINDLER  
MARRIAGE LICENSES, H. F. MOORE  
WM HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
W. HULL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
JAMES McDONALD, LICENSED AUCTIONEER  
R. J. KERR, LICENSED AUCTIONEER

**Excelsior Bakery**  
We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.  
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.  
**T. Statham & Son**  
Mill Street, Acton

**The Christmas Store**  
This store is a vast amount of pretty and useful things suitable for Christmas gifts. A satisfying sense of fitness pervades the whole place.  
**SAVAGE & CO.**  
GUELPH'S RELIABLE JEWELLERS

**Central Business College**  
of Toronto has started thousands of young men and women into the world as independent and successful business men and women.  
**The Berlin Steam Granite and Marble Works**  
CASPER BRAUN, Proprietor

**THE BRIDGE-BUILDER'S SON**  
BY CHAS. MORRIS HATHOR  
ON a fine Clayton Marshall did not know exactly what he wanted to do to earn a living. The high-school principal tried to find out one day.  
"Would you rather be a lawyer? doctor? teacher? carpenter?"  
"No, none of them."  
"Finally he put it this way: 'If you could go down town and take your pick of all the jobs in the city, which one would you choose?'"  
The boy disappointed him by saying, "I don't know! I can't think of any that I want."  
"That is a mistake. The sooner you find out what you want to do, the better it will be for you."  
So it went until the year was ended, and then Clayton was out for the vacation, spending his time around the railway shops where his father was foreman of the bridge construction gang. Day after day he watched the engines come and go, the train crews change, and the busy operations of the yards, that attracted him irresistibly.  
Then, one morning, there came a heavy order for the "bridgers." The long planks that held the tracks over the Chumeron had been washed out by a flood that roared and swirled down the prairie gulches and ditches. Quick action was necessary.  
"Get aboard here!" called his father. "If you can help some. Anyhow, we'll try it."  
"My father's face that looked like his mother's face, went with the men in blue overalls, and whose arms were heavily laden with tools.  
"As they came to the break in the track, his father gave him orders: "Stay at the end of the rails and when the men need tools get them quick!" That was all—got the tools quickly, Clayton obeyed implicitly. All the time, but he lifted shovels and bare from the flat car and handed them down the bank. When the new planks were in place and the first track was being laid, he evening a hammer on the spikes—just not for long. As the train pulled back to town he lay on a pile of sacks in the corner and did some thinking.  
The result of the thinking was a long talk with his father the next morning. Then it brought about a visit to the principal of the high-school, and Mr. Marshall did the talking.  
"My boy wants to be an engineer. No, not to run engines, but to build bridges. It is a hard job, but a good one. I wish I knew how to plan a bridge, but I can carry out the work they give me. Show the boy how to plan one."  
"Yes, I know, and I'll send him."  
That was the beginning of Clayton Marshall's finding of himself. He knew now what he was going to be, and as he talked over the books and the problems and the theses, he dreamed of a day when he should be the builder of great bridges.  
An college days went by, the dream became a fever, and at last he graduated from the engineering school and sought a place. His father had been too busy to come to the Commencement, but he thought, all day, as he worked out on the Flatie division, trying to make the flat across a sluggish level, how fine a thing it would be when Clayton should be building bridges and even railroads!  
But it is slow work getting to the top of the engineer's business, as in any other. Clayton lay on at the bottom, and on another railroad, from that employing his father. Regularly he climbed, and one day the recognition of the chief engineer gave him the prize he had long sought.

**THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. WM. ALLAN**  
Born in Scotland, Sept. 10th, 1815. Died at Acton, Nov. 17th, 1907

**Artistic Cemetery Work**  
WILLIAM HEMSTREET  
Agent, Acton.

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.

**Excelsior Bakery**  
We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.  
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.  
**T. Statham & Son**  
Mill Street, Acton

**Excelsior Bakery**  
We are headquarters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pastry, etc., of first-class quality.  
We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.  
**T. Statham & Son**  
Mill Street, Acton

**Artistic Cemetery Work**  
WILLIAM HEMSTREET  
Agent, Acton.

**SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound**  
FALL TIME TABLE  
Toronto to Parry Sound  
Toronto to Muskoka  
Parry Sound to Toronto  
Muskoka to Toronto

**..PAPER.. MAKERS**  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.  
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS  
J. N. R. HARBER

**THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. WM. ALLAN**  
Born in Scotland, Sept. 10th, 1815. Died at Acton, Nov. 17th, 1907

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.

**The Old Citizen's Work**  
Charles Sney  
ACTON - HAND - LAUNDRY  
Willow Street, Near Post Office and Town Hall.  
I am a laundress of long experience and give special and tender care to articles of all kinds brought to be laundered. Stuffs ironed so they will not burn your neck. Blinds and curtains ironed so they will not break in the wind.  
All ladies and gentlemen's trousseaus done with entire satisfaction, and promptly. Go to Charles Sney, and let him know what you want and he will not fail you.

**Is It Footwear You Are Looking For?**  
If that's the case go to **Williams' Shoe Store**  
I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.  
Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.  
Wm. Williams, The Shoe Man, Mill Street, Acton.

**..PAPER.. MAKERS**  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.  
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS  
J. N. R. HARBER

**SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound**  
FALL TIME TABLE  
Toronto to Parry Sound  
Toronto to Muskoka  
Parry Sound to Toronto  
Muskoka to Toronto

**..PAPER.. MAKERS**  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.  
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS  
J. N. R. HARBER

**SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound**  
FALL TIME TABLE  
Toronto to Parry Sound  
Toronto to Muskoka  
Parry Sound to Toronto  
Muskoka to Toronto

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.

**Is It Footwear You Are Looking For?**  
If that's the case go to **Williams' Shoe Store**  
I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.  
Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.  
Wm. Williams, The Shoe Man, Mill Street, Acton.

**Is It Footwear You Are Looking For?**  
If that's the case go to **Williams' Shoe Store**  
I carry a full line of boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., for people of all ages and sizes.  
Fall and winter stock now ready for your inspection.  
Wm. Williams, The Shoe Man, Mill Street, Acton.

**..PAPER.. MAKERS**  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.  
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS  
J. N. R. HARBER

**SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound**  
FALL TIME TABLE  
Toronto to Parry Sound  
Toronto to Muskoka  
Parry Sound to Toronto  
Muskoka to Toronto

**..PAPER.. MAKERS**  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.  
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS  
J. N. R. HARBER

**SHORT LINE to Muskoka and Parry Sound**  
FALL TIME TABLE  
Toronto to Parry Sound  
Toronto to Muskoka  
Parry Sound to Toronto  
Muskoka to Toronto

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.

**GOOD BLOOD FOR DAD.**  
That's What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Always Give—No Matter How Bad.