The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXXVIII.---NO. 52. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1913. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum. SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

FREE PRESS BUILDING

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. 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, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for matter change to suit. Local notices 10 cents per line each insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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57 varieties

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Metal Furnishings

FOR YOUR NEW HOME?

YOU NEED—Tinware, Graniteware Woodenware.

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How about a Refrigerator?

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Come in and see us. "We have what you want." Special terms for payment if desired.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.

Limited

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THAT ORGAN

Now

A few splendid instruments are to be sold at especially low prices.

How would you like to purchase a really beautiful organ in handsome walnut case, full five octave, every key in perfect condition, as good as can be, at a price that makes you wonder how we do it, and on terms so easy that you have no trouble in the paying, and delivered free.

These can only be had from

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ACTON

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How about renewing the old pine floors with ⅝ in. hardwood, making them sanitary and up-to-the-minute in styles? We have this flooring in Oak, Birch and Maple.

A Full Line of Building Supplies now in our Yards

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Seed Corn, several varieties—Mangles, Sugar Beets, and Turnips — All Garden Seeds—Full Stock of Flour and Feed.

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A comfortable bus meets all trains between 10.00 a.m. and 6.19 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The waits of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

Poetry.

BE PATIENT WITH THE CHILDREN

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Its kind—things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to chine upon! and so
The hands are tempted off, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often held
To sun or showers—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face,
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and by,
Give them not love, but more above
And harder—patience with the love.

—From a Mother's Scrapbook.

Select Family Reading

The Shooting of Well Twenty-Seven

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

WELL twenty-seven, one of the oldest and best gushers in the Alvarez oil fields, surprised the camp one night by suddenly ceasing to flow.

"She's clogged," declared Martin Simms, its owner. "I know the vein hasn't given out yet. She's good for many thousands of barrels more before she dies."

"She will have to be opened up," said Ralph Simms, son of the owner, "and it ought to be done at once."

"Yes, we've got to have a 'shooter'" the father replied. "We must make good that final payment by the end of next week, and the only way it can be done is to have a full delivery of oil from twenty-seven."

"Who can we get?" asked the boy, an expression of anxiety coming into his eyes. "Abe Dix is laid up with a broken leg over at Meaker, and there isn't another man within seventy miles."

"I don't know son who we will get," the oil man returned, much perplexed, "but it is certain that we must have somebody. Unless we get this well to flow again within the next twenty-four hours, we will be ruined, we will lose all the claims on which our final success depends."

Ralph and his father stood at the curb of the big reservoir into which the well had been pouring its flow of black, molasses-like liquid. Around and about them rose the derricks of the oil field. Smoke and steam lifted like white plumes over a score of engine buildings, while the clatter and hum of rigging told the story of attempted fortune. Several wells were already flowing, and long pipe lines, like lazy snakes, stretched across the plain, conveying the crude product to the railroad.

A half dozen of the nearest derricks were on claims partly owned by Martin Simms. He was developing the entire group, as well as making payments on the land, out of the proceeds derived from the flow of Twenty-seven. With the big well clogged and idle, financial disaster for the firm of Simms & Son seemed a gigantic certainty.

"There is one person in camp who can 'shoot' a well," Ralph finally remembered.

"Who is it?" the oil man asked eagerly.

"Jesse Markley," the boy informed.

"What! Him?" the father declared. "You must be out of your head, son. That dude wouldn't have nerve enough to shoot a firecracker, let alone 'shoot' a well. Anyhow, you must remember his father is Tom Markley, the man who holds the mortgage against our claims. Tom Markley and I are not bosom friends by a whole lot. Tom Markley wouldn't cross the road to do me a favor."

"I'm not saying what Mr. Markley would do, the boy returned. "I'm telling you that Jessie Markley knows how to 'shoot' a well. And he is the only person who can help us. I believe he will."

"Very well, son. I hope you are right," the father replied doubtfully. "How long will it take you to find out?"

"I can let you know within three hours," Ralph declared positively.

The boy turned away at once and struck up the sandy, sun-glaring road. A mile's travel brought him to the main building of the Markley holdings. Here, a dozen derricks were raised and a half score engines spluttered and coughed as they jerked at the cables.

Ralph went at once to the main office, finding the little building deserted save for a tall slender youth who was studiously at work over a drafting board. He looked up and saluted pleasantly when Ralph entered.

"Twenty-seven went dead on us last night," the boy informed, with a desire to get at once to the main purpose of his call.

"It doesn't seem possible," young Markly returned in surprise. "She must be clogged."

"I'm quite sure that's the trouble," Ralph said. "We must get her going again and need a 'shooter.'" This statement in itself was enough to make his quest known.

Jesse Markley turned from the desk and looked Ralph steadily in the eye. "I understand you exactly," he replied. "You want me to shoot your well?"

It required a supreme effort for Ralph to hold his composure under Jessie Markley's piercing gaze. He recalled what his father had said only a short time before. Now he feared that his father was right. Why should he expect aid from the magnate's son? Finally he found the courage to say: "Yes, I came to ask if you will 'shoot' our well. It is necessary that we start it flowing. So far as father and myself are concerned, everything depends upon it."

For a moment there was a tense silence, and then Jesse spoke: "I'm glad you came to me. It makes me feel that you have got a lot of confidence in me, for of course you know how things lie between my father and yours. This difference ought not to make any hard feeling between us. We're boys, you and I, and we can understand things better—we can get together more easily and without any fear of injuring our pride."

Uncertainty and doubt fled quickly from Ralph Simms mind. He remained silent, too overjoyed for speech.

"You know what it means of course to 'shoot' a well. A fellow takes a big chance. But I learned how from Abe Dixon, the best 'shooter' in California. And I will 'shoot' yours. We're boys together in this camp, you and I, and we're going to be square. He took his hat from the peg on the wall and started toward the door. "Action is the main thing now," he remarked. "Every minute that old Twenty-seven is idle means just that much loss to you and your father. I'll have to make a trip to Strasburg camp. I wouldn't dare send any of the men for the nitroglycerine. If all goes well Twenty-seven will be spouting late this afternoon. Notify your own crew at once. I'll give the alarm at this end of the camp."

Within an hour the word passed over the entire field that Twenty-seven would be opened by an "oil shooter" late that afternoon. Unknown to anyone except Ralph Simms and his father, young Markley rode over the granite divide and returned with two quarts of deadly nitroglycerine. The trip back was made slowly for a single misstep of the saddle pony or an extra heavy jolting would have ignited the explosive and blown horse and rider to atoms.

When he rode his pony up to the curb of Twenty-seven, Ralph offered to help, but Jesse waved him aside. "Leave it all to me," he directed. "You may take my horse over to the claim if you wish." He carefully unloaded the flasks and set them down. From his kit he took two torpedo-like glass tubes, and with all due precaution, filled them with the explosive liquid. He then tied them together, one below the other, and with a strong cord, began lowering them into the well. The slightest touch of the tubes one against the other or against the well wall, would have resulted in disaster.

"The youth had been taught how to "feel" the passage of the tubes down the well by the sensation of sound, and of resistance to the string. He had practiced for hours in lowering tubes filled with water to accomplish this feat with accuracy.

A long time he sat cramped over the well, the hot sun beating unmercifully upon him, while he played out the cord a few inches at a time. Finally the tubes reached the bottom, a depth of fifteen hundred feet.

He now took from his kit a long bar of iron, pointed at one end. In the language of the oil fields this is known as the "go devil." He poised the bar over the well, looking around to see that all is clear. Not a human being was to be seen. Apparently the entire camp was deserted. All the derrick engines seemed to have ceased their coughing, as if waiting with bated breath.

Jesse put himself in the position of a runner on the scratch line. As if an unseen starter behind him had suddenly said "go" the young "shooter" released his hold on the "go devil" and broke into a run.

It takes a heavy bar of iron but a few seconds to drop even fifteen hundred feet. So Jesse Markley, racing over a trail strewn with bowlders, sections of pipe and scrap iron, was but a short distance from the well when the explosion occurred. Muffled by the depth of earth, the first report could scarcely be heard. This was immediately followed by a snapping crash that seemed to tear the world in twain.

Up from the mouth of twenty-seven spurted a column of oil, mud and water, thick, black and heavy. It lifted like some gigantic fountain, spreading, mushroom-like as it raised skyward. Jesse Markley did not pause but scurried on as fast as his legs could carry him. His depended on his getting away from under that falling mass.

Up the slope and running toward the well, came a man. He had dashed from one of the claim buildings with the first muffled report, and the great black column was still rising when he approached the fleeing "shooter."

With a frightful hiss the rain of oil, mud and water dropped through the air, seeming to bury everything beneath it. As if a great, heavy hand were borne upon him, Jesse Markley was hurled to the ground. Desperately he struggled, vainly trying to extricate himself from the choking mass.

Martin Simms had seen the boy go down, and threw himself madly into the black avalanche. He fought his way through, reaching the limp form of the youth. He gathered the young fellow in his arms and struggled out. By this time Ralph and many of the crew had arrived. Jesse, laid on the cool ground in the shade of a building, soon revived. When he opened his eyes Martin Simms was bending over him, gazing anxiously into his face. The weather bronzed features of the oil man lighted happily as he took the youth's hand and squeezed it hard.

"You're right about that, my man," spoke a voice from behind, and the crowd parted to admit one who had just arrived on the scene. Under the broad brimmed hat, and behind the thick glasses of the newcomer, shone the piercing eyes of Tom Markley. Martin Simms recognized him instantly, and rising offered the magnate his hand. "If our boys can be such friends, you and I ought to forget our differences," he remarked sincerely.

"It does look that way," the other replied, as he accepted the proffered grasp.

JOHNNY'S OBLIGINGNESS

Young Mr. Prentice undertook, with characteristic enthusiasm, the task assigned him by the rector of forming and training the new choir; but at the end of a trying afternoon spent in examining the voices of all sorts of boys, poor Mr. Prentice's patience was at low ebb; he was convinced that there were no singers in the vicinity of St. Luke's!

After a long line of hopeless material had been gone over and rejected, the young choirmaster ran his hands distractedly through his long locks as another applicant appeared at the door. This more unpromising in appearance than his predecessors—if that were possible—was Johnny, the scrawny, bashful son of Widow Binge, who lived, "down by the tracks" and washed for everybody.

"We'll leave out remarks and preliminary questions," said young Mr. Prentice, tartly, "and plunge immediately into business!"

"Yes sir, please—" said Johnny, not comprehending, but anxious to please.

"Sing me something, anything whatsoever that you're familiar with," said the choirmaster, resignedly. "Sing, sing, I tell you!" he ordered, peremptorily, as the youthful applicant hesitated.

Johnny's freckles almost disappeared, in blushes, but he struggled bravely, and finally managed, with melancholy effect, to grind out a few lines of a street song—in a voice quite "impossible."

"See, here,"—Mr. Prentice was orbearily a mild young man, but now he was almost a savage,—"do you actually come here to ask me for a place?"

"Ma said I should—" began poor Johnny, in feeble self-defence.

"Oh, no doubt your family constitutes the proper tribunal for passing on your musical ability," said the young choirmaster, with biting sarcasm, "but the plain truth is that you can't sing at all, boy!"

"I didn't say I could, mister," blubbered Johnny, driven to bay, "an' I don't want to sing. Mother said I should come and try for the job o' pumping the new organ, but you said for me to sing, sir, an' I just did it to please you. I'm real stiddy, sir, an—"

Johnny got the job.

TEASING TONGUE TANGLERS

Tongue twisters are coming back into popularity. Telling tongue twisters is a good way of "killing time," good warm weather sport. You know what a tongue twister is, of course. Here is one:

Susan shineth shoes and socks,
Socks and shoes shines Susan.
She cometh shining shoes and socks,
For socks and shoes shock Susan.

There are others just as perplexing to say. For instance:

Not and Shot one day into a quarrel got. Shot called Not a lot of names that he should not. Then Not shot Shot and Shot shot Not. Now they lie side by side in a plotter's plot.

Here is another:

If a Hottentot tot be taught to say "taught" and "taught" or what ought to be taught her? Or, if to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

This one is taken from an old spelling book:

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust 3,000 thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust 3,000 thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou is sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not 3,000 thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

It is hard to even read this:

Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill, so Bill sold the bill board to pay the board bill, and after Bill sold the bill board to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

AS THEY IMPRESSED HER

Little Kitty, who had happened to be the only one at home when the strangers called, was trying to describe them. "One of 'em was a good deal younger than the other," she said "and he's the one that did the talking. He wanted to know when you'd be back."

"How did he look?" asked her father. "Did he have any beard?"

"No; he was barefaced."

"How about the older man? Was he barefaced, too?"

"Kind o'," said Kitty, remembering his shaggy beard; "only he was grizzly bear faced."

A RARE OCCUPATION

Nobody had been able to find out exactly how Uncle Bemis managed to make both ends meet, as he had no visible means of support and was constitutionally opposed to hard work.

"What do you do for a living, Uncle Bemis?" a curious person asked the old "darky" one day. He gazed solemnly at his questioner for a moment before he answered:

"What do I do?" he repeated with an air of offended dignity, "I do de Lord's work! I am, kah, sa! dat's who dat some folks can say."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, June 22nd, 1893

Strawberries have been down to five cents this week.

Mr. John Warren, Deputy Reeve of Esquesing, is moving into his new home on Mill Street.

The fine new bank barns of the Messrs. James Brown, second line, were both successfully raised last week.

Mr. A. McIntosh, Orewsons Corners, brought in last week a stalk of rhubarb measuring 29 inches up to the leaf, and to the tip of the leaf, 45 inches.

The Guelph Herald announce the withdrawal of the Jesuit Fathers from the Missions of Acton, Georgetown and Oustic.

The Band has recently given some fine open-air concerts and each evening visited several citizens. They serenaded Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron on Monday evening and were hospitably entertained. Bandmaster Hill desires to thank Messrs. J. V. Kannawin, J. L. Warren, Councillor Corry and John Cameron for liberal contributions.

Residents of the community had the great privilege on Monday night of hearing Rev. Dr. John Paton, venerable missionary to the New Hebrides, in Knox Church. A marvellous account of missionary achievement was given, and was listened to by a very large congregation, in which were a number of pastors from surrounding country.

School Board estimates for current year are fixed at: Expenditure—Salaries $1465; Fuel $125; Insurance $40.75; new school fixtures $44.25; repairs $40; interest $40; contingencies $40; Total $1801. Receipts—Government grant $151; Municipal Assessment $1650. Total $1801.

Mrs. E. Thertell, of Harriston, is visiting Acton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron returned from their bridal tour last Wednesday.

Mrs. Hemstreet went to Gloversville to visit relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Unsworth visited friends at Churchill.

Rev. and Mrs. Bryers have arrived in Acton to make it their home. Rev. Mr. Bryers made many friends in all denominations during his pastorate here some nine years ago.

Rev. Dr. Wild is resigning the pastorate of Bond St. Congregational Church, Toronto.

MARRIED

GILMORE—ROSS—At 66 Grange Ave., Toronto, on June 20th, by Rev. J. A. Turnbull, John Gilmore, Architect and Builder, Acton, to Miss Jessie Ross, Lindsay.

KNEW HIM AT ONCE

There are other sure ways of bringing a man to mind besides mentioning his name. Among the candidates who were sent from Princeton to a Philadelphia church was one young man whose language was of the sort which dazzles and delights the younger members of a congregation and sometimes pleases the elders as well.

In this case the committee were besieged to ask for the young man again, and they consented, but unfortunately the man to whose lot it fell to write the letter had forgotten the candidate's name. Nothing daunted he wrote to one of the seminary professors:

"Please send us that fervent, streamlet, rivulet, cloudlet, starlight and moonbeam young man again. We've forgotten his name, but we'll no doubt you'll recognize him."

"We do," wrote the professor, and the desired candidate was sent, and subsequently was called to the pastorate.

"IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD"

After Ebeo Mason, a contractor, had put a new front on James Lane's grocery store, he suggested to William Lane, whose dry-goods store stood next to it, that he ought to make a similar improvement.

"How much will it cost?" Mr. Lane asked.

"Well," Ebeo began, judiciously, "a fine plate-glass, steel-frame window'll cost you in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars."

"Go ahead," said Lane.

When the job was finished, says a contributor to the Boston Herald, Ebeo presented a bill for five hundred dollars. Lane looked it over, hitched and hemmed several times, but said nothing.

"Well," said Ebeo at last, "don't you think the job is worth the price?"

"Y-es."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"Nothing," said Lane slowly, "only you said it would cost in the neighborhood of two hundred. I was just thinking what a big neighborhood you must do your thinking in."

KNEW HIS PLACE

The village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was completed all the summer people agreed that he should be asked to speak after the holiness which was to follow the dedication exercises.

The day and the carpenter's turn came duly.

"Ladies and gentlemen—dear friends—" he began, his good, brown face very red indeed. "I am a good deal better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking!"

Then he realized what he had said, and sat down amid roars of laughter.

PERSEVERANCE COMPATIBLE WITH POLITENESS

Do not think that it is necessary for you to be gruff in order to be persistent; that politeness means giving in. Perseverance is not only compatible with politeness, but it needs just such a partner to get the best results. Persistence without politeness or courtesy that lacks a backbone are both likely to fail. But when perseverance and politeness go hand in hand, results may be looked for.

OH, YE OF THE LITTLE LOVES

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Who give with spendthrift's hand,
How shall ye ever know,
And how shall ye understand?
How shall ye know the great love,
And how shall ye understand,
Who waste your hearts on a faithless spring
Which ye call the Lotus land?

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Hiding your faces from pain,
What do ye give of the God
For the human that ye gain?
What do ye give of the very God
For the human that ye gain?
Who break the vase of his precious nard,
And crimson the ground with stain?

Oh, ye of the little loves,
Who give with the spendthrift's hand,
How shall ye ever know
And how shall ye understand?
How shall ye know the great love,
And how shall ye understand?
Ye waste your hearts on a faithless spring,
And ye die in a winter-land.

—Emery Pottle.

ONE THING THEY COULD DO

"Young men of to-day are purely selfish," complained a weary and disgusted hostess. "I know many, and with a very few exceptions they accept my hospitality and then decline to contribute to the gaiety of my entertainments." Her companion, a man of years and experience, smiled quietly.

"That's an old grievance," he said; "I remember hearing my mother say the same thing fifty years ago. I remember too with what relish she used to tell the story of a spirited woman of her acquaintance who administered justice, as she saw it, on a certain occasion.

"The woman had married an Englishman who had been an officer of a crack British regiment, but who sold out when he married. Quite naturally, therefore, his old comrades were often at their house and to the disgust of his wife, they answered your description of of the young men of to-day.

"One evening when there were several of her country women among her guests, my mother's friend vainly tried to make the dashing troopers come to time. But when she suggested cards it was, 'The Tenth don't play cards.'

"A suggestion of music was met with, 'The Tenth don't sing.'

"At last one of the American girls said something about dancing, and my mother's friend tried to make up a set. Then came the haughty declaration, 'The Tenth don't dance.'

"'Well,' said the exasperated hostess, 'at any rate, the Tenth marches!'

"'And march it did,' concluded the man, 'in defiance of the English husband's wishes.'"

CARVING OUT THE BARGAIN

It was Mr. Sedgwick's first visit to the new country home of his brother-in-law, Mr. Drake, and he was much interested in the place. As he and his host were strolling round the grounds after dinner, he asked, "Who was your brawny friend who ate with us?"

"Oh, didn't I introduce you to Ole?"

"Yes, you introduced him, but you didn't explain him," the smiling reply.

"He is a right Norwegian woodchopper, and he has two more of my dimensions coming to chin—" Mr. Drake chuckled. "The fact is I was not used to dealing with these rural workmen, and Ole got rather the best of me, I think.

"You see that great pile of stovewood ranked up by the barn? Well, I engaged him to split it, and when I was ready to go at it he gave him price for the work he said it depended on how hard it was to split—that some wood was much easier to split than other wood.

"'Can you tell how much it would be worth a cord to do it?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered, 'for maybe it would be hard and maybe it would be easy.'

"'Will you take ten dollars for the job?' He looked at the cordwood speculatively, and after a moment said 'Yes, if you'll give me my dinners.'

"'But how many dinners will there be? How long will it take you?'

"'Can't tell how long,' he said, 'wood's so different,' he said. But we needed the wood for immediate use, and labourers are scarce in the neighborhood, so I said, 'I'll give you your dinners for two weeks, but after that you'll have to bring your lunch.' I didn't intend to have him dawdling over the job for the sake of the dinners.

"He accepted the offer and he didn't dawdle. He completed the work in eight days, but he's faithful to his dinner engagements. He comes regularly every noon and eats a hearty meal, and I half believe, from the twinkle in those blue eyes of his, that the old man enjoys the joke on me as well as he does the dinners."

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