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All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor



## Business Directory.

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L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
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Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont

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Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: Cor. Mill and John Streets, the former home of the late W. H. Storey Esq., Acton, Ont.

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## "IF I KNEW YOU AND YOU KNEW ME"

If I know you and you know me,
'Tis seldom we would disagree;
But, never having yet clasped hands,
Both often fail to understand
That each intends to do what's right,
And treat each other "Honor Bright,"
How little to complain there'd be
If I knew you and you knew me.

If o'er we slip you by mistake,
Or in your bill some error make,
From irritation you'd be free
If I knew you and you knew me.
Or when the checks don't come on time
And customers send us nary a line,
We'd wait without anxiety
If I knew you and you knew me.

Or when some customer complains
Or makes a "kick" on this or that
We'd take it in good part you see,
If I knew you and you knew me.
With customers, ten thousand strong,
Occasionally things go wrong—
Sometimes our fault sometimes theirs;
Forbearance would decrease all cares;
Kind friend, how pleasant things would be
If I knew you and you knew me.

Then let no doubting thoughts abide
Of firm good faith on either side;
Confidence to each other give,
Living ourselves, let others live;
But any time you come this way,
That you will call we hope and pray;
Then face to face we each shall see
And I'll know you and you'll know me.

## THE HONOR OF THE DIGGINGS

DENNIS H. STOVALL

ALONG the winding course of an ancient river channel, that ribs the California Sierra, a score of hydraulic monitors hurled their mighty streams against the towering cliffs, melting the mountains down and washing from them the grains of precious gold. Night and day the giants thundered, that no moment of the valuable time covered by the late winter season of rain and snow, might be lost. Every minute the monitors could be worked meant more treasure added to the increasing store caught by the sluices. Pipe lines were stretched down the mountain sides, feeding the hungry giants from the flumes that wound in and out among the hills. Flannel-shirted men worked like busy ants in the red clay diggings.

Well down toward the lower end of the old channel, on what was known as the Blue Gravel mine, Buck Jackson and his son, Leonard, stood between a battery of two giants and talked soberly. All the morning, and part of the night before, the father and the son, with the Blue Gravel crew, had worked like Trojans in an attempt to clear the diggings and get the mine operating again. For the two giants were quiet. Like grim cannon, their nozzles pointed at the towering mountain wall, they stood in silence. In the language of the mines, the Blue Gravel was "choked"—suffocated and strangled by the great mass of gravel and debris its own monitors had torn down in the process of unearthing the nuggets of gold.

"She's badly choked, and no mistake," spoke Leonard. He was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with the clean limbs and the clear eyes of a student: in truth, he was a student of mining engineering at Berkeley. These two weeks he would spend on his father's mine, were in line with his course of study at the university.

"You're right, Len," spoke the elder man, with bitter emphasis. The deep lines of his weather-bronzed cheeks, which told of long service in the diggings, seemed to grow perceptibly deeper. He was a big man and he was a typical miner, from his slouched hat to his steel shod boots. "She's choked all right—and choked bad," he declared. "And we won't get another ounce of gold out of these hills till the diggings are opened. That hogback in the gulch is the cause of all the trouble. It must be blasted out."

"Yes, that's the only way," the son agreed. "It ought to be easy, for I understand it is loaded with powder, and the fuse connected. All it needs is a man to touch it off—an expert powder man, I mean one who can unravel the system, and reach the center. It would take some time—"

"Yes, it would take a lot of time!" Buck Jackson declared impatiently. "That's what worries me, see: I can't wait. I'm caught in a trap: and the trap was set by none other than Fox Roberts. He owned that ground down there—and he sold out to the Royal Group Company! He sold out to them just to give them a chance to crush me—sold out, and played the traitor after I had trusted him as I would trust you, my own son!" The placer miner rose to his full height, clenched his sledge-hammer fists, and spoke between close-set teeth: "Fox is only a boy, and I had faith in him; but I must say that I wish I'd never seen him!"

"I'm afraid you're too hard on Fox, father," Leonard said. "It isn't altogether fair to blame him with our troubles. He didn't load the hogback with the powder—it was loaded when he bought it; anyhow, there must be some one on the channel who can help us out."

"No, there isn't!" Buck Jackson, declared. "I've spoken to several about it; none of them can do anything—and all are afraid of the loaded cliff. I am satisfied that Fox understood it, and could have fired it safely. That's why I took him in and treated him like a 'partner.' His leaving me and selling out to the big company looks like nothing but a hatched-up scheme to get control of the Blue Gravel. You know, Leonard, they have a hold on this property. I must make a final payment to them next week. I could do it easy enough if the giants were kept at work."

It pained Leonard keenly to note the expression of bitterness that came into his father's face. No one knew better than Leonard how hard and faithfully his father had toiled. Yet he looked at the matter more hopefully, and he was determined on the instant to bring into the problem all the purpose, all the courage and ability he could muster. Somehow, he could not believe Fox Roberts was the traitor his father thought. He had known Fox a long time, and the two had spent many delightful hours together in the red clay diggings. But Fox was gone now, and beyond immediate reach; yet there was one other, a youth also, whom he believed could help them.

"I believe, father, we could get Howe Morton to—"

"What! Howe Morton! Malcolm Morton's son, and the junior member of the company?" Buck Jackson turned and gazed with incredulous eyes into Leonard's face. "You must be out of your right mind, lad. To help us is the last thing he would do. Old Malcolm has been waiting for just such a chance as this. He would crush me, and laugh while doing it! You can't tell me anything about him; I know him well."

"I'm not trying to tell you anything about Malcolm Morton," Leonard returned undismayed by his father's unfavorable opinion. "I do know Howe. He and I played together, you know, as little boys! And we are classmates now at Berkeley. He, too, is home for a season of practical experience. If you don't mind, I'll go over and have a talk with him. Nothing can be lost by it."

Buck Jackson was silent for a time, and all the while he kept his gaze on his boy, looking at him intently, searching him keenly. It was as if there were something in the heart of his own son that he could not understand. The youth stood unflinchingly before him, with purpose and determination printed on his face. Finally his father's gaze softened, and a subdued tone came into his deep bass voice. "Go ahead, lad," he said. "I leave it to you. I'll admit that I can't get at the bottom of the thing. Let me know by two o'clock this afternoon what luck you meet."

Leonard Jackson realized that his father had little hope of their getting any assistance from the Mortons. Yet the youth was determined to try. He struck out at once over the winding trail that connected the two diggings. Though the two properties adjoined, the great Royal Group, with its thousand acres of working ground and timber land, with its miles and miles of flumes, being just above the Blue Gravel, the two diggings were three miles apart. For two miles Leonard followed their own ditch to the intake, then climbed a ridge and came suddenly upon the deep, broad diggings of the Royal Group. It was as if he had come unexpectedly to the rim of a vast crater. Down in its red-scarred depths, four giants hurled their shafts of liquid steel, roaring, and growling like ravenous monsters. The diggings crew swarmed over the slate bedrock and among the network of sluices. It was a scene that made the youth's blood pulse with quicker beat. Yet he turned sick at heart when he thought of their own mine, only a little below, standing idle and still.

He followed the rim of the diggings of the Royal Group Camp, with its jumble of cabins, buildings, and tents. A tin-roofed shanty, but little more pretentious than the structures about it, served as the office. In here Leonard found Howe Morton. The latter was dressed like himself, in the serviceable garb of the mines. He was perched on a high stool, closely studying a working diagram. He swung round and extended a cordial hand. "Hello, Len. Hop up on that other stool, and tell me what's on your mind."

"Trouble, Howe," Leonard replied, desiring to come at once to the business of his call. "The Blue Gravel choked on us yesterday."

"So I heard," the younger Morton responded. It seemed to Leonard that he spoke as if the matter was of little concern. This brought a feeling of misgiving and doubt into the mind of the caller.

"I have an idea it's the hogback, down in the gulch, that's bothering you. It ought to be blasted out of the way," Howe said."

"I am sure of it," Leonard answered. "It must be blasted out if we ever get the mine opened and started again." He hesitated, as if uncertain how to proceed. His eye found a blue print on the wall; and though it told him little, it suggested much. "We need help," he went on, "we need some one who can straighten out the system by which the hogback was loaded, and fire the powder.

Howe Morton turned around on his stool and looked his caller steadily in the face. For a full half-minute no word passed between them. Leonard felt himself turn cold. He knew that Howe Morton guessed what was wanted. He feared that Howe considered the unspoken request as both impossible and absurd—it was not "business" not the way rival companies treated each other.

"You have come to us for help?" Howe finally spoke.

He did not state it as a question; he put it as a most remarkable fact, something unheard of in the annals of gold-getting. He continued to look Leonard in the eye, and only by a supreme effort of will could Leonard stand unflinchingly before him. At length he found courage to say, answering Howe's remark.

"I have not come to the company for help; I have come to you."

A light of understanding came at once into Howe Morton's face. "That's good—that's what I hoped. I'm glad that you've come to me, Len. You and I understand each other. There should be honor between us—the real honor of the diggings. We've heard our fathers talk about it—of the honor of the old days, when red-blooded man stood by each other steadfastly against every foe. Somehow in the long, hard struggle my father and yours seem to forget the honor of the diggings. But that's no reason for us two to forget; we should uphold the code. And we should protect the good name of our mutual friend, Fox Roberts. I'm sorry that your father should misjudge him. Fox came to us voluntarily and offered to sell his holdings to the company. He had to save money. He has a sister whose life depended upon a surgical operation. Fox needed funds with which to send her to the hospital, and that's why he sacrificed all his possessions."

Howe Morton got down from his high stool and went over to the wall, lifting a finger to the blue print that first caught Leonard's attention. "Fox left this with me; he says it is a diagram, not only of the holdings he sold me but of the powder system in the hogback. I've studied it out and I understand it, though Fox knows it even better than I. So, go tell your father that the Blue Gravel will be opened and the giants thundering within twenty-four hours. There are two of us, Len, to proclaim that there is still honor in these diggings."

Leonard Jackson was unable to speak his gratitude. But Howe Morton saw the look of relief that glowed in his eyes, and understood. With light feet and fast-beating heart Leonard hurried back over the trail. Within two hours it was known all along the channel that the hogback in the Blue Gravel Gulch was to be blown out. Three years before, even before Fox Roberts came into possession of the adjoining holdings, a deep tunnel was driven into the hogback and drifts run from this in which sealed cans of powder were set and connected with fuse for the purpose of blowing up the obstruction. When the work was nearly done the engineer in charge was accidently killed leaving no one who fully understood the system that had been placed. The hogback then became a menace, particularly to the Blue Gravel, as it filled the gulch just below the diggings.

At three o'clock that afternoon a circle of safety, broad in its limits, was drawn around the hogback. The crew from the Blue Gravel watched from afar. And among those who looked down into the canon from the distant ridge, were Buck Jackson and his son, Leonard. Shading their eyes with their palms, they looked steadily. What they saw was lone horseman drop down from the main road, and follow the crooked path that led to the bottom of the gulch. Two hundred yards from the hogback, the horseman got out of the saddle, and left his pony tied to a scrub pine. Then he went on, stopping again near the black mouth of the old tunnel that entered the charged obstruction. Here he took a blue print from his pocket, opened and spread it on a stump, studying it a moment as if to get his bearings. Then he folded it again, and replaced it in his pocket.

All the while, Buck Jackson followed every movement of the lone youth. Twice he rubbed a work-hardened palm across his eyes as if to make his sight more clear. Then he leaned forward and spoke something aloud. The muscles of his powerful body were tensely drawn. There was something in the step—in every movement of the one below—that recalled familiar things. "I believe—I wonder—is it possible that is one he hies?" Buck murmured and fixed his gaze more intently on the youth below.

At that moment the one on whom so many anxious eyes were fastened, entered the dark tunnel and for a few minutes of breathless suspense, was gone from view. Then he appeared again, running swiftly, straight for the horse that waited.

"He's set the fuse! Look out for the blast!" yelled a chorus of voices.

Many of those who looked, turned and scrambled for cover. Buck Jackson leaped up with the others but when he saw he took a course straight down into the canon. The others seeing him tried to call him back. If he heard he paid no heed. He was convinced of the youth's identity now, and nothing would stop him. Within a few moments there came a deep, muffled rumble as of a distant cannonade. This was quickly followed by an explosion that made the mountains tremble. A great, black mass, representing the untold tons of earth and rock and debris that comprised the hogback, lifted high into air and spreading far aloft, broke and scattered and raised its deadly hail upon the blue Gravel.

Swiftly as ever the youth from the tunnel a part of the falling earth caught him before he could get from under, throwing him down. Buck Jackson, now close to him, though thrown from his feet, got up again. Though rock and earth fell around him, he rushed on, reached the youth and lifted him up. Taking him in his strong arms he carried him up the steep slope and laid him down on the soft grass by the border of the diggings.

The youth opened his eyes and looked around him. He saw a group of flannel-shirted men standing near by and others approaching, but closer than all, his weather-bronzed face lighted happily, was Buck Jackson. "Is it out?" asked the youth, "is the Blue Gravel clear?"

"Clear as a whistle, my lad," Buck answered. Though his heart beat exultantly in the truth that the Blue Gravel was now free, his greatest joy was in what the diggings code of honor had brought to him. For this youth who had proved the code was none other than Fox Roberts.

"I might have known it was you," Buck continued, as he took the youth's hand and gripped it hard. "No one else could have done it." Turning his beaming face, the old miner saw his own boy, with Howe and Malcolm Morton standing near. There was an earnest look in the eyes of the Royal Group's chief when Buck looked his way. Without a word he came over and offered his hand. Buck Jackson took it eagerly and the two gripped long and hard.

"If our boys can uphold the honor of the diggings we ought to do the same thing," spoke Malcolm Morton sincerely.

"Sure, sure!" agreed the boss of the Blue Gravel.

## THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

WHAT we need is depth. Depth can be imparted through the teaching of anything. It can be imparted through Latin Grammar, through handwriting, through carpenter work, through arithmetic. The one element of success is time. Depth cannot be imparted quickly or in many subjects at once. Leisure is necessary—a slowing down, a taking of things not easily, but slowly, determinedly, patiently—as if there were plenty of time and nothing else counted. This is the road to rapid and brilliant work and there is no other. The smallest children should be set on this road and guided and governed and helped and slaved over by the best of masters. One subject understood means the world mastered.—John J. Chapman, in Atlantic.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

### From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Aug. 27th, 1896

Thomas Morton, barber, has sold his business here and removed to Milton.

Chas. F. Goodeve, of Ripsly, has removed to Acton, and will shortly open a store in Matthews' Block.

Rather than take ten cents per bag for a load of early apples in Walkerton, a Cargill farmer took them and emptied them along the road on his return home, a baryful every mile or so, so people could help themselves.

Rev. Thos. Amy, of Nassagaweya preached in the Methodist Church here last Sunday, and his appointments at Ebenezer and Campbellville were taken by Rev. Wm. Bryers, and at Corwhin by Mr. Robt. J. Edmiston.

Mr. B. Watkins, 1st line, has a seven-acre field of corn which averages ten feet high, some stalks measuring twelve feet.

Sir David MacPherson, one of Canada's highly respected public men, died on the S. S. Labrador, while on mid-ocean, on Sunday afternoon.

Manitoba wheat crop is expected to reach twenty million bushels.

DIED

DORLAND—In Trafalgar, on August 18th, George Dorland, in his 84th year.

TALBOT—In Guelph, on August 24th, James Talbot, Sr., formerly of Eramosa, aged 86 years.

KENNEDY—In Erin Township, on August 22nd, Hannah E. Forsyth, wife Darius Kennedy, in her 82nd year.

BROWNRIDGE—At her home, Toronto, on August 19th, Mary Anne, widow of the late John Brownridge, aged 59 years.

## MIX IN A LITTLE THINKING

There is always a little danger of exaggeration in the importance of obeying orders. While it is true that employers want men who will carry out their directions, they are quite as much concerned in having workers who will think as well as obey. A machine can be depended on to do certain things under certain circumstances. A man should be able to do more.

The story is told of one of the great financiers of America that he once gave a new employee a message to be telegraphed across the continent in regard to a matter in which a large sum of money was involved. The employee came back to say that the message was wrong. The financier took the paper he himself had written, read it over, and then said with a nod of approbation, "You'll do, I think." And probably his feelings were those of self-congratulation over his unusual and valuable discovery.

The worker who does as he is told is a great improvement on the one who through carelessness and neglect fails to carry out directions. But merely to obey orders, like a faithful machine, is far less desirable than to mix thinking with one's obedience.

## OLD TIME EGG HOAX

Away back in the days when Miller was preaching the near end of the world there were two men living in Lawrenceville, neighbors, who may be named Brown and Jones, who were like unto Jonathan and David. Jones was a chicken fancier. Both, like most people in that day, discussed Millerism.

One Saturday night Brown, who had read somewhere that if a pointed stick were dipped in oil anything written with it on an egg, and with the egg held to the fire, would remain indelible.

Brown wrote on an egg, "The world will come to an end on Oct. 30, 1844," the day Miller had stated, and placed the egg in one of Jones' nests, expecting Jones would come to him as soon as he found it and after a good laugh he would tell how it was done.

But Jones, as soon as he could get his clothes on, rushed to the house of Rev. Lee. The news spread like wildfire, and persons coming to town to church carried it, and all Sunday there was a throng calling on Jones to see the egg. Brown viewed the crowd with a much troubled mind, and at last he went to Jones and told the story. Never after that did Jones speak to Brown.

## A PROMISE AND THE RESULT

A good story is told of a local clergyman serving at the front. A year ago he was a curate, and one day a child was brought to him to christen.

"Name this child," he said to the sponsor, and the reply was "Luke."

"Haven't you previously brought us Matthew and Mark?" he asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Good," said the curate. "Bring me 'John,' too, and I'll present him with a silver christening cup."

A week or two ago the reverend gentleman, since removed to another city, paid a visit to his old parish.

The proud father was waiting for him, and holding up for his inspection yet another new arrival, he cried exultantly:

"Here's John! Where's t' cup?"

The foot racer is a man who gets a run for his money.

## A LITTLE BIRD TELLS

Now, isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do
If a boy does anything naughty
Or says anything that's not true?
They'll look at you just a moment
Till your heart in your bosom swells
And then, they know all about it,
For a little bird tells

Now where's that little bird come from,
Or where that little bird goes;
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's
Or as clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not, but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depth of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be alone in the cellar;
You may be on top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens,
The little bird tells.

And the only way you can stop him
Is just to be sure what you say;
Sure of your words and actions;
Sure of your work and your play.
Be honest, be brave and be kindly;
Be gentle and loving and well,
And you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.

—School Education.

## LIGHT BEERS

To the Editor:

The Pioneer is doing a great public service in sounding a note of warning against the insidious danger which threatens our long fought-for prohibition of the liquor traffic. I hope the following from that paper will be taken to heart by the friends of temperance:

"For years the liquor traffic has been preaching beer-drinking. The distillers do not raise any objection to this. They know that beer drinking develops an alcoholic appetite, that demands stronger beverages. They know that the disgraceful and lying statements by which beer men have been endeavoring to induce women to drink will tend towards the shocking spirit-drinking of wives and mothers that curses Great Britain to-day.

"Germany's beer-gardens have produced a brutality that will make Germany a by-word for centuries to come. Yet some of these liquor men would like to establish the German beer-gardens here. It is not strange that the great philanthropist who is General Secretary of the Research Dep't of the M. E. Temperance Society is compelled to cry out 'If we must have the liquor business, in God's name let us have the bar-room where men take their drink standing and fully realize that they are poisoning themselves. Keep the women and children out of it. We have a lot to learn in regard to the liquor problem, but Europe can't teach us anything,—to say the least, the Beer-garden Professors cannot."

"When there are symptoms already of a campaign in Ontario looking to the cultivation of a public opinion in favor of beer and wine, when the 1910 referendum comes, it is with deep regret that we read in an editorial in the Woodstock Sentinel-Review the following mischievous suggestion: "It is probable that much of the opposition to total prohibition would disappear at once or in time if some provision were made for the sale of light beers and wines. A good many who do not like compulsion would become reconciled to a law restricting the sale of stronger drinks to the sale of drugs is restricted, but they contend that the attempt to cut off all alcoholic drinks at once is not unnecessary but impracticable and that the inevitable result will be to encourage illicit traffic in strong and poisonous mixtures of alcohol. They argue that to permit the retail sale of light wines and beers would be to encourage temperance by offering a safe-guard against the traffic in the more dangerous liquors."

That's the old song to a new tune, but we must remember that we're drinking more alcohol even now in beer than in the form of spirits. And it must not be forgotten that beer contains three poisons while whiskey, if pure, contains only one; also that beer drinkers make up in quantity what is lacking in strength of alcohol.

H. Arnott, M.B., M.C.P.S.

## HE QUALIFIED

A Turkish story runs that, dying, a pious man bequeathed a fortune to his son, charging him to give $500 to the wisest man he could find, and $500 to the most foolish.

The most foolish is another story. As to the wisest, accounts agreed that a certain cadi filled the bill. Accordingly the dutiful son offered him $500.

"But I can't take your $500," said the cadi. "I never knew your father. There was no reason why he should leave me the money."

"It's yours all right," persisted the mourning youth.

"I might take it in a fictitious transaction," said the cadi, relenting. "Suppose—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you all that snow in the court yard for $500."

The young man agreed, willing to be quit of his trust on any terms. Next day he was arrested, taken before the cadi, and ordered to remove his snow at once. As this was a command the young man was utterly unable to execute he was fined $100 by the cadi for contumacy.

"At least," the young man said ruefully, as he left the court, "father's $500 went to the right man."


Exhausted from Asthma. Many who read these words know the terrible drain upon health and strength, which comes in the train of Asthmatic troubles. Many do not realize, however, that there is one true remedy which will surely stop this drain. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful check to this enervating ailment. It has a countless record of relief to its credit. It is sold almost everywhere.

A Safe Pill for Sufferers.—There are pills that violently purge and fill the stomach and intestines with pain. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mild and effective. They are purely vegetable, no mineral purgative entering into their composition and their effect is soothing and beneficial. Try them and be convinced. Thousands can attest their great curative qualities because thousands owe their health and strength to timely use of this excellent medicine.