

The Acton Free Press

Published weekly, except on public holidays, at Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements, 10 cents per line per week.

Entered as second-class mail matter, June 15, 1911.

Postpaid, \$1.25 per annum.

Printed and published by J. H. G. Galt.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

Copyright, 1911, by J. H. G. Galt.

Printed at the Acton Free Press.

Acton, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone 101.

The Early Settler's Humble Home

Here's to the road to independence!

Who would howl and dance attend-

ance?

Who with a spark of pride,

While the hush is wild and wild,

Would be but a hanger-on,

Meeting favours from above,

While beneath you smiling sun,

Yours, you may not know!

Get up! be stirring, be alive,

Get upon a farm and thrive!

He's a king upon a throne,

Who has acres of his own!

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,

What of that, if love is there,

What although your back is bent,

There are none to frown or frown,

Who would howl and dance attend-

ance?

Who with a spark of pride,

While the hush is wild and wild,

Would be but a hanger-on,

Meeting favours from above,

While beneath you smiling sun,

Yours, you may not know!

Get up! be stirring, be alive,

Get upon a farm and thrive!

He's a king upon a throne,

Who has acres of his own!

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,

What of that, if love is there,

What although your back is bent,

There are none to frown or frown,

Who would howl and dance attend-

ance?

Who with a spark of pride,

While the hush is wild and wild,

Would be but a hanger-on,

Meeting favours from above,

While beneath you smiling sun,

Yours, you may not know!

Get up! be stirring, be alive,

Get upon a farm and thrive!

He's a king upon a throne,

Who has acres of his own!

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,

What of that, if love is there,

What although your back is bent,

There are none to frown or frown,

Who would howl and dance attend-

ance?

Who with a spark of pride,

While the hush is wild and wild,

Would be but a hanger-on,

Meeting favours from above,

While beneath you smiling sun,

Yours, you may not know!

Get up! be stirring, be alive,

Get upon a farm and thrive!

He's a king upon a throne,

MYSTERIES REVEALED TO A REPORT

It was a mystery, and the light stream-

ing from the window of the lodge-room

was provided with a kind of Venetian

blind, but the brethren had neglected

to close the blinds, and the interior

of the room was plainly visible to the

observer across the street. An Initia-

tion was in progress.

He quickly turned out the light,

and it should attract the attention of

some suspicious member of the lodge,

and watch the proceedings.

He saw a candidate, blindfolded,

with coat and vest off, and in his

stocking feet, marching the room, be-

tween two solemn conferees, each

holding him by a firm grip on the

arm.

Two men walked a short distance

about him, dragging a strip of

carpet over the floor. They stopped

and then, after a moment's hesita-

tion, they stepped out of the room, and

instantly jerked it out from under his

feet, nearly throwing him on his

back, and the conferees promptly jerked

him up again, and the procession contin-

ued to move, the exercises being varied

by occasionally hanging the blind-

folded man with what appeared to be

bladders filled with air about the head.

This portion of the ceremony over,

the victim was led up to a stool, a

three-foot high in the centre of the

room, seated to mount it, and at a

signal, we rushed over into a blank-

etted hall at the corners by six or

eight stout men, who instantly tossed

him up in the air, and he continued

the performance till they were tired.

At each uplift the candidate appear-

ed to hit the ceiling, and his gyrations

and desperate efforts to secure him-

self, convulsed the unsuspecting

audience with laughter, as it probably did

the brethren in the lodge-room.

At the conclusion of the blank-

etted, the unfortunate victim was

allowed to descend, and he was

conducted to a table, where he was

seated, and was attended to by the

chair of the presiding officer, who,

presumably, he was instructed to

do in the "secret work" of the order, and

the ceremony took its interest for the

outside observer.

These details, with appropriate illu-

strations, were published in the Sun-

day paper a few days later—and the

bladder in that lodge-room were never

INTRODUCING A LECTURER

One of those English customs which

would be honored in the breach than

in the observance is that of presenting

a lecturer to the audience by a chair-

man. This unnecessary proceeding of

Chairmen, having read up on their subject

and to say a few words of introduc-

tion, and sometimes anticipate some of

the lecturer's best points.

It was an English village a homely

meeting and a gathering of both in-

tellectuals and "low-down" people, and

the lecturer, who was equal to the

occasion, spoke about twenty min-

utes, and then, looking at his watch,

said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must now

leave that I may catch my train, but I

will not say your benediction before I do

part to suggest for your consideration

an assurance which took place on

board a small American vessel.

"The captain, the mate, and a pas-

senger dined together. A' r-r-r-r-r-

padding was placed on the table, and

the captain said to the passenger:

"Stranger, do you like omelet?"

"No."

"Omelet, don't you? My mate and I

eat it every day, and it's the best I

do. I'll make you a batch of it."

"I don't like it," said the passenger.

"I'll make you a batch of it," said

the captain, and he turned to the

mate and said: "Mate, do you like

omelet?"

"No, sir," said the mate.

"Omelet, don't you? My mate and I

eat it every day, and it's the best I

do. I'll make you a batch of it."

"I don't like it," said the mate.

"I'll make you a batch of it," said

the captain, and he turned to the

passenger and said: "Stranger, do

you like omelet?"

"No, sir," said the passenger.

"Omelet, don't you? My mate and I

eat it every day, and it's the best I

do. I'll make you a batch of it."

"I don't like it," said the passenger.

"I'll make you a batch of it," said

the captain, and he turned to the

mate and said: "Mate, do you like

omelet?"

"No, sir," said the mate.

"Omelet, don't you? My mate and I

eat it every day, and it's the best I

do. I'll make you a batch of it."

"I don't like it," said the passenger.

"I'll make you a batch of it," said

RICHES OF CONTENTMENT

The English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The

English known when he is rich,

and so he is happy in his wealth

than a millionaire—a King Edward

and a poor man's little bit. The