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FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 27, 1875.

UNREASONABLY HARSH.

There is a vast difference in the degree of penalty imposed upon petty offenders in Canada and that in the English rural districts. Boys who rob orchards or commit similar depredations are very rarely punished here as severely as they deserve. Indeed the law of the Dominion limits the extreme penalty for such offences to a month's imprisonment in the common jail or a small fine—and even this lenient punishment is but seldom inflicted. A recent case of extreme hushness in England, passing under the guise of justice, has been much commented upon, as something peculiarly revolting. A little girl of thirteen plucked her geranium-bud in an alms-house garden, and for this petty offence she was dragged before a rural magistrate, who was also a clergyman, and sentenced to imprisonment for a fortnight in jail, and for four years in a penal institution. Severe sentences such as this are by no means rarely pronounced from the benches occupied by the "unpaid magistracy" of England. Justice, in the hands of the gentlemen who are called upon to administer punishment to petty offenders in the English rural districts, is especially stern with those who in any way invade the sacred rights of "property." Theft or trespass, in their eyes, is too apt to be regarded as worse than wife-beating or slander, than perjury or murderous assault. Such sentences as that accorded to poor little Sarah Chandler are far from being uncommon. The very same clergyman who sought, in his capacity as a magistrate, to brand her for life as a "flower-bird," because she plucked a flower, sentenced, not long ago, a small boy scarcely out of his pinafores to prison for a month, because he scraped the leavings of a discarded tobacco-cask, and sold his scraps for a half-penny; and condemned a young servant girl to six weeks in jail for putting some photographs, which she found in a waste-paper basket in the house where she served, into her pocket to show to some friends. Not long ago sixteen fishermen and women, living on the Northumbrian coast, were cast into jail for a month for picking up mussels on the shore, with which to bait their hooks. It was an unadvised assault upon the property rights of the squire whose estates ran down to the water's edge; and the clergyman and squires who administered the law without pay in that region could not let the flagrant defiance of the rights of property pass. In Essex three very respectable and not disorderly lads, aged about sixteen, sallied out for an afternoon walk. In crossing the fields they came to a brook; a grassy knoll on its banks tempted them, and they threw themselves upon it and began to read some books they had brought with them. Suddenly up rode the owner of the field on horseback, and roughly demanded their names. Soon after they had returned home they were taken in charge by a policeman, brought before the magistrates, accused of trespass, and heavily fined. A little girl of thirteen was recently condemned at Dorchester to twenty-one days' imprisonment at "hard labor," and five years in a reformatory, for stealing an earthen milk jug. It turned out that the jug which was cracked, had been given to the girl without authority by a servant. The supposed thief, too, was ascertained to have the best character for honesty.

These are but few illustrations of cases of judicial cruelty that are constantly being reported in England. All of them indicate that with the English country magistracy "property" is still a kind of fetish, which it is as horrible to desecrate as it is, in the eyes of a Parsee, to enter a fire-temple with shoes on.

How easy it is to work when we are happy! How delightful, when we are happy, to work for those we love! A life of constant toil, merely for subsistence, is very hard and sad. No heart can bear it. The strain will break the courage and stir the temper of anybody. There must be before the worker some better reward than the supply of his mere physical wants, or he will become a discontented being. He must work for love more than money. The thought of loving hearts at home inspires the strong arm of the man at his till. The wife, in her household labor, is happy, thinking of the evening hour, when she may sit down with her husband, and be rewarded by his companionship for all that, during the day, she accomplishes or endures for him and her little ones.

Mr. McKellar's Retirement.

The writer of "Current Events" in the August number of the Canadian Monthly, thus alludes to the retirement of Mr. McKellar from the Ontario Cabinet and from Parliament: "The Opposition has lost its most telling card by the retirement of the Provincial Secretary. Mr. McKellar has, like every new hand, been chargeable with administrative blunders; but what has made him vulnerable to attack may be attributed to qualities we are accustomed to rank amongst the virtues. His chief fault, as a public man, has undoubtedly been too great openness of character, and too constant a flow of animal spirits. The man who wears his heart upon his sleeve for days to peck at is sure, in public life, to find many peckers before long. In private life, openness and cheerfulness of manner are invariably acceptable; but in political life, as politics go nowadays, reticence and moroseness are the rule, frankness and cordiality the unfortunate exceptions. Official reserve, as it is called, passes in parliamentary circles for official wisdom, and no man can hope to pass unscathed the ordeal of adverse criticism who has not learned the language of concealment, rather than express our thoughts. Mr. McKellar has, perhaps, erred on the other side, and this, with the provoking joviality of his temper, has brought it about that, since he took office, he has been the best abused man in public life. Admitting that his judgment has not always been sound as a Minister, we are not aware that he has ever been chargeable with avarice or self-seeking. Eighteen years of parliamentary life have brought him to the verge of sixty. During all that time, if it be a merit to serve one's party faithfully, the 'ex-Secretary' has never swerved from his allegiance, and thus has well earned such recognition of his services as his party has the power to bestow. Younger men have taken care of their remaining years while yet in the prime of life. Mr. McKellar has kept the harness on his back till he has arrived at an age when the most bitter opponents will not grudge the repose he has earned. For the most part, in the cold and unpropitious states of Opposition.

The Wimbledon Team.

CANADIAN PRIZE WINNERS. The following is a correct list of the Canadian gentlemen in the various matches at Wimbledon: Alex. G. Gibson, £5; Cruik, £3; Arnold, £3; Hunter, £3. Alfred Hill, £5; Fitch, £2; Waters, £2. St. George's—Hunter, £5. Daily Telegraph—Fitch, £3; Cruik, £3; Loggie, £2. Albert—200 yards, Bell, £5; 500 yards, Cruik, £2. Bass—Cruik, £2; Power, £2. Queen's—Hunter, £12; Mills, £2; Nelson, 3; Wright, 3; Cruik, 3; Little, 3; Ward, 3. Curis and Harvey—Power, £2. Prince of Wales—Gibson, £5; Cruik, 5. Figue and Wilkes and Lawrence—Power, £3. Pavilion—Fitch, £2. Graphic—Cooper, £5. Rajah of Kolapore Cup and £80 The Team. Total winnings—£191.

PREFENSE OF FRUIT.—The law concerning the larceny of fruit is of some importance at this season of the year, both to farmers and to those who may think they can be but little harmed in taking of that which grows abundantly. The following are the provisions of the Dominion Statutes (33 Vic., Cap. 26): "Whoever steals or destroys or damages with intent to steal, any plant root or fruit, or vegetable production grown in any garden, orchard, pleasure grounds, hot-house or conservatory, shall on conviction thereof before a justice of the peace, at the discretion of the justice, either be committed to the common jail or house of correction, there to be imprisoned and kept at hard labor for any term not exceeding one month, or else shall forfeit and pay over and above the article or articles stolen, or the amount of the injury done, such sum of money, not exceeding twenty dollars, as to the justice may seem most; and whose ever, having been convicted of any such offense, in the section before mentioned, is guilty of felony, and shall be liable to be punished in the same manner as in the case of simple larceny."

THE NEWSPAPER.—A man of judgment and discernment speaks in the following fashion: The newspaper is just as necessary to life as man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefoot boy before an ignorant man. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child that is eager for newspapers. He will make the man of mark in after life if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal, it is a rule that never fails. Give the children newspapers. If a young man sits up too late with his sweetheart at Milton the old folks come into the parlor, and with a refinement of sarcasm, invite him to wait a few minutes and breakfast will be ready.

Title-Tattle.

The disposition to pry into the privacy of domestic life is, unfortunately, very common, and is always dishonourable. The appetite for such knowledge is to be regarded as morbid, and the indulgence of it disgraceful. A family having a sacred right to privacy. In guarding the delicate relations of the household, secrecy becomes a virtue. Even if they choose the private address of a household are laid open to a stranger, honour would require him to turn from them as if, if a knowledge of them were forced upon him, they should be locked in a sacred silence. A double obligation of silence and secrecy rests upon one who is a guest in a family. The turpitude of a betrayal of family history by a visitor is far greater than that of a thief. It is a thing so scandalous, that it should degrade a person, and put him out of society. To betray the secrets of the household is not only an odious immorality, but it is a sin and a shame to be on good terms with those who are known to commit such outrages. They put themselves out of the pale of decent society; they should be treated as moral outcasts.

These hungry-eyed wretches who sit in the unsuspecting circle of parents and children, treasuring their words, spying their weaknesses, misinterpreting the innocent liberties of the household, and then run from house to house with their shameless news, are worse than possessors of wills, or lunatics of houses. They poison the faith of man in man. Make no terms with such people. Talk-bearers have no rights. They are common enemies of good men. Hunt, hury, and hound them out of society. They are the worst of pests save one, and that is the fire-lister to the tale-bearer. There could be no tattling if there were no one to hear. It takes an ear and a tongue to make a scandal. Greedy listening is as dishonourable as nimble tattling. The ear is the open market, where the tongue sells its ill-gotten wares. Some there are that will not report again what they hear, but they are willing to listen to it. They will not tattle in confided goods, but they will buy enough of the smuggler for family use. These respectable listeners are the patrons of tattlers. It is the ready market that keeps tale-bearing brisk. It is a shame to listen to ill of your neighbor. Christian benevolence demands that you do not love ill news. A clean heart and a true honour rejoice in kindly things. It should be a pain and sorrow to know of anything that degrades your neighbour or injures your eyes, even if he is your friend.

The scriptures say, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among the people." A tale-bearer reveals the secrets; but that is of a faithful (honourable) spirit, conceal the matter. "The words of the tale-bearer were as wounds that go down into the innermost part of the belly." The Hebrews thought that the afflictions had their seat in the bowels; and by this, perhaps, is gotten in so the innermost part of the belly, they signify how sharp and exasperating to the deepest feelings of our nature are the cruel offences of a common tattler. "Where no wood is, the fire goeth out; so, where there is no tale-bearing, the strife ceaseth." As if he had said that so much of the strife of society arises from tattling; that if that were cured, there would hardly be any cause of quarrel left. Commend us to that religion which makes a man humane with his tongue, and honourable with his ear.

MAKING CUPPERS PICKLES.—To three parts of water, add one part of vinegar; add six table-spoonfuls of grinded horseradish; two table-spoonfuls of grain pepper; the same quantity of whole cloves and allspice; four table-spoonfuls of white mustard seed, and two onions chopped fine (or use tiny onions as pickle). Boil all together five minutes, then cool for use. When the cucumber is washed, sprinkle with fine salt and cover boiling water. When cold put in the prepared vinegar. If the cucumbers are more than three inches long, cut in crosswise slices an inch thick.

Laziness begins in old age, and ends in the grave. Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it. It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition. Many a child goes astray not because there is want of prayer or virtuous home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. In the long run, a tried and proved advantage of true honor and honesty is the best capital, and gives the largest interest. "I say, Pat, what are you about? Sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat; "I'm sweeping out the dirt, and leavin' the room."

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WHY NOT FORGIVE HIM?

Why not forgive your brother, if he comes to you in sorrow? Why not your anger another? For the dawn of to-morrow? You say he has wronged you? Your nearest friends among? But a cruel word beguiled you? Have you never committed wrong? Why not forgive him? He is penitent and humble. He is weak and in your power. Who is not apt to stumble? When passing, raise the bar? He wronged you in his blindness. Now act the Christian part, and pour the balm of kindness on his sad, repentant heart. Why not forgive him? Can you look for sweet contentment, or can you love your beam bill? While you cherish fierce resentment? For the one who treats you ill? No! In place of proud position, of place, or power, or pelf, unless it is your condition, fill your thinking with yourself. Why not forgive him? With his grief his heart is given. And can you with resentment? That your sins may be forgiven? When from him you take away? Would not your present condition? Nor back forgiveness keep? Think of heaven's admission. "As ye sow so shall ye reap." Why not forgive him?

A NIGHT IN AN IRISH BOG.

Some years ago, I was appointed supervisor of a district in Ireland in which, for some time past, illicit distillation had been very rife, with special instructions to exact myself zealously for its repression. I took up my residence, accordingly, at a small decaying town not very far from the borders of Tipperary, and put myself into communication with the various officers of constabulary stationed in my district, and arranged a vigorous system of detection. The results of this is not my intention to chronicle. The events of a single night, which made a strong impression on me, I wish to give an account of. I received a message from the sub-tenant of constabulary to the effect that the men had discovered an active centre of the illicit manufacture of spirits; that he had set a watch upon the place, and proposed, with my concurrence, to make a search of the premises that night, and a seizure of any unlawful implements, when he had reason to know that the concert would be in full operation. (The nearest station of the scene of action was Portlaoine, where a train would meet the train at six p. m., to carry me to the scene of action. At six o'clock, therefore, on a dark November night, I found myself at the dimly lighted station of Portlaoine. Two or three peasants, and half-a-dozen squires and squires, in red coats and top boots, returning from a day's hunting, alighted with me. Some of these latter had been my companions in the railway carriage, and during the journey, had been loudly lamenting that, owing to pecuniary difficulties, the master of the county hounds could not hunt his pack this season, and that they were thus obliged to go far a-field for their sport. Outside the station, several dog-carts, and phaetons were waiting for the hunting-men; lamps flashing and dogs baying, and the sound of jingling their harness resounding among the rest, a shabby country junting-car, with a rough and unkempt, but active-looking horse in the shafts. "Are you waiting for me? Did Lieutenant Kelly send you? I asked of the driver. "Right your honor; indeed, he did," cried the man, briskly drawing up his ear to the door. "Jump up, quick; I'll have you to the barracks like the wind. We went bravely along the dark with roads for some distance, and presently came in sight of the barracks, where a detachment of constabulary, in their dark, soldier-like uniforms, was drawn up, prepared for a start. The officer in charge came up, and in low whispered words informed me the plan of action. I noticed that the driver of the car—whose name I had ascertained was Murphy—seemed to listen eagerly, although he seemed an air of careless fatigue, huddled up in his seat, with some old sackling wrapped round him, and his cap-bow pulled over his face. "You'll follow the constabulary, and keep them in sight all the way," I said, addressing Murphy. "All right your honor," he replied in a low, husky voice. The police dashed off at a swinging trot, and we followed at the same pace. The night was dark, as I have said, but the moon would rise in an hour or so. The road was good, and well defined by stone walls, and as long as we kept within sight or hearing of our guides, there was no danger of going astray. But the country seemed silent and deserted; there was no twinkling lights from cottage or cabin; no snug hamlets or roadside inns; all signs of habitation were wanting; it might, as far as appearances went, have been passing through some uninhabited tract. The constabulary pushed on vigorously, and although Murphy seemed to make free use of the whip, we soon fell behind the cavalcade. At least a turn in the road put them out of sight altogether. As we ascended a slight hill, the horse fell into a wall, and neither thrusts nor blows, the latter being, I fancied, more upon the shafts than the horse, could move him to increased speed.