

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume I, No. 49

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance

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ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF BINDING
Neatly Executed, 1111 Street, Acton.

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1111 Street, Acton.

Orders left at the FREE PRESS
Office will receive prompt attention.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home.
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\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted.
1111 Street, Acton.

SEND 25 CENTS TO G. P. ROWELL & CO.,
1111 Street, Acton.

Job Printing of all kinds
neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

DOMINION

HARNESS SHOP.

The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the

Old Post Office Building,
MILL STREET, ACTON.

where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well selected stock of

Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.

Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. F. DEMPSEY,
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

ACTON BAKERY.

Murrah. Murrah.

CHEAP BREAD.
Opposition is the life of trade. Buy Galloway's superior Bread.

D. GALLOWAY,
Baker, 1111 Street, Acton.

Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Baking Establishment to the premises next door to Morrow's drug store, where he has built a first-class hearth, and fitted the premises in a first-class manner, and is turning out

BETTER BREAD THAN EVER.

Cakes, Biscuits, Pastries, Candies.

Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.

Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Weight for weight given in Bread in exchange for flour.

Grain Bread a specialty.

Bread, Buns and Cakes delivered every day, fresh, around the village.

WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
made to order and on hand, in the latest styles and at reasonable prices.

N.B.—All goods are warranted pure, as being made from the best materials used.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Call and see for yourself.

D. GALLOWAY BROS.,
Acton, March 8, 1876.

ACTON PLANING MILLS.

Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.

THOMAS EBBAGE,
Manufacturer of

Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds, Mouldings,

And other Building Requisites

Also Makers of IMPROVED STATION PUMPS

Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.

All work guaranteed.

PURE MILK.
The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure, fresh, milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for \$1, if paid in advance, and twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents.

F. S. ARMSTRONG,
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds
neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

CHEAP BREAD

FOR THE MILLION

B. & E. NICKLIN
Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a

First-Class Baker,

and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hauns.

Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.

Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,

made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, Cheese, &c.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

B. & E. NICKLIN,
Acton, Feb. 20, 1876.

GUELPH ARMOY.

John Kirkham,
Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.,
Wishes to inform the public that he has removed to

Hatch's Block,
Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop.

AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH LOADING ARMS.
Ely & Kynoch's Cartridge Cases and Caps for reloading some, Remington's, Winchester, Chip Ejectors, Curriers, and Remington's Loading Tools, and all articles necessary for a sportsman's outfit. All sorts of Repairing and Jobbing executed on the shortest notice at

Guelph, April 27, 1876.

HEIGH HO, STOP!

What's the Matter?

Why any person who wants a good and cheap

SET OF HARNESS
Should call on

ROBT. CREECH,
MILL STREET, ACTON.

Who is always ready to supply customers with everything usually kept in a first-class Harness Shop.

Harness made to order on the shortest possible notice.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Nov. 18, 1875. R. CREECH, Acton.

MEAT SHOP.

The undersigned has commenced the

Butchering Business

IN ACTON,
Opposite Allan's Livery Stable,

and will keep constantly on hand

Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Fowls and Vegetables,
at all seasons of the year.

The support of the public is most respectfully solicited.

CHEAP FOR CASH.
the best plan—so say you all.

EDWARD MATTHEWS
Acton, March 15, 1876 38-3m

LOVE AND A KITE.

"Is it postioned?"
"No, mother; it's to-day. Now do hurry up that pasta."

Then away he flew to the barn, taking the universal tool, the jack-knife, he began to whittle at the two long, slender sticks as only a Yankee can. A bit of wire and some string secured the sticks together, and a kite began to be evolved. Then back to the kitchen, where, armed with two newspapers and the maternal pot of paste, he knelt on a floor to finish the machine. How long it did take for the thing to dry! He made the old stove roar, nearly burned the kite to a cinder, in his haste to dry the thing. Twice he looked out of the window to see if she lingered still. Then the sun came out and it began to clear away. He hoped the wind would hold fair, just a little longer.

"A ball of twine, mother, if you please."

"Poor boy," she murmured, as she departed, "the disappointment is mine. Law sakes! His father never went round making kites and things just for a child like her. He knewed too much."

The moment she saw that kite she sprang down from her rail-fence throne with a cry of delight.

"It is coming to me! He is coming; he is coming to me!"

How she couldn't imagine. Of course he would not fly over on the kite. Still, he would come, and the kite was in some fashion, to be the kite. He waved his hand to her, and then, having written something on the back of the kite, he proceeded to fly the same. No children ever watched their flying toys with greater interest. Higher and higher it rose on the air. Now he began to "pay out" the line. It hung high over her head, and she clapped her hands and laughed with almost child-like pleasure.

Suddenly it ducked its head, and, turning tail, began to fall in unseemly flutterings. It was coming down! She ran eagerly to catch it, and in a moment she had it fast. A great loop over the river.

"Was there ever such a boy? Ah! what's this writing! 'Fasten the string to the bank. Call your brother, and bring a cross-bar and some strong rope.'"

She secured the precious string to a big stone, and, waving her hat to him, she turned away toward her home. He, on his side, made the line to a tree, and then went hastily over toward his father's barn. Finding his father there, he asked him to put the horse in the light wagon.

"What for?"

"I'm thinkin' of going over the river."

"Do you crazy? How can—"

"Hold on father. Don't call me insane just yet. Get the horse, please for I'm in haste. Besides, you ought to be getting ready."

"Now look here! How's me and mother to cross the river with both bridges down?"

"Well, maybe there'll be a new bridge 'fore night."

"A moment after, the young man brought a light wicker chair from the house, and, placing it in the wagon, he drove hastily away."

"Sell yer 'dat 'ere coil of wire rope!"

"Waal, there's nigh on to four hundred feet in it. It's worth more'n twenty-five dollars."

"All right! Here's your money. Lift it right into the wagon. And four hints of quarter-inch rope. How much will that be?"

"Two dollars, I guess. Say, what be you going to do with that stuff? As you say, heard the news! The express trains is in, and all the passengers is a-waitin' on the banks and the hotel is jam-full. Awful times these! Mails all stopped, too. Postmaster and the telegraph man's nearly took crazy."

"He waited to hear no more, and turned his horse through the main street, and started for home. As he passed the Postoffice he saw the master at the door, and evidently in a high state of excitement. He pulled up and asked what was the matter."

"Some fellow's fished a kite over the river, and's going to sling letters and—"

"Leashing his horse to fury, he dashed through the village and down the lane leading to his father's barn."

"We all his hopes to be thus ruined! A kite in May, was not a young man stoop as if to cut the line. In despair he cried out:

"Here, stranger! Let that line alone!"

The man turned to see who spoke, but kept hold of the string,

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

"That is my line," and I'll thank you to leave it alone. "I shall not hit it. I was only looking to see if I couldn't use it to pull a wire over the river. I'm the telegraph operator, and all my wires went down with the bridge."

"Well, you'll just hold on a bit. Let me attend to my affairs, and then you may say over all the wires you like. Say, boys, anybody want to earn a quart?"

"A dozen boys volunteered at once."

"All right. Sam Jackson, you may do it. Help me unload, and then you drive the horse home. And you, Ike Shivers, you run down to the store and buy a pair of barn-door hangers—the same kind that your father has on his big red barn-door."

"Sam and Ike were eager to lend a hand, and even the other boys wanted to help. It was evident something remarkable was to be done, and they were all anxious to assist in the work, whatever it might be."

There came a shout over the roaring river, and all turned to see what it meant. There stood Hero and her brother, surrounded by a number of people from their side of the village, and all evidently in a high state of excitement.

"Boys, give me a board. They quickly found the one the former message had been written upon, and wrote in large letters:

"Stand by the line to haul!"

Two boys held the board up, and the party on the other bank waved their hats to signify that they were ready. It took but a moment to fasten the kite-string to one of the pieces of rope, and the board was displaced again:

"Haul."

Slowly and carefully they pulled on the line, and in a few moments the rope swung in a gigantic loop from bank to bank. The next move required some engineering skill. Some advised one thing, some another, and in a multitude of counsels the business seemed in a fair way to stop.

"Now, look here! Whose farm is this? Yes, my dad's. All right. The next fellow that bothers me, talking must leave the place. Say, Mr. Telegrapher, what's the best way to unroll this cable without getting it into a kink?"

The operator suggested a stick put through the middle of the coil and held by a boy or man on each side. Then unroll it while they hold it up."

Presently all was ready, and the board was displayed one more:

"Haul steady."

A brief note was written on an envelope and tied to a rope, and then the great enterprise began. The rope tightened and began to strain. Half a dozen men held hold of the end and began to walk away from the river, while Hero's brother supported it at the edge of the bluff. Hero herself stood near, gazing anxiously at these strange doings. She could not understand how her Leander was to cross, but she felt sure he would after some fashion.

"Let her drop easy. Easy, now, don't hold it back."

Slowly the wire rope unrolled and crept over the river. It hung down in a long, black loop, and nearly touched the river below.

"Steady, there! I'll take it. Ready now. Go!"

Now the end could be seen climbing the opposite bank. Then there came a cheer. The river was bridged.

The boy with the barn-door hangers returned, bringing with him a large crowd of people, including a number of the detained railroad passengers and the Postmaster. The excitement was tremendous. A wire rope swinging in mid-air over the river evidently meant something, and there was the utmost eagerness displayed in the work.

Leander became the hero of the hour. This was not singular. Did not his Hero wait for him just behind the people. Some one found her, and they all turned to see what had happened, and left the luckless voyager to swing slowly backward and forward on the wind, and utterly out of reach.

The situation was desperate. Why had he not drawn the cable tighter? If it had been secured properly, this dreadful accident would never have occurred. The people on the bank ran, but in vain, and their efforts in helpless confusion. Those nearest to him were busy with the poor child, whose nerves had been shattered by the accident, and the young man was neglected.

Presently they took the young woman home, and then they tried to see what could be done to rescue him. After some little delay a effort was proceeded and an effort made to throw it to him. He failed to catch it, though it touched his chair twice. Still they kept n

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

and at last he secured it. A dozen stout fellows began to pull on it, and his car slowly and gently rolled ashore, amidst the cheers and shouts of the assembled populace. Twenty hands were reached out to pull him in, and he landed in the midst of a frantic company of men and boys. Would the bridge be open for travel? The conductor of the express train wanted his passengers taken over. The express man had a trunk of valuables that must cross somehow.

"A big man in a travelling suit pressed through the crowd and seized his hand just as he stepped out of the car."

"Did you build that bridge?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very bright idea! I once saw one just like it in Japan."

"Thereupon the young man began to unfasten the chair as if to take it away."

"Hold on a bit! What will you take for the bridge?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, I am busy now."

"He turned to go away, but the stranger detained him."

"Don't you want to make a fortune?"

"Yes, but I can't stop. Busy to-day. Besides, they are waiting for me."

"The man was importunate and even the people gathered about murmured as if in remonstrance."

"Look you, young man. That bridge of yours is worth a thousand dollars to the man who knows how to work it."

"That's so, that's so," said the people.

"Other bridges cannot be rebuilt in a month, and all the railroad travel, the mails and light freight will have to cross on your cable."

"Yes," replied the young man, impatiently, "but I've not time to attend to it—at least not to-day."

Here the crowd suddenly parted, and on the arm of her mad father appeared the blushing Hero. They shook hands heartily, and if it had not been for the presence of the assembled company it is believed they would have kissed each other.

"Oh, I told them you would come. I was sure of it, but I did not think you'd fly."

"Of course, I said I should be on time, and here I am. It's almost time, I suppose?"

"Yes, very nearly."

"The stranger became still more importunate."

"Look here, young man, I mean business. If you're in such a particular hurry give me your terms and I'll buy you out."

"Well, stranger, you wait an hour and I'll talk with you."

"No; the whole business of the road is blocked, and we must have another wire up and more cars at once. Come! I'm the Vice-President of the railroad, and you can trust me."

"What does he want?" whispered Hero.

"He wants to buy the bridge."

"Does he?" Well, make him give a good price. It may help to furnish that spare room; besides, I want a little larger stove."

"The young man thought a moment, and then he said, slowly, as if offering a great favor, and gave the price."

"I don't know much about such matters, Mr. President, but I'll sell a half interest in my bridge and the right to land cables on our farm for five hundred dollars, and I'll agree to run the bridge myself."

"Oh, you don't know much about such matters! You are keen for one so young. However, I'll take you up."

"All right, sir. We must have four cables and a dozen cars at once. I was thinking of it when I got stuck. I guess it will be a good speculation."

"Here's my hand on it. Can you begin to-day?"

"Yes, by and by—this afternoon. Just now I'm busy. I must go."

"What, in the name of Heaven, is your haste? Business is pressing on the line already."

"Yes, I know it; but—the fact is—this is my wedding-day."

Old bells can be made as good as new ones. Old bells can be made as good as new ones.

A typographical error—An ignorant man attempting to learn the printing business.

It is a remarkable fact that every day in the week is observed by some nation for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

that had been driven into the ground.

"All ready there! Pull now!"

Slowly the great loop spread out till the cable seemed to be almost straight from shore to shore. One bank was a little higher than the other, and the line made a slight descent in crossing. This had been expected, and the bridge-builder relied upon this fall as a motive power in easing the stream.

"Now fasten her safe, boys, and the thing's done." With the aid of some of the loose rope they fastened the cable to a huge boulder behind the trees, and then they gave three cheers for the finished work.

"My sakes!" cried a small boy, "won't his hands burn by the time he slides over?"

Some of the other boys laughed, and the whole company gathered round to see what would be done next. Placing the barn-door hangers one before the other on the wire rope, just at the edge of the bluff, where it happened to be in reach, the young builder proceeded to tie the wicker chair to them in such a way that its weight kept the wheels of the hangers securely balanced on-top of the wire cable.

Suddenly the whole thing dawned upon the assembled multitude. Shouts of surprise and delight at the skill and ingenuity of the enterpriser, and eager questions as to when the bridge would be opened, came from every lip. A gentleman pressed forward and said:

"Do you intend to operate this bridge, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going over as soon as the chair is secure."

"I'll give you ten dollars to let me go first."

"Can't do it, sir. I'm going myself."

"Yes, but you could come after me."

"Guess not. How could I get the car back?"

"I'll make it thirty dollars—fifty."

"No, sir. I'm going first."

"Can't you send the car back to me?"

"No. Don't you see it's up-hill. The car will go down easy, but there's no getting her back. Besides, I can't stop. Got an engagement, you know, on the other side."

"How will you get back yourself?"

"Oh, I don't care to! I'm going over to stay."

Just here the Postmaster drew the stranger aside and whispered in his ear. The man laughed, and asked no more questions.