

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO., ACTON,

Are daily receiving fresh lines of NEW GOODS at prices to suit the times. To give visitors to next Monthly Fair the privilege of obtaining Great Bargains, they have concluded to continue their

Grand Clearing Sale during the First Week of August,

A still farther reduction will be given to clear out several lines. If you want goods at bottom prices call early.

REMEMBER THEIR FAMOUS 50C. TEA.

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

THE POOR MAN AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.

A MORNING DREAM.

A poor old man died one bitter cold day. And directly to Paradise wended his way. Saint Peter he met—'tis a dream I repeat— With his great shining keys keeping ward at the gate. Now, while standing here, with the Apostle conversing, The events of his journey to heaven recollecting, He sees a rich townsman—the gate is ajar. Slip quietly by them and in through the bar. "How is this?"—turning back to Saint Peter, his guide; In accents of wonder the poor man cried: "When my neighbor went in, sweetest music I heard; Why is not the same honor on me now conferred? "Dye keep up the distinction here, please let me know. 'Tis the rich and the poor that we had down below. "Not at all," said Saint Peter, "ph, no, not at all; Just as brothers we live in this banquetting hall. "But poor folks like you, I am happy to say, By hundreds pass through the gate every day; About once in the year come a rich man along. Then all Paradise rings with a general song."

THROUGH EVIL AND GOOD REPORT.

(Continued.)

For the few days following I went about in a state of suspension, which I believe saved me from going mad. Archie a murderer. The idea was too preposterous to be entertained for an instant; and I nearly lost my reason from thinking that I was to be one of the principals in strengthening the absurd suspicion; for on the only occasion upon which my father had spoken to the rational, upon the subject he had said, gruffly— "You cannot avoid giving your evidence. Probably you will be instrumental in hanging him." From that moment one thought alone took possession of my mind—namely, how to avoid giving my evidence. I knew nothing about law; its very name rather inspired me with terror, and I had no one to look to for advice. Silently, as I sat one day with a sore heart and a throbbing brain, I thought me of Charlie Benson. An hour and a half later I was knocking at his office door in dusty old-East Court. I briefly stated that I had come to know if he, being a lawyer, could tell me of any method by which I could avoid being obliged to attend as a witness at Archie Campbell's trial for the murder of George Sanderson. Long and earnestly we talked the matter over, and Charlie said, sorrowfully— "Poor little woman! I cannot tell you how I feel for you. There is no way in which you could legally avoid giving your evidence unless you were his wife?" "What?" I exclaimed. "Should I be absolved from it if I were his wife?" "Certainly." "Then, Charlie, I'll go and ask him to marry me. I have told you he asked me to share his happiness; I should never have been a true wife if I were not willing to share his sorrows?" "Come, come, Maggie, you are excited," said Charlie, gravely. "I should never have told you of this if I had thought you would have taken so absurd a notion into your head. You certainly are the most important witness; but in any case it is the general opinion that it will go hard with poor Archie, and the tears came into the poor fellow's eyes. "Charlie, you need not try to dissuade me; it will be useless. Will you try to procure me an interview with Archie?" "Maggie, Maggie, you must think no more about this. I do not think it would be possible to accomplish what you wish."

"It must be possible," I exclaimed. "I shall not rest till I see him! Do, Charlie, for the sake of our old acquaintance try to help me." "I knew the two young men loved each other dearly. Suffice it to say that I triumphed over Charlie's scruples so far that two days afterwards I drove to the prison in company with him and a mutual friend, Doctor Wallace, whose sympathies we had also enlisted. "I was dressed plainly in black—ominous attire for a wedding—and was so closely veiled as to defy recognition. We were at once admitted, and, leaning on the arm of

Charlie Benson, I entered the white-washed cell, occupied by Archie Campbell. There he sat, with his back to the wall, his bowed head resting upon his clasped hands; but he did not move as the door was opened. I trembled violently from head to foot, and had to throw back my thick black veil in order to breathe more easily. Dr. Wallace and Charlie, stayed near the door, whilst I advanced, and laying my hand upon the downcast head, said, softly— "Archie! It was the first time I had called him by his Christian name. He looked up at me with a bewildered expression, like that of a person suddenly awakened from sleep, but he made no gesture either of welcome or recognition. I felt a little alarmed at the impetuosity of his manner, and, gently smoothing the tangled curls from his damp brow, I asked— "Archie, are you glad to see me?" A great sob broke from him, and, taking both my hands in his, he kissed them, whilst his tears rained upon them thick and fast. I restrained my emotion, as only a woman strong in her love can, and kneeling down beside him with my arms around his neck, I told him why I had come. I could not see his face, but his voice was very old and constrained when he said— "Maggie Estcourt, I wish I had never asked you to become my wife; I have since then repented it. I lovingly drew my arm away. We spoke in whispers, so that our two friends and the prison warden should not hear, and I am sure my voice was very faint when I asked tremulously— "Then you were not in earnest when you asked me to become your wife?" He bowed his head upon his hands again, I repeated my question, but received no reply. I touched him, but he shrank from me, as I touched, hoarsely. So, humbled, wounded, and humbled, I rose from my knees and left the place. With instinctive good feeling, Dr. Wallace and Charlie did not question me upon the subject, and I returned home with a heavier heart than I had felt since the day of the murder.

About a week afterwards as I was preparing my father's breakfast one morning, Charlie Benson and Dr. Wallace called. They looked excited. Charlie pushed over, seized my hands, and shaking them, heartily exclaimed— "He's all right—he's all right! Archie's safe! And merry Charlie, in his irrepressible joy, was about to give me a hug of delight, when my father, entered. After the customary greetings, Doctor Wallace said— "Mr. Estcourt, did you ever know a person of the name of William Kendall?" "Yes," replied my father, "he was once a clerk under me. He embezzled money, and was transported for the offence." "Well, he came back lately on a ticket-of-leave, xowing vengeance against you. He died in my hospital last night, and before his death acknowledged to having murdered Mr. Sanderson in mistake for you, your height and general appearance being the same." How fervently I thanked Heaven for Archie Campbell's released none but myself could realize. I prayed that he might have long life and happiness even more abundantly than he could hope for. In my deep joy I forgot that I had been cruelly deceived by him.

It was some little time before all legal matters were finally arranged, and in the mean time my father, at my earnest request, had given his consent to my going on a visit to an aunt living in the south of England. I felt I could not run the chance of meeting Archie Campbell; my assumed stoicism, I knew, would give way, and I was too proud to allow him to see it. My preparations for my journey were all completed, and feeling lonely and despondent, I thought I would take an evening ramble along my favorite path, and at length sat down on a rustic seat cut in the side of the cliff. The crimson glory of the setting sun tinged the waters of the Clyde, and the white sails of the gay yachts and pleasure boats. I thought of the last evening I had been there with Archie Campbell, and how my short dream of happiness had been fadedly dispelled. All the events of the past few weeks rose up vividly before me—but my medi-

tations were interrupted, for "A hand was on my shoulder—I knew the touch was kind." I looked up and saw Archie Campbell standing before me. I was the first to speak. "Good evening, Mr. Campbell. Allow me to congratulate you." "Mr. Campbell!" I once called me Archie. Maggie, I have come to retract the words I said to you on that miserable day. Will you forgive me for the pain I must have caused you? In your great love you came to me, and in my great love I sent you away. Maggie, I have come again to ask you to become my wife. "Why were you so cruel to me?" I asked, still looking away over the Clyde. "Because I did not know what the end would be. Maggie, I was only cruel to be kind. I would not have had you pointed out as the wife of a reputed murderer. Must I go away from you?" "I laid my hand upon his outstretched one. "No, Archie. But, if I had thought then that you loved me, I should have insisted upon the marriage; for I have loved you all the same through evil and good report."

There is many a silver streak in my dark hair now, and as for Archie, why, he has a most undeniably "frosty" pow. But the frostiness has gone no farther—his heart is just the same—and he is fond of slyly telling our girls that their mother was once going to insist upon marrying him whether he liked it or not.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT OF LEARNING—JOSH BILLINGS ECLIPSED.

The following are a few of the answers given by candidates at one of the recent examinations for teachers' certificates, held in this Province, which if they do not display a great deal of wisdom are certainly not wanting in a very peculiar order of originality and ridiculousness. In answer to the question, "Sketch an object lesson for the Camel," the following answer was given: "In order to prepare an object lesson on the camel I think it would be right to give him the best grow from first he was taken into the world. Now I think I will begin and write something about this being the first object lesson which I ever did give. From left it comes into the world it was very small but when he ate the fruit which is there set for him he grew to be a common sized animal. Wheat and other grains were given this grew also but in a different manner from the Camel which grew very unwell in the back." In answer to "What is required to teach Arithmetic successfully?" the ideas of one were as follows: "In order for a person, to be able to teach arithmetic thoroughly he must be full master of it himself prepare the lesson well every night and be good at sackmen."

AMATEUR PHILOSOPHY.

The following are answers to the question "Describe the common pump?" (1.) The Common pump is made of a hollow log with a round passage passing through centre of the log with a tightly fitting piston passing up and down with a valve to open and close at each reception of the water. (2.) The common pump is composed of a hollow number of bent tubes (three at least) composed of wood or metal. The main part of the cylinder. In this cylinder a rod with a piece of wood or metal with holes placed perpendicularly is fitted on the top of some pieces of heavy leather on the rod. This is worked by a lever on the top of the pump.

Eggs.

A curious point of inquiry among zoologists has been, for a long time, how many eggs there are in an ovary of a hen? To determine this, a German naturalist a short time since instituted some careful investigations; the result of which showed the ovary of a hen to contain about 600 embryo eggs. He also found that some 20 of these are matured the first year, about 120 during the second, 135 during the third, 144 during the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth years, the number decreases by 20 annually; it consequently follows that after the fourth, or at the fifth year, the hens are no longer profitable as layers, unless it may be in exceptional instances.

The Ring Did It.

A young couple were occupying a rustic seat in Union Park, Chicago, one evening recently, and from the expression of the masculine representative's face, it was evident that he was "agonized"—drifted, as it were, over the great psychological Niagara of affection, and was even then being dizzily whirled about in the whirlpool of sentiment. The swimming swans had no charm for him; and the eagles were no nothing; and he did not even notice the big white bear. "Oh, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer the end of the seat. She made herself rigid and heaved a sigh. "I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged. "I'll never drink another drop," he continued. Still unremitting sat the object of his adoration. "And give up chewing—" "No response." "And smoking—" She only shook her head. "And—give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in desperation. Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and leaning her fingers on his shoulder, tremblingly murmured into his ravaged ear— "Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!" And there they sat, and sat, until the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight; wondering, another was once going to insist upon the diamond ring, and he of how on earth to get it.

EVERLASTING FENCIBLE POSTS.

I discovered, many years ago, that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple and inexpensive that it was not worth while making any secret about it. I would as soon have my fence posts made of iron as of any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out bass-wood posts after having been set seven years, which were as sound when taken out as when they were first put into the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe:—Take boiled linseed oil and stir it in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot.

An elderly gentleman, returning home from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son, "Jack," who has heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. I carried me to the gate of heaven, "Why didn't you, dodge it," replied Jack; "You will never have another such chance."

No two sides of the human face are perfectly alike. It is the same with every limb, no pair of limbs are fashioned alike. One hand is almost always larger than the other; so with the foot, the leg and the arm. But the greatest of all marvels is this: never were two human faces alike. Therising generation.—The crops. A western settler.—The contents of a six-shooter. Sure to produce short crops.—The barber's shears. Shakespearean motto for an ex-shoe-black—"That's the rub?" If you are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the reins. When does a lawyer work like a horse?—When he draws a conveyance. "Can animals suffer pain?" is the latest question. Stick a pin in a mule's hind leg and see. Taine says: "Four varieties in society: lovers, the ambitious, observers and fools. The fools are the happiest."

Query for naturalists.—If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a mole on the face worth two in the ground?—You can get goods at the Post Office store as cheap as any place in town, and get a discount on the dollar for cash (excepting sugar and salt). Cash buyers will bear in mind and make the 8 per cent. A helpful compositor refused to accept a situation in an office where girls were employed, saying he never set up with a girl in his life. A Russian proverb says:—"Before going to war, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times." "If Smith undertakes to pull my ears," said Jones, he will just have his hands full, now." The crowd looked at the man's ears, and thought so to.

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Wholesale Manufacturers of every description and style of
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MITS AND GAUNTLETS.
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Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.
In the Market Price paid for
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Chemist and Druggist
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DRUGS,
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MEDICINES.
Always on hand a large and well-selected stock of
Dye-Staffs, Liquid Dye, Fancy and Toilet soaps, Brushes, Sponges, Trusses for Children and Adults, Shoulder Braces for Men, Women and Children, Paints, Dry and in oil, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
For Medicinal Purposes.
See Physicians Prescriptions and Domestic Receipts, and Home and Gaitle Medicines, carefully compounded.
G. E. MORROW,
Medical Hall, Acton.
Acton, July, 1875.

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J. P. ALLAN
Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish
First-class Horses and Carriages
At Reasonable Rates.
His Higs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.
Acton, July 1st, 1875.

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The goods signed by leave to call the attention of the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity to the well assorted stock of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.
Our Prints, Dress Goods, and Dress Trimmings.
Are all of best materials and newest patterns.

OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS LARGER THAN EVER!
Comprising full lines of
Scotch, English, and Canadian MANUFACTURE
And, being practical workmen, feel satisfied in assuring our customers that for cheapness, business and durability our wools are unequalled.
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MICHAEL SPEIGHT
General Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon Maker.
Best Horse-Shoers in the County
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no price charged.
FIRST-CLASS PLOW
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A Good Stock of Carriages
REPAIRING promptly and
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Floor Oil Cloth,
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HARDWARE STORE,
Scotch Floor Oil Cloth,
Horse Pokes,
Paris Green (Warranted Pure) Croquet Sets,
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Wire Goods of all kinds,
ARTHUR McBEAN, Hardware Merchant.
Alma Block, Quebec, Aug. 13, 1875.

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Embrace this opportunity of liquidating thanks to my numerous friends for the liberal patronage bestowed by them for the last twenty years; and as the experience of that time has had its lessons, and has enabled me to profitably, so that I am now acquainted with the best markets to purchase in, and also the cheapest, my customers may rely upon getting the benefit of said experience. In former years it has been a matter impossible to do business on a strictly cash basis. But our country having prospered to an unprecedented degree within the last few years, I think our people are now in a position to
Abandon a System so Pernicious.
That it has to create margins for bad and doubtful debts, which the cash customer has no right to bear—and which hitherto he has had to do—I am determined, therefore, on and after the **FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT** to do business for
CASH OR TRADE ONLY
And, in adopting this system I will be enabled to
REDUCE PRICES FROM SIX TO EIGHT PER CENT
Until further notice. My customers paying Cash will receive the above discount. I will not doubt see the advantage of adopting the CASH SYSTEM, and will not be lost sight of.

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