

NEW WINCEYS, NEW PRINTS, NEW TWEEDS, NEW HATS, NEW BOOTS, SHOES, &C., At CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO'S, Acton.

Another Lot of that famous 50c. Tea just to hand.

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

Acton, Aug. 24, 1875.

A CLOSE, HARD MAN. A hard, close man was Solomon Ray. Nothing of value he gave away. He hoarded and saved. He pinched and cheated. And the more he had the more he craved. The hard earned dollars he hoarded to gain. Brought him little but care and pain. For little he spent. And all he lent. He made it bring him twenty per cent. Such was the life of Solomon Ray. The years went by and his hairs grew grey. His cheeks grew thin. And his soul within. Grew as hard as the dollars he worked to win. But he had one day, as all men must. For life is fleeting, and all men dust. That laid him away. And that was the end of Solomon Ray. They buried him, who had little care. For Solomon Ray while his life was spared. His lands were sold. His hard earned gold. All went to the lawyers, I am told. Yet men will cheat, and a pinch and save. To carry that treasure beyond the grave. All their evil some day. Will be laid bare. Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

STORY OF A FREEMASON. We have been told that it is one rule of Masonry that a member of the order shall not persuade his neighbor to join that ancient body, to the end that no man shall be able to say that any undue influence was used to control his action. Although we are not a Mason, we are always glad to report that which is good, whether it relates to individuals or institutions; and acting under such an impulse we propose to tell a story of Masonry, which the reader may rely upon as being strictly true, with the single exception only that the names are fictitious. The scene is in the United States.

It is some ten or twelve years since we looked upon John Hyde, who at that time was a resident of Williamsburgh, in the eastern district of Brooklyn, where he may still be residing for aught we know to the contrary. If he is still in the land of the living, and should chance upon this narration, he will at once recognize its truthfulness. At the time of which we are speaking, John Hyde was about sixty years of age—tall, raw-boned and muscular. His person bore the marks of great toil, his face was tanned and weather-beaten from constant exposure, and his skin had the appearance of tanned leather. He might have been taken for a backwoodsman or a rover of the Western plains; but he was neither—he was captain and owner of a schooner in the fiber trade, and by twenty years of hard toil had amassed considerable property.

John Hyde was a Democrat of the most pronounced stripe, and a Southern sympathizer during the war of the very warmest description—in fact he gloried in the title of copperhead. There were two reasons for this. In the first place, his father before him was a Democrat of the first school, and about as radical as he could be; and in the next place, all that John had accumulated had been in trading with the South. His plan of operations was to run down to North Carolina, with an assorted cargo of articles most needed in that market, and then return home with a load of pine timber, thus making a large profit on every voyage. His timber business was conducted as follows: He would contract with some large planter for the privilege of having timber from his (the planter's) property, which timber he would have sawed into planks with which to load his vessel on the return trip.

Just before the breaking out of the late war, party feeling of course ran very high at the South, and every Northerner, whatever his antecedents, was regarded with some suspicion. On his last voyage to North Carolina, John Hyde was approached by two planters, whom we will designate as A. and B. Their property adjacent each other were anxious to sell the privilege of felling timber to Hyde. After considerable talk, Hyde finally decided to take A's offer, and in due time concluded a bargain with him. Things went on very well for two or three weeks after the signing of the contract, when one day Mr. A. approached Hyde, and said, "Mr. Hyde, I know you to be all right as a business man, and I believe you to be all right as far as political matters are concerned; but you know these are troublous times. The people are terribly excited, and each man looks with suspicion upon his neighbor, especially if that neighbor is a Northerner. Now, there has been some hard talk

going on about you lately. My neighbor, Mr. B., has been spreading a report that you are tampering with the niggers, and I want you to be on your guard, for there is no telling what may come of it." "But you know well that charge is false, Mr. A.," returned Hyde, indignantly. "You know that my sympathies are all with the South. For twenty years I have been trading here, and have never hesitated to avow my sentiments. I have spoken for the South whenever occasion has occurred which demanded an expression of opinion, and have always gone for the South in act and word."

"I have not the slightest doubt that you are friendly to the South," returned Mr. A.; "but I fear you have been somewhat imprudent. Did you not give Mr. B's nigger, Tom, a half-dollar, on Thanksgiving Day?" "Of course I did," rejoined Hyde, unhesitatingly. "The niggers had a holiday. Tom was loafing about doing nothing, and I gave him half a dollar to assist in felling a big tree. And it isn't the first time I have given the niggers money. I have done so frequently, and never thought any harm of it."

"Well, don't do it again," said Mr. A. kindly. "It was all very well to fee the niggers before they were any difficulty between the North and South, but things have altered now, and there is a law against it."

"I am very obliged to you for mentioning the fact," replied Hyde. "I do not wish to trespass any law, and I shall be more careful in future."

"That is a wise determination," rejoined Mr. A.; "and in the meantime you had better keep your eyes about you when you go out at night, for there is considerable feeling against you. My advice to you is, to finish your business as speedily as possible and return home, for I cannot resist the conviction that you are in great danger."

John Hyde thanked Mr. A. for his kind advice, but stated at the same time that he did not take so serious a view of the matter as did his adviser. He said he had not intentionally committed any wrong, and consequently was not afraid of any punishment. His confidence was ill-grounded, as the sequel will prove.

It was the third night after Hyde's interview with Mr. A. that he had long been his custom to resort to a tavern in the place, where he would away the hours by a friendly game of euchre. On the night in question he rose from the table at his accustomed hour (about half past ten), bade those present good-night, and departed.

No sooner had he crossed the threshold of the door and closed it behind him, than he was suddenly seized by a band of armed and masked men, who in spite of his struggles, gagged and bound him, and threw him into a wagon which stood in waiting.

Not a word passed during the struggle which had preceded John Hyde's capture. His kidnappers were as silent as the grave, and not a sound broke the stillness as the wagon, heavily laden with a full complement of men, rolled along the road till it reached an opening in the woods beyond, which it entered.

Meanwhile the sensations experienced by the unfortunate Hyde can be better imagined than described. Bitterly did he now regret that he had not paid stricter attention to the warning which Mr. A. had given him. He thought of his wife and family at home, hundreds of miles away, and how terrible would be their suspense if he should fail to reach them at the accustomed time. How they would look for his coming, day after day, while he, perhaps, would be sleeping in an unknown grave in the far South. He thought of his unfinished business also, and how disastrous would be his death to those who survived him, in a pecuniary point of view.

He cast his eyes around him, and his heart was with horror, and the hair rose on his head at the scene which presented itself. The wagon had reached a clearing in the woods, and beneath the moon's rays he discovered a deep grave, while standing at its head were two stalwart negroes who had dug it, each with a spade in his hand. The captives eyes upward, he noticed that the negroes had stopped beneath the bough of a tree, from which dangled a cord with a noose on the end. His heart stood still with terror as the horrible truth flashed upon him. They were about to hang him!

He expressed a desire by gesture to speak, when the leader of the band unhesitatingly took the gag from his mouth, yanked him, and said, "You are quite at liberty to speak now, but before you do, listen to me for a moment. You are now in the heart of the woods, and you might scream for assistance with all the power of a locomotive whistle, but assistance would not reach you. The preparations for your execution are complete, and no earthly power can save you. I therefore recommend you not to fretter away what little time remains to you by vain appeals for help or useless argument, but commend yourself to Heaven. We will give you exactly five minutes to prepare for your entrance into another world, and at the expiration of that time you will swing on the end of the rope above you between Heaven and earth, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

And here the leader took out his watch to note the time. "I have been guilty of no offence," screamed Hyde; "where is my accuser? Let me face him, and I will confound him. You have no right to murder me in cold blood. Bring forward my accuser, and let me have a fair trial!"

"You have been already tried in the court of Judge Lynch," was the reply of the leader, given in a tone of icy coldness. "You have been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, and the sentence will most assuredly be carried out. Therefore, cease to plead for your life, and commend your soul to Heaven. You have but three minutes left in which to prepare, and better avail yourself of it, for just as surely as the moon is shining above us, just so surely will the sentence of death be carried out when the five minutes are up. Spend the little time which remains to you as you please, but when I cease to speak you will never hear the sound of a human voice again. When the five minutes are up, my I shall not open my lips, but shall act."

In vain did John Hyde plead with his stern and relentless executioners. In vain did he assert his innocence and call for the proof upon which he was convicted. In vain did he appeal to their hearts as fathers and husbands. In vain did he draw a picture of his family circle at home. In vain did he ask for a single day in which to settle a portion at least of his worldly affairs. Those who listened to him were adamant, and gazed upon him like so many speechless statues. Presently the leader, who had been looking steadily upon his watch, closed the case, and made a sudden gesture.

DOMINION EMPORIUM.

G. M. SCOTT

Still Continue Business in Acton. He will endeavor in the future as in the past to do business on the STRICTLY CASH AND ONE PRICE PRINCIPLE. Believing that to have one price for goods is the only fair and honest way of doing business, besides buying for cash and selling for cash, he will be enabled to Sell at Least 10 Per Cent Cheaper. Then if he did business on the long-winded credit system. All parties visiting Acton are respectfully invited to call and inspect the goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Acton, August 23, 1875. G. M. SCOTT.

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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! Scotch, English, and Canadian MANUFACTURE. DICKSON & McNAB. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

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