

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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**Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mould-**  
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**PLANNING, Small Work and Matching**  
"Door to Order."

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101 King Street East, ACTON, ONT.

**Practical Bookbinder,**  
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**All Descriptions of Binding**  
Neatly Executed.

**Account Books of all kinds—Made to**  
Order.

**Ruling Promptly Attended to**  
101 King Street East, ACTON, ONT.

## 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 of like shortest possible notice.

He has on hand a large and well-selected stock of

**Heavy Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Cams, Trunks, &c.**

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

**J. F. DEMISEY**  
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

## STOVES AND TINWARE!

If you wish a Good Cooking or Parlor Stove, go to

**WILSON & JOHNSON'S.**  
Always in Stock.

**Stoves, Stove Trimmings, Tin, Sheet-Iron and Spangled Ware.**

Particular attention paid to

**BAVETROUGHING.**  
Call and see us.

**MILL STREET, ACTON.**  
W. R. WILSON, Proprietor.

## ACTON PLANING MILLS.

**Pump, Sash, Door and Blind**  
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**THOMAS EBBAGE,**  
Manufacturer of

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**Mouldings,**  
And other Building Requisites.

**ACTON**  
IMPROVED SECTION PULPERS

Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.

**1875 All work guaranteed.**  
Acton, Jan. 1876.

**Wagon and Carriage**  
FACTORY.

**JAMES RYDER, Proprietor.**  
Wagons, Carriages, Sleighs, Outfitters, &c.

Kept in stock and made to Order on the Shortest Notice.

Strict attention paid to

**Horse-Shoeing & General Jobbing**  
and satisfaction guaranteed.

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ACTON FREE PRESS,**  
Only One Dollar a Year.

## CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION.

**B. & E. NICKLIN**  
Begs 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. Hanna.

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, Cakes, &c.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

**B. & E. NICKLIN,**  
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

## GUELPH ARMORY.

**JOHN KIRKHAM,**  
Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.

Whose 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.

Also a complete assortment of Cartridges, Caps, Primers, and all articles necessary for the Gunner and the Sportsman.

Also a complete assortment of Gunsmithing and Jobbing executed on the Shortest Notice.

**Acton, April 27, 1876.**

## ACTON LIVERY & SALE STABLE.

**J. P. AELAN**  
Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish

**First-class Horses and Carriages**  
At reasonable rates.

His Horses and Carriages are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.

**Acton, July 15, 1876.**

## WANTED. 10000 Cords of GOOD HEMLOCK BARK.

For which I will pay **FIVE DOLLARS PER CORD** At the Acton Tannery, if delivered in summer.

**J. A. HALL, Agent.**  
June, 1876. 49-3m

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The undersigned begs to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all

**Requisites in Undertaking**  
on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had.

**Horses Signified when Desired.**  
Also that he will

**Fit up Stores & Offices**  
in the best style.

show Cases, Book Cases and Desks made to order.

## A MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

I would explain that I tell this tale as it was told to me, suppressing real names and altering scenes, according to the promise I have made. I will not attempt to account for anything. The main facts were narrated by a person sane in mind and strong in body—a man of singularly truthful disposition. The sequel I witnessed with my own eyes, so you may be quite sure that you will not come across the old familiar "dodge" of making wonders turn out to be the senseless fabric of a vision.

In the year 1864, when I was but a boy, I was a student at the school of the late Mr. Frank Conroy, who was a kind, some, brave, simple-minded boy. Eleven years later I saw him again. He was a great deal bigger, but very little changed. The same dark brown hair with a glint of red in it; the same laughing blue eyes, the same almost girlish smile, the same contempt for all that was mean and cruel; only he had burst out crying now, when touched by such things. He stood six feet one in his rowing shoes, and I would just as soon have a mule kick me as feel the full weight of his arm. A gentle giant, this Frank Conroy, with fair abilities, good prospects, a happy home, a woman loving him with all her heart. This was Annie Amos, the only daughter of a planter, whose fortunes had survived the ravages of the civil war, and who lived in a grand old house on the James River, some fifty miles above Richmond. Her mother had died when she was a child. Annie was a petite, of course, or she would not have had big Frank at her feet; and there was a roundness and softness about the lower part of her face, which appeared to be of the wax-doll order until you had taken in her eyes and brow. "I say," "taken in," because they grew upon you. She was not a reigning belle, however. Frank snatched her up as soon as she came out—that was one reason. She did not object to dancing the German as the end and object of existence; and she carried too many pangs for the beaux of the period—that was another.

There were ups and downs, ins and outs in the character of this pair which favored the forging of an excitement. Love, she said, would not all in all, on his part. At first big Frank was indolent; little Annie's ambitions; he was realistic, she romantic; he somewhat too easy-going to keep off foes, she one who too given to enigma to gain friends. In a short time they began to rub off each other's angles, and to fill up each other's deficiencies. He was 21 and she 18, and they were to be married as soon as he had taken his degree.

In all sorts of athletic contests and exercises he had already graduated with the highest honors. In public little Annie rather discouraged these pursuits, but her heart was not in it. She had a hard heart dashed first under the string, and No. 3, the captain, was carried out in triumph. She tore her pretty lace handkerchief into shreds during the last laps of the three mile foot-race, as the runner who wore her colors on his great leading chest appeared only fifth in the contest. She had been told to see him beaten; and when at last he put on his spurs and went through his men like a rocket, her heart beat faster than his own. At the time when this account commences he was in training for another great boat-race, and reading hard top; for in America, as here, your rowing man can be a good book worker if he pleases.

Now staying on a visit at the home of her betrothed is both useful and charming; useful, because it gives you an insight into her character which is not to be gained out in society; and charming—well, there is no need to elaborate that cause. But it does not conduce to close study. Saint Anthony himself could not keep his eyes on his book when the Father of Evil took the shape of a prett woman—to whom, by-the-by, he was not engaged; so how can you expect that a warm-hearted young fellow from Harvard could work in the presence of his lady-love. Why did he not lock himself up in his room? He did, but what was the use? If she went about singing, as was her wont, he listened, and Plato might reason as he pleased unattended to. If she was silent, he (big Frank, not Plato), wondered what she was doing; and Orestes raved in vain. The only chance for work was when she went from house and grounds visiting some neighbor; and this, when she knew the consequences, she did as often as she could. She was married by a minister, and wanted him to take a good degree.

These absences generally lasted till luncheon time; but one day she came down to breakfast in her

riding-habit, and told him she was going to see the Melvilles. Seeing the Melvilles meant a ride, out and home, of two-and-twenty miles.

"Mayn't I go with you?" he asked.

"No, sir. You have been shamefully ill lately; besides, I have lots of things to say to Jimmy (her chief bridesmaid elect), and you would be in the way. You need not expect to see me again till dinner," she replied.

Seven o'clock was their usual dinner-time. Frank improved the shining hours; read till noon, then he took a brisk walk till two, when he read till five, then like a wise man he put away his books, and tucked up what he had learned into his brain.

It was autumn, when the twilight comes soon, and quickly deepens into night. The time slipped away, as it will do when one's mind is busy, and when Annie came into the room dressed for the evening he was quite surprised.

"Back again so soon! and dressed already!" he exclaimed, rising to greet her; but she moved away from him towards the window and stood there silent, gazing into the rapidly deepening twilight.

"Frank dear," she said after a pause, "I want to warn you about something."

"All right—go on," he replied, again advancing.

"No, do not come near me. Stay where you are. Do not be surprised if some day you see a lady in your room."

"A lady!"

"Who will be there," she continued, not heeding his intimation, "for no light purpose. If she should speak to you take good heed of what she says for—the sake of her who loves you."

"Why not say for my sake?"

"Well, then; for my sake."

"And who is this mysterious counselor?"

"Never mind."

"Oh, but I do mind. If there is anything I hate it is the idea of any one coming between you and me. When I have something to say to you, I say it right out; and I want you to do the same. Is this person a friend?"

"A great friend."

"Then introduce us, and let us all three talk it over, whatever it is; or, better still, hear what she has to say, and tell me yourself."

"We cannot always manage that, such things as these should come exactly as they wish," she answered in a low sad voice.

"No, but don't you think, Annie, that my receiving a lady in my room is not a good arrangement as could be made?"

"I told you not to be surprised if she came, and I did not say positive that she would come."

"If she does come, it will be with your consent?"

"She could not do so without."

"Then you won't be jealous?" he asked, with a smile.

"There will be no cause for jealousy about it."

"You seem to be in a very strange humor to-day, dear."

"Why do you think that?"

"Your voice and manner are changed. Are you ill, darling? Is

"Stay where you are," she again interrupted, motioning him back to his seat. "This will pass. Let us say no more on the subject. Give me your solemn promise that you will not say another word about it only remember."

"Well, dear, I think that is the very best thing I can do, for really

"I promise—there! And now

"No, you shall not move. Let me go. I will come down again in a few minutes. Be a good boy, Frank, and let me have my way."

He turned around half vexed to put away his notes, and when he looked up again she was gone.

He kept his promise, and he had his reward. Annie was even more than usually bright and loving all the rest of that evening. The next day passed as usual, and on the next but one there was a picnic, which would not have ended as pleasantly as it began but for big Frank. Returning by the light of the moon, the negro coachman (who had taken more champagne than taps) managed to put the two off-wheels of the carriage which contained the Amos party into the ditch, at a turn in the road where the horses could not get a straight pull at it, and ten miles from home! Frank just lifted the whole thing out—bodily, Annie and all; for as he said with one of his cherry laughs, "you don't weigh anything!" Then he drove them home, leaving Sambo to sober himself by a wallow, her lover, and wanted him to take a good degree.

"Poor old Samson! His strength did not do him much good after all," he laughed.

"Oh, Frank! It saved his country, and helped him to a glorious end. I think there is nothing in history so splendid as the retribution—crushing them in the hour of triumph, with the temple of their false gods."

"The man! He should have gone outside and pushed," said prosaic Frank.

When he opened the door of his room he found that the lamp was a light. This was unusual, for he always had lit it himself. There were French windows on two sides of his chamber opening into the gallery. Two faced him as he entered, the other pair were hidden by the bed and its mosquito bar. They were all wide open; for he loved fresh air, and laughed colds to scorn. It was almost as light as day. The full moon filled the veranda with its soft, silver beams, and the dark evergreens below were ablaze with fireflies. A night which tempts one to do anything but go to bed. Frank took off his coat and boots, made himself comfortable in the rocking-chair, filled a big pipe with perique, and thought he would read a little, as he had passed an idle day. As he rose to get his book he heard a gentle tap upon the Venetian blinds outside. Flying motion, blundering after a light as it were, ankle and nose, he did not notice it. After a moment or two it was repeated louder, and a woman's voice said, "May I come in?"

"You are not surprised at this invitation?" asked the visitor. She was apparently about 30 years of age; tall, slight, and elegantly dressed. A honey-combed handkerchief was loosely knotted round her throat, and in her hand she carried a common pilmetto fan. She spoke in that soft tone of assertion which a well-bred woman of her age has generally acquired without knowing how, and shoddy folk labor after in vain all their lives. Grant that a stranger could adopt this mode of presenting herself—and had not Annie told him that she might?—and nothing could be more natural.

Frank replied that he was not a bit surprised, and advanced his best chair; which she declined.

"No, thanks," she said, leaning one hand against the side of the window seat, and fanning herself. "I won't come in any further. Do you sit down and listen to what I have to say. I won't keep you long. Oh! you may smoke, I don't mind that in the least; but I insist! I will not say a word till I have made four good puffs."

"That is right. One—two—three—four; now begin."

Frank began to feel that he must have known this lady for several years, so completely did she put him at his ease.

"Don't you think," she continued, "that when a man is engaged to be married it is high time for him to leave off playing like a boy?"

"Certainly it is."

"That's right. All the running, rowing and jumping is well enough in its way. It makes boys men; but it makes men just a little bit coarse—at least that is my view."

"May I ask you if Annie shares that opinion?"

"Let us leave her out of the discussion." She knows nothing about it.

"And yet she prepared me for this—pleasure," said Frank dryly.

"Never mind. I repeat, she knows nothing about my present object. If she did, I am afraid she would not much assist me, for she is proud of her great athlete, I am old enough to be her mother, and (with a bright smile) am not in love with you; so I can talk sense. Now, really, what is there worth wishing that you have not already won? Why risk defeat?"

"I am not afraid of that!"

"The confidence of the man! Well, I'll put it in another way. Why not give some one else a chance? Do you think it is fair to monopolize all the glory and silver about you? You greatly hint?"

"This she went home. Frank desisted, "not-hunters." Was he a posthunter himself?"

"There, I see you are coming round," his visitor resumed, pursuing her advantage. "Promise me that you will stick to your books like a good boy, take a splendid degree, and give up rowing and all that sort of thing, once and for ever."

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire whom I have been so fortunate as to inspire with such a deep interest in my affairs?"

"Ah! I do not see sarcasm. You cannot tell how it pains me," she said. "Do look up, and feel a power of tender, and pleading which quite subdued his impulse to resent her interference. I have no right to ask this promise for myself. I am nothing to you; but I love Annie, oh! how fondly. I

plead for her, and this I say solemnly, Frank Conroy—if you affection be as deep as she deserves it, should be, you will not hesitate. May, may! What is success in a game that you should prefer to the happiness of the woman you love?"

"You seem in earnest."

"I am in earnest."

"Well, I'll talk it over with her."

"Think it over by yourself first," said his visitor after a pause during which she seemed to be struggling with something she wished to add, and dared not.

"And, if you cannot resolve—as I pray you may—then you can tell her what has passed to-night. Good-bye. God bless and guide you."

She kissed her hand to him and passed out into the bright moonlight.

"I have to have thanked her, anyhow," he muttered to himself, "What an unmanly dog she'll think me. She's not far wrong. I ought to give other fellows a turn, and I'm not sure whether a lighter man than No. 3—well, I'll sleep on it. Who the deuce can she be?"

(Conclusion next week.)

## A Gay Lothario.

**LOVE RETURNS TO HIS LOVE AGAIN.**  
Hamilton Spectator, Aug. 9.

One of the most peculiar cases that have come before the notice of the police authorities for some time was settled in the Police Court yesterday. The particulars of this remarkable case are as follows: Something over a month ago a young man of rather respectable appearance, and who called himself Henry Love, came to reside in the neighborhood of Port Hope. He became acquainted with the family of a Mr. Brown living there, and in a short time succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of Mr. Brown's daughter, Essie. Mr. Brown did everything he could to prevent the affair going too far, as he suspected Love was not what he ought to be. In vain he threatened to shoot the young gentleman, and he was rather disgusted and disappointed to know that Love had married his daughter. Two weeks afterwards the pair went to Toronto to spend the honeymoon. They arrived in that city on a Saturday evening—the 24th of June—and put up at the Grand Hotel, No. 25 Spadina street. He remained at the hotel with his wife all day Sunday, but on Monday morning it was discovered that he was missing, and on making inquiry it was found that he had left the city altogether. This was not the worst of it, for Mrs. Love was not only left homeless, but also penniless. Her husband had taken her watch and three valuable rings, and all the money she had—a quarter of a dollar—out of her pocket. Mr. R. Dissette, the proprietor of the hotel, furnished her with funds to telegraph to her father, who immediately came up and brought his daughter home.

Some weeks afterwards Dissette noticed in the Hamilton papers the report of the arrest of a man named Love on the charge of assault. He immediately telegraphed to Seign. McMenemy to arrest him, that he knew no man named Love had been from the county, and not noticed by the Hamilton police. He, however, shortly afterwards discovered the meaning of Dissette's telegram, telegraphing to that gentleman, and on Saturday afternoon the two went up to Lynden on the 3:30 train, and arrested Love at the house of James Patterson, Lynden. The parties returned to the city by the 5:20 train, and Love was immediately lodged in goal on a charge of kidnapping to support his wife. Sergeant McMenemy, by telegraph, asked Mr. Brown to come up to Hamilton at once, and that gentleman, accompanied by his daughter (Mrs. Love), his son and Mr. Dissette, arrived in this city last evening. Mr. Brown had a very painful story for a father to tell. He had learned in the meantime that Love had several wives, and that he had been travelling through the country under several aliases. This is probably only too true, as it has been found that Love was briskly courting a girl near Lynden during the past few weeks, with, to all appearances, intentions of marrying her. Love employed Mr. Staffer and Mr. Cassellan as his counsel, and he was placed in the dock to stand his trial last evening at four o'clock. Mr. Lazier appeared for the prosecution. Mr. Callih thought they had better settle this morning and in this manner: Love to return to his wife and support her, depositing \$500 in the hands of a third party as a guarantee of his good behavior; also \$500 in the hands of another party till he returned his wife's watch and rings. The latter condition was a charge of kidnapping to support his wife. 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