THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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DOMINION HOTEL, Acton, Robert Agnew, Proprietor. This new Hotel is now open in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Hockwold, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

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 a considerable 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 $4 if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents. P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 16th, 1875.

MILTON
PLANING MILLS.
J. R. MITCHELL,
Manufacturer of
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Door and Window Frames, Pickets, etc.
Planing, Scroll Work and Matching Done to Order.
☞ Blinds 30 cents per foot. ☜
All work delivered in Acton free.
Orders left at Secord Bros. will be promptly attended to.
Milton, June 6, 1876. 50-1y

F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN,
Practical Bookbinder.
All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.
Account Books of all Kinds Made to Order.
Ruling Promptly Attended to.
BINDERY—St. George's Square, Guelph.
☞ Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office will receive prompt attention.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

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.

STOVES AND **TINWARE!**
If you want a Boss Cooking or Parlor Stove, go to
WILSON & JOHNSON'S.
Always in stock,
Stoves, Stove Trimmings, Tin, Sheet-Iron and Japanned Ware.
Particular attention paid to
EAVETROUGHING.
Stamping and Jobbing done on the shortest notice.
Cotton Rags, Copper, Brass, Iron and other produce taken in exchange.
☞ **Call and See Us.** ☜
Remember the stand, one door west of the Canada Glove Works,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
W. R. WILSON. P. P. JOHNSON.
Acton, April 11, 1876.

ACTON
PLANING - MILLS
AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.
THOMAS EBBAGE,
Manufacturer of
Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds Mouldings,
And other Building Requisites
Also Makers of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

ACTON
Wagon and Carriage
FACTORY!
JAMES RYDER, Proprietor.
Wagons, Carriages, Sleighs, Cutters, &c.
Kept in stock and made to Order on the Shortest Notice.
Strict attention paid to
Horse-Shoeing & General Jobbing
and satisfaction guaranteed.
Acton July 1st, 1875.

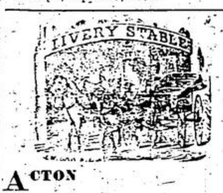
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
ACTON FREE PRESS,
Only One Dollar a Year.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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. 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, Cheese, &c.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

GUELPH ARMORY.

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 re-loading same. Re-loaders, Re-cappers, Cap Ejectors, Curlers, and Crensors, Cleaning Rods, 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.



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LIVERY & SALE STABLE
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 Rigs 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.

WANTED,
1000 Cords of
GOOD HEMLOCK BARK,
For which I will pay
FIVE DOLLARS PER CORD
At the Acton Tannery, if delivered in summer.
G. L. BEARDMORE.
Z. A. HALL, Agent.
June, 1876. 49-3m

UNDERTAKING.
The undersigned begs leave 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
Hearse Supplied when Desired.
Also that he will
Fit up Stores & Offices
in the best style.
Show Cases, Book Cases and Desks made to order.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.
Shop on Willow street, near Main st.
P. M. McCANN.
Acton, March 20, 1876. 39-6m

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

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

The Conscience and Future Judgment.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might,
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And that the present would never go by
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.—
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

MAUDE'S GOVERNESS.

"Sister Agnes!"

Mrs Spenser was all attention in a moment. When her brother-in-law addressed her in this formal manner, she knew that some communication of importance was to follow. Her three daughters, Lily, Grace, and Rose, exceptionally plain in face, and unprepossessing in manner, also assumed airs of close and deferential attention.

For Uncle Joseph Spenser was very rich. He had come to Port of Rocks from some part of the country of which he always spoke as the "coal regions," and invested large amounts in various ways in the flourishing sea-port town, where his only brother had made unfortunate speculations in shipping, and died, leaving four "unprotected females," impoverished. Uncle Joseph had appeared in the guise of a beneficent angel, had taken them from the little cottage where they earned a scanty and precarious living, and established them in the handsome house he had purchased at Port of Rocks.

They were all ladies of uncertain age, hovering round the thirties and forties, the mother owning to fifty-seven, and they were all slavishly anxious to conciliate their Uncle Joseph, a widower with one child, a little girl ten years old, of whose mother the bereaved husband could not speak without deep emotion.

He was a man past fifty, with a tall figure, carried with an erect, soldierly air, hair streaked with gray, but curling and abundant, handsome features, and brown eyes, as soft as a woman's. He was pleasent tempered to a fault, generous and kind-hearted, and gave to Maude, his only child, a love but little removed from worship.

"Sister Agnes," he said, softly stroking an open letter in his hand, and letting his toast and coffee stand unheeded, "I have some very painful news in this letter. A cousin of my late wife, of whom we were both very fond, widowed many years ago, has died, leaving a daughter quite penniless and alone. I have not seen her for seven years; then she was a child of thirteen or fourteen, but I know she is accomplished and carefully trained by a good mother. She has written to me for counsel, knowing I took a deep interest in her mother. I shall ask her to come here as Maude's governess."

"Oh, dear uncle," said Lily," I am sure dear Maude has three teachers now. I take great pains with her music, and the darling improves so rapidly it is only a delight to teach her!"

"And she improves every day in her English studies," chimed in Grace, while Rose completed the chorus by adding:

"And I am sure no one could be more careful about her French than I am!"

"Yes, yes, you are all very good but don't you see I want to give Laura De Haven some position and employment. She will never come here as a mere dependent upon my charity!"

Here Maude looked up.

"Is she pretty, papa?"

"I think so, dear. She was a very pretty little girl, with eyes as blue as your own."

"Let her come then, please papa. I like pretty people."

And having fired this shot, Miss Maude gave undivided attention to her breakfast again.

Mr. Spencer bit his lip as he noted the struggle to preserve an amiable expression upon the four faces that the wildest imagination could never endow with beauty, but wisely resolved not to trust his gravity for a reproof.

He simply designated the rooms to be prepared for the governess and her pupil, and left the table, scarcely tasting breakfast, to write to Laura De Haven a cordial, tender letter of condolence for her sore bereavement, and proposal to undertake her new duties.

He felt strongly drawn towards the orphan, her mother having been educated with his late wife and lived with her, more like sisters than cousins, till Tom De Haven married her, leaving her widowed after two short happy years. Again the sisterly intercourse and affection was unbroken till Maude's mother married and went with her husband to Pennsylvania, where she died.

Since her death Mr. Spencer had not seen Mrs. De Haven, who supported herself and child by her needle, but they kept up a pleasant correspondence, and at Christmas the widow had every good reason to remember her old friend's kindness.

So it did not seem to Laura, as she sped over the iron road leading to Port of Rocks, as if she was going among strangers, and at the station she readily recognized the good, kindly face of her mother's old friend. She had certainly no reason to complain of the tender warmth of his greeting, the fatherly care he took of her comfort, or of Maude's rapturous welcome.

"You are pretty," that frank damsel told her; "your hair is yellow, like mine, not horrid, greasy tow color like cousin Lilly's, or nasty black like the rest of them. You and I will have good times, for papa has let us have a school-room next your room and my room, all three together. So we never need go near the horrid old cats down stairs.

"Maude!" said her father reprovingly.

"Well, they are, papa, horrid old cats. Just to hear them the other morning praising up my music and French, when they never make me learn a lesson, and call me a dear and darling, when I am acting like a perfect imp."

"You dreadful child. You see, Miss Laura, you will have your hands full."

And Laura soon found there was far more truth in the prophecy than was at all desirable. Maude was a thoroughly spoiled child, full of wild impulses, impatient of control, but possessing her father's sweet temper and undeniable talent. Coaxing in judicious measure could win her to obedience in study; flattery found her as stubborn as a mule.

But her trials as Maude's teacher were insignificant compared to the annoyances Laura met daily in her intercourse with Mrs. Spencer and her three daughters. It seemed to her sometimes that the extreme limit of human ingenuity was taxed to devise plans to make her life a burden. She was too proud to complain, too conscientious to endeavor to make trouble between her friend and his relatives, and the four women who had united forces against her made use of both pride and principle for their own ends.

They were bitterly jealous of her beauty, of her influence over Maude, of Mr. Spencer's evident pleasure in her society, and they were resolved to drive her from the home over which they wished to hold undisputed sway. It did not take them long to discover that Maude's governess carefully concealed from Mr. Spencer every taunt and insult lavished upon her, and so far from being touched by such forbearance they systematically imposed upon it.

But Joseph Spencer, though he refrained from any active interference, was not quite in ignorance of the state of affairs. Maude had bright, keen eyes and an active tongue, and many a whispered communication regarding her "dear Miss Laura and those hateful old cats," was confidentially imparted to her father. It cost him many hours of anxious thought, but he saw no remedy. He knew that Laura would accept nothing from him but what she fairly earned, and how could he give her employment and a luxurious home, except in the capacity of his daughter's governess? And if he turned away his brother's family, Mrs. Grundy would require the governess to leave the premises also.

Sometimes, as the months wore away, and Laura's beauty and sweetness won their way deeper into his heart, Joseph Spenser thonght of another way to give his old friend's child a home for life, but he always sadly set aside the thought.

"She is so young and lovely," he would sigh, "she will give her heart at some time to one worthy of the priceless treasure, and my Maudie will lose her governess."

But a year had passed, and there was no change in the family, when one morning when Joseph Spenser sat making a pretense of reading in his library, Maude crept in.

"Why, papa!" she cried, in surprise, "we all thought you had gone to the Port."

"I did start, Maude," was the reply, "but the sun was so hot it drove me home again."

"I am glad of it! I want you just to hear yourself how those old cats abuse Miss Laura! Come up stairs, do, papa! They are all in the school-room scolding her awfully. Just come into my room, and they won't guess you are there!"

Acting upon a sudden impulse, half ashamed all the time, Joseph Spenser tip-toed after his daughter to her room. His sister-in-law's voice, loud and shrill, greeted him first!

"We've watched you," she was saying, "we know all your bold tricks! Only yesterday Lilly saw you, through the crack of the door, kiss his picture in Maude's room!"

Whose picture? Joseph Spenser's heart beat with strong, quick throbs, as he noted the only picture in the room, his own photograph, in a dainty frame. Maude had darted away intent on some of her own pursuits, but her father's senses were all strained to listen.

"You needn't think you'll catch him," sneered Lily; "he is just devoted to his wife's memory."

A voice low and sweet, wrung with pain, spoke:

"Are you women, and have no womanly feeling? How have I injured you, that you accuse me of such unmaidenly thoughts? I do not try to win your uncle's love; he is a kind friend—my only one."

"You cannot deny you are in love with him," cried Grace; you keep his flowers, you color when you hear his steps, and you kiss his picture."

Again the sweet voice rose, and the tones were clear:

"I will not deny it! Make what use you please of my confession after I am gone. You have tried a year to drive me away, and you succeed to-day. I will go where none in this house will ever find me. And before I go, I do not count it shame to acknowledge that I love, with my whole heart the the noblest, truest, kindest man I ever knew. You will not tell Joseph Spenser that I love him. I know you all too well to fear that. You may invent what falsehood you please to tell him, knowing my maidenly reticence will keep back the truth?"

"Oh, the shameless piece!" groaned Mrs. Spenser, as a door closed sharply.

"Bragging of loving a man who does not care a pin for her!" said Grace.

"But going away!" triumphantly exclaimed Rose. "That was a clever move of yours, mamma. She will die before she will look Uncle Joseph in the face again!"

And Rose was right. In her own room Laura was already bitterly repenting the words she had been tortured into uttering, feeling as if the very birds of the air would carry her cherished secret so long and carefully concealed. Unaware of the rapture of hope they had already awakened, she hurriedly prepared to leave her only home, and seek employment in the city where her mother had lived.

But the fever in her veins was suffocating her.

"I will go once more to the cave," she thought, "and perhaps find Maude there. The sea air will give me strength."

She tied on her hat, and in her light summer-dress walked rapidly towards a point on a rocky sea-coast, where she had found a cave, that made a cosy retreat for herself and Maude. Many mornings they had spent there, often roaming out when the sea was was smooth, in Maude's own dainty boat. But as Laura walked towards the cave a fear came over her that drove all personal consideration out of her troubled heart. Far out upon the summer-sea, she saw Maude in the little row-boat, and over her head, growing larger and blacker, a heavy thunder-cloud.

The child had a hysterical fear of thunder. What would become of her in the little boat, alone, when the storm burst? The larger boat was moored fast to the boat-house, and Laura unhesitatingly unfastened it, and seized the heavy oars just as the storm broke. She saw Maude spring to her feet, sway to and fro, and upset her boat.

With a vigor wonderful to see in the slender figure, Laura De Haven pulled through the waters, every moment surging with greater force around her. Once the golden head rose far ahead of her; the second time it was close beside her and she leaned out of the boat to grasp it, losing her oars, but rescueing the child.

The storm had spent its fury, and there was a calm over all nature when Joseph Spenser, roused from happy dreams, saw his sister-in-law's face at his library door, white as death. Her teeth were chattering in her head, as she said:

"There is a man here—stop—don't go un-prepared—a man—Maude took out the boat!"

"In the storm?"

"And Laura must have gone after her — the men found — the large boat—the little one floating upside down the—the—"

"What? Where are they?"

"Down at the shore—they are waiting for orders!"

Out he dashed, bareheaded, running like a boy to the shore. The large boat had been drawn upon the rocks, and they lay there, the woman he loved and his only child, the arms that had worked so faithfully to save her wreathed about Maude, the form stilled forever by a stroke of lightning.

By a miracle Maude was saved, being at death's door for many weeks, but Laura's true heart never beat again, though Joseph Spencer sobbed like a child beside the face so beautiful in death.

He took Maude abroad when she came slowly back to life, and they are all in all to each other, for never again will Joseph Spenser willingly look upon the faces of the women who repaid his affection and generosity by driving the woman he loved to her death, and periling the life of his child by detaining from her the protecting care of her governess.

Game Laws.

Moose, reindeer, or cariboo, deer and elk, may be killed from the first day of September to the first day of December.

Wild turkeys, grouse, pheasant or partridges, from the first day of September to the first day of January.

Quail, from the first day of October to the first day of January.

Woodcock, from the first day of July to the first day of January.

Snipe, from the 15th of August to the first of May.

Water fowl, which are known as mallard, gray duck, black duck, wood or summer duck, and all the kind of duck known as teal, from the 15th of August to the first of January.

Hares and rabbits, from the first of September to the first of March.

No person shall have in his possession any of the said animals or birds during the periods in which they are so protected, provided they may be exposed for sale for one month and no longer after such periods, and may be had in possession for the private use of the owner and his family at any time; but in all cases the time of killing or taking shall be upon the party of possession.

It is enacted that no beaver, muskrat, mink, racoon, otter, or fish shall be hunted, taken or killed, or had in possession of any person, between the first day of May and the first day of November.

The penalties attached to transgression of this law are as follows: In case of deer, elk, moose, reindeer, or cariboo, $50, and not less than $10. In case of birds or eggs, $25, and not less than $5. In case of fur bearing animals, $25, and not less than $5.

Sawdust for Bedding.

My experience with sawdust is that it is the best bedding for horses or cattle to be had; it is better than straw in many respects. It is a much better absorbent than any kind of straw, and upon general principles, is much cleaner. For a pawing horse it is better insomuch as he displaces the bedding only where the foot touches the floor of the stall, while straw, being long, is displaced generally by the act of pawing. It is a better manure than straw—stronger, more readily assimilated and mixed, and lasts much longer in the ground. I have been for some time using planing chips, which are much coarser than any kind of sawdust. I find them very good indeed; easier to manage and much cheaper than straw. One very important item in favor of sawdust is noticed where one has a foul feeder, a glutton, one which eats up all the bedding within his reach, and any filth he can get hold of. I am top-dressing my clover with this chip manure, as it comes from the stable. Of course the dryer the sawdust the more moisture it will absorb.—*Country Gentleman.*

In the old graveyard at Hallowell Maine, is this epitaph:

Here lies the body of Jones, a poet;
That is, he thought so, and tried to show it
But, before he'd make the world believe it,
The devil called, and he had to leave it.

The Eastern Problem.

A RUSSIAN FORECAST.

The latest Russian papers received in England contain long articles on the Eastern question. They lay down the following axioms and proclaim the following forecasts:

1. "Russia neither wants, nor indeed wishes for territorial aggrandizement in the Balkan Peninsula.

2. "Russia sympathizes with the South Slavonians, considers their cause her cause, and regards her vital interests to be bound up with their emancipation.

3. "Russia cannot allow the legality of the Servian demands, as expressed in recent official documents, to be doubted. The satisfaction of these demands is the only way of settling the Oriental question in peace. Even Russia's love of peace may be exhausted if her honor is touched.

4. "Russia is just now prevented by circumstances from going to war in aid of the South Slavonians. Were she to draw the sword on their behalf at this particular juncture, she might injure rather than benefit them. But she has always watched over them, and she will continue to do so. Meanwhile, the Russian army being temporarily prevented from fighting, Russian society ought to assist the South Slavonians pecuniarily.

5. "If the Slavonians living under non-Slavonic government were to enjoy a national government, the Slavonian race, being the most numerous in Europe would assume a correspondingly commanding position in politics.

6. "Slavonian States of secondary importance would necessarily gravitate towards Russia, their defender, and the most powerful champion of Slavdom in the world. They would probably form a confederacy presided over by Russia. By placing their resources at the disposal of Russia they would add to the already formidable might of that Empire."

The following is an extract from a remarkable editorial article in the official Russian journal, the *Golos*, on the Eastern question:—

"We had better look things in the face. If there were no Russia in the world Christian England would doubtless not disgrace herself by supporting the rule of the Crescent in the Balkan Peninsula. Her statesmen in such a case would not bring themselves to assert publicly that the cruelties committed by Turks against the Slavonians could be justified. A European of the Romanic or Germanic race as a rule has but one opinion on such things, no matter what the name of the nation may be. When Piedmont placed herself at the head of the Italian Unity party everybody applauded her act. The French assisted her in conquering Lombardy, the Prussians in taking Venice, and all, including even the English, praised Piedmont. But when the Slavonians rise in rebellion against the Turks to defend their rights in a desperate struggle, Europe forgets that she is Christian and philanthropic.

"Why should this be? The Slavonians in the eyes of Europe form a separate world. They do not take rank with the civilized nations but are pariahs. Europe moreover, holds that emancipation of any Slavonian tribe from non-Slavonian rule must unavoidably strengthen the position of Russia in the council of nations. A Slavonic federation of Slavonian States of secondary importance will inevitably gravitate toward Russia as the most powerful representative of Slavdom, will look to her for protection and defence, and invest with additional importance a power already so mighty. This is perfectly well understood in London and at Pesth, in Vienna Berlin and Paris. Some may look forward to this consumation more anxiously than the others, but they all realize it. This accounts for the phenomenon that each time when Slavonians speak of their injured rights, a commotion arises in Europe, and diplomacy sets to work to maintain what is called the *status quo*, but what in reality is the disgrace of the nineteenth century, the hateful and abominable rule of Mussulmans over the Christians."

DIVORCE IN CHICAGO.—The Chicago papers are publishing a list of divorces recently granted in that city. The average Chicagoan steals away with it to the privacy of his own closet, runs down the long array until he comes to a familiar name, and sighs as he says to himself: "Last year she was mine; last week she was his'n, to-morrer she will be somebody else's. O, Mary Ann, Mary Ann, what changes you have seen.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

People who make a good deal of noise with their shoes seldom make any with their heads.