THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

olume II. No. 23 } ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1876. { $1.00 per annum in Advance.

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Flour and Feed always on hand, wholesome and retail. Grinding and Chopping Daily. Custom for all kinds of Grain.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton. Close to the G.T. Railway Station. Excellent accommodation for the travelling public. THOS. CAMPBELL, Propr.

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WM. HEMSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, 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 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, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents. E. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 19th, 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 page, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

DMINION
HARNESS SHOP.
E. K. COOK
Having purchased the stock and good will of the business lately carried on by Mr. J. F. Dempsey, begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he will continue the harness business in the same premises,
Old Post Office Building, Mill Street, Acton,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, being a practical workman of considerable experience. All work done promptly and as cheap as the cheapest. On hand a large and well selected stock of
Harness, Horse Blankets, Trunks, Whips, Brushes, Combs, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to.
E. K. COOK.
Acton, Sept. 28, 1876.

AND
SLEIGHS.
Now is the time to leave your order
At J. Ryder's Factory
for a
Stylish Cutter or Serviceable Sleigh.
I am making up a large stock for the coming season, from the best material.
Call and See our Handsome Cutters.
My present stock of
BUGGIES AND WAGONS
will be sold off very cheap.
Now is a good time to secure bargains.
Strict attention given to
Horse-Shoeing & General Blacksmithing.
JAMES RYDER.
Acton, Sept. 27, 1876.

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
Hearses 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

STEAM
Carriage & Wagon
WORKS,
Main Street, - Acton.
MICHAEL SPEIGHT,
General Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon-maker.
Best Horse-Shoers in the County.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, or no price charged.
First-Class Plows and Collard's Patent Iron Harrows always on hand.
A good stock of Carriages and Wagons.
Repairing promptly and properly attended to.
Acton, July 18, 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 Maker of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

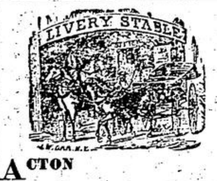
ACTON BAKERY.

Cheap Bread.
GALLOWAY BROS.
ARE STILL AHEAD,
And we intend to keep so with our Superior
Bread, Buns, and Cakes,
Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock of
BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES
Always on hand at our bakery, good, fresh and cheap for cash.
NO CREDIT GIVEN,
Except to prompt-paying monthly customers.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
Weight for weight given in bread in exchange for flour.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
Made to order in the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.
N.B.—All goods are warranted pure as nothing but the best of material is used. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

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 Tysoe'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 Creasors, 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.



ACTON
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.

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ACTON FREE PRESS,
Only One Dollar a Year.

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

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

NOBODY.

Left there, nobody's daughter,
Child of disgrace and shame,—
Nobody ever taught her
A mother's sweet, saving name.

Nobody ever caring,
Whether she stood or fell,
And men (are they men?) ensnaring
With the arts and the gold of hell!

Stitching with ceaseless labor,
To earn her pitiful bread;
Begging a crust of a neighbor,
And getting a curse instead!

All through the long, hot summer,
All through the cold, dark time,
With fingers that numb and number
Grow white as the frost's white rim.

Nobody ever conceiving
The throb of that warm, young life,
Nobody ever believing
The strain of that terrible strife!

Nobody kind words pouring
In that orphan heart's sad ear;
But all of us all ignoring
What lies at our doors, so near!

O sister! down in the alley,
Pale, with the downcast eye,
Dark and drear is the valley,
But the stars shine forth on high.

Nobody here may love thee,
Or care if thou stand or fall;
But the great, good God above thee,
He watches and cares for all.

London Spectator.

"WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN."

"O great mystery of love—
In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treasons self,
Enlarges rapture as a pebble dropt
In some full wine cup overbrims the wine!"

"There, mother, our last dollar is gone."

"The Good Father above will not forsake us, Julia. He has promised to provide."

Something like a faint sneer curved the girls lips and hovered over the pale face, but without replying she removed her hat and emptied the basket of its contents—some parcels containing tea, rice, eggs, a loaf of bread and some potatoes. Then fastening a clean apron about her slender waist, she began preparing dinner, just as the door was opened with a rush, and two merry little chaps burst into the room, exclaiming:

"What do *you* think, ma, Julia, we've got a hundred per cent.—perfect lessons — regular attendance! and, and—"

"Do take time for breathing, boys, and don't be so noisy," the sister said, gently, as she kissed their brow with affectionate pride, while expressing her pleasure at their report.

"O, Charley," the youngest suddenly exclaimed in delighted surprise, "Look, we've got eggs for dinner! Say, Julia, won't you make a pudding?" he added, with a pleading, yet doubtful air, as if a pudding were a luxury scarcely to be hoped for on their bill of fare; but how his red lips did smack at the simple idea of such a feast!

"Not to-day, Harry; poor ma must have something nice and nourishing, and I cannot spare even one of those eggs for ourselves. You won't mind, will you, dear?" the girl said as she noticed the disappointed faces looking so longingly at the four white eggs on the table.

"Do make a pudding for them, Julia. I really do not feel as if I could eat anything but a bit of toast," the feeble voice of the invalid mother remarked.

"See here, my men," the girl said, turning to her brothers gravely, "would you let me use up those eggs for your healthy appetites, and serve potatoes to tempt the palate of your sick mother? Remember, boys, our 'bank' is empty, and we have no money to buy even a loaf of bread until I finish that work yonder, that will bring us in the grand sum of sixty-five cents, by to-morrow evening."

"No sirree!" was the magnanimous reply, "we don't want any pudding, do we, Harry?"

"Bah, I guess not!" was the retort, with a contemptuous sniff, that contained a world of abnegation nevertheless.

"Never mind, my pets, the girl remarked, with a quiver in her voice; "when our ship comes in we will purchase a hennery the first thing, and such eggs as we shall have! and such puddings of golden hue with raisins in them, that will put Johnny Horner's plum to shame!"

"I'm awful hungry," was the slightly impatient reply, ignoring utterly the "ship" and its promised treasure. In fact the boys were beginning to consider the ship a gigantic fraud, unless, indeed, it had foundered in the vast ocean of unrealized expectations, and they had a vague notion that a pudding "for sure," was infinitely preferable to a pudding in prospective.

"Why didn't you fetch home a basketful of eggs, Julia, while you were about it," questioned little Harry, after some meditation, wherein his disappointment was still apparent.

"Because I did not have money enough to pay for them. Because—oh! mother what shall I do? What is going to become of us?"

The girl seemed completely despairing, as she stood for a moment with her hands pressed to her brow.

The boys looked at her in amazement. The sick woman raised her trembling hands and brushed away the tears trickling down her emaciated cheek, saying: "God will not forsake us."

"Oh, mother! What hollow consolation. God does not appear to trouble Himself about such miserable wretches as this room contains. I want nothing to do with a God that reduces His creatures to starvation — mental and physical — to afflict the innocent, oppress the weak. How can I trust a Being with such cruel attributes, who seems to gloat over the woes of mankind, like some human monster, until he is gratified to the full then in a spirit of repentance lift the weary mortal from his misery and trouble only after we have become a mere husk? Life robbed of its confidence, and nature's sweetest elements destroyed in struggling for the wherewith to keep the body and soul together. The gift of life is a curse on such conditions.

"My child, my patient child, how you distress me; bear it patiently yet a little longer, dear, for my sake—"

The sick woman could not finish the sentence. She held out her withered hand appealingly with a mute gesture that brought the tears of remorse to the girl's eyes:

Taking the thin face tenderly upon her breast, she murmured, as if caressing an infant, "My poor afflicted darling, forgive me. I will be patient. I would not complain if I could only make you more comfortable, if my work were only a little more remunerative."

Four years ago this family were in affluent circumstances, but the death of the father and provider made an unlooked for change in the circle by the announcement that the deceased was totally bankrupt. The shock resulted most disastrously to the widow, inasmuch as it left her a helpless paralytic; and the burden of domestic care fell upon the youthful daughter, Julia, a girl of fifteen, whose womanly nature soon developed beyond her years, through the call upon her affections by a sick mother and little brothers.

To say that "society" snubbed them after misfortune would be doing "society" a great injustice. For "society" declares itself founded upon Christian principles, whose fundamental truth is supposably derivable from the sentiment "even as ye do unto one of these."

No, the family dropped naturally out of society, and with the native intuition "society" possesses, it permitted them to withdraw from the sphere their limited means could no longer adorn, and favored the sensitive feelings of the unfortunates by not intruding upon their privacy and witnessing their poverty. Society is too refined to make advances where no appeal has been made upon its friendship or purse.

Julia and her mother had their own pride, and fully appreciated the delicacy that demonstrated "society's" consideration for them.

The sick mother now realized that her pride had made a serious mistake, finding herself and children at the expiration of four years' isolation at the mercy of bitter circumstances, her well-economized means exhausted, and, metamorphically speaking, the winter and the wolf at the door.

Julia's fingers were never idle, but the pitiful compensation paid for "shop work" was like robbing "Peter to pay Paul" as the "midnight oil" consumed half of the meagre profits of her labor. To leave her mother any length of time was impossible. She practiced penmanship, and made application but for one request a number for copying, for copyist there were dred applicants, and she was not the "lucky one." Like every young and pretty woman, in her single handed combat with the world in her efforts to obtain a living for herself and dear ones, she was subjected to many trials and sorry mortifications, and the smooth sounding doctrines that fall like tender dew upon the well-fed human blossoms, from a softly cushioned pulpit, were robbed of their meditating consolation. Providential interposition was no longer a hopeful subject, since even the practical maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," failed to bring work to her willing hands.

It was not the wail of an easily discouraged woman that uttered, "What shall I do? What will become of us!" but the cry of a heroic, but desperately tried heart.

Notwithstanding the scene we have just described, the little family dined heartily on potatoes, with rice and bacon gravy for dessert, while the invalid reluctantly nibbled at her toast and poached egg, and sipped her cup of tea.

"To-morrow we shall have soup," Julia promised the boys, as they marched away to school again; "and Sunday you shall have a pudding," she added, thinking she could manage it somehow. After the room was in order and the dishes cleared away, Julia removed her apron, and taking up the paper that had been wrapped around the bread she fetched home, she chanced to notice the "want column," and read under the head of "miscellaneous:"

WANTED.—A person to read an hour, morning and afternoon; none but a good reader need apply, at ——, etc.

She looked at the date — it was the previous day. Poor girl, experience had taught her not to be sanguine, still a throb of hope permeated her being and lent a buoyancy to her step as she caught up her hat, and with some trifling excuse to her mother, left the room and hastened to the address she had torn from the paper.

It led her back into the aristocratic portion of the city where her merry childhood had been passed. Nothing like regret for the happier days haunted her, she hoped. Oh, if such fervent aspirations are not prayers, then none ever floated on high, that she might not be too late to obtain this place, and thus add a mite to the necessities of existence.

She was ushered into an elegantly-furnished apartment, whose occupants were mother and son, as one glance sufficed to tell. The son, a man of thirty-five years reclined on a lounge; his eyes were bandaged. The mother was seated near him with a copy of Henry Blackburn's "Artists and Arabs; or Sketching in the Sunshine," in her hand. She received her visitor with winning grace, that placed Julia at ease to some extent, as she stated the object of her call, her reason for desiring the employment, and if they were not already suited to permit her to make the trial.

While she was speaking the gentleman remained passive and silent, but the lady's face gave evidence of intense interest and sympathy. When she concluded the son said:

"Mother, have you 'Aurora Leigh' handy?"

The book was at hand.

"Will the lady be good enough to turn to page 37, and read from second book: 'Times followed one another.'"

Julia's heart beat so painfully, she imagined it must have muffled her voice as she read these lines, the simplest in the whole volume, yet so replete with an under current of signification to her thirsty heart! The satire of expression was lost in the tremor of her voice as she read:

"I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!"

But it grew stronger as she continued, for she was capable of identifying herself with her author, and gained courage from the sentiments that, to her, had a two-fold meaning. She had the elements in her nature of proving worthy "of a grand adversity."

Julia possessed a low, musical voice, and the faculty of transmitting her own conception of what she was reading to her auditors. She readily understood a trope, and by the magnetism of her own sympathy with an author's idea, her listeners were enabled to catch it.

Mother and son appreciated this talent, and, without further testimony, secured the services of the young girl to come and read to the gentleman two hours daily, dividing the time morning and afternoon, for which she was to receive the, to her, magnificent sum of $10 per week.

Her good fortune seemed incredible, her joy was mingled with emotion of doubt, and only after she was seated at the bedside of her mother, sobbing out her story, could she realize that starvation, bitter poverty was turned from their threshold to earn $10 a week, and still have so much time to devote to her dear ones, besides the little sum her sewing brought her.

"Why, mother, it is wealth!" she exclaimed, "and puddings for the poor little boys! How delightful they will be when I can answer them 'our ship has come in.'"

"Yes, daughter, God is good. Do you recollect what Carlyle says? 'Friend, hast thou considered the rugged, all-nourishing earth—how she feeds the sparrows on the house top, much more her darling man?'"

"Oh, you sweet mother," the girl now said, with a gleeful laugh. "How nice such sentiments sound, and how well they set on a full stomach, as it were. Voltaire says: 'By defying death the brave escape.' That fits me better, for I am ready to defy poverty, now that I can buy a respite of this more cruel enemy than death."

"Only think, mother," she continued, "ten dollars a week for the luxury of intercourse with such authors as I know I shall find in that house."

Like a flower that has been perishing in the drought, Julia freshened and developed under this pleasant change in her life. Her employers treated her with gentle consideration, and unconsciously she disclosed to them all of her history, and learned that the gentleman with "the bandaged eyes" had lost his sight about a year previous, and was now under treatment, with but faint hopes of its recovery.

One morning when the gray clouds of winter hung heavily on the earth, and the frost king had no sunny smile for his subjects, Julia was about leaving her mother for her usual "literary hour," as she called her readings, when the door admitted the gentle visage of her employer's mother, who advanced to the invalid saying:

"You must pardon my intrusion, dear lady, but the weather is so disagreeable I could not resist stopping on the way home, and taking our charming friend with me, and also take advantage of this excuse to become better acquainted with her mother, of whom we have heard so much that I do not feel as if we could be strangers."

With truly feminine tact the conversation immediately assumed the tone of old acquaintance, in which the pleasures of meeting was mutual.

The call was but the precursor of many until the carriage did duty for the two families. Frequently the frail invalid was carried to it in the strong arms of the coachman, and a truly happy "family party" passed the day under the hospitable roof of the more fortunate people. And how Charley and Harry enjoyed the grand dinners and the splendid rides. One day there was a particularly solemn dinner given that nobody seemed to enjoy but the boys, for the *soul* of this delightful state of affairs was going to depart for Europe and there complete the cure that promised light to the darkened sight under that bandage.

Over in the corner of the great parlor Julia and the blind man were seated; he had been saying something that made her pale and red by turns, her lips seemed incapable of answering him.

"Julia, I must hear my fate."

"Wait until you return—until you can see me."

"My heart has eyes that cannot deceive. My soul cries for its answering echo; the sound is sight and life to me, and Julia, Julia, I want my answer! Do you love me; will you be my wife?"

He felt her arms around him in an instant. Then as she would have fled he held her in a close embrace, saying softly:

"My own, your answer is a glimpse of Heaven." Now let me say—

"Thank God, who made me blind, to make me see!"

This all happened months ago. To-day Julia stands with beating, loving heart, waiting for her "ship to come in," that is so near with her treasure.

A Disgusted Widow.

Capt. W——has just returned from the Warm Springs. The Capt. is a widower. At the Springs was a widow who rather set her cap for the Captain. The girls told him to look out, and the Captain replied, well, he was ready.

Sitting out in the portico one evening, the cool breeze fanning like a ten cent palm leaf, and thinking of his daughters far away at school, the widow moved up close by and opened conversation.

"I hear, Captain, you have grown-up daughters."

"Yes madam, I have."

"How I should like to see their pictures."

"I will show you a picture of my eldest daughter," said the Captain, handing her one.

"Oh, such a sweet face," said the widow; "and such a fine eye! Isn't she called like you, Captain?"

"I don't know, madam, that she is."

"It is a wonder to me Captain W—— you don't get married."

"Well, ma'am, I never think of it; for the woman I'd have, might not have me, and then you know, vice versa."

"Yes; but what kind of a lady would suit you?" and the widow looked her sweetest.

It was right here the captain's wonderful nerve never forsook him, but setting his eye steadily at the widow's he hardened his heart and replied: "Madam, she must be ninety-five years old to a second, and worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"It is getting so chilly out here I must go for my shawl," said the widow; and she looked frigid zone at the Captain, as she brushed him by with a toss of her head.

Here is the latest national song:

"Hurrah! we sing for Canada,
The land of the brave and the free,
The land of the pine and the hemlock,
And the sugar maple tree;
The land where the bear and beaver
And the mink and marten grow—
Where they plunge themselves in water,
Or go waddling in the snow."

Gems of Thought.

Diligence is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

In trivial matters, first second thoughts are always the best.

There is nothing that needs to be said in an unkindly manner.

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich, and the rich honorable.

When we seem to blame ourselves, we mean only to extort praise.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

He who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

The error of one thoughtless moment may become the sorrow of a whole life.

Boys often become tyrants from a mistaken notion of its being grand and manly.

The most certain way to make a man your enemy is to tell him you esteem him much.

Misfortunes work more or less according to the weakness or resolution of the patient.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Reason is the flower of the spirit, and its fragrance is the sweet incense of liberty and knowledge.

Men are generally deserted in adversity. When the sun sets our very shadows refuse to follow us.

What men want is not talent but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person he is defaming.

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home. Give to the world only those which are to spare.

The only difference between one man and another is whether he governs his passions or his passions govern him.

You may find it very difficult to get away from bad company, but you needn't on that account throw yourself away.

Pride is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness; vanity is an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion.

She Wouldn't Speak to Him.

When a young Chicago man came down stairs the other morning he remembered that his wife, who was preparing breakfast, had not spoken to him when she got up, and so he cheerfully said: "Good morning, little lady."

Not a word came in reply.

"Good morning," said he again, in a higher key, thinking that she might not have heard him before.

"Um—'m—'m," was all that escaped from her sealed lips, as she kept on with the work.

"Why under the sun don't you answer me?" exclaimed he in surprise; "what's the matter? What have I done to offend you?"

"Um—'m—'m," was the only sound elicited.

"Look here!" then exclaimed the husband, as he jumped up and knocked over a cup of coffee; "I don't swallow one mouthful of this breakfast until you tell me what's the matter."

"What's the matter?" echoed she, suddenly turning upon him with flashing eyes. And then she continued: "John Adell Smithson, the next time I dream I see you kissing another woman I—I—I will leave this house!—bo-hoo!"

WATERING HORSES.—An English "Horse Lover" writes to a contemporary: "I wish to add my testimony as regards the necessity of watering horses sufficiently. For twenty years we have kept in our stables an average of ten horses. We have never known a day's illness among them. Several are over thirty years, and capable of any amount of work. We attribute this entirely to my daily visit to the stable, when I always find a trough or a pail full of water within the reach of each horse. By this I know that at least once a day they are able fully to quench their thirst. I never had dealings with a coachman who did not think it a risk to let his horses have more than a modicum of water. I would just add that we have not such a thing as a bearing rein in our harness room, and I always drive without winkers."

HARD CEMENT FOR SEAMS.—Take equal quantities of white lead and white sand and as much oil as will make it into the consistency of putty. Apply this to the seams in the roofs of houses, &c. It will in a few weeks become as hard as a stone.