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Plasing, Scroll Work and Matching Done to Order.

☞ Blinds 30 cents per foot. ☜
All work delivered in Acton free.
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All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.
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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.

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

$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.

JAS. MATTHEWS
ACTON,
CLERK 4TH DIVISION COURT,
COUNTY OF HALTON,
Conveyancer,
Commissioner in Q. B.
Fire Insurance Agent,
Life Insurance Agent,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Agent Money to Loan or Borrow.
Agent Montreal Telegraph Co.
Debts Collected on Commission.
And General Agent, &c., &c.
Parties intrusting their business with me will be satisfactorily dealt with.
Office at the Post Office, Acton.

Lumber, Lath and Shingles FOR SALE.
The undersigned have for sale at their mills in Acton a large quantity of all kinds of
PINE AND HEMLOCK LUMBER,
Pine Shingles and Lath.
Shingles of the best quality for only $1.85 per square.

GUMMING MACHINE.
We have just introduced a new Gumming Machine, and are prepared to gum Drag or Cross-cut Saws.
BROWN & HALL.
Acton, Dec. 12, 1876. 24-3m

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.

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.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Dread Disappointment, dost thou ne'er grow weary,
Making pleasures bitter, glad joys dreary?
Drooping many spirits by thy cheerless rays?
For to all thou'st made thyself by thy wanton ways.

Free from thy pall our hearts are lightest, gladdest,
But touched by thee they're mournful, dullest, saddest,
Now sorrow reigns where not long since was joy,
And life itself is like a broken toy.

Blessing rich to curses are converted,
Which thy cold hand could easy have averted,
Hopes, fond ambitions, ruthlessly are crushed,
Songs that would gladden life by thee are hushed.

O'er a new victim writhing in his pain
Thou standest ready deeply to pierce again;
Experienced not, he's hopeful as of yore
When down you hurl him lower than before.

Oft weeks and months, and sometimes even years
Are spent for some great wish, 'mid toils and tears,
Just when we think we have it, in you creep,
And take our cherished hopes with one grand sweep.

A monarch, true thou art, but sadness, pain,
And bitter blightings follow in thy train,
Pleasures and joys will never find a place
In thy dark halls, which sunbeams never grace.

Guelph. M.

DECEMBER SNOWS, AND MAY BLOOM.

I was spending a few weeks with Mrs. Duncan Blaine—one of the Lady Directresses of the Hospital for Incurables.

She invited me to accompany her on one of her weekly visiting days, and gave me the pleasant task of cutting the flowers while she prepared a basket of delicacies for the patients.

Our preparations concluded, we stepped into Mrs. Blaine's satin-lined coupe, and were whirled rapidly away to our destination. We went into a room where several ladies were engaged in arranging tiny bouquets for distribution.

One lady, whose face was turned away from me, had such white hair that I thought she must be quite old. I carried my fragrant offering to her table. To my great surprise, as she turned to thank me, I saw a young, sweet face, the large, brilliant dark eyes forming a strange contrast to her silvered hair.

I had no time to question my friend until evening, when, seated in her cozy boudoir, I asked about her. Mrs. Blaine smiled.

"That young face with a frame of white hair never fails to excite curiosity. If you like, I will tell you her history."

I assented eagerly, and will give you the story in Mrs. Blaine's words.

"Annie Stratton is one of my dearest friends. Her husband was taking a tour through the South for the benefit of his health, and called to see a college-chum whose home was in Virginia.

"He had suffered from a severe domestic affliction, and had changed from the merry youth of Homer Mason's recollection to a grave, reserved man.

"But his dark face, with its expression of settled sadness possessed a peculiar charm for one member of the household—Homer's sister Annie, a glowing, sprightly girl of sixteen.

"Arnold Stratton was too well read in the phases of human nature not to see the preference which looked from the dark eyes of the guileless girl as they were raised shily to his face. As he continued his journey he was haunted by their memory, and after a time he returned to the southern home as a suitor for Annie's hand.

"Homer Mason was pleased with the alliance. He knew the Stratton family to be one of the best in the country, and he felt that Annie's happiness could be safely intrusted to Arnold's keeping from his remembrance of his noble, chivalric nature in their old, boyish days of companionship.

"It was arranged that they should make a tour through the States in their own carriage for a wedding-trip. On the first morning of their journey earth and sky seemed conspiring Eden. The tender green of the trees which stretched their protecting arms over the rocks, the blue arch above flecked with fleecy clouds, the merry birds twittering their love-songs around them, all seemed in unison with the lover's happiness.

"Occasionally, as Arnold Stratton looked upon the sweet face of his girl-wife, a shadow stole over his own, which had been a stranger to it of late. Annie noticed it, and said playfully.

"What am I to think, sir! That you feel *ennuye* in my society?"

Arnold imprisoned one little hand within his own for an answer. Annie gave a sigh of content as she wished for words.

"Do you love me dearly, Arnold?"

"His dark face worked convulsively.

"So well that I would die to save you a moment's suffering."

Annie nestled closer to his side. "It seems such a sacrifice to give up your free, untrammeled life and be tied down to a little girl's side all the time. I fear I shall be an exacting, jealous little wife."

Arnold answered gayly, and during the rest of their journey kept at bay any appearance of gloom that might cloud his young wife's happiness. It was in the edge of a June evening when they reached home. Lights were placed at intervals along the carriage-way, and as they wound in and out, an occasional glimpse of the mansion was seen. Every window was ablaze with light, and when at last they stopped, Aenie alighted, and leaning upon her husband's arm, passed up the broad steps and entered her home.

"For a few weeks her life was like idyl. Then her husband was summoned from home by a telegraph, and she was left for the first time with her old colored nurse, Zilpah, who had accompanied her to her Northern home.

"One morning Annie was glancing over the pages of a favorite monthly when a peal of the bell rang through the house, and in a moment a servant tapped at the door.

"Please, ma'am, a man wishes to see the master. I told him he was away, and he said he must see the housekeeper begging your pardon, ma'am, for calling you sich a name; but I had to ask you to step to the door, he's so pressing like."

"Annie arose and winding her hair into a massive knot, fastened it quickly, and followed the girl to the door. The stranger stood upon the threshold awaiting her approach. He handed her a telegram, saying he was to deliver it in person to Judge Stratton, or, if he were absent, to some person in authority.

Annie opened the note and read.

"Sir. I send by express the body of your wife. She died very suddenly, and as Dr. Wayne is away, I have to act without orders. You will find—"

Annie looked up.

"There is some mistake. You have brought the message to the wrong address. This is Judge Arnold Stratton's residence, and I am his wife."

The man looked perplexed.

"I am sorry to make trouble, ma'am, but that's the gentleman's name."

The rattling of carriage-wheels driven at a rapid pace interrupted him and Arnold Stratten ran up the steps just in time to see his wife's white, horror-stricken face, and to catch her in his arms as she fell forward; apparently lifeless.

He turned to the stranger, and said sternly:

"What is the meaning of all this!"

The man pointed to the letter which had fallen to the ground. He picked it up, and grew white to the lips as he read:

"Brute!" said he, turning savagely to the messenger. "You have killed her!"

"I am sorry, sir,' was the respectful answer, "but it's something that can't be delayed, and my orders were positive not to come back without directions."

The color came back to Annie's face, and she opened her eyes and looked up piteously into Arnold's face.

"Oh, Arnold! Say it is not true! If she was your wife, what am I!"

Beads of anguish stood upon the unhappy man's forehead.

"Annie, I have sinned against you, but only in not telling you the story of my life before I dared to unite our fates."

His voice broke as he looked into the blighted young face so lately the picture of happy bloom.

"Annie, that poor lady who was my wife has been a monument of what a human being can become when deprived of God's most precious gift—reason.

"Her father was my dear old tutor, and on his death-bed he besought me to marry his only child, a girl of sixteen. Had he told me that her mother died insane, boy as I was, and great as was his influence over me, I should have refused. As it was, I consented, and the marriage ceremony was performed by his bed-side. With in an hour he died. Grief at the loss of her father developed her malady, and from that solemn scene of death, I rode in haste for the good old doctor who had attended her from infancy thinking her wild ravings were the prelude to a brain-fever. He was greatly surprised and excited when he heard my story.

"Good God, Stratton!" he said, "that marriage cannot stand. That poor child's mother died a raving maniac, and such will be her fate as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow!"

As I listened to his words, my veins absolutely thrilled with horror, but mingled with it was a surging tide of pity for the unfortunate girl with such an inheritance to cloud her innocent, young life. Not for an instant did I waver. I said firmly:

"No, Doctor, her father gave me the trust, and I shall not evade it. She shall be watched over, cherished as tenderly as though she were my sister."

Dr. Preston almost crushed my hand in his impulsive grasp.

"It is a noble deed, my boy, but I fear the future will bring regret."

So it was settled. The violent symptoms which followed her father's death, soon subsided, and her disease took the form of melancholy. Then it changed to a suicidal mania. I tried to keep her at home, watched over by faithful family servants, but she eluded them several times, and by the merest chance was rescued from self-destruction. Then, acting upon the advice of friends, I placed her in Dr. Wayne's care with instructions that every caprice should be gratified, if it took the whole of my fortune. She had been an inmate of the asylum about ten years, and for a long time had been imbecile, so that she was oblivious of all early associations, not knowing me from a stranger when I called to see to her welfare.

"At last I saw you and loved you. Then I realized that my life had been sacrificed—that a selfish old man had taken advantage of his influence over a boy—for a youth of eighteen is nothing more, and—but I am distressing. Under the influence of my awakened heart I appealed to the legislature to set aside the marriage. That august body gave me my freedom, considering it a justifiable act under the circumstances. Then I came to you and asked you to be my wife. Now you have the sad story."

As Annie listened her set face relaxed, and the tears fell silently.

"Oh, Arnold, if you had only told me before. It was so sudden, and we were so happy."

"Were!" He opened his arms. "Annie, come to me!" Say that you forgive me. Let me feel that soft cheek rest against mine once more. Tell me that you do not despise—"

He turned very pale and fell heavily forward. Annie sprang to his side.

"Arnold! I do forgive you with my whole heart. Look up! Speak to your own Annie."

The dim eyes opened, a smile of content parted the pale lips, and remained—he was dead.

"Now, dear, you have the sad story. Do you wonder that her hair turned white within the week?"

The wonder is that her heart did not break.

Mrs. Blaine laid her hand gently on my head.

"Child, hearts do not break so easily. God's ways are not like ours. He has his own means of bringing us to our appointed places. Annie is one of his chosen children, made perfect through suffering. It was some years before she recovered sufficiently to feel an interest in anything; but now she is a power for good among earth's sufferers. There seems to be a magic in her voice and look. When she "enters into rest," her crown will be bright with many jewels."

HOW TO MIX MUSTARD.—Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool; hot water destroys its essential properties, and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put the mustard in a cup, with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it very gradually sufficient boiled water to make it drop from the spoon without being watery. Stir and mix well and rub the lumps well down with the back of a spoon, as mustard properly mixed should be perfectly free from these. The mustard pot should not be more than half full, or rather less, if it will not be used for a day or two, as the mustard is so much better when fresh made.

The best way to discourage a boil is to seek a right slippery place on the ice pavement, and then, when the boil ain't looking, come down on it—flop.

There are two times in a man's life when he eagerly scans a newspaper—once when he has been in an awful scrape, and again when he is looking for a puff.

The taffy party time is coming on. Young men about town are trying to ingratiate themselves into the graces of the farmers, hoping to get invitations.

Pen Picture of President Hayes.

A strong, well-built man of model size and form, healthy, hearty, and full, sandy beard, slightly touched with silver streaks, a full face, ruddy and glowing with health; no crows' feet, no furrows, a well-shaped mouth, good teeth; two large, open, blue eyes of kindly expression; a smile on his lips; a high, broad, clear forehead; a voice, deep, strong, and sonorious; large, shapely limbs; a full breast, quick but not nervous of movement; moderately quick but not rapid of speech; a good listener, calm, cool, dispassionate, anything but radical; never cross, short, or sharp; always affable, kind and candid, with no secrets to whisper, no plots to promote, no tricks to explain; open as the day, firm as a rock, pure as a woman with no bad habits, whether of tobacco, whiskey, or anything else; pure and plain of speech, popular among all classes, without affection, mock dignity, or the least suspicion of demagoguery; wearing the same face to all, speaking the same language to all; bearing himself with dignity and modest reserve; regular in his hours, happy in his family relations as man can be, strong in the affections of the people, such is General Hayes, the President-elect of the United States. No man was ever so fortunate. He has not a single personal enemy in Ohio, a fact true perhaps of no other prominent politician in the State. In all his long public career as Congressman, general in the army, Governor three times, there is nothing mysterious to explain, and no charge has ever been made against him of any kind whatsoever.

Ladies, here is something for you. It is about Mrs. President-elect Hayes. More, and most interesting of all, it is about her dress. When she became apprised that she was to be mistress of the White House for the next four years, she immediately began to think about what would be the proper thing for her to wear at the inaugural of her husband as President. She decided to take the train from Columbus, her home, and go to Cincinnati, where she could get the styles. She went. She visited the leading fashion-firm of the city, and there she decided upon her costumes. A sly reporter crept into the establishment soon after Mrs. Hayes left, and there were the orders which he read against her name. Want to hear them? Of course! Well then, here; Inaugural dress. Be of elegant black silk, cut princesse in style, high in the throat, long sleeves, full train. Trimmed with black velvet, blue satin, and Valenciennes lace; must be rich and elegant, but very plain. Cost, $500. Evening, or reception dress. Be of Quaker gray, corsage waist, square neck, demi-sleeve, full train. Trimmed with Valenciennes lace, fringe and flowers. Cost, $300. Morning dress. Be of blue cashmere, handsomely trimmed with silk of the same shade, fringe to match, demi-train, and princess polonaise."

To Make Glossy Shirts.

Put a little common white wax in your starch, say two ounces to the pound: then if you use any thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise it will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold; however, of that anon. Now, then, about polishing shirts; starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice—that is starch and dry; then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm; but without any attempt at a good finish; don't lift the plaits; your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirtboard made of hard wood and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirts, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polishing iron which is flat and bevelled a little at one end—polish gently with the bevelled part, taking care not to drive the linen up into wave-like blisters; of course this requires a little practice, but if you are careful and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.—*American Rural Home*

The most original spelling we have ever seen is the following, which is taken from an old book; it beats modern phonetics: "80 you be—a tub. 80 oh! pea—a top. Be 80—bat. See 80—cat. Pea 80—pat. Are 80—rat. See oh! double you—cow. See you be—cub. See a bee—cab. Be you double ten—butt. See a double ell—call."

The Farmers' Sons' Franchise Bill.

The following are the principal features of the Farmers' Sons' Franchise Bill, enacted law by the Ontario Assembly:

For the purpose of assessment, every farmer's son *bona fide* resident on the farm of his father or mother, at the time of the making of the assessment roll, shall be entitled to be, and may be, entered, rated and assessed on such roll, in respect of such farm in the manner following:

If the father be living, and either the father or mother be the owner of the farm, the sons shall be entered and assessed jointly with the father.

If the father be dead and the mother owns the farm, and a widow, the sons may be entered under and assessed as if *bona fide* occupants or tenants under the mother, within the meaning of the "Election Law of 1868."

Every farmer's son, 21 years of age, residing at the time of election, in the Electoral Division or Riding in which he tenders his vote, and having resided on the farm of his father or mother for 12 months, next prior to the return of the assessment roll, provided he is not disqualified under Sections 2, 3 or 4, of the Election Law of 1868, and is in accordance with the provisions of the act, rated on the assessment roll for such farm, at an amount sufficient to qualify a vote, shall be a voter. Temporary absence of four months or under shall not disualify.

A son entitled to be assessed, by the provisions of the act, may require his name to be entered as joint or separate owner, occupant or tenant, and shall be liable as owner, occupant or tenant in respect to such assessment, and shall have the right to apply and complain to the Court of Revision as other voters.

If there be more than one son on the farm, and the farm is not rated and assessed at an amount sufficient, if equally divided between them, to give a qualification to vote to the father and all the sons, where the father is living, or to the sons alone, where the father is dead, and the mother is a widow, then the right to be assessed and to vote under this act shall belong to and be the right only of the father and such of the eldest or elder of said sons to whom the amount at which the farm is rated and assessed will, when equally divided between them, give the qualification to vote; provided, moreover, that if the amount at which the farm is so rated and assessed is insufficient, if equally divided between the father, if living, and one son, to give to such a qualification to vote, then the father shall be the only person entitled to be assessed and to vote in respect of such farm.

If the assessment for 1877 be completed before the passage of this act, any son entitled to vote under it, may apply to the Court of Revision to enter his name with the same effect as if the act had passed on the 1st of January, 1877.

Every son qualified by the act, shall have the right to vote at municipal and general elections. The word "father" shall include "step-father."

Protection against Moths.

We have every spring many modes offered of protecting furs and woolens against the destructive attacks of the moth during warm weather. We have seen various preparations sold for this purpose, with long accounts appended of their being perfect remedies. Red ceder chests and closets are recommended and many people cumber their houses with them at considerable expense, only to find out how grevriously they have been disappointed. The best protection we ever tried has been to tie up in close cotton bags all furs and woolens at all convenient to be so treated, after giving them a thorough shaking and cleansing, and letting them stay there until they are again wanted. These bags can be hung anywhere out of the way. If there are no moths in the articles when tied up there certainly can none get in afterward if the bags are sound. All can see that. But when the clothes or articles are too numerous to make this convenient or desirable, hang up in the wardrobe, after a good shaking, and place little bags of camphor all over the wardrobe, laying a few all over the bottom. Then, about every three weeks take out the clothes and shake them up well. No moth will ever disturb them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Probabilities.—Increased pressure and dollar umbrellas will prevail during the early part of the month, with gentle meat showers and possibly areas of boiled potatoes, after which the weather will be settled, and so will the presidential question.

Light and Air.

There is no use in having convenient windows, if they are kept closed. It is no use having large sheets of glass if they are allowed to become so dirty that the light cannot come through them. If a house is to be kept healthy, every room in it should have the windows opened daily, and allowed to remain open long enough for the atmosphere to be thoroughly changed. In nurseries, school rooms, workshops, or other apartments which are in constant use, the window should be thrown open whenever the occupants are absent. Even if the weather is wet and stormy, a few inches at the top should be opened, for a little damp is better than an atmosphere which has been breathed over and over again. In nurseries special care should be taken to keep the windows clean, for young children, like young plants, require plenty of sunshine; and for the same reason the rooms occupied by them ought, if possible, to face the south. What we have already said as to the ventilation of living rooms applies with still greater force to sleeping apartments. In sitting rooms or workshops the door is from time to time opened, so that a slight amount of change of air is secured; but a bed-room door is not opened for many consecutive hours, and it is therefore most important that air should be admitted to it by some other means, for it is an unhealthy thing for the same atmosphere to be breathed and breathed over again. Either a ventilator should be introduced in the wall, or a small portion of the window should be left open at the top. This precaution ought especially to be attended to where, from limited accomodation, several individuals are obliged to occupy one room. Another simple means of keeping a house healthy is frequently to color and whitewash the walls and ceilings. This not only adds brightness and cheerfulness to a dwelling, but cleanses the walls, and serves to remove anything which might engender infection. In fact cleanliness in everything is one of the main securities against disease.

Now is the time to get square with the printer!

Jews are very rarely attacked by epidemic diseases. It is because they eat no pork;

There will be a total eclipse of the moon in the year 1999. That's something like early intelligence, but may be useful.

An exchange gives an account of the great curative powers of milk weed, or cotton weed, when used for liver complaint. The fact may prove valuable information to some suffering persons.

A servant of Mr. W. Ross, Barrie, a girl of 14 years of age, has confessed to setting fire to the premises on two occasions. She has been returned to the Home in Toronto from which she had been taken by her employer.

A Canadian associated press company has been formed in Montreal, for the purpose of obtaining English and European news from London, prepared for Canadian papers.

On account of the prevalence of the rinderpest in Europe, the Dominion Government have issued an order prohibiting the importation of live stock. The U. S. Government have taken a similar stand.

The Anglo American cable company have announced a reduction in ocean messages to 25 cents per word, to commence on the 1st inst. The name of the place where the message originate and the address and signature will be telegraphed free. The Direct cable company has followed suit.

A meeting of the Reformers of the electoral district of Cardwell was held at Mono Mills, March 2nd, to gre organize preparatory to the next general election. Alex. McLachlan, Caledon, was re-elected President, and M. J. Casserty, Adjala, Secretary. An active committee were also nominated for each township. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Pattullo, Toronto, and others.

In the House of Commons on Monday, in answer to a motion of Mr. Young, a return showing the general nature and value of all manufactured goods imported into Canada in the years 1874, 1875 and 1876 respectively, was brought down. From it, it appears that the imports were as follows: Total free goods, 1874, $5,537,325; 1875, $6,322,242, and in 1876 $5,010,388. Total dutiable goods, 1874, $19,400,612; 1875, $18,354,164, and in 1876, $16,427,870. The statement shows that the imports from the United States have, within the last three years, fallen off by about $3,500,000.