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THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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TERMS: One dollar a year, in advance. If not paid in advance, the paper will be sent to the subscriber until the account is settled. Single copies, five cents. No paper sent to the subscriber until the account is settled.

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ACTON BAKERY.



The subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed upon the late firm of Galloway Bros., solicits a continuation of the same, feeling assured that the utmost satisfaction will be given, and that the high reputation of our local and pastry will be fully maintained.

Our Superior quality of BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock always on hand at the Bakery—freed and cheap for cash.

No credit given except to prompt paying monthly customers. Wedding and Fancy Cakes Made to order on the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

All goods are warranted pure, as nothing but the best materials used.

R. T. GALLOWAY.

Acton, Ont., 15, 1877.

YMAS!

Specialist Nuns presents for old and young.

PETRIE'S BOOKSTORE, MASONIC BLOCK, Upper Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

Books for sale.

Books for sale.

Books for sale.

Books for sale.

Books for sale.

Books for sale.

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BADLY MATCHED.

Striking Instance of Man's Devotion.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

Jack Beggs was a country youth, who had his debts and told the truth. He labored hard, and seemed content with life, no matter how wretched.

Till with a girl named Sally Skreels. He fell in love head over heels. Now Sally's father wasn't worth a dollar or a foot of earth.

And Jack's parental parent owed. Most every other man he—knewed. And Jack, who had a valiant heart, vowed that he'd work and get a start.

And with the help of Sally, dear, he'd own a farm within a year. Now Sally, who was cold and pretty—that is, pretty old.

Prepared that for her dear Jack. The honest cross about his face took up. For Jack that for the shoes he wore.

An old maid's matrimonial chances grow very slim as time advances. And this explains why Sally Skreels Proposed to share Jack's bed and meals.

They married. Time flew on apace. A fortune for his Sally's father. And went to work resolved to make a fortune for his Sally's father.

Dear Sally, he talked with all his might. But, alas! no kind, approving word. From Sally's lips were ever heard.

She lay around, chewed wax and sung love songs she'd learned when she was young.

Jack had loved letters she had got. From books, long letters she had got. Yawned over a scrapbook filled with love letters.

Why, you'd swim the first thing right into the open jaws of the biggest kind of a shark. Look out! See there, and there! These things standing right straight up are the flags sharks carry, though every body don't know it. They'll follow you nobody knows how many miles to sea. You'd have just no chance at all of getting to the shore outside of a shark.

For once in his life Richard was willing to take advice, and concluded he'd take his chance of sailing to Bombay.

Long before the "Aurora" left, the boy had gotten over sea sickness and had liked the rocking of the ship, in not very hard storms; and as for the creaking of the coracle, he began to think it was a good deal like some kind of music, though what kind he didn't exactly know, but he liked that too, and the captain, and the sailors, and—well, pretty well—he liked 'em all.

As for Bombay when they reached it, why, it was the queerest place he had ever dreamed of or read about; it was much like playing a visit, he thought, to the man in the moon.

The "Aurora" discharged her cargo, took on a new one (no passengers this time) set sail for Boston. Three weeks went by, and three more, and the good ship was making a fine voyage homeward, when, in mid ocean, it met a heavy storm that put everything on shipboard in the wildest confusion.

It lasted, and it kept on lasting, until even the old sailors and the captain wondered at it, and wished the ship could find its way out of it.

In the midst of the storm the captain fell sick, and the first officer took command, and that very night two or three sails went suddenly into narrow strips of canvas. One must not be able to stand up against so much wind, was carried away, but happily no one hurt, and the ship could do very well with the two that remained.

One night the "lookout" cried down to the sailors below that he saw signals, rockets, but the "Aurora" had all she could do to keep straight on her own keel through the stormy darkness, and when morning came Richard himself ran up the mast to take a look abroad and see what he could see.

He soon discerned, far on the horizon's edge, a dark object was floating helplessly.

Down he sprang and made straight for the captain's berth.

"There's a wreck a drifting," said Richard. "Won't you order the ship to bear down for it?"

"Send the first officer here," replied poor Captain Goodhope, somewhat stiff the least bit surely (as he might be with inflammatory rheumatism).

The first officer responded to the summons, and after a while the "Aurora" was put about and sailing away for the wreck.

Meanwhile, the wreck drifted helplessly, sinking lower and lower, and all the time going away from the helping hand stretching out toward it.

The officers and seamen wished to give up the search and keep to the ship's course, but the captain ordered the helpless boat to be overtaken, if it took all day to do which way it would move; the ship beat about; the sailors screamed hoarsely; the captain gave orders through his trumpet. Everything was wet, and cold, and miserable.

Richard was afraid he should die with sea sickness, and then, before night came, he was afraid he shouldn't, for he wanted to, and in a hurry, too.

THE "AURORA'S" PROW PURSUED.

The course of the drifting ship from morning until near mid day before it reached halting distance, then it halted.

No answer came back from the silent barque.

"Deserted, sir, and sinking," was the report that reached the Captain.

"Board the wreck," was the order.

"The sea is high, and ship's sinking," came back the answer.

"Board her," thundered the captain, a mighty twinge of rheumatism helping forth the order.

A boat was lowered, and manned by four men, put away from the wreck the second officer managed to board it, followed by three seamen.

No man walked the deck—no man clung to the spar—no man appeared on board of the deserted ship. The four men paced up and down and on nearing the cabin, passed in astonishment at a sound issuing from it. Going down the companion-way and entering it, they followed the pitiful wail and found a baby—the ship's only crewman.

"Oh, how good it smells! Just like the graham when we pull up winter greens in June," said Richard.

He begged the captain just to stop and let him get off at one of the islands; but Capt. Goodhope was heartless. He wouldn't do it, but sailed on right past the lovely bits of shining green, and the bird song, and sweet scents of summer, and shouted through his trumpet to have the ship's prow turned right out into great distance of sea, and sea, nothing but sea everywhere.

Richard looked landward and wished he could swim and said so, and had a great mind to try it, but a big sailor said, "Swim here! Why, you'd swim the first thing right into the open jaws of the biggest kind of a shark. Look out! See there, and there! These things standing right straight up are the flags sharks carry, though every body don't know it. They'll follow you nobody knows how many miles to sea. You'd have just no chance at all of getting to the shore outside of a shark."

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Richard was afraid he should die with sea sickness, and then, before night came, he was afraid he shouldn't, for he wanted to, and in a hurry, too.

"Takes it then; it's yours and you shall take all the care of it," said the captain. "What will you call it?" "I'll name it after myself," said Richard, "and you can call me Richard and it Dick."

So the young Dick wept that night in Richard's berth. The old, old sea rocked them in its shifting, billowy arms, and there it stood vibrating, he sitting perfectly still, calmly looking at it. Every body was afraid to move, lest the blade should be transferred from the gentleman's own flesh to our bodies. The parson was the first to venture a word of expostulation.

THE FAN OF IT ALL.

A correspondent describes a dispute he witnessed in a railway carriage, between an Irish gentleman and a clergyman, on the atrocious question. He says: "The fun grew fast and furious; the Irishman was working himself up to a pitch of fever-heat, when suddenly, to the horror of everybody, while emphasizing some statement, he whipped a formidable looking knife out of his pocket, brandishing it about wildly for a second, and then stuck it into the very thick of the thigh of his right leg. It must have gone in at least an inch, and there it stood vibrating, he sitting perfectly still, calmly looking at it. Every body was afraid to move, lest the blade should be transferred from the gentleman's own flesh to our bodies. The parson was the first to venture a word of expostulation.

"Goodness gracious, sir," said he, "for Heaven's sake take it out at once, sir; think what a mess the carriage will be in; besides, you will seriously injure yourself."

"Not a bit of it," mildly repeated the son of Erin, all his excitement having apparently subsided: "I positively like it. It doesn't hurt me; I have accustomed my muscles to it. I assure you I don't feel it the least."

"Accustomed your muscles to it!" exclaimed the parson; "impossible; do take it out, and oblige me; it makes me shudder to look at you."

"Well, of course, if it pains you at all, I will oblige you; but, as I tell you the effect is rather pleasing than otherwise so far as I am concerned, the stranger. And having pulled it out with an apparent effort, he carefully wiped the instrument with his handkerchief, shut it up, and put it in his pocket to our great relief.

"Do you often do such a silly thing as that?" inquired the reverend gentleman.

"O, yes, frequently," was the reply.

"Have you ever tried it on your arm?"

"No, never on my arm; the muscles aren't yet accustomed to it."

"Really?"

And the eccentric individual got out at the next station. We called the guard.

"Is that man mad?" we asked.

"No, he has just stepped up by the lake of bays in Muskoka; he is according to Sir Wm. Logan's geological survey, more than 1,100 feet above the sea level. The air of Muskoka must therefore be rarer, more elastic, and consequently distend the lungs more than the sea level condensed air of Southern Ontario."

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, as he lay on the outskirts; he hurried; Not a ranger discharged his farewell shot over the grave where the stranger was buried.

They buried him darkly, and dead of night. And without any pomp or pageant; As they thought him in, they said, "All right."

He was only a lightning rod agent."

Men who have risen—Aeronauts! Why it rains in hot weather; the heat opens the pores of the clouds.

It has been found—that in nearly every civilized country, the trees that bear the most fruit to market is the apple tree.

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the shares not guilty."

Charles Berth made a treasury of his bed in Boscomb, Wis., and after his death securities for \$13,000 were found in it.

The word d-e-b-t is composed of the initials of "dun everybody twice." C-r-e-d-i-t is formed of the initial letters of "call regularly every day; I'll trust."

Queen Victoria's crown is composed of 1,368 brilliant diamonds, 1,278 rose diamonds, 1 large ruby, 143 table diamonds, 17 sapphires, 41 emeralds, 4 small rubies and 137 pearls, all set in silver and gold.

The wife of a New York banker distinguished herself the other night at a Washington party. Her dress was covered on the skirt, so as to make it appear one piece with one hundred-and-five hundred dollar bills. The waist and sleeves were \$1,000 bonds sewed in, and her fingers and ears blazed with diamonds. The tires was said to have been worth \$30,000, and the total value of the notes and diamonds was \$250,000. Two pages carried her train, and watched her jewels and greenbacks would fall to the floor. There is no law in the United States to justify knocking such a woman on the head.

An Editorial Brutus.

An editor out west indulges in the following talk to his subscribers and patrons. The famous speech of Brutus on the death of Caesar, as rendered by Shakespeare is made to do service in, this amusing travesty: "Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; and we, we have need, as you have long been trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness and dive into your pockets that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us anything, then to him we say: 'Step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: 'Not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do.' Would you rather we went to jail and you go free, than you pay your debts and keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished the paper for you; but as you don't pay we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscription, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so green that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not open for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide, he ain't the chap either. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printers? If any, let him speak for he is the man we're