

H. H. KITREDGE, BANKER, ACTON, - - ONTARIO.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year \$20.00, Half column one year \$15.00, Quarter column one year \$10.00.

Flour & Feed Store

LAWSON BROS.

Flour and Feed Store

FLOUR OF ALL KINDS, including Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour

MEALS.

Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran.

COARSE SHORTS, Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas, Chopped Oats, Mixed Chops, Oats and Peas.

And all kinds of feed usually kept in a first-class store.

All Goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered.

A call is respectfully solicited.

LAWSON BROS

Acton, Jan. 15, 1880-11.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Geo. F. BOWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5000 a year, and who inserts less than \$2500 of it in this list, writes: "Your Select Local List is the best I have ever seen."

It is not a Co-operative List. It is not a Cheap List. It is an Honest List.

The enclosed states exactly what the paper is. When the name of the paper is printed in full, it is in every instance correct. When printed in brief, it is also correct. The list gives the names of the papers, the circulation, the price, and the terms of advertising.

PROVERBS.

No one can be rich who keeps himself poor.

The greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and restorer is Hop Bitters.

It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health, where Hop Bitters are used.

Why do Hop Bitters cure us so much? It is because they give good digestion, cleanse the blood, and restore the vitality of the system.

No matter what your ailment is, Hop Bitters will cure you.

Remember, Hop Bitters never does harm, but good, always, and continues to cure you.

Purify the blood, cleanse the stomach, and sweeten the breath with Hop Bitters.

Quiet nerves and bring sleep in Hop Bitters.

No health with inactive liver and primary organs without Hop Bitters.

Try our Compound Cure and Pain Relief. For sale by all druggists.

MANHOOD, HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. F. J. Fowler's Celebrated Essay on the natural and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only fifty cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming sequences may be radically cured without the use of medicine, by the simple use of the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effective, and of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself completely, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

The Culverwell Medical Co., 41 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 4584.

CASH FOR SKINS.

I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calveskins, Deerskins, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery, Leno Leather constantly on hand.

JAMES MOORE, Acton.

"We must have Bread," So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS, CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON.

Very Best of Bread.

BEANS, CAKES, PASTRY AND CONFECTIONERY.

BREAD DELIVERED.

While thinking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.

OYSTER PARLOR.

In a few days we will have in a supply of the best fresh oysters, and will serve them in any style in connection with the Bakery.

Acton, May 6th, 1880.

B. & E. NICKLIN.

New Butcher Shop.

WM. FARR.

Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business formerly carried on by Mr. A. Cook, and that he has secured on hand a first-class stock of BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, POULTRY and Game in season, etc., and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town. TERMS CASH. A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. Orders promptly attended to. WILLIAM FARR.

NASSAGAWEYA LUMBER & SHINGLE MILLS.

PETER SAYERS

Would intimate that he has on hand at his mill in Nassagaweya, formerly known as Acton, a large stock of LUMBER, LATHING and SHINGLES of all kinds and qualities, CHEAP.

No. 1 Shingles, \$1.50 per Square. BILL STUFF CUT TO ORDER. TERMS CASH. PETER SAYERS. Acton, Dec. 22, 79.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Goods of John McNaughton, Deceased.

Pursuant to chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 34, and of all other Statutes in that behalf, all creditors and other persons having any claim or demand against or upon the estate of John McNaughton, late of the township of Bevington, in the county of Halton, Yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the fifth day of February, A.D. 1880, are hereby required to send in to the undersigned, at the town of Milton, one of the Executors of the said John McNaughton, deceased, on or before the first day of January next, proof of their claims or demands upon the said estate; and notice is hereby given that the said Executors will, on or after the said first day of January next, proceed to administer the estate and distribute the assets of the said John McNaughton, deceased, among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims and demands of which the said Executors shall then have notice.

DANIEL W. CAMPBELL, WILLIAM HAWTHORNE, Executors. DUNBAR DEWAR.

Dated at Milton this Ninth day of November, A.D. 1880.

Could furnish free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business in any one way, and in the least time. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Men are successful men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made it at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are supplied at the case and rapidly with what they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not need capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address: TRICK & CO., Agents, Milton.

WANTED.

An energetic honest man to open a branch office of the new Magnet Telephone Co. in this and adjoining counties; small cash capital required; so much a man this is an excellent opening for money making business. Address with stamp G. W. Foster, 125 and 127 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

\$4.50 FOR 25 CTS.

13 choice pieces of Sheet Music, aggregate value \$4.50, full size, best quality, Vocal and Instrumental. Sent post paid for 25c. Address at once to J. C. BHATTACK, Ottawa, Mich., U.S.A.

No Postage Stamps taken.

THE FREE PRESS. THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 9, 1880.

POETRY. Grandmother's Chair.

My grandmother she at the age of eighty-three, One day in May, was taken ill and died; And after she was dead, the will of course was read.

By a lawyer we all stood by his side; To my mother, it was found, she had left a hundred pounds.

The same unto my sister, I declare; But when it came to me, the lawyer said "I see. She had left to you the old arm chair."

Chorus:— And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sister laughed, When they heard the lawyer declare, Grassy had only left to me her old arm chair.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care, And in the evening took the chair away! The neighbors they me chaff'd, my brother at me laughed.

And said, "it will be useful, John, some day. When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife.

You'll find it very handy I declare! On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright, You can then sit in the old arm-chair."

What my brother said came true, for in a year or two, Strange to say, I settled down in married life.

I first a girl did court and then the ring I bought, Took her to church, and when she was my wife, The old girl and me, were as happy as could be.

For when my work was over I declare, I never abroad would roam, but at night And be seated in my old arm chair.

One night the chair fell down; when I picked it up I found, The seat had fallen out upon the floor, And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes, A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more; When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess, Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair, But I only laughed at him, then said, "I see, 'Tis just what you wish you had the old arm chair!"

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, OR A Keg of Spike Nails.

BEING A STORY OF TEMPTATION, TRIAL, AND TRIUMPH.

BY J. W. FITZMAURICE.

In order to show the reader the reasons for this warm attachment on the part of Colonel Westerland for Maurice Dillon it will be necessary to retrace our step a trifle, and mention the fact that may have escaped the attention of our reader—namely, that Colonel Westerland was not in total ignorance of the condition of things between his daughter and Maurice Dillon. We have stated that for obvious reasons this secret was kept for a while such, but Eva Westerland was too honorable a girl to continue to hide from her father a matter of so momentous a character. She had made a full confession of her attachment for Maurice to him, and showed her father plainly, but still affectionately and truthfully, that her future happiness and peace of mind rested contingent upon this attachment receiving his approval. That this confession was to Colonel Westerland a surprise is a matter of considerable doubt, knowing as he did the intimacy that had long existed between these two young people. The distinctions of social condition did not weigh with him for much, when placed side by side with the happiness of his loved child. He was well aware—knowing as he did the firm principles of honor and right that ever actuated Eva—that this was no transient ebullition of feeling on her part, but simply the natural outcome of years, growing with her growth, till in her mature womanhood it had culminated in a fixed purpose.

We will not here stop to argue the incongruity of conduct that could thus actuate this British officer, having all the prejudices of condition and caste to contend against the wishes of his child, backed by the leanings of nature within himself, but will simply say that the happiness of his child was his first and only thought. This was all expressed as he took her in his arms, at the conclusion of her blushing avowal, and

imprinting a kiss upon her cheek replied: "My dear girl, I shall not enact the role of the obdurate parent in this matter, nor thwart your hopes. Your happiness is my first wish and desire. That I admire and esteem Maurice Dillon as a son, I have not to inform you; but while I give no consent to anything like an engagement between you, nor even what might be termed love passages taking place, still I do not say you nay, my daughter! I will extend no promise from you but trust to the good common sense of my girl to act with discretion in this affair till she hears further from me."

"You certainly may, my dear father, rest assured, Eva Westerland is fully aware of the propriety of conduct: demanded from her, as the daughter of her father, toward even the man who possesses her heart!

And so the interview ended, and why thus we cannot say, save in hinting that Colonel Westerland, K. B., commanding B. M. 109th regt. of foot, had arisen from the ranks himself!

CHAPTER IV. REVOLUTION AND DISGRACE.

The ship carpenters had nearly finished the two steamers which were to be launched on the morning of the Queen's birthday.

The fatigue parties, and workmen about the wharves, had nearly completed the labor assigned them preparatory to the morning of the Queen's birthday!

George Henderson had almost finished his new house, and was to take possession of it on the morning of the Queen's birthday!

Maurice Dillon had about expended the money intrusted to him, and would have all his accounts ready for submission to the Pay Master General on the morning of the Queen's birthday!

There is no apology necessary, for this rapid summarizing of events, which at first seems to be trifling, and to have no affinity for each other, when we have the remembrance of our story, although thus unceremoniously jumbled together.

The money contained in the ten kegs, in all amounting to \$50,000, was in the form of English shillings for the better convenience of paying the men, and circulation in the country.

It had been placed for safe keeping in the strong room of the department, of which Dillon kept the key, and as the money was required he had personally overseen the opening of the various kegs (all but one keg containing £5,000 remained intact). The contents of this would for more than meet all the remaining requirements of the commissariat, and Dillon had left it untouched for some time thinking he might possibly be able to do without breaking upon its contents.

This at last, it was found, could not be done, and a small amount being required on the morning of the 14th, Dillon, accompanied by an ordnance clerk, entered the strong room to take a sufficiency of funds to meet the demands. A few well directed blows with a hatchet soon unhooked and unheeded the last remaining keg, but to the great astonishment of the two men, in place of the usual tissue paper in which the silver was packed nothing met their view but the full of the keg of great spike nails, such as are used in ship building!

The two men stood gazing mute with astonishment at this singular departure on the part of the keg of presumed coin, from all the rules of military usage and discipline, till all at once the horrible truth burst upon Dillon's mind with forcing force that the money was lost or stolen, and he was responsible for it. But when or where could this have taken place? Not at the Barrick Department certainly, where everything was so closely guarded! The coin had come all the way from England in its present form, but had suffered transhipment two or three times on the way, so where to locate the loss was the great enigma of the whole mysterious transaction.

In one brief glance the clear mind of Dillon, after the first shock of surprise, saw the exact seriousness of the situation in which he was placed. It was not so much the loss of the money, large though the amount was, that caused his greatest distress, that might be, through the aid of friends, replaced, but the crime that could not be condoned was the neglect of duty on his part, in which he had been obliged to personally examine each separate pack-

age on receiving it, in order to see that all was correct. Possibly this even might have been brushed up, had he been individually cognizant of the loss, but the secret was his no longer, as the orderly clerk was also in possession of it. To place himself in the power of this man—a mere hireling—was revolting, and he could not do it. Niagara being so near the American lines, desertion, accompanied by the embezzlement of money and stores, had been of frequent occurrence. This had made the penalties for a crime of this nature very severe, and the military authorities were determined to make a very striking example of the next offender caught.

All this flashed through the mind of Dillon in a moment. He knew that Colonel Westerland had ever been to him kind and considerate, yet he knew he was at the same time inflexible in regard to anything touching discipline, or the honor of the regiment. This unfortunate blunder on the part of Dillon, touched both these points, but his mind was quickly made up as to how he should act.

Firm in the consciousness of his own innocence, apart from the neglect involved, he immediately departed to make his report of the whole affair to Colonel Westerland, after requesting the clerk to keep silence for the time being, about the matter.

The interview with the Colonel was a brief, though portentous one. With a cold callous look he had listened to the recital given of the matter by Dillon. The loss of the five thousand pounds did not affect him so much as the dereliction from the strict path of duty, on the part of the officer in charge. This, to him, was an almost unpardonable crime, as one of the Colonel's military aphorisms was that "a blunder is as bad as a crime." The hard disciplinarian at once took possession of his breast, to the exclusion of all the more lenient feelings of the foster father held toward Maurice, and for the first time the latter found himself face to face with the hard judge where formerly was the kind indulgent friend!

"I certainly regret to hear this report from you, Sergeant Major Dillon, showing as it does such extreme carelessness on your part, and for which I cannot see the least shadow of excuse. You will at once transfer your duties to your next in charge in the ordnance department and then report yourself under arrest. I shall call a court martial upon you and, sir, I shall carry out its finding to the extreme letter! You are dismissed sir!"

The news quickly spread that Sergeant Major Dillon was under arrest, and that he had been placed in the guard house, but for what, and at first was not known. By and by the story by some means leaked out that a tremendous defalcation had been detected in the ordnance accounts, involving the loss of a large amount of money; and for which Maurice Dillon was to be held accountable.

The news spread like wildfire and created a tremendous sensation in military circles. Almost without an exception sorrow was manifested and sympathy from all grades of the service poured in upon Maurice, closely confined to the guard room, although there were those who had for years watched him with a prejudiced eye, and who now in secret rejoiced in his protracted downfall. Still they were few, and had to keep their feelings to themselves.

Among those who felt and suffered keenly for Maurice was of course the Eva who was most interested in his welfare, Eva Westerland. The blow felt upon her at first with stunning effect, but from which she quickly recovered to realize more fully the serious character of the accusation. She had no doubt of the thorough innocence of Maurice, and a stern determination to aid him in every manner possible at once took possession of her breast. Still she did not quite understand the grave nature of the error that Maurice had committed, and knowing as she well did the vigorous character of her father where matters affecting the honor of the regiment or service were concerned, she justly dreaded the result.

Her first effort was with her father. To him she went and gathered the whole story that involved her lover in disgrace—a disgrace that ginged with shame the honor of the regiment. The result of the interview with her father left but little to hope for. Justice would be done and no favor shown, and

she left her father's presence with but little encouragement that Maurice would be able to pass unscathed through the ordeal he was called to undergo. Still she could carry comfort to him by her presence in the present hour of his trial, and despite the gaze of curious eyes, and the covert smiles of the bystanders, she visited Maurice in the guardroom, and by her inspiring words and brave actions infused fresh courage into his sinking heart, and when she finally left him she whispered, "Hope, darling, I shall save you yet."

O, woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, When pain or anguish wrings the brow; A ministering angel thou art!

(To be continued.)

Good Matches—Not Certain of It.

A story is going the rounds of the papers of an American lady whose eldest daughter had made captive many willing hearts in Paris. Of the numerous crowd of suitors who became rivals for her hand, two were chosen favorites; but between these she was unable to decide, as their virtues and fortunes were so nearly balanced. So she telegraphed to her "mamma" to learn what she should do. Her mother replied: "Hold both till I come." Then, taking a younger daughter with her, the ambitious mother repaired to Paris, where, in a short time, through her skillful management, the two daughters were married to the two favored suitors.

This is told as an incident illustrative of the ingenuity and tact of American mothers in making brilliant foreign matches for their daughters.

But what is the ultimate destiny of these daughters? Are they happier than their sisters and companions who marry at home? We think not. Frequently their future lives turn out to be only gilded misery. Ambition has done the work which Love only can do well, and when disappointments and broken hearts are the consequence.

Why He Got a Receipt.

The following story is told of a crafty lawyer, subtle as a fox, who lived in Halifax:

An Indian of the Miami tribe, named Simon, owed some money. The lawyer had waited long. His patience at last gave out, and threatened the Indian with lawsuit process and execution. The poor red man got scared and brought the money to his creditor. The Indian waited, expecting the lawyer would write a receipt.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the lawyer.

"Receipt," said the Indian.

"Receipt," said the lawyer, "a receipt—what do you know about a receipt? Can you understand a receipt? Tell me the use of one and I will give it to you." The Indian looked at him a moment, and then replied: "S'pose may be die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see the 'Postal Peter, he say, 'Simon what you want?' Me say, 'Want to get in.' He say, 'You pay Mr. J—dat money!' 'What me do! Me hab no receipt. Hab to hunt all ober the other place to find you."

He got a receipt.

Some Rich Men.

The following twenty men are estimated to be worth the sum following their names:

William H. Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000

Astor, of New York, 75,000,000

J. Gould, 75,000,000

Russel Sage, 75,000,000

East of California, 50,000,000

Flood, of California, 50,000,000

Mackie, of California, 50,000,000

August Belmont, 50,000,000

James G. Bennett, 50,000,000

S. J. Tilden, 25,000,000

Edward Clark, 25,000,000

Keene, of New York, 20,000,000

Peter Cooper, 20,000,000

Senator Jones, 20,000,000

Solon Humphreys, 15,000,000

Stuyvesant, 15,000,000

Oakes Ames, jr., 15,000,000

Pierre H. Smith, of Chicago, 15,000,000

Ferry Loillard, 15,000,000

Senator Sharon, 15,000,000

Seven Reasons for Getting Drunk.

Thomas Charlton hooked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the Fifty-seventh street Police Court, and regarded him with a smile.

"Thomas, you are charged with being drunk," said the Court.

"I can't deny it," said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear.

"You don't seem to be very sorry."

"I'm happy, your Honor," said the prisoner grinning.

"What excuse have you for getting drunk?"

"I've got seven of 'em Judge."

"Seven excuses?"

"Yen, yer Honor, seven. Now, I don't mind tellin' ye all about it. Ye see, I've got six boys in my family, and last night—'twas a girl, Judge."

Thomas got off.