

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO., ACTON.

Are daily receiving fresh lines of NEW GOODS at prices to suit the times. To give visitors to next Monthly Fair the privilege of obtaining Great Bargains, they have concluded to continue their

Grand Clearing Sale during the First Week of August.

A still further reduction will be given to clear out several lines. If you want goods at bottom prices call early.

REMEMBER THEIR FAMOUS 50C. TEA.

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

Acton, July 30, 1875.

IT IS NEAR TO WEAR A SMILING FACE.

'Tis brave to wear a smiling face, And own a cheerful heart.

When storms shall gather in the sky, And sunbeams shall depart;

The brave to bravely stand by truth, No matter where that truth.

The hero true is one who mid The hottest of the fight

Rattles most strongly 'gainst the wrong That would oppress the right.

The stars upon his banner shine Brighter than stars of night.

For glory is in their gleams, And glory in their rays—

A glory which shall tune the world In many beautiful ways.

And brighter make with happiness Life's quickly-fleeting days.

Life hath its sorrows and its joys, Its dark and bright for all;

Oh, wise to be when round his way The heavy shadows fall.

Why, guided by the star of hope, Fear aid on Heaven shall call.

And keeping ever on his way, No sorrows shall he fear,

Sure that beyond the shadows deep The sun shall shine most clear,

And earth in all her happiness Suspended once may appear.

So traveller long the weary road, No matter who thou art,

The clouds that lower o'er thee today Tomorrow shall depart,

It though but wearying face And own a cheerful heart.

BRAVING A BULLY.

Several years since when I was quite a young man—and gray is now silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far west in Government employ, with a party of surveyors.

The nature of our errand, our numbers, and the elaborate preparations we had made against any hostile demonstrations, insured us from any molestation, save that a few mere instances, yet in that wild country it was impossible that we should remain long without witnessing many scenes not familiar in law-abiding and civilized societies.

It was beyond the pale of the law—that is, there were certain officers, widely scattered, who occasionally that down some drunken desperado, if his friends were not too numerous, but beyond such heroic acts they seldom exercised the powers they were supposed to possess.

Generally each separate community had or received from some man, muscular and reckless than his fellows, and who by virtue of these qualities had a certain number of followers, who were ready to see that his will was the ruling power in that vicinity.

Of course such men were the real law-makers, and they were very seldom opposed or resisted.

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw, a Scotchman, who was at the Greenland Mill route where we changed to be located for a few weeks, while surveying in that vicinity, and we had a good opportunity to witness a most interesting incident in his experience, which transpired while we were there.

In appearance he was formidable enough, as we saw him one morning after our arrival. Fully six feet six inches in height, with long arms and legs, slightly stooping, with a ponderous frame, immense masses of hair and beard, clothing in keeping with his general appearance, and neither over-cleanly or attractive, a bowie knife and revolver thrust into his belt as he walked about the station, Jack was certainly the man to intimidate any person of moderate nerves.

For many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he had grown independent of all restraint save his own will. He had a chosen band of followers who were ready to support him in every villainous undertaking. We were not long kept in waiting before some of his peculiarities were brought to our notice.

The keeper of the station, Frank Russell, was a medium-sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently come to the place, bringing with him a family consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years, and who was said to be the accepted lover of the daughter.

Stephen Ranney, a young man, was his name, a very quiet, gentlemanly appearing young man, some five feet nine inches high, and weighing at a moderate estimate a hundred and fifty pounds. He seldom spoke unless addressed, when his words were brief and to the point.

On the morning following our arrival, while the chief engineer of the corps was preparing the work for the day, the remainder of the party, after examining their instruments and putting everything in readiness for service, disposed ourselves about the station to smoke and wait for orders. While waiting,

ing ourselves in vapor, and longing for a day or two of rest, in strolled Jack Dunlaw, and demanded a drink of whiskey. The barkeeper produced the beverage, and Jack, who was already more than excited by the positions of vile liquor, which he had swallowed, turned it down with a gurgle. Just as he lowered the tin cup which carried instead of a fumbler, Cora Russell entered the room, looking for her father.

"Here, gal, give us a kiss!" Jack exclaimed, as he caught sight of her.

Alarmed at his brutal manner, the girl turned to leave the room, but before she could do so the bully had caught her and kissed her repeatedly with his lips, fumed and tobacco-stained lips.

As she broke from his grasp and escaped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beastly remarks, threw down a coin and sauntered out, those of his admirers present laughing heartily as he left the place.

As the scene progressed I sprang from my seat and took a step toward the ruffian, but a surveyor pulled me back, and with a diffidence and cowardice of which I have ever since been ashamed, I did not make a second movement.

I saw the father turn slightly pale, but he made no protest, only following his daughter from the room, and returning several minutes afterwards as calm as ever.

No one seemed to resent the faithful insult, which, perhaps, no where else in the civilized world would have been permitted to go unpunished, and in a day or two we almost ceased to think of it, as if it had been a common occurrence.

The third day after the above incident took place we were off duty. It had threatened rain during the morning, and the day proved dark and cloudy. Shortly after noon we were off duty, anxious to see some specimens of the famed shooting of the West, took from his bag a fifty-grained powder flask, which he offered as a prize to the best shot.

There were half-a-dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots each were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the man whose three shots made the shortest string, measuring from the centre of the bull's eye, was to receive the flask.

Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney were among the contestants. I had been among our party, and these two persons would need but a noticed no change in the young man's deportment. He spoke but little, and when the list was arranged for the precedence, voluntarily took the last place. Then folding his arms and leaning against the doorway, we carefully watched the trial.

Jack was one of the first to try his skill, and when three shots had been fired it was found that one of his bullets had struck within an inch of the centre, while the other two were not more than half an inch farther removed.

"Four inches!" the surveyor announced, after carefully measuring the distances of the several shots. "Jack," he growled, "throwing himself upon his knees, "I'll wait here till you beat that, some one else, and when you do it you kin take that little powder-box."

The others fired in their several turns and our party was quite surprised to find the shooting no more accurate. Indeed we began to look with distrust upon the wonderful stories of romantic writers.

All had fired the last save Stephen Ranney, and Jack had made much the shortest string.

The young man took his place and raised his rifle, which was considerably shorter than any of the others.

"Look here, youngster," growled Jack, with a wink to his admirers, "you'd better have a pop-gun; that wouldn't hurt anybody and you'll be just as likely to hit the mark as yer will with that boy's plaything."

Stephen made no reply, but placing his weapon in the rack, and the next moment the sharp report rang out.

"In the edge of the bull's-eye, half an inch from the centre!" shouted the marker. "The best shot made yet."

"It's an accident!" He can't hit the board next time!" cried Jack.

I saw from his manner that he was getting excited and angry, but Stephen remained calm and in the most unobtrusive manner imaginable. As he was about to fire, Jack walked toward the target to mark the effect of the shot.

It was given as promptly as the first, and to the surprise of every one, it struck almost exactly in the centre of the bull's-eye. But without waiting to hear the result, Stephen turned to re-load his piece.

With a stride like that of an enraged elephant, Jack Dunlaw moved up to the side of his successful competitor.

"Don't ye dar' do that agin!" he hissed, between shut jaws. "If yer do, 'twill be a hard day for yer. Now mark what I tell ye! I ain't goin' to fool round no upstart like you. Ye've made a lucky hit twice, now let that end it!"

The young man made no answer, but I saw his cheek become a shade paler, and his hand a trifle less steady as he re-loaded the rifle.

Then, with lips tightly compressed, and eyes fixed on the target, he dropped upon one knee, and leveled his rifle.

"Now, don't yer make another mistake!" was Jack's last admonition, accompanied by a shake of the fist so close up to the young man's face that I began to feel like grasping the bully from behind and dragging him from the scene.

The third shot sped as the others had done, and the young man sprang to his feet, dropping the rifle to the ground in a manner which showed that patience had nearly ceased to be his ruling virtue. Still I could not anticipate the scenes which were to follow.

The last bullet had struck just outside the bull's-eye, and after carefully measuring the three, Tom Tarbox, who had offered the prize, and kept the measurements, stepped up among the crowd now gathered, and said:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Ranney has made the best record, his three shots measuring but two inches, so to him I give the flask according to agreement."

He reached forth the prize as he spoke, but before the young man could take it, Jack stretched it from the surveyor's hand and thrust it into his pocket. No one anticipated such a movement, and it was some moments before Tarbox recovered his self-possession so as to speak.

"The flask belongs to Mr. Ranney," he said. "Please let him have it."

"The flask belongs to me," retorted Jack. "His shooting was accidental. He only happened to hit what he did. But then, he kin hev the flask if he kin get it, or you either."

Tarbox lit his lip, and looked to the other members of the party, undecided how to act. Seeing his irresolution, Ranney stepped forward, and said:

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Tarbox. The flask is mine, and I'll see to getting it."

"You will, eh?" started the bully. "Git away from the station, or I'll mash ye like a roast later!"

Thus speaking the giant swung his great fists about, but the young man did not move. Instead he received a blow upon the head which knocked away his hat, and seemed to change his whole nature into that of a young lion.

With a strength and agility wholly unlooked for, he dodged the giant's fearful blow on the nose, which knocked him to the ground, and deluged the uncomely face with torrents of blood. There was a momentary struggle upon the ground after the bully fell, and then Stephen stepped back a pace or two.

In a moment the ruffian was upon his feet again, and with a fearful curse he placed his hand where he expected to find a revolver. But it was gone! Then he sought for his knife, but that too was missing. The young man had taken the precaution of removing them, so that now the two stood upon equal ground. But what a contrast! Nine inches in height the bully towered above his antagonist, while in actual weight he was more than twice his equal.

There was no parley or hesitation. Finding himself weaponless, Jack rushed for the young man, and would have crushed him in his deadly grasp, but the young man did not wait for the process. A quick, fierce blow falling just where the other had fallen staggered the rascal, and before he could see what had become of the man he supposed already in his grasp, a tremendous crack in the ear brought him again to the ground. Again he sought to rise, but his feet, and again he was knocked to the ground with a single reverberating blow. The third time he arose, but before he could wipe the blood from his eyes sufficiently to distinguish his antagonist.

The Man With an Item. It wasn't right, and a future generation will say that it wasn't. He came tramping up stairs, tossed his hat on a table, and as he sat down in a chair he carelessly remarked:

"Suppose you'd like a big item?" "Yes, of course," replied the lone reporter.

"I haven't been to any other paper with it," he continued, as he leaned forward; "I have taken the Free Press for twenty-nine years, and I've walked four miles to give you this item."

"Well, I'm very much obliged indeed. What is the item?" "Well, you know the Grand Trunk Junction?"

"Yes, out here about three miles from the City Hall."

"Well, it was about a mile beyond that. Me an' another fellow was coming in on the track. He was a stranger, and seemed down-hearted and gloomy; and he didn't care two cents whether he lived or died."

"Poor fellow! Can you describe him?" "Yes, he was about five feet six; had red hair, big feet, coarse clothes, and no whiskers."

"Well, go on."

"I got within a mile of the junction when the express train from the East came thundering along."

"I wasn't looking for nor expecting any such thing, you know, for the man didn't let on or betray himself by word nor look. If I'd only suspected it, why I could have grabbed him."

"Yes; I see."

"Well, we stood facing the train. I was a little ahead of him, and what did he do as the train got within 300 feet of us?"

"Rushed on the track!"

"No! Not that!" He made a jump for the rail, knelt down, and—"

"Great blazes, but it was awful," interrupted the reporter.

"Awful! I guess it was! I was never so weak in my life. He do liberally laid his neck on the rail, shut his eyes, and—"

"And the locomotive took his head clean off," shouted the reporter springing up.

"No. As I was saying he deliberately placed his neck on the rail, held it there—"

"And was mashed!"

"No, sir—held it there for a moment, and then—"

"And was then struck by the pilot."

"No, sir—and then deliberately took it off again, and is now in a saloon around the corner inquiring for a job."

The reporter leaned back and looked at him for a long time.

The stranger leaned back and looked at the reporter.

Nothing disturbed the deep silence but the ticking of the clock.

By and by the man with the item looked up at the skylight down at the floor, and softly slid out into the hall and was gone.

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BONUS to Manufacturers.

THE VILLAGE OF ACTON.

Is prepared to grant a bonus to parties who bring in any kind of manufacturing business, employing ten or more hands, and where said business does not produce any articles of value, to be established within the corporation, the bonus to be paid in the form of a grant of land, or in the form of a grant of a railway facility, or in the form of a grant of a public building, or in any other manner, and the bonus to be paid in full at once, and the bonus to be paid in full at once, and the bonus to be paid in full at once.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

G. E. MORROW, Chemist and Druggist.

ACTON, DEALER IN DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, PATENT AND PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.

Always on hand a large and well-selected stock of

Dye-Stuffs, Liquid Dye, Fancy and Toilet Caps, Brushes, Sponges, Trusses for Children and Adults.

Shoulder Braces for Men, Women and Children, Paints, Dry and in Oil, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS For Medicinal Purposes.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Poisons, Secured, and Horse and Cattle Medicines, carefully compounded.

G. E. MORROW, Medical Hall, Acton, Acton, July, 1875.

W. H. STOREY & Co., CANADA GLOVE WORKS.

ACTON, CNT. Wholesale Manufacturers of every description, and style of

Leather & Cloth Gloves, MITTS AND GAUNTLETS.

ALSO Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.

Highest Market Price paid for WOOL SKINS. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

LIVERY & SALE STABLE.

J. F. ALLAN. Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish

First-class Horses and Carriages At Reasonable Rates.

His Horses and Carriages are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable. Acton, July 1st, 1875.

ACTON Steam Carriage & Wagon Works.

MAIN STREET. 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 1, 1875.

PLEASE OBSERVE.

THE POST OFFICE STORE ACTON.

Is the Place to SECURE VALUE for your Money in CHOICE TEAS, GROCERIES.

Provisions, Crockery, Glassware, Stationery, School Books, Wall Papers, Fancy Goods, Window Blinds and Rollers, Fixtures, etc.

I embrace this opportunity of tendering thanks to my numerous friends for the liberal patronage bestowed by them for the last twenty years; and as the experience of that time has had its lessons, and has enabled me to profit thereby, so that I am now acquainted with the best markets to purchase in, and also the cheapest, my customers may rely upon getting the benefit of said experience. In former years it has become matter impossible to do business on a strictly cash basis. But our country, having prospered to an unprecedented degree within the last few years, I think our people are now in a position to

Abandon a System so Pernicious. That it has to create margins for bad and doubtful debts, which the cash customer has no right to bear—and which hitherto he has had to bear—I am determined, therefore, on and after the FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT to do business for

CASH OR TRADE ONLY. And by adopting this system I will be enabled to

REDUCE PRICES FROM SIX TO EIGHT PER CENT. Until the above time arrives, customers paying Cash will receive the above discount. Customers will no doubt see the advantage of adopting the Cash System, which indeed is the ONLY RIGHT SYSTEM, and which secures advantages to all not to be lost sight of.

Cash for all Kinds of Produce. Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Insurance Agent, Agent Money to Loan, Agent Montreal Tel. Co., Clerk Fourth Div. Court, Com. in Q. B., &c.

JAMES MATTHEWS.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

EAST END DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORE.

The undersigned by agreement in fulfillment of the obligations of Acton and vicinity to the well-assorted stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. Our Prints, Dress Goods, and Dress Trimmings. Are all of best materials and made in the best manner.

OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS LARGER THAN EVER! Comprising full lines of

Scotch, English, and Canadian MANUFACTURE. And, being practical workmen, feel entitled to assure our customers that for cheapness, neatness and durability you never can do so well.

Acton, July 1st, 1875. DICKSON & McNAB.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

THE FREE PRESS OFFICE

Spill that if... land aside his... that'll keep... he tenderly... by the other... by the panta... about growing... with room... or dispo... I'll give you... er hand... ried the Dea... through the... to the street... posed him in... twelve inches... red, and kick... mattered, lea... his lurchin... back to the... its fluttering... the Thrillike... proudly wavy... up over her... about. "The... is, Amphib... Blakely... thary... ight So... before the ad... the State... N. H. Elder... and thurs... and "Free... was appoint... ficial fundat... to finance... tinent Bo... of the same... through... to see Pro... how way, lea... unear... A was a his... and of all... entertain... d, and preach... his favor... edly de... occasions... was really... You be... the short... and Wiley... preparation to... his horse... a usual sala... said, with a... Alford, did... her Eastman... State Prison?... sent for... can't be... see the of... Alford, his... folding his... ed to know... ed after ad... ne. Broder... night Eastman... l'expul... of my tongue... to, to tell my... to let the words... to fetch up... if he didn't... on, highly... sion... his an... received. I... Alford, when... ed not a little... elated that it... be deemed... and not... Broder... ed need not... There are... him in the... terna Extray... of America, it... so scarce that... rk was fixed by... in 1831, at... n in the Scotch... n in England... per day. At... ur eggs were... for space for... for two and a... penny, wheat... and a fat ox... eight-pence. So... day I work... two dozen of... would buy a... whole human... (Age about... in ones... of clothing... encouraging... FRANKING—1... in land and... was his mon... 3. Have no... and so eter... my man cov... oxen, and... poor lay and... exclusively, in... stock (name)... sibly hard on... 6. Use every... whenever... length. It is... and keeps... to pounds out... one knee to a... down on both... to escape quick... appearance of...