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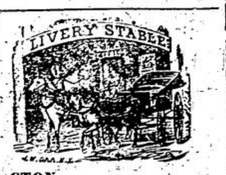

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LIVERY & SALE STABLE
J. P. ALLAN
Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish
First-class Horses and Carriages
At Reasonable Rates.
His Rigs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.
Acton July 1st, 1875.

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

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One hundred acres of land, well wooded, being the east half of Lot 21, in the 3rd Concession, in the Township of Esquesing. For particulars address
THOMAS GARVIN.
Erin P.O., Ont., Nov. 30, 1875.

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

DOMINION
HARNESS SHOP.
The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the
Old Post Office Building,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well selected stock of
Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.
Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.
J. F. DEMPSEY.
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

ACTON BAKERY.
Hurrah. Hurrah.
CHEAP BREAD.
Opposition is the life of trade. Buy Galloway's superior Bread.
D. GALLOWAY
Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Baking Establishment to the premises next door to Morrow's drug store, where he has built a first-class new oven and refitted the premises in a first-class style for a Bakery and Confectionery Business and is turning out
BETTER BREAD THAN EVER,
Buns,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Pastry,
Candies,
All of the best quality and at greatly reduced prices.
Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.
Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Weight for weight given in Bread in exchange for Flour.
Graham Bread a specialty.
Bread, Buns and Cakes delivered every day, fresh, around the village.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
made to order and on hand, in the latest styles and at reasonable charges.
N. B.—All goods are warranted pure, as nothing but the best of material is used.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Call and see for yourselves.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, March 8, 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 Makers of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to orde in the best manner.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

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.
P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

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.

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.

CLEARING SALE OF
WINTER GOODS
AT
McNAIR'S
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices
A large quantity of
JEWELERY
To be rushed off at
VERY LOW PRICES.

A CLATTER AMONGST
TINWARE!
NEW TIN AND STOVE DEPOT.
The undersigned announce to the people of Acton and surrounding country that they have opened a
Tin, Sheet-Iron and Stove Business,
in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. Chas. Dean, nearly opposite the post office.
Being practical workmen of large experience, we can assure all who may favor us with their patronage that they can rely upon having all work executed promptly and in the very best manner.
A large stock of
Tin, Sheet-Iron and Japanned Ware
always on hand, of the best quality.
STOVES
of various patterns always in stock.
Eavetroughing and Jobbing
promptly attended to.
Rags, Iron, Brass and Copper taken in exchange.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
WILSON & JOHNSON.
Acton, March 8, 1876.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

I'LL REMEMBER YOU.

When the curtains of night pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful morn taps the skies,
And the dewdrops of heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies.
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove,
In haste with the message it bears;
To bring you a kiss of affection and say,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget,
The love thou hast spoken for me,
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips,
When you told me how true you would be;
I know not if fortune be fickle of friend,
Or if time on your memory wears,
I know that I Love you wherever you go,
And remember you, love, in my prayers.

When the angels of heaven are guarding the good,
As Good has ordained them to do,
In answers to prayers I've offered to him,
I know there is one watching you;
And may its bright spirit be with you through life,
To guide you up heaven's bright stairs,
To meet with the one who has loved you through life,
And remember you, love, in his prayers.

THE CLYTIE.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

CHAPTER I.

Near an open window, overlooking the Square, sat Marion Elton writing a letter, as an Italian boy came by hawking some plaster images. The morning was so lovely that she felt the influence of its brightness with a warm glow of heart-gladness which sunlight upon flowers has the power of imparting; and just then the dancing rays shone so beamingly upon the flower-box on the window-ledge, that she looked up to watch the dazzling effect, and inhale the perfume which the fragrant blossoms, as it seemed to her, exhaled gratefully.

The Italian boy, catching her eye as she thus paused, looked entreatingly and begged her to buy one of his images. A glance at his woe-begone face touched her heart. "Perhaps he is hungry," she thought; and she beckoned him to call, while she rang the bell to have him admitted—not that she wanted any of his wares, but she felt some compunction in suffering a fellow-creature who looked hungry to leave her door unfed, or without the means of procuring food. There were many very well designed images in his basket; but as her object was to relieve him, she took the first that offered—a minature bust of Clytie. For the little image she paid him the price he asked, which was double its real worth. She knew he was cheating her, but she was one of those who could make allowance for the temptations of grim poverty, which finds honesty an almost impossible virtue when running a race with want.

On coming back to the room, she placed the Clytie on an empty bracket, and continued her writing; while every now and then she paused to take a glance at her purchase, with a feeling of compassion, as she recalled the mythological legend and thought it but symbolised a fact of common occurrence. She regarded the Clytie (the water-nymph, whose love for the sun-god Apollo being unreturned, she was changed into a sun-flower, that she might ever follow his course) as the ideal of unrequited but constant affection—the unhappiest of woes for a woman to bear; so it seemed to her just then, and a shadow fell upon her spirits in the contemplation. "Would her purchase prove an omen?" was a question which kept tormenting her mind, as she wrote to her friend the following:—

"I have just bought a Clytie. O Amy, suppose I also love in vain! I feel that, like her, I too would turn, spell-bound, towards the sun of my world. It is appalling to think how utterly my heart has gone from me; and I have no hope that I shall ever find it where alone I care to keep it.

"We met again last night, when his coldness amounted to repulsion, but a repulsion which attracts me more than all the compliments I receive from the many who seem to court me. My life is now but weariness, unspent in his society. I live but in the hours when I know he is by; although, oddly enough, while full of conversation with those around, he rarely ever addresses *me*.

"And yet—and yet—*intuition!* I am mad to use the word; it is, after all, but a delusion of my overwrought brain, which imagines what it longs for. Forgive me, Amy; but I know that with you my feelings will be held sacred; and as it eases my overfull heart to pour them out to one so sympathetic and *safe*, you will not deny me the luxury my friendship calls thus largely upon your good-nature to honor, knowing, as I do, that your love is equal to any demands of mine on that score.

"It seems little else than a fatality which has overtaken me! You know, I may speak thus to *you* without vanity—that I have never lacked that chivalrous attention which is gratifying to most girls. I have accepted it with appreciation, but nothing more; my heart, throughout, has remained intact; until, or even *before* he came. It is so strange; my interest awoke from the moment my cousin Harry's wife said to me one day, about a year ago: 'We expect a visitor; an old friend of Harry's; there were at college together. I have heard so much of him; that I am quite curious to see this Mr. Leonard Faithfull. Charming name, is it not?'

"'I *felt* it so, and recalled what Balzac says in other words, 'Who shall account for the attraction of a *name?*' Laugh at me, Amy; I deserve it, for these confessions of mine are those of a girl who is but too alive to her foolishness!

"Yes, I conjured up visions of the man; visions which were more than realized when I met him for the first time at the Nugents', and he took me into dinner. I can only describe him to you as he then impressed me. A tall, fair, Saxon type of man on a grand scale; with light hair and beard, who spoke little, and was perfectly self-contained. Imagine my being attracted by such an opposite! but so it was.

"His remarks were few, and I was tongue-tied; so much so, that Harry said to me across the table: 'Marian, why are you so silent? You are usually lively enough.—I hope, Faithfull, you have not overpowered my little cousin.'

"He turned quietly towards me, and smiled, saying: 'I should regret such a catastrophe for you, Miss Elton. I hope I am not so formidable as all that.'

"I stammered out some senseless reply not at all to the purpose; but we advanced to a better understanding after that, for he began telling me of his travels, and I am sure that I rivalled Desdemona in the interest with which I listened. How I regretted the move to the drawing-room, which obliges ladies to yawn together for half an hour in each other's company! As I sat meditating after dinner, in a corner by myself, I could not help exclaiming, mentally: 'You poor, foolish Marian! the serpent has got at last into your happy Eden of girlhood, and stolen away your peace for ever!'

"It is awful to awake to the truth of the *situation;* and how was I to hide it?—I, who am afflicted with a temperament that cannot bear the burden of a secret. I was ready to cry with vexation, to find that my independence of mind and will had so utterly gone from me; and yet, across my tears there gleamed a flash of such glorious electric sun-light, that I was nearly blind with joy when I realized for an instant the bare possibility of my ever winning the love of such a man! And then—transcendent folly!—I began to catalogue my qualities silently. What had I to attract one who, to my mind, was so far above me? At that moment, Amy, dear, I felt that I was the plainest, most commonplace woman in existence! and—will you believe the human heart is capable of such base intricacies?—began to look jealously upon every pretty woman in the room, who possessed in this respect changes so much greater than my own!

"If you do not think that I am a fit subject for the Commissioners in Lunacy to take note of after this confession, your friendship reaches even unto the *ideal* of friendship, so rarely to be met with in this terrestial sphere of perpetual disappointments.

"I was surrounded shortly after the gentlemen came into the room and could scarcely disguise the boredom I felt, until that most pertinacious of men, William Blakeney, who vows he will never take my 'No' for an answer, worried me to death by asking me why I was out of spirits—was it the weather, &c.—until I became so irritated that I rose from my seat and left him.

"To my dismay, as I was crossing the room, I found Mr. Faithful's eyes intently fixed on me, as if he had been watching my proceedings, and was striving to read my character. He turned away as soon as he saw I noticed him, but throughout the evening I observed him bent on the same study, until I became so conscious and embarrassed I did not know what to do; for the odd part of it was, he never once spoke to me. He only flung about me a chain of fascination, from which I found it impossible to escape.

"He remained with the Nugents for a time, and then removed to his club, I imagine. I saw him frequently. He never sought, and never avoided me; while I—and this, Amy, is my shame and torment—could not hide from him how much I felt. He must have seen it in my face each time we met. How I have detested—how I abhor—myself when I remember that it is *I* who am the wooer, and he just suffers my attentions! Our positions are entirely reversed; and the worst of it is, I can no more help its being so than the poor little needle, or the miserable steel filing can help being attracted by the magnet. He visits at our house, is liked by my family, and I, each day, growing more and more feverish and impatient for some sign of preference, which, alas! he never gives. Polite he always is, but as cold as death; while I, poor soul that I am, have grown more hopelessly infatuated than ever, until I fear I am fast becoming a monomaniac.

"This, dear Amy, is my miserable story, which I have been wishing some time to confide to you. Clytie looks mournfully at me, as though she said, 'I, too, suffered as you do; they suffer most whose natures are strongest to love most, for they are *faithful* even unto death.' Is his name to be woven *thus* into my life? God forbid! And yet, unmaidenly as the speech may sound to other ears than yours, I know but too well that his name *will* be woven into my life, whether as faithful unto death in sorrow, or worn with joy forever. Adieu!"

She finished writing, and was about to close her letter, when a fresh thought struck her, and she continued: "It is said, not without some truth in my case, that the most important part of a woman's letter lies in the odd piece of intelligence she just remembers when it is about to be posted. I was going to omit telling you that I know nothing whatever about Mr. Faithful, except that Harry Nugent says he is a man of good means and family in the North; beyond this, he is so singularly reticent on all points concerning himself, that I do not know if he has a relation living. That he has been traveling for some time, is the single information he gives, and he is only warmed into communicativeness when on the subject of the countries he has visited. His reticence on other points is painfully tormenting, since it arouses all my curiosity to try to fathom him. I sometimes think there is a mystery about him, for when he imagines himself unobserved, there comes into his face an expression of melancholy so profound, that it is with difficulty I restrain the longing I have felt at such times to snap the buds of conventionality, and ask him its cause; for, alas! as I have already told you, he sees but too well, I fear, that my heart is utterly his; and—but how can I describe to you the pain and shame of this disclosure?—the more he sees it, the more he shrinks from me. Does he despise me? I dread to ask the question of myself.

"It is positively inhuman to despise a woman for the offering of her soul's richest blossom, even if there is no heart left to pluck it. If he does not care for me, I feel that I have done nothing worthy of his contempt, for I have simply loved him beyond the power of my will to control. Love, the lord of all, has taken the helm of my small bark, and while he holds the rudder in his hand, I shall be kept floating ever on *faithful* waters.

"How I can see you smile as you read this, and suggest to yourself the necessity of coming to stay with me for a little, as you consider my case such a bad one that I am hardly responsible. Come, dear friend; the Clytie has unloosed my speech, and made me tell you all. It is more than probable that I shall need you, for loving as are those about me, the fear of paining them, especially my dear mother, forbids my disclosing all I have written to you; and if the worst comes to the worst, and he goes away without a word, then, Amy, let me have you near me, that my heart may not be left to break utterly without sympathy. Human suffering has its depths, but I question if it has one, psychologically speaking, that will equal mine in such a case. Come, therefore, as soon as you can."

Having at length written all she wished, she closed her letter, and sent it to the post. Feeling the vacuum left by the accomplishment of a pleasant duty, she sat back in her chair, and with her hands clasped across her eyes, indulged in a reverie.

Marion Elton was a girl of twenty-five; in all the glory of womanhood; bright, fascinating, intelligent, and accomplished, she was the centre of attraction wherever she went. She had more than one offer; from rich men, who would have given their wealth to endow her; and from poor men, who only asked to toil for her. But she was a woman "true to herself" in her determination only to marry whom she loved; and there was not a man among those she rejected who did not feel that they valued her more in her refusal of their love, than its acceptance, if that were possible; for it shewed them a true womanly nature, whose goodness converted their failure to win her love into friendship. She healed their wounds by making them feel that though unsuccessful, they had not loved unworthily, which was flattering at least to their discernment, and upheld their self-respect; for if we are to be judged by the affections we aspire to gain, it is surely more ennobling to have aimed high even to failure, than to have sought and won only an inferior.

Her reverie was interrupted by a startling double knock at the hall-door, and from her point of observation at the window, she saw that it was Leonard Faithful who was calling. "Should she receive him? Her mother was out. Perhaps he would not ask for her." Further surmise was cut short by his entering the room. She found it difficult to speak to him; with her mind so intensely occupied as we have seen, calmness and an absence of self-consciousness were out of the question. Every nerve within her was vibrating so keenly that she felt cold and speechless with emotion. His embarrassment was scarcely less than her own, but it was the agitation of a man determined *not* to see or feel. They sat for some time making commonplace remarks about the weather and society, and then his eye fell upon the Clytie.

"Do you believe such constancy possible, Miss Elton? Do you think the woman lives, apart from mythology, who is capable of loving continuously where it is not returned?"

He asked the question pointedly, almost savagely, she thought. Her quick, warm feelings were so shaken by it, that she replied nervously: "It is more a question of experience and principle than of opinion, I fancy. If a woman thinks she has loved worthily, she would be doing violence to her better nature were she untrue to her faith. I can quite understand the constancy of Clytie, who could not be satisfied with or give her heart to other than the sun-god. Once she had become penetrated by the rays of his perfection, how was it possible she could offer the tribute of her highest love and worship to any lesser light? Therefore, the Clytie for me is but the symbol of the truth, that constancy to what one considers the nobles, becomes the law of necessity."

He held his eyes on the ground while she spoke, nor raised them once while she uttered, with pathetic earnestness, a truth he had made her feel all too keenly. He offered no reply when she finished, and a pause ensued, which he was the first to break, in a voice which repulsed all tenderness, as he said, with apparent carelessness: "I am sorry Mrs. Elton is not at home, for I called to wish you all good-bye. I resume my wanderings tomorrow, after having been a sad idler. This time, I am going west. I dare say you will hear of me as having come to grief in some of the wilds of South America. I fear I cannot stay until Mrs. Elton returns," he added, hurriedly, with averted eyes. Unable to meet her look of agony, he opened his watch and then, as if late, he said: "I have several visits to pay, and must wish you good-bye, Miss Elton; kindly present my compliments and adieux to your family."

She was just conscious that he took her hand, had shaken it coldly, and was gone!—gone! without even one kind word or look!

"Oh, how cruel! how inhuman!" she exclaimed, as she flung herself into a chair, benumbed with an anguish that was tearless. "He is unworthy!" was her first decision, which buoyed her up with relentless endeavor to fling his memory from her heart; but all in vain! He was the sun-god of her woman's worship, towards whom her gaze would ever turn; for the voice of her own soul, stronger than opinion, louder than fact, whispered she had not been mistaken, and that he was worthy of her homage; even though he left the blossom of her love to pine forever on its stem. *(Conclusion next week.)*

TAKE NOTICE.—Of all the ills that earth or society is heir to, that of the newspaper borrower is the most obnoxious. Newspaper borrowers have no sense of respect, no idea of honor, and are totally devoid of modesty. They are a class of people who may justly be termed vampires, who feed upon the fruits of others. They prefer to borrow your newspaper, but if they cannot borrow, they don't hesitate to steal it. As an article of value they think a newspaper is worthless, and yet they will lie, and if needs be, commit larceny to become possessed of it.—*Knickerbocker.*

Bursting of a Reservoir.

On Thursday evening the reservoir dam which supplies the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, with water, gave way, letting loose 760,000,000 gallons of water. The water rushed down the ravine in a solid mass 20 feet in height, sweeping everything in front of it. Trees were twisted up by the roots; houses were carried headlong until they were smashed to pieces. A large barn was taken up bodily, carried about fifty feet down the stream and demolished. The water continued to run for three hours before the reservoir was exhausted. When the stream reached the village of New Worcester a mill dam gave way and its waters went to swell up the already uncontrollable mass. Two large brick mills and a frame mill were carried away by the stream and entirely demolished. The boilers belonging to the mills were carried along the stream.

Soon an explosion was heard above the roar of the flood, and the stream of water was thrown several feet above the surface of the current. Another explosion followed, and another, until five had occurred, and the boiler was blown to pieces. At Stoneville the dam gave way. The flood next passed over a small dam above Jamesville depot. Spectators who were standing near say the water was thirty feet high when it approached the track. With one tremendous crash the railway embankment gave way, opening a gap 400 or 500 feet long and twenty feet deep. The coal sheds were carried away. At Jamesville a section of the stream forced its way into the line of road and rushed down the track, carrying devastation before it. It lifted rails and ties from the road bed and turned them topsy turvey for more than a mile. On it rushed headlong, and at last, just before reaching the stone arch bridge at Curtis' Pond it bored a hole down into the road bed and made a gap about eighty feet long and forty-five or fifty feet deep. The water then found its way into Curtis' Pond. The devastation at this point will be as costly as any along the entire route. The flood reached Leesville about two hours after the dam broke, and struck the satinet mill owned by Albert Curtis with terrific force. The mill gave way and crumbled into ruins, and the dam was carried away. Three hours after the effect was felt at New Worcester. The course of the stream from the reservoir through the other villages is nine miles, showing that the water advanced at the rate of three miles an hour; the first mile, however, was made in three minutes.

The double arch bridge on the Boston and Albany railway gave way, and a section of the embankment, seventy feet long and twenty feet deep with it. An outlet was made and the danger at New Worcester was averted. After the second break in the Boston and Albany railway, the mill of the Wicks manufacturing company at South Worcester was destroyed. The water then spread out over a series of meadows, and in the south part of the city there was a gradual inundation. The Boston and Albany railroads were impassable for several days.

Return of the Jews to Palestine.

It would be a startling piece of news indeed, if 1876 should witness the return of the Jews to their own land. However improbable it may be, and that it is so is manifest, it is not impossible. The Jews of Europe generally are said to be on the tiptoe of expectation in reference to this subject, seeing in the difficulties of the Sultan's Government, and the indifference of that of England to the fate of Turkey, an unusually favorable juncture for them. It is rumored that Baron Rothschild has offered to pay the whole of the Sultan's dishonored loan on condition of being made feudal lord of Palestine and certain parts of Asia Minor. There may be no truth in the story, but it is at any rate within the bounds of possibility. If Palestine were thus gained it would be placed under English protection, and the Jews would flock to it, and soon by their industry and skill restore it to its former fertility and prosperity. The possession of Palestine by the British Government in some way or other is very likely to be accomplished ere long, for Palestine and the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates are beginning to be recognized as the gateway of India, and England is evidently tightening her grip on that part of her empire every day.

"Don't you think," said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" "Yes," was the answer, "soon as they are married."