

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume 1, No. 434

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1876.

\$1.00 per annum in Advance.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**W. E. COWEY, M. R. H. H.**  
General Store, 1111 Main Street, Acton.

**DR. R. MORROW, Physic.**  
Office, 1111 Main Street, Acton.

**JAMES MATTHEWS, Confectioner.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**HENDERSON, J. H.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**J. D. HUTCHISON, Attorney.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**W. E. HADLEY, Tailor.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**HERN, L. DRAKE.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**WILLIAM WATKINS.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**MRS. S. CARTER.**  
1111 Main Street, Acton.

**W. H. B. HARRIS, Tailor.**  
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## 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.

He has on hand a large and well selected stock of

Leather Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, &c.

Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. F. DEMPSEY  
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

## ACTON BAKERY.

Burrak. Burrak.

## CHEAP BREAD.

Question is the life of trade. Buy Galloway's superior bread.

## D. GALLOWAY.

Best Bread than Ever.

Caution, Caution.

Mixed Cakes at 25c per lb.

Wedding and Fancy Cakes.

ACTON PLANING MILLS.

Pramp, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.

THOMAS EBBAGE, Manufacturer of Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds.

Mouldings, And other Building Requisites.

IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS.

Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.

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.

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

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the FREE PRESS OFFICE.

Next the Post Office, 1111 Street.

## 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, Cakes, &c.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

R. & E. NICKLIN, Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

## CLEARING SALE OF WINTER GOODS.

McNAIR'S

Greatly Reduced Prices

A large quantity of

JEWELRY

VERY LOW PRICES.

HEIGH HG, STOP!

What's the Matter?

Why any person who wants a good

SET OF HARNESS

Should call on

ROBT. CREECH,

MILL STREET, ACTON.

Who is always ready to supply customers with every thing usually kept in a first-class Harness Shop.

Harness made to order on the shortest possible notice.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Nov. 18, 1875. R. CREECH, Acton.

## MEAT SHOP.

The undersigned has commenced the

Butchering Business

IN ACTON.

Opposite Allan's Livery Stable,

and will keep constantly on hand

Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Poultry and Vegetables,

at all seasons of the year.

The support of the public is most respectfully solicited.

CHEAP FOR CASE.

EDWARD MATTHEWS, Acton, March 15, 1876 38-3m

## WHAT MAKES A MAN?

A truthful soul, a loving mind, full affection for his kind;

A spirit firm, erect and free; That never basely bends a knee;

That will not bear a father's weight Of slavery's chains for small or great;

That truly speaks from God within; That never makes a league with sin;

That stings the fester despot's mark; And loves the truth for its own sake;

That worships God, and Him alone, And bows no more than Him to throne;

A soul that fears no one but God, And trusts that smile at ease or hard;

This is the soul that makes a man. This is the soul that makes a man.

## ONE OF LIFE'S INCIDENTS.

"A message for you, sir." And the servant handed in a small folded paper and withdrew, while the master of the house walked to the window, and sought by the first faint light to decipher the almost illegible scrawl. "Will mother come to 28 Barker street?"

"Who is it from, Henry?"

A delicate looking woman, with soft brown eyes, and a smile on her sweet, pale face, came to her husband's side, and leaned on his broad shoulder, as she glanced at the paper he held in his hand. So different they looked at they stood together, and yet so like; even a casual observer might see that between them was an affection which had triumphed through sorrow, and over which had no power. But the smile vanished as she read the contents of that rudely written missive, and with an almost agonized expression on the now sad face, she gazed out.

"Oh, God, my child!"

"Hush, Mary!" The husband's voice tried to be stern, but it quivered. "Hush! I must speak to this man."

He stepped into the hall as he spoke, and confronted the waiting messenger.

"You will tell the person from whom you received this message, that the nothing you read is such as they that she is not known here, not acknowledged—that she—"

"The speaker's brow darkened, and his voice grew hard—"That she long ago cast away the love of father, mother, home, and she has no longer any claim upon them."

"Dying!" The voice shook for a moment, but only for a moment, a moan from the inner room roused him, and, walking to the door, which he had left partially open, he drew it sharply to. "Take my message," he said, harshly, to the waiting messenger, "and mind you do not let the ever see you here again."

"What is it, Mary?" The voice was tender enough now, and the manner anxious, as he bent over his weeping wife, and took her in his arms. "Hush, husband, hush!" she sobbed passionately on his breast. "Mary, Mary, what is this? Is your husband so little to you that you can forget him to mourn for the ingrate who has broken both our hearts?"

"The husband, husband! she in our own child, our little child!" sobbed the stricken woman. "The only one God sent us, the only one there was silence in the room for a long time, broken only by the half stifled sobs of the mourning mother as she wept on her husband's breast. He held her closely in his arms, with his face pressed to the sunny hair; but his brow was working, and his lips were very pale. So they sat, in the deepening twilight—the bright fire in the grate cast a glow upon them, and upon the luxurious appointments of the room, so cosy and comfortable, and such a contrast to the wild storm without, and to what might be taking place in that other home. The mother shuddered as she thought of it; she calmed herself, and raised her heavy, drooping eyes to her husband's face; his eyes cast down, and he clasped her more closely to him.

"Husband, darling," she put her arms around his neck, and drew his face down to hers—"it was but yesterday we were speaking of our wedding day—let us talk of it now, so cosy and comfortable, and such a contrast to the wild storm without, and to what might be taking place in that other home. The mother shuddered as she thought of it; she calmed herself, and raised her heavy, drooping eyes to her husband's face; his eyes cast down, and he clasped her more closely to him.

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