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BUSINESS CARDS.

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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 50 cents. F. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

$4 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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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. 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 great y 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 style 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.

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AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.
THOMAS EBBAGE,
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IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
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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.

GUELPH ARMORY.

JOHN KIRKHAM,
Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.,
Wishes to inform the public that he has removed to
Hatch's Block,
Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop
AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH LOADING ARMS.
Ely & Kynoch's Cartridge Cases and Caps for reloading same. Reloading Implements, Cap Ejectors, Curlers, and Crimpers, Powder Flasks, and all articles necessary for a Sportsman's outfit.
All sorts of Repairing and Jobbing executed on the shortest notice at
Guelph, April 27, 1876.

HEIGH HO, STOP!
What's the Matter?
Why any person who wants a good and cheap
SET OF HARNESS
Should call on
ROBT. CREECH,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
Who is always ready to supply customers with everything usually kept in a first-class Harness Shop.
Harness made to order on the shortest possible notice.
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
R. CREECH, Acton.
Nov. 18, 1875.

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, Fowls and Vegetables,
at all seasons of the year.
The support of the public is most respectfully solicited.
CHEAP FOR CASH,
the best plan—so say you all.
EDWARD MATTHEWS
Acton, March 15, 1876 38-3m

HONOR THE HOLY GHOST.

One of Mr. Moody's Sermons.

(Published by request.)

Madison avenue hall was filled to overflowing long before the hour for opening the afternoon service. The subject for the day was the the Holy Spirit, upon which Mr. Moody delivered a long and exhaustive discourse, which occupied nearly the whole hour set apart for the service. The congregation sang the 128th hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly dove." Mr. Sankey, following in the same vein, sang the 40th hymn, "Holy Spirit, Heavenly guide."

Mr. Moody said: I remember, quite a number of years ago I spent a Sunday in Brooklyn, and spoke in a Sabbath-school. There seemed to be a good deal of interest, and I went out quite rejoiced. An old man followed me; I never met him since, nor saw him before, but he got hold of my hand and gave me some advice. He said: "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." I was hastening off to another church to speak, and the words kept ringing in my mind,

"HONOR THE HOLY GHOST."

I think all that have been to work in the vineyard of the Lord have learned the truth of that lesson, and if not, the quicker the better; because if we honor Him He will honor us, but if we don't honor Him, it is surely the work of the flesh and won't stand. The only work which will stand through eternity is what is done through the Holy Ghost, and every conversion in these meetings that is not by the power of the Holy Ghost won't stand. They may have got impressions which will last for a few days, and then pass away; but I am one of those who firmly believe that if they are sealed to the day of redemption, we shall see them in Heaven. I want now to call your attention to the Holy Ghost as a person. Some say that the Holy Spirit was not in the world until the day of Pentecost; but when Jesus as a child came into the temple, the Holy Ghost revealed to Simeon who Christ was; and in 2nd Peter we read, "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Every holy man who ever spoke in this world has been

MOVED BY THE HOLY GHOST.

The words that abide and live forever, the Holy Ghost accompanies them or prompts them. Now I want to call your attention to an important truth. I was ten years a Christian before I knew it. I heard a minister say that the Holy Ghost was a person and I could not believe it. I went home and got my Bible and went to work at it. I am convinced ever since that He is a person as much as God the Father or Jesus His Son is. Look at John 14th chapter, 16th and 17th verses, "And I will pray the Father and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you forever." Now if the Holy Ghost is not a person Christ would not have said "He." "Even the Spirit of truth seeth *Him* not, neither knoweth *Him*, but ye know *Him*, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Three times in that verse Christ called the Holy Ghost "Him" and once "He." There are a good many verses, but I want to call your attention to a few more to establish the fact that He is a person. "And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment." Now, whenever Christ spoke of the Holy Ghost He spoke as of a person, not as of a mere influence, and we won't honor the Holy Ghost unless we make Him as one of

THE PERSONS OF THE TRINITY.

When Christ got ready to go away He taught His disciples to go and baptize all nations in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Now we get life through the Holy Ghost. We would not know Christ if it was not for the Holy Ghost, who imparts life; and not only that, but if you turn over to 1st Peter, iii., 18, you will find that Christ was raised by the power of the Spirit. And every dead soul that he has brought to life has been brought by the power of the Holy Ghost. They are dead in sin until the Holy Ghost brings them to life, for a man has no power to serve God until quickened by the Holy Ghost. Dead souls must be raised and then they can serve God. Well, the work of the Holy Spirit is also to impart love—Romans, v. 5: "And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." Now the first fruit we look for in the young convert is love. What do we as Christians need to-day? What is the great lack of the Church? Why do so many complain of the coldness of the Church? It is

BECAUSE WE HAVE NOT THIS LOVE.

Last night, if you were over at that young converts meeting, you would have seen joy and love on each face. Perhaps they were there from eight to ten nationalities, but all told one story of love. It is a counterfeit conversion if it have not that spirit. Even they won't be found finding fault with the Church, for when a man is full of the Holy Ghost he is the very last found complaining of other people. I want to say right here, that I find a good many people have got into the habit of just scolding. A man told me he went to a certain meeting to give them a blast every time he had a chance. As he told me, I thought that if he just got one look at himself he'd talk differently. When a man is warm himself, he won't talk about how cold everyone else is. That is what the Holy Ghost does—imparts love. If we are only just filled with love how easy it would be to reach men? You will do any man good if you only prove to him that you love him. Now turn to Romans xv., 13, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." So the Holy Spirit not only imparts love, but hope, and that is another thing the Church wants.

WHEN WE ARE HOPEFUL

the work advances. When we are disheartened, it don't advance. Those Christians who are all the time going with their heads down and saying that everything is dark and the church cold, God never uses them. If the churches of America would only let the Spirit work in its own way, what a blessing would result. The trouble is they mark out channels for work, and if the blessing don't come in this way they say it is not the work of God! My grandfather told me that when they had a great revival in his day, they had an anxious bench to which they invited people, but now they don't have it, and therefore it is not a work of God. Then would you just turn a moment to 2nd Corinthians, iii., 17: "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." That is another thing we want in the church very much. A great many Christians are like Lazarus, bound hand and foot with grave clothes, until Christ said, "Loose him and let him go." You can give your testimony for Christ though you have not got any eloquence or cannot talk like an orator. It is the man who tells the truth that has the most influence on a jury. Some of these men think they cannot talk or work for God. The moment they talk

THE SPIRIT OF GOD WILL COME DOWN

on them, and they will find that they have perfect liberty. They won't then be thinking what Mr. A. or Mr. B. says about it. Pride must be given up if the Holy Ghost is to get in. Now, the trouble is with a great many dear Christians, they have got Calvary and life, and they are just satisfied with the work Christ has done on the cross—they have just got as far as the third of John, that is all. They don't know anything about liberty to speak for God. A friend of mine in speaking of a boarding house said he could always tell who are the boarders and who are the children. The boarders come in and eat their meals and say nothing at all about household affairs. By-and-by the son of the family comes in, and he asks if there are any letters or how Mary is. So with the Church of God; it has got a lot of boarders who don't take any interest about the Lord's work. They hear one sermon on Sunday morning and criticise it, they pay their debts and keep out of jail, but as to lifting up the Son of God,

THEY NEVER THINK OF THAT.

A friend of mine down in Natchez before the war went out riding with a friend. They saw an old slave coming towards them, and one of them says, "Let's have a little fun with him." There was a sign-post there on which was written, "Forty miles to Liberty." One of them said, "Sambo, how old are you?" "I guess I am eighty," was the reply. "Can you read?" he was then asked. He said he could not, but he knew what was written on that sign-post. They then asked him why he did not take that course and escape. The old man's countenance changed. "That is a sham; but that which points up to the liberty wherewith Christ set us free is no sham," he said. That remark was the means of that young man's conversion. Now the Holy Ghost casts out the spirit of fear. There should be perfect liberty in our prayer-meetings and all our social meetings. How long would it be before there would be a perfect reformation if all Christians would act in this way. A friend of mine, a minister, asked a judge to go out with him to a school house where he was going to preach. On the way he said to the judge, "won't you speak to these people? The judge shook his head and said he could not. "Now

WHY CAN'T YOU?"

said my friend, "you speak in the court and you find no trouble in it; suppose you just try." When he got out there he just began questioning the judge. The spirit of God came upon him with mighty power in what he said. There were a good many inquirers. That man has been a working Christian ever since. Why, a man who has been a professed Christian for three years, was asked to pray the other night. I notice he hesitated a little at first, and then got up. Last night he told a friend that he has got a fresh baptism since he opened his lips. Now, would you turn to John xvi, 8: "And when He is come He will reprove the world of sin." What is the work of the Holy Ghost and why is it that when the Holy Ghost wakes up some men they get so angry? Why, because He testifies against the world. I don't believe that ever a man or a woman was convicted of sin by any preacher in the world; it is the work of the Holy Ghost. That is what we want now, this convicting power. Shall not we ask Him to do it. All He has got to do is to open men's eyes and

THEY SOON FIND OUT

what miserable sinners they are. Turn to John xv, 26, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of me." Now if a man preaches Christ faithfully, the Holy Ghost will bless his preaching. Now, my friends, do you believe that the preaching of Christ nearly nineteen hundred years after the cruel death of Christ on the cross would have power over this audience, but for the Holy Ghost? There is not a man or woman ever converted but that knows there is a Holy Ghost. Look at John xiv, 26, "He shall teach you all things." I can imagine Peter, and John and James after the day of Pentecost, wondering how blind they had been about spiritual things before. People after seeing the truth blame us for not telling it plainer. It was so with me after my conversion. They did tell me, but I didn't see it. Men are deaf and don't know it. The fact is, the world is gone clean mad, and don't know it. Now look at John xvi, 13: "For he shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear that shall He speak." And so when we begin to speak of Christ and exalt Him the Holy Ghost will begin to bless. What you want is to

KEEP SELF OUT OF THE WAY.

The world can get on very well without us. If a man thinks himself so important that the world can't get on without him, God lays him aside. The world cannot get on without our Christ, and the preaching of the Holy Ghost is the preaching of Christ; for if Christ is lifted up the Holy Ghost will draw men to Him. We want to follow the example of the Holy Ghost. That is the kind of preaching He will honor. Then He comes to comfort the bride. Nothing is able to comfort so much as to talk of the absent one. How few of us will be led by Him. He never led anyone astray yet. Some ministers complain of no work in their church. I tell you, my experience is that there is not anything for the Holy Ghost to work upon. They give men their own ideas and opinions instead of the Bible, which is the sword of the Spirit. There is the trouble, men don't preach the Bible. Let us as Christians not quench the Spirit or grieve the Holy Ghost, and you that are unconverted take care not to resist Him.

ALONE WITH A MADMAN.

"I have often heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself anyone so affected I am disposed to be credulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, will you please to relate to my old friend, the incident within your own experience. It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless, but as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been friends and fellow-students, but after leaving college we had drifted apart; I to commence practice in an eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt, reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook down her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode:

"It is now nearly two years since my husband was called on, to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. The windows leading out into the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to look after going out, so that if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footstep on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger, who awaited him, and after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself beside the parlor astral and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck twelve, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed the book, donned a *robe de chombre*, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel-walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing, I was so oppressed by the deep stillness. The human mind is a great torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been killed by an accident at the saw mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that, the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes were fixed on the window-blind. I saw the slats move slowly and softly, and then the rays of a full moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes peering at me. O, horror! who was it? what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed frozen in my chair. I could not move, I could not cry out, my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had opened, and the cautious footstep came toward the doors. Merciful heaven! I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, 'the doctor in his haste must have forgotten to withdraw the key,"

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Doctor Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed, my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statute I still sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I had never beheld before. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gaberdine, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealed a broad forehead underneath which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyelids hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung in locks weird as the ancient mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"'Madame, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Doctor Maynard, (hereupon he again bowed profoundly) has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive,' he added, glancing at my negligé robe, 'that you were expecting me.'

"'N-o,' I found voice to stammer. 'The doctor has said nothing to me about having a visitor at this hour of the night.'

"'Ah, he wished to spare you no doubt a disagreeable apprehension,' he returned, advancing, and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me keenly from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. 'You have a remarkably fine physique, Madame,' he observed quietly; 'one that might deceive the eye of the most skilled and practical physician. Do you suffer much pain?'

"Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone—miles perhaps away from aid or rescue—with a madman.

"'Ah' he continued reflectively, 'your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse,' he said, rising, and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the, as yet, harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where, on the table, were an open case of surgical instruments.

"'Do not be alarmed, madame,' he said, turning to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side with the case in his possession.

"Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried:

"'Spare me! O spare me, I beseech!'

"'Madame,' he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, 'you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast,' and before I could make the slightest resistance he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study where there was a long table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth from some hidden recess, in his gown, several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"'Madame, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation.'

"At this I gave a long drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"'But,' he continued, 'I have the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science, and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again.'

"He now began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"'The mechanism of the heart is like a watch,' he resumed; 'if it goes too fast the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned and repaired and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before death I would have saved her by taking out her heart and removing the polypi between which it was wedged like as if in a vice; but I was called too late. The King and I had a little difference—he was a German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation.'

"He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. 'O, sir, give me an anæsthetic, that I may not feel the pain,' I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this he made the final test of his knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed into every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"'Doctor,' said I with assumed composure, 'I have the utmost confidence in your skill, I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau.'"

"'Ah, madame,' he said, shaking his head sagaciously, 'I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty.'"

Then placing his hand on my bosom he added with horrible espieglerie:

"'I'll scarcely mar that whiter skin than snow and smooth as monumental alabaster.'"

"'O, God!' I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

"Quick as thought a heavy woollen piano cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly about him. As quickly was I released, and the thongs that had bound me soon held the maniac.

"My husband had me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of