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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

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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.

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PLANING MILLS.
J. R. MITCHELL,
Manufacturer of
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Door and Window Frames, Pickets, etc.
Planing, Scroll Work and Matching Done to Order.
☞ Blinds 30 cents per foot. ☜
All work delivered in Acton free.
Orders left at Secord Bros. will be promptly attended to.
Milton, June 6, 1876. 50-1y

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E. K. COOK
Having purchased the stock and good will of the business lately carried on by Mr. J. F. Dempsey, begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he will continue the harness business in the same premises,
Old Post Office Building, Mill Street, Acton,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, being a practical workman of considerable experience. All work done promptly and as cheap as the cheapest. On hand a large and well selected stock of
Harness, Horse Blankets, Trunks, Whips, Brushes, Combs, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to.
E. K. COOK.
Acton, Sept. 26, 1876.

AND
SLEIGHS.
Now is the time to leave your order
At J. Ryder's Factory
for a
Stylish Cutter or Serviceable Sleigh.
I am making up a large stock for the coming season, from the best material.
Call and See our Handsome Cutters.
My present stock of
BUGGIES AND WAGONS
will be sold off very cheap.
Now is a good time to secure bargains.
Strict attention given to
Horse-Shoeing & General Blacksmithing.
JAMES RYDER.
Acton, Sept. 27, 1876.

UNDERTAKING.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all
Requisites in Undertaking
on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had
Hearses Supplied when Desired.
Also that he will
Fit up Stores & Offices
in the best style.
Show Cases, Book Cases and Desks made to order.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.
Shop on Willow street, near Main st.
P. M. McCANN.
Acton, March 20, 1876. 39-6m

STEAM
Carriage & Wagon
WORKS,
Main Street, - Acton.
MICHAEL SPEIGHT,
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 18, 1876.

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PLANING MILLS
AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.
THOMAS EBBAGE,
Manufacturer of
Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds Mouldings,
And other Building Requisites
Also Maker of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

ACTON BAKERY.

Cheap Bread.
GALLOWAY BROS.
ARE STILL AHEAD,
And we intend to keep so with our Superior
Bread, Buns, and Cakes,
Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock of
BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES
Always on hand at our bakery, good, fresh and cheap for cash.
NO CREDIT GIVEN,
Except to prompt-paying monthly customers.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
Weight for weight given in bread in exchange for flour.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
Made to order in the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.
N.B.—All goods are warranted pure as nothing but the best of material is used. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

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.

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 re-loading same, Re-loaders, Re-cappers, Cap Ejectors, Curlers, and Creasors, Cleaning Rods, 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.

ACTON
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, 1876.

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

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WHAT IS SUCCESS.

What is success, that glittering prize
For which we rush with eager eyes,
And beating hearts? I ask thee,
Brave soldier; cans't thou answer me?
I mark the ribbons on thy breast,
The jewelled stars and honored crest;
The people of thy glories sing,
And nations with thy praises ring,
Is thine success, O son of fame?
He answered, yes, an empty name.

Then turned I to a miser old,
And questioned him: Is all this gold,
I see thee kiss with greedy tears,
The sweet reward of many years
Of misery and silent pain,
A living sacrifice to gain—
Will all these heavy money bags
Repay such loneliness and rags?
He muttered, gazing at the ground,
'Tis my success, an empty sound.

Beyond this city's mad'ning roar,
I sought an aged hermit's door,
What is success? O, hermit tell,
I cried, and I will mark thee well,
Within this quiet lone retreat,
Beyond the bold intruder's feet,
Hath solitude thy study blest,
And made thee wiser than the rest?
Fair youth, he cried, this wilderness
And empty cot, is my success.

Go back into the world again,
And mingle with its joys and pain;
Let not ambition mock my soul
With any distant earthly goal.
Seek not success if thou be true
To God and self 'twill come to you,
Unasked, unseen, and silently
As yonder river meets the sea.

Thy lot may be a lowly one,
Thy name unhonored and unknown
Among thy race yet murmur not,
Earth's title will be soon forgot,
When standing before the judgment seat
The king and humblest peasant meet,
Then, only man's success shall be
The approval of Divinity.

THE LONG PACK.

"Aunty, tell me a story," I said, as I sat with my maiden relative in a huge tapestried apartment in a rambling old-fashioned house in the country.

"What kind of story do you want, Emma?" she asked. "Grave or gay, true or untrue, pleasant or sad? For my life has been long and my experiences many," she added, as she gazed dreamily and thoughtfully into the fire that blazed on the hearth before us.

"Oh, something harrowing and thrilling, fearful and shocking, and above all, true," I exclaimed as I drew near her side, and gazed shudderingly around the large, gloomy room.

A little pause ensued, while aunty gazed meditatively into the fire and I watching her face in eager hope of the exciting tale that was coming.

I was about sixteen (Aunt Betsy began at last) when I was invited to go and stay with some relatives whom I had never seen. My life in this old house — where I was born and have lived all my days—was somewhat monotonous. I was a lively girl then, and, wild with delight at the prospects of a change of scene, I looked anxiously for my parent's permission to accept the invitation. After some deliberation, the desired permission was given; so early one morning, accompanied by my father, I set out in high spirits for my destination, arriving there in the pleasant twilight of an autumn evening.

Our friends gave us a cordial reception, Squire and Mrs. Oldham were staid, good-tempered, rather elderly people, and their daughters—girls of eighteen or twenty—as merry and as wild as I could possibly desire. Their names were Mildred and Janet.

The house, standing on its own grounds, and surrounded by lofty trees, was old and spacious, with many long corridors and passages, and plenty of rooms of all sizes and descriptions. I can recall so well the great entrance hall. It was of immense size and gloomy, and from it ascended a wide staircase which led to an open gallery above.

During my stay with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from their own, and it was while they were absent that the alarming occurrence I am about to relate to you took place.

The household consisted of the butler and four maid servants. The coachman who lived in a cottage on the grounds about a quarter of a mile distant, was now absent with his master and mistress. The butler was a pompous, stately, middle-aged man, given somewhat to patronizing, though always respectful in his manner to us young people. He evidently considered the safety of the house as his peculiar charge, and was very particular in the extinguishing of fires and in looking after the fastenings of doors and windows.

We had heard of one or two robberies being committed in the neighborhood; but we did not feel nervous, and my cousin placed great dependence on a huge black dog which always slept at night in the hall.

One evening—I believe it was the third after Mr. and Mrs. Oldham's departure—my cousins and I were sitting chatting merrily around the fire in a large room which opened from the hall. I think it was about seven o'clock when there came a pull at the front door bell, and, after a short delay, the butler answered it. Presently, hearing a somewhat prolonged parley outside we opened our room door and peeped out.

Two men, apparently much exhausted, stood at the lower end of the hall, while on the floor, at their feet, lay a large, long package. Opposite to them stood the butler and one of the maid servants, and a stormy discussion seemed to be going on between them. Mildred, my eldest cousin, after a few moments' pause walked forward and requested an explanation. One of them, rather a respectable-looking individual, I thought, advanced toward her, and making a low bow, began to speak:

"Madame," said he, "we have brought this bale of goods to your house by mistake; we were to take it to Mr. Needham," mentioning a house about five miles distant, "but have carried it here instead. We are much exhausted for we have walked far, the night is tempestuous and we feel that we can take it no further. Will you kindly allow us to leave it here till morning?"

Mildred looked at the butler inquiringly before she answered. The old butler shook his head with a doubtful and suspicious air, whereupon the man who had just spoken observed hastily:

"We do not ask for a lodging for ourselves, madam, we shall make our own way to the nearest public house. It is only the pack we wish to leave. It is very heavy, and we will call for it in good time to-morrow. We throw ourselves upon your compassion."

"Let the poor men leave their large package, Mildred," said Janet my younger cousin, "and have it put in the ante-room until to-morrow."

Mildred consented, and in disregard of the frown, and ominous looks of the butler, ordered the pack to be carried into the little room near the entrance.

This was done, and glad and thankful I was to see the door bolted and barred behind the formidable strangers. It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in our thinly-peopled household, to admit two strangers at that time of the evening. I had noticed, too, that they glanced around the hall in a surreptitious manner, and especially at the dog, which stood with us in the hall, and at first began to bark, but had been quickly silenced by a low command from Mildred. I saw that the maid servant, who still stood by, shared my uncomfortable feelings, and she assisted, very readily, after the departure of the men, in barring the door and seeing to the safety of the window fastenings.

Later in the evening I met her on the stairs, and she stopped me.

"I don't like the look of that bundle, at all, miss," she said, "it looks to me alive, and twice I have fancied I saw it move—once when lying on the hall floor, and again now, for I have been to look at it."

I smiled, and telling her "not to be whimsical," passed on, and rejoining my cousins, I told them what Harriet had said to me, and proposed going to take a look at the mysterious package.

Taking a lamp with us we proceeded to the little apartment wherein it was placed. It lay on a wooden settle, which stood on one side of the room. It was enveloped in a brown wrapper, was very long, and thicker at the middle than at the two extremities. Somehow I did not like the looks of it; but my fears were of such a vague nature that I did not like to express them. As we crossed the hall on our return to the sitting room, we encountered Harriet, who was hovering about with a very uneasy and mysterious expression on her face.

"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked Mildred.

"Oh, miss, I am so frightened about that pack. I cannot rest, and I am sure that I cannot go to bed while it is in the house."

"You are very ridiculous, Harriet," remarked Janet. "I am sure the men were respectable looking individuals, only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack, and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you."

Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head warmly.

Ten o'clock came, and my cousin and I were thinking of betaking ourselves to our sleeping apartments, when we heard a door in the hall violently shut and locked. Immediately after, Harriet rushed in on us, and sank on the nearest chair in violent hysterics. She was speedily followed by the butler, looking as pompous and still as ever, but with a certain expression of unquiet on his fat, grave face.

"What is the matter, Jones?" asked Mildred, starting to her feet. "Tell us quickly. Do try to be quiet, Harriet."

"Oh, that pack is alive!" shrieked Harriet.

"Hush, Harriet," said Mildred, calmly; "let Jones tell us. I heard you lock a door. It was that of the ante-room in which the unfortunate pack is placed I suppose."

"It was, Miss," replied Jones, sententiously, "and the dog is in the hall," he added.

"So far good," said Mildred, composedly; "and how, pray, do you know that the pack is alive?"

"You see, Miss, replied Jones, "ever since that pack has been left here, Harriet has been in a distracted state of mind—frightened out of her senses in fact."

"I saw the thing move when it was laid in the hall," sobbed Harriet.

"Go on, Jones," interposed Janet.

Jones continued:

"So before we went to bed, Miss Harriet persuaded me to come and take another look at the package. You know I did not approve of its being left, Miss," he added.

"Never mind that," said Mildred, "tell us what you have seen."

"Well, Miss, I thought it great nonsense, but I went. We took hold of the bundle and turned it about a little, but could make nothing of it. Presently Harriet found a small hole in the wrapper. She pulled the rent rather more open and looked in. I saw her face change. She turned and drew me out of the room, pulled the door to, and locked it. This is all I know at present, ladies," and here Jones bowed to us politely.

Harriet had become quieter, so Mildred inquired:

"What did you see, Harriet?" The girl shivered and covered her face with her hands.

"Come, Harriet, speak," said Mildred, becoming a little pale.

"Yes, tell us, and instantly!" cried Janet.

Harriet took her hand from her face and looked up.

"It was an eye, Miss," she said in horror-stricken tones; such an awful looking eye, and it glared at me!" she added, with a repressed shriek.

We looked at each other in mute consternation.

"Was it a living one, do you think, Harriet?" I asked.

"Yes, it was alive, Miss, I am sure," she sobbed. "Oh, what shall we do? It looked so malignant and terrible!".

We looked at each other for a few moments, and then Mildred spoke:

"I can scarcely believe that you are right, Harriet," she said; "I fancy that your imagination must have been making a goose of you."

"Still, Mildred," I ventured to say, "Harriet may be right, and it would be well to do something at once. This may be a plan to rob the house when we are all in bed."

"And murder us all," shrieked Harriet.

Janet began to cry, and meanwhile the butler had left the room.

"Where is Jones?" inquired Mildred, suddenly observing his absence. "Let us go and find him, and see what is to be done."

She passed into the hall and we followed. Jones was rummaging in a large closet, the door of which stood open; he had a lamp in his hand. The other servants stood by, and we together waited for him to emerge. He was rather a long time—so Mildred went close to the door and whispered:

"What are you doing there, Jones?"

Jones made no reply but came out, armed with an old rusty dagger and two pieces of strong rope.

"You are not going to kill him?" inquired Janet.

"Never fear, Miss," replied Jones; a little prick, however, will do hurt. I must take care of of my master's house."

"We will come with you," whispered Mildred.

"Very good, Miss," he answered. "Please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him."

So off went Jones with his lamp, his dagger, and his ropes, we and the servants following closely with the dog, who seemed to possess a strong consciousness of something being amiss.

Jones opened the door of the little room quietly, and went in and placed the lamp on a small side-table which stood near. Then at once, dagger and ropes in hand, he walked toward the pack, which lay on the settle; but I now observed that there were one or two openings in the wrapper.

There was a deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growlings of the dog, who had become manifestly more and more uneasy, and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a scene of noise and confusion. Jones reached the pack, and throwing the rope over his arm, and still clutching the dagger, stooped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently, then rolled over and fell heavily on the ground, while a chocked voice begged for mercy; at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of the servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, the loud howlings and whinings of the dog, who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room, made a din that I never can forget.

I remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the man in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper, Jones had managed, despite his opponent's struggles, to pass the ropes several times round and round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this we had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants, the terrified Harriet not being one, went into the room.

The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been slit open from the centre upward, and displayed the figure of a man apparently about thirty years of age, lying in it, the ropes wound around him. He had a long, pale face, a brown grizzly beard, and eyes that glanced doubtfully from Jones and his dagger, who knelt beside him, to us, as we approached him. He was perfectly mute, and refused to answer any questions.

"See, he has got a whistle," cried one of the servants.

Jones instantly seized it, and after a few moments' consideration beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.

"Young ladies," he said, "the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter much before midnight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid if I slipped down to the coachman's house and got his wife to send one of her boys into the village for other assistance? We could probably secure all the villains."

"But you might be attacked by them on the way," urged Mildred.

"No fear Miss; I can slip unseen through the shrubs in the darkness."

"Go then, and quickly," said Mildred.

"You are sure that the man is quite safely bound?"

"Quite so, Miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you?"

Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of the side door. In about 20 minutes—which had seemed two hours to us—he returned, and his low tap was instantly answered.

"It is all right," he said. "I have seen and heard nothing of the men. The boy is sharp enough, and he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the same way that I took."

More than an hour passed away; then a tap was again heard, and six men appeared accompanied by the boy who had been sent to bring them.

About midnight Jones opened the shutters of a casement window in the hall and blew a loud whistle; the whistle was responded to by another, and two men presently appeared at the open casement, Jones drew back into the darkness of the hall and silently allowed them to enter. The moment their feet touched the hall floor they were secured.

"And where were you aunty?" I said; "during this scene?"

"We stood in the gallery above. The boy who had received his directions soon brought forward a lantern, and we also had lights at hand in the gallery."

"Were the men tried, aunty; and what was their punishment?"

"Yes, they were conveyed to the county prison, and on their conviction were sentenced to transportation. The butler, as you may imagine, was handsomely rewarded.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry ye can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with ye!" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

An inebriated Irishman, on being kindly questioned in a very narrow lane across which he was reeling, as at the length of the road he had travelled, replied:—"Faith, it's not the length of it as the breadth of it that tried me."

Beecher on Canada.

The New York *Christian Union* has the following from the pen of Rev. Mr. Beecher:—

Before this autumn we had some knowledge of Canada, but it was small. We had run on errands to Montreal; we had visited, for curiosity, Quebec; but had never come in close contract with the people. We have come back from our brief visit—it included Montreal, Ottawa Toronto, and London—with a feeling of admiration for the country and love for the warm hearted and hospitable people. There is not a fairer land on which the sun shines than that part of Canada through which we travelled. As a farming country it is simply wonderful. All along the banks of the St. Lawrence and from Toronto to the western part of the Dominion, it is one vast succession of admirable grounds for farming, very largely cultured and improved.

While in London we attended the agricultural exhibition which was in progress there, and it heightened our impressions of this great farming country north of us. We thank God for the prosperity of our neighbors up there. We used to think that it was hardly worth while to have two nations, and that Canada had better merge with us. We think so no longer. More good will be done by having that English-speaking nation on the north built up. It is a dominion which, although it differs from us in names and terms, is substantially like us at the root. They have a work which is peculiarly their own, in opening the wilderness through to the Pacific Ocean, and on which they are now engaged. We hail their individuality and their national distinctness; we rejoice in their prospects; we rejoice especially in the apparent growth and strength of the Christian principle that exists and is exhibited in the different denominations in their midst.

If they continue to be prosperous there is scarcely any limit to their growth. The land that is unpossessed is enough to make half a dozen nations. And still more grand will it be if they maintain unity and are but one nation. They will be our brethren, a great brother country, and we shall need no wall of defence on our northern border. Would that we had on our southern border, in Mexico, or in the Republics of South America, anything that approached the admirable neighbors that we have on the north.

One of the farmers who had heard a lecture in the introduction to which we expressed some complimentary thoughts concerning Canada, said to us, with peculiar looks, "I don't believe you will dare to say such things when you get home." Well, we have said them; and we would not have said them there if we had not been ready to repeat them here.

The Government Book Depository.

Amidst the general panegyrics which Mr. Crooks is bestowing on our educational system, it is to be hoped that he has not forgotten the unquestionable excellence of that particular portion of which is embodied in the book depository. An organ, the connection of which with the Government it is impossible to doubt, denounced the depository as the scene of the grossest corruption. Public suspicion points the same way, and it is notorious that if there is place in which abuses are apt to be engendered, it is a trading establishment belonging to Government. Even the British navy yards have afforded melancholy proof of the fact. When the maps and apparatus supplied by the Depository are brought under public notice, they are found to be very defective, and of the books sent to the school libraries, a large portion have been the very sweepings of the bookstores. In instituting an enquiry into the Depository, the late Council, as transpired at the time, acted at the instance of the Government; though the Government afterward threw the Council over in a manner familiar to professional politicians. The Council had to confess that its powers were not adequate. The powers of the Minister of Education are adequate; and it is plain duty to institute a searching inquiry without delay. If he lacks courage for the task, he can borrow a little from the head of his Government.—*Telegram.*

MIXING BARLEY.—The Oswego *Palladium* says:—"The honest farmers in Canada are mixing new with old barley, and selling the whole as new grain. If many tricks of that kind are played, the Canadian farmers will have an opportunity to hold their crop for something else beside better prices."

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then to deceive it.