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BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. LOWRY, M. R. M.
C. P. S. of Ontario and Trinity College, Member of the Ontario Bar.
Solicitor-at-Law, 111-113
St. George Street, Acton.

D. R. MORROW, Physic.
New York, Ontario and Victoria Colleges, Canada. Member of the Ontario Bar. Practitioner at Acton, Ontario.
111-113 St. George Street, Acton.

JAMES MATTHEWS, Con-veyancer.
Notary Public, 111-113 St. George Street, Acton.

D. HENDERSON, Con-veyancer.
Notary Public, 111-113 St. George Street, Acton.

J. D. MATHESON, Attorney.
Solicitor at Law, 111-113 St. George Street, Acton.

DOMINION HARNESS SHOP.

E. K. COOK.
Having purchased the stock and goodwill 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.

ACTON BAKERY.

Chicop 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.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing.
And verses that are never spoken;
There are treasures guarded with jealous care
And kept as sacred tokens.
There are faded flowers, and letters dim
With tears that have rained about them.
For the fickle words and the faithless hearts.
That taught us how to love them.
There are signs that come in our joyous hours,
To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes
In hours of thoughtless sadness.
For the blithest birds that sing in spring
Will lift the waning summer,
And lips that were kismet in fondest love
Will smile on the first snow cover.
Over the breast where lilacs rest
In white blossoms stilled forever,
The roses of June will not and blow,
Unheeding the hearts that sever.
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
That perish with the using.
Summer blossoms and winter snows,
Love and its sweet elysium,
Hope, like a siren dim and fair,
Old man's flushed and weary face,
Fading and broken smiles of self-satisfaction as the thought crosses
him of what so many other men
would have done had they been in
his situation.
"A hundred and fifty pounds,"
he murmurs, as he looks out upon
the sweep of waters before him—
a lot of money, a lot of money!
Easily squandered, but how difficult
to save! A fortune to some like
Honest Abel Webb the boys used
to call me at school; honest Abel
Webb I have been to my employers,
and honest Abel Webb I'll be to
the end of my days."
In no spirit of Pharisaic egotism
does the old man thus address him-
self. Integrity, devotion, and truth
were prominent parts of his nature.
Briefly his life passes before him in
the cool Autumn breeze playing
with his white locks, and he watches
the flickering lights by the river's bank.
First he sees himself kneeling by
his mother's side, and hissing a low
prayer; then, bending low his
head, he feels her gentle loving
hand and hears her sweet voice
pray that God will bless the child,
and cause the precious seed of His
word to fall upon good ground and
bring forth abundant harvest. Then
as this vision passes before him
he humbly bows his head, and ejacu-
lates with fervent fervor, "Amen!"
Next comes the school life in a
little meadow village. The face
of the vicar, who had been the
means of introducing him to a large
city house, rises before him. "This
succeeded recollections of his em-
ployment in the house of Baker &
Baker; his marriage; the birth of
his boy Sam—the child of promise
that was to be a solace to his declin-
ing years; his acceptance of the
situation of a warehouseman in the
establishment of Looming & Tool;
the wholesale milliners of Wood
street; and the one sorrow of his
life—a sorrow that seemed in its
depth intensity to engulf all the joys
of preceding years. After this cope-
sions of the long, earnest struggle
to right a grievous wrong; last of
all, the remembrance of the kind
words addressed to him but an
hour previously in the wholesale
druggist's private room.
The ringing tones of "Big Ben,"
awoke Abel Webb from his reverie.
With the sudden thought that his
daughter Polly would be home
before him if he didn't make great
haste he set off at a trot, resting
his cheery whistle as he went
along.
And sure enough home he was.
When he had threaded his way
through a labyrinth of Westmin-
ster byways, and at last reached the
corner of the narrow street in which
were his lodgings, and involuntarily
his eyes up to the second floor
window of one of the houses, he
knew as well though he saw her
standing before him that she had
managed to reach home first. No
landlady—overflowing with kind-
heartedness as she might be—could
provide such a heart welcome to
honest Abel as his daughter Polly.
Why, the very cold seemed to move
brighter and send forth a more
ruddy glow when she had coasted
them into a flame. The reflection
of their cheery warmth shone
upon the drawn blinds, and be-
spoke the love and comfort fostered
within the humble lodging shared
by Abel and his daughter.
Was Polly handsome? No, for
her features lacked harmony. You had
to look below the surface to discover
what made Polly the idol of her
father's heart and the cause of anx-
ieties unpeppable to honest Tom
Smith. First of all, Polly was
short. She had light brown hair,
which formed itself into natural
curls and danced about her head in
the most provokingly coquetish
manner. Her eyes were a soft
liquid blue, her nose slightly
frowns, and her lips like no other
woman's in the world—at least so
Tom Smith thought.
So much for Polly's outward
characteristics. In temper and

OLD ABEL'S MILLSTONE

Understand me, Abel; both
my father and myself are perfectly
satisfied with the amount already
paid.
"Many thanks to you, sir, for
the saying of it; but nothing short
of the full sum will satisfy me.
At the time (eight years ago next
midsummer) it was reckoned at a
hundred and fifty pounds in round
numbers. I mean to pay every far-
thing, please Heaven, if I live long
enough. If I die afore, I pay not.
Polly'll keep up the mortgage."
"But really, Abel, I don't care
these payments must cripple you
terribly."
"Never you mind that, Mr.
Baker, junior. I feel something
my conscience which is worse than
hunger or cold and it won't be easy
until I've paid you all. These
five pound ten, sir; not so much
as last half year, because of Polly's
illness in the spring; but I hope to
make it more next time. If you
enter the sum in this book and add
it up, you'll find it makes ninety
pounds."
"Ninety pounds exactly. Well,
if you insist on my taking the
money, I suppose I must. Is your
daughter married yet, Webb?"
"Not yet, Sir."
"Well, I'm afeared it's nigher
than I like."
"What! you disapprove of her
choice?"
"Oh, no, not a bit. Tom Smith's
as good a fellow as ever lived. He
is sober, honest and manly; and all
that'll tell in the long run. But I'd
rather she hadn't anybody after her
—leastways until the debt's squared
'twixt you and me."
"A debt, that, as you know, we
already consider dead and buried."
"But which I don't, Mr. Baker,
junior. However, I'm a keepin'
your Good night, Sir, and many
thanks for your kindness."
With that Abel Webb retreated,
but in hand; and bowing to Baker
junior with every backward step he
takes, finds himself by and by at
the half glass door opening to the
outer office. Arrived here he once
more thanks the younger partner of
Baker & Baker, wholesale druggist
of Ipswich Lane, Alderman-
bury, and at last emerges into the
crowded thoroughfare.
It is the dusk of an October
evening, and brisk dapper young
men are hurrying along the narrow
courts and alleys bent upon the
delights of home, or the interest-
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elsewhere. The large warehouses
are closed, and the gas burns but
dimly in the grimy chambers, ap-
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is to remain in the premises after
business hours. Abel Webb takes
scant notice of what is passing
around him. He is a little man,
poorly clad, upon whose shoulders
fifty-five years of unremitting toil,
anxiety, trouble, and heavy disap-
pointment weigh heavily. His hair
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Webb still thinks himself capable
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Generally speaking, Abel cannot
be considered a good walker, neither
does he ordinarily whistle stirring
melodies as he elicits his way
through the teeming streets. Yet
whenever he pays his half yearly

WHEN MEN ARE AT THEIR BEST.

Dr. Beard states that from an
analysis of the lives of a thousand
representative men from all the
great branches of the human family,
he has made the discovery that the
golden decade is between forty and
fifty; the brazen between twenty
and thirty; the iron between fifty
and sixty. The superiority of youth
and middle life over old age in
original work appears all the greater
when we consider the fact that
the positions of honor and pres-
tige—professorships and public sta-
tions—are in the hands of the old.
Men are not widely known until
long after the work that gives them
their fame. Portraits of great men
are delusions—statues are lies.
They are taken when men have be-
come famous, which, on the average,
is at least twenty-five years
after they did the work that gives
them their fame. Original work
requires enthusiasm. If all the
original work done by men under
forty-five were annihilated, we
would be reduced to barbarism.
Men are at their best at that time
most equally balanced. This period
on an average is between thirty-
eight to forty. After this the law
is that experience increases, but en-
thusiasm declines.
Mansions of the Rothschilds.
Two of the younger Rothschilds
have become the possessors of a new
and magnificent residence in Paris.
Baron Edmond de Rothschilds,
who visited this country last year
in company with the Count de Tu-
renne, has bought the superb Hotel
Pontalba, with its noble park and
gardens of five acres in extent, ad-
joining the British Embassy, and
will there surround himself with
all the marvels of bibliography,
which happens to be his "particu-
larly" and which can nowhere
be more sumptuously indulged than
in Paris. Baron Arthur de Roth-
childs has bought two fine hotels
(meaning, of course, two fine private
mansions) on the avenue
Marigny, has demolished them both,
and is erecting a marvelous palace
with "Italian hanging gardens,"
wherein to enshrine his works of
art, his luxurious household—and
his posterity. He is the chief
collector of postage stamps in
France, and is now in treaty for
the large display of American
stamps to be seen at Philadelphia
at the Exposition.

Rev. Mr. Beecher Finally Ac-quit.

The Congregational Association
of New York and Brooklyn have
issued to the public a statement of
their action in regard to the charges
against Beecher's morals, which
were to be brought before the Ad-
visory Council's Commission. The
committee appointed last April to
co-operate in bringing the evidence
before that Commission, report that
before that Commission, after more than six
months' opportunity to speak, and
after the most urgent and public
entreaty that everyone would speak
who had anything to say against
him, no one had seen fit to respond,
no one had undertaken to make,
either before the Association or be-
fore the Commission, the slightest
charge against the moral charac-
ter of the Rev. Henry Ward
Beecher. The Association adopted
the report and then passed a resolu-
tion that if those who thus claim
to have evidence or to be able to
substantiate the charges against
Beecher, shall knowingly fail or re-
fuse to bring such charges or evi-
dence before that Commission of in-
vestigation, this Association will
hold itself throughout amply jus-
tified in utterly condemning those
charges and rumors as false and slan-
derous, and defending Mr. Beecher
as a worthy, honored and beloved
member of this body; and whereas
the preceding report of the said
Committee indicates that there is
no substantial ground for believing
in the guilt of Mr. Beecher, he is
therefore resolved, that he do,
therefore, as an Association, regard
our brother as worthy of our confi-
dence and love; and express to him
our sympathy in the severe trial
through which he has passed.

An Interesting Gift.

Gen. Meredith Read, American
Minister to Greece, has presented
to the Department of State at
Washington, through Hon. Hamil-
ton Fish, an interesting and unique
gift. The Archaeological Society of
Athens, of which he is a member,
has been engaged for some time in
making excavations on the southern
side of the Acropolis. The discov-
eries already reached in many re-
spects, surpass in importance those
of Olympia. Besides the remains
of three temples mentioned by Pan-
nias, numerous inscriptions and
remains of ancient statues, evident-
ly belonging to the Parthenon,
have been found. But the most
remarkable relic was discovered in
the base of the southern wall of
the Acropolis. It was nothing less
than a treaty between the Athen-
ians and Chalcidians of the third
year of the 83rd Olympiad—446-
445 B. C., engraved upon a large
block of a Pentelic marble several
years before the Parthenon was
commenced by the order of Peric-
les. Not a letter is missing from
this remarkable document. It
completes a passage of Thucydides,
and is referred to by Plutarch and
Diodorus Siculus. Immediately
after it was brought to light by the
learned Secretary of the Society M.
Goussinodis, Gen. Read ordered a
plaster cast to be taken of the size
of the original. This was hand-
somely framed in a dark olive
wood case, with a door to preserve
the inscription, and an appropriate
dedication in gold letters. Gen.
Read then forwarded this unique
copy of this most ancient diplo-
matic instrument as his personal
gift to the Department of State at
Washington.

Contentment.

To be at peace with yourself, to
be in harmony with your surround-
ings is more to be prized in this
everyday world than wealth or
genius. And this treasure lies with-
in the power of each. Its posses-
sion depends entirely upon our-
selves. It must be deep and abid-
ing, not left to the mercy of every
little wind.
Did it ever occur to you, that a
cheerful, happy face, the mirror of
a serene and peaceful mind, would
give more real pleasure to your
family than to the elaborate dinner
or the well-arranged house?
Affairs do take a most exasperat-
ing turn sometimes, but frowns,
and cross words, and fretting
won't make them a whit better;
indeed, they may make them worse,
for any thought, and leave one at
the mercy of ill-humor or passion,
which is more likely to lead in the
wrong than in the right path.
There is absolute gain in self-con-
trol, in renouncing equanimity of
spirit amid trying circumstances.
Moral power is secured, and con-
sequently the ability to govern per-
sons and control and direct affairs.
To FASTEN LABELS TO THEM.—Put
a teaspoonful of brown sugar into
a quart of paste, and it will fasten
labels securely to tin cans as to
wood. Housekeepers may save
themselves much annoyance in the
loss of labels from their fruit cans
when putting up their own fruit,
by remembering this.

APPLEBE & SIMPSON.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Carriages, Harnesses, Saddles, &c.
111-113 St. George Street, Acton.

HENRY L. DRAKE.

INSURANCE AGENT.
Agents for the Mutual Patent Water-
Fire Insurance Co. of New York. See
policy attached to this card with
reference to terms. H. L. DRAKE,
111-113 St. George Street, Acton.

WEDDING & FANCY CAKES.

GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

OLD ABEL'S MILLSTONE

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WILLIAM WATKINS.

MAKER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES & CERTIFICATES.
By Royal Appointment.
Business private and confidential
office at the Post Office, (New William,
Canada Building.)

AT J. RYDER'S FACTORY.

My present stock of
BUGGIES AND WAGONS
will be sold off very cheap.
Now is a good time to secure
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Strict attention given to
**Horse-Shoeing & General Black-
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JAMES RYDER.
Acton, Sept. 27, 1876.

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poorly clad, upon whose shoulders
fifty-five years of unremitting toil,
anxiety, trouble, and heavy disap-
pointment weigh heavily. His hair
is white with hoariness, and the
wrinkles upon his forehead and the
dark hollows beneath his eyes make
him appear far older than he
really is; but despite his puny sta-
ture, his weather beaten aspect, and
the wrinkles of age, he is as hope-
ful in spirit as ever, while there
rests upon his features an expres-
sion of patience and quiet deter-
mination, giving token that Abel
Webb still thinks himself capable
of many a tussle in the struggle for
life.
Generally speaking, Abel cannot
be considered a good walker, neither
does he ordinarily whistle stirring
melodies as he elicits his way
through the teeming streets. Yet
whenever he pays his half yearly

ACTON FLOUR MILLS.

R. & E. NICKLIN, Proprietors.
Flour and Feed, delivered on hand, wharf-
side, and by rail, at the lowest price.
Acton, Ontario.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs 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.
Horse 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

WEDDING & FANCY CAKES.

GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

OLD ABEL'S MILLSTONE

UNDERSTAND ME, ABEL;
both my father and myself are perfectly
satisfied with the amount already
paid.
"Many thanks to you, sir, for
the saying of it; but nothing short
of the full sum will satisfy me.
At the time (eight years ago next
midsummer) it was reckoned at a
hundred and fifty pounds in round
numbers. I mean to pay every far-
thing, please Heaven, if I live long
enough. If I die afore, I pay not.
Polly'll keep up the mortgage."
"But really, Abel, I don't care
these payments must cripple you
terribly."
"Never you mind that, Mr.
Baker, junior. I feel something
my conscience which is worse than
hunger or cold and it won't be easy
until I've paid you all. These
five pound ten, sir; not so much
as last half year, because of Polly's
illness in the spring; but I hope to
make it more next time. If you
enter the sum in this book and add
it up, you'll find it makes ninety
pounds."
"Ninety pounds exactly. Well,
if you insist on my taking the
money, I suppose I must. Is your
daughter married yet, Webb?"
"Not yet, Sir."
"Well, I'm afeared it's nigher
than I like."
"What! you disapprove of her
choice?"
"Oh, no, not a bit. Tom Smith's
as good a fellow as ever lived. He
is sober, honest and manly; and all
that'll tell in the long run. But I'd
rather she hadn't anybody after her
—leastways until the debt's squared
'twixt you and me."
"A debt, that, as you know, we
already consider dead and buried."
"But which I don't, Mr. Baker,
junior. However, I'm a keepin'
your Good night, Sir, and many
thanks for your kindness."
With that Abel Webb retreated,
but in hand; and bowing to Baker
junior with every backward step he
takes, finds himself by and by at
the half glass door opening to the
outer office. Arrived here he once
more thanks the younger partner of
Baker & Baker, wholesale druggist
of Ipswich Lane, Alderman-
bury, and at last emerges into the
crowded thoroughfare.
It is the dusk of an October
evening, and brisk dapper young
men are hurrying along the narrow
courts and alleys bent upon the
delights of home, or the interest-
ing pleasures they expect to find
elsewhere. The large warehouses
are closed, and the gas burns but
dimly in the grimy chambers, ap-
propriated to those whose duty it
is to remain in the premises after
business hours. Abel Webb takes
scant notice of what is passing
around him. He is a little man,
poorly clad, upon whose shoulders
fifty-five years of unremitting toil,
anxiety, trouble, and heavy disap-
pointment weigh heavily. His hair
is white with hoariness, and the
wrinkles upon his forehead and the
dark hollows beneath his eyes make
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life.
Generally speaking, Abel cannot
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does he ordinarily whistle stirring
melodies as he elicits his way
through the teeming streets. Yet
whenever he pays his half yearly

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON.

For the Counties of Wellington and Huron.
Orders left at the OFFICE, Prince
Office, Acton, or at my residence, in
Woodward, will be promptly attended to.
Terms reasonable.

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