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Order.

Orders left at the FREE PRESS
Office will receive prompt attention.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to
inform the people of Acton and sur-
rounding neighborhood that he has
procured a magnificent HEARSE.
And is prepared to attend and con-
duct Funerals on the shortest notice
and most moderate terms.

And all kinds of Funeral Furnish-
ings kept in stock, and supplied
on the shortest notice.

Hot Bands and Gloves supplied when
required.

JOHN SPEIGHT,
Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

ACTON BAKERY.

The subscriber in returning thanks
for the liberal patronage bestowed
upon the late firm of Galloway Bros.,
solicits a continuation of the same,
feeling assured that the utmost satis-
faction will be given, and that the
high reputation of our bread and
pastry will be fully maintained.

Our superior quality of
BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES
Delivered fresh around the village
and vicinity every day. A good
stock always on hand at the Bakery
—fresh and cheap for cash.

No credit given except to prompt
paying monthly customers.

Wedding and Fancy Cakes
Made to order on the shortest
notice, and satisfaction guaran-
teed.

All goods are warranted pure,
and nothing but the best material is used.

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Acton, Oct. 15, 1877.

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In stock at
Day's New Bookstore
GUELPH.

The Sunday Teacher's Treasury.
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Louisa Davis.

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School, by J. G. Fitch.

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Barnes' Notes, &c., &c., &c.
A cheap, big stock at Day's book-
store. Day sells cheap.

TRAVELERS Life and Accident INSURANCE COMPANY

of Hartford, Conn.

Paid-up Cash Capital..... \$600,000
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The Travelers is a STOCK COM-
PANY and writes Life Policies upon the
Low Rate all-cash plan. No un-
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combined as cheap as most com-
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largest Accident Insurance Com-
pany in the world, having written
\$25,000,000 policies and paid in actual
cash benefits to accident policy
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a policy and share in the general
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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 Hires and Horses are the best that
can be had, and he is determined not to
be outdone by any City Stable.
Acton July 1st, 1875.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds
neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Next the Post Office, 1111 Street.

ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY SLEEP- ING.

Just now I missed him from hall and
stair,
A joyful frolic that had grown
As dear to me as that grave tone
That told the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were stayed, I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme, and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door.

No sight! no sound!—a moment's frank
Of fancy thrilled my pulses through;
"If no"—and yet that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then I found him! There he lay,
Surprised by sleep, caught in the act,
The rosy vandal who had soiled
His little vase, and thought it play.

The shattered vase, the broken jar;
A match still smouldering on the
floor;
The inkstand's purple pool of gore;
The chessman scattered near and far.

Strown leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods";
In fact of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught
The hand that reached, the feet that
strayed!
And fallen in that smouldering
The victim was himself overwrought.

What though torn leaves and tattered
book,
Still testified his deep disgrace!
I scolded and kissed the inkly face,
With its demure and calm outbreak.

Then back I stole, and half haggard
My guilt, in trust that when my
sleep
Should come, there might be one
An equal mercy for his child.

THE WISE THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"We may as well give it up,
Morris Donovan," look,
As easy to twist the top off the
great hill of Howth, as to make
father and mother agree about any
one thing. They've been playing
the rule of contrary these twenty
years, and it's not likely they'll
take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," re-
plied handsome Morris, that mar-
ried people call "the top of the
hill," and "the top of the hill,"
Norah, darling! that wouldn't be
the way with you. Sure, it's one
would be in heart and soul, and an
example of love and—

"Folly," interrupted the maiden,
laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've
quarrelled a score of times already,
and to my thinking a bit of
breze makes life the pleasant-
er. Shall I talk about the merry jig
I danced with Phil Kennedy, or re-
peat what Mack Doolan said of me
to Mary Grey's eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah
Clary's bright brown eyes
touched her low, but delicately
fringed brows, as she looked
archly up at her lover; her lip
curling with a half playful, half-
malicious smile; but the glance
was soon withdrawn, and the
maiden's cheek glowed with a deep
rosy blush, when, in a
soft and eloquent voice, her
young man passed his arm around
her waist, and pushing the cluster-
ing curls from her forehead, gazed
upon her with a loving but mourn-
ful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry;
God alone knows how I love you,"
he said, in a deep voice, and broken
with emotion. "I'm ye' equal as
far as money goes, and no young
farmer in the country can till a
better stock to his share than
mine; yet I don't pretend to de-
serve ye, for all that; only I can't
help saying, that when we love
each other (now don't go to con-
trast me with any other man, but
just me, Norry, because ye've a
good as ye've a mother, and ye've
again), and ye'r father agreeable,
and all, to think that ye'r mother,
just out of devilment, should be
putting betwixt us, for no other
reason upon earth, only to spite
her lawful husband, is what sets
me mad entirely, and above her
to be a good-for—"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaim-
ed Norah, leaving her hand, upon
his mouth so effectually as to pre-
vent a sound exclaiming; it's my
mother ye'r talking of, and it
would be ill blood, as well as ill-
bred, to hear a word said against
an own parent. Is that the pat-
tern of ye'r manners, sir, or did ye
ever hear me turn my tongue
against any one belonging to you?"

"I ex yer pardon, my own
Norah," he replied meekly, as in
duty bound; "for the sake of the
lamb we spare the sheep. Why
not, and I'm not going to gain-
say—but ye'r mother—"

"The least said's the soonest
mended!" again interrupted the
impetuous girl. "Good even,
Morris, and God bless ye; they'll
be after missing me within, and
it's little mother thinks where I
am."

Norah, above all the girls at
wake or pattern, I've been true to
you. We have grown together,
and since ye have the height of a
ress-bud, ye have been dearer to
me than anything on earth. Do,
Norah, for the sake of our young
hearts' love, do think if there's no
way to win ye'r mother over. If

ye'd take me without her leave,
sure it's nothing I'd care for the
loss of thousands, let alone what
ye've got. Dearest Norah, think,
since ye'll do nothing without her
consent, do think, for once be-
sides, and don't laugh."
It is a fact equally known and
credited in the good barony of
Breght, that Morris Donovan really
possessed an honest, sincere and
affectionate heart—bravo as a lion
and gentle as a dove. He was,
moreover, the priest's nephew—
understood Latin as well as the
priest himself, and better even
than that, he was the beau, the
Magnus Apollo of the parish;—a
fine-looking fellow, that all the
girls (from the housekeeper's lovely
English niece at Lord Gor's down
to little deaf Bess Martican, the
sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;
and desperately in love with it,
I must confess (perfection certainly
was never found in man). Morris
was at times a little—the least bit
in the world—stupid—not exactly
stupid either, but slow of invention
—would fight his way out of a
thousand snags, but could never get
possibly out of one. No wonder,
then, where fighting was
out of the question, he was puzzled,
and looked to the ready wit of the
merry Norry for assistance. It
was not very extraordinary that
he should be puzzled, and that the
sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;
—light of heart, light of eye,—
now weeping like a child over a
dead chicken or a plundered nest,
then dancing on the top of a hay
rack to the music of her own cheer-
ing voice; now coaxing her bor-
rowed mother, and anon, now for-
getting her mother, and do not let
my respected readers imagine that
Mr. and Mrs. Clary were coin-
temporaries, but with only a
plum of praties, a big, and a one-
roomed cabin. No such things;
they rented a hundred good acres
of bright meadow land, and their
comfortable, though somewhat
slovenly furnished, told of abun-
dant and to spare. Norah was their
only child; and had it not been
for their most ungentle tenan-
tism, they would have been the
happiest, as well as the richest
family in the district.

"Sure mother was the man,
but I've got a wise thought—Good
night, dear Morris, good night."

The lass sprang lightly over
the fence into her own garden, leaving
her love perdu on the other side,
without possessing an idea of what
her "wise thought" might be.
When she entered the kitchen
she found her husband, who sat
at the table, and with a look
of surprise, she saw that he had
been talking to her about it.

"Ye'r a pair of lads hussies!"
she exclaimed to a pair of fat, red-
armed stockinged hands; "d'ye
think I can keep ye in idleness?
Ten out to the dozen—why that
wouldn't keep ye in a wig with
aught of aught, and such ill-gat-
ing flax, too! Barney Leary, ye dirty
m'er-do-good, can ye find no better
employment this blessed night,
than kicking the turf ashes in the
cat's face! Oh! ye'll be mate for
the ravens yet, that's one comfort!"

Jack Clary, addressing himself
to his wife, who sat quietly in the
corner, smoking his shudeen,
"It's well ye've got a wife who
knows what's what! God help me,
I've little of the name of a husband,
barring the name! Are you sure
Black Nell's in the stable?" (The
spouse nodded.) "The cow and
the calf, had they fresh straw?"
(another nod.)—"Bad cow to ye,
man alive can't ye use yer tongue,
and answer a civil question?" con-
tinued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure
one like you has talk enough for
ten."
This just observation was, like
most truths, so disagreeable, that a
severe storm would have followed,
had not Norah stepped up to her
father and whispered in his ear,
"I don't think the stable door is
fastened." Mrs. Clary caught the
sound, and in a very gentle tone,
ordered her husband to attend
to the cow and calf, and that she
would be waiting for him in the
kitchen.

"Dear father," began Norah,
"it isn't altogether about the stable
I want ye to attend to, but about
something to go to-day about
Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about your
self, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about
it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross
all day. Sure I go through a deal
for peace and quietness. If I was
ed and stamped, and Mr. Clary

peristed, not only in abusing Mor-
ris, but Morris's uncle, until at last
the farmer's hospitable awe, awe,
and roundly, too, by cross and
saint, that before the next sunset,
Norah Clary should be Norah
Donovan. I wish you could have
seen Norry's eyes dancing with joy
and exultation, as it peeped through
the keyhole—it sparkled more
brightly than the richest gem in
our monarch's crown, for it was
filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and
frosty. Long, slender icicles hung
from the branches of the wild haw-
thorn and holly, and even under
the light footstep of Norah, the
glazed hoar-cracked like feath-
ery grass. The mountain rill mur-
mured under a frosty bound cover-
ing, and the poor sheep, in their
warm fleeces, gazed inamorately
at the landscape, beautiful as it
was in the healthy morning light,
for neither on hill nor dale could
they discover a mouthful of grass.

The child, Donovan, brass buttoned
and unbuttoned over the glowing cheeks
of Norah Clary, for her "wise
thought" had prospered, and she
was hastening to the trying trial
where, "by chance," either morn-
ing or evening, she generally met
Morris Donovan. I don't know
how it is, but as soon as the course
of true love runs smooth, it be-
comes very uninteresting except to
the parties concerned. So it is
now only left to me to say, that the
maiden, after a due and proper
time in teasing and tantalizing her
intended, (a practice, by the way,
which I strongly recommend as the
best mode of finding out the tem-
per, etc., of the gentleman), told
him her saucy plan and it's result.

And the lover hastened upon the
wings of love (which, I beg my
readers to understand, are swifter
and stronger in Ireland than in any
other country) to surprise the priest,
that his reverence loved his nephew
and niece that was: to be (to say
nothing of the wedding supper, and
the profits arising therefrom) too
well, not to aid their merry jest.

What a scene! We may imagine,
what a feast! what dancing, what
the country folks enough to talk
about, during the happy Christmas
holidays, I cannot now describe.
The bride, of course, looked lovely
and sheepish, and the bridegroom
—but psaw! bridegrooms are al-
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