

# 20,000 DOLLARS WANTED.

## Grand Clearing Sale of Dry Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Boots and Shoes, &c., to commence 2nd July, and continue One Month only.

### CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO GLASGOW HOUSE, ACTON.

In order to reduce their large and well-assorted stock, have decided to offer their numerous customers and the public generally unprecedented Bargains in General Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, &c., for one month only. As this is a genuine Clearing Sale, goods will positively be sold regardless of cost. Call early, secure bargains, and save money. Their Ordered Clothing, for cheapness, style and quality, is second to none in the Province.

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

have not seen? Even as you have gone on your miserable way with this man, did you not dream that my eye was upon you? O you poor fool! You simpleton!"

The agony of her heart burst out into a smothered wail, as he held her half fainting in his cruel grasp. "And had I not," he shouted, "was not what I have seen just now enough? Was not his arm around you, his kisses on your cheek? Do you deny that? And do you think that I am to stand quietly by and see those things, and yet make no sign, you devil!"

"O help me!" she cried. "What can I say! O Henry, have pity on me! Give me time, for I cannot think!"

"Indeed," he said, derisively. "That is unfortunate, is it not? Listen to me! If that man comes to you again, from that hour you cease to be my wife. Before the Delmar family shall be dishonored by your bare-faced shame, I will drive you out! I will crush you, disown you, and cast you off from all claim upon me. Remember that, miserable woman, and heed it well."

He dropped her wrists, and she clung to him still, scarce conscious of what she did.

"No, no," she sobbed. "You will not hear me. You did not know. Henry, give me time to think! You shall not judge me unkindly. Have mercy on me!"

At length, however, that slight fainting fit, and her piteous cry with an oath, rushed from the room and left her there. She did not try to rise. She lay upon the carpet, with her yellow hair matted in wild confusion all about her, and her slender frame torn by the passionate smothered sobs which came from her poor breast. She lay there, sobbing and moaning, until Babette found her in the dim twilight, and bent tenderly over her, saying:

"Poor midame! She is become more and more indisposed."

The night passed and morning came—came to The Reeds as it comes to happier homes; came with a burst of bright sunshine on the pure, crisp snow, and with a flush of glistening light on the diamond-crested sea. To a woman with a breaking heart it mattered little whether the day was beautiful or not. Sunshine and cloud were all one to Eleanor. The first could not brighten her life much, and the last could not darken it more. With eyes that had not closed throughout the terrible night, she sat at her window until nine, when Babette brought word that Mr. Chester was in the parlor.

"Tell him I cannot see him," said Eleanor.

"Mais, madame! I do not say so to him, but he do refuse to go. He give me dis for you."

She handed Mrs. Delmar a note hastily written on the fly-leaf of a book, and sealed with a wafer. As Eleanor perused its contents she clasped her bosom with her hand convulsively, and her breath came hard and quick. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she tore the paper into a hundred fragments and cast them on the floor.

"I will see him!" she said, pushing past Babette, with her white lips firmly set together.

Slowly she descended the stairs and entered the drawing-room. Chester was there, pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

"Why have you come here?" she asked, in a hollow voice. "Are you mad?"

Her face was colorless, and like the face of a corpse. He stood before her, wildly looking into her eyes.

"Eleanor!" he cried. "what have I done? What misery have I brought upon you?"

She scarcely heeded his agitation or his pleading voice. In a strange

roid tone she said as she advanced towards him:

"How have you dared to write such words to me? Do I not deserve better at your hands than that?"

"Yes," he said, "you deserve the best at my hands that I can offer. I hardly know what I wrote. I wanted to see you, to see you at least once more, and to tell you that I am going mad through my love for you. Eleanor!" he cried, falling upon his knees at her feet and seizing her hand, "my own! my wife! God help me. I cannot live without you."

She tried to rise and snatch away her hand, but he held it and would not let her go.

"No, no," he cried. "you shall hear me out. It is the last time, perhaps, that I shall ever speak to you. Do not leave me! Stay with me always. Fly with me from this man whom you do not love, and let us once more know the old happiness together. Eleanor, have pity on me!"

She cast him from her with all her strength, and stood up before him, her eyes flashing fire, stood grown to her full height in the majesty of outraged womanhood.

"And, have I become so low," she said, "that you dare say these things to me! Is it not enough that you have robbed me of the little I had in the world! And now you come to shame me, to insult me, to heap additional bitter-tress upon me! Do you call this love! God help me!" she cried out. "this is more than I can bear!"

She sank down into her chair again and covered her face with her hands. There was a long silence, in which Chester covered before her, and she finally broke the stillness.

"Forgive me," she said. "if I am cruel. I do not mean to be. God knows I do not mean to be. She arose and placed her hand upon his shoulder. He seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"O, who will it help me!" she cried, as she snatched it away. "You have no pity for me!"

"I could not help it, Eleanor," he replied. "My heart is breaking. Forgive me, O, forgive me!"

She fell upon the floor at his feet and clasped his hands in mute entreaty.

"O Edward, for Heaven's sake, go. It is all I ask, and it is the last thing I shall ever ask of you. Go, and never come to me again."

He took her hand and wrung it in his own. "I will go," he said, hoarsely. "We shall meet again in a better place, I hope, above. God bless you. Farewell!"

And so he left her. It was well, perhaps, that he did not know that through the misery which he had so selfishly and cruelly brought upon her, her old love for him had been chilled and frozen, never again to be revived. It was well, perhaps, that he did not know how utterly alone and hopeless the woman had become when he had closed the parlor door and slipped out from her sight forever.

She staggered to the sofa and dropped into it helplessly. There were no tears in her blue eyes, no agitation—visible in her beautiful face. But like a dead thing she sat there, with her hands clasped listlessly in her lap, as there until the door once more opened and her husband entered.

She raised her eyes to his face as he came towards her, and broke into a low cry as she caught the look upon his contracted features.

"Mr. Chester was here just now," he said, icily.

She trembled in every limb, and tried to speak, but could not. A mute gasp was all her ashen lips had power to do.

"Has he been here or not?" he asked, fiercely.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Has he been with you?"

"Yes."

His teeth were clenched hard together. He stood still before her and said, slowly, while his mouth worked nervously with the intensity of his passion:

"And you dared to see him after what I have told you? You have betrayed me, after all that passed yesterday!"

"She burst into a loud shriek. It was not his words that terrified her; it was his manner; the expression of his set features.

"He has been here," she cried.

"He talked with me. He said something—I forgot what it was. I cannot remember—I cannot tell. O save me! I believe I am going mad!"

She placed her hands upon her temples and sank forward upon the arm of the sofa. He laughed scornfully at her as she lay there.

"You are improving," he said, mockingly. "You have been an apt scholar of Mr. Chester. This is infinitely better acting than on yesterday."

She made no answer, but only moaned softly to herself.

"But I am not acting," he said, seizing her violently by both shoulders and raising her up before him. "You have had full warning, and you have chosen your course. Fool that I am, I have been fond even of such a thing as you. I tell you how that I cast you off. Do you hear me! I renounce you and your name, and all your kind and kin. I gird you beneath my heel! And he stamped upon the floor while his face grew livid. "Go to your lover—your patron, and find consolation in his society if you can. I have had enough of insolent indifference. I bore with it because I did not know that I was living in constant disgrace. But let me tell you that the degradation will be yours alone. I have done with you, and my everlasting curse go with you!"

Her frantic shriek resounded through the room as she listened to his words, but the sound was almost lost in the dreadful oath with which he threw her from him with all his strength.

"Senseless where he dropped her up on the floor, and then, so frenzied with passion that he knew not what he did, he set his heel upon her."

When Colonel Delmar had gone to his room and locked himself in, he began for the first time to think of what he had been doing. Intoxicated by the first burst of blind unreasoning passion, he had not reckoned upon the consequences of his terrible rage, either to himself or to the torn and bleeding heart which he had left to flutter itself to death, if it would, in the room below. Yet now, as he sat before the open window, with the cool night air blowing in from over the frosty fields upon his heated forehead, there came to him a revulsion of feeling as strong and uncontrollable as the side of anger which had just swept over him. The poor white face of his wife came before him to fill his mind with self-reproach; the helpless wail of her unutterable agony rang in his ears, to tear his heart with the sharp pang of remorse. He had not meant to be cruel. Throughout the whole he had been mad, he thought. His brain had been on fire; he knew not what he did. Perhaps, God knows, he had wronged her. He had not given her a chance for explanation. Heaven help him! He loved her, even now, better than his life, and he had cursed her like a demon!

And there did not need to be in Colonel Delmar any radical change of nature to make this revulsion possible. A man of unconquerable pride, a creature of fearful and unbridled passions, he had been frantic and drunk with the intensity of his rage. It is natural to such characters to find the torture of acute remorse following close upon the outbreak of their wrath. In Colonel Delmar, so strongly did this general law of feeling sweep over the individual heart, that he more than once resolved to return to his wife and to ask her forgiveness for his brutality.

But no, he could not do that. Had she not dishonored the house of Delmar? Had she not wounded his pride more deeply than the pride of a Delmar had ever been wounded before? He could not

humble himself before her now; he could not forget the disgrace she had brought upon him.

Up and down, up and down, the Colonel paced his room, and never left it throughout that terrible day. What trains of thought passed through his wretched consciousness, or what mingled emotions of rage and fear, or pity and remorse swept over him, there is no need to say. His lips repeated continually, over and over, "I should have known. I am old enough to be her father. And he—curse him!—is young. After all she is not so much to blame."

He knew that his wife had been taken to her chamber, for he heard the servants talking in the halls. Since then the house had become very still. It was silent, almost, as the grave. Was Eleanor dead? He could not tell. He had not killed her! He unlocked his door, when it had become quite dark, and crept noiselessly down stairs. Out into the white moonlight and the crisp white snow he went, and to a little distance from the house, where he could look up at his wife's window. A light was burning there, but whether it was a beacon of hope or of death the Colonel could not tell. The sad sea moaned along the shore, and a cold wind came sighing across the frozen marshes. To Delmar their wailing sounded like a requiem. He bared his head to the frosty air, and walked for hours up and down the tortuous paths of the garden, turning now and then to look fearfully up at that lighted window, and straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of some moving shadow on the wall.

He heard the clock strike on the stairs strike nine; walked up and down his ceaseless round until it rang out the stroke of ten. It was a light moving about in the mansion, candles carried in the hands of servants who were ascending the stairs to bed; heard the locking of the doors, and waited while the house became still, as its inmates retired to rest. And yet that one solitary light gleamed out into the night, while the Colonel's distorted fancy made it seem the red eye of a monster—a fearful Nemesis—which was setting his very brain on fire with its stern and terrible questioning. Eleven o'clock came, and still he trembled with the thought of entering the house and going to that room. Twelve struck, and the light went suddenly out.

What now? He stood irresolute a moment and waited beneath the trees. The great door of the main hall was softly unbolting, and a slight figure—the figure of a woman—glided out upon the snow, and Colonel Delmar knew it for his wife. Where can she be going? Straight out across the marshes she sped, floating swiftly away like a white-shouldered ghost in the moonlight. No, no, not there! Not there! Not into the sea, for the love of God!

"Eleanor! Eleanor! my wife! Come back!"

But she hears him not, or if she does, his voice adds no energy to her swift footsteps. Still he calls and follows. Along the shore great masses of glittering ice he piled in rugged heaps, and among them the black sea roars and thunders upon the beach. From jagged block to block she leaps, often slipping and once falling cruelly upon her terrible points, yet pressing on with the speed of a frightened bird, or one gone mad, toward a rocky cape jutting out into the sea, and upon which the surf beats high in furious foam.

"Eleanor! my wife! my darling! Have pity on me and come back!"

But she presses on into the very vortex of the seething milk-white surf, and turns her poor mad face towards him. An instant more and she is gone, and the sea and the night have swallowed her up forever.

And would not the proudest, even of the Delmar family, pity this man now, could they see him clinging wildly to the rock which the woman's feet have so lately pressed—clinging to it amid the foam and furious beating of the surf, and the awful dangers of the waters all about him—madly and despairingly calling upon the black and dreadful sea to give him back his wife? Would they not believe that the laudable pride of this one Delmar, at least, had indeed been broken, could they look upon him while he beats his head upon the stones and cries wailingly across the seething waters for the woman who has gone from him to his eternal keeping forevermore?

Babette, searching the house for

her mistress in the early morning and finding her not, runs screaming through the halls in wild alarm. The other servants join her in her frightened search, but neither the Colonel nor his wife are in their rooms. At last, Babette, looking over the marshes with straining eyes, sees, far out upon a lonely rock beyond the beach, a man, gazing motionless across the waters. Babette's eyes are clear and sharp; she knows the figure well, and goes to it in expectation that the Colonel can quiet her fears for her mistress. Why he should be there, in so strange a place, at that hour of the morning, never for a moment enters her head. She is not the Colonel's keeper, but she loves Eleanor and is frightened at her absence.

She reaches the rock at last, and still her master sits motionless in the freezing wind, looking out across the sea. The wild waves are surging round him, but not so fiercely now but that Babette can make her way very closely to the spot. The Colonel's elbow rests upon his knee and his chin upon his hand. Is he lost in thought, but he does not see Babette? She speaks to him, but he seems to hear her not. She touches him respectfully to recall him to himself, but he heeds her not. Terrified, she looks searchingly into his eyes. They are fixed and glassy, and Babette shrieks aloud. "He is dead!"

THE END.

The Lakes.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but Lake Ontario, which is 590 feet deep is 230 feet below the level of the ocean or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottom of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior is still lower. The surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the River Detroit, after allowing all the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the fish of Niagara travel always upwards, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

"Mr. D— you'll get my coat done by Saturday. I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game it won't be done," said the tailor.

"Minnie I'm in such a quandary; for if I turn my back on Charley he becomes offended at once, and if I don't he can't see my new buckle. What shall I do."

Artists have adopted many emblems of charity. We wonder if none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

Reynolds, the dramatist observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces said: "I suppose it is owing to the war?" "No," was the reply, "it is owing to the piece."

### BONUS to Manufacturers.

#### THE VILLAGE OF ACTON

is prepared to grant a bonus to parties who employ any kind of manufacturing business employing ten skilled hands and upwards, and whose said business does not consist with any business already established within the Corporation. Acton possesses a good railway facility, and is situated on the Grand Trunk Railway, only five miles west of Toronto, is in a beautiful and healthy location, is free from municipal debt, and property can be obtained on reasonable terms.

JAMES G. HILL, Village Clerk.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

#### G. E. MORROW,

### Chemist and Druggist

ACTON, DEALER IN DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, PATENT AND PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.

Always on hand a large and well-selected stock of

Dye-Stuffs, Liquid Dye, Fancy and Toilet soaps, Brushes, Sponges, Trusses for Children and Adults, Chamber Braces for Men, Women and Children, Paints, dry and in oil, Books, Stationery, and Fancy Goods.

#### PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

For Medicinal Purposes.

Physicians Prescriptions and Doctors' Receipts, and Horse and Cattle Medicines, carefully compounded.

G. E. MORROW, Medical Hall, Acton.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

#### W. H. STOREY & Co.

### CANADA GLOVE WORKS

ACTON, ONT.

Wholesale Manufacturers of every description and style of

#### Leather & Cloth Gloves

#### HATS AND CAUNTIERS.

ALSO

Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.

Wholesale Market Price paid for WOOL SHEEPS.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

#### LIVERY STABLE

ACTON

### LIVERY & SALE STABLE

J. P. ALLAN

Always on hand an ample stock of 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 surpassed by any City Stable.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

#### ACTON

### Steam Carriage & Wagon Works

MAIN STREET.

#### MICHAEL SPEIGHT,

General Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon Maker.

### Best Horse-Shoers in the County

Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, 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 1, 1875.

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#### THE POST OFFICE STORE

Is the Place to SECURE VALUE for your Money in

### CHOICE TEAS, GROCERIES

Provisions, Crockery, Glassware, Stationery, School Books, Wall Papers, Fancy Goods, Window Blinds and Rollers, Fixtures, etc.

I embrace this opportunity of tendering thanks to my numerous friends for the liberal patronage bestowed by them for the last twenty years; and as the experience of that time has had its lessons, and has enabled me to profit thereby, so that I am now acquainted with the best markets to purchase in, and also the cheapest, my customers may rely upon getting the benefit of said experience. In former years it has been a matter impossible to do business on a strictly cash basis. But our country having prospered to an unprecedented degree within the last few years, I think our people are now in a position to

### Abandon a System so Pernicious,

That it has to create margins for bad and doubtful debts, which the cash customer has no right to bear—and which hitherto he has had to do—I am determined, therefore, on and after the FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT to do business for

### CASH OR TRADE ONLY

And by adopting this system I will be enabled to

### REDUCE PRICES FROM SIX TO EIGHT PER CENT

Until the above time arrives, customers paying Cash will receive the above discount. Customers will no doubt see the advantage of adopting the Cash System, which indeed is the ONLY RIGHT SYSTEM, and which secures advantages to all not to be lost sight of.

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Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Insurance Agent, Agent Money for Loan, Agent Montreal Tel. Co., Clerk Fourth Div. Court, Com. in Q. B., &c.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

#### JAMES MATTHEWS

### EAST END DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING STORE

The undersigned begs to call the attention of the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity to the well-assorted stock of

### Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

Our Prints, Dress Goods, and Dress Trimmings. Are all of best materials and newest patterns.

### OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS LARGER THAN EVER!

Comprising full lines of

### Scotch, English, and Canadian MANUFACTURE

And, being practical workmen, feel satisfied in assuring our customers that our cheapness, neatness and durability of work cannot be surpassed.

#### DICKSON & McNAB.

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

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