CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO., ACTON,

Are daily receiving fresh lines of NEW GOODS at prices to suit the times. To give visitors to next Monthly Fair the privilege of obtaining Great Bargains, they have concluded to continue their

Grand Clearing Sale during the First Week of August.

A still further reduction will be given to clear out several lines. If you want goods at bottom prices call early.

REMEMBER THEIR FAMOUS 50C. TEA.

Acton, July 30, 1875.

CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & Co.

THROUGH EVIL AND GOOD REPORT.

Before I was married, my name was Margaret Estcourt. I was an only child, and my mother died a few days after my birth. When I was about six years old, my father, Captain Estcourt, left the army and came to live in Glasgow. He was a tall, dark, stern, morose man, who never evinced any paternal tenderness towards me. I often longed to throw my arms around his neck and fondle him, as I had seen other girls fondle and caress their fathers, but he always repulsed me, or received my advances with such a palpable air of "boredom" that it was equivalent to a repulse.

We were not well off as far as pecuniary matters were concerned, my father having run through his means, which circumstance had involved his selling out of the army; and he had therefore been glad to accept a situation as cashier in the great ship-building firm of Campbell & Westwood. We lived in a cottage by pretty Dunoon, whence my father went in the steamer every day to Glasgow, and very monotonously the time passed until I was nineteen.

Amongst those who used to come frequently to our house was a Mr. George Sanderson, manager of a Glasgow bank. He was quite as old as my father, unmarried, and like him both in habits and appearance. I loathed this man, and give him no encouragement, yet he persisted in paying me the most undisguised attentions, which, as I plainly saw, the approbation of my father. At length he came one day and asked me to be his wife—an honor which I quietly but firmly refused.

"I have good prospects, Miss Estcourt," said he, "and I offer you a good comfortable home. You shall want for nothing."

"You must be satisfied with my decision," I answered, rising. "I thank you for the honor you have done me, but I can never become your wife."

I saw his black brows knit, and the veins on his forehead stand out rightly; his deeply set, cruel black eyes dilated as he exclaimed, in a voice of suppressed rage—

"Maggie Estcourt, I have set my heart upon marrying you—and have you I will, whether you like it or not."

I confess I felt rather frightened sitting there alone with that desperate-looking man, but I said, bravely—

"If ever I marry any one, it will be for the sake of having a little peace and love in my life. I know I should have neither with you, and it is useless therefore to dwell further on the subject."

He laughed jeeringly.

"You ought to be very glad to get any sort of a husband. It is not every one who would marry the daughter of a man bearing the reputation your father does."

"How dare you say so!" I exclaimed. "He is my father, and no one shall speak insultingly of him in my presence. If you dragged me to the altar with you, I should say 'No!' even then."

"Altar! Humbug!" he ejaculated. "I mean to marry you, Maggie, and I will do so; and, what is more, I mean to have a Scotch marriage. We shall take each other 'for better, for worse' in the presence of witnesses."

I was too indignant to make any reply, so I left the room.

That night—it was in February—my father did not come home until it was very late. I had gone to bed, and was startled by a knock at my bed-room door, whilst a peremptory voice said—

"Maggie, come down stairs—I want to speak to you."

"I am in bed, father."

"No matter; dress yourself and come down."

I obeyed tremblingly, and soon joined my father in the sitting-room. He looked so like, so wonderfully like George Saunderson that at first I was startled at the resemblance. He said angrily—

"Maggie, Saunderson tells me that you refuse to marry him. I wish you to become his wife; so remember, when he comes again, that you receive him properly."

"Father, I cannot marry him."

"You must," he exclaimed, "I insist upon it."

"I cannot," I returned; "I hate the very sight of him."

"Then accustom yourself to love it as soon as possible—our arrangements are not going to be set aside to please a chit of a girl."

"Ask me to do anything else to please you, father," I pleaded; "but I cannot marry Mr. Saunderson."

"We need not discuss the matter any further. You know my wishes, and I mean to carry them out. Stay," he continued, taking a letter from his pocket—"here is an invitation from Mrs. Campbell for us both to go to a ball which she is to give on the twentieth. Write and accept it."

After that night Mr. Saunderson came to our house more frequently. He never renewed his proposal, but he assumed a kind of proprietorship over me which was exceedingly galling.

On the evening of the ball, as I stood before the looking-glass, completing my toilet, our old servant brought me a magnificent bouquet of hothouse flowers, saying—

"Mr Saunderson sent you this, miss; and he wishes to see you as soon as you can conveniently come down."

"I shall come when I am ready, and no sooner," I replied, ungraciously, as Jane left the room. Whether she ever delivered the message or not, I cannot say.

I proceeded leisurely with my toilet, secretly delighted with having received the flowers to complete it, yet wishing they had come from some other source. My dress was of white silk, with a white tulle overskirt tastefully looped up with blue forget-me-nots; sprays of the latter adorned my hair, which I wore in one great mass of curls loosely gathered at the top of my head. Around my neck I wore a black velvet ribbon, from which depended a small torquoise locket, one of my few articles of jewelry. Thus arrayed, I took up the obnoxious but necessary flowers, my gloves, fan, and handkerchief, and descended to the sitting-room, where I found Mr. Saunderson, who, to my astonishment, was also in evening dress. He looked at me for a minute, and then said—"Maggie, you look lovely." As he spoke, he came over, put his arm around me, and kissed my forehead.

"How dare you?" I exclaimed, starting away in anger. "How dare you kiss me?"

"I dare because I have a right," said he, laughingly. "Don't be absurd, Maggie—come here and see what I have brought you."

He opened a morocco case and displayed an excellent set of pearls.

"I am very much obliged to you," I returned, coldly, "but I could not think of accepting them."

"Yes, you will," said he, coaxingly, "Come, let me put them on. Your father got me an invitation to the ball because I want you and me to be seen in public as an engaged couple."

How enraged I felt! My father entered just then, and as he insisted upon my wearing the pearls, I had no alternative but either to do so or to be obliged to stay at home, and girl-like I did not wish to lose the amusement.

It was the first ball I had ever been at, and, as I entered the room leaning on my father's arm, I felt almost bewildered by the gay scene. The blaze of light, the pretty dresses, the conservatory filled with choice plants amongst which the lamps glittered with a subdued light, seemed like fairy land. Mr Saunderson claimed me for the first dance, and, as I sat after it in the cool ante-room, Charlie Benson, a young lawyer, and an old friend of mine, came up in company with another gentlemen, and said—

"Maggie, allow me to introduce my friend Archie Campbell to you. He has asked me for the introduction."

People said Archie Campbell's hair was red—I maintain that both his hair and beard were auburn. People said his eyes were green—I say they were hazel. He was six feet high and he danced divinely. I promised to dance with him again and again, and I did so.

I had danced with him three times, and had promised to dance again. Once I had danced with Charlie Benson, and thus had been able to avoid Mr Saunderson. Archie Campbell and I were standing in the conservatory talking, when my *bete noir* entered and said—

"Ah, you are here Maggie. I have been looking for you everywhere. I want you to dance this waltz with me."

"Miss Escourt is engaged to me for this dance," interposed Archie Campbell, quietly placing his hand upon my arm.

Mr Saunderson smiled blandly, but I, who had the experience of the man's temper, knew what a volcano of passion slumbered beneath his seeming equnanimity. Holding out his arm for my acceptance, he said—

"But I am engaged to the young lady for life! And I object to her dancing round dances with other men."

I felt my cheeks become crimson, and I know my eyes flashed. I almost instinctively tightened my grasp upon Archie Campbell's arm, as I exclaimed—

"I am not engaged to you, Mr. Saunderson; and you have no right to control my affections. I shall dance with any one I please;" and, still leaning on my partner's arm, I left the conservatory.

Archie said nothing as the dance proceeded but when the music had ceased he gave one look into my face, silently placed my hand on his arm again, and led me to a secluded recess.

It was some minutes before I could command my voice sufficiently to say—

"Mr. Campbell; do not let me detain you here; please take me to my father."

"Don't distress yourself," he said, laughingly, seating himself beside me. "I like being here, and as to your father, goodness knows where he is amongst this throng! Miss Escourt, I am going to ask you a favor."

His cheeriness affected me, and I asked, almost gaily—

"Well, what is it."

"Will you allow me to come and see you?"

The thought of my father made me hesitate for a moment; but then I said—

"We live very quietly, and see few people; but I am sure my father will be very happy to see you."

"All right. I like quiet people. When may I come—to-morrow?"

There was a movement of the curtain within which we sat, and Mr. Saunderson stood before us. As if nothing had happened he said—

"Maggie, will you give me the pleasure of dancing this quadrille with you?"

I had no reasonable pretext for refusing, so I joined him. During the pauses of the dance, I saw Archie Campbell sitting where I had left him.

At length the eventful evening came to an end. As I stood in the hall, hooded and shawled, waiting for the hired carriage which was to take us home, Charlie Benson whispered to me—

"I say, Mag, is it true that you are engaged to Saunderson?"

"No, no, Charlie; contradict it wherever you hear it said."

"I will, Mag; I am glad to hear you say so."

My father slept during the drive home, so that I was free to pursue my meditations undisturbed. A certain tall figure played a pleasantly conspicuous part in the programme. I may mention that the figure was not Mr. Saunderson.

* * * * *

Archie Campbell was the nephew and confidential clerk of the senior partner in the firm of Campbell & Westwood. People said that in time he would be a partner also; therefore it was only politic in my father to countenance his visits to our house. Upon one pretext and another he came very often, so the long ere May-time came I felt that week that I did not see him a very long one indeed.

Mr. Saunderson still persecuted me with his unwelcome attentions. I persistently denied the fact of any engagement existing between us, and my spirit often rose rebelliously at the cool manner in which my father and Saunderson seemed to ignore my right to have any voice in the matter. Woman-like, I chafed against such treatment, and at last, when one day my father said he wished me to be married during the coming summer, I refused decidedly to comply.

"What reason have you for wishing to break off this engagement, after all I have said to you?"

"Father, I can only repeat what I have so often said before—I cannot marry Mr. Saunderson; and you know I have never acknowledged to there being any engagement between us."

"Who cares whether you do or not?" he exclaimed, wrathfully. "I tell you I wish it."

"I will never marry a man I do not care for," I rejoined, thoroughly exasperated; "it is unkind of you, father, to wish me to become the wife of one whom I know instinctively to be a bad man."

"Nonsense!" he ejaculated. "Do you think I don't see how things are going on? That fellow Campbell has been making love to you, and turning your head."

"Mr. Campbell has never made love to me," I replied, quietly and truthfully.

"It is not, but that you have given him opportunities enough. Every one is talking to me about you and him. He is looked upon as Sanderson's rival in your affections."

"I am sorry people have nothing more important to occupy their minds with," I exclaimed. "I have so few friends that surely no one need grudge me the companionship of one intelligent mind."

My father laughed ironically.

"Oh, yes, the old story—similarity of tastes, and all that! By Jove!" he exclaimed, suddenly starting up, "here's the steamer—and I have to go back to Glasgow this evening!"

I sat at the window, feeling miserable enough, and watched the changing opal tints of the clouds, faintly tinged with the rosy tints of the sun, which was setting over the hills at the back of the house. I saw the people going backwards and forwards to the piers—saw them as in a panorama, for no sound reached me to break the silence which seemed to reign around. The twilight deepened, yet still I sat thinking—thinking whether it would better for me to go away somewhere—to go away in any honest capacity, rather than become the wife of a man I loathed—all my womanly instincts revolted at the thought; and I had had so little love, so little happiness in my life that I could not run the risk of irrevocably completing my misery by marrying George Saunderson.

I left the house, walked bareheaded through the garden, and wandered off to the cliffs at the back. They were my favorite retreat, to which I often carried my work or a book, and there, sitting in a sheltered recess, I could look down at the piers with their busy crowds, and at the swift, scintillating Clyde, upon the broad bosom of which the river steamers and yachts went gaily to and fro. Preoccupied with my thoughts, I wandered on, the cool fresh breeze from the river fanning my burning forehead. The twilight deepened, and, as I saw the pier-lights were being lighted, I retraced my steps homewards. The cliff path was not much frequented, consequently I felt a little startled at the sound of a man's firm, light, quick step behind me broke upon the stillness of the evening air. It came nearer, at last the footsteps halted beside me, and a voice said—

"Miss Estcourt? Is it possible?"

It was Archie Campbell who spoke.

"Are you shocked to find me wandering about here at this hour of the evening?" I asked, trying to speak gaily.

"No, indeed; you must be lonely enough by yourself, for I saw your father just now at my uncle Andrew's."

"Yes; I knew my father had gone to Glasgow, but I did not know he had gone to Mr. Campbell's."

He made some commonplace remark, and we walked along side by side, making spasmodic attempts at conversation. Presently Archie stopped suddenly, and, looking down at me, and said abruptly—

"Miss Estcourt, I wish to hear distinctly from your own lips if you are engaged to Mr. Saunderson."

"I am not."

"Then why does your father say so? I hear so many contradictory rumors, and I have a fancy to know the exact truth."

"Mr. Saunderson has asked me to marry him, and my father wishes it, but I would die rather than do so!" I cried, vehemently. "Only this evening I was thinking it would be better for me to go away from home altogether."

"I quite agree with you," said he, drily, "for some time past I have thought you ought to leave home."

I made no answer, but stood there with a strange little pain at my heart at hearing him speak thus unconcernedly; evidently it was of no consequence to him whether I stayed or went. Bitter, regretful tears gathered slowly in my eyes—"tears, idle tears," the cause of which I could not account for; and I was glad that the deepening gloom hid them from my companion's gaze.

Silently I returned homewards, when Archie laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, with a wonderful tenderness in his voice, so different from the tone in which he had last spoken—

"Maggie, will you share my home? I came here to-night to ask you to be my wife."

My overwrought feelings could be controlled no longer, and I burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Tenderly, lovingly, Archie tried to soothe me, and led me down the cliff path. I believe I said "Yes"—I know I meant it; but, whether I uttered the monosyllable or not, Archie seemed to be quite satisfied. As we approached the house, I saw that the blinds in our sitting room were drawn down and the lamp lighted, and therefore concluded that my father had come back unexpectedly. When the door opened I heard the sound of loud voices, and knew that some of father's customary boisterous guests were making merry within; involuntarily I shrank closer to Archie, who whispered—

"I think I had better not say anything to your father to-night."

He had hardly uttered the words when a voice behind us, said, menacingly—

"Mr. Campbell, take your arm from around that young lady. I request an explanation of your conduct!"

For answer, Archie stooped and kissed my forehead, and then, turning to Mr. Saunderson—for it was he—replied—

"There is no explanation necessary or due to you. Miss Escourt is my promised wife."

Mr. Saunderson uttered some imprecation, and advanced towards me. Archie placed himself in the way, and said—

"Go in Maggie—this is no place for you;" and as I entered the hall with Janet, he shut the door.

I looked through the hall-window, and saw the two men walk away together.

As I sat at work the next evening I was somewhat startled to see my father, accompanied by two official-looking men, come hurriedly up the path. The moment Janet opened the door I heard one of the men say to her—

"Was Mr. George Saunderson here last night?"

"Yes, sir, but he did not come in. He went away with Mr. Archie Campbell."

"Come in, gentlemen," said my father, in an excited voice. "I don't understand this."

They entered the sitting room, and he introduced me to the strangers.

The terrible story was soon told. Mr. Saunderson had been found foully murdered on the road between Dunoon and Glasgow; Archie Campbell—rumored to have been his rival in my affections—having been seen in his company late on the evening of the murder, had been arrested on suspicion, and Janet and I were summoned to attend as witnesses at the trial, whenever it should take place.

Concluded next week.

Which?—A tall fellow—one of those long, slab-sided ones—is in trouble. He wanted to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A kindly disposed journal advised him to braid his legs and go as a whip-lash; swallow himself round and round a few dozen times, and go as a rolo of tape; wrap himself in the American flag and go as a barber pole; bristle his hair up and go as a white-wash brush; swallow a few marbles and go as a rattle box; put an insulator in his mouth and go as a telegraph pole; or walk on his hands as a pair of scissors. He is in worse trouble now than before, but will probably straighten himself out and go as a lead pencil.

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is prepared to grant a bonus to parties establishing any kind of manufacturing business employing ten skilled hands and upwards, and where said business does not conflict with any business already established within the corporation. Acton possesses good railway facilities, being on the Grand Trunk Railway, thirty-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.

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Physicians Prescriptions and Domestic Receipts, and Horse and Cattle Medicines, carefully compounded.

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Acton, July, 1875.

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Wholesale Manufacturers of every description and style of

Leather & Cloth Gloves
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Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.

WOOL SKINS. Highest Market Price paid for

Acton, July 1st, 1875.

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His Rigs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any City Stable.

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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

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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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Acton, July 1st, 1875.

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