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BUSINESS CARDS

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Plastering and Rough-casting done on
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B. & E. NICKLIN, Proprietors.
Flour and Feed always on hand,
wholesale and retail. Grinding and
Clipping Daily. Cash for all kinds of
Grain.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton. Close to
the G. T. Railway Station. Ex-
cellent accommodation for the travelling
public. THOS. CAMPBELL, Prop.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ONT.
ROBT. AGNEW, Proprietor. This
new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style,
with new furniture. Commercial Travel-
lers will find good accommodation and
comfortable Sample Rooms. Special
attention paid to the wants of the
travelling public. Best supplied with the
best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling
and attentive Hostlers.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL,
ACTON, ONT.—ROBT. DICKIE, Prop.
Sample Rooms large and commodious.
For Commercial Travellers. Good accom-
modation for Travellers and Guests.
Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars at the
Bar. Good Stabling and attentive
Hostlers.

W. HENSTREET,
Licensed Auctioneer.
For the Counties of Wellington and Hal-
dane, Ontario, or at my residence, in
London, will be promptly attended to.
Terms reasonable.

A. DAVIDSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the County of Halton.

Sales attended to in any part of the
County, at reasonable rates.
Address: A. DAVIDSON,
Campbellville, P. O.

MILK & MILK!
The subscriber has commenced the
dairy business, and will deliver milk
every morning and evening at the
houses in the village. Milk warranted
pure. Twenty-one quart tickets for
\$1.00, put up in advance, or twenty-one
quart tickets for 50 cents, if paid in
advance.
P. S. ARMSTRONG,
Acton, July 8th, 1876.

**KENNEDY'S
Marble Works,**
Opposite side from Mills &
Goodfellow's Foundry, and
Near ERRINGTON'S BRIDGE,
Guelph.

ALL KINDS OF
MONUMENTS
Tomb Stones, Mantle Pieces,
Etc., made to any size or design,
and put up in any part of the
country.
Scottish Granite Monu-
ments imported to order.
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tical marble cutter.

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FREE PRESS,**
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neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Over the Post Office, Mill Street.

CANADA GLOVE WORKS,
ACTON, ONT.
W. H. STOREY & CO.,
Wholesale Manufacturers of every des-
cription and style of

**Leather & Cloth Gloves,
MITTS AND GAUNTLET.**
Also
Dressers of Plain and Fancy
Kid Leathers.

Highest Market Price paid for
WOOL SKINS.
Agents for Raymond's Sewing Ma-
chines.
Acton, July 1st, 1876.

ACTON BAKERY
The subscriber begs to inform the in-
habitants of Acton and vicinity that he
is prepared to supply

**First-class Bread, Buns, Cakes
Biscuits, Etc.**
Fresh every day—delivered at their
houses.

WEDDING CAKES
Made to order in the latest styles and at
reasonable charges.
Highest price in Cash paid for Eggs.
D. GALLOWAY,
Acton, July 1, 1876.

**PRINGLE,
Watchmaker, Guelph,**
Has a good stock of
"RUSSELL" AND "AMERICAN"
WATCHES
Always on hand.
He attends to repairing of fine watches
himself.
Mr. Harkins, of the Free Press, will
kindly carry watches and jewelry to
and from Guelph when requested.
Guelph, Sept. 27, 1875.

**ACTON
PLANING MILLS**
AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind
Factory.

EBBAGE & CAMPBELL,
Manufacturers of
Window Sash,
Doors,
Venetian Blinds
Mouldings,
And other Building Requisites
Also Makers of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order
in the best manner.
All work guaranteed.
Acton, July 1, 1876.

NOTICE.
Any person or persons trespassing on
Lot 26, Concession 3 of the Township
of Esequippi, (adjoining the Village of
Acton), or injuring trees of any kind, or
leaving gates improperly shut, or fences
partly down, will be subject to prosecu-
tion after this date.
P. S. ARMSTRONG,
Acton, August 20, 1876.

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT COME.
Take the world as it is! there are good
and bad in it, and it will be from now
to the end.
And they who expect to make saints in
a minute,
Are in danger of marring more hearts
than they'll mend.
Or you're sure to find something or
other amiss;
'Mid much that debases and much that
exalts.
The world's not a bad one if left as
it is!

Take the world as it is! with its smiles
and its sorrow,
Its love and its friendship—its false
hood and truth—
Its schemes that depend on the breath
of tomorrow?
Its hopes which pass by like the
dreams of our youth.
Yet, oh! while the light of affection
may shine,
The heart in itself hath a fountain of
bliss!

In the scope there's some spark of a na-
ture Divine,
And the wisest and best take the world
as it is!

DARKDALE.
The day passed unmarked by any
particular incident. I say nothing
of Mr. Roydon, nor any person
except the old woman and my pup-
ils, and about eight o'clock I re-
turned to my own apartment, where
I sat reading by the fire until
eleven. Before retiring to rest, I
carefully examined every part of
my room, and tried the lock of my
door; for with the darkness my
nervous timidity, never really dis-
peared, returned in full force.

I lay awake for some time, watch-
ing the fantastic shadows thrown
by the flickering firelight upon the
dark panels, and listening for a re-
currence of the serenade of the pre-
vious night. But all was silent as
the grave, and presently I went to
sleep.

In the midst of a dream, in which
I fancied I was falling over a tre-
mendous precipice, I awoke with a
sudden shock, and looked about
me. The fire was quite burned out,
but the moonlight was streaming
between the window curtains, which
I had only half drawn, rendering
every object in the room perfectly
distinct.

Surely, I thought, I must be suffer-
ing under some hallucination, for
there, in the broad, luminous patch,
stood a female figure, clothed in
white. Her face was away from
me towards the window; but as I
gazed breathlessly upon the apparition,
it turned round and disclosed the
features of a young and beauti-
ful woman, the very type of those
of my girl-pupil. Then it paced up
and down the room, waving its
arms in a strange, wild manner,
about its head, and moaning pitiful-
ly; but its footsteps gave forth no
sound, and the moonlight seemed to
shine through it!

I never doubted for one moment
that I was looking upon an spirit—
for no living creature could enter
through a locked door—and that
spirit—the mother of the two chil-
dren. Presently, it seemed to fade
away, and I saw it no more.

The next morning, as soon as I
was out of bed, I instituted another
and more careful scrutiny of my
apartment. I had heard of secret
panels and trap doors in old man-
sions; and this was just the place
for such; but my search was fruit-
less. I also examined my little
dressing room—which, however,
was scarcely more than a very large
pantry—for it was thereabouts the
figure had disappeared, but with no
better success.

During the day I put a few care-
less and indirect questions to the
children about their mother. The
boy made no answer, and all the
girl could or would say was that
she was an angel in heaven.

That evening, when the lessons
were over, and I was taking my tea
alone, I was surprised to see Mr.
Roydon suddenly enter my apart-
ment, and without knocking. I had
not seen him since the evening of
my arrival.

Planting himself directly in front
of me, and fixing upon me his pierc-
ing eyes, he asked abruptly why I
had questioned the children about
their mother. "There don't seek
about for any lying excuse," he said,
"impudently!" but tell me the truth;
if you don't, I shall find it out for
myself."

And why should I not tell him
the truth? I thought. So, meeting
his glance as boldly as I could, I

told him simply and without com-
ment or exaggeration the incidents
of the nocturnal visitation. Dur-
ing the time I spoke he never once
removed his glance from me, nor
evinced any more emotion than if
I had been relating the most com-
mon-place event.

"The dream of a discolored fan-
cy," he answered, contemptuously.
"You have not mentioned this to
the children? Of course not, or
William would have told me. Let
me give you a piece of advice; ask
no questions of any person, bridle
your curiosity, for in this house
walls have ears and eyes too."

So saying, he quitted the room as
suddenly as he had entered it.
It was not without a very con-
siderable tremor that I retired to
bed that night; but my rest was
undisturbed, as it was for many a
night afterwards. Gradually I grew
accustomed to the gloom, the
silence, and the strange people, and
began to think that Mr. Roydon
was right, and that the spectre I
had seen was little a creature of my
fancy.

I made but little progress with
my pupils. The boy was too sullen
and stupid to learn, and I believe
from the first conceived an hatred
for me. The girl was more difficult
to understand; she was gentle,
amenable, anxious to do her best;
but was almost devoid of memory
—incapable of concentrating her
mind upon anything. She had a
peculiar vacant look that at times
quite filled me with concern.

About a week after my arrival
Mr. Roydon asked me in his usual
abrupt manner what I thought of
my charges. I told him frankly
and simply as I have written it
here; he received my opinion with his
usual impassiveness, and made no
remark.

The weather had hitherto been
remarkably fine, although piercing
cold, and I had enjoyed several
rambles with the children upon the
margin of the lake; and upon the
hills; but with December the snow
set in, and confined us as complet-
ly to the house as though we had
been in Siberia. The lake was
frozen over, and enlured with
snow, the mountains were muffled
in it, the courtyard and the
building laden with it. Now,
indeed, did I experience the full
flavor of the dreariness of the place.
It was almost insupportable, and
yet it led for me a species of fasci-
nation of the horrible. I longed to
solve its mysteries, and that is why
I remained there.

Once again I had heard wild
stories, and I had enjoyed several
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place while I slept; neither did
servants in the least alter their cus-
toms, or betray, by their manner
that night unusual had happened.
I felt, at times, that I must seek
out Mr. Roydon, and ask at all
hazards, for an explanation of what
I had seen. But the vision of those
burning eyes ever daunted my re-
solution.

It wanted but a few days to
Christmas. The weather was still
bad as ever—alternating snow, frost
and rain. For three weeks I had
not stopped over the threshold of
the outer door. I felt I could not
endure this life no longer. I was be-
coming dull, moping; my brain
was full of fancies, my nerves com-
pletely shattered. Had I dared,
I would have given Mr. Roydon my
resignation at once, but I knew in-
stantly that such a step would permit
me to go away with his secrets in my
possession. I knew there was an
espionage kept upon me by the boy
William, and by the old serving
woman. I had had but one letter
since I had been there—a reply to
one of mine written to my landlady
in Camden Town, concerning some
luggage I had left in her care, and
the state of the seal told me it had
been opened. Oh, what I would
have given could I have fled from
this house of horrors, and once
more found myself in the streets
of London!

It was on the night of the 21st
of December, or, rather, the morn-
ing of the 22nd, that, suddenly
starting out of my sleep, I saw a
flash of light sweep across my win-
dow. In an instant I was out of
bed, and peering through the casement.
Two torches were flashing in the
courtyard below, and that was
all I could see for a few seconds.
But as my sight grew accustomed
to the obscurity a strange spectacle
greeted it. A boy, covered with a
black pall, borne by two men, was
moving slowly over the white
ground, and was preceded by two
persons bearing torches. This then,
was the funeral I had been so long
watching for. But what an ex-
traordinary hour for it to take
place, and where was the body to
be buried! That was a question
I determined at all risks to solve.

I was not five minutes dressing,
and arrayed in a heavy, dark cloak,
the hood of which covered my
head, I crept down stairs. All was
silent—not a glimmer of light any-
where, and the outer door stood
wide open.

As I peeped cautiously out,
I saw the procession passing slowly
through the gateway. Fear, rever-
ence, and awe, and a certain
sorrow in the one feeling of irresisti-
ble curiosity. It was a cloudy,
moonless night, and all was intensely
dark, save where the two torches
threw their feeble, flickering light.
I hurried across the yard, passed
through the portal, and glided be-
neath the shadow of the frowning
rocks, in the thick darkness of
which detection was almost impos-
sible. I was not a few feet from
the wake of the bear. The supporters
were the servant who had fetched
me from the station, and another
man whom I had occasionally seen
about the premises. I now per-
ceived there were three figures in
advance; the torches were borne
by Mr. Roydon and the old wo-
man; while a third, so muffled that
I was unable to discern his features,
to detect whether it was that of a
man or a woman, walked beside
them.

Who was this third?
Arrived at the margin of the
lake, the bearers paused, and put
down their burden.

Good heavens! were they going to
cast it into the water?
Creeping upon my hands and
knees among the great fragments of
rock that strewed the shore, I ad-
vanced to within a few feet of the
group, and, completely hidden by
an immense boulder, breathlessly
watched the proceedings.

I was not long kept in suspense.
I saw the two men lift the pall,
and discover beneath it a body en-
wrapped in a white sheet; they
raised it, one at the feet, the other
at the head, swung it twice back-
wards and forwards, to impart an
impetus, then hurled it forward
with all their force. As it fell,
with a heavy splash, upon the
waters, I could scarcely repress a
shriek.

But even this was not the cul-
mination of the night's horrors. I
saw Mr. Roydon raise his torch
aloft, to the light to project its
glow upon the body of the lake;
at the same moment, the mysteri-
ous third figure cast off its muf-
flings, and disclosed the white robed
form of a woman. She threw up
her arms with a wild gesture and
a loud peal of laughter, and fell
upon Mr. Roydon's breast, dashing
the torch from his hand, but not be-
fore its red glow had revealed to
my very gaze, how the body of the
apparition I had seen in my cham-
ber—the corpse I had seen stretch-
ed upon the bier nearly three weeks
before!

This last shock was more than
my senses could sustain, and I
fainted away.
When I awoke, I found myself
in my own bed, and Mr. Roydon
sitting beside my pillow, watch-
ing me. It was several minutes
before I could call back to my
recollection what had happened.
Slowly the dreadful scene came
before me.

I had been discovered, then.
Mr. Roydon was the first to
break the silence.
"You have had the taste of my
meanness to play the spy," he said,
"to thrust yourself into family se-
crets—sacred secrets!"

"There was a suppressed rage in
his voice that struck me with fear.
By this time I had become consci-
ous of the peculiarity of my situa-
tion, had risen from the bed, and
stood resting my hand upon a chair,
still too faint to stand without sup-
port.

"Let me go away," I pleaded,
faintly. "I will take any oath
you like to propose never to reveal
aught I have seen or heard in this
house."
"I would not trust you!" he an-
swered, sternly. "Besides, I need
you. You signed a contract which
required a quarter's notice on either
side. I demand the fulfillment of