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BUSINESS CARDS.

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The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure, fresh milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for $4, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents.
P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

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MITTS AND GAUNTLET.
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Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.
☞ Highest Market Price paid for WOOL SKINS.
Agents for Raymond's Sewing Machines.
Acton, July 1st, 1875.

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Fresh every day—delivered at their houses.
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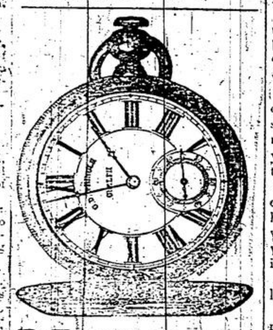
Acton, July 1, 1875.



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WATCHES
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☞ All work guaranteed.
Acton, July 1, 1875.

NOTICE.
Any person or persons trespassing on Lot 28, Concession 3, of the Township of Esquesing, (adjoining the Village of Acton), or injuring trees of any kind, or leaving gates improperly shut, or fences partly down, will be subject to prosecution after this date.
P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, August 20, 1875.

SHOP.

Whatever you sell, Sir—whatever you trade in—
I hope I may mildly but firmly suggest
That, as well as the time all your profits are made in,
Enough is allowed for your natural rest.
No doubt the excitement of commerce is thrilling,
'Tis hard from such altitudes weakly to drop;—
But at least for to-night, Sir—however unwilling—
Do put up your shutters and shut up your shop.

You see, Sir, I too am a tradesman and brother,
As greedy for gain as the best of my trade;—
Only I offer one thing and you sell another,
And neither imagines he worst of the two.
Of course there is nothing of rivalry in it,
Where each has a tree and inhabits the top;
Still by way of a novelty,—just for a minute—
Pray put up your shutters and shut up your shop.

Just fancy the state of affairs at a meeting
Of traders in every conceivable trade;
One and all in a frenzy, with fury repeating
The fact that their goods were the best ever made.
A picture so ghastly should act as a warning,—
This mercantile maundering try, Sir, to stop;
And, until you get ready for work in the morning,
Please put up your shutters and shut up your shop.

DARKDALE.

(Concluded.)

"You would not dare make me a prisoner!" I cried, trying to summon a little spirit.

He laughed derisively.

"Dare!" he answered. "If I chose to lock you up in this chamber without food or drink until you died of famine; if I chose to wrap *you* up in a winding-sheet, and throw *you* in the lake, who is to hinder me?"

I shuddered at the undeniable truth of his threat; but nevertheless I tried to answer, boldly, "Such acts cannot be perpetrated with impunity."

"I am quite prepared to take the consequences of all I have done or shall do," he replied. "During the remainder of your stay in this house you will not be allowed to leave this room. Your meals will be brought you, and the children will come here for their lessons. You have brought this coercion upon yourself by foolishly yielding to your contemptible curiosity. Let it be a lesson to you."

So saying, he left the room, and I heard the key turned in the lock.

I gave myself up for lost. I never doubted but that I had forced myself into a knowledge of some mysterious and hidden crime, for which, in the end, my life would pay the forfeit. I felt convinced there was no atrocity at which this man would pause to prevent the revelation of his guilty secrets. I feared to eat and drink, lest poison should lurk in the food; I dreaded to sleep, lest I should be assassinated. And added to these bodily terrors were the intangible ones of the imagination, for I could no longer doubt that supernatural influences were about me.

Three days passed away thus, during which I saw nothing of the children, nor of any living soul save the old woman, who brought me my meals, and who never spoke a word. What I suffered no language could convey. I can never think of it without a shudder.

But the end came at last, very suddenly and very awfully.

It was Christmas Eve, and I was cowering over the fire, calling up pictures of the busy London streets, of cheerful households, such as I had so often seen them at this gay season of the year, and wondering, with a sinking heart, whether I should ever again be among such, or whether I should end my days in this savage solitude; and years hence, when every one had forgotton the existence of such a person, whether my mouldering skeleton would be found in some nook of the old house, or perhaps ground at the bottom of the lake, and give rise to all kinds of speculations and inquiries.

I was aroused from these ponderings by a distant shriek. I had grown used to these sounds now, and they affected me but little; but raising my head, I asked the reflection of a great glow of light upon my window. In some alarm, half guessing the truth, I ran to ascertain the cause, and saw flames bursting from the opposite wing of the building. I opened my casement, and screamed for help, but no person was to be seen, although I could hear a confusion of voices. As yet I was in no danger, but the building was old, and the interior consisting almost entirely of wood, the flames would spread rapidly. Even in the space of a few seconds I could perceive them advancing, and I could hear their roar. I was forgotten, or, more probably, left purposely to perish. I redoubled my cries, but still no one appeared, although I could hear the voices shouting, and sound of heavy blows, as though people were endeavouring to break open some door or cut away other obstacles. Nearer and nearer drew the red forked tongues and the sheets of luminous amber, and volumes of lurid smoke that filled my throat, and choked my cries, and scorched my face. Hopeless of succour, I turned away from the sight of approaching destruction, and falling upon my knees, tried to prepare myself for another world.

While my trembling lips were offering up their prayers, I heard the click of the lock, and the door open. In an instant, despair gave place to hope, and to the intense desire for life. I sprang to my feet, and rushed to my deliverance. Upon the threshold I encountered a little angel-face, all white with terror. It was my little girl pupil's.

"Don't tell 'em I let you out," she whispered, tremblingly; "but I thought poor governess should not be burnt."

It was to me an answer to my prayer—a messenger from Heaven. Bursting into hysterical tears, I snatched the child up in my arms, and rushed down the stairs, she clinging close about my neck. The outward door was bolted and barred. At another time this would have baffled my strength; but terror lent me vigour, and I shot back the heavy irons as easily as I would the most ordinary fastenings.

When I stepped into the courtyard, the whole building seemed to be enveloped in fire. And there, at an upper window of that part in which the conflagration seemed to have originated, stood the female whom I had seen three times before—once as an apparation, once as a corpse, and once as a living being. Like a martyr upon the pile, she was surrounded by flames; but, to my excited fancy, she appeared as impervious to them as the fabled salamander; they seemed to wreathe about her body like serpents around a snake-charmer; to sparkle around her face, like the falling fires of a rocket, and yet not touch her. There was the same movement I had seen before, the wild tossing of the arms: and I could hear those peals of mad laughter, that amidst such a scene as this sounded more than ever horrible.

Suddenly I heard a great crash. I saw her turn her head; at the same moment, a huge column of red smoke, darting up from some newly-ignited part below, hid her from my sight. When the succeeding flame had cleared it away, she was no longer there; but in her place was the mis-shapen form of Jonathan Roydon, gazing down with an expression of more than mortal agony upon his hideous features.

* * * *

I fled from the accursed place—for to me it was accursed—carrying the child with me. I wandered about in the darkness, knowing not where I was, afraid to rest lest I should be frozen. At dawn I met a laborer going to his work, whom I asked the way to the market town. He directed me, and thither I went, little Agnes nestling close to me, and fast asleep.

I went at once to a magistrate, and told my story from the time I had left London until then. What else could I do? I was utterly destitute; everything that I possessed was left behind at Darkdale, and most likely consumed by this time.

He knew Mr. Jonathan Roydon, he said; a singular, eccentric man, about whom stories were told; but this was very serious. Leaving the child with the magistrate, I presently went away to Darkdale, in a conveyance with two policemen.

When we arrived there, we found the house a ruin. Smoke was rising from every part, but no flame. The fire had burned itself out. Not a person was to be seen.

In a room on the ground-floor, which the conflagration had almost wholly spared, we came upon a sad group. Upon a rude litter lay the blackened remains of what had once been a young and beautiful woman. Beside it knelt Jonathan Roydon. Near him, sullen and impassive, as usual, stood the boy; in the background, torn, scorched, and dejected, the servant.

Mr. Roydon raised his head upon our entrance. Never did I see such woe depicted upon mortal features.

"You are come," he said, "by the information of that woman,"—pointing to me—"to seek out the mysteries of Darkdale. Be it so. The world may know all now. Go and search the lake for the corpse she will have told you was cast into it."

The lake was dragged, and they found only *a waxen figure!*

About eight years previously Jonathan Roydon had married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, a very beautiful girl, only sixteen years of age. The marriage was a forced one. She was sacrificed to her parents' greed—sold for a sum of money, as they would one of their cattle, to a man who, although he loved her to madness, was too repulsively ugly to excite any feeling but disgust in a woman's heart. Two children were born of the union, but the gloom of her fate so preyed upon the young wife, that, after a time, unmistakable signs of aberration of intellect began to appear, which very soon merged into confirmed lunacy. He took her abroad, thinking change of scene might do her good. When he returned, he gave out—for reasons known only to himself—that she was dead.

The peculiar form of her madness was an idea that she was haunted by a double of herself, and that, whatever this other self did, she was compelled to imitate. The idea—suggested by some book he had read—occured to her husband to have a figure, exactly resembling her, modelled in wax, to dress it as though for the grave, to show it to her suddenly one day, and tell her that the other self was dead. He hoped, by thus humoring her hallucination, to destroy it. He carried out his plan so far as to bury the supposed dead beneath the waters of the lake. At first it seemed to promise success, but soon it began to work a very opposite effect. The double was dead; she must die too. Such was the new idea that fastened upon her diseased brain. It was, doubtless, in pursuance of this she fired the house, watching her opportunity, when left alone for a few moments, to accomplish the deed, after locking and securing every means of access to her.

In regard to her nocturnal visit to my chamber, it was, doubtless, by means of a secret passage, guarded by some concealed entrance, that escaped my scrutiny. One more explanation, and I have done.

When she became violent, the only means of soothing her, was music. Her husband possessed a very beautiful voice, and was besides, an excellent musician. Hence the serenades.

He survived her but a few days, dying, some say of a broken heart—others, of the injuries he had received during the fire.

Of the further career of the other personages of my story I know nothing. I was only too glad to get away from the neighborhood into civilization once more, and was never desirous of recalling my memories of Darkdale.

Common Sense Ventilation.

"The best practical statement I have met with about ventilation," says Colonel Waring in the last *Atlantic*, "was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: 'Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it.' All mechanical appliances for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided. It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room with their gradual accumulation of cooler carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, allowing the upper and warmer portions to descend and take its place. An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one-half or two-thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease; and large though this seems, from its daily draft on the wood pile or coal bin, it is trifling when compared with doctor's bills and the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably result from living in unventilated apartments."

To Farmers.

Pronounced success in farming often comes from learning to grow a large crop at less expense than any one else can. Occasionally a farmer may make a good strike, and make money, by taking hold of a new thing and pushing it for a year or two then dropping it. But there is more often failure than success in this method. The man who makes the most steady gains is he who takes up a plan and sticks to it through thick and thin. When every body goes into one product and creates a greater supply than there is a demand for it, and the majority leave it for something else, he sticks to it, and in the long run makes money.

Whims at Weddings.

A young clergyman at the first wedding he ever had, thought it a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the Churchman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you are taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir; I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhorting, and seeing the $5 note vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:—

"Yes, of course, it's solemn and important you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes your riverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

A party came to a clergyman's house one evening to be married. Everything went on harmoniously until the woman came to the word "obey," in the service. Here a faulky scene ensued.

"Never—never!" she said. "I did not know that word was in the service, and I will never say it."

"Oh, dear," remonstrated her partner, "do not make trouble now. Just say it—say it, even if you don't mean it. Say it for my sake—for you're dear John's sake."

"Never—never!" insisted the high spirted dame. "I will not say what I don't mean, and I do not mean to obey. You must go on, sir," she added to the clergyman, "without that word."

That is impossible, madam replied the minister, "I cannot marry you unless you promise to 'love, cherish, and obey' your husband."

"Won't you leave us for a little time together?" interceded the young man. "I think I can manage her after a while."

So the minister went back to his study and wrote on his sermon for an hour, and a quarter before ten o'clock there

"* * * came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping"

And the mild-mannered Benedict informed the parson that at last, after a long wrestling of spirit, his "dear Jane" had consented to "obey." But how that compromise was brought about no one knew.

I have often heard this same clergyman relate how, after a wedding ceremony on one occasion which occured in his own parlour, the husband whispered to his brand-new bride as they approached the door, "Mary, have you got any small change?"

The old Swedes' church in Philadelphia was the famous marrying ground for over two hundred years to all the neighborhood and the churches in that vicinity. The record book of that venerable parish is teeming with marriages. There has to be an "extension" made to that department in every new register. Notes and memoranda adorn the pages of the "wedding columns" explanatory of the different couples. One clergyman kept a list of every foreign sailor (with a wife very probably in every large port) and runaway country girls whom he had refused to unite in matrimony because of his suspicions, or because of the lateness of the hour, or of the absence of witnesses. Colored weddings have always a richly humorous side. The colored race is a susceptible, imitative one, and when they are fine, as at weddings, they are generally superfine.

A clergyman was called on upon one occasion to officiate at a colored wedding.

"We assure you, sah," said the gentlemanly darkey, "that this yere wedding, sah, is to be very '*apropos*'—quite *a la mode*, sah."

"Very well," replied the clergyman, "I will do every thing in my power to gratify the wishes of the parties."

So after the dinner and dancing and supper were over, the groom's "best man" called again on the minister, and left him a ten dollar fee.

"I hope everything was as your friend desired it?" said the urbane clergyman.

"Well, sah, tell the truth, Mr. Johnson was a little disapointed," answered the groomsman.

"Why, I took my robes" said the minister.

"Yes, sah,—it wasn't that."

"I adhered strictly to the rubrics of the Church."

"Yes, sah, that was all right."

"I was punctual, and shook hands with the people. What more would you have me do?"

"Well, sah, Mr. Johnson he kind o' felt hurt, you see, because you didn't salute the bride!"

I remember a friend who in the early days of his ministry was met by a couple as he came out of church, who wanted to be married. He turned back to oblige the party, and found at the last that they made up their minds to drive off in their buggy to some other church.

"But may I ask," he inquired of the man, "Why you first asked me to marry you and then change your minds in this way."

No answer came from the groom, but the young woman, lifting up the back curtain of the buggy, called out: "Well, you see, I hadn't got a look at the minister afore, and to tell the truth, you're so young and innocent-like that I'm kind of feared you won't marry us right, and so I'd rather trust myself to some one who has done it a good many times and is sure he knows how."

Advice to Voters.

Does it pay to have fifty workingmen poor and ragged, in order to have one *saloon keeper* dressed in broadcloth and flush of money? Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail, because another sells him liquor? Does it pay to hang one citizen, because another got him drunk? Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds, that one man may lead a lazy life, by "selling them rum?" Does it pay to receive $15 for a rum license, and then pay $26,000 for trying a man for murder, induced by the rum sold him? Does it pay to have a thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, turned in to hells of misery, strife and want, that some wholesale rumseller may build up a large fortune? Does it pay to have twenty mothers and their children dressing in rags, live in hovels, daily famish, that one rumseller's wife and children may live in ease and affluence? Does it pay to have hundreds of thousands of men and women in almshouses, penitentiaries and hospitals, and thousands more in the aylum for the idiotic and insane, that a few heavy capitalists of the whiskey ring may profit by such an atrocity? Does it pay to tolerate traffic which breeds crime, poverty, agony, idleness, shame and death wherever it is allowed? If these things were carefully considered by every voter in the community, then it behoves us all to organize! Organize! Be not fantical; but firm; be not bigoted, but bold. Proclaim principles everywhere. Show your colors, and stand by them. It only needs organization to make the Temperance movement felt in every community throughout the land, and ultimately victorious. Organize! Restore the drunkard to himself, his business, family, friends. Put fire on his cold hearth; food on his bare table, clothing on his ragged, neglected children, peace in the heart of his wife; give nerve to his arm, joy to his toil by day, and repose to his mind by night. All this is possible, if Temperance men will act in concert. Temperance men, organize! More are for you than against you. Mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, nearly all true women's hearts are with you: Destroy the yoke of alcoholic despotism.

Poison from Leaves.

The Stranton (Penn.) *Times* says that it has the best authority for the following singular statement.—"A lady of our city having gathered a large quantity of autumn leaves, took the more rapid method of pressing them with a hot flat-iron. Very soon after her hands and wrists broke out with an eruption of a scalding humor, such as is witnessed in those cases or erysipelas known as St. Anthony's fire, and she is likely to be laid up for some time, if no worse results ensue. The leaves were of the maple species, and the theory is that a volatile oil of poisonous nature was evolved by the application of heat, and obtained access to the circulation through some abration of the skin. It is safer though a slower process, to press leaves in a book or between flat boards under a weight. No doubt the leaves were of the poison ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) and not of the maple.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

The bride of an hour stood smiling;
Her mother in tears was near by;
For the "pet of her life, so beguiling,"
Was soon to bid her good-by.

Fond friends tried vainly to cheer her,
To stop up the tears that fast fell,
And she clasped her daughter still nearer
And in agony uttered farewell!

The groom with his bride had departed,
To journey afar in strange lands,
And the mother cries out, broken-hearted
"Well, I'm glad that gal's off my hands!"

Gems of Thought.

Happy are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offence, that we assert our true dignity and prove our honesty and respectability.

Prayer is the key of the day and lock of the night. And we should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good morrow and good night, with prayer.

Wisdom and truth, the offspring of sky, are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment must pass away.

Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe, and his friends never hear of.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself, not only in the consequence but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well doing is a very ample reward.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck; yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

To be free from desire is money, to be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new is a certain revenue, to be content with what we possess constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.

That man who attempts to bring down and depreciate those who are above him does not thereby elevate himself. He rather sinks himself, while those whom he traduces are rather benefited than injured by the slanders of one so base as he.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.

You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks, and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon lose your log. And so it is with little sins, and so the Evil One brings you a little temptation and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "No great peril in that," and so, by these little chips, we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned.

A Wolf Captured by a Horse.

The Barrie *Gazette* says:—We have been furnished with the following story from a reliable source, and we give it to our readers as a sample of something out of the usual run of wild beast adventures. Mr. John Davis, a farmer in Sullivan township, county Grey, owns a horse which is breachy, and has an uncomfortable habit of getting out of its pasture field. The other night, the farmer, as an experiment, tied the horse's fore feet together, and left him, hoping that his scheme would cure the horse of, or at least prevent him indulging in, his bad habits. That night a pack of wolves visited the neighborhood, their howls being plainly heard by the occupants of Mr. Davis' house. In the morning, however, they had disappeared, and the farmer having business some distance away, left to transact it. His children, going to school, had occasion to pass by the pasture field in which was the breachy horse, and remembering the visit of the wolves during the night, they went in to look after the horse's safety. There was the animal, right enough, apparently, but standing in a singular position away off in the field. The children approached nearer, and the horse's appearance seemed more strange. At last they boldly came up close, and discovered the cause of the animal's strange condition. A large grey wolf was under his fore feet, pinned down to the ground, so to speak, by the chain fettering the horse's limbs, and secured in such a way that escape was impossible. The plucky equine had evidently been attacked by the savage brutes, and after a gallant fight he had not only routed his assailants, but managed in this singular way to capture one. No one being around to relieve the horse, he had to hold his captive till Mr. Davis returned—five hours—when the wolf was despatched, his scalp taken to a magistrate, the bonus got for it, and the brave animal treated to an extra feed of oats. With the exception of a few bites on the [illegible] "the horse that captured a wolf" came out of the battle comparatively uninjured.