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BUSINESS CARDS.

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ALL KINDS OF
MONUMENTS
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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 $1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents.
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MITTS AND GAUNTLET.
ALSO
Dressers of Plain and Fancy Kid Leathers.
Highest Market Price paid for WOOL SKINS.
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Fresh every day—delivered at their houses.
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Made to order in the latest styles and at reasonable charges
Highest price in Cash paid for Eggs.
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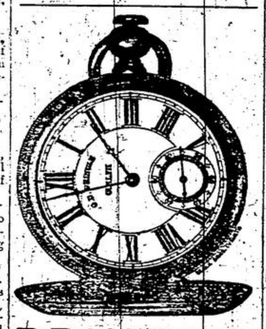
Acton, July 1, 1875.



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He attends to repairing of fine watches himself.
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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.

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say,
"Here we shall have at least, fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work;
The light webs grew apace;
One on the altar spun his thread
But shortly come the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so, half dead,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize:
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing dies."

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoiled his geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved, and weak and lean
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed a traction of a pound,
And looking as if the art he'd found,
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"'Tis plain," he answered; "not a loss
I've met, since first I spun across
The contribution box."

A TALE OF THE BLACK FOREST.

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP-FIRE.

It is nearly twenty years since what I am about to relate took place—to me it seems like so many hours—and the memory of it now is as fresh and vivid to my mind as if it had happened but yesterday. Often during my rides through the dark gloomy forest, or when lying by the camp fire, watching the bright sparks flying upwards towards heaven, and listening to the melancholy howl of the native dog, in fancy see the sweet, gentle face of Alice Gridiths, so soft and womanly in its every expression, with nothing to indicate her courage and resolution excepting a certain fire in her eyes, only seen then in her rare moments of deep and intense excitement. Then those lustrous eyes, so loving and winning in their fathomless depth would blaze with a light alm st fierce in its grandeur, as sudden in its coming as in its going, betraying an unexpected strength of character, more akin to the daring determination of a bold man, quick in emergency, then to the yielding nature of a young girl, trusting to and dependent on others in moments of extreme danger. Rather tall, slightly and elegantly formed, very girlish in both manners and disposition, with what is so seldom seen together—dark blue eyes and fair golden hair, a clear, bright complexion, and a mouth perfectly bewitching in its loyliness—she had the beauty and grace of a Madonna, combined, as you will hear, with courage and presence to an extent I never met with in any other woman, and of which any man might have been justly proud. She and her brother Arthur lived together on a station not very far from Kilmore, but in rather an unfrequented part of the country at that time. Their home station was beautifully, almost romantically situated. In front, a wide creek turned and twisted through a clear open flat of about half a mile in width, its course marked by the foliage of many a stately gum tree, and here and there clumps of wattle trees, dark in their winter beauty, but gay and bright when clad in their summer blossoms. At the back, within a few yards of the house, a black, dense forest of stringy bark trees frowned on the lovely scene in front, like some evil genii scowling on the lovely Perf. Alice had a great of love flowers, and with much care and considerable display of taste, had formed a beautiful little garden, taking advantage of every natural beauty the place possessed. Little beds of flowers were prettily laid out, and a large charred and withered gum tree was made to do duty and contribute to the picture by spreading out its long limbs to be covered with green-leaved and gay, bright blossomed creepers.

A large paddock for horses adjoined the garden. In a corner of it was the stock yard, having slip rails opening into the paddock; and into this the horses were driven when any were wanted. There was no stable—they were not so common twenty years ago as they are now.

At that time a gang of bushrangers was roving about Victoria, robbing every one they met, and often murdering their victims when they did not get any money from them. It was this gang of which the following tale is told: A settler, called J. H. P., was stopped several times; but being rather a cute fellow, the bushrangers never got more than a few shillings from him. This constant disappointment so enraged them, that they told him that if over they caught him without money again—and plenty, too—they would tie him to a tree and burn him alive. I suppose either, he carried a well-filled purse, or he had the good fortune never to meet his friends again, for he has escaped such a very hot reception so far.

This gang was very during, often commiting the most impudent robberies in broad daylight, on one or two occasions even robbing the police themselves, when this intelligent force was supposed to be hunting for them in order to obtain the reward offered for their capture. It was surprising how well-informed the gang was. If persons sold stock, or by any other means had money in their houses, they were pretty certain to receive a visit, and lucky were they if they only lost their money.

Having some business to do with a neighbor of Griffiths, I thought I would take their place on the way. Accordingly I went there, intending to stay an hour, and then proceed; but we had so much to talk about, and Arthur had so many completed improvements to show me, and so many proposed ones to consult me about, that the time slipped away unobserved, until it was too late in the evening that I consented, very willingly, to remain all night—the more so as Alice added her persuasion to her brother's, saying—

"You know, Mr. Flaxman, you might meet the Black Forest gang, and surely you would not prefer their society to ours."

Little she thought the meeting was so near, or what an important part she was to take in it.

Before dark, Arthur and I went to look at some young horses he had bred, which he had got in from the run for the purpose of breaking in; and as they were rather wild, we drove them into the stockyard to examine them at our leisure. After duly admiring and criticising them, I noticed a very handsome horse—a dark, nutty chestnut, low, but very compact, with fine sloping shoulders, round barrel, powerful quarters, and great thighs, well let down, and one of the neatest heads, on a good but rather thick neck, I ever saw. This grand looking horse stood on four of the shortest, flattest legs, with great big joints, you could imagine. He looked like carrying a man for his life; and, with a well-bred look and evident good condition, could no doubt go and stay. Of course I asked Arthur what he was, and where he got him.

"He is a good horse," he replied, walking up to him, and rubbing his ears, as the horse leaned his head on Arthur's shoulder. "I bought him last spring from Ryan, on the Goulburn, for my own riding; but he is such a first-rate hack with gentle manners, and a mouth far too good for my rough heavy hands, that I gave him to my sister. She never rides any other now, and has made such a pet of him that, when she calls him, he will leave the mob of horses and trot straight up to her. I really believe he likes being ridden by her."

"He is too good for such work," said I—"that is I mean," correcting myself, "he is, or ought to be, from his looks, good enough to win any steeple-chase in the colony."

"So he is," returned Griffiths. "I had a spin once with Boomerang, and beat him, over two miles of fair country, too. But nothing will induce Alice to allow me to train him for the Melbourne races. And I think she is right, for he is perfection as a lady's horse, and racing would soon spoil him."

After we returned to the house, I remarked to Miss Griffiths what a splendid horse she had.

"Yes, he is a beauty, and as nice as he looks," she said. "We have many long rambles all over the bush together, and have got quite to like each others company. I can leave him anywhere when I dismount, and he will always come when I call him. Ah, Chestu is a dear old fellow! But come, let us have a game at whist. Arthur can play dummy, if Mr. Flaxman will take me as a partner."

We must have been playing some time, when our attention was attracted by the loud angry barking of the dogs, warning us that somebody was approaching; but, thinking it might be one of the men from one of the outstations, we took no notice of it. Directly almost, we heard footsteps on the verandah; and as we both jumped up to see what it was, the door which entered from the verandah was violently burst open, and two men rushed in, each holding a pistol leveled in his hand.

"Hold up your hands, or I'll blow your brains out!" cried one.

And you may be very certain we did not require a second bidding. For one instant I looked at Alice. Cool and collected she stood, her eyes flashing and glittering as I had never seen them do before. Then I thought of dashing at the nearest of the ruffains; but the sight of his pistol at once decided me that it was useless—nay, worse than useless, as it could but end in one way. A pair of worse looking rascals I never saw. One was a short, thickset, bullet-headed, prize-fighting looking fellow, with a flat, coarse face, covered with a stiff, bristly sort of beard. His eyes, red and weak, were deeply sunken in his head. His mouth, nothing but a mere slit across his face, was ornamented by long, yellow tusks, and the corners were deeply stained with tobacco juice. A more repulsive villain could not be imagined. The other, though not quite so hideous, was far from being a pretty boy. Taller than his companion, and equally strong built, he looked the more dangerous of the two. Both were dressed in red serge shirts, cabbage-tree hats, and loose neckties like the generality of stockmen or shepherds.

I suppose I looked the more dangerous of our party, for one of them, the short blackguard, took a piece of rope and tied my hands behind me, whilst the other stood sentinel over us. Then they tied Arthur also, and began disputing about Alice, cursing and using the most dreadful oaths when they spoke. One was for tying her up also, but the other said—I omit the oaths with which he garnished his speech—

"What's the good of tying up a wench? One of us must stay here and watch them here swells, and the other can hunt for the swag. You go, Jack, and if this young 'oman gives me any trouble, I'll find means to quiet her fast enough."

Jack laid his pistol on the table, beside his mate, and went in search of money. How I wished I could get free and seize the pistol on the table! I quietly tried my hands, and soon found it would be impossible to slip them from the clumsily tied knot, but I did not see how I was to get free quickly enough to do any good. I saw Alice watching me as I tried to get my hands loose; and fearing the bushranger would also notice what I was about I desisted. I had no wish for giving him the least temptation to make a target of me. Presently the tall fellow who was hunting for booty came back, and throwing a lot of trinkets belonging to Alice, on the table, went up to Arthur and demanded where he kept his money, warning him in a manner more forcible than polite, that it would be as well to tell him, "for if I don't get the cash—the whole lot of it, mind you—that you got for them 'jumpbucks' you sold, I'll take it out of your hide." I told Arthur to tell him at once, as it was no use trying to save the money. So he told him it was in his room, and again he went off in search of it. I could hear him tossing everything about in the room in his eagerness to find the money, and in a few minutes he called out—

"Here it is, Jack! We'll have a good burst over this lot next time we go to Melbourne on a spree."

Jack stepped towards the room; and, in his hurry to know the result of the find, quite forgetting Alice, or not thinking a woman was likely to give him much trouble, and no doubt trusting to our being tied securely, foolishly laid his pistol on the table beside his mate's

Quick as thought Alice sprang forward, and catching them both up, held one out straight at the ruffain's head.

"Move but one finger," she said, in a firm voice—looking, although pale with excitement, determined and fully able to carry out her threat—"and I fire."

For a moment I thought the man meant mischief, but something in Alice's face warned him not to tempt his fate, and he cowered like a cur before the fair, delicate girl. How beautiful she looked! Like a statute cut out of marble she stood, not a tremor showed the violent struggle within. Only in her eyes was there any sign of excitement. Their soft expression was gone and in its place blazed courage and determination, mixed with triumph and scorn. Little wonder that the miserable wretch sunk beneath such a gaze, speechless with terror and amazement. Had he moved in the slightest degree, it would have been death; the pistol covered him with deadly aim, and was held there without wavering by a hand as cool and steady as if this game of life and death were childish play.

With a struggle I tore my hands free, and hastened to loose Arthur. Then, but not till then, Alice gave the pistol up to us, and saying, "Watch them—I am off to Kilmore for police," hurried out of the room. Out into the dark, lonely night she went. Did she not fear that more of the gang might be hidden outside, guarding against surprize? Where were the men-servants? All gone as soon as they knew that the house was "stuck up",—gone to keep out of the way, not for assistance; leave a young girl the work which ought to have belonged to men.

Through the darkness out into the paddock. "Chestu! Chestu! good horse! Chestu!" Quickly he answers his name; and, with hands now trembling with excitement, she hurredly places her saddle on his back, and mounting, gallops off. Onward the two brave spirits go—away through the black, gloomy forest. Little thought she of how much now depended on her reaching the police station, and returning with help quickly. Still the brave girl galloped onward, urging her horse at a pace through the wild forest which would have shaken the nerves of many a bold, reckless stock-rider. Her horse's flying feet startled the dingo prowling round the sheepfold, and frightened the "more-pork," which, sitting on the limb of some tree, uttering its monontonous cry of "More pork! more pork!" flew far away into the neighboring scrub, seeking to hide itself from its natural enemy.

An hour's riding at this reckless speed brought her to Kilmore; and she quickjy told her errand, and, refusing to remain in spite of all persuasion, returned with the police towards the station, but at a slower and steadier pace than that at which she came.

Meantime, Arthur and I had firmly tied the two rascals to a chair each, and placed them far enough apart to prevent their being able to render one another any assistance and had seated ourselves by the fire, each with a glass of grog and a pipe, to await the arrival of the police, and to watch over our prisoners. We had been sitting there for more than two hours, when we heard the sound of horses' feet at the back of the house, and of course concluded that the police had come, although rather surprised at their being so soon.

"Wait here with these two guests of ours," said Arthur to me, "and I will go out and bring them in. I'm not sorry they have come so soon, for I have expected to see some more of the gang turn up; and if they had our live would not have been worth much."

Arthur turned and went out as he spoke; and, looking at the two men beside me, I saw a villainous look of savage delight on their ill-favored countenances, which made my heart stand still for an instant. It flashed at once, suddenly but certainly, across my brain, that the rest of the gang *had* returned, and I rushed to the door, calling after Arthur to come back as he valued his life. As I passed through the door I met Arthur, who hurrying back and nearly knocked me down by coming full tilt against me in his confusion.

"Back! back!" he cried—"the whole gang are here. Into my room—quick! Never mind the lights."

Not a moment was to spare, for as we gained Arthur's room, which opend off the sitting-room, the bushrangers entered the house. It was probably well for us that we had not time to take the lights into the small room with us, for we had thus the great advantage of seeing our enemies without their seeing us. In they came—six dirty, low, desperate-looking fellows they were, each armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, and evidently half drunk, and ready for the commission of any crime.

"Now Arthur," I whispered, "don't fire," (he raising his pistol); reserve your powder until they attempt to enter this room, and then fire coolly and steadily at the *left*-hand man—I'll take care of the *right*. We *must not* miss our aim, or we are lost. Our only safety lies in prompt, energetic action. Remember they cannot see us, and therefore cannot fire without any degree of precision; and if we can keep them off for a little time longer, we will yet be saved."

The blackguards were evidently greatly taken aback by seeing their two companions tied fast and prisoners; but the two worthies soon explained the matter, with many hideous oaths and deep vows of vengeance against Arthur and me. As soon as they were let loose, the one who was called Jack, said to his companions:

"Now then, mates, the sooner we finish this here job the better, for that there wench won't be long before she brings the whole 'camp' down on us, like a swarm of ants. Now I votes, maties, that we just get a hold of the two downy coves wots been and hidden away in that room," pointing to where we were.

Without more words they came towards us, each with a pistol ready. I do not know what Arthur felt, but my pulses throbbed, and my ears seemed to be full to bursting; but my hand was as steady as ever, and my nerves like steel. "Now, then," I muttered in a hoarse low tone, "remember—fire at the man on the left, and aim low, and don't hurry."

Raising our pistols, we both fired together. The man that I fired at gave a sudden shudder and fell forward on his face, shot dead; and Arthur's man shot through the breast, but not killed, staggered and nearly fell. The other drew back, taken by surprise; but only for a moment, for firing their pistols towards us, they again rushed to storm our little stronghold.

"Fire again—quick, Arthur!" I cried, as I leveled my pistol, and pulled the the trigger.

There was but one report, and another of the ruffians fell, either killed or badly hurt. This time the gan gdrew back, evidently thinking it was not safe to trifle with us.

Then I found Arthur was wounded in the arm, not dangerously, but sufficiently to prevent his being of much use should the fellows again make a charge on us. This, however, they seemed not inclined to do; and we could hear them discussing what was best to be done. One suggested firing at us in volleys on the chance of maiming or killing us; but one, with greater ingenuity, proposed setting fire to the house, and either burning us alive, or, as he said, "smoking the —— things out like a pair of 'Bandicoots' in a hollow log." This idea was received with general satisfaction, and preparations were at once commenced to carry it out. Logs and scrub were piled up against the walls of the wooden house, and lighted in many places at once. The dry wood caught, and in a few minutes was blazing bright and clear, but, fortunately for us, with little or no smoke. Still, the heat was intense and suffocating, and in a very few moments more would have either become unbearable and driven us out to meet certain death at the hands of the cruel raffians who stood round the house, laughing and jesting at our sufferings, or have consumed us where we were, with no chance of escaping from torture the most agonizing and horrible imaginable.

After a brief consultation, we agreed to rush out and face death at once, rather than bear the dreadful fate waiting for us. Hastily I tied Arthur's shattered arm to his side, and then, shaking one another by the hand, we were on the point of rushing through the flames, when we heard shots fired, and soon after voices.

The police had come! How they captured the bushrangers I know not, except from hearsay; for as we ran through the fire, blinded by smoke and nearly smothered with heat, I felt a sharp twitch in my side, like a red-hot iron running through my flesh, and then a ringing, singing sound in my ears, a confused sound of voices, and a blank. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying in bed, weak, and with a strange feeling of lassitude, which was new to me. I had been badly wounded, and the loss of blood had nearly killed me. It was many weeks before I was well enough to hear the particulars of that dreadful night, and many more ere I was strong enough to go down to Melbourne, where I was wanted to identify the bushrangers taken by the police. Arthur soon got well, as his wound was not of a very serious nature, although one of the bones in his arm was broken.

The brave girl who saved her brother's life and mine married about two years afterwards, and, with her husband went back to dear old England, where they are now living near a quiet, pretty country village, and where she leads a peaceful, happy life, without fear of such interruptions to her happiness as she met with in this hot-bed of crime, wickedness, and sin, where the stern arm of the law is the only check on the evil passions of ruffians who, in their cowardice, fear man, but who, worse than devils, neither acknowledge nor honor their God.

Speak what you mean, do as you profess, and perform what you promise.

Beauty in woman is like the flower in spring; but virtue is like the stars in Heaven.

The way to cure our prejudices is this—that every man should let alone those he complains of in others, and examine his own.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier, and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

Woman can do a great deal for each other if they only stop fearing what "people will think," and take a hearty interest in whatever is going to fit their sisters and themselves to deserve and enjoy the rights heaven has given them.

Doctors and Patients.

It may be fairly asked whether we do not contrive to melt down a handful of sovereigns in every attack of illness to very little better purpose than if we had simply given them to an old alchemist to put in his furnace and make for us an elixir of life. What are those long rows of items in our druggist's bill for embrocations, liniments, blisters, gargles, and what not, represented when the housemaid clears our room for convalescence by a whole regiment of phials emptied phials and pill-boxes on our table? What are those considerable drafts in our cheque-book, not for the attendance of our customary medical adviser (which might be reasonable) but for the visits of the eminent consulting physician, brought down, perchance, fifty or five hundred miles to look at us for five minutes while we lay speechless in our fever? Did anybody ever use one-half, or even one third, of the expensive medicines ordered in every illness from the pharmacy day after day? Or did anybody find a medical man, in view of a patient's straitened circumstances, telling his anxious friends that the remains of the last bottle of his physic would answer as well as a new one; or that they might readily change it by adding a few drops of some fresh ingredient, instead of ordering another six ounces from the chemist, to be set aside in its turn half-used to-morrow! Or (what is still more to the purpose) did anybody ever hear of a case wherein the physician summoned for consultation (possibly at enormous cost) has given his honest opinion that the regular medical attendant of the patient has mistaken his case, and that the treatment ought to be altogether reversed? We all know before-hand, with tolerable certainty, that the new doctor will emphatically confirm all that his learned confrere has said and done, and assure the weeping relatives that "nothing could have been more judicious" than his treatment; and then perhaps he will add (just to remove the appearance of total uselessness from his own visit) the recommendation of some trifling modification, which "may now be introduced, though hitherto it would have been out of the question." Cordially exchange a hand-shake (and possibly a head-shake) with his scientific brother, after eating a good luncheon and pocketing his handsome fee, the consulting physician jumps into his carriage, and cheerfully quits the house of mourning. But what has he done there? Is there, then, never a case in which the local doctor is egregiously mistaken, and his abler colleague knows it, and is aware he is losing the patient's chance of recovery by his wrong treatment? If there be one such case in a dozen (and considering how "doctors differ" we should have supposed there must be one in every two or three), what judgment shall we pass on the man who sets his professional loyalty to his colleague above the duty of dealing honestly with the agonised parents, husbands, wives, children, who have sought his aid (often at great sacrifice) to save the life dearest to them on earth! If any of us have ever chanced to commit that great *lese-majestic* to the Faculty of consulting two physicians at the same time unknown to one another, it will probably have happened to us to receive from each learned gentleman a different diagnosis of our case and different advice how to treat it. By what singular fatality, then, can it so uniformly occur that we are brought together for formal consulthtion. Dr. No. 2 so invariably confirms emphatically all that Dr. No. 1 has said and done on our behalf? Surely till this mystery be cleared up it does not appear we are much farther from the practice of Sacrificial Medicines when we pay a hundred guineas to fetch Sir Welbred Smoothwell from London, to consult with Dr. Pothetham Wronghead in the country, than was our unjustly ridiculed ancestor, ten generations back, when he gave as many moidores to his "leech," to be melted down in his crucible for the concoction of that great Arcanum, the "Solar Oyl." The same idea has been at the bottom of both proceedings, namely, that if we do but spend money enough a cure must follow.—*Cornhill, for October.*

It is the unguarded word which oftenest proves a root of bitterness in married life—the want of proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness.

"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a Boston Lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a female voice; "but the trouble is you men are not fit for wives!" The applause was great, and so was the discomfiture of the lecturer.