

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1878.

(\$1.00 per annum in Advance)

DOMINION HARNESS SHOP.

The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the

Old Post Office Building, MILL STREET, ACTON, where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and with the shortest possible notice.

On hand a large and well selected stock of

Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.

Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. F. DEMPSEY
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

ACTON BAKERY.

The subscriber begs to inform the Inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he is prepared to supply

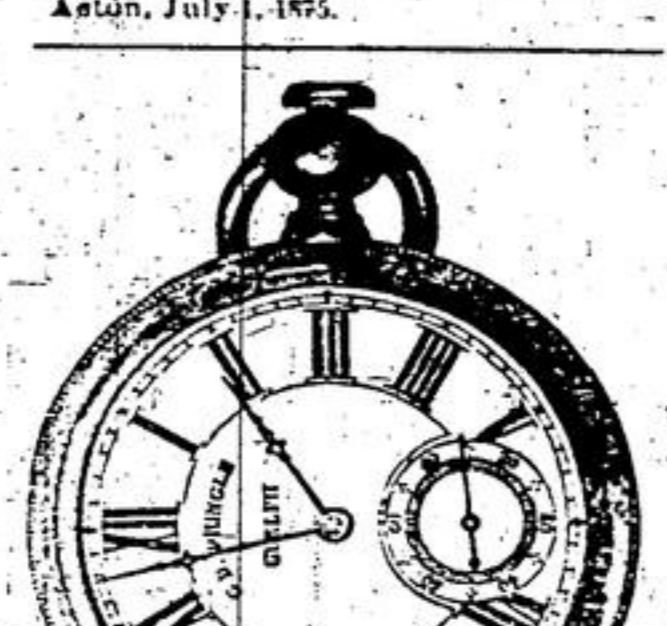
First-class Bread, Buns, Cakes, Biscuits, etc.

Fresh every day—delivered at their homes.

WEDDING CAKES Made to order in the latest styles and at reasonable prices.

Highest price in Cash paid for Eggs.

D. GALLOWAY.
Acton, July 1, 1875.



PRINGLE, Watchmaker, Guelph.

Has a good stock of "RUSSELL AND AMERICAN" WATCHES always on hand.

Attends to repairing of fine watches himself.

Mr. Hacking, of the FREE PRESS, will kindly carry watches and jewelry to any place where they are requested.

Guelph, Sept. 27, 1875.

ACTON PLANING MILLS.

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, 1875.

PURE MILK.

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.

P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble Would beset like a bubble, And into the waters of Lethe depart, Did not we rehearse it, And tenderly nurse it, And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow Would vanish to-morrow, Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings.

So sadly intruding, And quietly leading, It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming Of looks that are beckoning, Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor.

Eyes bright as a berry, Cheeks red as a cherry, The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolved to be merry, All woe to be ferry, Across the wide waters that led us to forget.

And no longer fearful, But happy and cheerful, We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL: Or, Margery Clare's Story.

Continued from last week.

"You are getting pale and thin," she said to me, one day. "What is the matter?"

"My eyes! Oh! beneath her searching gaze, How could I tell her the truth—all that I was suffering!"

"You need not speak, Margery," she went on in considerable excitement. "I am not blind if people are. It is all that sly Miss Wilmer's doings."

"Perhaps she is not to blame," I faltered.

"Bah! I know better. She's a designing piece, and the sooner we are rid of her the better it will be for all of us. And I shall speak my mind about it, one of these days."

"But destiny was against me. I turned into a path that led into the shrubbery, for we had been standing on the steps while talking. To be candid, my eyes were somewhat dimmed after what Aunt Polly had said, and I wish I to avoid being seen until composure was restored."

But destiny was against me. After walking on a few steps, I suddenly came face to face with Noel, who seemed to be taking a little turn in the shrubbery too.

He started, came to a dead halt, and looked at me more keenly than Aunt Polly had done.

"I'm afraid you are ill, Margery," he said, "unhappy."

"It was the old tender tone in which he had wont to address me before our household had known aught of estrangement. It made the task of keeping back my tears doubly hard and done."

"I do not feel very well," I answered. "These hot days seem to oppress me."

"I would have passed on with that, but he held out his hand to me. There was some struggle going on within him, for his lips quivered, and he looked flushed and excited. His manner was like that of a man who has suddenly made up his mind to break away from some agonizing spell."

"Margery, dear Margery," he whispered, "I hope—I trust—"

He did not finish the sentence. His name was suddenly called in that low voice I had learned to dislike so much. We both turned.

There stood Miss Wilmer in the path, not a dozen yards from us! Noel dropped my hand and swung on his heel. Then she called to him again:

"I have lost my ring, Mr. Altonby. Will you help me look for it?"

He strode towards her. I saw them kneel together on the path, her supple hands almost touching his as they glided serpent-like over the grasses. My heart grew sick within me. I felt a sudden, overpowering sense of loss. This serene untroubled woman was sure to triumph over me, no matter how bravely I might struggle against her.

I crept back to the house utterly dependent. There seemed no place in which I might hide my misery.

Three days later than this I sat in one of the deep window embrasures listless and despondent, though the delicious morning breeze was blowing in coolly upon me, and the whole garden seemed flooded with melody, and bright with the sun's rays.

Suddenly there came the sound of familiar voices, that made me start and shrink further into the recess. The next instant Noel and Miss Wilmer came into the parlor and sat down at a little distance.

The curtains of rose silk had fallen about me, so that they did not suspect my presence in the room.

I had no wish to play the part of eavesdropper, but a weakness and trembling seized suddenly upon me, so that I could not stir for a minute or two. Then Miss Wilmer spoke in a subdued, half-tearful tone:

"This is a cold, cruel world, Mr. Altonby. It has been doubly cruel to me. I have no real true friend in the whole universe save you."

"Her words must have touched him deeply. He drew her towards him, a gentle pity shining in his face. I saw the movement plainly enough, for the curtains looked an eighth of an inch from meeting in the centre and nearly one half of the parlor was visible. But I had no power to stir from my hiding place."

"At last Noel spoke. 'Are you not happy here?'" he asked. She lifted her eyes to his face, and let them fall again instantly.

"I ought to be, perhaps," she murmured. "You are here, and you are so good to me. But I am not happy here. I have quite gotten over my distrust. And it is killing me, killing me, Noel!"

"No flushed a little at the sound of his name and the impetuous tone in which she spoke. Her lip quivered, she hid her face like a grievous child, and seemed to shiver his face. His irresolution vanished, then, and he took her two hands, firmly into his own."

"Why need you care, Edith?" he whispered. "I love you. I will stand between you and every breath of reproach. But my eyes!"

"You!" she repeated incredulously. "You?"

She looked up at him now. He met her gaze without flinching.

"Why not? How could I help loving you?"

"But—Margery Clare!" she ejaculated, brokenly. "She loves you, and I thought you were going to marry her."

She overdid her part when she said this. "Noel looked shocked and hurt. As for me, the bonds of which I had been held were broken, and I felt as if I were freed from my seat, and moved with a firm step into the parlor."

When I arose from the table and left the room, presently she followed me into the hall.

"You are a regular little Spartan, Margery," she said bluntly. "I do not see how you can be so unconcerned while Bertha is speaking. But bear up, your face is no longer existence. She has been unfortunate, poor girl. I am glad her future is likely to be happier than her past has been."

As I went on, she continued to watch me with a keen, anxious eye, wondering whether my indifference was real or pretended, no doubt. Despite the half-estrangement which had arisen between us during the weeks that had passed since the coming of Miss Wilmer, I know she felt a tender yearning towards me still.

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I was late at breakfast the next morning. There was nobody in the dining room except Aunt Polly and Bertha. The latter glanced over the rim of her coffee-cup at me rather curiously.

"Margery," said she suddenly, "I have some news to disclose."

"I knew what was coming, and preserved my composure by a determined effort. "What is it?" I asked, though not very brisly.

"It's about Noel and Miss Wilmer," and she looked at me harder than ever. "He has asked her to marry him."

"Are you glad?"

"No."

"My composure puzzled her. She could not know the hours of bitter anguish through which I had passed to gain it. Her lip began to quiver, presently. She leaned forward and kissed me."

"I was afraid you would take this more to heart," she said, wistfully. "That is why I determined to break the news myself."

"Of course it could hardly be termed news after the scene I had witnessed the previous day. But I did not say so."

"I am sorry," she answered, "but do not feel called upon to interfere. Noel will be happy, of course, but the most to be feared would be somebody else. But my prejudice against Miss Wilmer has no longer existence. She has been unfortunate, poor girl. I am glad her future is likely to be happier than her past has been."

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it, accidentally, only a few days since."

"I began to waver in my judgment of the lady in question. Before I could say one word in return, Miss Wilmer came abruptly into the room, without taking the trouble to knock. Her eyes blazed upon Aunt Polly in a vindictive way that fairly made me shudder. But her voice was calm and cool enough when she spoke."

"That paper is mine, I believe," and she quietly took possession of it. "Hereafter, I shall be careful that my boxes are kept locked, since it seems necessary."

With these cutting words she vanished. I looked at Aunt Polly. "What will you do?"

"Keep silent for the present. Noel might not be inclined to believe my story, should I tell it to him. But I have an idea that Mr. Will Macgregor can give us additional light on the subject of Miss Wilmer. I shall write to him to-night, asking him to come here."

She chuckled audibly. Observing my surprised look, she bent over me suddenly and whispered:

"That last remark was for Miss Wilmer's benefit. She is listening at the door. I have written a letter to Noel, but she must not know it."

"Sure enough, on opening the door, I saw that lady's drapery which usually goes round a turn in the passage. Going back to Aunt Polly, I asked, in increasing surprise:

"Why did you mention the subject at all in her hearing?"

"I told everything I know. She listened quietly to the end."

"That woman is desperate," she said, then. "And no wonder. She did not know I had already sent that letter to Macgregor—she thought I would write it last night, or perhaps the first thing this morning. But she didn't intend to give me the opportunity; and that confirms my suspicion that Macgregor is able to expose her more fully. Otherwise, she would not be afraid to face him."

We went down stairs, presently, walking slowly, for Aunt Polly was very weak. The drawing-room door stood on the swing, and we heard voices within—Noel's, Bertha's, and Miss Wilmer's. Aunt Polly grasped my arm:

"Wait," she whispered. "Listen."

Miss Wilmer was speaking. "Did you never hear of criminals repeating of their crimes even in the act of commission, and seeking to undo them?" she asked in her sweetest tones.

"It was Bertha who replied to her."

"We were speaking of Aunt Polly, an wondering who put that pan of charcoal in her chamber?"

"To be sure. But my question may not be so foreign to the subject as you may imagine. Your aunt is a wealthy woman. I understand. Has she willed her money to anybody?"

"Most of it goes to Margery Clare. Margery is a favorite with her, you know."

"Ah!"

There was no mistaking the terrible significance of her tone in uttering this little exclamation. Aunt Polly heaved up her face and gave me a startled look in her chamber."

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