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Acton Free Press.

Terms.—\$1.00 in Advance.

The Newspaper.—A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns.

\$1.50 if notice paid

Volume X. No. 3.

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1884.

Whole No. 472.

ACTON BANKING COY., STOREY, ORNSTEIN & CO., BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES. Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

A. E. MATTHEWS OFFERS CHOICE.

Oranges, Lemons, Red Bananas, Pineapples, Cocoanuts, Strawberries, Dates, Pure Maple Syrup.

ICE CREAM. I am making ice cream this season by a new recipe...

LARDINE MACHINE OIL. LARDINE HAS BEEN AWARDED Gold and Silver Medals.

Farmers, Threshers & Mill Men SAVE MONEY BY USING LARDINE.

MCCOLL BROS. TORONTO. For Sale in Acton at J. E. MCGARVIN'S DRUG STORE.

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BIG STOCK AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP. ESTABLISHED 1848.

SAVAGE'S Watch, Clock, Jewelry & Spectacle HOUSE.

Large Stock. Prices Right. Special Attention to Fine Watch Repairing.

B. SAVAGE, Near Petrie's New Drug Store, GUELPH.

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THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1884.

POETRY

THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL.

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification." "Lord help us to make a complete sacrifice."

PUR STORY.

ONE MIDSUMMER EVE.

BY E. E.

A Bloomsbury lodging; on the second floor, too. Everything looks dingy, mellowed down to that uniform brownish hue...

It is a pretty little room for all that, with a decided air of being habitually tenanted by refined occupants...

One ray of the sunlight of the midsommer eve makes its way through the chimney pots opposite. It peeps into the room, making a glory and a bright spot of color on a peacock's fan, and glints lovingly upon the golden hair of a girl who sits on a low, carved old chair...

She is about nineteen or twenty, slight and girlish-looking, with a mass of golden hair crowning a small, exquisitely-shaped head, well set upon her shoulders. She wears a long, plainly-made, tightly-fitting dress of soft grey cashmere, with little white ruffles at her throat and wrists, and the hands that hold the letter are small, white, and daintily shaped. The face is oval, with just the faintest suggestion of a faint shell-pink in the rounded cheeks, which deepens into a more vivid hue in the well-shaped lips.

Dark blue eyes, starry as the passion flower, gleam from her long dark lashes, and such is Alison Harle, artist.

She takes up the letter again and reads it. It runs thus:—

Moorfield, June 20th.

"Dear Alison.—I dare say you have almost forgotten the existence of your uncle John, as you have never written to me since your mother's death, six months ago. A friend of mine was in London this season, and of course, went to see the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the other day, when looking over his catalogue, I saw the name of Alison Harle, together with your address. I am very glad to find you have so far succeeded at your profession as an artist as to have your picture hung in the Royal Academy. I am told it is in Devonshire, the home of your mother's youth. You have never been there since you were a child, so the place must have made an impression upon you. It flatters an old man like me to think that some of the young people of the present day are not so utterly selfish and taken up with the world but that they can find time to recollect the names of their childhood."

"Should you care to renew your acquaintance with Devonshire, only say so, and I shall be happy at any time to see you at Moorfield. I trust your father is well. Just let me have a line to say you will come soon, and believe me, your affectionate uncle."

JOHN MULLISH.

Such is the letter which Alison Harle holds in her hand.

Dear! she would like to accept her uncle's invitation, for the girl leads a hard life, coining her brains for her daily bread, working hard at her art, so as to keep a roof over her head and that of her father. The latter calls himself a "literary man," but in reality is a lazy, gin-drinking dog, doing a little hack-work now and again, for anyone to think of employing Robert Harle regularly.

So he lives on the earnings of his daughter. He is her skeleton in the cupboard, and it is of her father she thinks as she sits with her uncle John's letter in her hand. Repeatedly she thinks over the state of her splendid finances. She lingers and yearns for a little brightness and bravery in her life.

This Midsommer Eve she feels stifled with the heat and stiffness of London; she feels she would like a blow in Essex Forest, or in the delicious Valley of Rocks in her dear dead mother's native Devonshire. Suddenly she stands up, and takes two small oil paintings from the top of the old bureau, and looks critically at them.

She thinks for a moment, glances at the clock on the mantelpiece and sees it is only seven.

"Plenty of time," she soliloquizes. "Chambers does not shut until very late, and I might get a couple of guineas for these."

She packs them up in a portfolio, and then, putting on her hat and a small black frock, set off for a picture dealer's in the grey inn-road.

It is a good long walk, and Alison Harle is tired by the time she reaches the dingy little shop, which the soon leaves, her portfolio higher and her meagrely-filled purse just one sovereign and a half heavier.

However, Alison Harle has not had much of the brightness of life. She knows joy only by negatives—always thankful when "things are no worse"—so she feels comparatively glad that she has disposed of her little sketches for even so small a sum.

It will be a help, she reflects, if she can manage to go to her uncle's, at Moorfield.

"Oh, Miss Harle!" The exclamation proceeds from the grimy maid of all-work, as she meets Alison in the dim hall when she arrives at the Bloomsbury lodgings after nine.

"What's the matter, Jane?" she inquires, her heart standing still with some vague feeling of apprehension.

"Your father, miss!"

"Well?"

"It's very all, miss."

This is a good-natured evasion of Jane's, who does not care to say Robert Harle has been brought home helplessly intoxicated. Alison waits to hear no more. A burning flush of shame passes over her face; and she hurriedly rushes up the stairs and enters the sitting-room.

Upon the sofa lies her father, in a state of stupor, his neckcloth removed, whilst a tall man—a stout stranger—stands by him.

He raises his hat as Alison enters the apartment.

"I have to apologize for my seeming intrusion," he says, in a grave, pleasant voice; "but I found this gentleman taken ill in the street, and I have taken the liberty of bringing him home."

"Thank you," says poor Alison, the glare of shame cold again rushing over her face. "This is my father. I shall attend to him now."

As she is speaking the gentleman glances at the rough sketch of which hangs over the sofa.

"He is about thirty years of age, tall and broad-shouldered, with a russet-brown beard, good, kindly brown eyes, and a handsome mouth, which shows beneath his short moustache."

"I am sure I do not know how to thank you," murmurs Alison, as he bows gravely in reply to her former words.

"You can thank me," he says, with a little smile, "by telling me if you are the painter of the sweet Devonshire landscape which is in this year's Academy. That is the rough sketch of it, if I may?"

And he indicates the sketch over the sofa.

"I am Alison Harle and the painter of the picture," she replies, simply. "But look! There is something dreadful the matter with my father."

His face has become of a curious sallow color, whilst a thin white line appears around his thin lips.

The gentleman gives one glance at him, and then says—

"I shall go and fetch a doctor."

But the rider on the pale horse has come, and by the dawn of the midsommer day Alison Harle is an orphan.

The summer's glorious radiance has fled; Autumn is throwing her russet mantle over valley and upland, and Alison Harle, throwing her slender resources together, has come to Antwerp—the city of Rubens—there to study the work of the great master.

She feels very lonely. Her eccentric uncle John she has offended, because she will not accept his proposal utterly to give up her art, and to become his housekeeper in the dull old Devonshire manor house.

Henry Stanton, the man who had brought her father home on the midsommer eve, she had seen very often, and then his visits suddenly ceased, and left an aching void in her life which Alison would not acknowledge even to herself.

"A letter for you, Miss Harle," says the servant of the pension where she boards, as she arrives from the studio one afternoon.

It is official-looking, and it is bordered with black. Alison takes it to her own room, leisurely opens it, and her amazement grows greater and greater as she proceeds.

It is from a firm of well known London solicitors. Her uncle John Mullish, of Moorfield, is dead, and he has left her sole heiress to the property, on condition that she marries the only son of his old friend, Jacob Hemsworth, whose property joins Moorfield.

There is to be no appeal from this decision—does Alison refuse, the property goes to Jacob Hemsworth's son.

Alison is indignant. She knows her uncle was always eccentric; but she has

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Alison is indignant. She knows her uncle was always eccentric; but she has

not been prepared for this. No, she cannot marry a man she does not know anything about. Her pure womanhood revolts against the idea of giving her hand without her heart, and of late it has occurred to her that her heart has gone out of her own keeping.

Alison Harle sits down and writes to the lawyers, quietly informing them that she does not care for property hampered with such conditions.

A week passes away, Alison is too resentful to make many friends, and, therefore, has not spoken of the lawyer's letter to anyone. She devotes herself as usual to her work, and returns one late afternoon, very weary and fagged, to find Henry Stanton waiting to see her.

"You are looking tired. Why, you look as though you could be blown away, you seem so fragile!"

Alison looks up at him. Instinctively she feels a rest and a shelter in the grasp of his strong hands, and as she looks at him for that brief instant, there is a look in his kind eyes which she cannot mistake.

"Alison," he whispers, bending over her, "I have come for you. Can you love me sufficiently to be my wife?"

A start and a quick flush is the only response. It is enough for Henry Stanton, and he holds her in his strong, sheltering arms.

"And so, Alison," he says, tantalizingly, you were fond of me all along?"

"What do you mean?" she inquires.

"Did you not refuse Moorfield because it was burdened with Jacob Hemsworth's son?"

"How do you know?"

"I know a good many things," he says, looking down at her sweet face; "more than you do, for you did not know that I am Jacob Hemsworth's son; but I loved you, and wanted you to love me myself. I am Henry Stanton Hemsworth."

"Yes," she replies, softly, her heart filled with great joy, "I could not think of marrying anyone else, because I loved you."

One midsommer eve the young mistress of Moorfield returned to her mother's old home, the happy wife of Jacob Hemsworth's son.

Agricultural Briefs.

Cattle are the basis of all good husbandry. Our pioneer farming, in this country, is grain after grain, crop after crop, draft after draft. Until Nature's cashier writes, unmistakably, "No funds in the bank," and then the pioneer often sells and moves on, to the ruin of more fresh fields.

The first steps in underdraining are the most costly. It is that; the larger main drains are to be dug and laid, and this is expensive in proportion to the benefit. When money is scarce it is better to make small drains, into a brook or other natural outlet and defer the more expensive job until the first drains have earned the money to accomplish the larger object.

Before concluding to sow a patch of buckwheat it is well to look ahead and calculate what crops are to succeed it the following season? Corn and wheat will do well after buckwheat, and as for oatmeal barley the previous crop will appear as a weed, and greatly decrease the value of the crop when it comes to harvest. Buckwheat getting crop when it requires two or three seasons to entirely eradicate.

If Canada thistles are plowed under in mid-summer, just before getting into bloom, it will sometimes entirely destroy the patch. The plant at this stage is full of sap, that rote it so rapidly that the embedded root cannot recover. Of course the top should not be cut off but turned to the bottom of the furrow with a chain attached to the plow. Buckwheat sown on newly turned furrow will help to smother the thistles.

Ornamenting School Grounds.

It is pleasant to read the warm words spoken by good and influential men in favor of planting school grounds not only for adornment and shelter, but for all the reasons for which pictures are put into school-books—to teach facts and to impress them by actual seeing, so that the lessons cannot be forgotten. No pictures can be quite so true or so fully detailed as the living objects, which are each a volume in themselves, forming new views to the observer continually. There is an increasing advocacy of this excellent sort of school equipment; and we must hope that there is increasing practice of it, especially since several leading firms have published their reasons for which pictures are put into school-books—to teach facts and to impress them by actual seeing, so that the lessons cannot be forgotten. No pictures can be quite so true or so fully detailed as the living objects, which are each a volume in themselves, forming new views to the observer continually. 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