

THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1876.

(\$1.00 per annum in Advance.)

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The undersigned begs to thank his customers.

MILTON PLANING MILLS,
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Account Books of all kinds Made to Order.

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SEND us to G. P. BOWELL & CO.,
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DOMINION HARNESS SHOP,
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 on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well-selected stock of:

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

Requiring promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced. J. F. DEMPSEY, Acton, Nov. 25, 1874.

STOVES AND TINWARE!

If you want a Boss Cooking or Parlor Stove, go to

WILSON & JOHNSON'S,
Always in stock, Stoves, Stove Utensils, Tin, Sheet-Iron and Japanese Ware.

Particular attention paid to

EAVETROUGHING.
Scantling and Jobbing done on the shortest notice.

Cotton Bags, Copper, Brass, Iron and other produce taken in exchange.

Call and See Us,
Remember the stand, one door west of the Canada Globe Works, MILL STREET, ACTON.

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

THOMAS EBBAGE,
Manufacturer 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, Jan. 1876.

Wagon and Carriage FACTORY.

JAMES RYDER, Proprietor.
Wagons, Carriages, Sleighs, Catters, &c.

Kept in stock and Made to Order on the Shortest Notice.

Strict attention paid to

Horse-Shoeing & General Jobbing
and satisfaction guaranteed. Acton July 1st, 1875.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ACTON FREE PRESS,

Only One Dollar a Year:
\$5 to \$20 per day at home or office. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION

B. & E. NICKLIN
begs to announce that they have secured the services of a

First-Class Baker,
and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.

Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.

Wedding-Cakes, Tea-Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,
made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, &c.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

R. & E. NICKLIN,
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

GUELPH ARMY.

JOHN KIRKHAM,
Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.

Wishes to inform the public that he has removed to

Hatch's Block,
Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop

AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH LOADING ARMS.
Ely & Kynnet's Cartridge Cases and Caps for reloading some, Re-loaders, Recorders, Cap Erectors, Cartridges, and Creasers, cleaning Rods, and all articles necessary for a Sportsman's outfit.

All sorts of Repairing and Jobbing executed on the shortest notice at Guelph, April 27, 1876.

ACTON LIVERY & SALE STABLE

J. P. ALLAN
Takes pleasure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to furnish

First-class Horses and Carriages
at Reasonable Rates.

His Hires and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any other Stable. Acton July 1st, 1876.

WANTED,
1000 Cords of GOOD HEMLOCK BARK,

For which I will pay FIVE DOLLARS PER CORD at the Acton Tannery, if delivered in summer.

G. L. BEARDMORE,
Z. A. HALL, Agent. June, 1876. 49-3m

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all

Requisites in Undertaking
on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had

Hoarse Supplied when Desired.
Also that he will

Fit up Stores & Offices
in the best style.

Show Cases, Book Cases and Desks made to order.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.
Shop on Willow street, near Main at. P. M. McCANN, Acton, March 20, 1876. 39-6m

ONE DAY IN A SETTLER'S LIFE.

"If you had had a grain of real love for me, you never would have dragged me out into this desolate wilderness," said Mrs. Roland Hardy.

She rose and flushed round to the window; there, pressing her face so closely against the pane, that her nose immediately began melting in the sparkling frostwork. "Had you never would have thought of doing this?"

When wives get into a passion they are apt to say things that they may hereafter bitterly regret. Mrs. Hardy was no exception. Her husband stood breathlessly silent, his face paling. They had not been married a year yet.

Jane Hardy remembered very well. But the memory of her ardent protestations, her generous forgiveness of self, only angered her the more just now.

"How was I to know that it would be like this? I should like to be alone—with all this work to do."

"I am going directly," was Mrs. Hardy's answer, striving for tranquillity. "Will you be good enough to put up my luncheon? I shall not come back till night."

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied with alacrity, bringing her face away from the pane with a jerk, and proceeding to shake a great chatter in the cupboard, which in this pioneer cabin was a combination of pantry and china closet.

"I fear there is but a short allowance of wood; will it last till evening?" asked Mr. Hardy dubiously, looking at the woodpile.

She leaned against the rude axe and dog, and vanished in the direction of the great forest; and the young wife was alone, as she had vehemently desired to be. Roland Hardy had gone forth to his days work of felling timber.

Most young men and angry wives would have burst into tears at this point. Jane Hardy did not. She leaned against the rude mantle shelf when her husband's footsteps no longer sounded in the crisp snow, and looked unutterably sad and hopeless, as if the light of her life had gone out; looked remorseful, too, as if conscious of having something to do with its annihilation.

The story is one of those often enacted in the new world. Certain expectation suddenly falling him, Roland Hardy manfully resolved to betake himself to the back woods clear out a settlement for himself.

In five minutes, man, dinner-pail, axe and dog, had vanished in the direction of the great forest; and the young wife was alone, as she had vehemently desired to be. Roland Hardy had gone forth to his days work of felling timber.

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These vexations have to be bated down, presently under one's feet, and Mrs. Hardy had stooped to squabble with her. A dear little rosy had been discovered frozen, though wrapped in flannel and placed in the warmest corner of the burrow, under the floor, called, as a matter of dignity, the cellar.

To be sure, the potatoes had been kindly spared; but what were good potatoes when lovely Lathrop's had dropped in death? Mourning over them, Mrs. Hardy forgot the milk-toast, and the milk-toast indignantly boiled over. Catching the pan from the stove, lo! a splash of hot milk fell on the front breadth of her clean, crisp, French gingham, and another on the ear of poor David, stretched on the hearth, and the dog howled responsibly. At another time Jane would have laughed; but laughing was very far from her mood this morning; life in general was looking depressingly gloomy; and when Mr. Hardy came into the atmosphere of burnt milk and pitious dog-whinnies, she was declaring in her fervid way, that house-keeping out west was simply villainous; and that she hated it—here she caught his provokingly smiling eyes—yes; hated it, and him, and the place, and everything.

He met the words sulkily, and it incensed her. In her angry spirit she said unforgetful things, and Mr. Hardy was provoked into retorting. So they jarral and jingled through breakfast. That is, she did.

For some little time Roland Hardy had feared that a sort of suppressed discontent was taking possession of his wife. She was quieter at times, almost sad, and less given to laughter than in their old bright days, as he had got to calling them. He had hoped everything of her love and devotion—hoped that he might ever remain as near and dear, as much about as he had been, as much "all the world" to her as she had often declared him to be. And now this had come of it; this dreadful quarrel. She had spoken out her mind.

His heart was aching with her reproaches; but, generous ever, he excused her to himself, as he walked along to the woods. It was asking too much of mortal woman, he argued, anxious to make himself wretched to tear her away from home and friends, and all the comfortable delights of well-regulated New England life, and to expect her to be anything but a bundle of nerves and hope, keeping his own soul up with the wine-like tonic of blithe spirits. No! It was the same old beginning of the end, a mere question of time. Eventually she would become the indifferent, matter-of-fact sort of woman that most wives appeared to be; regarding him, the subject of her thoughts, as a kind of evil, necessary to her support, and respectable to have about the home. Sooner or later, he supposed all husbands and wives awoke from their dream of love, to the long dreary reality of making the best of things. Nevertheless, her fierce outbreak on this particular morning took him by surprise; something that he did not expect.

He was nearly three o'clock when, mechanically looking through the window in the direction of the forest, she was surprised to see the dog, David, making for the house in a wavering, uncertain way, as if he had had a mind to turn back to the woods. David had more than once wearied of the monotony of watching wood-chopping, and come to the house an hour or two in advance of his master; so there was nothing startling in his coming now. He scratched at the door in his usual obsequious fashion, darted in to devour when admitted, a morsel of bread and meat; but, quitting it instantaneously, went and sat down before his mistress with the air of having something to say, and meant to while.

"More dinner, David? Is it possible you have brought yourself to ask for more dinner? Going to the cupboard and carrying a bone for him?"

David looked hurt. Nevertheless, he took the bone gently, carried it to his rug, in the corner, and left it. That caused Mrs.

Hardly to look at the rug, which she had not done before and then she saw that he had not eaten his dinner. The dog returned to his old position, whining before her as she sat.

"Oh, it is water, then?"

"No, it was not water. He retreated from the basin with an air of increased injured feeling and continued to regard his mistress with appealing eyes. All at once some instinct penetrated to Jenny's mind, and her heart gave a great leap of fear.

"David! David! Is it your master? Is it Roland?"

The dog made a lurch, of joyous relief, as if glad of being understood at last, and trotted to the door, casting a look back at her over his shoulder. If ever a look said plainly, "Come on" that look did.

"I will come, old fellow," said Jenny, going to the wardrobe, and hurriedly getting out some wraps and her far-lined overcoat. "Something is the matter with the dog, and it may be that. At any rate, there will be no harm in my running out to the woods," she said with a nervous laugh. "Roland need not know how silly I am; I can say that I wanted to find him."

David was not a remarkable dog; not at all any dog in particular. He was yellow and undersized, with only a white spot on his forehead by way of ornament; and he was inclined to be lazy. He had come to them one stormy night, a lame, starved, ragged, and half-yearred dog, and kind-hearted Roland had fed him, put liniment on his leg and called him David, after a faithful dog he had recently possessed, and lost. And David contentedly remained, exhibiting no marked talent for anything, and sometimes betraying a lack of decent intelligence. His mental faculties had been dwarfed by persistent ill-treatment. Mr. Hardy thought; the dog seemed to be covered. One peculiarity of his was, that he never asked for food. He was the most unobtrusive, retiring sort of an animal, a child, yearned for cold, leading the way over a freshly-felled log, then another, and turning a thickset of young oaks, that caught at Jenny's skirts as if they would fall back from her back from a painful sight, he came to a halt. There was no reason why he should go further.

A tree had evidently fallen in an unlooked-for direction; or, perhaps, Roland Hardy had been a little reckless. It had swept him to the ground, and was lying across his legs; as immovable to him as a mountain. On the rough bark, where he had been able to reach it, his knife, was cut. "Dear Jen—", showing that he had not intended to call her "Jane" on that occasion. But the fond work which—perhaps was intended as a last memento had ceased. His arms were lying by his side, and a flock of blood-stained blue lips. Jenny thought it was the life crushed out of him; but it only came of his long and vain struggles to free himself.

"She did not scream." It was not her way. She rushed forward to find her master's knife, and to reach it, putting it, bracing her shoulders against it, like some mad woman. This was her first impulse and it availed nothing. Then she sank down at her husband's side, wiped the red drops from his mouth, and covered his face with kisses. That night he kissed the dead into life. The kisses made Roland faintly stir, and he moved his hand instinctively toward the knife which had fallen into the snow. He was wanting to finish his message.

"Roland! Roland!" she cried in an anguished voice, seizing his benumbed hands in hers, and pressing them to her face and to her throat, throbbing throat. "Oh, if he could only speak to me once more!" she piteously moaned, "only once more!"

"Is it—Jenny?" came struggling faintly from his lips.

"Yes, it is Jenny. I am here. I am here to die with you, my own beloved heart! Oh, what can I do? raising his head tenderly to her breast. "Oh, my husband, look at me—speak to me! Are you terribly hurt?"

But though he opened his eyes and looked at her, he could not answer.

(Conclusion next week.)

It is proposed to have separate Pullman sleeping cars for ladies on the American railway.

Augustus Engels, formerly of Mitchell, has fallen heir to from \$75,000 to \$90,000 by the death of a relative in the United States.

A very foolish man named Wm. Henry of Brussel a few days ago in order to decide a bet jumped into some slacked lime barefooted. His feet were burned in a shocking manner and the unfortunate fellow will probably not be able to get to work again for a few months.

The path was rough. Roland's boots alone had formed it, tramping it backward and forward to his track-feeding. Generally he packed it backward and forward four times a day, going home for the middy dinner. The drifting snow hid treacherous holes that well-nigh went to break Jenny's ankles, as she stumbled on. The wind, growing every moment more violent, pushed her on with a giant hand; sharp needle-points of snow smote her neck. "It will be rather sharp going home," she said, shivering, and pulling her scarf closer.

In October she had come to the woods for Autumn leaves, and this was in a degree familiar to her. But the path seemed to disappear and lose itself after entering the thicker parts; and she had to direct her way by the piles of wood that had been cut in places where the trees could be most conveniently felled. If they had not said those dreadful words to each other if they were only as they had been yesterday when Roland loved her! she might not have felt so desperately anxious. How was she to find him? She called again and again, but the wind overpowered her voice.

There was no sound of the axe. As she paused, listening intently, she could hear nothing but the dreary whistle of the blast, through the naked trees, and the sharp sifting sounding of the snow as it smote their trunks.

David, where is Roland?—where is your master? Go and find him this minute!"—instinctively menacing the covering dog in her terror. "Find your master, there's a good dog," she added in a coaxing tone of entreaty, patting the poor animal, who stood before her with drooping head. "Good David! good old dog!"

David went on then. In the lowest nature is sometimes enshrined the pearl of delicate feeling. This dog had been naive to tell, and shrunk from telling it. He made no pretence to a light-hearted pace. He crept, halted, and seemed anxious to defer something.

Leading the way over a freshly-felled log, then another, and turning a thickset of young oaks, that caught at Jenny's skirts as if they would fall back from her back from a painful sight, he came to a halt. There was no reason why he should go further.

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