## THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume II. No. 10

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

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Cotton Rags, Copper, Brass, Iron and other produce taken in exchange. EF Call and See I's. "63 Remember the stand, one door wes

of the Canada Glove Works. V. R. WILSON. P. P. Johnson. Acton, April 11, 1876.

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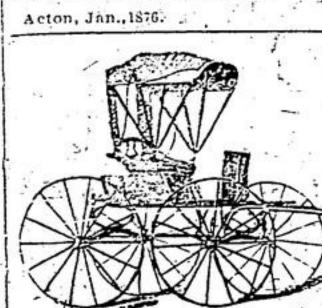
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Bread will be delivered daily at th houses in the village and vicinity. Wodding Cakes, Ton Cakes,

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Pastry, Buns, &c., made in the very best manner, and kept all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, married a year yet.

The patronage of the public is res-

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will furnish all

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Guelph, April 27, 1876.

CTON

and china closet. Hatch's Block, Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop

ously looking at the woodbox he had just replenished, and turning to brush up the bits of bark that had fallen on the neat rug carpet. AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH His words were kind, but his tone was as chilly as an icicle. Ely & Kynoch's Cartridge Cases and Cape for re-leading same. Re-loaders, Re-cappers, Cap Electors, Curlers, and Creasors, Cleaning Rods, and all articles.

she was buttering. All sorts of Repairing and Jobbing

days work of felling timber. at this point. Jane Hardy did appeared to be ; regarding him, the things."

crisp snow, and looked unutterably Sooner or later, he supposed all born and reared, soon learns to ac- was giving place to an early and last memento had ceased. His sad and hopeless, as if the light of husbands and wives awoke from complish the needful daily work. boisterous night; to such a night arms were lying at his sides now, LIVERY & SALE STABLE

First-class Horses and Carriages His Rigs and Horses are the best that can be had, and he is determined not to GOOD HEMLOCK BARK. G. L. BEARDMORE

UNDERTAKING. Requisites in Undertaking on short notice and reasonable terms as

woman servant, deserting them?

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the

the place, and everything. .

"If you had had a grain of real! love for me, you never would have rose had been discovered frozen, self to the sun again, and some time old position, whining before her as backward and forward four times a dragged me out into this desolate though wrapped in flannel and blossom into a little hearty of she sat. wilderness," said Mrs. Roland Har- placed in the warmest corner of the sweetness, and so make life endur- "Oh, it is water, then!" | dinner. The drifting snow hid dy, half sobbing and really angry. burrow, under the floor, called, as able. She would, in so many noble No, it was not water. He re- treacherous holes that well-nigh She rose and flashed round to the a matter of dignity, the cellar. To and heroic ways, prove to him - but treated from the basin with an air went to break Jenny's ankles, as window; there pressing her hot face | be sure, the potatoes had been kind- no; how could should that !-there of increased injured feeling and con- she stumbted on. The wind, growso closely against the pane, that her ly spared; but what were gross polynose immediately began melting a grotesque pattern of herself in the grotesque pattern of herself in sparkling frostwork. "Had you them, Mrs. Hardy forgot the milk- chances. She could only keep his and her heart gave a great leap of her neck. "It will be rather sharp been a gentleman, Roland, you toast, and the milktonst indignantly house in nice order, cook his favor- fear. never would have thought of doing | boiled over. Catching the pan from | ite dishes, watch over his shirt but- "David! Is it your and pulling her scarf closer.

" Jane," he answered at last, tones hard and cold ; " if I had not thought you were willing, ay, and more than willing to risk it, should never have brought you, and you know it. Remember, I told you it would be a rough life; yet you were eager to come.'

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

" How was I to know that i would be like this? There! can go if you are going. I should like to be alone-with all this work "I am going directly," was Mr.

Hardy's answer, striving for tran-

quility. "Will you be good enough to put up my luncheon I I shall not KIRKHAM, to put up my luncheon come back till night." " Ob, dear, yes," she replied with alacrity, bringing her face away from the pane with a jerk, and proceeding to make a great clatter in Wishes to inform the public that he has the cupboard, which in this pioneer

cabin was a combination of pantry "I fear there is but a short allowance of wood; will it last till evening?" asked Mr. Hardy dubi-

Takes p'easure in announcing to the public generally that he is prepared to hilation.

Takes p'easure in announcing to the hilation.

Outburst on this particular morn
By noon to-day the work

would be then, with his farm lands end in view, and making matters luncheon. toilsome. Jane Dean, to whom he

two; her friends urged the same love quarrels that had flicked night should come, and she could, see it; I will not show it; and to her face and to her advice, but the young lady would their courtship. There seemed to in many furtive ways, confess to morrow I shall laugh at myself for warm, throbbing throat. "Oh, if not listen. So far as he was able, be no " making up " in this sort of him how sorry she was, how deeply these foolish fears." The undersigned begs leave to inform Mr. Hardy, before the marriage, thing; there was no light in it; it in need of his dear love. the people of Acton and vicinity that he described what their toil and their was unmitigated, hopeless wretched. It was nearly three o'clock when, doubtless thinking connectedly once more !" lonely life would be. Jane Dean ness. For Mrs. Jane Hardy, her mechanically looking through the enough, she poured out a flaskful . "Is it Jenny?" came struggling looked at it with rose colored spec- passion over, was chewing the husks window in the direction of the for of the wine, secured it in her faintly from his lips. tacles, and thought it would be of bitter repentance. He did not est, she was surprised to see the pocket, threw her husband's scarf am here is dog, David, making for the house over her arm, and told David she am here to die with you, my own nic. It is true she did not bargain or he never would have said harsh in a wavering, uncertain way, as if was ready. At which word the dog blessed heart! Oh, what can I do?" for the help they had taken with words to her; and this was the end he had balf a mind to turn back gave another appreciative bounce raising his head tenderly to herthem, in the shape of a man and of it all!

Fit up Stores & Offices speedily, tired with the new rough claimed aloud as if the word 'Jane' of watching wood-chopping, and But, once in the path leading to ribly hurt?" work, sick at the loneliness; and contained all forms of vituperation, come to the house an hour or two the forest, David seemed to have But though he opened his eyes those engaged in their places (after " Nobody has been cruel enough to in advance of his master; so there had his brief flicker of intelligence and looked at her, he could not anendless trouble and long negotia- call me that in all my life!" turn- was nothing startling in his coming taken out of him. Instead of trot- swer. tion) had not yet come. But she ing to the table with a bravely con- now. He scratched at the door in ting on and leading his mistress in had put her own shoulder bravely quered sob. For this young lally his usual obsequious fashion; dart- the right way, following the record-to the wheel in the summer weather, who had been a pet at home, had ed to devour, when admitted, a ed example of all sensible dogs, he and made light of hardships. It never been called by her husband, morsel of bread and meat; but, held back shrinkingly, evidently was winter now. And for the first or by any one else, by a harder name quitting it instantaneously, went declining to take an active part in time her temper had given away. | than Jenny.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong in the cabin this morning; says it should have been the first say, and began to whine. and her husband's calm cheerfulness commandment: "Thou shalt work!" " More dinner, David? Is it do yours." through it all had provoked her Jenny was too unfamiliar with possible you have brought yourself "You are an awful idiot, David, most unwarrantably. But she was heart torture to be conscious of how to ask for more dinner ?" - going to or else I am !" snapped out Jenny. not feeling well. It is possible that good her work was; but she the cupboard and carving a bone But David only meekly curled his order to decide a bet jumped into many of us have such mornings - could not but be aware, as the for him. mornings when everything animate morning cloud passed away, that David looked hurt. Neverthe- The forest, or "the wood-lot," as feet were burned in a shocking manand inanimate, conspires to bring something was driving the clouds less, he took the bone gently, car- Roland called it, catching the word ner and the unfortunate fellow will to the surface the original gorilla out of her sky. Roland could not ried it to his rug, in the corner, from other settlers, was a good mile probably not be all to get to work

ONE DAY IN A SETTLER'S LIFE. | These vexations have to be beaten | She would gather up the remnant | Hardy to look at the rug, which | The path was rough. Roland's down promptly under one's feet, of his love, and guard and nourish she had not done before and then boots alone had formed it, tramping and Mrs. Hardy had stooped to it so tenderly that, like the poor she saw that he had not eaten his it backward and forward to his squabble with hers. A dear little Lamarque rose, it must still lift it dinner. The dog returned to his tree-feeling. Generally he paced it

the stove, lo! a splash of hot milk tons, forget the old days of case master ? Is it Roland?"

how dear to her were husband and lichens.

spirit she said unforgivable things, to them.

ful quarrel. She had spoken out try. lights of well-regulated New Eng tic ornamentation, pretty and use poor, but proud. So to-day, when go further. In five minutes, man, dinner-pail, land life, and to expect her to be ful things that cost little, made the he planted himself before his mis- A tree had evidently fallen in an

axe and dog, had vanished in the always glad, and buoyant, and brave cabin seem very much of a cosy tress, and looked at her with all unlooked for direction; or, perhaps, direction of the great forest; and and hopeful, keeping his own soul mansion in a small way. In the the soul he had in his eyes, and Roland Hardy had been a little the young wife was alone, as she up with the wine-like tonic of blithe midst of an almost savage wilder- whined like a professional beggar, reckless. It had swept him to the had vehemently desired to be. Ro- sprits. No! It was the same old (ness, Roland Hardy had erected his he was regarded with a good deal ground, and was lying across his, land Hardy had gone forth to his beginning of the end, a mere ques- dwelling, with a view rather to fu- of astonishment. tion of time. Eventually she would ture exigencies than present needs; The sun was disappearing behind mountain. On the rough bark, Most young men and angry become the indifferent, matter of and he and his wife both possessed a cold, hazy horizon; a chilly wind where he had been able to reach itwives would have burst into tears fact sort of woman that most wives the gift of " making the most of whirled the snow clouds across the with his knife, was cut "Dear not. She leaned against the rude lover, as a kind of mild, inevitable And it is surprising how deftly, leaves that strove to hide from it, intended to call her "Jane" on mantle shelf when her husband's evil, necessary to her support, and in these remote homes, a woman, and sent them scudding on again. that occasion. But the fond work footsteps no longer sounded in the respectable to have about the home. though she may have been gently The still radiance of the winter day which perhaps was intended as a

prosperous. Hardy, the settler, he ingly and untiringly, looking to the tending to do justice to her solitary cavated from its depths a small wiped the red drops from his mouth,

around him, his flocks and herds light for her sake. Suppose-sup- Her thoughts were away in the written in homely chirography on that might have kissed the dead his people and his comforts. But pose—a flush dyed the young man's snowy woodland with him, her hus its deliciously dingy label. all that would have to be patiently patient face as the thought occurred band; who was doubtless about "Who knows but Roland may faintly stir, and he moved his band worked on for, and the beginning to him-suppose she refused to stay this time, eating prairie chicken and be past its aid? some dreadful ac- in stinctively toward the knife which must, of necessity, be weary and here and went home to her friends? clammy bread and butter. "He cident-but I won't think of it. had fallen into the snow. He was Meanwhile Mrs. Hardy stood on might build a fire, and give it a And who knows but I may meet wanting to finish his message. was engaged, decided to go out with by the mantel-piece, horribly miser- little roast on a stick," she pensive- him trudging homewards; and he "Roland! Roland!" she cried in him—his wife. He told her he had able—more miserable than she had by murmured; and then she felt will ask me what on earth I brought an anguished voice, seizing his bebetter go on first, say for a year or ever dreamed of being in any of the how very glad she would be when out the wine for? But he shan't numbed hands in hers, and press-

"To call me 'Jane!" she ex- than once wearied of the monotony ed the door. and sat down before his mistress the search or to lead it. It was

that slumbers within the soul. despise her all at once she was sure. and left it. That caused Mrs. away.

When wives get into a passion fell on the front breadth of her when she was a listless young lady, The dog made a bounce of joy- woods for Autumn leaves, and the they are apt to say things that they clean crisp French gingham, and and never, never lose her one relief, as if glad of being under- spot was in a degree familiar to her. may hereafter bitterly regret. Mrs. another on the ear of poor David, temper again. It was all dreadful- stood at last, and trotted to the But the path seemed to disappear Hardy was no exception. Her hus-band stood breathlessly silent, his howled responsively. At another but she had embraced this lot of her his shoulder. If ever a look said thicker parts; and she had to dialways on hand, good and fresh. Also face paling. They had not been time Jane would have laughed; but ownfree will and out of her deep love plainly, "Come on "that look did. rect her way by the piles of wood laughing was very far from her for him and it was the only way by "I will come, old fellow," said that had been cut in places where mood this morning; life in general which she could hope to climb to Jenny, going to the wardrobe, and the trees could be most convenientwas looking depressedly gloomy; the height of his regard again. As hurriedly getting out some wraps ly felled. . If they had not said and when Mr. Hardy came into this for his old romantic love for her, and her fur-lined overshoes. "Some- those dreadful words to each other ! atmosphere of burnt milk and pit- his tender chivalrous devotion, that thing is the matter with the dog if they were only as they had been eous dog-whinings, she was declar- could never come back; she wasn't and it may be that. At any rate, yesterday when Roland loved ber! ing in her fervid way, that house- worth it. And so, accepting the there will be no harm in my run- she might not have felt so desperkeeping out west was simply vil- dust of humiliation, and like a gen- ning out to the woods," she added ately anxious. How was she to lainous, and that she hated it-here | uine woman, having no mercy on | with a nervous laugh. "Roland | find him? She called again and she caught his provokingly smiling berself, she went through the house need not know how silly I am; I again, but the wind overpowered her eyes-yes; hated it, and him, and hold duties, thinking all the time can say that I wanted to find voice.

He met the words jokingly, and home, and how she would strive to David was not a remarkable dog; As she paused, listening intently, it incensed her. In her angry make herself endurable, please God, not at all any dog in particular, she, could hear nothing but the He was vellow and undersized, with | dreary whistle of the blast, through and Mr. Hardy was provoked into Tt was a decidedly pleasant log- only a white spot on his forehead the naked trees, and the sharpretorting. So they jarred and cabin. Log-cabins are always pleas- by way of ornament; and he was sifting sounding of the snow as it jingled through breakfast. That ant when an apt housekeeper, pre- inclined to be lazy. He had come smote their trunks. sides over them, and chough of the to them one stormy night, a lame, "David, where is Ronald ?-For some little time Roland world's lucre can be afforded to cover starving vagrant from some emi- where is your master? Go and find Hardy had feared that a sort of the walls with tasteful paper, and grant train, and kind-hearted Rol- him this minute !" - impatiently suppressed discontent was taking the floor with comfortable carpets. and had fed him, put liniment on menacing the cowering dog in her possession of his wife. She was Those rude logs, of which we read, his leg and called him David, after terror. "Find your master, there's quieter at times, almost sad, and with their thatched roofs, clay floors a faithful dog he had recently pos- a goo'l dog," she added in a coaxing less given to laughter than in their and chimneys built of sticks, are sessed, and lost. And David con- tone of entreaty, patting the poor old bright days, as he had got to far more endurable on canvage and tentedly remained, exhibiting no animal, who stood before her with calling them. He had hoped in the rhymes of young poets than marked talent for anything, and drooping head. "Good David! everything of her love and devo. in actual life, where they mean sometimes betraying a lack of de- good old dog!" tion-hoped that he might ever re- simply rheumatism and insects. cent intelligence. His mental fac- . David went on then. In the main as near and dear, as much This house was different; it was a ulties had been dwarfed by per- lowest natures is sometimes en-"all the world" to her as she had spacious, comfortable, well furnish- sistent ill-treatment, Mr. Hardy shrined the pearl of delicate feeling. often declared him to be. And ed place; and only called a log thought; the dog seemed to be This dog had had news to tell, and now this had come of it; this dread- cabin after the custom of the coun- cowed. One peculiarity of his was, shrank from telling it. He made that he never asked for food. He no pretence to a light-hearted pace. staunch roof; substantial was the most unobtrusive, retiring He crept, halted, and seemed aux-His heart was aching with her walls, ornamental within; carpets, sort of an animal that ever yearned lous to defer something. reprouches; but, generous ever, he books, pictures, a rare clock, easy for cold meat. If meat came to Leading the way over a freshlyexcused her to himself as he walked chairs; everything for comfort met him, well and good; but he never felled log, then another, and turnalong to the woods. It was asking the eye. The sleeping rooms above uttered a whine, or gave one beg- ing a thicket of young caks, that to much of mortal woman, he argu- gave evidence of ingenious and garly wag of his tail to indicate caught at Jenny's skirts as if they "There is plenty, do no trouble ed anxious to make himself wretch- hopeful powers brought to bear that he was hungry. He would not would fain hold; her back from ourself," responded his wife resent ed to tear her away from home and upon their building and furnishing. have done it if he was starving. p inful sight, he came to a halt. fully, her eyes bent on the bread friends, and all the comfortable de- Charming expedients, graceful rus- Jenny was wont to say that Le was There was no reason why he should

level plain, ferreted out the fallen Jen \_\_\_\_," showing that he had not

her life had gone out; looked re- theis dream of love, to the long Where there's a way; that will not be forgotten in that and a fleck of blood stained his blue morseful, too, as if conscious of hav- dreary reality of making the best and Jane Hardy had learned to take country by living man or woman. hips. Jenny thought it was the In her staunch overshoes, short life crushed out of him; but it only By noon to day the work was cloth skirt, and shaggy walking came of his long and vain struggles The story is one of those often ing took him by surprise; some- done, and the house in the trim- jacket, a costume in which she had to free himself. enacted in the new world. Certain what aroused his indignation. Had mest order. White loaves, just tramped many a time with her hus | She did not scream. It was not expectation suddenly failing him, he not warned her freely and fully from the oven, were diffusing their band on expeditions to the distant her way. She rushed forward to Roland Hardy manfully resolved | that her days, if she came with him, fresh yeasty fragrance; the week's post-office, where a blacksmith's fling herself against the fallen tree; to betake himself to the back woods would be anything but a bed of ironing hung warm and spotless shop and grocery store had put their pushing it, beating it, bruising her clear out a settlement for himself, roses! Was not life harder for him, across the clothes-horse. On the heads together and declared them | shoulders against it, like some mad erect his own house, Robinson inexpressibly harder, than it had table smoked an exceedingly fine selves a city, Mrs. Hardy prepar- woman. This was her first impulso Crusoe fashion; and in time, by been, a totally different thing alto- cup of tea; and over it leaned the ed to start. But she first of all un- and it availed nothing. Then she dint of his hand's hard labor, become gether? But he bore on persever pensive young housekeeper, pre- locked a small store chest, and ex- sank down at her husband's side,

Talking thus incoherently, but more!" she piteously mourned "only

tail and trotted on behind her.

going home," she said, shivering,

sealed bottle with "Catawba Grape" and covered his face with kisses into life. The kisses made Roland

he could only speak to me once.

to the woods. David had more and fairly flew past her as she open- breast. "Oh, my husband, look at me-speak to me! Are you ter-

> (Canclusion next week. It is proposed to have separate Pullman sleeping cars for ladies on

the American railways. Augustus Engels, formerly of Work is a good thing. Auerbach with the air of having something to just as though he meant to say, "I Mitchell, has fallen heir to from have done my part; you go on and \$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 some slacked lime basefooted. His a min for a few months.