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W. H. LOVELY, M. B., M.
C. L. S. Graduate of Trinity College, New York. Office, 100 West Water Street, New York. Residence, 100 West Water Street, New York. Lateley occupied by R. L. L. L. L.

D. S. MORROW, PHYSICIAN.
Office, 100 West Water Street, New York. Residence, 100 West Water Street, New York.

D. HENDERSON, CONVEYANCE AGENT.
Office, 100 West Water Street, New York. Residence, 100 West Water Street, New York.

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Containing the elements of music, with easy and progressive exercises to perfect the player in the art of playing the piano or organ, to which is added over sixty Waltzes, Marches, Galops, Polkas, Dances, etc., by Daniel Beatty, Washington, New Jersey. Sent for Illustrated and Catalogue (Catalogue Edition) and testimonials from his patrons, every piano or organ may know. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

ACTON BAKERY.
I beg leave to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and the public generally that I have the largest and best assorted stock of baker's goods in the village.

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes, Rolls, Pastry and Fruit Cakes in great variety. Cakes from 5 to 10c per dozen.

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THE ONTARIO SADDLERY, ACTON.

UNDER TAKING.

MR. CHARLES CARTER.

JOHN SPEIGHT.

UNDER TAKING.

MY FATE.
I met my fate long years ago—
A being fair as Venus
But she was woe's chaste-as-snow,
And no word passed between us
I felt the pain of love's keen dart,
And yet she thought I hid it,
But on my palpitating heart
Her image was imprinted.

BESSIE WENTWORTH.
"And so you are Bessie Wentworth," said my little mother, looking lovingly on the little creature she had just released from her arms. You are very welcome, child.
"As for my grand old father, he shook his head and sighed. I think he felt disappointed. Never before had there been a Wentworth with rippling blonde hair and eyes like wood-violets. The anomaly seemed to give him an unpleasant sensation. It was utterly at variance with all his preconceived notions of what every scion of the dear old family tree should be like.
"You ought to be brown as a berry with eyes black as sloes, and hair the color of Margaret's," said he, shaking his head still more dolefully. "I don't understand it."
The color died out of Bessie's blooming cheeks for an instant, and then turned brighter than ever.
"I am like my mother," she said in a sweet voice.
"You are like nobody I know or saw," sharply. "Your mother was a Higginson, and they were all dark like the Wentworths. She drew nearer, and dropped her pretty, slender hand on his arm.
"I'm so sorry my looks don't please Uncle John!" she murmured.
"What nonsense! Who said you didn't please me? You do. But you are not in the least like the Wentworths."
He kissed her with the air of a man determined to make the best of the inevitable. But the shadow of his race, his lineage, his blood, did not leave his face. A very distinct glimpse of a proud, proud stock from which he had sprung; proud even of the little peculiarities that distinguished the Wentworths from the "common herd." He could not take readily to his race, though that agency went no further than a departure from the rule in the colour of the eyes and hair. So much for prejudice!
We were all gathered on the terrace at the time, as was our custom during the hot August evenings. I caught a glimpse of Jack Thurstone's wide-awake hat among the rhododendrons.
I ran down to meet him, and bade him come up to the house.
He followed me rather reluctantly. Cousin Bessie was pleased with this addition to our party. She gave him her hand, and smiled such a welcome as no man living could have seen unmoved.
Later, after the purple dusk had driven us into the parlor, which was brilliant with light, I realized what a charming woman Bessie had become. So modest, so self-conscious, so impulsive, I could not wonder that Jack was quite enraptured with her. She seemed like a new revelation of womanhood, with her shy, unselfish ways and pretty timidity.
"What a sweet little creature!" said mamma, sotto voce. "There is nothing conventional or studied about her. I admire her exceedingly."
My father, who was near enough to catch her remark, said, in his gruffest voice, "Appearances are often deceitful, my dear. The girl is no fool. See what a desperate flirtation she is getting on with Jack already!"
Cousin Bessie and Jack were turning over a portfolio of engravings, at that instant, in a distant alcove; and she was looking up to

the handsome face that bent over the other half of the book. Even mamma seemed a little shocked at the lurking brightness of those glances.
"Poor, unappreciated child!" said she. "We must not judge her by the same standard that we apply to one of ourselves. She does not know that she is guilty of any impropriety."
"Doesn't she? I thought a girl who could flirt must understand the right and wrong of it. What say you, Margaret?"
I refused to venture an opinion. If I had my secret misgivings—my foolish heartache—I meant to hide my trouble, even from my grand old father.
Jack's demeanour puzzled me, however. We were the next thing to engaged, and now he had deserted me for another with as little warning as well could be.
"There is nothing so very strange about it," said she, after a brief silence.
"I told you last night that I changed my mind quite suddenly, and started at once. That letter had already been posted. I arrived with misgivings, I ran to the window and looked out. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the purple arch above; and by their glow I saw three or four spectral-looking figures steal over the lawn and stealthily approach the house.
A moment's delay, and then a window pane went up softly. I should not have heard it at all if my senses had not been preternaturally sharpened.
For a few seconds afterwards I struggled with an inclination to faint; then strength and courage came back again.
Scarcely knowing what I did, I caught up the lamp, lighted it, and rushed out upon the landing, shrieking at the top of my voice, "Thee'st robbers! help!"
A species of madness seemed to possess me. The dark figures I had seen in, I was sure, entered the dining-room, where in a convenient closet, the family plate was kept in a small safe. Of course that was what the burglars were after."
Down stairs I rushed two at a time, and bounded into the dining-room. A dark lantern was flashing its streams of light across the apartment. Right in its glow stood the safe, with two burglars leaning over it in the expectant attitude from which they had been aroused by the sound of my cries. They seemed undecided whether to remain or fly.
Another shrill scream broke from me at the startling sight. In an instant I was surrounded, and a cold rim of steel touched my forehead, while a low, hoarse voice—Bessie's voice; I knew it instantly, in spite of the excitement and terror of my situation—said in my ear, "Silence! If you make another outcry, I'll put a bullet through your brain!"
I felt frightened, bewildered. What happened afterwards is not very clear to my mind. I only know that there was a sudden crashing of glass, a glare of light, curses, shots, groans, and the room was full of policemen, and a desperate struggle going on.
I woke up presently, as if out of a lethargy, to find myself in Jack's arms.
"Look up, darling!" he was saying. "You are safe now, and all is over."
"Oh, Jack, Jack!" I cried, "it is all so terrible! Where is Bessie? Did I really see her here with those awful men?"
"Bessie was an imposter, he answered, quite severely. "She is no more cousin than I am. It was all a part of the plot to rob the house. She knew of the anticipated visit somehow—these desperate characters manage to hear everything and took your cousin's place. But I suspected her from the first—I'd seen that face before, truth to tell—and shrewdly guessing why she was here, I had the policemen ready!"
"But how did you know the house was to be robbed to-night?" He smiled.
"Have you forgotten the diamond ring? Bessie as she styled herself, meant to make sure of it. The inference was plain—the attempt was to be made to-night, and she thought, doubtless, to keep the ring, and say nothing about it to her confederates."
"And my pearl cross, Jack?"
"A sudden light breaking in upon my mind."
"What?" he demanded sharply.
"You are not the only loser—that's all. It all seems so strange, so incomprehensible! My mind will not be clear again for a month."
A brief silence fell between us, and then I said, "Jack, Jack, give me now for doubting you! I see it all clearly now. Your allegiance never wavered—"

But the riddle was nearer a solution than I imagined.
Bessie and I went up stairs at a later hour than usual that night, I noticed an indistinct change in the girl when we were alone together. She looked sullen and insolent; and after lingering long enough to take a hurried survey of my apartment, as if she were making a secret inventory of what was in it, she passed on to her own room.
Her singular demeanor made me nervous; it would be impossible to tell why I did not feel like sleeping after she left me, and so, extinguishing my lamp, I lay down upon the bed without undressing.
Some hours were on. At last I heard a plaintive cry, like a whelp-poorwill's directly underneath my window. But something told me no harm had uttered it. Was it a signal? Breathless I waited.
Not long. A door creaked softly—Bessie's door. Did I see a dark shadow flit noiselessly out upon the landing, or was it imagination? I stole softly out of bed. My door was certainly ajar.
Filled with misgivings, I ran to the window and looked out. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the purple arch above; and by their glow I saw three or four spectral-looking figures steal over the lawn and stealthily approach the house.
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A brief silence fell between us, and then I said, "Jack, Jack, give me now for doubting you! I see it all clearly now. Your allegiance never wavered—"

"Never!" he interrupted, gathering me close. "Silly little goose, did you think I could ever find any other woman half so precious? But I was compelled to play my part. Who would have believed me if I had declared the truth at once? And I was not thoroughly convinced myself. I wanted time and opportunity to test my suspicions."
We now had leisure to look around us. Three of the burglars were lying on the floor, severely bound. One had escaped, and the false Bessie with him.
I may as well state here that the ring and cross were eventually recovered; but not until several months after the events of that never-to-be-forgotten night.
The true Bessie Wentworth came to us the following week. She was greatly pleased with her. She had the real Wentworth hair and eyes, and he could not have picked a flaw with her if he had tried. She remained until after Jack and I were married; and I never had occasion to mentally ask myself, as I had done during the thirty-six hours' sejour of her counterfeit, whether she was a sinner or a saint.

Nothing Mean About Him
"What do you charge for board?" asked a tall Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second-rate hotel in New York.
"What do you ask a week for board and lodging?"
"Five dollars." "That's too much, but I suppose you allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper."
"Certainly; thirty-seven and a half cents each."
I gave the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of two weeks he again walked to the bar, and said:
"Suppose we settle that account—I'm going in a few minutes!"
The landlord handed him his bill:
"Two weeks' board at five dollars—ten dollars."
"Here, stranger," said the Yankee, "this is wrong—you've not deducted the time I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, two meals per day, 28 meals at 37 1/2 cents each—\$10.50. If you've not got the fifty cents that is due to me, I'll take a drink and the balance in cigars."
The class juries at the Paris Exhibition have reported to the group juries. The Americans received a greater number of awards in proportion to their exhibits than any other nation.
Probably the oldest married couple in America are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Monmouth, N. J., who have lived together eighty-two years. They are 103 and 102 years old respectively.
Steamboat competition is brisk on Lake Ontario this season, so much so that passenger fares have been reduced to a minimum. The rate between Kingston and Toronto and return is only \$6.50 for first-class passage.
The Keely Motor Company has finally wound up its affairs. It has spent over \$150,000 for almost nothing. Its 20,000 shares, which have frequently sold at the rate of \$300 each, \$100 being par, are not now worth a cent a dozen.
The heat of the sun at Wigan, in England, lately caused the rails on the London and North-western Railway to twist in the form of the letter S. At one point the rails and sleepers were moved bodily more than two feet by the expansion of the metal.
The telephone has lately been successfully used in France to communicate between a vessel being towed and the one towing. The wire was carried along one of the hawsers, and circuit was completed through the copper on the bottoms of the ships and the water. Conversation was carried on very distinctly.

James E. O'Hara, (colored), has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the second district, North Carolina, which is strongly Republican.
The English-speaking squatters in the township of Tache, in Manitoba which was not asked the purposes of French Canadian repatriation, are resisting the settlement of French Canadian immigrants.
The trouble with tramps at Council Bluffs, Iowa, continues. Parties numbering 50 each, boarded a freight train at Dillon on Wednesday night, and the following morning at Atlantic. Armed squads of citizens, in both cases compelled them to leave the train.
The account of the recent disturbances at Ingersoll has been grossly exaggerated. The facts of the stabling case on Dominion Day are, in the main, true enough, but the war of races which was alleged to be imminent, the orders issued to the negroes to leave town by Saturday, and subsequent sensational reports are very wide of the truth. Such disturbances have occurred here before the work of a small body of members of the rowdy class, and the respectable citizens have entirely held aloof from any display of hostility towards the colored people, or at most have merely endeavored to preserve the peace.
A telegram from Chicago states that there has been published a challenge from the owners of the yacht *Ina* to the owners of the *Proble*, proposing to sail three races, each fifteen miles to windward, the owners of the winning yacht to take both boats. The owners of the *Proble* now come forward with a proposal to the effect that the owners of the *Ina* will back her against the *Ina* for a stake of 35,000 a side, three races of fifteen miles to windward and return, a loss to decide the choice of weather for the first trial; the winner of the first race to choose weather for the second, and the winner of two of the races to take the money. The *Ina* came originally from Toronto, and is considered the smartest yacht on the lakes.
It is said that the Custom's officers in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island find it necessary to exercise extra vigilance to prevent the importation of illegal liquors from the States. A week or two ago the schooner *Arrow* arrived in the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Bonne Bay, with a cargo of fish, which had cleared for Georgetown, P. E. I. Instead of making direct for Georgetown, the *Arrow* sailed around the north point of the Island and came down past Richibucto and Shediac, and then crossed to Charlottetown. There is a suspicion in the official mind that she purged with a considerable quantity of liquor on the north shore of New Brunswick, but where or by what crooked devices is not communicated to the public. The *Arrow* has been in Moncton more than once, and was recognized by a New Brunswick Custom's officer a few days ago as soon as seen. It is stated that vigorous measures will be taken to stamp out smuggling wherever it appears or wherever it is expected to rear its head.
The raining forecast—A good umbrella that belongs to another man.
Every body seems to thank him self a moral husband to measure the world's frailties.
Elopement, marriage, twins, and divorce have happened to an Indiana girl within a year.
"Time and tide wait for no man," which is prof positive that time and tide are not fencibles.
It is said that eating onions will prevent the lips from chapping. Most girls prefer the chaps.
The boy who undertook to ride a horse which he was practicing on a saddle of mutton.
When Winnie Rans sings she ought to make enough music for a whole camp meeting as it takes twenty quires to make a ream.
"The month of the Amazon," said a professor of Geography in a St. Louis female seminary, "is the biggest month in the world—present company always excepted."
"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit." If you take off another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off an "ther," it is not "t" totally used up. All "it" which goes to sleep, if you wish to be rid of a "bit," you must throw it off altogether.