

THE ACTON FREE PRESS
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LADY FRANKLIN.
The death of this eminent lady, in London, is announced by cable telegram. From the heroic efforts she has made for many years to discover the fate of her husband, Sir John Franklin, her name has become familiar to every reader, and the announcement of her death before the object of many a weary search was realized, will be universally regretted throughout the civilized world.

THE GUIDON CASE.—The trouble about this case is not yet over. In spite of the decision of the Privy Council that the body of Gibbon's should be buried in consecrated ground, the cure of the Parish Church of Montreal refuses to allow the interment of the body. He has written a long letter to Mr. Droure, counsel in the case, in which he says: "I do not recognize more than in 1869 the right of the civil authorities to interfere in the questions which belong only to ecclesiastical domain."

CLIPS.
Mooly and Seely sail for New York August 4th.
Mr. Gerald O'Reilly, of Hamilton, has been appointed Resident Medical Assistant to the Guelph General Hospital.
About the 1st of August nearly 100 children are expected to arrive at Miss Macpherson's "Boy's Home" in Galt.
Mr. Weatheron has resigned, and Mr. Wragge, late Chief Engineer, is now General Manager of the T. G. & B. Railway.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.
What might be done if we were wiser—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
To love and fight,
And cease their scorn of one another.

Gems of Thought.
Judge a man not by what he says or does, but by what he is.
It may be very well to go your own way, but you had better see that you have a way to go.

The law of the pleasure in having done anything for another is, that the one who immediately forgets having given, and the other who gratefully remembers having received.

A loving heart and a cheerful countenance are commodities which children should never fail to keep on hand. They will not season their food and their pillows.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false.
The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is also ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposed to the honour of those with whom the individual converses.

Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects hatched to death.
Ninety million people speak the English language, 45,000,000 speak German, 35,000,000 Spanish, and 45,000,000 French.

A woman of Indianapolis has shown that she could be as murderous as any man. She pursued her rival into a closet, shot her fatally, and then, putting her revolver gleefully, exclaimed: "Oh, quiver! that's right, die hard! I enjoy this, I do!"

Ice two inches thick will support a man; at a thickness of three inches and a half it will support a man on horseback; five inches of ice will support an eighty-pounder cannon; and, finally, ice ten inches thick will support an army—an innumerable multitude.

The Greatest Sale of the Season
IS NOW GOING ON
AT THE GOLDEN LION, GUELPH.

Determined to clear off the balance of Summer Stock, tremendous bargains will be given, such as no other house in Guelph can afford to give.

OBSERVE THE PRICES OF A FEW OF THE LINES REDUCED.
Rich Printed Lawns and Muslins, 71c., worth 125c.
Those beautiful Celestial Lusteretts Dress Goods to be rushed off at 125c., former price 250c.
10 dozen Ladies' Silk Square Ties, 25c., real price \$1.
Lace Shawls, 75c., worth \$2.
One dollar Parasols for 50c.
Millinery, Mantles, Grandines, Black and Colored Silks at half price at the Great Guelph Dry Goods Store, the Lion.

GUELPH, July 23, 1875. J. D. WILLIAMSON.

SECOND BROS.,
MONTREAL HOUSE,
ACTON.

In Hardware our stocks are full; our prices cannot be undersold.
In Crockery and Glassware we hold large stocks, and at prices below the market. Granite sets from three dollars.
In Groceries, we have one of the largest and choicest stocks west of Toronto.
Our stock of Teas is not equalled, and ranging from 15 cents to 90 cents per pound.

10 lbs best White Crushed or Granulated Sugar for \$1.
11 lbs best Bright Refined Sugar for \$1
12 lbs best Medium Sugar for \$1
13 lbs Dark Moscow Sugar for \$1.
Turnip Seeds and Harvest Tools, &c., in Great Variety.

GRAND CLEARING SALE

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods AT THE FASHIONABLE WEST END.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods Now Going on at the FASHIONABLE WEST END.

Dress, Mantle and Millinery Establishment, UPPER WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

Immense Crowds every day. Astonishing Bargains to be had. Come and See. A. G. BUCHANAN.

Fashionable West End Dress, Mantle and Millinery Establishment. Guelph, July 1, 1875.

THE CENTRAL STORE

Mill Street, Acton. Is the Place for Cheap Goods.

J. W. MANN'S STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

is Large, Well Selected and CHEAP.

Groceries always fresh and of the best quality. Great Bargains may be always had for Cash or Produce. I wish to do strictly a Cash business, as our goods are selling at the LOWEST Market Prices. Highest price paid for all kinds of Produce. Acton, July 1, 1875.

GREAT CLEARING SALE

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

NOW GOING ON AT THE ELEPHANT CLOTHING STORE,

NO. 31 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

Cost and Under.

As we are anxious to clear it right out. Call and examine stock, as we consider it a pleasure to show goods.

WM. RUTHERFORD & CO. Guelph, July 15, 1875.

GRAND CLEARING SALE

BOOTS AND SHOES At KENNEDY BROS.

THE undersigned having disposed of their Grocery business, and having purchased the immense stock of Boots and Shoes of Mr. JAMES MATTHEWS, are now prepared to offer to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity GREAT BARGAINS FOR CASH

Custom Work and Repairing

Having secured the very valuable services of Mr. THOS. EDGAR, who as a Cutter is unequalled, a fit will be guaranteed, or no sale. Sewed Work a Speciality. Remember the Stand—Main St., opposite Dominion Hotel, KENNEDY BROS. N.B.—All Book accounts must be settled at once. Acton, July 1, 1875.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.
Many a bright, good-hearted fellow,
Many a noble minded man,
Finds himself in water shallow,
Then assist him if you can.
Then assist him if you can.
Some succeed at every turning,
Fortune favors every scheme,
Others, too, though more deserving,
Have to pull against the stream.

COLONEL DELMAR'S WIFE.
A STORY OF HAMILTON MARSHES.
CHAPTER III.

It ceased raining at Hampton after a while, and bleak December came and wrapped the desolate marshes in a mantle of glistening snow. Chester came frequently to the Reeds during that month, and long before the holidays came round he was a daily visitor at the house.

For a time the house seemed cheerful and more pleasant for the young man's presence in it. It was at least a relief to Mrs. Delmar's change of manner; at the sound of his footsteps or his kindly voice. Yet presently there seemed to fall upon the household a mysterious intangible something which seized the hearts of the actors in this little drama with a shuddering chill.

One early winter day Mrs. Delmar sat with Chester in the long drawing-room by the window. She appeared very beautiful that afternoon, with the ripe sunlight glancing in from across the snow-white fields, and dimpling in her golden hair, and as she spoke to him, Chester found it nearly impossible to remove his eyes from the lovely picture.

"Forgive me," he said, impulsively. "I was thinking of the old days again. O Eleanor! Are they indeed gone forever!"

"If there were any," he said, "I do forget them. Looking backward now from out of this hopeless cloud, those happy days seem all sunshine and gladness. I could not have known unhappiness then, when you were by me, Eleanor."

"She made him no answer and her eyes fell to the floor. She was very pale, and only a slight quiver around the mouth betrayed the thoughts within her mind. "You have some cause to look at this matter differently, I know," he continued. "As for me, it is breaking my heart. But you can know nothing of that, for you have everything here to lead you to forget me and to make you happy."

He turned to look at her as he spoke. It indeed he saw the tears trembling beneath her lashes, it was selfishness, and not love, which made him continue.
"Is your happiness you cannot realize how I suffer."
"Is my happiness!"

The words had been wrung from her by his searching gaze. She flushed a burning red, moved her hands nervously, and then turned away to look at the sea.

"Go away!" she cried, turning to him with a look of sudden alarm. "No, no. You must not go away yet, not yet, Edward. Do not leave me yet. O, don't go away from me now!"

She knew that she had betrayed herself, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. He was not prepared for this quick change in her mood—for this wild burst of anguish wrung from the depths of a heart which had for years been steeling itself against its own weakness, to find its armor fail at the moment when it was most needed. He started to his feet with a look of consternation.

"Eleanor," he cried, "what have I done? What have I said? O my God, what is it? Hush, O hush, my darling. Do not cry so. You will break my heart. For Heaven's sake, stop!"

"I thought you were alone." She tried to speak but could not. Twice she opened her lips to answer him, and failed. At last she murmured faintly, "We did not hear you come, Henry."

"His eye was fixed upon her face, and his lips were wreathed in a cruel smile. A burning color rose to her pale features, and she recoiled a step, involuntarily. Then she said to Chester: "You had better go."

"The young man looked from the colonel to his wife in momentary indecision. Then he dropped Eleanor's nerveless hand, and silently turned towards the door. He did not dare to disobey the look of mute command which he read upon her face. There was a momentary pause upon the threshold, and then he left the room and softly closed the door behind him. The colonel folded his arms and looked at his wife, who still stood white and motionless like a marble statue, with such agony and terror in her eyes as is not often seen in any woman's face. "With a jaw well she fell at her husband's feet, and she sobbed, "O, my husband! what have I done!"