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L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George e town, Out

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TOHN LAWSON, GRADIATE OF ON TIRIO VETERINIAT COLLEGE, TORONTO Veterinary, Sargeon, Acton, Ont. Officein Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, reidence in the rear. Horses examined as to coundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attend ed to. Terms casy.

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or at my residence in Acton, will promptly attended to. Terms reasonable. Honey to Lean. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest.

in sums of \$500 and upwards. TIME FOR SALE.

Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolten's

C. S. SMITH. May. 1st. 1882.

TUHBER WANTED. The undersigned is prepared to purchase

my quantity of elm, birch, red beech, soft SHAW maple, rim ash, red oak, bassword, white ash, popular, white wood, halm of gilead, pine, cedar, or black ash, in either bolte, logs, or standing trees. Apply at once to THOS. C. MOOLE. 'Actou, Ont.

DELAWARE FARMS For Sale From \$10 to \$40 Per Acre, J. D. HENDRICK ., Real Estate Agent, Houston, Delaware. These farms are improved with buildings.

fences, fruit trees, and berries of all kinds. good water, plenty of timber land, good roads, schools and churches, good markets, only 95 miles from Philadelphia; plenty of fish, oysters and game; very productive land, climate mild and pleasant, come and see for yourself and be convinced. I am prepared with team and carriage to take risitors to see the farms free of charge. J. D. HENDRICKS, Houston, Delaware.

TAMES HATTHEWS, Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,

Accident " Insurance Tickets. (\$3000 for 25c. per day.) Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., return tickets issued, or tickets to bring out your friends, CHEAPER THAN ALMOST AND

Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed short date notes discounted. Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.

CONTETANCER OF-Mortgages. Discharges, Chattle Mortgages. Farm and House Lesses. Agreements. &c. Clerk Div. Court. Com'r in Queen's Bench, &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses. CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK. bound. Buling neatly and promptly done.

Actin

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

\$1.50 if not so paid.

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Volume IX. No. 5.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., \$1.50 STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO., IS THE PRICE OF THE

IRON - AXLE WAGGON.

T. J. DAY

to Toronto Merchant princes,

-IN THE --

Railway Men!

Actou,

Terms. -81.00 in Advance.

GENERAL BANKING BUSI-NESS TRANSACTED.

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

CREAM PARLOR.

MRS. W. C. KING Hereby announces that she will open to-day,

Thursday, Queen's Birthday, A parlor where will be supplied first-class Ice Cream, Sala Water, Ginger Ale, &c., F. A. R which will be continued throughout the

Fresh Confectionery always on ! hand, and Fruits served in their season. Picnies and parties supplied with Ice ! Cream, &c. ac A call solicited. MRS. W. C. KING.

Acton, May 21, '83. A SPLENDID NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE.

BARGAINS

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

A LARGE STOCK OF ELECTRO PLATE

ALL NEW STYLES Big Bargains in Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

-JUST RECEIVED-

The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

Arrivals.

Great Variety.

CRUNDY.

Merchant Tailors GUELPH.

CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE

IS MARKED

Genuine

NUNAN. FRANCIS

Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER St. George's Square, Guelph.

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully Higinbotham's Block, Guelph.

Acton Free Press.

ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1883.

THURSDAY MOUNING AUG. 2, 1883.

Has bought a carload direct from the manu-

facturers, and, saving the profits paid eyed clerk concernel In the mixing of some me licine the "boss" lately learned Gives his Customers the Benefi

That humanity fell heir to in-perhaps Adam'n will. REDUCED PRICE OF \$1.15. from o'er the sea.

The clerk had nearly fluished, when a custor

Some fash'nable perfumery - don't know the But she said 'twas what the city girls-the reglar under the san to ruffle my temper."

with gentlemen. She sent this ere to get it in she said 'twoald come to less If she furnished her own bettle She's right, I

"Matilda thought a nickel's worth would be enough to fill The bottle cl'ar up to the cork, and some to

Why, here's enother nickel, for the wants the Then the clerk explained that perfume, with

But that it came in phials there he beld one up be could do.

"A dollar for that 'drop o' sent ?" the ruralist "Well. I gass my gal will her to let that city thought perfuse would fetch him, but

cau't stand such a tax -saccefrat "



B. SAVACE.

We have imported a large supply

CENUINE PARIS CREEN,

tomers a reliable article at very lowest price. We always make it a point to test our Green before setting it, therefore those who buy from us are never disappointed.

MACHINE OILS

-OUR STOCK OF-

a variety of Oils for all kinds of machinery, varying in price according to quality.

Best Canadian Coal Oil. Best American Coal Oil, always on hand.

POETRY.

HE WANTED PERFUMERY In the drug store of the village stood the

Was a certain never-falling cure for nearly every

In the room the smell of native drugs, and those Made war upon the nostrile, led by assaicatida-This is the difference in baying direct A drug with such an ofor that if held up to the from the manufacturers rather than from

Of a marble Julius Carear 'twould provoke a wild the time, at that !" said Harry Harcourt,

middle-ared, round-shouldered man, dyspep- woman, with a bitter smile. Who, after looking 'round awhile and clearing out his throat.

Drew a bottle from a pocket in the lining of his And said. "My darter Tilds Jane sent long with | Harcourt, that there was a time when I | followed by a season of quietude, but when

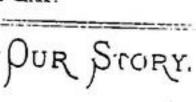
Put on their clothes when they dress up to meet

So fill it up with somethin' that would in the the Turn up her nose with raptur if she emelt of like so many stinging bees in swarming | ment.

With Waltham Movement. Was not mer sured out in quantities and sold like olor sweet and keen.

And was retailed at a dollar - twis the less that

Shall her to do the best she can with cloves and



HARRY HARCOURT'S DREAM

Harry Harcourt was not given to dreaming on ordinary occasions; in fact, he seldom dreamed at all, for he was a sound sleeper, with a stomach like an alligator's room. and a conscience like a baby's.

An easy conscience and a good digestion are the best promoters of healthy sleep the world over, and I do not wonder that Harry Harcourt had a hobby. Most practical and impractical people have hobbies. ! to that. She split a piece of pitch pine My hero's hobby was the imaginary finan- into splinters and soon had a roaring fire cial, political, legal and every way possible; and a red-hot oven. In her haste to presuperiority of men's responsibilities over pare the meal before the baby should women's duties in raising a family and awake and cry, she burnt her meat and providing for the household.

Mrs. Harcourt was a pale little woman crust on her biscuit. with a big family. Pale little women are They are like decaying apple trees-exposition to early death.

ruddy, rollicking, jolly little romping fellows, whose knees would peep through their trousers and whose elbows would get ragged in spite of their mother's untiring "If I had nothing more to do than you

have. Mrs. Harcourt, I am sure I would keep the children's jackets and trousers in order," said Harry Harcourt one day, when And we can guarantee our cus- Ben and billy came rushing into the treat unfurnished farm-house, driving a tandem team of the other boys, and racking mud upon the newly mopped floor. The boys waked the baby, who had just

fallen to sleep after an hour of incessant rocking while the mother had wearily plied the needle; and they upset her work-basket in a heap as they galloped around the room in high glee. Harry always said, "Mrs. Harcourt."

when he meant to be extremely dignified. Mrs. Harcourt was not always as meek as she looked, and her husband had many a time discovered it to his cost. She had a will of her own when aroused, and Harry Harcourt had once more unwittingly is complete, and we can give you aroused her by riding his strongest hobby stop? directly athwart hen sense of justice, when . she was nervous from over-exertion. have, Mr. Harcourt, or if I had the control

> a while be able to buy the children something new to wear, so that they wouldn't and watching her. always have to depend upon patches." "That's all a woman knows about coonomy. You'd break me up in three months if you had free swing at my finances. New clothes for the children, indeed. Let them

wear their old ones !" .

muneration whatever, I would carn money | retire from the firm and give him a much and buy clothes for the children as fast as | needed lesson." they were needed; but I have to be cook, nurse, laundress, dish-washer, dairy-maid. scullion, mop-rag, needle woman and gen. he gazed at her she disappeared. eral scape-goat all the time, and all for the sake of being supported. It wasn't so

body for it, either." Mrs. Harcourt shook the screaming baby sors, spool and thimble. On the floor, till it grew silent from sheer exhaustion, and then laid it back in the cradle, while she renewed her efforts with her needle.

She was patching a pair of old and dirty trousers which had reached the vexatious | ed and mended by her patient fingers. He them presentable.

Mrs. Harcourt, and get along with less his pale-faced wife. money, and carry a rail on my shoulder all contemptuously.

had no cares and responsibilities, no wife | he tried the experiment it did not succeed. nor children to bother me, and nothing

"Would you like to be rid of me. The indignant husband did not answer | trembling silence. in words, but he gave yout to a prolonged

rollicking drive of boys skurried off into dress the children properly for Sabbath I know perfumery's mighty dear, and if that the woodshed, and the house was again school.

el, but the overturned contents of the up- cooking, and the baby's wailing cries rackset work-basket fairly appalled her as slie ed his nerves-strong and hearty as he was out at toes and heels and ragged in the strangle it. ribbing; shirts, minus buttons, with sleeves torn at the elbows, and wristbands frayed | him to prepare than breakfast. He whiptorn mitten, two school-books to cover, and | when they broke half of them into a shapea lunch-bag to supply with a new strap. less mass by letting the dishpan fall.

Mrs. Harcourt was far too conscientious | Harcourt went once more through the perto do any work on Sanday that could be plexing work of the morning in avoided, and all this amount of "easy, ir- kitchen. responsible work " must be finished before | And then came the washing. she could sleep.

Monday would bring another school day, | court never sat down to a cold dinner. other children," if their mother lost her a few days their clothes were out again, life in the effort to keep them scrubbed and and he could not patch them, nor could he fed and whole and clean.

The baby was nervous, like herself-no

wonder, poor thing-and was easily awakened from its fitful slumbers. There was no kindling wood for the kitchen stove, but Mrs. Harcourt was used

scorched her potatoes, and burned a heavy So the supper was indigestable-an unvery apt to be mothers of big families. usual thing-but Harry ate heartily and as usual retired early to rest, leaving his paleceedingly fruitful because of their predis- | faced wife to wash the dishes and scrub the children, and after they were safe in bed, Mrs. Harcourt's children were boys, apply herself to finish the huge basket of mending before the mantle clock should chime the hour of midnight.

Harry Harcourt felt a little auxious and a trifle mean as he watched her furtively and saw how very pale and weary she was ; but he was not the man to unbend from his fancied dignity, nor did he really believe that his wife deserved his sympathy. He lay upon his back in the bedroom adjoining, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the weary fingers of his pale-faced wife, as the hours went ou, her feet in the meantime keeping up a ceaseless rock, rock, rock, with the swaying cradle.

Harry Harcourt was uneasy. Perhaps it was his supper, perhaps it was his conscience. But his stomach and conscience were alike impervious to ordinary disturbances, and I leave the reader to guess the cause of his uncusiness. He raised up on his elbow and gazed out into the room where his wife was sewing.

Stitch, stitch, stitch; rock, rock, rock. Would the stitching and rocking never "But pshaw!" thought Harry Harcourt, "What right have I to be uneasy? A wo-

"If I had nothing more to do than you man's work is nothing. Let her stitch and let her rock. It's what women are alarm. of my own earnings as you do, I'd once in made for.' Still he could not help reclining there

The clock struch eleven, and still her

silent weary work went on; and, as Harry Harcourt gazed, he fancied that her entire reply. "I've been mending the children" brain and body became transparent, and clothes for three hours, while you've been could see himself reflected in her thoughts as he had never seen himself before, "Yes, "That's what they have been doing all yes," she soliloquized, and her mental along, Mr. Harcourt, and they were mostly thoughts thrilled his like electricity, "Harry be crasy! How could I get away, I'd like that you impose upon me without any re- bless him, he doesn't know. I guess I'll of washing, ironing, spinning, scrubbing book. Has it on its back.

And she bent low over the cradle and

kissed the sleeping baby, and even while What had become of her? Harry Harcourt arose from his couc

when I was a school-ma'am. I had my and put on his clothes and approached the own money then, and no thanks to any. cradle reverently and cautiously. Near was her low rocking-chair, and by its side After delivering herself of this tirade, the heaped-up work-basket, and her sciswhich was yet damp from the after supper mopping it had received when the children and himself were in bed, lay a promiscuous array of old clothes, washed, ironed, patchage that required patch upon patch to make gathered up the worn garments one by one, and as he touched them, felt that they "I could do more work than you do, were warm with the wasted life-forces

The night passed away, morning, rose ate and radiant; beamed in at the curtained window where Harry Harconrt "Could you, now !" asked the pule little | watching. The baby awoke and began its usual wailing cry. He tried hard to pacify "Of course I could. Women have no it with the nursing bottle his wife had proresponsibilities. I support my family and I vided the night before, but it refused to be bear all the burdens of life. I can remem- | comforted. He remembered seeing its ber, too, since reflections are in order, Mrs. | mother shake it into a few extra screams;

The other children were up by this time, clamoring and hungry and cold. knocked them to the right and left, with his open hands, and scolded them into

"Where's my mamma?" whistle and left the house, banging the The unauswerable question was repeated door after him with a vim that jarred the over and over till Harry Harcourt grew whole house and set her nerves a-tingling | frantic with suspence, grief and bewilder-

The pile of mending had not been all The baby subbed itself into a grieved and | completed, and the many missing buttons uneasy slumber, he tandem team and made it very inconvenient for him to Ordinarily, he was a good sort of a man; The breakfast was a complete failure. In a little while the trousers were mend. The children could not eat his primitive

at the edges ; jackets with linings torn and | ped Ben and Billy to make them wash the pockets worn into shrels, more trousers, a dishes, and whipped them even harder fluid, he had solemnly declared that she

less night with the wailing baby, Harry

and it would also bring about the inevitable | The children skulked into the corners and washing. The children "must look like | fairly forgot to play at tanden teaming. In get away from the house to earn or even Mrs. Harcourt tiptoed softly out of the buy new ones. His own gambuts grew buttouless and his food was unsupportably

> glass, he found himself growing pale, like the whole of it !- jest exposed to every bit his vanished wife. "No wonder she grew and grain of that terrific storm! Why, white and thin, poor thing," he sighed have to carry all this responsibility on my shoulders without assistance." "Nobody ever helped mamma," said Billy, and he dodged behind the cradle to

avoid being buffeted for his temerity. "That is true." thought Harry Har-And then his health began to fail? and his strength forsook him, and his head sched, and his temples throbbed, and his feet grew sore and weary, and he felt him-

self sinking, sinking into the "What will become of the poor children when I am gone?" he thought next Saturday evening, as he wearily stitched, stitched till midnight. "But I deserve no better fate than my present lot, and I have no reason to complain if I do suffer. I never appreciate Panny. Poor thing! If I only had her back I'd give her the free and equal possession and use of everything on the plantation. She should have helpplenty of it-and all the money she needed to spend or save, as her own sense would indicate, and I'd never call myself the responsible head, provider and supporter of the family, nor accuse her of having nothing to do-no, never. "But it's too lafe now. She's gone, and I'm left to carry the load that I would never acknowledge was a load when she had to carry it."

The baby had cried harder and louder hear. than ever, and Harry Harcourt felt himself sinking lower and lower in health and strength, till finally he fell sprawling upon the floor, from which he rose at last, rubbing the "crazy-bone" of his right elbow, and staring around the room in a state of semi-consciousness.

"What in the world's the matter, Harry Harcourt?" asked his pale-faced wife in "Are you really there, Fanny?" he asked, eagerly. "I thought you were dead,

"No, Harry, I'm not dead yet, but I shall be before long at this rate," was the " And you haven't been away at all?"

and taking care of the baby. I've too. many responsibilities here to think of going away, unless death calls me. And, to tell you the truth; Harry, I don't think it will be very long before I am called, for my strength is failing rapidly and I have frequent sinking spells. I have felt a halfdozen times to-night as if I would sink through the floor. But then it isn't any matter. Maybe when I'm gone you can get a wife who can manage better and spare you the humiliation of seeing your

children out at the knees and clows." "Wife, your husband has been a confounded selfish, short-sighted idiot, and you've been a silent, suffering angel !" exclaimed Harry Harcourt, clusping her in his strong arms, and seating himself in her rocking-chair with her hand resting on his bosom! "I've had a dream. dear, and I've lived through a whole week of your daily life in the last three hours, and I swear to you, by all that's holy, the t if I live till Monday morning there will be strong help provided for you in the kitchen, and you shall have all the money you want to buy clothes for you and the children. And I'll never say again that you have nothing to do. Why, there isn't a man in America who could live as long as you have and do the work that you have done for the last ten years, or ever since we've been mar-

"The work is the very smallest part of my trials, Harry. I've been a mother to all these children in that time, you know." Harry Harcourt hadn't thought of that before; but he considered it how. And he became at once a strong and earnest advocate of equal rights for men and women, with the added right of women to protection from hard labor while bearing chil-

you want to hear an unanswerable rgument upon the woman question at any time, you've only to say in my hero's hearing that women are supported by menwhile men make the living. In short, he has swapped his old hobby-horse of masculine supremacy for the new and perfect one of feminine equality. His common pale-faced wife has regained her old-time girlish grace and ruddiness, and there is no better managed household in all the land than hers. Harry Harcourt did not buy the thousand-dollar horse he had set his heart upon, but he restored in its stead the happy, loving heart that had well nigh estranged from him throughout his former acts of greed and selfishness.

A Milkman's Explanation.

I will call his name John Dodger, simply and I could not positively declare, or affirm. that he was not a saint. But, he was a milkman, and I believe that milkman, like other men, have their human weakness.

The widow Lumminger was an excellent contemplated the promiserous pile-socks -till he was desperate enough to almost out a somewhat precarious existence by

keeping boarders. Dinner was a more perplexing meal for | John Dodger supplied Widow Lumminger with milk, and when the good woman should have pure milk, and nothing else; It was almost supper time, too, and this | Monday came at last, and after a sleep- to fear that her milk was not always exactand yet, the good woman at length came ly what it should be. It happened, upon a certain morning, that the milky fluid was particularly suspicious, both in color, and in consistence. It had a blue, ethereal look. In short, it looked scatery; and on A wearier, crosser man than Harry Har-, the very next morning she made it in her way to see that milkman; and with much effort, and sincere regret, she made known

her fears and suspicious. "O !-ah !-yes !-Yesterday's milk ?" said Dodger, with surpassing frankness and urbanity. "I noticed it myself. Poor cows! I pitied em! indeed, I did, Mrs. Lumminger. You remember that awful rain,-and the thunder and lightning ! When Harry Harcour: looked in the Well,-them poor cows was out through bless yer dear soul! the poor creeters got "I shall die before many days if I soaked through and through! Mercy on. us! Do you wonder their milk got teched, jest a grain, with the dreadful soakin'?" "Sakes alieve! Poor things!" And the

widow wiped a tear from her eve and was But thereafter John Dudger was careful when he came to the widow's door, to select a can, on the broad wooden stopper of which was a single X made with chalk, while the woman next door, who had never complained, got her fluid from a can marked X. I would not dare to affirm what those X's meant, But John Dodger knew: and in seasons of severe drought. when the cows gave but little milk, he had stoppers marked as high as XXX!

Pearls of Thought.

Hope is the brightest star in the firms. ment of vouth. He who knows most, grieves most for

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. A friend dannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret

desire of receiving greater benefits. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to A philosopher being asked to define of

quarrel, said: "It is usually the termination of a misunderstanding." Only that is truly beautiful which either has within it the element of growth, or suggests vital energy as its cause.

A man without ambition is like doughwithout leaven in it to make it rise.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give. Life does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and the setting of the

"Young Politican" writer "Why does "I been away? Why, Harry, you most a State have a Legislature?". My dear made of old clothes in the first place. If I thinks he is the head of this family, and to know? With all these backs to clothe State, every time. Has it by the throat, was only free from all the unpaid drudgery its only provider, stay and support. But and all these mouths to feed, to say nothing by a large majority. Has it by the provider