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H. P. MOORE,

THIS PAPER may be found on Hie at Geo. P. rertising Bureau (N Spruce BL) where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., ber of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Fred-LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S.,

erick St., Acton.

In town, Unt

H. E. WEBSTER, M.D., C.M., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.-Physician, Surgeon, OFFICE: Mill St. RESIDENCE-CLYPRELL'S Hotel Acton .

eases of women and children. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George-

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TOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE OF ON TARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO Veterinary, Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Officein Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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Acton office, in Mrs. Secord's Block. TOHN DAY. ARCHITECT.

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Ontario. OTHER Queen's Hotel Block, Market, LIVINGSTON, LLB., BERISTER,

SOLICITOR CONTETANCER, &C. OFFICE:-Next door to Hynds' Jewellery Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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lington Street, East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto. JOHN BAIN. Q. C. C. A. MISTEN. WILLIAM LAUDIAW. GEORGE KAPPELE. W. B. BRAGG.

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DATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.

HENRY GRIST, OTTAKL, CANADA. 2) Years Practice. No Patsat, No Pay

BRANCIS NUNAN. Successor to T. F. Chapman, BUOKBINDER. St. George's Square, Guelph.

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

WYM. HEMSTREET.

Licensed Auctioneer. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton, Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

Money to Loan. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest,

in sums of \$500 and upwards. T IME FOR SALE.

Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's

mill, or to C. S. SMITH. Box 172, Acrox May, 1st, 1882.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP.

Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Forster as a medical office, and solicits the patronage of this Every department of the business

will be conducted in first-class style. Give Near Petrie's New Brug Stere. J. P. WORDEN.

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

\$1.50 if not se paid

ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1884,

Whole No. 472.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y., company, to be considered an advertise- STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.

BANKERS

Terms.-\$1.00 in Advance.

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Acton,

GENERAL BANKING BUSI-NESS TRANSACTED.

Ontario.

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-OFFERS CHOICE-Lemons, Oranges. Red Bananas, Pincapples. Strawberries, Cocoanuts

Pure Maple Syrup, -TELL LINE OF-Fresh Canned Coods

Dates.

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I am making ice cream this season by a new recipe, which every one pronounces equal to any to be had in the city. Having refitted my Ice Cream Parlor, I

am in a position to give good satisfaction to parties wanting Cool Drinks, or Ice Cream by the dish or quart. AFPic-nic Parties supplied at reason-

able rates. Please Give Me a Call. Everything Fresh.

Everything Cheap. A. E. MATTHEWS. Acton Fruit Depot.

LARDINE MACHINE OIL

T ARDINE HAS BEEN AWARDED Cold and Silver Medals

WHEREVER EXHIBITED.

SAVE MONEY BY USING LARDINE. Es Will ontwear Lard or Seal Oil and

warranted not to orw. Manufactured letter in her hand. only by McCOLL BROS.

TORONTO. For Sale in Actou at J. E. McGARVIN'S DRUG STORE.

WALL PAPER. WINDOW SHADES. BABY CARRIAGES,

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DAY SELLS CHEAR.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

Watch, Clock, Jewelry & Spectacle

HOUSE.

Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Large Stock. - Prices Right.

Special Attention to Fine Watel Repairing.

B. SAVACE

Acton Free Bress.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1884.

POETRY

THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." "Lord help ar to make a these COMPLETE FACTIFICE."

Notes Discounted and Interest | Laid on Thine alter, oh my Lord divine, Accept MY gift THIS day, for Jesu's sake have no jewels to adorn thy shrine, Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make,

But here I bring within my trembling This war of wax-s thing that seemeth And thou alone, oh Lord, can'st under-How, when I yield thee this, I yield ur

Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can Struggles of passion-Visions of delight-ALL that I HAVE, OF AM, OF PAIN WOULD BE,-Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings in-finite:

It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it Now from Thy footstool where it vanquish-

The prayer ascendeth, may Thy will be The blessing BY FAITH I receive from above, O Glory, MY soul IS MADE PERFECT in love; My prayer His prevailed, and THIS moment

The blood is applied, I am whiter than decling of apprehension.

PUR STORY.

ONE MIDSUMMER EVE

EY E. B. A Bloomsbury lodging; on the second floor, too. Everything looks dingy, mellowed down to that uniform brownish hue.

the combined result of London smoke and 'smuta." Yet it is a pretty little room for all that, with a decided air of being habitually ten-

anted by refined occupants. A cheap but artistic-looking cretonne covers the furniture, and a few excellent prints and well executed oil paintings

adorn the walls. One ray of the sunlight of this glorious midsummer eve makes its way through the chimney pots opposite. It peeps into the room, making a glory and a bright spot of olor on a pescock's fan, and glints lovingly upon the golden hair of a girl who sits on a low, carved old chair, with an open

She is about nineteen or twenty, slight and graceful-looking, with a mass of golden hair crowning a small, exquisitely-shaped head, well set upon her shoulders. She wears a long, plainly-made, tightly-fitting dress of soft gray cashmere, with littl white ruffles at her throat and wrists, and the hands that hold the letter are small white, and daintily shaped. The face is oval, with just the faint suspicion of a faint shell-pink in the rounded cheeks, which deepens into a more vivid has in the

well-shaped lips. Dark blue eyes, starry as the passion flower, gleam from her long dark lashes, and such is Alison Harte, artist.

She takes up the letter again and reads it. It runs thus:-Moorfield, June 20th. "DEIR ALISON.-I daresay you have alnost forgotten the existence of your uncle John, as you have never written to me since your mother's death, six months sgo. friend of mine was in Loudon this season, and, of course, went to see the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the other day, when looking over his catalogue, I saw the name of Alison Harte, together with your address. I am very glad to find you have so far succeeded at your profession as an artist as to have your picture nung in the Boyal Academy. I am told is in Devonshire, the home of your mother's youth. You have never been there since you were a child, so the place must have made an impression upon you. It flatters an old man like me to think that some of the young people of the present day are not so utterly selfish and taken up with the

world but that they can find time to recollect the scenes of their childhood. "Should you care to renew your acquaintance with Devoushire, only say so. and I shall be happy at any time to see you at Moorfield. I trust your father is well. Just let me have a line to say you will come soon, and believe me, your affec-

tionate uncle. Such is the letter which Alison Harte

holds in her hand. Dearly she would like to accept her uncle's invitation, for the girl leads a hard life, coining her brains for her daily bread, working hard at her art, so as to keep a roof over her head and that of her father. The latter calls himself a "literary man." but in reality is a lazy, gin-drinking sot, doing a little hack press work now and again, for his proclivities are too well known for auyone to think of employing Rupert Harte regularly.

So he lives on the earnings of his daughter. He is her skeleton in the cupboard, and it is of her father she thinks as she site with her uncle John's letter in her hand. Bapidly she thinks over the state of her plendid finances. She hungers and yearns

feels she would like a blow in Exmoor Forest, or in the delicious Valley of Rocks her dear dead mother's native Devonshire. Suddenly she stands up, and takes small oil paintings from the top of the

bureau, and looks critically at them. She thinks for a moment, glances at the clock on the mantalpiece and sees it is

"Plenty of time," she soliloquizes. Chambers does not shut until very late, and I might get a couple of guiness for

She packs them up in a portfolio, and then, putting on her hat and a small black gray's inn-road. It is a good long walk, and Alison Harte

is tired by the time she reaches the dingy little shop, which she soon leaves, her portfolio lighter and her meagrely-filled purse just one sovereign and a half heavier. However, Alison Harte has not had much of the brightness of life. She knows

joy only by negatives-always thankful when "things are no worse"-so she feels comparatively glad that she has disposed of her little sketches for even so small a

It will be a help, she reflects, if she can

manage to go to her uncle's, at Moor-"Oh, Miss Harte!" The exclamation proceeds, from the grimy maid of all-work, as she meets Ali-

son in the dim hall when she arrives at the Bloomsbury lodgings after nine. "What's the matter, Jane?" she inquires, her heart standing still with some vague

"Your father, miss!" " Well ?"

"He's very ill, miss." This is a good-natured evasion of Jane's, who does not care to say Rupert Harte has been brought home helplessly intoxicated. Alison waits to hear no more. A burning flush of shame passes over her face and she hurriedly rushes up the stairs and

enters the sitting-room. Upon the sofa lies her father, in a state of stupor, his neckcloth removed, whilst tall man-a total stranger-stands by

He raises his hat as Alison enters the "I have to apologize for my seeming in-

trusion," he says, in a grave, pleasant voice : "but I found this gentleman taken ill in the street, and I have taken the liberty of bringing him home." "Thank you," says poor Alison, the

wave of shamed color again rushing over her face. "This is my father. I shall attend to him now." As she is speaking the gentleman glances

at the rough sketch which hangs over the He is about thirty years of age, tall and broad-shouldered, with a russet-brown beard, good, kindly brown eyes, and a

handsome mouth, which shows beneath his short moustache. "I am sure I do not know how to thank you," murmurs Alison, as he bows gravely reply to her former words. "You can thank me," he says, with

little smile, "by telling me if you are the painter of the sweet Devonshire landscape which is in this year's Academy. That is lay. the rough sketch of it, I fancy?" And he indicates the sketch over the

"I am Alison Harte and the painter of the picture," she replies, simply, "But look! There is something dreadful the

matter with my father." His face has become of a curious asher color, whilst a thin white line appears around his thin lips.

The gentleman gives one glance at him

and then says-"I shall go and fetch a doctor." But the rider on the pale horse has come and by the dawn of the midsummer day Alison Harte is an orphan.

The summer's glorious radiance has fled : Autumn is throwing her russet man tle over valley and upland, and Alison Harte, throwing her slender resources together, has come to Antwerp-the city of Rubens-there to study the work of the

She feels very lonely. Her eccentric uncle John she has offended, because she will not secept his proposal utterly to give up her art, and to become his housekeeper in the dull old Devonshire manor

Henry Staunton, the man who had acknowledge even to herself.

as she arrives from the studio one afterwith black. Alison takes it to her own room, leisurely opens it, her amazement

growing greater and greater as she pro-

It is from a firm of wall known London solicitors. Her uncle: John Mellish, of Moorfield, is dead, and he has left her sole heiress to the property, on condition tha she marries the only son of his old friend. Jacob Hemsworth, whose property joins

for a little brightness and bravery in her cision-does Alison refuse, the property goes to Jacob Hemsworth's son.

not been prepared for this. No, she cannot marry a man she does not know any. thing about. Her pure womanhood revolts against the idea of giving her hand without her heart, and of late it has occurred to

her that her heart has gone out of her own Alison Harte sits down and writes to the awyers, quietly informing them that she does not care for property hampered with

such conditions. A week passes away, Alison is too reticent to make many friends, and, therefore, has not spoken of the lawyer's letter anyone. The devotes herself as usual to her work, and returns one late afternoon. Staunton waiting to see her.

She can scarcely restrain her emotion the sight of a friend. He takes her two hands in his, and,

"You are looking tired. Why, you look as though you could be blown away, you

Alison looks up at him. Instinctively

me sufficiently to be my wife?" A start and a quick flush is the only response. It is enough for Henry Staunton, solicits applause. Pride, therefore, makes and he folds her in his strong, sheltering | men disagreeable, and vanity ridiculous.

"And so, Alison," he says, tantalizingly you were fond of me all along?" "What do you mean?" she inquires. "Did you not refuse Moorfield because

it was burdened with Jacob Hemsworth's " How do you know ?" "I know a good many things," he says, ooking down at her sweet face; "more than you do, for you did not know that I am Jacob Hemsworth's son; but I loved

am Henry Staunton Hemsworth." "Yes," she replies, softly, her heart filled with great joy, "I could not think of marrying anyone else, because I loved prentice you to a blacksmith.",

you, and wanted you to love me for myself.

home, the happy wife of Jacon Hemsworth's son.

Agricultural Briefs. Cattle are the basis of all good husbandry. Our pioneer farming, in this country, is grain after grain, crop after crop, draft after draft, until Nature's cashier writes, unmistakably, "No funds in the bank,"

on, to the ruin of more fresh fields. The first steps in underdraining are the most costly. It is then that the larger main drains are to be dug and laid, and this is expensive in proportion to the benefit. Where money is scarce it is better to make small drains into a brook or other natural outlet and defer the more expensive job until the first drains have earned the money to accomplish the larger out

and then the pioneer often sells and moves

Before concluding to sow a patch of buckwheat it is well to look ahead and calculate what crops are to succeed it the following season; Corn and wheat will not do well after buckwheat, and as for oats or barley the previous crop will appear as a weed, and greatly decrease the value of the crop when threshed. Buckwheat getting

into land requires two or three seasons its entirely eradicate. If Canada thistles are plowed under mid-summer, just before getting into blossom, it will sometimes entirely destroy thepatch. The plant at this stage is full of sap, that rots it so rapidly that the enseebled root cannot recover. Of course the top should not be cut off but turned to the bottom of the furrow with a chain attached to the plow. Buckwheat sown on the newly turned furrew will help to smother the

Ornamenting School Grounds.

It is pleasant to read the warm words spoken by good and infinential men in favor of planting school grounds not only for adornment and shelter, but for all the reasons for which pictures are put into school-books-to teach facts and to impress them by actual seeing, so that the lessons cannot be forgotted. No pictures can be brought her father home on the midsummer | quite so true or so fully detailed as the

Shakespeare's Autograph. It may be of interest to those who make the subject a study to know that there are only five genuine signatures of Shakespeare known to be in existence. One is in the London Library, the other in the British Museum, one attached to his will at Doctor's Commons, and two in possession of private collectors.

A Highland Proclamation. The following is a proclamation said to have been once issued at Kenmore;-"A ane time, ho yes! an' a twa time, ho yes! very weary and fagged, to find Henry | ha'e gotten the spoke (English), no persons, at no time after nor pefore, will pu' peats nor howk heather on my Lord Prestalappin's moss, or my lordship to pe surely will prought them pefore her to be peheatet, looking down at-her, says, in a concerned and syne hangt; and gin she'll come bask

till pe waar done till her nor a 'tat."

Pride and Vanity. No two qualities in the human mind are she feels a rest and a shelter in the grasp | more essentially different, though often of his strong hands, and as the looks at | confounded than pride and vanity. The him for that brief instant, there is a proud man entertains the highest opinion look in his kind eyes which she cannot of himself; the vain man only strives to infuse such an opinion into the minds of "Alison," he whispers, bending over others. The proud man thinks admiration her, "I have come for you. Can you love is due; the vain man is satisfied if he can but obtain it. Pride, by stateliness, demands respect; vanity, by little artifices,

The Old Man Sized Him Up.

Old Man-" My son, you don't appear to know any more after your four years at college than you did when you started." Young man-"Why, I was No. 1 in sym-

nastics." "Gymnastics don't earn bread and but-"But see what splendid physical health have. I just tell you what, the gymnastic professor did not let any grass grow

under our feet. There's not a young man as I gained at college." "Ah! in that case it is all right. I'll ap

One midsummer eve the young mistress Wise Bits. Moorfield returned to her mother's old It is not what we carn, but what we save that makes us rich.

> It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us useful. It is not what we read, but what we renember, that makes us wise. More money and less credit will bring more happiness and less misery.

It is not what we cat, but what we digest that makes us strong. It is not a few faint wishes, but a lifeong struggle that makes us valient. The reefs on which mankind are wrecked are not confined to old ocean. Wall

Street has some very deadly ones. He took the Trousers.

"Them pants is too short," said a huckster who was bargaining for a pair of trous-"But dey vill stretch, my frent, dey vill stretch. Yust hang veights on de legs und stretch dem efery night, dot keeps de pags ud af de knees."

"They are too dark," continued the 'Dark," said the dealer : "vat matter s dot? De color ish not fast, und dey vill fade dree shades in two days." "They are too wide in the legs," objected

the huckster, and the accommodating deal-

"Vell, ven you stretch dem de long vey

er in accommodating garments said :

ton's dey get schmaller side ways. De more you rears dem de petter dey fits you. "Look at that big grease spot," said the particular buyer. "Oh, dot's noding," said the dealer. "You vill haf dem all ofer vaggin creese in less as von week. I drow off ten cents

for dot spot. You take them for a tollar vorty." He took them.

Take It Home.

A level-headed newspaper man comes down as follows :- "We presume that some people think that newspaper men are persistent duns : let a falmer place himself in a similar business position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose he raises eve, she had seen very often, and then his living objects, which are each a volume in a crop of one thousand bushels of wheat, visits suddenly ceased, and left an aching | themselves, turning new views to the observed and his neighbor should come to buy a void in her life which Alison would not | er continually. There is an increasing | bushel, and the price was only the small advocacy of this excellent sort of school sum of two dollars, or less, and his neigh-"A letter for you, Miss Harte," says equipment; and we must hope that there bor says, 'I will pay you the sum in a very the servant of the yeasion where she boards, is increasing practice of it, especially since few days.' As the farmer does not want several leading firms have published their to be a small man he says, 'all right.' readiness to supply seeds and plants for Another comes in the same way, until the he's schooling enough." It is official-looking, and it is bordered schoolyards planting at almost no cost, cer- whole of the thousand bushels are gone out tain conditions to sexure them being obser- to one thousand different persons, and not ficial; "I did not finish my education unved. One speaker on this subject lately one of the purchasers concerns himself til I was three and twenty !" said that the children must be depended about it, for it is a small amount he owes upon for the ornamentation of the country. | the farmer and of course that bould not It is time then to begin their lessens. help him any. He does not realise that Another writer says that sanitary improve- the farmer has frittered away his crop of ment, especially as regards compools, now- wheat in little dribbles, and that he is ers, etc, should have its first patterns on the escionaly embarrassed in his business beschool grounds, whence it would spined pages his debtors treat it as a little matter. through towns and homes. Every belook But if all would pay it promptly, which board, wherever it is possible, should un shey could do as well as not, it would be a But a sheleday of sportfished, shifteenting that account iticlade at least one objects. very large amount to the farmer, and on the landmarks, define over the designation of the children should, by all massage have difficulty. The above comparison is too interest the landmarks, define over the deficiency of the children is too interest the landmarks, define over the deficiency of the children is too interest the landmarks.

Something no other has written, Something no other has read. Something no other could think of Something no other could say,

Send me some wish for my birthday, Others will send kind words. Theirs are like "tales of repeated." Yours are heart notes of birds. Bend me some wish for my birthday-Something to gladden and cheer, Something to think of, to hope for,

Gems of English Prose.

The more we help others to lear their burdens the lighter our own will be. It is as great a point of wisdon to hide

have enough to satisfy him.

machinery, but the friction. It is more important to discover a new

source of happiness on earth than a new plant in the sky. Happiness is a fruit which, if it grows

not at our own homes, we need not expect The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there we certainly cannot be happy elsewhere.

circle to see a happy fireside. We should take a brudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day.

Grains of Gold. Heligion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent relf-sacrifice and quiet

There are always a few who believe in the quadrature of the circle and the per-Life consists in the alternate process of

Who is wise? he that learns from every one. Who is powerful? he that governs his passions. Who is rich? he that is con-

capital plowman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper because

in the country with such a stock of muscle | She was artless and she was kind. He was a married man, blessed-or the opposite, as the reader may determinewith an extremely jealous wife. One evening, not long ago, he seized a chance opportunity to do escort to a charming miss of sweet 16, whose blue eyes and dark drooping lashes exercised a glamor over every man who happened to come within range of their charm. At last her home was reach-

> maiden turned her lovely orbs full upon him and said : "I'm so grateful for your kindness, sir !"

> ed, and as they paused at the gate the

"Don't mention it. I beg of you," he ejaculated gallantly. Very likely the unsophisticated maiden misunderstood the motive of his remark. for she quickly answered in a reassuring

"Oh, I certainly won't sir, as long as

"I Told You So." An old lady who was in the habit of boasting after the occurrence of any event that she had predicted it, was one day " sold " by her worthy spouse, who got tired of hearing her continual "I told you so."

his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old oow has gone and eaten up the grind-The old lady, was ready; and, hardly

citement, he dropped into a chair, elevated

ways would let it stand out of doors." Pearls of Thought. God is great, and therefore he will be

sought; God is good, and therefore he will

The Gospel is not simply a philosophy of religion or law of life, but it is an apocalypse, showing the heavens to our thought,

"Why," said Mrs. Winslow, "he was

Mrs. Winslow, who heard this remark, looked at the School Board man amoment. and then explaimed,-"Lor, lor !- you don't mean to say you

A single mon delas mbo cares for it!

SUITO ME SOUCE WHEEL Send me some wish for my birthday-Something no other has said,

Something from your heart to my heart, Something to brighten the day.

All through my new dawning year.

Temper is so good a thing that we should

ignorance as to-discover knowledge. A man of the world may have enough of the world to sink him : but he can never

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. it is not the revolution that destroys the

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family

because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

carning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all. Perhaps your master knows what a

you do the plowing so well.

ive, if you don't wish me to!" Rushing into the house, breathless with ex-

waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs.

"I told you so, I told you so. You al-

The great ends of life are best gained by him who in all his conduct is animated by the love of Christ. Christian charity is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing-for it has the

and so bringing its spiritual benedictions to every heart and life.

courage to refuse.

Such a Thickhead. A School Board man called to see why Johnny Winslow had not been to school

thirteen years old last week, air ! I'm sure "Bohooling anough |" exclaimed the of-

were such a thickhoad as that?" The official did not reply.