

# 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, 7 1/2c, worth 12 1/2c.
- Those beautiful Celestial-Lustered Dress Goods to be rushed off at 12 1/2c, former price 25c.
- 10 dozen Ladies' Silk Square ties, 25c, real price 51c.
- Lace Shawls, 75c, worth 82c.
- One dollar Parasols for 60c.
- Millinery, Mantles, Groundsuits, Black and Colored Silks at half price at the Great Guelph Dry Goods Store, the Lion.

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

GUELPH, July 16, 1875.

# 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 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. O. BUCHANAN.

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

## THE CENTRAL STORE

Is the Place for Cheap Goods.

J. W. MANN'S

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.

Lowest Market Prices. Highest price paid for all kinds of Produce.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

## GREAT CLEARING SALE

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

ELEPHANT CLOTHING STORE, NO. 31 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

Cost and Under.

WM. RUTHERFORD & CO.

## 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

In Men's English and American Styles of Shoes and Gallers, and in Ladies' and Children's Gait, Kid and Prunella, which for Style and Durability cannot be equalled in the country.

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 Specialty.

Remember the Stand—Main St., opposite Dominion Hotel.

KENNEDY BROS.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

### BETTER BE HAPPY THAN RICH.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

Better be happy than rich, Riches bring sorrow and pain; Better to sew and to stitch, And enjoy the little you gain.

### A Good Story.

One winter's eve, a country stockkeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night and while standing in the snow outside putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected, than the rascal was lit upon, and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain stockkeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of lecture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the stockkeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, snatching his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and a roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I reckon, Seth, you ain't got no more butter now, on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow?"

Seth felt uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go.

The hesitation, however, was soon settled by the rightful owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner covered in by the pipes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the grocer sat down.

"Seth, we will have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Grocer, "this grocer," as he opened the stove door and shoved in as many sticks as the place would admit, "without it you would freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"No, till you have something warm, Seth. Come, have a story to tell you," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh, it is so hot here," said the thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down, don't be in a hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I have the pot to feed and the wood to split, and I must be going," said the persistent thief.

"But you mustn't leave yourself away in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cozy, you appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking pipes of hot toddy, the very sight of which in Seth's present situation, would have made his hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down with the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast, now, and you can better it your self," said the grocer with such an air of consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unassailable.

"Seth, here is a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? I reckon, don't you use hogs' fat, or common cooking butter to baste it with; come take your butter—I mean, your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his ninth was hermetically sealed up, as though he had been born dumb.

Struck after struck by the butter, some pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already spaked with the greasy overflow.

Walking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept poking wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright with his back against the counter and his knees almost touching the hot furnace before him.

"Cold, night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as though you were warm. Why don't you take off your hat? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No, I must go, I must go," said Seth, well as he could.

A greasy catarrh was pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that literally he was in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Yeppenter. "If you will go," and added, as he darted out of the door, "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have got of you is worth ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

How to Judge the Weather.—The colors of the sky, at different times, are a wonderful guide. Not only do a clear, unobscured blue sky, weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy.

A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral grey color, a fine, favorable sign in the evening; unfavorable one in morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine. If the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will fall. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual mist between wind and rain, while more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of sailing men.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

THE APPLE TREES. The apple trees stand in the garden now. Where the sunset slants on the west. The springing buds are all the spring. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit. And they bloom and bear their fruit.

### THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Every day brings its own burden of news concerning unhappy Spain. The Carlists telegraph day by day that they are achieving important victories, and the Alphonists assure the world that they have made several thousand prisoners and are pressing Don Carlos troops to the wall. And thus it goes, until the readers of newspapers begin to wonder the fate of the Carlists and end this eternal struggle for power by mutual annihilation.

It is not to be expected that the Carlists will be shortly expected to hear of hard fights, as the Madrid Government has every reason to expect of the Carlists, and the Carlists themselves will be anxious to make the most of their present advantages.

That the war will be brought to an end, however, in the slightest degree, is impossible to believe. The Carlists are now, it must be remembered, better equipped than at any previous stage of the struggle, and much better disciplined. And in the last resort they can break up into bands, and disperse among the mountains where it is impossible to follow them. But although the Carlists cannot be absolutely crushed, it may be considered much less desirable for the Carlist party for some time has been that the Carlists might become strong enough to descend in force to the plains and advance on Madrid. A mere guerrilla warfare would be annoying, but would ultimately die out of itself. It is to be hoped that some really active campaign will soon take place. The victory of either side would be better than the anarchy to which the nation is fast hastening.

A Novelist on the Teaching of Novels.

It is impossible to exaggerate the effects on the mind of the rising generation of works of imagination. They are the sermons of the present time, or, at any rate, the sermons which are listened to with the most interest.

They are the sermons in the hands of all—young and old, rich and poor, and professor and pupil. They are the sermons of both sexes. What did the young man learn from novels? Did he learn to be false and fraudulent, to deceive and to be indifferent to the respect of his honor and humanity? Or did he learn to be fair and honest in his dealings, to desire that which he fought to win for noble purposes, to be true, to be honest, and to be candid? And what did the girl learn? Did she learn to be bold, to be cunning, and to be exacting, or did she learn to be modest and affectionate, devoted to her duty and herself?

If she thought the world must have chosen the first of these two, she would find in the novels that she reads that the world is not so bad as she thought it was. The novelist had to deal with the bad as well as with the good; with things vile and vicious, as well as with things good and gracious; with the worst of mankind, as well as with the best. This, as a matter of course, was part of his duty as a teacher; how else could he draw the contrasts which were necessary for his lessons?

The question they should ask themselves was, did the novelist whom they knew make the vicious or did he make it alluring? Did they make honor and honesty attractive or unattractive? In point of fact, did they teach them to be true or false? Sir Walter Scott had drawn pictures of many villains of the blackest dye, but did any man or woman think that he taught a man to be false or a villain?

They all remembered the cutting pictures of Thackeray, in which he dissected the meanness of men and the meanness of women; but did any man or woman think that he ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.

They all knew Lord Frederick Verulam; but was there anybody who thought that a man or a woman was ever made mean by Thackeray's teaching? Dickens had drawn deep, do-anything usurers; but could any man or woman think that he had made any user by Dickens's teaching, or made a deep, designing villain in reading his works? He had described a set of foolish, facetious, idle and vicious young men.