

A MIDDEN CURE: A melancholy woman lay in sickness on her bed. And, in a faint and broken voice, To her sad husband said:

"Dear David, when my earthly form Has turned to lifeless clay, Don't wait to weep a little while, Nor throw yourself away."

"I know a woman kind and true, On whom you may depend, Oh! marry Annula Jones— She is my dearest friend."

"Yes, Hannah, I have waited long To speak of this before; For Annula Jones and I Have sinned the matter over."

"Then you an' Annula Jones, Have been too smart and sly; I tell you, David Wilkinson, I'm not a gonn' to die!"

Her dark eyes shined like stars, She left her bed of pain; A week had scarcely passed away When she was well again.

Mr. Throckmorton's Experience in doing Family Shopping.

Mr. Jasper Throckmorton, who lives out on Summer street, is the father of ten children. The other morning Mr. Throckmorton was just on the point of putting on his

coat, when he was called upon by Mrs. Throckmorton, who had been in the kitchen.

"Stop at Soder's and tell him to come up and fix the water pipe, and get a big tin dipper and bring it with you this noon. Don't tell them to send it, they'll forget it."

Mr. Throckmorton said he would, and then he put on his hat and started. As he reached the front door his eldest daughter shouted upstairs:

"Pa! pa! pa! Go to Greenbaum & Schrager's and ask Mr. Scott to give you two yards and a half of brown satin, cut on the bias, to match the dress I got last week; he'll know the kind. Bring it with you. I don't want

to see Mr. Throckmorton pausing with his hand on the door, said he would get it, and then he closed the door, and then he closed his eyes and his eldest son shouted from the sitting room:

"Father! The man was up here twice yesterday for the money for my new coat, and I just gave him a note to you and he'll call at the office today for his money, and will give you a pair of

new coats, and a dipper. Bring them up with you when you come to dinner."

Mr. Throckmorton kind of stifled a green-like, and saying he would attend to it, went out. As he passed down the porch steps his second daughter blushed out of a window and cried:

"Oh, pa, do stop at Parson's as you come to dinner and tell them to send a man to lay the new hall carpet when they send it to you, and you get ten pounds of cotton batting and bring it up with you for we want it right away and can't wait."

The parent paused with his hand on the gate latch, and with a visible effort promised to remember the errand and bring up the batting and opened the gate. But the voice of his younger son from the side yard caught his ear and held him for a moment:

"Pap, oh pap! Wait ten cents to pay for a winder I broke in the school-house, and I can't go to Sunday-school till I get a new hat and some shoes, and please can't I have a quarter to go to the picnic?"

Mr. Throckmorton silently registered a frowning for the broken glass, negative for the picnic, and said he would get the boots and hat. Then he turned to go, but as he passed down the street his six younger children came running after him:

"Oh, pa, don't forget to stop and see if the old umbrella's fixed, ma says."

"Stop at the dentists and see when he can fill my teeth."

"Bring my shoe home from the shoemaker, ma says."

"We can't be sure and tell the doctor to come to-day and vaccinate the baby!"

"Pap! Kin I go swimmin' in Hawk-eye creek, to night?"

"Oh, pa! gimme five cents to ride on the street cars."

"And Mr. Throckmorton went down town and amazed Fred Scott by telling him to cut him off about thirteen feet of water-pipe, on the bias, and he asked Mr. Parsons to let him have eleven dozen skeins of cotton batting and send him up a man with a tin dipper; he told

Dr. Cochran, the dentist, to come right up and fill the baby's teeth, and begged the doctor to hurry right away and put a half solo on the school-house window, and then he ran to the shoemaker's and asked (that) had vaccinated his little girl's shoe, and asked a street car driver by asking him for a bath ticket, and when the man came round with the cart and dipper he told him to make them up and lay them in the front hall, the girls would show him where. And by three o'clock in the afternoon he had got all round town that Mr. Throckmorton was drinking at his best as ever again, and hadn't drawn a sober breath all day.—Byington

Mr. Throckmorton said he would, and then he put on his hat and started. As he reached the front door his eldest daughter shouted upstairs:

The New Aristocracy. Ephraim, come to yer mudder, boy. What you been playin' wid de white folks chilum?

You is, hey! See Agnar, chyle, you'll look you old mudder's heart, an' bring her gray hairs in the grave wid yer recklessness an' carrage on wid oil asoyashuns.

Habn't I rised you up in the way you should ought to go? Yethim.

Habn't I bin blue an' tender wid you, an' treated you like my one chile, which you is? Yethim.

An' isn't I yer mater' detector an' gadson for de law? Yethim.

Well, den, do you s'pose I goin' to let yer mudder's heart be do white trash? No sah! I get in de house dis instep, an' if I ober catch you 'munisatin' wid de white trash any mo', fo' Lord, nigger, I'll broke yer black head wid a brick.

HEADACHE.—People who suffer much from headache will do well to ascertain whether it may not arise from shortsightedness, or farsightedness, or other defects in the eyes which cause continual irritation to the nerves. Relief from frequent and severe headache is sometimes obtained by wearing spectacles suited to the eyes of the sufferer.

To Keep Eggs.—Make a solution of borax water, a heaping teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a pint of boiling water; let it stand until the solution becomes warm, and then do not allow it to get so cool that the borax will crystallize; dip the eggs quickly then; keep in a cool place; the borax will crystallize around the egg, therefore keep out the air and preserve the egg.

It is said that the salaries of the Ottawa civic officials are to be reduced. Josh Billings says: "The mewl is a larger bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."

A North Carolina man has invented a new spark-arrestor, just as though the old one was selling down stairs to the girl to come to bed, and asking if that saphead intends to stay for breakfast wasn't efficacious enough.

While Mr. Shiras and a gang of men were blasting a rock in order to lower a mill-race, at Waabago, Ont., about nine feet from the surface of the ground they came across what is supposed to be gold; it appears to be plentiful in the rocks.

The consumption of horsedisch in Paris, begun during the reign of the Commune, is steadily increasing. During the past six months of the present year the butchers who deal in meat of this kind killed 5,283 horses, dockays, and mules, while during the first half of 1876 only 4,422 were killed. There are more than fifty shops devoted to the sale of this meat.

A cotton spinners' strike is imminent in the Bolton district of Lancashire. Unless an agreement between the masters and operatives is reached by Friday, ten thousand of the latter will be on strike, the majority of the men being unconnected with any union, and therefore not entitled to any assistance from this quarter while out of work.

Old Mr. Nunn, of Caledon, died very suddenly on Saturday, 18th inst. He had been in the garden doing a little work, and while Mrs. Nunn was preparing tea he went into his bedroom and lay down upon the bed. When tea was ready he went to call him, when he was found to be dead. His remains were interred on the following Monday. He was one of the first settlers in Caledon, and was a great sportsman in his young days, and had many a story of the chase in after years to relate.

A Mr. Bliss and his family, who have of late been creating a great excitement in Philadelphia by exhibitions of spiritualism, have been exposed. The representations of the "departed" including a wide range, varying from one "old Molly McCarthy" to the shade of "Captain Davis." These, however, were found to be all personated by members of the Bliss family, and in the cellar were discovered the disguises by which it was effected. Bliss is said to have been making not less than thirty dollars per night.

The Billd held up by Mr. Gladstone at the Carlton depending on "the climax and consummation" of the art of printing was printed at Oxford, bound in London, and delivered at South Kensington exhibition buildings literally within 12 consecutive hours. The book was printed, not from stereotyped plates, as has been erroneously stated by some of the morning papers, but from movable type, set up a long time ago and not used for years. The printers commenced to make their preparations soon after midnight, and the printing actually commenced at 2 p. m.; the sheets were artificially dried, forwarded to London, folded, rolled, collated, seen, subjected to hydraulic pressure, gilded, bound, and taken to South Kensington before 2 p. m.

Advice Gratis. Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can.

Every man ought to help his neighbor, if he can.

Every man ought to get married, if he can.

Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can.

Every wife should please her husband, if she can.

Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue, if she can.

Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth, if he can.

Every man and woman should mind their own business and let other people's alone, if they can.

DIAMOND OUT DIAMOND.—A lawyer diving along a country road asked a woman who was walking in the same direction which way he had to turn to reach B.—The woman gave him instructions, and he added that she was going in that direction, and would point out the way. "All right, good woman," said the lawyer, "jump up; better had company than none." After jogging some miles further, the woman descended and thanked him for the drive. "Have I much further to go or I reach the B—road?" asked the limb of the law. "Oh, you are past it two or three miles back," was the answer, "but as I thought bad company better than none, I brought you on."

A Canadian family of twelve children at Englewood, Tex., has 288 fingers and toes, though the two parents belong to the ordinary ten-toed species. Each of the children has six toes on each foot and five fingers and a thumb on each hand, and school teachers who endeavor to illustrate the decimal system by setting their thumbs on their fingers find themselves scally out in their reckoning.

"How much do you ask for twenty three cent stamps I desire?" inquired Barney Drumgoole at the Post Office window. "Sixty cents," replied the croaker. "Don't you make any reduction at all for buying them that way?" "No," "Say half a dollar now?" "I can't make any reduction." "I'll give you fifty cents." "If you don't want to buy stamps at the regular price go away and make room for other people," said the official savagely. "Well, you needn't get mad over it," said Barney, as he handed over the money. "Sure they might offend an' struck-up like him Post Office people are. Fair now, as some of the people as have money wud start an' opposition Post Office an' be more accommodatin', they'd take the heat for the business away from them, so they wud."

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J. D. WILLIAMSON & CO. Guelph, July 18, 1877.

POST OFFICE STORE ACTON.

The subscriber having again gone into the grocery business, would intimate that he has always a full line of goods usually kept in first class grocery houses, fresh, and of the best quality, such as—

Black's Breakfast Congee, Cocoa, Flour, Raisins, Apples, Canned Goods, Groceries, etc. List of various goods available at the Post Office Store.

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