

THE
Acton Free Press
is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.
AT THE FREE PRESS
PRINTING & PUBLISHING
WORKS,
Next to the Methodist Church,
Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

Acton Free Press.

TERMS—\$1.00 in Advance.

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

\$1.50 if not so paid.

Volumes. VI. No. 51.

ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881.

Whole No. 330

THE FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postpaid, for \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid. No paper sent until payment is received. Payment in advance is the only mode of payment. The paper is published every Thursday morning, except on public holidays. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid. The paper is published every Thursday morning, except on public holidays. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid.

THIS PAPER is published every Thursday morning, except on public holidays. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid. The paper is published every Thursday morning, except on public holidays. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid.

W. H. STOREY & SON,
ACTON, ONT.
Glove Manufacturers,
The best description of Gloves and Mitts in every variety of material and style are manufactured by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Geo. P. Rowell & Co's
Sole List of Local Newspapers.

THE MUTUAL LIFE
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.
Government Deposit over \$90,000.00.
Policies on the "Reserve Fund Plan" issued by this Company only (and copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance. The Policyholder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, &c.

MANHOOD
Is the Loss of
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Carter's "Manhood" medicine. It is a permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental Prostration, Impotency, etc. It is a permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental Prostration, Impotency, etc. It is a permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental Prostration, Impotency, etc.

HELLO.
Agents can make more money selling our new "Telephone" than in any other business. Send for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits. Address, E. S. TELEPHONE CO., 129 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

H. H. KITTREDGE,
BANKER,
ACTON, ONTARIO.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

W. H. STOREY & SON,
ACTON, ONT.
Glove Manufacturers,
The best description of Gloves and Mitts in every variety of material and style are manufactured by us.

STORY'S EUREKA
SPRING GLOVE FASTENER, PAT.
We are sole Patentees and Inventors of Story's Eureka Spring Glove Fastener, which is acknowledged the most perfect fastener in use. Patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

TO ADVERTISERS.
Geo. P. Rowell & Co's
Sole List of Local Newspapers.

THE MUTUAL LIFE
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.
Government Deposit over \$90,000.00.
Policies on the "Reserve Fund Plan" issued by this Company only (and copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance. The Policyholder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, &c.

MANHOOD
Is the Loss of
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Carter's "Manhood" medicine. It is a permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental Prostration, Impotency, etc. It is a permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental Prostration, Impotency, etc. It is a permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental Prostration, Impotency, etc.

HELLO.
Agents can make more money selling our new "Telephone" than in any other business. Send for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits. Address, E. S. TELEPHONE CO., 129 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

HELLO.
Agents can make more money selling our new "Telephone" than in any other business. Send for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits. Address, E. S. TELEPHONE CO., 129 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

HELLO.
Agents can make more money selling our new "Telephone" than in any other business. Send for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits. Address, E. S. TELEPHONE CO., 129 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

LAWSON BROS.
Flour and Feed Store,
and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of

FLOUR
—OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING—
Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour,
Graham Flour.

MEALS
Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, Bran, Corn Shorts, Fine Shorts, Chopped Peas, Chopped Oats, Mixed Chops, Oats & Peas,
and all kinds of FEED usually kept in a first-class store.

MANHATTAN FEED.
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. Good for horses having Epizootic.

THE FINEST
Paper Hangings
Ever shown in Guelph

DAY'S BOOK-STORE,
Day gives his customers the advantage of a large stock to select from,
—WITH—
Borders to Match his Papers,
and special Low Prices.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.
VALUABLE Millage Property FOR SALE.

HENRY E. GRINLINTON,
House Painter, Grainer, Paper Hanger, and Decorator,
Is prepared to take contracts for Painting, Paper Hanging, and Kalsomining.
Orders promptly attended to in town or country. Terms Reasonable.

MONEY.
The undersigned has money at his disposal for discounting good, endorsed notes, at a reasonable rate of Discount.
JAMES MATTHEWS,
Acton, May 10th, 1881.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.
All parties indebted to the estate of the Late Reuben Adams, either by note or book account, are requested to call and settle their accounts forthwith.
D. W. CAMPBELL, Executor.
Acton, May 4th, '81.

THE FREE PRESS.
ACTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881.

MOTHER'S BLESSINGS.
Like smiles of love from heaven above,
The starry gleams are lying
O'er wood and hill and restless rill,
And willows softly sighing.
Still vine-embosomed, with roof o'er-mossed,
Near the old turnpike's bending,
The house appears where life's first years
Were passed, with joy attending.
Dear faces fair, fond hearts are there,
That long to give me greeting,
Yet for a while by his old stile
I tarry before the meeting.
Oh, tresses rare I know are there—
A sister and a brother!
The light of love all lights above—
The sweet smile of a mother.
Through far away our feet may stray,
Like torrent swiftly driven,
The heart will ever be yearning
For one dear spot, and oft in thought
To it will be returning.
Love never parts from faithful hearts,
No matter what lands there,
And stronger binds responsive minds,
Though broadest seas divide them.
The years may go with rapid flow,
Like torrent swiftly driven,
But time will prove the strength of love
That to the soul is given.
I pause no more; I've reached the door;
Like torrent swiftly driven,
Thank heaven for bliss for joy like this
For home and mother's blessing!

THE SQUIRE'S ADVICE.
"Yes, Squire, the Lord has blessed us in basket and in store, and we are proper thankful for all his mercies."
"Well, I'm glad to hear that you are so."
"I'm sure your brother feels just the same as you do. How will you take a little suggestion from me?"
"Well, I hope we are not above taking advice from anyone. Are you, brother Sam?"
"No, indeed, but you will allow, Squire Richards, that we know a little the most on farming matters."
"Yes, yes. Now you are both rich men and you ought to enjoy your wealth. You have children, and I don't believe you want them to work as you have done. Give them a taste of something better. In short I advise to get a piano, take one of the monthly magazines, and a newspaper or two."
"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" exclaimed Sam, the elder of the two.
"Do you think we talked all those years to get such things! I don't mean of course, Squire, but I'd just be encouraging idleness to follow your advice. What do you say, Joe?"
"I haven't thought about it yet, rejoined the other. "I wish you'd come over to the farm, Squire, and talk it over with Mary and me."
The gentlemen readily agreed and the two farmers walked home together.
"Joe Peters, I hope you remember what book learnin' did for Ben, exclaimed Sam! "Mother would have bin go to college, and he died as poor as poverty."
"I ain't so sure it was the learnin' that ruined Ben, Sam, but the spendin' so much that didn't go with the books."
"It's the same. He got his queer ideas out of books, you can depend upon it. If I send my boy and girl to school in the winter time I do my duty by them in the book line, I hope you won't do anything foolish."
"You need not worry about me, Sam. There is a good streak of your father's savin' in me; but I'd like to have my children enjoy life more than I have."
"You'll bring them to the poor house if you jump at every idea. Better listen to me, Joe."
Joseph Peters walked into his house with a thoughtful air. His wife looked enquiringly as he sat down beside her. There were people who said that Mary Prince would never make a good wife for a farmer, she was too high strung. "Evidently Sam thought so, for he choose a very different sort of a woman to manage his farm house. He never repented his choice; in fact he never thought of doing anything without her advice and consent. When he told her of the suggestion of Squire

OUR STORY TELLER
"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."
"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."
She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."
I subscribed for the paper. While testing one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of commissioners inviting bids for a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.
1. Alcohol is a poison. When pure, it will produce death as certainly and almost as quickly as prussic acid.
2. Alcohol is a product of fermentation, or decay. The Creator never made it. No plant produces it. No but-linguist affords it.
3. Alcohol is an irritant. It will blister the skin and produce inflammation of the stomach.
4. Alcohol is a narcotic. It paralyzes the nerves, and benumbs the sensibilities.
5. Alcohol destroys the blood. It dissolves the blood corpuscles, and thus impoverishes the vital fluid.
6. Alcohol causes heart disease, by changing the heart tissue to fat.
7. Alcohol causes apoplexy. It weakens the blood vessels, and causes congestion of the brain. Alcohol weakens the muscles. It has been proved by experiment that a man can lift less after taking a glass of whiskey than before.
8. Alcohol wastes vital force.
9. Alcohol causes consumption.
10. Alcohol lessens bodily heat. Travellers in the Arctic regions are obliged to be teetotalers.
11. Alcohol causes paralysis of the brain. A man who is dead drunk is temporarily paralyzed.
12. Alcohol hardens the brain.
13. Alcohol produces congestion of every organ of the body.
14. Alcohol hardens the liver, and renders it useless.
15. Alcohol produces its worst effects when taken in small doses.

At 20 years of age a man is sure that he knows everything; at 30 he begins to have grave doubts; at 40 he knows that there are some things he doesn't know; at 50 he is certain that he will never again know as much as he once knew.

Richard, she dropped her knife in astonishment.
"Oh, Joe! Can't we? Mamie is so fond of singing, and Joe and Lucy would read forever, if I'd let 'em!"
That settled it for him. Three weeks afterwards the front door opened wide to admit an elegant piano—Joe never did anything by the halves—and three curly heads bent over the beautiful illustrations in Harper's Magazine. Sam and his wife condemned the "folly" in loudst terms, but Squire Richards and the minister told Joe he had done a good thing.
Little by little a change crept over the meadow farm. A new atmosphere prevailed the house. Books and papers began to be a matter of course, and Mattie Richards was a frequent bearer of sheets of music to Mamie Peters. Farmer Joe's views altered. He found time to read now and then, and didn't find the moments wasted either. He had a way of dropping a newspaper in the hands of his wife after tea, much to Sam's disapproval, who told him there were a host of odd jobs might be done up while his hands were hanging round after supper. In fact it nettled Sam to see that his brother was such a favorite with the hands, and it was not pleasant to hear his wife repeat that Mary Peters had so much time to her self; or to hear his Jack or Dolly tell how much their cousins knew.
"Father," said Jack, "ain't I earn money 'bout the farm the way Joe does? His father lets him spend it for novel nice things, and he takes the Youth's Companion, and has bought a set of tools and bags of things he didn't."

"No, sir. If you want to read you'll have to borrow books, and I guess my tools are the best to work with, 'n I ain't a-going to leave you with papers in your hands until after your work is done."
"Well, I'm glad to hear that you are so."
"I'm sure your brother feels just the same as you do. How will you take a little suggestion from me?"
"Well, I hope we are not above taking advice from anyone. Are you, brother Sam?"
"No, indeed, but you will allow, Squire Richards, that we know a little the most on farming matters."
"Yes, yes. Now you are both rich men and you ought to enjoy your wealth. You have children, and I don't believe you want them to work as you have done. Give them a taste of something better. In short I advise to get a piano, take one of the monthly magazines, and a newspaper or two."
"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" exclaimed Sam, the elder of the two.
"Do you think we talked all those years to get such things! I don't mean of course, Squire, but I'd just be encouraging idleness to follow your advice. What do you say, Joe?"
"I haven't thought about it yet, rejoined the other. "I wish you'd come over to the farm, Squire, and talk it over with Mary and me."
The gentlemen readily agreed and the two farmers walked home together.
"Joe Peters, I hope you remember what book learnin' did for Ben, exclaimed Sam! "Mother would have bin go to college, and he died as poor as poverty."
"I ain't so sure it was the learnin' that ruined Ben, Sam, but the spendin' so much that didn't go with the books."
"It's the same. He got his queer ideas out of books, you can depend upon it. If I send my boy and girl to school in the winter time I do my duty by them in the book line, I hope you won't do anything foolish."
"You need not worry about me, Sam. There is a good streak of your father's savin' in me; but I'd like to have my children enjoy life more than I have."
"You'll bring them to the poor house if you jump at every idea. Better listen to me, Joe."
Joseph Peters walked into his house with a thoughtful air. His wife looked enquiringly as he sat down beside her. There were people who said that Mary Prince would never make a good wife for a farmer, she was too high strung. "Evidently Sam thought so, for he choose a very different sort of a woman to manage his farm house. He never repented his choice; in fact he never thought of doing anything without her advice and consent. When he told her of the suggestion of Squire

band, and a splendid boy that's coming to see his grandpa this summer. Then Lucy—now, Squire, she's graduated up to May bloom, but she's going to marry Tom Allen. He'll take the farm some day, and do better than F ever did."
"But Sam—she—I can't see, somehow. His wife died last week—clean worn out. Dolly's married a real good farmer, but she can't tend to much at home now, of course, and she has had to work same as her mother did. Jack is so moody that there is not a son that likes him. Poor Sam he's worn out too."
"Well, now, there's a reason for all my prosperity. Want to know it? 'Twas the piano, and the magazine, and the paper—after the Bible and spelling book. Now, do you think you are going to ruin after you have done all this for me! Don't say one word! 'Twas the piano, and the magazine, and the paper—after the Bible and spelling book!"

Lady Physicians.
WHAT IT WILL NEVER DO TO CALL THEM FOR A VERY SICK MAN.
A St. Louis medical college recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace, and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.
In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man if he is coughing 'twe the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was as sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is sick as a horse), the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female doctor fumbling around him, he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious, or feverish, with his mouth tasting like disease, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock.
Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to one hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever, when the old chillslain. Oh you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how much he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in, put her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of matrix blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner and look him in the wild changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose his tongue was coated to it looked like a yellow turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out fire or six inches of the lower part of the leg that female doctor put her finger on it to see how it looked? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hand under the bed clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor, oh there is no use of talking, it would kill a man.
Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right into his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats, to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—she will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and— Well, what would be doing all this time! If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from his temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move round to the back of his head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for good luck if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it to the bill. And then a reaction set in, and he would get as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over his nervousness, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.—Ed.

Lady Physicians.
WHAT IT WILL NEVER DO TO CALL THEM FOR A VERY SICK MAN.
A St. Louis medical college recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace, and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.
In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man if he is coughing 'twe the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was as sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is sick as a horse), the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female doctor fumbling around him, he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious, or feverish, with his mouth tasting like disease, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock.
Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to one hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever, when the old chillslain. Oh you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how much he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in, put her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of matrix blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner and look him in the wild changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose his tongue was coated to it looked like a yellow turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out fire or six inches of the lower part of the leg that female doctor put her finger on it to see how it looked? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hand under the bed clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor, oh there is no use of talking, it would kill a man.
Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right into his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats, to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—she will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and— Well, what would be doing all this time! If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from his temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move round to the back of his head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for good luck if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it to the bill. And then a reaction set in, and he would get as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over his nervousness, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.—Ed.

Lady Physicians.
WHAT IT WILL NEVER DO TO CALL THEM FOR A VERY SICK MAN.
A St. Louis medical college recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace, and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.
In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man if he is coughing 'twe the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was as sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is sick as a horse), the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female doctor fumbling around him, he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious, or feverish, with his mouth tasting like disease, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock.
Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to one hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever, when the old chillslain. Oh you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how much he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in, put her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of matrix blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner and look him in the wild changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose his tongue was coated to it looked like a yellow turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out fire or six inches of the lower part of the leg that female doctor put her finger on it to see how it looked? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hand under the bed clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor, oh there is no use of talking, it would kill a man.
Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right into his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats, to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—she will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and— Well, what would be doing all this time! If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from his temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move round to the back of his head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for good luck if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it to the bill. And then a reaction set in, and he would get as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over his nervousness, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.—Ed.

Lady Physicians.
WHAT IT WILL NEVER DO TO CALL THEM FOR A VERY SICK MAN.
A St. Louis medical college recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace, and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.
In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man if he is coughing 'twe the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was as sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is sick as a horse), the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female doctor fumbling around him, he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious, or feverish, with his mouth tasting like disease, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock.
Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to one hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever, when the old chillslain. Oh you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how much he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in, put her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of matrix blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner and look him in the wild changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose his tongue was coated to it looked like a yellow turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out fire or six inches of the lower part of the leg that female doctor put her finger on it to see how it looked? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hand under the bed clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor, oh there is no use of talking, it would kill a man.
Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right into his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats, to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—she will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and— Well, what would be doing all this time! If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from his temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move round to the back of his head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for good luck if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it to the bill. And then a reaction set in, and he would get as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over his nervousness, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.—Ed.

Lady Physicians.
WHAT IT WILL NEVER DO TO CALL THEM FOR A VERY SICK MAN.
A St. Louis medical college recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace, and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.
In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man if he is coughing 'twe the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was as sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is sick as a horse), the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female doctor fumbling around him, he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious, or feverish, with his mouth tasting like disease, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock.
Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to one hundred and fifty, and she would prescribe for a fever, when the old chillslain. Oh you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how much he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in, put her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of matrix blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner and look him in the wild changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose his tongue was coated to it looked like a yellow turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out fire or six inches of the lower part of the leg that female doctor put her finger on it to see how it looked? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hand under the bed clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor, oh there is no use of talking, it would kill a man.
Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosy mouth would be looking right into his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats, to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—she will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and— Well, what would be doing all this time! If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from his temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move round to the back of his head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for good luck if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it to the bill. And then a reaction set in, and he would get as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over his nervousness, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practising on him, and she would kill him dead.—Ed.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER
A correspondent says: "Ten years ago I arrived in a small town to the west of this, and one day on returning home from work, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me by name: "I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."
"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."
She replied: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."
I subscribed for the paper. While testing one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of commissioners inviting bids for a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.
1. Alcohol is a poison. When pure, it will produce death as certainly and almost as quickly as prussic acid.
2. Alcohol is a product of fermentation, or decay. The Creator never made it. No plant produces it. No but-linguist affords it.
3. Alcohol is an irritant. It will blister the skin and produce inflammation of the stomach.
4. Alcohol is a narcotic. It paralyzes the nerves, and benumbs the sensibilities.
5. Alcohol destroys the blood. It dissolves the blood corpuscles, and thus impoverishes the vital fluid.
6. Alcohol causes heart disease, by changing the heart tissue to fat.
7. Alcohol causes apoplexy. It weakens the blood vessels, and causes congestion of the brain. Alcohol weakens the muscles. It has been proved by experiment that a man can lift less after taking a glass of whiskey than before.
8. Alcohol wastes vital force.
9. Alcohol causes consumption.
10. Alcohol lessens bodily heat. Travellers in the Arctic regions are obliged to be teetotalers.
11. Alcohol causes paralysis of the brain. A man who is dead drunk is temporarily paralyzed.
12. Alcohol hardens the brain.
13. Alcohol produces congestion of every organ of the body.
14. Alcohol hardens the liver, and renders it useless.
15. Alcohol produces its worst effects when taken in small doses.

At 20 years of age a man is sure that he knows everything; at 30 he begins to have grave doubts; at 40 he knows that there are some things he doesn't know; at 50 he is certain that he will never again know as much as he once knew.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.
1. Alcohol is a poison. When pure, it will produce death as certainly and almost as quickly as prussic acid.
2. Alcohol is a product of fermentation, or decay. The Creator never made it. No plant produces it. No but-linguist affords it.
3. Alcohol is an irritant. It will blister the skin and produce inflammation of the stomach.
4. Alcohol is a narcotic. It paralyzes the nerves, and benumbs the sensibilities.
5. Alcohol destroys the blood. It dissolves the blood corpuscles, and thus impoverishes the vital fluid.
6. Alcohol causes heart disease, by changing the heart tissue to fat.
7. Alcohol causes apoplexy. It weakens the blood vessels, and causes congestion of the brain. Alcohol weakens the muscles. It has been proved by experiment