-THE-

Acton Free Press

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$80.00
Half column one year	45.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	45.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.

W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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.**

Volume. VII. No. 16 ACTON, ONT THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1881. Whle N. 348.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,

STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,

BANKERS,

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.

STOREY'S "EUREKA"

SPRING GLOVE FASTENER, PAT'D

We are also Patentees and Inventors of **Storey's Eureka Spring Glove Fastener**, justly acknowledged the most perfect fastener in use. Patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

FOREIGN OFFICES.

Spruce Street, New York, U. S. A.
Lime Grove, Birmingham, Eng.

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 Policy-holder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, &c.

H. P. MOORE, Agent,

FREE PRESS, Office,

Acton.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S

Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5000 a year, and who invests less than $350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year than all the other Advertising I did."

It is not a Co-operative List.

It is not a Cheap List.

It is an Honest List.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of the paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the best. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from $1 to $80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $425. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $2,262.14. The list includes 352 newspapers of which list are issued DAILY and 261 WEEKLY. They are located in 288 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

FAMILY HERALD

For October.

YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

For November,

TO HAND

—AT—

Day's Bookstore,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP

T. F. CUMMINGS,

Practical Upholsterer.

GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Lambrequins, Curtains, Window Blinds, and Church Cushions.

Cleopatra Chairs, Ottomans, Banneretts, Turkish Spring Back and Needle Work a Specialty.

Carpets, Cut, Made and Laid, on the Shortest Notice.

Furniture Re-Upholstered at the most Reasonable Rates, and in the Latest Style.

T. F. CUMMINGS,

Quebec Street, West, Guelph.

Just Received

—AT—

WM. S. SMITH'S

GUELPH,

A NEW ASSORTMENT OF LADIES

Gold and Silver

WATCHES,

ALL PRICES.

BOY'S WATCHES, good timekeepers, and guaranteed for $6 and upwards.

My Stock of Electro Plate is the best and cheapest in Guelph.

CALL and EXAMINE.

No. 26,

West Side Lower Wyndham St.

NEW GOODS.

COLORED GOLD BROCHES AND EARRINGS—SETTS,

Gold Brooches,
Silver Setts, new styles,
Silver Lockets,
Silver Necklets,
Gold Watches,
Diamond Rings
Gem (Stone) Rings.

B. SAVAGE'S

JEWELLERY STORE,

Wyndham St., Guelph.

NEW

BUTCHER SHOP.

W. C. ROBINSON

Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Robert Storey, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry and Game in season, Etc.

and hopes by strict attention to business to receive a fair share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town.

—:o:—

Terms Cash - - A Call Solicited

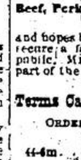
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. C. Robinson.

44-4m.

MANHOOD

How Lost, How Restored



We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6cts. or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

41 Ann St., New York.

Post-Office Box 456.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. near Mr. O. S. Smith's residence—one fifth of an acre, with Stone House in splendid condition. Stable and shop on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply to

ARCH. McNAB,
Rockwood, P.O.

$1000 FORFEIT

Immix Cancer Cure Depot,
Coaticook, P.Q., Canada

CANCER CURED

without the use of the Knife.

The only Permanent Cure in the world. For particulars enclose 3 cents to H. C. SMITH, Coaticook, P.Q., Canada.

Cures Swift and Certain.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful indiscretion, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

W. H. LOWRY, M.B., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

N. McGARVIN, M.D., M.C.P.S., Graduate of Victoria University, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO. Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p.m. If his services are required during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarvin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

T. J. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

T. J. FISHER.

R. W. KING, **Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist,** GEORGETOWN. Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph. **BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.** OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

WM. 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.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.

HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

G. REID, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horses bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.

G. REID,

CASH FOR SKINS. I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.

JAMES MOORE, Acton.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises next door to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and sign writing of every description, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Acton and vicinity.

JAMES SCOTT,

Summoned to Appear Before

THE BARBER.

Where you can get an easy Shave, a stylish Hair-cut, a frothing Shampoon, or a cooling Sea Foam. I spare no pains, and give no pain in the accomplishment of a good shave. Razors and scissors set in perfect order, on shortest notice.

J. WORDEN, BARBER
Mill Street, Acton.

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.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, October 20, 1881.

POETRY.

A School Teacher's Soliloquy.

To teach or not to teach, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the school to suffer
The noise and bother of four dozen youngsters,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by marrying, end them? to love—to marry—
No more; and by marrying to say we end
The heart ache, and thousand petty troubles
That teachers are heir to:—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished; To love—to marry;
To marry! perchance to be miserable; ay, there's the rub;
For in that state of wedlock what troubles may come,
When we have shuffled off our happy girlhood
Must give us pause; there's the respect,
That makes teaching of so long life;
For who would bear the anxieties of examations,
The scorn of Model-school teachers, the carelessness of trustees,
The weariness of mind and body, the criticism of inspectors,
The insolence of children, and the care
That patient teachers with unworthy pupils take
When they themselves might their quietus make
By simply marrying? who would all this bear,
And grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of misery after marriage,
That untried state, unto which, if you once enter,
You can never return, puzzles the girls,
And makes them rather bear the ills they have
Than fly to others that they know not of!

THE TRUE RING.

"Wanted, a clerk at 650 Washington St."

This was the advertisement that appeared in one of the morning papers of a large city.

Many a young fellow who has been seeking employment for weeks felt his hopes rise as he read it.

Fred Barker heard it at the breakfast table the day after it appeared; his sister Louise said, "Oh Fred! I forgot to tell you that I saw in yesterday's paper that Mitchell & Tyler want a clerk; that will be the place above all others for you. It's a splendid store. Of course you can get the place if you are not too late. You can take a letter from Uncle Horace; his influence and your appearance will settle the matter. I heard Mr. Mitchell was real fussy about his clerks, but I'm sure he can find nothing to object to in my handsome, well-dressed brother," and the eldest sister looked admiringly at Fred's fair face, smooth locks, and well fitting suit.

"Perhaps I'll call around there after awhile," Fred said, carelessly.

"Please hurry and go now, won't you?" his sister said, "I'm afraid somebody has snatched up the place before this time."

Fred finished his breakfast in a leisurely way, put a few extra touches to his already careful toilet, lighted a cigar and sauntered forth.

"Better throw away your cigar before you go in, Mr. Mitchell may object to that," said Louise, who stood in the front door as he passed out.

"He'll have to take me as I am," Fred said, with a lofty air, "all gentlemen smoke. I do not purpose to be a slave to him or any other man."

He called in at his uncle's office on the way and procured a letter of recommendation. Thus equipped he felt confident of success.

Just beyond him there walked with brisk step a boy of fifteen, a year or two younger than himself. This was David Gregg. He too had seen the advertisement, and was on the way that very minute to 650 Washington St. He was the oldest of a family of children whose father had died at the beginning of this long winter. David had tried hard to find employment, had improved every moment in doing odd jobs for anybody, had studied the papers and answered advertisements until he had been well nigh discouraged. The places were sure to be filled by persons who had influential friends; he had none, for his father had removed to the city from the country only a short time before his death, and now, more because he applied for everything he heard of then for any hope of success, he had risen very early that morning, made the fire, and while his mother was preparing breakfast put himself in the neatest possible order to go to Mitchell & Tyler's.

When he appeared at the breakfast table looking so bright and neat, his mother thought he was a son to be proud of—the handsomest boy in the whole city; yet his face was actually homely, as far as beauty of features were concerned; his clothes were coarse and he had no fancy necktie, or flashing pin, or gold cuff buttons like the elegant young man who had walked before him.

What was the reason that among the large number of boys who filed in and out of Mitchell & Tyler's private office no one of them had yet been selected to fill the vacant clerkship? Mr. Mitchell, the senior partner of the firm had asked some plain, straightforward questions of them, "Where do you spend your evenings?" "Do you play cards, go to the theatre, etc?" for Mr. Mitchell had declared to his partner, "If there is a boy in the world who has good habits and right principles, I'm going to hunt him up if it takes me all winter," so it turned out that many of the boys could not give satisfactory answers to the searching questions, and others, when Mr. Mitchell sounded their knowledge of figures were not ready reckoners.

They came and went for one whole day, and as soon as the door was open the next morning candidates came flocking in like birds.

And now it was Fred Barker's turn. He stood before Mr. Mitchell, his hat on his head, his cigar removed from his mouth it is true, but the smoke thereof curling upwards in the merchant's face. He presented his letter of introduction. Mr. Mitchell read it, then asked a few questions. Meanwhile his practical eye was taking it all in—the cigar, the imitation diamond, the large seal ring, the flashing necktie. He knew in a twinkling where Fred Barker probably spent his evenings, and that it would take more money to indulge his tastes than he could honestly earn.

To Fred's astonishment he presently heard, "I do not think, young man, that you are just the one we have in mind for this place." Then before he knew it he was bowed out.

The next boy who was admitted did not advance with such an over confident air. He held his hat in his hand and spoke in a modest, respectable manner.

"Have you any recommendation?"

"No, sir, I have none," David answered a little dejectedly. "We have—not been long in the city."

"Well you need none, if I can trust my eyes," Mr. Mitchell remarked to himself. The bright frank face, and the manly air of the boy impressed him most favorably; he was still more pleased when he drew him in to conversation and learned what books he was fond of, and how he was going on with his studies evenings, although he had been obliged to leave the high school and earn his living.

Mr. Mitchell had very sharp eyes; he took note of the well dressed garments, the shining boots, the snowy collar and cuffs, the delicately clean finger nails—even by such small things as these in character read—and above all, the look of sincerity and honesty shining from the blue eyes.

"Well, David," Mr. Mitchell said as he got up and walked back and forth, "what if I were to tell you that you can have the situation providing you will work a part of every Sunday.

It was almost a cruel task. The boy hesitated—just a moment—then he said while his color rose and his voice choked, "I should say, sir, that I cannot accept it."

"Not even when your mother needs money so badly?"

"No, sir, my mother would not use money so earned. She has always taught me to obey God and trust Him, come what will."

"That has the true ring, pure gold," said Mr. Mitchell, bringing his hand down on David's shoulder. "My dear boy, I want you, and I do not want you to do any work for me on Sunday's. I will pay you ten dollars a month more than the last clerk received, because I am glad to find one boy out of a hundred who remembers his mother's teachings, and fears to disobey his Lord."

Remedy for Trouble.

The following from an exchange may be read to advantage by many: "Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; work away at something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work, to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them; you want sleep, calm, sound sleep, and eat your dinner with an appetite. But you can't without good work.

WHY IS IT?

Written for the Free Press.

What is the reason that a gentleman may flirt with and make love to the ladies as much as he chooses, and the public will smile and say, "He doesn't mean a word of it," "Such a tease," or some such nice approving little speech? But let the lady venture to pay back in the same coin, and—oh my! She is set down at once as a "love-sick goose," "a sentimental nothing," and they "wonder she can't see that he is not in earnest." Flirting is not commendable in any one, but why won't the rule work both ways? Why can't a lady flirt, if she wishes to, as well as a gentleman, without being set down as having less sense than the latter. If it appears foolish in one why not in the other?

If a couple are engaged and the lady has good cause for breaking off the engagement and does so, as soon as the public find it out, they begin at once to either pity or ridicule the lady. (The former is worth about as much as the latter.) Of course she wanted to 'hang on,' but the gentleman thought it would not be a sensible or prudent step for him to take and so broke off the match. Certainly he did. Not a doubt about it. Now why is this thus?

If a lady is in need of assistance or advice, and asks a gentleman acquaintance whom she credits with common sense enough not to misunderstand her motive, to help her, and is seen two or three times in earnest conversation with him, Dame Grundy puts on her cap and specs at once, and forthwith sets to work to investigate matters. It doesn't take her long to find out that "that sentimental fool of a girl is in love with that nice young man, and angling for him sure." Well, in time all this comes to the 'nice young man's' ears, and he believes it is really so, smiles complacently to himself, and thinks how cute he is; pats himself on the head, and struts about feeling ever so much taller, and more manlike, as it were. He begins to cast about him how to devise means to keep the lady at bay; resolves to be more guarded in future; fears he has not been discreet enough and all that sort of thing, you know. Poor dear deluded dupe, I'm sorry for you, indeed I am, for that young lady is no more in love with you than I am, which don't amount to much, I can tell you.

Well girls, we're the weaker vessels, (ahem) but I think we can live through all this—yes, and more too. Certainly, it is rather provoking to find out that the gentleman you regarded as a true friend, is getting such absurd notions into his head. But bless you, they all do it, and as long as it pleases the poor dears, what need we care. Let them think what they like, we know what we know.

DAISY DREW.

What the Photographer Said.

"Sit right there."

"Move over a little."

"A little more to the left."

"Hold up your chin."

"Look about there."

"Drop your left hand."

"Put your feet a little closer together."

"Let me brush the hairs off your shoulder."

"I must fix your head again."

"Now let me see."

"Drop your right shoulder a trifle."

"That's good. Now lower your chin."

"Now look as pleasant as you can."

"That right foot is out too much."

"Look out for your chin. There—just so."

"Now you are all right. Let me see."

"Now think of something funny."

"Guess you'd better look at this photograph. Keep your eyes wide open and wink as often as you like."

"There! that'll do. No—your chin is too high. Down—down—that's it."

"Now smile—not so much."

"That's it."

"Chest out."

"Shoulders up."

"Drop your hand."

"Once more—now smile."

"There."

"Well, this is a pretty fair picture, but I guess you'd better go again. It looks blurry around the eyes."

HOME SONG.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of woe;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and disheartened,
They wandered East, they wandered West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt.
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

SNOW SONG.

Oh see the snow is falling now,
It powders all the trees,
Its flakes abound, and all around
It floats upon the breeze.
Jack Frost is here, we feel him near,
He's out his icy sled,
And covered deep, the flowers sleep
Beneath their snowy bed.
Come out and play this winter day,
Nor heed the falling snow,
Come young and old, nor fear the cold,
Nor howling winds that blow.

How the Tramp was Routed.

Mrs. Deacon Grover, aged 60, was seated mending her son's stockings in his house in the town of Horseheads, New York, when a tramp entered and asked for something to eat. The old lady went to the cellar, and when she came back her gold-rimmed spectacles were gone. She said to the tramp: "You've got my specs." He denied it, and, quietly laying down the plate, she went to a bureau, took a revolver therefrom, pointed it at the tramp, and told him if he didn't lay those specs on the table she would shoot him where he stood. The tramp took the spectacles from his pocket and mildly laid them down. "Now," said she, "eat what I have brought for you and get out." He ate and departed. When her son Augustus appeared, the old lady, again taking the revolver from the bureau, said to him: "Augustus, how do you crack this weapon?"

Wanted to see Him Cf.

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was a dreamin' that I was going to California, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell as I was going in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was a-waiting to see Tom off!"

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Surrounded as we are by destructive agents, artificial as well as natural, the chapter of accidents necessarily occupies a large space in the record of physical suffering. But for the kind Providence that in a measure shields mankind from the consequences of their own neglect, recklessness, and brutality, that chapter would be much longer than it is. Still, the number of human beings bruised, distorted, mutilated, and destroyed every year, by fortuitous cases is immense. Unfortunately the last is greatly augmented by unskilful treatment. Limbs are lopped off, lameness and distortion superinduced and perpetuated, and unutterable pain and sorrow inflicted, in thousands of cases where the application of the proper remedy would have prevented such lamentable consequences. "But," exclaims the inexperienced reader, "what is the proper remedy? Every surgeon has his pet theory, his peculiar style of practice. The faculty disagree—who, then, is to be trusted?" We answer, let the preponderance of testimony decide the question. That preponderance is in favour of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT as the best and safest dressing for wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, and every species of external injury to which humanity is liable. We have examined this subject in two lights—the light of unquestionable evidence from foreign sources, and the light of personal experience. We find that during the campaign of the Crimea, both in the stationary hospitals at Gallipoli and Scutari and in the ambulances at the seat of war, the Ointment was used with the happiest effect as a dressing for sabre cuts, bayonet punctures, and gunshot wounds. This is *history*. The French and English surgeons admit the fact, and the governments of both nations have, we understand, authorized the purchase of large quantities of the preparation for army purposes.

But in addition to the proofs of its efficacy derived from abroad we have the testimony of our own senses. We *know* that it rapidly relieves the agony of contusions, cuts, dislocations, fractures, and other injuries of the fleshy fibre, bones, muscles, and integuments, allays the immediate inflammation, and prevents the fever which, under ordinary treatment, so frequently supervenes. It has also been applied, in this region, with striking benefit, in cases of stiff joints and similar affections.

Our purpose in this article is to touch especially upon its unparalleled usefulness in all cases of injury arising from accidental causes, and to recommend that it be kept on hand wherever casualties of this kind are to be apprehended. No western settler, no traveller by land or water, no railroad station, no steamboat's mechanic stores, no factory generally should be without it.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*