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.

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CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$40.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	34.00
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

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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.

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W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

Acton Free Press.

$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

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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.

M. FORSTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC. OFFICE:—Forster's Drug Store, Next door to Creech's Saddlery, ACTON, ONT. RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

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.

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.

TELEGRAPH POLES. I am prepared to let contracts for the delivery of Telegraph Poles, 100 and upwards to 1000, at stations nearest to the contractors. A. O. WHEELER, Acton, Ont.

Successor to Joyce Bros. 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.

WOOD AND COAL. The subscriber is prepared to deliver wood or coal in either large or small quantities, as required, to any part of the village. W. E. ADAMS. Acton, Oct. 19, '81.

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

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.

FLOUR AND FEED.

B. W. NICKLIN, In tendering hearty thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage in the past, would respectfully inform them that he has constantly on hand at his Mill, foot of Mill street, a full stock of Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Cracked Wheat and Chopped Stuffs Of all kinds, any of which he is prepared to deliver daily. Your patronage is kindly solicited. Orders left at my residence will receive prompt attention. B. W. NICKLIN. Acton, Feb. 9, 1882.

Medical Hall, ACTON DR. M. FORSTER.

40 OCEAN SHELLS, &c., Cards, name on 10c. Agent's outfit 25c. Geo. H. Hunt, Jersey City, N.Y., U.S.A.

FARM TO RENT. The east half of lot 9, con. 4, township of Erin, will be rented to a suitable person on liberal terms. The farm contains 100 acres, the most of which is under cultivation. There are good farm buildings, orchard, and good water. The property is well adapted for either grazing or farm raising. For particulars apply at this office or to WM. GRIFFIN, Con. 5, Erin.

FRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER, St. George's Square, Guelph. Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

YOUNG MEN who contemplate engaging in business pursuits, should be thoroughly educated. The advantage of this cannot be overestimated. It has been demonstrated, by long observation, that the young man who has spent six months or a year in the BRITISH AMERICAN Business College, will have earned more money, say at the end of three years, than he could have, had he been clerking all the time. Besides, he has that thorough training which is indispensable to the successful business man. Students may enter at any time. For Circulars, etc., address, W. ROBINSON, ADDRESS SECRETARY.

PATENTS. SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA.

WATCHES! WATCHES.

FOR CASH. You can get the best bargains ever offered in Guelph, in Lancaster Watches, Waltham " Elgin " Swiss " CLOCKS at all Prices. —AT— WM. S. SMITH'S The Watch and Clock House of Guelph. (The Lancaster has no equal for the money.)

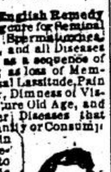
Ladies' Gold Chains. A New Stock of Long GOLD CHAINS, With Slides made to order.

Quality Guaranteed. B. SAVAGE, Watchmaker, GUELPH.

East End Butcher Shop. H. MARLATT & BRO. Desire to inform the citizens of Acton and vicinity that they have decided to make the butchering business a permanent one, and customers patronizing them can rely on being supplied with fresh meats all the year round. A call solicited. H. MARLATT & BRO.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1.00 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing. The Gray Medicine Co. Toronto, Ont., Canada. Sold by J. E. Macklin, Druggist, Acton.



Before Taking After Taking.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN On the Loss of MANHOOD

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 of Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses. Price, in sealed envelope, only 6 cts. 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 completely. 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.

LOOK Here! If you want 100 new & popular Songs, send 10 cents to Wm. L. Beatty, Nassageweya, Halton, Ont. Mention this paper.

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.

THE FREE PRESS. THURSDAY MORNING, March 9 1882.

POETRY.

An Epistle to Young Ladies.

It may be, friends, a pleasant thing
To own a lovely face—
To hear yourselves called beautiful,
Possessed of every grace;
And when you go, or here or there,
Have strangers asking who you are.

The beautiful have many friends,
And if they're not "so bright,"
The words that pass their cherry lips,
They're often *thought* just right;
And men will worship and admire,
And go and come as they desire.

Since, then, it's not so bad a thing
To own a charming face,
Since to possess a faultless form
Is not the least disgrace,
And as they bring you 'neath no ban,
You may look pretty if—you can.

And it may be a pleasant thing
To be exceeding rich;
For then you could act right or wrong,
Heeding but little which,
For few would disapproval show,
Or dare to ask, "Why do you so?"

Then you might travel the world o'er,
If fear did not dismade;
Or you might ride around at home,
All splendidly arrayed;
And from your cushioned carriage stare,
And show the crowd how rich you were.

And earnest friends your wealth would buy
With feelings far from cold,
Who'd flatter you, nor from you flee,
Until had fled—your gold.
Some toil for wealth both day and night—
We do not say we think it right.

But surely 'tis a blessed thing
To own a heart refined;
To know that if you've nothing else,
You have a cultured mind,
Which ever you delight to store
Richly with wisdom's choicest lore.

Knowledge will give to you a power
That wealth cannot withstand,
Nor peerless beauty with a dower
Of thousands in her hand.
Before it both will flee away,
Like clouds before the blaze of day.

Beauty will fade and wealth may fly,
And friends may prove unkind,
But none can take away from you
The riches of the mind;
Its beauties suffer no decay,
Its wealth increases day by day.

Then, maidens, give but little heed
To loveliness of face,
Nor sigh for power that in the purse
Alone hath dwelling place.
True beauty is a heart refined,
True wealth the riches of the mind.

OUR STORY.

The Deceitful Carpet.

"I want to make father a birthday present. Something that will be a comfort the year through. Oh dear! it is so hard to find anything for a man," and Bett's hand went up preparatory to reckoning this class of her father's possessions on her fingers. "Dressing-gowns, slippers, shaving-case (he never shaves himself), smoking-cap (and he never smokes), cigar-case (and he never owns a weed), napkin ring, and so forth. Now what shall I buy him? is the question."

"Do you intend to buy it with your savings, or ask your father for some of his hard earnings, and go off and get what will be only a bother to him?"

"No indeed to the latter idea, Cousin Sarah. By extreme care we have saved a respectable sum from our wages as housekeepers and maids-of-all-work, and will take this way to return it together, for the dear soul has been too generous with us. Now it was only yesterday he said he was ashamed of our dining-room carpet, its rags and obliterated posies took off his appetite. You know, Cousin Sarah, father is sensitive to such things, as all poor, refined folks are. But he shook his head, saying we must worry through with it this winter. I know he hates to ask any one home to dinner, we are so shabby in this particular. I believe my new curtains and wall-paper are a mistake; they make the floor hideous by contrast. "One good thing always calls for another."

"How much money have you, Bett?"

"We jointly, sister and I, have twenty dollars."

"Join your funds and buy a carpet, which will be a treat for all of you."

"Buy a carpet with that amount, Cousin Sarah?"

"You can have your floor well covered, and not spend all your money."

"It takes thirty yards of common width, and I should have to give eighty cents a yard, at the least; that would be four dollars more than we possess."

Cousin Sarah was standing by the fire, eating an apple. "False-hearted" she exclaimed, tossing the worthless remains into the grate. "As your carpet can be, if you so will, without the slightest drawback to its serviceableness—deceitful carpet, I will call it, but there is no reproach in the term here. I had such a carpet once."

"How much will this piece of deceit cost?"

"Let me figure a little. I can get you up a carpet which will be sunshiny and attractive for between eighteen and nineteen dollars."

"It figures up well, as did the Bantlin gold-mine; poor mother put her little all into, a few years before she left us. But I must know for sure before investing a single "wage" as old Betty says. This [illegible] calculators and wonderfully cautious."

"You have a good carpet-lining under this"—

"Thingness of the now," put in Bett.

"I am glad you retain so much of your Concord philosophical lore. Well, your carpet has a lining—so much in. Take the best of your old carpet, rip it apart and have Betty wash it, then sew it together in square-piece dimensions that I will give you. Your father will understand that it is up for repairs merely. We will buy fifteen yards of eighty-cent carpeting; a small figure and durable colors. That is for the border of room. Then buy seventeen yards of a new kind called linen tapestry which will wear 'most forever, though it costs only thirty seven cents a yard. It is pretty, and extremely useful for crumb-cloths. Now, you see, you can have your old carpet in the middle, to join the new, and the crumb-cloth will cover the unmatched pair. A dining-room carpet ought to come up twice a year to be shaken; now these pieces and the light covering can be easily managed by Betty, with your help; there is the saving of a man's labor."

Bett wrote her sister Maggie, who was visiting an aunt; and the absent partner heartily agreeing, Bett and Cousin Sarah started off in quest of material for the deceitful carpet. There is but one place in Boston where the linen tapestry can be procured, but this they easily found, bought, and went home to make when Mr. Marchland was at his store.

Three days before the birthday, Mr. Marchland came home with the news that his brother Jim had opened his heart and promised a turkey for the occasion, adding,—

"And now, Bett, if I wasn't ashamed of our ragged carpet, I would invite a friend or two besides him to dinner."

"Invite your friends; I will engage to have the carpet without holes," said Bett, proudly.

"I don't see how you can do so and yet keep it from looking like Joseph's coat; but I have learned from the past not to be surprised at anything, when two women owning a brain apiece consult together."

"The makeshifts of poverty make one wise," returned Bett sagely. "Trust to me."

"Promise not to use my Sunday coat for patches," said her father.

"Don't worry," smiled the girl, determined on keeping her secret.

Still Mr. Marchland lingered at the door, desirous of having matters explained; finding that unlikely, he went off to business, inwardly rejoicing to own a daughter so capable of filling the place of her dead mother in making his home comfortable and his small means an incentive to courageous exertion, instead of sitting down and bewailing their poverty.

Again at his store, Mr. Marchland wrote two old friends to secure them for the birthday dinner, and then looked forward to it with satisfaction, in spite of the 'comedown' look of the dining-room carpet.

"The absent partner" Maggie returned, and took hold grandly of the idea and of the carpet; and soon the three workers had the new and old ready to lay down.

After breakfast of the holiday the dining-room door was locked against friends and foes, and Betty, with Cousin Sarah's help, put down the various pieces of deception. In due time the guests arrived, and the two girls were unselfishly glad to hear the laughter from the parlor, where old times were being talked over.

The point and the pay for all their efforts came in watching their father's expression as he ushered his friends into the cheery dining room, at the summons that dinner was waiting to be served. Those who understand men know very well when they are pleased, however they may think they conceal it for reasons; a blandness comes into the voice, and in this case there were some extra flourishes in carving, and a solicitous desire to serve each guest with white or dark meat and unlimited wings. The meal was a success, and drew out abundant compliments for the young cooks.

"How did you manage, girls? I never was so surprised," Mr. Marchland exclaimed, as he left his friends a moment and came back into the dining room.

Together they told the story, and the father was deeply touched by their homely efforts to make the day a joy. His hearty "God bless you," was a benediction indeed.

"Do you remember papa's last birthday?" asked Bett of her sister, when they were alone.

"Yes, indeed; It was a gloomy day without, and more so within. We dined alone, remembered and mourned that we were not rich, and in the end got so cross that father upset his wrath on the store."

"And now we are happy-hearted, happy girls, knowing the value of money, and how little it really takes to be comfortable, and have given father the needle present which will make him happy for some time."

"But of course we mined" left Bett took hold of a reasoning mind to give force to her words, "we shall not have to struggle with this hard winter. We know his fate. Dollars lead and labor feeds now onward. I am the corner stashing on."

"I wish I could see myself stitching on with a new bonnet on my head, Bett. I am tired of converting that English walking hat along "where'er I take my walks abroad."

"Perhaps when Cousin Sarah comes back she will hunt one up out of remains of former elegance."

"I've got two feathers, anyway."

"Enough to pin your hopes on. Well, we will wait for our cousin of the fertile brain," and see what she says."

Yes, Sir, I'd Shoot Him.

Six or eight congenial spirits sat around a stove in a Grand River grocery, and after several other subjects had been exhausted, some one introduced that of panics in churches, theatres and halls. This gave Mr. Hopewell a chance to remark:

"Gentlemen I do jest long to be there."

"Where?"

"Why, in one of those panics. Yes, sir, I'd give a new $20 bill to be in the theatre one night when there was an occasion for a panic."

"Why?"

"Why, because one cool, level-headed man could stop that sort of things as easily as you could end up that barrel of flour,"

"Well, I dunno about that," observed one of the sitters. "There is something awful in the cry of fire, and here it when and where you may it startles and frightens. What would you do in a theatre in case there was a loud cry of fire and a rush?"

"I'd stand upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket and shout out that I'd shoot the first man who attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds."

While the subject was being continued the grocer went to the rear end of the store, poured a little powder on a board and gave three or four men the wink. Directly there was a bright flash, yells of "Fire!" "Powder!" and every man sprang up and rushed. Hopewell didn't spring up and talk of shooting. On the contrary he fell over a lot of baskets piled between him and the door, got up to plow his way over a rack of brooms, and when he reached the sidewalk he was on all-fours, white as a ghost, and so frightened that he never looked back until he reached the opposite side of the street.

A Land Agent's Story.

A pretty good story is told about a Land Agent, who one day had a party of Eastern farmers in tow, trying to sell each of them a farm in the rich Arkansas Valley. The Agent had taken them into his light wagon, and behind his spanking team of bays had given them a grand ride, lasting all day. He had done his best to make them enthusiastic by rehearsing the stories, which he had at tongue's end, of the marvelous crops of the valley, but to all intents it was 'love's labor lost,' for they would not 'thuse. This annoyed the Agent, but he had his revenge in his reply to one of the party, who, with a sardonic smile, asked:

"Well, Mr. Agent, is there anything that won't grow here?"

"Yes," he replied, "pumpkins won't."

"What!" exclaimed the cynical land-buyers together, "pumpkins won't?"

"No," said the Agent; "There are men in this country who would give $250 an acre for land that would mature a crop of pumpkins. They have never been able to get a crop since I've been here, and that's ten years."

"Well, how strange! Why is it?" said land-buyer No. 1.

This was the Agent's chance, and, with a serious expression, he replied: "Well, sir, the soil is so rich that the vines grow so fast they wear the pumpkins out dragging them over the ground."

Humor of the Day.

Cardinal newton says that a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain; then no dentist can be a gentleman.

The pensive mnis is not easily regarded as susceptible to pathetic emotions. And yet he occasionally drops a mule-teer.

Student: "What is political economy?" Running on the same ticket with a very rich man who will pull you through.

"A sample of my off-hand work," as the buzz-saw said to the careless carpenter, as the latter was picking up a lopped-off finger.

Young girls abroad carry slander ebony canes with gold heads, while the young ladies at home carry the same style of cane and woolen heads.

TO A PERSON SNORING.

You, who the world in a tumult keep
With open mouth where or you sleep,
In mercy some atonement make,
And keep it shut when you're awake.

As a young shaver of five or six years was reading at school one day, he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

"Mr. Brown, do you eat mush?" asked a four-year old fiend of his sister's beau. "Why, Johnnie?" responded Mr. Brown. "Cause sister says she wishes you wouldn't talk like you had a mouthful of mush." Sister faints and Brown remembers that he has an engagement in Australia.

It is all right to tell a bell, but it makes a difference how you do it. A man told a belle he would marry her, and it cost him $3000 because he did not do it.

An other worthy an Irishman was heard objurgating as follows within his dilapidated shanty: "Where is my wife, beshed knife, ye young spalpeen?" "I don's know, father." "Bad luck to yez the wirst time ye lose it, so yez can't find it wi all." [illegible]

IRON—SILVER—GOLD.

THREE RULES.

Question: What is the Iron Rule?
Answer: The rule of perverse men:
If evil is done unto you,
Evil do thou again,
That is the Iron Rule.

Question: What is the Silver Rule?
Answer: The rule of worldly men:
If good you neighbor does to you
Do good to him again.
That is the Silver Rule.

Question: What is the Golden Rule?
Answer: The rule of righteous men:
If evil is done unto you,
Return thou good again.
This is the Golden Rule.

Who Was Joab's Father?

I cannot refrain from telling a conundrum that was propounded to three ministers when the bluefish party went ashore at the 'Plat,' and took their picnic dinner under the shade of a fisherman's hut. It was:—

If Solomon was the son of David, and Joab was the son of Zeruiah, what relation was Zeruiah to Joab?

Every man among the clergymen said his father, at once, and when assured that the answer was wrong, there was much curiosity excited.

Will you state that again, asked Collyer, laying down his fork.

It was re stated.

Well, said he, David and Solomon had nothing to do with it, but Zeruiah was Joab's father.

No! Guess again, was the reply.

The clergymen all insisted that the answer was right, and Mr. Collyer said,

He must certainly have been his father, and I won't eat another mouthful till you tell me where the catch is.

When told that Zeruiah was Joab's mother, he was much amused, and expressed his surprise that his brethren of the cloth did not know their Bibles better.

Their forgetfulness was as amusing as the ignorance of the critic who alluded to Paul's friends, Priscilla and Acquilla, as two old maids.

Why is It?

My heart aches when I look at the condition of society to-day. Why is it that the gay, fast young man—the young man that is helped home in the small hours of the night again and again by some friends, and quietly put to bed by his parents until he has recovered from a drunken spree—why is it, that after coming to himself again and carefully making his toilet, he can walk into the homes of some of our best families and take with him our pure good girls? Why is it that girls when remonstrated with on the subject, will so earnestly declare, "he is always a perfect gentleman in my presence," as if the gentleman could be put on and off like a Sunday coat! He is either a gentleman or a brute! Why is it—what is it, but a lack of perception of true, noble principle? How can we commit ourselves into the care of a man whose breath is not only scented with liquor, but whose character is blackened with sin? Can we afford to bow and smile on the young man, and encourage his attentions, simply because he belongs to a good family, deluding ourselves with the idea that he will settle down by and by, and make a good steady man?

Children and Candies.

Grandmamma brings her favorite grandchild a package of sweetmeats, and while his parents are seeing the dear old lady to the door the infant prodigy wraps the drapery of himself around the confectionery.

"Oh, the little pig!" say his parents, (who, indeed, are fond of candy themselves), to eat up all the candy that way!"

"I didn't eat it all, replies the child, with virtuous indignation, "I left two pieces."

"Left two pieces! Why two pieces?"

"'Cause I couldn't eat 'em."

Simple Epitaphs.

An epitaph is a curious place in which to look for wit, but there are two epitaphs which, while they excite a smile, do not interfere with more serious thoughts. When the actor Burbudge died, his friends pondered over a suitable inscription, and at last happily hit upon this, which is simple enough and yet tells the whole story: "Exit Burbadge." When Charles Knight died, Jerrold suggested that this equally simple inscription should be put on his tomb, "Good Knight."

The difference between a D. D. and an M. D. is, the former preaches and does not practice, while the latter practices and does not preach.

"When I was young," says a young man mournfully, "my venerable grandfather never used to tip me, his invariable excuse being: "At your age you haven't any need for money, but later on, come to me." Well, when I was eighteen I went to him, and he coldly buttoned up his breeches-pockets and said: "At your age you ought to be making your own way in the world!"

Nothing on Earth so Good. Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters, to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Kneshep, with Mr. Geo. E. Miller, 418 Main street, Worcester, Mass.: "I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of St. Jacobs Oil and bought a bottle, after using which I felt greatly relieved. With the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation there is nothing on earth so good for rheumatism."

The Electric Light, superseding as it does all other modes of illumination, and rivaling only the glorious sunshine, will not be hailed with greater joy by mankind than is Burdock Blood Bitters, which is far [illegible] all other blood purifiers. [illegible] electric light is superior [illegible] loned talent dip. [illegible] cures dyspepsia, and all [illegible] Impurities of the blood.