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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	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
Three columns six months	35.00
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 forbidden and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

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

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on Ayer's 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. 23 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.

W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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 Crooch's Saddlery, ACTON, ONT. RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kenney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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.

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.

THE PUMP BUSINESS.

The undersigned has made arrangements with Mr. Thomas Ebbage to attend to his Pump Business during his stay in the North-West. All orders, whether for new work or repairs, left at the residence of Mr. Ebbage, opposite Stephenson's blacksmith shop, will receive prompt attention. WM. E. ADAMS.

Acton, April 19th, 1882. 3mo.

WILL BUY OR SELL.

The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm or birch stave bolts, basswood for heading, and pine, cedar or black ash for shingles, in the log, or bolts

—:o:—

A good stock of shingles, staves and heading always on hand. THOS. C. MOORE.

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.

FRANCIS NUNAN,

Successor to T. P. Chapman,

BOOKBINDER.

St. George's Square, Guelph.

Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

ROYAL, (OF ENGLAND)

INSURANCE COMPANY,

FIRE AND LIFE.

Capital, Ten Million Dollars.

Liability of Shareholders Unlimited. Funds Invested, $23,000,000. Annual Income, $5,000,000. Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders, $600,000. The Royal Insurance Company has the Largest Surplus of any Fire Insurance Company in the World.

All kinds of property—Country and Town solicited. Also Money to Loan.

D. McLELLAN, Esq., Hamilton, Agent.

A. A. SECORD, Sr., Agent.

Agent, Acton.

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. 48 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882 Whole No. 375.

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.

10 CENT STORE,

And Cheap Cash Bazaar,

Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

☞ COME & SEE

OUR NEW SPRING ARRIVALS FROM

Germany, France, England, and New York! Crowded Store of New Goods! Thousands of Articles of Every Day Use! Household Goods! Ornamental Goods! Useful Goods.

Very Little Money will buy a whole lot of things

—AT THE—

10 CENT STORE and Cheap Cash Bazaar.

Four doors west of Post Office.

JAS. F. KIDNER,

GUELPH.

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, Cat 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.

Terms Strictly Cash.

B. W. NICKLIN.

Acton, Feb. 9, 1882.

Medical Hall,

ACTON

DR. M. FORSTER.

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 secure 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

—:o:—

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

W. C. Robinson.

Housekeepers, Housekeepers.

Call and see Day's New Choice Stock of

American Window Cloths,

In all Shades and Colors with Tassels and Cord to Match,

—AT—

Day's Bookstore,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK

—OF—

WATCHES

—AND—

JEWELRY,

JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

WM. S. SMITH'S

Don't fail to call and examine when you go to

GUELPH.

The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

American Watches.

The Finest Stock we ever had of Elgin & Waltham make, in

Nickel, Silver, and Gold Cases.

I claim my Nickel cases are whiter and purer than any other, being made especially for myself,

B. SAVAGE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

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.

SALESMEN WANTED,

To begin Work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

THE LARGEST IN CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, . . TORONTO, ONT.

Branch Offices { Montreal, P.Q., & St. Paul, Minn.

Nurseries, Fonthill, Ontario.

We can start, in addition to our already large force,

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want more who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been—if you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply to

STONE & WELLINGTON,

Nurseymen, Toronto, Ont.

PIMPLES.

I will send free the receipt for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing the luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Jno. Scott & Co., 13 Dorcas St., N.Y.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, April 27, 1882.

POETRY.

AN ESSAY ON S'S.

Such strange sorts of souls as are on the Sphere,
Some social, some silent, some stern and severe.
Some smiling so sweetly, some sober and staid,
Some stay in the sunshine and some in the shade.
Some stooping, some straight, some slender, some stout,
Some starving in silence, some rupping with shout.
Some suffering and sick, some sturdy and strong,
Some sorry and sighing, and some singing song.
Some nancy and scolding, some shiftless, some shrewd,
Some sincere and steadfast, submissive, subdued.
The stylish, the simple, the slow, the sedate,
Speculators and swindlers, and statesmen in state.
The sculptor and salesman, the savage, the sage,
The saint and the sinner, the speaker on stage.
Segar-smokers, swearers, sots, sailors at sea,
The spreader of scandal, smooth slanderer she.
Some seamstresses, some at the spindle and spool,
Soothsayers and stewards, and scholars at school.
Sectarians and surgeons, and shepherds of sheep,
Surveyors, shoemakers and sluggards in sleep.
Some slaves and some soldiers, some scoundrels and scamps,
Some scribblers of stanzas for sake of the stamps.

OUR STORY.

An Unintentional Service.

"Yes indeed, Burt is a dear brother; but, oh! he's such a responsibility!"

As she says this a look of care settles over the features of the little matron who speaks.

"You know, Ada," she goes on, "he's so rich and so handsome—if I ever see him safely married to some nice girl worthy of him my mind will be relieved."

Ada smiles as she suggests:

"It's a responsibility that a good many wouldn't mind relieving you of."

"That's the trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Netherby "Burt is the most indifferent fellow imaginable to the fair sex, and it is just those kind that, when they once fall in love, nothing except their fancy weighs as anything in the balance. I'm so proud of my brother that if he should marry beneath him it would break my heart."

At the very earnest conclusion Ada looks up with a somewhat doubtful expression upon her face.

"Shall I tell her?" she thinks. "Yes, I will." Then—"Kate, I led the conversation this way with a purpose. I knew just how you felt about Burt, and as to my mind the province of friends is to do each other service, I thought I ought to tell you what Charlie has heard and seen."

"Charlie told you something about Burt!—oh, Ada, what is it? Do not keep me in suspense."

"Oh, it is nothing so very dreadful; only for some time past Burt has been paying constant attention to the young lady clerk in Hensel's music store. Charlie says that he has seen him, evening after evening, go to the store just about closing time, wait until she comes out, and then walk on with her. You know Charlie's club is exactly opposite Hensel's."

"Ada, it is incredible! My brother paying attention to a girl behind the counter! I cannot believe it! And then, if it is so, how he has deceived me! I'll have it out with him this very day!"

What she has come to say, said Ada, the *disinterested* friend, who for a long time has had her mental eye fixed longingly upon the wealth and fascinations of Kate Netherby's brother, rises, and drawing her silken wrap about her shapely shoulders, prepares to depart.

"Don't for the world let Burt know how you found out, for I'm afraid he might be angry with me; and as we have always been the best of friends, it would be a pity."

"Certainly not, Ada. Oh, dear, how much happier I was a few moments ago! I must say that I fully agree with the saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Still, all the same, I am obliged to you for your warning. I know it was affection that prompted you."

And, though Ada does not suspect the latent meaning of her friend's words, Mrs. Netherby does know full well what affection it is that prompted the disclosure that has filled her mind with such perturbation.

Dinner hour arrives, and with it Burt.

Kate does not use any half-way policy, but opens her batteries at once. As she talks animatedly and indignantly, not giving him a chance to put in a word, did he desire to, Burt looks at her in amazement. Is this his gentle, adoring sister—his fond "little mother"—this flushed, excited—to put it plainly, very wrathful young woman?

He waits till she pauses, and then, with a dignity that surprises Kate in her turn, he answers her accusations.

"I will not deny, as you seem to think I will that the story with which some meddling busybody has filled your ears is true. It is, every word of it. Two months ago, by the merest accident, I saw and fell in love with the loveliest girl I ever set my eyes upon. That she was honorably working for her maintenance only made her the nobler in my estimation. I procured an introduction, not without difficulty. As you have heard, I did go to the store often—I may say frequently; and several times I insisted, when the weather was stormy, upon seeing her home. Kate, it never entered my mind that you had any of that low-bred pride that would deem it derogatory to a person to be obliged to earn her living. You complain that I have deceived you. It was not deceit, but prudence, for until I learned my fate I did not care to speak to you about it. And so probably you would never have heard anything about it had it not been for your informant, for my fate has been learned—to my cost."

The conclusion of his sentence brought Kate to her feet.

"To your cost! Burt, what do you mean?"

"Simply," he replied, that your brother has had his self-esteem pretty effectually crushed out of existence. The girl I love cares not the least for me, save," bitterly, "as a friend."

With the last words, Burt's head sank into his hands.

Kate looked at him aghast. Never before had she seen a shadow upon her idolized brother's frank, merry face, and now it is no mere cloud but a tempest of suffering that convulses his features. She goes to him and puts her arms about his neck, anger and pride completely routed.

"My poor brother is it as bad as this? Forgive, oh, forgive me if I have wounded you. I never will again."

And so they are reconciled, and for a time everything goes on as before. Then something happens that has the finger of fate impressed upon it. Burt, who has always justly prided himself upon his horsemanship, while riding in the park, is thrown.

The Netherby household is a sad one that night, for in his darkened room Burt lies, now delirious and now lapsing into consciousness. In his fall his head had come in contact with a sharp stone and a grave injury had been the result.

One morning a small, richly-dressed lady enters Mr. Hensel's music-store; although her figure is far from stately, there is in her bearing that unmistakable something that tells of social importance and refinement.

"May I speak with Miss Leonard for a few moments in private?" she asks, courteously.

Her wish is granted, and a little later Kate finds herself alone in the proprietor's private office with the young lady she has come to see.

As her eyes rest upon the pure, noble face, with its soulful eyes and sensitive mouth, Kate's wonder at what she has hitherto termed in her mind "Burt's infatuation" dies. Taking Miss Leonard's hand, she abruptly plunges at once into the object of her visit.

"I am Mrs. Netherby, Burt's sister," she says. "He has told me of his love for you, and of your refusal. I have come to satisfy myself as to why that refusal was given—if it could possibly be that where my brother loved he was not cared for in return—or if there were not some other underlying reason. He is very ill—perhaps dying, Miss Leonard—and upon your reply his fate may rest."

"Mr. Netherby dying! Oh! do not say so!"

"Have you, then, not heard of the accident—of his being thrown from his horse?"

"No. Oh! unsay your words! he may be very ill, but not—not hopelessly!"

"Time alone can tell that, but your agitation convinces me of something that I have felt must be so. It was not because that you did not love my brother that you refused him."

A wave of crimson sweeps over the lovely face, and as she raises her eyes Kate sees that they are full of tears.

"You are right," she answers, softly. "It was not lack of love, but my stubborn pride. I had heard of his wealth and high social position. I was poor, working for my daily bread. It might have been said that I married for mercenary reasons; so I hid my heart and said—'No.'"

"But you will unsay it—you will come with me and save him! Oh, listen to me, for what I ask is as much for my own sake as for Burt's, for, like him, I too have fallen in love with you at first sight. Sister, will you not come?"

What gentle woman-heart could resist such pleading?

Burt lives; whether it is the sight of Faith Leonard's lovely face that cured him or not, it is certain that from the moment he felt the clasp of her soft, warm fingers, and heard her sweet voice recall the decided words of their last parting he grew not better—but well.

The doctors may prescribe for the body; but there is only one physician, whose name is Love, that can heal that most deadly of all sils—heart-sickness.

"You did me a good service after all, Ada, Mrs. Netherby said, mischievously; "for if you hadn't told me what you did, Burt would have kept his disappointment to himself and I should never have known my sweet sister-that-is-to-be."

"If I rest I rust," is a German proverb. "If I rust I burst," is the American version.

Shingle Your Own House.

SCENE—Bar room. TIME—Midnight.

Wife—"I wish that man would go home, if he has one to go to."

Landlord—"Hush! hush! he'll call for something direc ly."

Wife—"I wish he would make haste about it, then, for it's time every honest man was in bed."

Landlord—"He's taking the shingles off his own house and putting them on ours."

At this James began to come to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and, stretching himself as if he had just awoke, said:

"I believe I will go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"O, yes, I must go," said James, and he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord met and accosted him with:

"Hallo, Jim, why aint you been down to see us?"

"Why, I had taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak, so I thought it time to stop the leak, and I have done it," said James.

The tavern-keeper and his wife were astonished.

James is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happy too.

Young man, whose house are you shingling?

Too Many Hours.

There is one painful aspect of farm life that calls for a change. No reform in politics is needed more. It is that farmers work too many hours. *They* know this as well as we do; but it is one of those latent scraps of knowledge that is never permitted to assert itself, and the farmer plods on as if in a deep rut that it is impossible for him to get out of. "I am working for all day," said a hired hand to us; "you work only as the fancy seizes you." There is a lesson in this. Suppose the slow, weary walk of the working farmer were quickened; suppose he rushed all of his work the same as mechanics rush theirs; suppose, in a word, he accomplished in ten hours the work that now employs him from sun-up till sun-down, and then passed a pleasant evening with his family, would not he in the end accomplish more work and more effective work? Would not his life be happier and more worth the living?

"Well Begun—Half Done."

This is true of most kinds of farm work. Previously well considered plans, with seed, implements, teams, harness, etc., so as to strike right into the work in hand, are large elements of success. We know some farmers who are always complaining of "bad luck," poor soil, unfavorable seasons, etc. We have seen them start from the breakfast table at 6½ to 7 o'clock, and frequently the sun climbs half up the meridian before the teams and other working apparatus are all got together, and then very often there is a missing link, or bolt, or screw. Thinking, planning, arranging beforehand, taking time by the forelock, are just as important to the tillers of the soil, as the the man in any other business. Active spring work is upon us; be ready to strike the most effective blows at the very start: "Well begun—half done."

Don't Neglect The Garden.

No part of the farm pays better than the land devoted to the garden, yet on no part is the work more grudgingly given. Often it will be true economy to have an acre or two less of wheat, or other field crop, and invest the labor that would have been given to these upon the garden. When farmers learn that a constant diet of corned beef and cabbage, varied by pork and beans—both excellent in their way—can be easily varied by many other, and not more costly forms of food, we shall hear less of the question: "How to keep boys on the farm?" and in other forms of food, we include an ample supply of fruits.

He Stole Nothing!

I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go upstairs to my cash box. Before doing so I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy, "Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything," and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned he sang out, "Pa, he didn't steal anything; I watched him." You may imagine what a position I was in.

Coaching.

One of the old-time stage-coach drivers, who has been on the road over half a century, says that life is put together considerably like a set of harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breeches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has to tug to pull through.

The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackery has expressed it: "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy—it was a shilling—I had a one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy."

GOING HOME.

"I am going home," a school boy said,
As he left his tasks at school,
"To the cottage white on yonder street,
Where home's bright circle is still complete,
With love for its golden rule."

"I am going home," a captain said,
As his ship sped o'er the sea,
"To the lone farm-house on the hillside;
To the village belle, my promised bride,
Now watching and waiting for me."

"I am going home," a merchant said,
Whose carriage rolled up the street,
"To the "marble front" on yonder square;
To my lovely wife so proud and fair,
And my daughters, fair and sweet."

"I am going home," a woodman said,
As he left his fallen tree,
"To the humble cot on yonder hill,
Where life flows on like a gentle rill,
With those who are dear to me."

"I am going home," a soldier said,
As he left the battle plain,
"To a peaceful farm in a northern State,
Where loving ones my coming await,
To welcome me back again."

"I am going home," a Christian said,
As his life was well nigh o'er,
"To my Father's house by the crystal sea,
For the crown and robe there waiting for me,
And shall wear them forevermore."

Humorous.

"Come, brace up!" as the suspenders said to the baggy trousers.

"I cannot account for it!" exclaimed the defaulting bank cashier.

How can man and wife be one, when the woman is won her-self?

The best thing in bonnets continues to be as in the past—A pretty face.

The man who is forever airing his knowledge is never at a loss for wind power.

A lady says that it takes many men a whole life time to learn to carry a $10 bill home without breaking it.

A doctor who won't advise a man to leave off his flannels the first warm day is no friend to the profession.

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said Farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy, George, came in a second afterwards and said there was an end to one of 'em, and it was red-hot, too.

The Rev. Mr. Rainsford, of Kingston, in an address to the students of Queen's College, told them that "No young man should seek a wife until he had reached the mature age of twenty-eight." This has created considerable comment, the students declaring that twenty-three is the proper age.

"Alas! alas! the maiden sighed,
As mournfully her tears she dried,
And must I all these seasons wait,
Until my love is twenty-eight."

It was in Sunday school, and they were reciting the commandments. They had reached the fifth—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee"—when a little chap said he guessed his dad honored his father and mother. "I hope so," said the teacher. "Oh, I know he did!" responded the boy, "for he works in the mill and he's always telling how long his days are."

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Drink, says an exchange, weakens the system. Yes, but just think how it strengthens the breath.

Laid on the Shelf.

Mr. Thomas Claydon, Shelburne, Ont., writes: "I have been suffering with a lame back for the past thirty years, and tried everything I heard of without success. Not long ago I was persuaded to use St. Jacobs Oil.—I purchased a bottle and, strange to say, before I had used it all, I was perfectly cured. I can confidently recommend it to any one afflicted. No one can speak too highly of its merits." Mr. W. K. Weekley, also of Shelburne, thus mentions a matter of his experience: "I have been a sufferer with rheumatism for years. I was laid up with a severe attack a short time ago, and I can truly say that St. Jacobs Oil produced the quickest relief that I ever experienced. I cheerfully recommend it to every sufferer."

It is easier for a camel to enter into the kingdom of heaven than for a bachelor to thread the eye of a needle.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Rheumatism and Neuralgia.—Though the former disease remorselessly attacks persons of all ages, and the latter ruthlessly selects its victims from the weak and delicate, the persevering use of these remedies will infallibly cure both complaints. After the affected parts have been diligently fomented with hot brine, and the skin thoroughly dried, Holloway's Ointment must be rubbed in firmly and evenly for a few minutes twice a day, and his Pills taken according to the printed directions wrapped round each box of his medicine. Both Ointment and Pills are accompanied by instructions designed for the public at large, and no invalid, who attentively reads them, can now be at any loss how to doctor himself successfully.

When two women are talking together, it is safe to predict that they are saying evil of a third; when two men, that they are saying good of themselves.

A COLLAPSE OF VITAL ENERGY in lung disease is greatly accelerated by the loss of flesh, strength and appetite which invariably attends it. It is one of the chief recommendations of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, that by reason of the blood-enriching and nourishing properties of the above named ingredients, it renews failing strength by compensating for losses already sustained, while a healing and soothing influence is at the same time exerted upon the inflamed membraneous lining of the throat, lungs and bronchia, by the Cod Liver Oil. Digestion is stimulated and appetite improved, the nervous system regains tone and vigor, and the scrofulous and organic maladies change, where it is used. Physicians should see that the bottles sold at 50 cents and $1.00 have the firm's name blown in them, and that the wrapper has a fac simile of our signature. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.