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.

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—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	$40.00
Half column one year	25.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	25.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
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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.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 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 Creech's Saddlery, ACTON, ONT.
RESIDENCE:—Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

L. 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, barswood for heading, and pine, cedar or black ash for shingles, in the log, or bolts.
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 freshing 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. Ruling 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,
A. A. SECORD, Sr.
Agent, Acton.

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, 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.
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.
Terms Cash - - A Call Solicited
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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,
ACTON, ONT.
H. Marlatt & Bro.
Desire to tender thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage since opening business here, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, and can assure them that they will always have on hand a full stock of
ALL KINDS OF MEAT.
Meat Delivered.
We will purchase good meat of any kind from those who wish to sell.
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,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

PIMPLES.
I will mail (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, enclosing stamp, JOHN H. REEVES, Box 2324, Montreal, P.Q.

THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, April 27, 1882.

POETRY.

THE DYING WIFE.

You'll think of me sometimes, beloved,
When I am gone from sight!
When you can see me nevermore,
You'll not forget me quite!
You'll miss sometimes at twilight hour
My low and loving tone;
Your heart will sometimes fell a pang,
When beating all alone.

You'll think of days forever gone,
And grief may ring a tear
From eyes that have but seldom wept,
But I shall not be here;
You'll come and go; and yet the smile
That once your fond eyes met,
Will faded be—forever fled,
But, oh, do not forget!

When cold and lifeless is the form
That's nestled on thy breast,
When chill and marble-like the lips
That once thine own heart pressed,
Oh, sometimes think of me, and come
Unto the quiet spot
Where I shall slumber lone and still,
But oh! no quite forget!

You'll think of me when sitting side
My lone and vacant chair;
And sometimes, love oh! gaze upon
This golden tress of hair!
And think that with its sister curls
It floated o'er the brow
That rests within the lowly grave,
So damp and pallid now.

But yet your grief will pass away
Like dusky shades of night;
The cypress wreath you'll change, beloved,
For one with flowers white;
You'll fondly love another one,
And call her thine—but yet
Your *lost* young bride—your first beloved,
Oh, do not quite forget!

And *she*, thy chosen one, may bring
A heart of love to thee,
But not more loving, true, than mine,
I *know* it *cannot* be.
But mine must throbless, pulseless be,
Its warm outgushings still,
But you will sometimes think of her,
Who rests so pale and chill.

Oh! sometimes fancy that my arms
Are fondly round thee twined,
And that my cheek, once warm and fair,
Is closely pressed to thine.
When I am gone, forever gone,
I'd be remembered yet,
Oh! think of me sometimes, beloved,
And never quite forget!

OUR STORY.

UNDER THE SPELL.

"It's too bad to let the child throw away her young life and happiness. Some one ought to warn her of the rocks in her course."

So spoke the world, watching the flirtation between Eben Farval and Clare Welling. Of course it was flirtation, this same world decreed; not, perhaps, on her side—the warning would not have been needed then—but on his.

She was but 18, with something of the clear young soul shining through the dark-blue eyes as they uplifted themselves to her hero's face.

Yes, he was her hero. The world, for once, had spoken truly. She had not begun to reason. She only knew that her heart beat more quickly at the sound of his footstep—that, had one asked her ideal of all manly beauty, unconsciously Eben's dark, handsome face would have instantly pictured itself before her, though she might have vouchsafed no spoken answer—that to her ear was no sweeter music than the low, melodious utterance of his voice.

Of course he knew his power. The world remembered numberless instances when he had used it but too mercilessly; therefore they felt sorrow for the young, untried girl who also had fallen "Under the Spell."

Yes, as she stood to-night by Ben Farval's side, the tall, slender figure, draped in soft, white folds; a brilliant color on her cheeks, lending new lustre to her eyes; the soft, fair hair, curling itself in myriad rings upon the low, white brow; she seemed a picture of girlish happiness. Could it be that he who had made should mar it? If so, how perfect his acting.

"Claire," he whispered—never, never had her name sounded so sweet before—"Are you tired? Shall we not finish this waltz?"

For answer she let him slip his arm around her waist.

Tired with him? Had the music lasted, she might have gone on forever!

She sighed when it ended, with a crash, and he drew her into the dimly-lighted conservatory.

What meant the look with which he pierced down through the azure into the hidden depths of her soul?

He spoke no word, but there, amid the flowers and fragrance, with a half sleepy canary warbling his good-night song above their heads, he opened wide his arms.

A moment she resisted their mute entreaty; he drew a step nearer then; with a half-sob of the most exquisite happiness she had ever known, she felt them fold themselves about her, and laid her head, like a tired child, upon his breast. He held her close and long.

"Clare, you love me?" he half asserted, half questioned. "Oh, child, what a sweet, fair page has been the life upon which I may dare inscribe my name!"

At his words of self-implied reproach, she raised her head. In his face was a light she had never seen before. With a [illegible] whisper, startling: "Why might he not lumined the torch.

"I love you—I love you!" she repeated, softly, until he hushed the words with a kiss.

"Do not let us tell the world our secret," he pleaded. "It is so sweet to have no one share it but ourselves."

And to this wish of his she gladly gave consent.

On swiftly joyous wings the days followed, merging themselves into halcyon weeks; yet some lives, she had heard, were filled with misery. Could she ever fathom the meaning of the word? Ah, she was young to ask the question! It was to be answered all too soon.

Poor child! she had no mother—perhaps a mother's hand would have been more gentle with the knife; but one day her aunt, with whom she lived, came into her room to rudely break in upon her day dreams.

"Clare," she said, "I want to talk with you. This Mr. Furval who is here so often must come no more. The day might dawn when you would become interested in him, and I would be sorry to have my singing-bird's song cease. They tell me he is fascinating. With his honeyed words and phrases he sets traps for hearts, as the fowler for his game. He makes boasts, too, of his conquests, I hear. The words "I love you," fall all too readily from his lips. The question, 'Be my wife?' never!"

Pale as ashes, Clare had been about to utter an indignant denial of all her aunt had she. When she had added these words, "The question, 'Be my wife?' never!" they seemed to lend a ring of truth to all that had gone before; yet her loyalty stood her in good stead, though her pride made her hide the freshly-raging wound.

"You are unjust, aunt," she said, speaking with effort. "Why should you believe what gossip says?"

"Because it has extended its voice to you—because it says that you, too, are under the spell of this man's wonderful fascination. Many is the heart he has broken, Clare—he shall *not* break yours!"

"If what you say be true," she replied, defiantly, "it is already broken; but I do not—I will not believe it! He loves me, and I—I love him!"

"He has asked you to become his wife?"

The question cut like a knife to the girl's quivering heart.

"No; not in words. I did not even miss them, so sure was I of his purpose. Why—why do you come here to torment me?"

"Because I would save you, and because he shall *never* know his latest victim. Child, look here! This was sent me yesterday."

And she placed a sheet of paper in the little, trembling, outstretched hand.

It was covered with the hand-writing of him whom they spoke, and it was a mad, passionate declaration of his love for her to whom it was addressed. There was neither name nor date—only his signature, bold and free.

"Clare, you believe now?"

"Yes, I believe," she answered softly. "Leave me to myself."

The next day, when Eben Furval called, a dainty folded note was put into his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, to read these words:

"I must ask you not to see me again. Ye are a better actor than I. I have wearied of the farce. Doubtless, with the world for your audience, you can find some one better fitted to play my part."

This was all. Thus had the child striven to hide the wound from which was pouring what she vainly hoped might be the life-current.

With a bitter look, ending in a groan, the man crushed the paper in his hand.

"Oh, God!" he said, beneath his breath. "After all these years, is this a second time to be my reward? Is there no truth in woman?"

And his soul echoed, "None?"

But Clare had been half-child, half-woman. Only yesterday her eyes had looked with worshipful light into his. There was some mistake, some treachery. He could not let her thus escape him. He had been world-worn and weary. Her love had been like finding the cooling spring in the desert. Must he pass it by, and perish of thirst? Not so! He would write to her, and beg her to tell him if indeed she had but played with him. If so, to let her silence answer; if not, to bid him come to her.

His very soul seemed to pour itself out in the senseless sheet. The next day he himself saw it delivered at her door. What he unhappily did not see, were the hands that received it.

"It will but make the child grieve more," reasoned the aunt; and with the seal unbroken, laid it on the flames.

For what had Clare hoped as the weary days went by? Had she expected any answer to the poor little note with which she had struggled to bolster up her pride?

Paler and waner she grew as her hope died. Truly she was a child no longer, said her aunt, sadly; but her own lips were dumb, until the strain on brain and heart gave way, and the name she had held so long unspoken was breathed in every accent of love and despair from her fever-parched lips, as she lay tossing in delirium.

Her aunt, good woman though she was, could have cursed the name's owner as she listened, shudderingly, to its repetition.

"My poor little lamb! To think [illegible] have spared you?"

But one day, when the whisper had spread abroad that Clare Welling was dying, a man, haggard and white, forced himself into her presence.

"Let me see her!" he entreated.

Some spirit rose in the crushed heart at sight of him.

"You would see your victim?" she questioned with scorn. "Wait until your work is complete—it will not be long."

"If you have a woman's soul within you, tell me what you mean!" he answered. "My victim? Do you know that one little month ago my dearest hope was to make Clare my wife? Ah, heaven! I thought she shared it then. But they tell me she is dying. Let me but see her once!"

Was the man speaking falsely? or had she, who meant to save the child, brought her to this pass?

"Wait here," she commanded, and hurried from the room.

When she returned, she carried a sheet of paper in her hand.

"This was sent me," she explained. "Did you write it?"

He glanced over it and his face paled.

"Yes," he said. "Ten long years ago, when I was a lad of 20, I loved the woman to whom it was addressed, and she played with and jilted me. For a time I lost all faith in women, until—until I met Clare. She taught me what it was to love again, but this time with the endless passion of the man. The woman I once loved is a widow now. To you I may confess she has striven vainly to allure the back into the toils. Doubtless she has sent you this paper. Tell me"—a sudden light breaking upon him—"did Clare see and believe this?"

The woman bowed her head.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, brokenly. "Help me to nurse my darling back to life, and together we will make her atonement.

It was a hard struggle they had set themselves, but they conquered.

Perhaps even in her delirium Clare knew who answered to his name, or who held her in strong, loving arms; but, however this may be, certain it is that one day the blue eyes opened, to look with dawning recognition into the pale, handsome face of her love as it bent over her. "Hush my love," he whispered, as she was about to speak. "I am with you, never to leave you again. It has all been a mistake, darling—all except our love, which has won for us the victory."

Was she dreaming? She did not know, but, nestling closer in his arms, fell into the sweet refreshing sleep which was the turning point from death to life.

A month later, and in the gray old church was a quiet wedding.

"Who would have believed it?" said the world.

This time it really looked as though they were both "Under the spell;" and so indeed they were, but the name of the magician's wand was—*Love!*

Value of a Railroad Train.

Few have any conception of the money value of an express train. The handsome locomotive and elegant cars are admired as the train comes puffing into the depot, but when seen from the point of view furnished by the Hartford Courant, the spectator is astonished at the responsibility placed in the hands of engineer, fireman, conductor and brakeman:

A railroad official, the other day, gave some interesting figures as to the value of the mid-day express from New York, which was a fair representation of the fast express trains on the Consolidated road.

There was an engine, tender, and eight cars. The engine and tender, which are always considered together, were valued at $10,500, the baggage car $1,000, the postal car $2,000, the smoking car $5,000, the two ordinary passenger cars $10,000 each, and the three palace cars $15,000 each; total, $83,000.

This is a low, rather than an excessive estimate for one of the expresses, as some of them, with more cars, are worth $100,000 at least.

The palace cars, put down at $15,000, are, in many cases, worth an average of $18,000. These cars came into use soon after the sleeping coaches, the first being used in 1863. In some instances these cars have cost as high as $25,000 and $30,00, where the interior workmanship was very elaborate.

From the figures given, it will be seen that a comfortable dwelling may be built for the cost of an ordinary passenger car, and that the money expended for a palace coach would erect a very handsome brick or brown stone front residence.

It is an interesting reflection that the safety of one of these costly trains, to say nothing of the passengers, devolves almost wholly upon one man—the engineer.

There are other train men, the conductor, baggage-master, firemen and three or four brakemen, but the hand upon the lever, and the brain directing it, have an immense responsibility.

In love women go to the length of folly, and men to the extreme of silliness.

If common sense may not be ordinary of the sun, is not the fixity of the stars.

In the present age morality is a figurative rule, while custom is a practical law.

Life is too precious and too [illegible] misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

Ah! child, the stream that brings
To thirsty lips their drink,
Is seldom drain'd, for springs
Pour water to its brink.

The wellsprings that supply
The streams are seldom spent,
For clouds of rain come by,
To pay them what they lent.

The clouds that cast their rain
On lands that yield our food,
Have water from the main,
To make their losses good.

The sea is paid by lands,
With streams from every shore,
So give with kindly hands,
For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring
His blessings should be sent,
From living thing to thing,
But nowhere staid or spent.

And every soul that takes
But yields not one again,
Is so a link that breaks
In Heaven's love-made chain.

What to Do.

BY REV. D. C.

1. Cure the distress and misery which flow from the whiskey bottle.
2. Pluck the dealer and the drinker out of the hands of the devil.
3. Save children and youth from becoming drunkards.
4. Form and uphold a sound, active public sentiment.
5. Guard the Lord's day from the profane touch of the rum traffic.
6. Strike down the traffic. Lay the axe, moral, social, and political, at the root of the corrupt tree.
7. Bear full witness to the whole truth in preaching and practice.
8. Put this cause upon the contribution calender, as much so and regular as Bible or tract work.
9. Give it a warm place in the praying heart, and a strong hand of help in the systematic work in the church.
10. Drill the whole membership for persistent, prayerful, personal work in all or any of these lines of effort.
11. Take the front in this war, and never retreat.

Words of Wisdom.

Noise is the music of industry.

The greatest factor of eloquence is sincerity.

Let us respect gray hairs, especially our own.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it smites.

The two noblest things are sweetness and light.

Difficulty enlists the strong, but it is in them the weak desert.

Beware, oh beware of the mother of a man that despises a woman.

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by the opening.

Jealousy is the sentiment of property, but envy is the instinct of theft.

Life is so short that it is the worst of stupidities to waste an hour of it.

It is a most degraded nature that will betray an honorable confidence.

The clue of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot.

When nature is sovereign there is no need of austerity and self-denial.

Kisses by people who no longer love each other are merely collated yawns.

A Yankee Farmer's Maxims.

1. Keep up with improvements.
2. Think small things important.
3. Take pleasure in your work.
4. Don't ruin stock by low feeding, nor bad feeding.
5. Don't let gates sag and fall down.
6. Make all the manure possible.
7. Don't let fowls roost in trees.
8. Have your stock well sheltered.
9. Don't leave wagons, tools and farming implements exposed to the weather.
10. Don't hang harness in the dust, nor forget to oil axles.
11. Never go to town without business.
12. Don't be stingy and penurious, but practice old-fashioned, honest and honorable economy.
13. Don't forget to take the paper and read it while your horses are feeding.

It Always Works Just This Result.

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Yonge street Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishing Store, Toronto, tells a most remarkable story of the Great German Remedy. "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a bad case of neuralgia, of five years standing, when I had given up hopes of being cured, and had tried fifty different so-called remedies. I now keep it all the time not only at home, but here in my place of business. It is an excellent thing and something no-body should be without."

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted, than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces griping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price, $1.00. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure. For sale by all medicine dealers.