

Acton Free Press  
H. P. MOORE  
Editor & Proprietor  
At the Free Press  
PRINTING & PUBLISHING  
Next Door to Methodist Church  
Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

# Acton Free Press.

Volume VII. No. 46. Acton, Ont. Thursday, May 18, 1882. Whole No. 878.  
The Newspaper—A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns.  
TERMS: \$1.00 in Advance. \$1.50 if not so paid.

APRIL ALL  
Oh, the old friends are the best,  
After all—after all!  
Though the face be not the best,  
After all—after all!  
When the fever heat is highest,  
Or the chilling tide is highest,  
Or all there comes a reaching  
Of a friendly whose sweet teaching  
Gives us joy, and peace, and rest,  
For the weary soul the best,  
After all—after all!  
What are all the stings of malice,  
After all—after all!  
There are joys deep in life's chalice  
After all—after all!  
Should the shadows dim your sun,  
And the sunbeams ne'er come o'er you,  
'Tis four feet pass by the daisies  
Shall your souls be count his praises?  
Heaven shows no perfect rest,  
There our weary souls are best,  
After all—after all!

ACTON BANKING COY.,  
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! Ornaments!  
Goods! Dress 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.  
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,  
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.

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Terms Strictly Cash.  
B. W. NICKLIN,  
Acton, Feb. 9, 1882.

J. FISHER, V.S. GEORGETOWN,  
Ont., will visit Acton every Wednes-  
day, and will attend to all calls pertaining  
to his profession. Orders left at McFarlan's  
Drug Store will receive prompt attention.  
Terms moderate. J. FISHER.

FULLERTON, HALL & STOREY,  
Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme  
Court, Conveyancers, etc., Toronto and  
Guelph. Offices: 50, 52, 54, Church street,  
Toronto, and Melville Street, Georgetown,  
Ont. J. FULLERTON, W. H. HALL, S. D. STOREY.

W. 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.  
A sum of money to loan at 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 10 to 12 A.M.  
All calls received promptly attended to.  
Horses bought and sold on  
commission. Residence: West Corner from  
Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.  
G. REID.

THE PUMP BUSINESS.  
This undersigned has made arrangements  
with M. E. Deane, Esq., to take over the  
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 Sheppard's Blacksmith  
shop, will receive prompt attention.  
W. E. ADAMS,  
Acton, April 19th, 1882.

WILL BUY OR SELL.  
The undersigned is prepared to purchase  
any quantity of elm or birch stove pipe,  
base wood for heating, and pine, cedar or  
black ash for stumps, in the local market  
always on hand.  
THOS. C. MOORE

LINE FOR SALE.  
Line can be had at the Canada Line  
Works in small or large quantities at any  
time. Apply at the Mill, near Bolton's  
mill, or to  
C. B. SMITH,  
Box 17, Acton,  
May 1st, 1882.

FRANCIS NUNAN,  
Successor to T. F. Chapman,  
BOOKBINDER,  
St. George's Square, Guelph.

ROYAL  
INSURANCE COMPANY,  
Capital, Ten Million Dollars.  
Liability of Shareholders Limited.  
Funds Invested, \$25,000,000. Annual In-  
come, \$4,000,000. Insured in Canada for  
\$500,000. The Royal Insurance Company  
has the Largest Surplus of any Fire Insur-  
ance Company in the World.  
All kinds of property—City and Town  
Buildings—All Money to Loan—Fire  
and Marine Risks.  
D. McEVEIGH, Leg., Hamilton  
A. A. SECORD, Jr., Agent,  
Acton, Ont.

East End Butcher Shop.  
E. Marriott & Bro.  
DEALS IN ALL KINDS OF MEAT  
Wholesale and Retail.  
All kinds of fresh meat of any  
kind from those who wish to sell.

CHOICE NEW STYLES  
BABY CARRIAGES!  
Selling Very Fast  
Day's Bookstore,  
GUELPH.

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK  
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.

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

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

Watchmaker & Jeweller,  
GUELPH.  
BUTCHER SHOP.  
R. HOLMES  
Would respectfully inform the people of  
Acton and vicinity that he has purchased  
the business and property of Mr. W. C.  
Robinson, and is prepared to  
supply all with  
FIRST-CLASS MEAT,  
of all kinds, and  
Poultry and Game in Season.  
Best delivered in any part of town  
at any hour.

Having practical experience in the  
Butchering Business I feel confident that I  
can suit all. A call kindly solicited.  
R. HOLMES.  
A Great Cause of Human Misery  
is the Loss of  
**MANHOOD**  
We have recently published a new  
edition of Dr. Carterwell's Cele-  
brated Essay on the nature and  
treatment of Venereal, Gonorrhoeal,  
and Syphilitic diseases. It is the  
most complete and reliable work on  
the subject of Venereal diseases ever  
published. It contains a full and  
correct description of all the  
varieties of these diseases, and  
explains the mode of their propa-  
gation and the mode of their treat-  
ment. It also contains a full and  
correct description of the nature and  
treatment of all the diseases  
which are commonly called  
"syphilitic" or "venereal"  
diseases. It is a work of great  
value to all who are afflicted  
with these diseases, and is  
indispensable to all who are  
engaged in the treatment of  
these diseases. It is a work  
which should be in the hands  
of every physician and every  
man who wishes to preserve his  
manhood.  
The Carterwell Medical Co.,  
111 St. James St., New York.  
Sole Agents for the Dominion  
W. W. BURTON, Manager.

The Free Press.  
THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1882.

POETRY.  
MONEY.  
Belabored, the word's a pretty hard place,  
But you don't get plenty of cash,  
But others can say, "What a beautiful face!"  
When they see you smiling down.

Now, of your pockets worry well filled,  
And your own's side on hand,  
Although your honor has all bin spilled,  
You'll take care, by God, hand.

De good Lord he looks inter de soul  
An' nether asks if yer rich,  
But says, says he, "if ye wholesome an' whine,  
My kingdom is made ob stich."

Den you must choose pretty quick, my lad,  
For debbil or Lord must hab yer;  
De Lord, he wants yer awful bad,  
De debbil stant's ready to grab yer.

Better go in rags to de 'ternal city,  
What de angel tumbler dwell,  
Den tumbled in stye, oh, what a pity!  
On de downhill road to hell.

OUR STORY.  
SAUCY EYES.  
A STORY OF SUMMER MASQUERADES.

She came smiling across the fields, her arms laden with hawthorn bloom. Harold Carleton, as he saw her, thought her the very incarnation of Spring, she was so young, so fresh, so full of exuberant vitality. Yet she was only a cottager's daughter, apparently, for her dress though neat was cheap. She glanced up at him as she passed, with her great, eloquent eyes, half shyly, half mischievously.

Harold was fresh from Cambridge, and at eighteen thought himself in another sphere, even in point of age, from the rest of the town. He was disposed to be patronizing.

"What's the pretty little saucy eyes?" he said. "Stop and give a fellow a kiss."  
"My name isn't Saucy Eyes and you know it, gentlemen," she emphasized the word, "when they speak to me call me Miss Kent."

She had stopped for a moment to say this, and she now walked on with head erect and the air of a born princess.  
"Whew," whistled Harold. "But I've made a mess of it. No cottager's daughter has an accent like that. Who the deuce can she be? A regular little spit-fire, though."

He ventured to ask the landlady about her at the small inn he lodged. He had come to this picturesque, hilly region, on a trout-fishing excursion, and knew no one there.

"Oh! that's the minister's daughter," he was told. "Had her arms full of hawthorn, you say? Yes, there's plenty of it about here—some of the few places there is. We're miles of hedges. Miss Kate was taking the bloom home to deck out the parlor. She's a rare one for flowers. You should see her decorate the church for Christmas. All the young ladies give way to her in that, though she is but a child as yet."

"If she grows up as pretty as she is now she'll make many a fellow's heart ache," said Harold, philosophically, as he helped himself to another brook-trout, and in five minutes more, so excellent was the dinner, he had forgotten all about the child.

Years passed. Harold had taken his degree and was now studying law, the profession of his father, Hugh Carleton, and his grandfather before him. Just before the summer vacation began he had a letter from home.

"We shall certainly expect you, dear," his mother wrote, "this year, and will take no excuses. It has been two years since you were home, remember. We have had such an accession, too, to our society. Our new rector is a most excellent man, and his son a charming daughter, a very pretty girl, and so bright, intelligent and high-bred."

Now, Harold, who had gone the summer before to France and Germany, thought of going to Norway this year—had almost given his promise in fact; but at this appeal he wrote back that he would come home and spend the whole vacation at "Inglewood," for that was the name of Hugh Carleton's place.

"Dear mamma, it was so hard on her last year," he said to himself.  
The very day that Harold came home the rector went away on a four weeks' visit with his wife, and the last words he said to his daughter as he got into the carriage were:  
"Good-bye, Katie, and don't forget to go up to 'Squire Carleton's and ask to have the gardener to come to see the garden. The 'squire told me to send for him only yesterday. With his aid we can manage to keep the garden very nice."

"I suppose I might as well go at once," said Katie, when the carriage had disappeared. "Dear old papa, I am sorry you and me have gone; but I'm going to have lots of fun, with nobody but old Nannie to look after me."  
Harold Carleton himself was in the garden when Katie came in. He had arrived unexpectedly the night before, a week sooner than he had expected. He was fond of a little amateur gardening at times, and was just now bending over a moss rose bush, he in hand. His back was toward Katie, and she, supposing him to be the gardener, called out:  
"Oh, Adam, that's your name I hear; please ask Mr. Carleton if he can spare you for a couple of hours this afternoon. It's Dr. Kent's, at the rectory."

Harold glanced mischievously at the pretty face half hidden by the tall lilies which she had stopped to smell as she was speaking. Here was a chance for some sport. Katie had probably never seen the new gardener, who had only come two days before. Why could not he personate the old fellow for the afternoon? He thought he had an odd coat on, he thought.

his whole heart was in her answer:  
"Did you wish to say him, miss? For it's myself as will be after sending the likes of him to you."  
"No," said Katie, decidedly. "Stop talking and go to work. I am afraid you are getting lazy," and Katie walked off with her most quietly step.

"Whew," whistled Harold. "She's too bright to be caught in that way. Think Adam will tell on her. Getting lazy, am I? Well, it isn't because I don't work hard enough, with a doubtful gaze at his blistered hands, as he set vigorously to work, adding, "Even as Adam, I must win the good opinion of my Eve."

The next afternoon Katie went to call on a friend, and Harold discontentedly watched her departure. It was so pleasant to know that she was in the summer house or about the grounds that he did not like her to go away.

He did not notice her return, nor that she came to the arbor soon after. But when he had finished his last order he threw himself down on a mossy seat, and, losing his wig off, began fanning himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"I can't wear that confounded wig any longer," he exclaimed. "It's color even is enough to set me on fire. Now, this is refreshing. Beppo, you scamp, bring back that wig. What if my mistress should come? Whew! Must I suffer as she does this scorching day?"

Beppo, Katie's dog, had run off with the wig, as the reader has conjectured, and on seeing his master, rushed to the summer house and laid the wig at his mistress's feet.

"Why, Beppo, what have you there?" she cried. "It looks like the scalp of old Adam. I wonder if—"  
And she broke into a fit of ringing laughter as she met the astonished Harold's face to face.

"Mr. Carleton!"  
"Miss Katie!"  
Then, unable to resist it, he also broke into a hearty laugh.

"Oh! so you're not Adam," said Katie, demurely, at last.

"No, but I will be if you'll only be my Eve," he cried, with a touch of his old, boyish impudence. "Oh, Katie! Miss Kent, darling, I've learned to love you so dearly—say you will. We'll make another paradise where we can be happy together, and I shan't be obliged to work so hard, breaking into laughter as he saw Katie's roguish look and wiping his dripping forehead.

"Very well," said Katie; "I'll think of it. But you must remember that it was not a woman who made trouble in the garden this time. And she added, archly: "But I'll forgive me for despoiling me if you will forgive me for—"  
"For what?" asked Harold as she hesitated.

"For not letting you know before that I guessed your secret. I knew from the beginning that you were not Adam. That first day when I pretended to be smelling the lilies I had soon you were, at least, not Adam."

"Well, Adam, train up this hedge and then you may go," she answered, and swept away.

Several days went by. The pretended Adam never failed to be on hand in the afternoon. But in the morning Harold Carleton, in his own proper person, most of which Katie attended, for by this time the 'squire's wife had called. It was a day, and of course, after that, Katie was included in everything that went on.

"Katie, too, learned to like Harold Carleton very much, for to his more genial and whole-souled overland, he was generous to a fault, frank and open-hearted as the day and had out-grown the conceit and cocksureness of his youth.

One morning when Katie went into the garden unexpectedly, she found Adam fanning himself with his straw hat, which was usually drawn so closely over his eyes, and she caught a quick glance that reminded her of Harold. But it was only for a moment.

He had not seen her, nor did he see her when she quietly seated herself in a vine covered summer-house and took out some pretty, graceful work with which she soon became quite absorbed.

The long, drowsy afternoon was wearing away. Nothing but the tinkle of the little brook back of the rectory, the sound of the scythe which Adam was wielding, and the murmur of the bees broke the silence of the place. Suddenly Katie's ear was arrested by a clear, manly voice, singing a bar from a favorite opera, in a rich, ringing tone.

She started to her feet and looked out the garden unexpected. She had sung with Harold Carleton that very song, and this surely was his voice again. But no one was in sight except Adam, who was industriously hoeing his ground. The truth was, Harold, ignorant of Katie's presence, had forgotten himself; but he was now furious at his indiscretions, for he had heard, Katie and knew what called her out.

"Adam, has Mr. Carleton been here?" she asked. "If I thought I heard him just now."  
"No, mum. It's not yet that I didn't say him," said the apparently bold Irishman.  
"It was sure it was his voice," said Katie, looking for a little suspiciously.  
"He would cross examine Katie's little and this discover her real feeling toward himself. So he asked, calmly, though covertly:

signs of spiritual decline.  
1. When you are averse to religious con-  
solation or the company of heavenly-mind-  
ed Christians.

2. When from necessity, and without  
necessity, you absent yourself from reli-  
gious services.

3. When you are more concerned about  
pacifying conscience than honoring Christ  
in performing duty.

4. When you are more afraid of being  
counted over strict than of dishonoring  
Christ.

5. When you trifle with temptation, or  
think lightly of sin.

6. When the faults of others are more a  
matter of censorious conversation than se-  
cret grief and prayer.

7. When you are impatient and unfor-  
giving toward the faults of others.

8. When you confess, but do not forsake  
sin; and when you acknowledge, but still  
neglect duty.

9. When your cheerfulness has more of  
the levity of the unregenerate than the joy-  
fulness of the children of God.

10. When you shrink from self-exami-  
nation.

11. When the sorrows and cares of the  
world follow further into the Sabbath than  
the savor and sanctity of the Sabbath fol-  
low you into the week.

12. When you are easily priviledged upon  
to let your duty as a Christian yield to your  
worldly interests or the opinions of your  
neighbors.

13. When you associate with men of  
world without solicitude of doing good or  
having your own spiritual life injured.

Why?  
Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Be-  
cause it is the end of pork.

Why is the letter L like a young lady  
giving away her sweetheart to another?  
Because it makes over a lover.

Why is the letter M like the first glass of  
rum? Because it is the beginning of malice.

Why is the letter N like a newly-married  
woman? Because it is the end of maiden-  
hood.

Why is the letter O like a scornful woman  
in disguise? Because it makes her a  
hoop.

Why is the letter P like two winds meet-  
ing? Because it makes a pair.

Why is the letter Q like a king? Be-  
cause it is attached to the Queen.  
Why is the letter R like a treaty ratified?  
Because it is the end of war.  
Why is the letter S like the end of hogs?  
Because it's the beginning of sausages.  
Why the letter T like a victory? Because  
it is the end of conquest.  
Why is the letter U like a fragrance? Be-  
cause it is the centre of bad.  
Why the letter V like two extremes?  
Because it is the beginning of vice and  
virtue.

My Smoke-House.  
A man who lives in Albany, and whose  
business is that of a clock, said that he had  
lately built a house that cost him three  
thousand dollars. His friends expressed  
their wonder that he could afford to build  
so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-  
house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you  
mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I  
left off smoking; and I have put the money  
saved from smoke, with interest, into my  
house. Hence I call it my smoke-house."

A New Catechism in Drayton.  
Q.—What is rheumatism?  
A.—Rheumatism is a humorous sensation  
that causes men to rub their joints with  
St. Jacobs Oil, play practical jokes,  
throw things around, wear crutches and  
sweat in rags, and in red flannel—  
Drayton's (C. J. New Era.

Q.—What is St. Jacobs Oil?  
A.—A peculiar substance of a very  
penetrating nature, which causes rheuma-  
tism to leave the system astonishingly  
quick,—insuring steadiness of temper  
thereby, and ability to do one's work  
satisfactorily. It banishes crutches, re-  
tires bandages, produces happiness, and  
brings us down to a serene old age with-  
out the martyrdom of Rheumatism.

Q.—What is the cure for dyspepsia?  
A.—The cure for dyspepsia is to take  
St. Jacobs Oil. It is the only medicine  
that cures dyspepsia, and it is the only  
medicine that cures the system of rheuma-  
tism. It is the only medicine that cures  
the system of rheumatism, and it is the  
only medicine that cures the system of  
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Q.—What is the cure for rheumatism?  
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only medicine that cures the system of  
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Q.—What is the cure for St. Jacobs Oil?  
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