—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. Newspaper 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
Quarter column three months	7.00

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

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office of 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.

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. KENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kurney & 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.

FULLERTON, HALL & STOREY, Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Conveyancers, &c. Toronto & Georgetown. OFFICES:—No. 50, Church street, Toronto, and McLeods Block, Georgetown.
Money to Loan.
JAS. S. FULLERTON, WM. M. HALL, B. D. STOREY.

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, hardwood 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.

LIME FOR SALE.
Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to
C. S. SMITH,
May, 1st, 1882. Box 172, ACTON.

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.

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.
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. 47. ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882. Whole No. 379.

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.

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.

—THOSE—
Choice New Styles
—OF—
BABY CARRIAGES!
—ARE—
Selling Very Fast
—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.

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.
Meat delivered to any part of town at any time.
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. 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 a 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 medicine or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 459.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 22 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.
W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

The Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, May 25, 1882.

POETRY.

OUR YEAR.

January, so bleak and drear,
With icy breath and snow-clad wing,
First reigns supreme, then leaves his throne
For airs not milder than his own—
Why only can his praises sing.

Then February brings with her
No balmy air, or fragrant flowers,
But blasts so wild, that thro' the trees,
They rudely blow, and scatter leaves
That once were green from sun and showers.

But March winds now are whistling loud,
And passing by they leave their trace
Of chilly air and frost work fine
Upon our panes, which Father Time,
With magic wand, will soon efface.

Next came the gentle April showers,
Which clothe the fields in garbs of green,
While in the meadow, flowers bright
Spring up from darkness into light,
And are rob'd in their brightest sheen.

But April soon gives way to May,
Who comes with dainty, graceful tread,
And brings rich bud and blossoms rare,
With balmy days, both bright and fair,
And sunny skies above her head.

And May to June with roses crowned,
Who brings the clear and pebbly brooks,
The leafy trees, the summer birds,
Whose singing o'er the wood is heard,
From every deep, sequestered nook.

July beams down upon us next,
With kindly smiles and cheerful face,
Her blazing sun, so warm and bright,
And skies of blue with fleecy white,
No lowering cloud in them we trace.

But August now bids July haste,
And leave for her, the sultry sun,
That makes the dainty flowers fold
Their petals bright, of red and gold—
And then her fleeting race is run.

The month of harvest time has come
September, with her golden glow
Of autumn leaves, with berries red,
In graceful wreaths twined round her head,
And festive garlands hanging low.

October's sun now floods the sky,
With streaks of red, both rich and light;
But soon to fade and pass away.
Like man's fleet-winged and sunny day,
Yet glows the deeper in its night.

October's run has ceased to shine
And flood the sky with crimson bright,
November, dreary queen, has come,
To gather her broad harvest home,
And yield her sceptre, now, with might.

December, saddest queen of all,
Your time to reign has come!
But soon in death your eyes will close,
And you will gather sweet repose—
While angel forms will bear you home.

OUR STORY.

INVITED TO BREAKFAST

"Walk out to my house and have breakfast with me some morning." Such was the invitation given me one day by Mr. Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articled in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

I walked down a short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No: nothing savoring so of the town for this group of country residences. They all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chances of having to go to each of them in turn before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, however, by sending across my path a travelling directory in the shape of a milkman, and in response to my enquiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply: "This 'ere one as I've just come from, sir." Walking up a path, I found the door invitingly open and the housemaid putting finishing touches on the bell-handle.

"Master is not down yet, sir," she replied to my enquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

"Oh, then, I will come in and wait," I replied.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked the girl.

"Just tell him Mr. Brookes has called, and he will understand."

So saying, the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should hold possession of the room; with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two open French windows, which opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn, and flower-beds outside. While noticing these things, the housemaid had gone up stairs to announce me; when something like the following dialogue ensued: "Please ma'am, Mr. Brookes is down stairs."

"Mr. Brookes! Who is he?" was the response in a muffled female voice.

"I don't know ma'am," the maid replied. "I never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he'll wait till master comes down."

"Whoever can he be, and what can he want, bothering here at this time of the day?" continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended, so I commenced examining the pictures on the wall. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two when I heard a slight rustling as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room, and before I could rise from my seat a musical voice accosted me with: "Good morning, uncle, here is your button-hole."

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily-shaped head, her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened, too, by a rose blush when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me holding the knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button-hole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life and happiness and beauty. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course—if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay for breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast-table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door when I heard again the greeting, "Good morning, uncle," followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I had never before seen in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp "good-morning." I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was, "He is some visitor;" but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologized for my intrusion and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking, I made a frantic rush at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady, who in less than five minutes I found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried "good-morning," and was trying to make a ghastly attempt to smile as I left the room, when—would you believe it?—that tall, dark man burst into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gaily discussed at the breakfast table, before her, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply, but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. "You really must forgive me; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr. Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers come to the wrong house: but in all our experience we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one."

Now, this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart. "Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us." So saying, he took my hat out of my hand and led me into the room again. Of course it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the kindest and most considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more sensible, more genial and kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower garden, I received from her a rosebud for my buttonhole, which I kept for some years afterwards. When saying good-bye I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow, I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town I lost no time in explaining "the situation" to my employer, Mr. Robertson, who rallied me good naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr. Robertson's, and went not only to it but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me, and that "fairy-like girl is now my wife. That local milkman, bless him, got a handsome "tip" upon our wedding day.

A Word To Married People.

Women, especially young women, either believe falsely, or judge harshly of men in one thing.

You, loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you? He does not—he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting for the time being your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self, hard and stern, so different to the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, higher than you dream of, would coldly turn from your insignificent love

Yet all this must be; you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in *his* heart, as *that* heart lies in his bosom—deep and calm—its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes unfelt; but still giving life to his whole being.

Humorous.

Art is long, but the artist is usually "short."

It goes against the grain to gamble in corn and wheat.

"When sorrow has left its traces," what has become of the rest of the harness?

Some housekeepers are so wasteful that the more flour they have the more they knead.

Sophrania: "Can the weather prophets foretell sudden rain storms in summer?" They could, probably, if they knew the dates on which Sunday-school picnics would be.

A little boy who wouldn't run to the store for his mother until he had had a drink of water, pleaded in extenuation of his disobedience that "even a river couldn't run when it was dry."

A Minnesota girl walks eighteen miles every day, to and from the printing office in which she is employed. Her beau must be working somewhere in the neighborhood of that printing office.

The Smallest Baby Alive.

A gentleman from Casdelaria informs us that the smallest baby in the world was born in that camp at noon on the 3rd inst. The father is a miner in the employ of the Northern Belle mine, and weighs 190 pounds. The mother is a stout, healthy woman, weighing perhaps 190 pounds. The child is a male, as perfectly formed as any human being can be, but upon its birth it only weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse chestnut, and the size of its limbs can be imagined when we say that a ring worn on the little finger of its mother was easily slipped over its foot nearly up to the knee. Our informant states that it was the opinion of the attending physician that the child would live and prosper in good health, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions. The midget is so small that three of its size could play hide-and-seek in a cigar box. This is believed to be the smallest baby ever born.—From the *Carson Appeal.*

Newspaper Secrets.

There is probably no newspaper man of experience in the country who does not hold secrets of importance in his mind, which, if made public, would create a sensation, but would stamp him as being unreliable, and consequently unfit for his profession. The great race for precedence in the publication of news impels him to do his utmost to outstrip his contemporaries, but a higher feeling, the dictates of honor, keeps secret the trust reposed. Frequently persons would like to know the authorship of certain matters published, and whether his efforts are directed to "pumping" the managing editor or the galley boy, his efforts are equally as fruitless. Every compositor on a paper, as a rule, knows the handwriting he sets up, but if any other persons think they can learn it from him—well, let them try.

Beware.

A new postal law or decision in the U. S. authorizes the publishers of newspapers to arrest any man as a thief who takes their papers and refuses to pay for them. A little of the same kind of law in Canada would not be out of place, and would prove a boon to publishers who lose a large sum annually rather than sue delinquent subscribers by the present Division Court process which is slow, doubtful and expensive, for it is an easy matter to get a judgment, but quite another to enforce collection of it.

Time.

Kill time to-day, and, to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow;
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day;
Till, in the end, as is meet due,
Time turns the tables, and kills you.

The Praise of Good Doctors.

The best of the pill-box crew,
Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
With the health of a hearty man.
And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can:
There's Dr. Diet,
And Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,
"I know you well," says he;
"Your stomach is poor and your liver is sprung,
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist,
And he gravely shakes his head.
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
You go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me,
Of all the pill-box crew,
For he smiles and says, as he lobs his fee,
"Laugh on, whatever you do."

So now I eat when I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat,
And thus have the doctors said.
And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can,
There's Dr. Diet,
And Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

Words of Wisdom.

Prudery is a perfume that conceals vitiated air.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Faith and hope cure more diseases than medicine.

The secret of felicity is a judicious interruption of routine.

It is not wise to reject benefits when they may be refused.

Happiness is like the echo; it answers you, but it does not come.

A man without secrecy is an open letter for every one to read.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.

When duty seems to clash, "the moral law always has the right of way."

Excess of ceremony is always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

From the manner in which praise and blame are dealt out in this world, an honest man ought to covet defamation.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

Unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than the muscles and the arteries.

Home Sunshine.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams.

If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place of criticism, where faces are stern, and words are harsh, and fault finding ever in the ascendant, children will naturally spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

A Daughter's Protest.

A lady sings at an amateur concert, and receives the honor of an *encore.*

Her little daughter protests furiously.

"It isn't fair, and you're real mean!" cries the child; "my ma sang her piece right, and you've got no business to go and make her do it all over again."

A Western farmer of the old school, lamenting the paragon hired man of the past, thus speaks of him of the present: "He wears white shirts and collars. He won't eat with a knife. He wants napkins, and if we won't hang up a clean towel once a week he wipes on his handkerchief. He wants a whole hour at noon, and after supper he trots off to a singing school or sits down to a newspaper."

Rough Siege Laid to Him.

Mr. James O. Neville, the well known General Import and Export Agent of the "Allen Line," and General Dominion Shipping Agent, of 538 Dorchester street, Montreal, is an active member of the Shamrock La-Crosse Club. "While on a late exhibition trip to the States," said Mr. Neville to the writer, "my old foe, the rheumatism, attacked me, and gave me a rough siege. I suffered with the ailment all through my trip and long after my return home. I tried several remedies and found them entirely useless. Having read the testimonials of well known people who had cured St. Jacobs Oil, and been cured thereby, I determined to give it a trial. Upon the first application, I saw at once I was as well as ever, and fully able to attend to my business. I have not had the least suggestion of rheumatism since. It certainly is a remarkable remedy and one that seems to me to be infallible."

A clergyman in a neighboring city who had just been installed, and who was searching the town over in vain for a house to live in, began his prayers as follows: "O Lord, we are wanderers here below. Thou knowest we have no abiding place." Many of his congregation who knew of his fruitless endeavors in house hunting could not help smiling quietly at the truth of his remarks.

Don't Die in the House.
"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

Had Suffered many Physicians and grew no better but rather worse, Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after dismissing his physicians, tried nearly half a dozen of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 60, he says he feels a young man, and is overjoyed at his wonderful cure.