—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
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 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.

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. 50 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882. Whole No. 362.

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. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE 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.

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, basswood 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, Box 172, ACTON. May, 1st, 1882.

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, $500,000. 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, 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 lot of things —AT THE— 10 CENT STORE and Cheap Cash Bazaar. Four doors west of Post Office. JAS. F. KIDNER, GUELPH.

Medical Hall, ACTON DR. M. FORSTER.

NEW Flour and Feed STORE. The undersigned has just opened in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. J. C. Hill, Mill street, Acton, a Flour, Feed & Provision Store, and will keep constantly on hand a full supply of Flour, Bran, Shorts, Buckwheat Flour, Cornmeal, Seed Corn, Oatmeal, Pea Meal, And all kinds of Feed. Goods delivered any place inside or out of Corporation. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. For the accommodation of Mr. Stathem's customers fresh bread will be left there. R. ELLIOTT. Acton, April 18th, 1882.

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.

CROQUET, CROQUET, BIG VALUE. Eleven Crates Just In. Sets of Four, Six and Eight Balls and Mallets, very low. —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 excess. 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 medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and 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 450.

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, June 15, 1882.

POETRY.

ONE DAY OF GLADNESS.

One day of gladness makes amends
For all the ills misfortune sends.
As one full-leafed and perfect flower
Rewards us for each anxious hour.

E'en as the sunshine floods the plain,
And dries all traces of the rain,
So joy upon our path appears,
And leaves no vestiges of tears.

Though sorrow to our side may slip,
And give us close companionship,
While round about deep shadows fall,
One day of gladness brightens all.

With cheerful glow it reaches far
Beyond the light of moon or star,
Shining long after day is done,
Brightly as Norway's midnight sun.

Though we with favored ones abide
Serenely on life's sunny side,
One day more beautiful and blest
Exceeds in splendor all the rest.

Or when the past is in review,
And cares seem many, comforts few,
How are the troubles that annoy
Extinguished by a gleam of joy!

For all the sorrows of this life,
For all the suffering and strife,
In bliss that earthly bliss transcends,
The glad hereafter makes amends!

OUR STORY.

An Incident of Travel.

"All full, sir! Sorry. But I guess you'll manage to stand the next fifty miles.

Mr. Smith, the spruce young conductor on the Central Railway cars ushered in a descrepid shabbily attired old man, who leaned wearily on his staff and carried a heavy valise in his hand.

The long, dimly lighted car was full; every seat was occupied; band-boxes and carpet bags were held in their owners' laps, and there was not a single chance for the new comer to be accommodated.

A couple of score of faces lifted themselves to glance at the old man's face as he moved slowly and painfully down the narrow aisle. It was plainly evident that he had as much as he could do to support himself, and besides he looked like one that was just recovering from a severe illness—his cheeks were thin and pale, his eyes lacked the fire which ought to sparkle beneath those large and strongly marked brows. There were many well, active looking, healthy young men in the car, but not one felt disposed to renounce his soft comfortable seat to the shabby old traveler. And after a stare of undisguised contempt, each and all dropped their eyes and thought no more of the suffering old age before them. In this enlightened country it is a notorious fact that the aged meet with slights and incivilities, to say nothing of positive unkindness, which would have put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eustace, a young exqnisite, who was escorting his cousin, Isabella Winchester, to Nahant, drew down his mouth until the ends of his copper colored moustache rested on the tips of his well starched dickey, and remarked to the lady sitting by his side:

"Really, Mr. Smith is insulting us. Why cannot he find a place for that wretched specimen in the second class car?"

A flush, perhaps of pride, perhaps of anger, mounted to the white forehead of Miss Winchester. She put up her hand as though to check the speaker, and said in a subdued voice.

"Fitz James, will you give that gentleman your seat?"

"My dear Isabel! Why, I would not evacuate my seat by your side for a kingdom! Let the old fellow stand it out! It won't damage his appearance much, I'll be bound."

"Then I will trouble you to rise a moment. I prefer the other side of the seat. Allow me to pass if you please."

Fitz James never thought of disputing the will of his imperious cousin, and he stood up to let her get out. But instead of taking the seat which her escort had occupied, the lady walked straight on until she reached the side of the neglected old gentleman. The touch of her hand on his arm drew his attention toward her.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take the seat which I have vacated? I have ridden since early this morning, and am wearied with sitting so long. Pray oblige me."

The old man's face brightened, and he cast a grateful look into the eyes of the handsome young lady.

"But madam, you must be weary, I cannot accept it."

She made an impartial gesture. Miss Winchester was always accustomed to have her way.

"No sir; I am well, young and strong. I should be ashamed to sit while a man of your age and health remained standing."

"Thank you! Your kindness is well timed and not thrown away, I venture to tell you. I shall accept your offer with gratitude."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into the vacant seat with a well satisfied expression of countenance, but Fitz James expressed his unbounded contempt for his neighbor by drawing his ample ragian around, and shrinking nearer to the side of the car. The stranger looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip through the window, young man," said he in a voice of irony.

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted. He could not endure such vulgar propinquity. So he arose quickly, and striding over his companion made the best of his way into the smoking car.

Miss Winchester's conduct had been witnessed by all in the carriage, and a dozen seats were offered by a dozen polite and officious young men, but she declined them with a motion of the head, and remained leaning against the side of the vehicle.

The train flew onward, the old gentleman meanwhile disposing himself for a comfortable nap, which he was shortly enjoying. Some time before midnight the lights of Boston gleamed through the darkness; another moment and the train thundered into the depot.

Cries of "Hurrah for General Sutherton!" "Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!" rent the air. Banners trailed out on the fresh breeze; flambeous flashed, drums beat, and a long line of carriages filed slowly up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of all this tumult, and learned that it was a public welcome extended by the citizens of Boston to Gen Sutherton, a gentleman, a veteran officer, who had signally distinguished himself in the then late mexican war.

"He came in this train," said a bystander. "Is it possible, sir, that you did not discover him? Sickly looking old man, dressed in threadbare grey and carrying a huge black valise. He has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has troubled him ever since his last campaign. Those vile Mexican vapors and sleeping on the cold ground undermined his constitution, but he is a fine old fellow yet."

Miss Winchester thought he must be. She had heard much of his gallant darling, but Fitz James was the picture of silent mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stopped at the American House, and early the next morning, before the lady had finished dressing, a servant brought up a note bearing her address. Isabel tore it open, and there fell out two cards of invitation to a ball to be given at the Revere that evening in honor of General Sutherton. One card bore the name of Fitz James; the other was directed to herself. She had no acquaintance in Boston, consequently the invitation must have been sent at the instance of the General himself.

Fitz James was surprised and humiliated at this mark of distinction, for he could not but realize that the invitation had been extended to him solely to save his cousin's feelings. But notwithstanding this he wished to accept it, if only to have an opportunity of excusing his yesterday's impoliteness to the man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred for one day, and early that evening the cousins were at the Revere, where a brilliant coterie had already assembled.

General Sutherton, reclining in an armchair at the head of the great drawing room, received his friends as they passed by, one giving place to another; but when Isabel was presented, he detained her hand to say, "Please sit down on this ottoman by my side; I have a relative to whom I wish to present you:"

It was not long before a singularly handsome young man came up to the General smiling a friendly welcome, and the veteran turning to Isabel said:

"Miss Winchester, allow me to present to you my son, Alfred Sutherton, who is very grateful for the kindness which you last evening bestowed upon his father."

The young man bowed, and the father continued:

"Whenever I see a young person voluntarily render respect to the aged, I am constrained to admire him or her as a relic of the good old politeness which reigned over show and heartlessness when I was a lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my dear, and if the old man cannot stand without assistance he is thrown down and trodden upon. But there is a march or my ears deceive me, Alfred do you need a further hint, or must your rheumatic old father set you an example of courtesy?"

The young man started and colored, for he had been gazing so intently on the rare beauty of Miss Winchester that he had forgotten time and place.

"If Miss Winchester will permit me," he said, offering her his arm, and a moment more and they were lost in the throng of promenaders. Mr. Sutherton seemed bent on showing his gratitude to the lady for the kindness she had rendered to his father, for he scarcely quitted her side during the evening, and at the close of a week he followed her to Nahant, where he continued for two months the *bete noir* of Fitz James and an enemy of all the young fops who aspired to the hand and fortune of the beautiful Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eustace had long been his cousin's suitor, and it was with ill-concealed chagrin that he now saw himself thrown into the shade by the son of that "wretched specimen," who ought to have found a place out of decent people's company.

Early in the new year there was a marriage ceremony performed in the old South Church, and Alfred Sutherton was the groom and Isabel Winchester was the bride. An elegant house on Beacon street received the young couple, for Alfred is our girl in Boston, and every year the hale old General comes down from his home in H— to visit his children.

So you see that politeness gained a husband for one woman, and it will bring happiness to all if they will but practice it, for true politeness springs from the heart, and it is but the effervescence of a kindly Christian spirit, anxious to promote the well being of those with whom it comes in contact.

Did You Ever See?

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a "beautiful head of hair till 'that fever,' or that something or other took it off."

Did you ever see an old bachelor who was not forever seeking for marriage infelicities, to reconcile himself to his own lonely lot?

Did you ever see a small boy so wanting in spirit that one diurnal doubling-up throughout the summer could effect a radical cure in his immature fruit-eating proclivities?

Did you ever see a young lady who wouldn't rather hear her husband praised by a lady in the next town than by the lady in the next house?

Did you ever know a man who habitually tells us he knows, who did not everlastingly repeat himself?

Did you ever know a man who talked much of himself who did not have a poor subject for his conversation?

Did you ever know a fool who was aware that he was a fool?

Did you ever think that you might be thus oblivious as to yourself?

Did you ever see another do the same thing three times without thinking that he could do it much better?

Did you ever know a swindled man whose hurts were not partially healed by hearing of another man being swindled in like manner?

Did you ever know a young lady with a new and neatly fitting waist who thought the weather was cold enough for a wrap?

Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not not declare that his boots were two sizes too big—that he likes them easy, you know?

Did you ever think that men are the biggest fools in creation, and that women enjoy the fun of letting them remain unconscious of it?

Did you ever see a young man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness?

Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker that couldn't leave off at any time, if he wanted to?

Did you ever think what horrid children these good people's parents probably had, the good people's stories to the contrary notwithstanding?

Did you ever feel like immolating the shopkeeper whose free use of your name made that name seem hateful and odious to you?

Did you ever think?

Why it Pays to Advertise.

A reporter dropped into one of our largest retail establishments Wednesday, and held a conversation with the proprietor.

"You have a great rush?" remarked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "partly because it is holiday season, but mainly on account of Advertising."

"How can you tell whether advertising pays, and what papers are good mediums?"

"I can tell that advertising pays by stopping my advertisements. I've tried it. Trade drops, not at once, but the tide of purchasers flows some other way. The cash receipts tell the story.

"Is there any difference in the sharpness of the buyers—I mean, do they haggle much over prices?"

"Oh, no. We sell at one price, and all the best stores in Boston do the same. They will sometimes say they can buy such and such an article cheaper elsewhere. When they mention the place we send and see if it is true, and if so we mark our stock down."

"Suppose you should give up advertising?"

"Well, I should save a big pile of money the first year, but I should lose a bigger pile the next two years. You must keep the boiler heated if you want steam. If you bank your fires too long it takes time to start up. Advertising is the steam which keeps business moving. I've studied the matter."—*Boston Journal.*

He Meant the Same Thing, But Put it Different.

It had taken him some time to bring his tongue in full accord with his mind, but he finally stammered out:

"Will you—will you wander down life's path, your hand in mine, while the goddess of love sings siren songs to us?" Oh, will you be my own, my angel?"

"Well, well, wouldn't I look well as an angel? See here. If you want me to marry you to make life happy and home pleasant for you, to keep the house slicked up nice, to cook your reliishable meals, to preside at your table and at the piano with equal ability, to care for the children and bring them up bright and smart, and help you to make the most of yourself in this world, I'll jine hands with you."

"That's just the practical sort of an angel I thought you was. Jine."

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night—the little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us.

Good night! we answer back and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes:
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise.

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good night?"

Why Some Farmers do not Succeed.

The Southern Farmers' Monthly gives the following reasons why some farmers do not succeed:

They are not active and industrious.
They are slothful in everything.
They do not keep up with improvements.
They are wedded to old methods.
They give no attention to details.
They think small things not important.
They take no pleasure in their work.
They regard labor as a misfortune.
They weigh and measure stingily.
They are wasteful and improvident.
They let their gates sag and fall down.
They let their fowls roost in the trees.
They have no shelter for stock.
They do not curry their horses.
They leave their plows in the field.
They hang the harness in the dust.
They put off greasing the wagon.
They starve the calf and milk the cow.
They don't know the best is the cheapest.
They have no method or system.
They see no good in a new thing.
They never use paint on the farm.
They prop the barn door with a rail.
They milk the cow late in the day.
They have no time to do things well.
They do not read the newspapers and books.

Wise Words.

There is a blessing attending the ministry of mercy.

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

Industry need not wish, and he who lives upon hope will die fasting.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality, and has been called the bright weather of the heart.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.

The grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest, but without earnestness no one is ever great or does really great things.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers who are hoarding a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

Important.

The man who gets mad at some allusions to himself or some of his friends, and writes to the editor of the offending journal that terrible sentence "Stop my paper," is a character common to every community. Even great journals like the New York *Tribune*, it seems, are not free from experience with this individual. He wrote from Iowa to the editor: "Your dirty sheet of abuse of March 1st is before Me, and I hope to god it is the last copy that will ever come to My Notice" Which led the *Tribune* to observe that a man who always alludes to himself in capitals and spells the Almighty with a small g, must be a person of tremendous importance.

The Wanton Calf: A Fable

A Calf, full of Wantonness and Play, seeing an Ox at the Plough, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry, poor Drudge art you," said he, "to bear that heavy Yoke, and go turning up the Ground for a Master!" "See what a happy life I lead!" he added, when at evening the Ox, unyoked and going to rest, saw him, butchered and hung with Garlands, being taken away by the Flamen, a venerable man with a fondness for Veal Pot pie.

MORAL.—This Fable teaches us that Young People had better Stick to the Farm, and not Study for a Learned Profession unless they are fully aware of what it means.

On the Water as well as on the Land.

How is it possible to prevent a good thing from being known, is the question now agitating some few individuals in the Dominion. Therefore larger numbers although not sufferers from rheumatic troubles, are of the opinion of Capt. Barry, of Kingston, owner of several lake vessels, and himself sailing master of one, who says; "I, too, have been cured of the rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and I know of several others beside myself who have been cured of that dreadful ailment in the same manner; it is known upon the water as well as on the land, and is considered an invaluable remedy everywhere."

A Certain Remedy for Corns.

This is the universal testimony and expressed by everyone who has used PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. Thousands in Canada have used it with gratifying results, and if you will take the trouble to ask any druggist he will give you the names of many persons of your acquaintance who have been radically cured of the worst kind of corns. Sold everywhere. Safe, sure, painless and vegetable composition. Try it. It never fails.

Holloway's Pills.—When inclement weather checks to a considerable extent the action of the skin, an alterative is required to compensate the body by means of other channels. Holloway's Pills can be confidently recommended as the most, surest, and safest means of attaining this desirable end, without weakening the most delicate or incommoding the most feeble. When from frequently recurring chills or the inhalation of impure air the blood becomes foul and the secretions vitiated, these Pills present a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter. By this slippery proceeding diseases are arrested at inception, the pains and inconvenience averted, and the nervous structures saved from the depressing effects entailed upon them by an illness.