—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	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Casual 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 is kept 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. VIII. No. 4 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1882. Whole No. 378

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! Cheapest Store of New Goods! Thousands of Articles of Every Day Use! Household Goods! Ornamental Goods! Useful Goods.

Very Little Money will buy a lot ofthings

—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.

Lubricating Oils

CHEAP.

Montserrat Lime Juice,

Paris Green,

Helebore,

Coal Oil,

Fly Powder,

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 here.

R ELLIOTT

Acton, April 18th, 1882.

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. Address at once, stating 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.

—AN ELEGANT—

Presentation Volume

The Lyric Gems of Scotland,

Containing nearly 500 of the best songs, set to music. On the occasion of the late visit of the king of the Belgians to Scotland, his Majesty was presented with a handsome

Volume of This Work.

which he graciously accepted as a souvenir of his visit.

The Press speaks in the highest terms of praise about this work.

In handsome binding, gilt sides and edges. $1 50, by mail.

—AT—

Day's Bookstore,

GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP

WM. S. SMITH

Is giving Great Bargains in

Electro-Plated

Napkin Rings, Pickle Casters, Cake Baskets, &c.

I have also a large stock of

SPECS. AND EYE-GLASSES,

From 25 Cents up.

WM. S. SMITH,

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.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

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 to 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 a simple, certain, and effectual cure is thus within the reach of every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, and that he may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address, OR ROBINSON

The Culverwell Medical Co.,

41 Ann St., New York.

Post Office Box 4586.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.

W. W. ELTON, 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. Dr. Morrow's old stand, Mill St., Acton. 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. 30, Church street, Toronto, and McLeods Block, Georgetown. Money to Loan.

JAS. E. FULLERTON. WM. M. HALL. R. 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.

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 blackash for shingles, in the log, or bolts.

—10—

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.

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.

ACTON—

HARNESS & TRUNK

—DEPOT.

—PARTIES REQUIRING ANYTHING IN—

Harness or Trunks,

To save money should go to

R. CREECH,

Acton.

The Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, July 27, 1882.

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S LULLABY.

I heard a mother singing,
Music soft and sweet.
'Twas, "Father keep my darling.
Guide his little feet.
Keep, oh, keep my darling,"
Came so low and sweet;
"In the truth, dear Father,
Guide his little feet."

I watched the rosy fingers
Feeling for the light;
I heard the mother singing:
"Father guide aright.
Keep, oh, keep my darling,"
Came so low and sweet;
"In the truth, dear Father,
Guide his little feet."

I saw the drooping eyelids
Cover eyes so blue;
I heard a mother singing:
"Father, keep him true:
Keep, oh, keep my darling,"
Came so low and sweet;
"In the truth, dear father,
Guide his little feet."

I saw the shining forehead,
Pure, and oh, so fair!
I heard the mother singing:
"Write his name up there;
Keep, oh, keep my darling,"
Came so low and sweet;
"In the truth, dear Father,
Guide his little feet."

OUR STORY.

THE SCENE CHANGED.

It was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A back ground of superb old mountains clothed in blue green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky.

This was Dapplevale, and in the rosy sunshine of a June day the girls were all issuing forth, while General May, the foreman, sat at his desk, a pen behind his ear, and his small, beady eyes drawn back as it were to the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday. One by one they filed out with discontented faces until the last one paused in front of the desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety blue eyes and a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black, and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her neck was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her foreign birth.

"Well, Mademoiselle Marie, how do you like factory life?" asked the foreman.

"It is not disagreeable," she answered, a slight accent hanging to her tones like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money counted out to her.

"You have given me but four dollars, and it was eight by the contract," she said.

The foreman shrugged his shoulders with an insolent air.

"Humph, you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, re you, made moiselle? Eight, of course, but we deduct two for a fee."

"A fee! For what?" demanded Marie, with flashing eyes.

"For getting you the situation, to be sure. Such places don't grow on every bush, and you naturally expect to pay for the privilege."

"I did not."

"Oh, well, all right, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean that if I do not pay this money——" hesitated Marie.

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said May, hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars?"

"Oh, that is a percentage the girls all pay," said the foreman.

"But what is it for?"

Mr. May laughed.

"It helps out my salary. Of course you know the girls expect to pay something each week for keeping their situations in a place where there are so many anxious to get it."

"And Mr. Elder?"

"Oh, he hasn't much to do with it. I am master, if you please."

"Mr. Elder owns the works?"

"Well, yes, he owns it, but I manage everything. Mr. Elder reposes the utmost confidence in my ability, and he is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now if you have any more questions to ask—"

"I have none; but I need this money myself. I work hard for it; I earn it righteously. I cannot afford any more than the others among those poor laboring girls to pay it to your greed."

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. May, jumping from his seat as if stung.

"And I will not pay it!" calmly continued Mlle. Marie.

"Very well, just as you like, mademoiselle, only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale works——"

"Are these the rules," scornfully demanded the girl.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books; you are no longer in my employ. Good evening, mademoiselle."

Mr. May slammed down the cover of his desk, as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Marie's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls who had hovered around the place to hear the discussion, looked with awe-stricken faces at Marie as she came out with $4 in her hand.

"You have lost your place, ma'amselle," whispered Jennie Bass, a pale, dark eyed girl, who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters, out of her factory earnings.

"And he'll never take you on again; he is as vindicative as possible," said Mary Rice.

"It matters not. He's a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-general themselves."

"But you can't starve," said Jennie.

"Come with me, ma'amselle. My home is a poor place, but you are welcome to stay there till you can write to your friends."

Marie turned and impulsively kissed Jennie on her lips.

"I thank you, but I do not need your kindness. I have friends nearer than you think."

Marie Duville went back to the red brick house, all thatched with the growth of the woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the Dapplevale works.

"Does he cheat you of your money, too?" she inquired, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke stained and grimmy, to his supper.

"One sixth I have to pay him," said Simon with a groan, as he glanced at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, miss, he's a villain; but this world is full of such, and I find it a pretty hard world to get on in. Mr. Elder never comes here, or may be things would be different. Mr. Elder lives abroad, in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now, and I intend to write to him."

"It won't do no good, miss."

"Yes it will," said Marie quietly.

* * * * *

The petals of the June roses had fallen like a pink carpet along the edge of the works, and the Dapplevale works were their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettengill's newly brightened steam engine, for Mr. Elder and his bride were to visit the factory on their wedding tour.

"It is a pity Ma'amselle Marie went away so soon, for they say the master is kind hearted in the main and she might have spoken up for herself," said Simon to his assistant.

Mr. May, in his best broadcloth suit and his moustache newly dyed, stood in the entrance smiling as the carriage drove up and Mr. Elder, a handsome blonde man, sprang out and assisted a young lady in a dove colored travelling suit to alight.

"May, how are you?" he said with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Marie, my love, this is my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Marie!"

Mr. May found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory a month before.

"May," said Mr. Elder, authoritively, "my wife tells me some very strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythsdale Springs and she chose to come and see for herself. Marie, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor girls is a new foreman. May, you are dismissed."

"But, sir—"

"Not a word," cried Mr. Elder, with lowering brow, and Mr. May crept out with an uncomfortable consciousness of Marie's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elder turned to his wife.

"You were right, my love. The man's face is sufficient evidence against him," he said.

And a new reign began for poor Jennie Bass and the others, as well as for Simon Pettengill. And Marie never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dapplevale calico works.

The Wonders of Paper.

At the Melbourne exhibition, held recently, there was a complete dwelling house made entirely of paper, and furnished throughout with the same material. There were paper walls, paper roofs, paper ceilings, paper floors, paper joists, paper stairways, paper carpets, paper bedding, paper chairs, paper sofas, paper lamps, paper frying pans, and even the stoves in which bright fires were kept constantly burning daily were of papier mache, and when the fabricator of this mansion gave a banquet in his dwelling, the tablecloths, the napkins, the plates and cups and saucers, the bottles and tumblers, and even the knives and forks were likewise made of paper.

Temperance in Kansas.

In sixty-five counties of Kansas the temperance law is enforced. In counties where it is not enforced there is to be found a law-breaking element which, because the law does not exactly suit them they are willing to ride over it, and to prove that they are not law-abiding citizens. If anything were needed to strengthen temperance men, it is the acts of those who are non-temperance men in their open defiance of that which is law, and which, because it is law, should be respected.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

Pay as you go.

Progress comes by labor.

Passion impedes; opinion guides.

People are known by the company they keep.

Passion neutralizes both strength and reason.

Political life finds more, and leaves all dishonest.

Pride and poverty usually reside in the same house.

Prefer to be a doer of wisdom rather than a professor of it.

Persons who fret more than they work can never be happy.

Persons who do mean acts throw poison into their own well.

Physical life is a state of growth or preparation for spirit life.

People who have the most of gravity have the least of anything else.

People are always ready to assist those who need no assistance.

Promises made in affliction require a better memory than many possess.

Perseverance, to receive a rich reward, must have an object worthy of it.

Pain, like a trusty sentinel, guards every avenue leading to the citadel of life, and we are by it forewarned of danger.

Pride is better than gold, for it keeps us out of the gutter; but vanity is the gate that opens the way to failure and ruin.

Pride of mind is the attribute of honest people; pride of manners is that of fools, pride of birth and rank is often the pride of dupes.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas, vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

The Model Husband.

Some weeks since the wife of a Philadelphia broker asked her husband to give her $1000 on which to speculate, and, like the good man he is, he complied. In a day or two opportunity offered to buy some county railway bonds at very low figures, and she invested. When he came home that night she remarked:

"George, it seems as if I remember of your having some Blank county railway bonds."

"Yes, I did."

"Just $1000 worth, wasn't it?"

"Exactly."

"And you sold them?"

"Yes; to-day."

"What are they worth?"

"About 10 per cent."

"What!" she shrieked. "Why, I bought those very bonds and paid 95 for them!"

"Just so, darling, just so! You wanted to speculate; I knew you would get bitten. I therefore arranged it to cover the most of that $10 0 back into my wallet."

"But, sir—"

"Be calm, Marix, be calm. If you lose your temper that way you'll never have any luck buying on an excited market. You ought to be proud of a husband who can take in $70) or $800 on one little speculation like that!"

Drinking in the Hay-Field.

Men in health perspire freely when vigorously at work on warm days. Very heavy sweating may sometimes arise from weakness; a dry skin may indicate disorder. Evaporation from the surface carries off heat and keeps the body cool. A large supply of drinking water is required for the warm haying and harvest days, but much less than is commonly supposed. Half a pint of water, sipped slowly, will assuage thirst much more effectively than a quart gulped down. A pint of cold fluid of any kind, thrown into the stomach, may result in more or less congestion; serious illness, and not unfrequently deaths, arise from this cause. Ice-water is taken at any time, it should always be swallowed so slowly that the stomach can warm each gill before taking another.

As to the kinds of drink, the positive teachings of medical science, and experience, indicate that pure water is by far the best fluid for assuaging thirst, and supplying the wants of the system. Beers, ales, sweetened drinks, or any fluid that contains material that must be digested, are a tax upon the stomach, and tend to disorder the system.

A Dog With Expensive Tastes.

One of our citizens the other day, in counting money dropped a $5 bill on the floor, where he let it lay until he got through counting the roll. Unfortunately a puppy spied the bill, and when the gentleman turned to pick it up the last corner of the V was just disappearing down dogey's mischievous maw. An emetic was hastily administered, which produced the bill in small change, but the pieces were straightened out, pasted on a paper, and taken to the bank; where it was redeemed. A good many other bills that have gone down people's throats are not so easily recoverable.

Early Rising.

It is now announced, on authority of an eminent physician, that it is unhealthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives, it is said, can rise as early as ever and start the fire at half-past one.

THE EARLY RAIN.

Down through the misty air,
Down from the gloom above,
Falling, pattering everywhere,
The rain comes quick with love.
Softly the missel thrush
Sings in the golden storm;
The robin, under the laurel bush
Waits for to-morrow morn.

Drip, drip, drip from the eaves,
Pit, pit, pit on the pane,
Swish, swish, on the drenched leaves,
List! 'tis the song of the rain.
Grasses are bending low,
Green is the corn and thick;
You can almost see the nettles grow,
They grow so strong and thick.

Soft is the wind from the west,
Softer the rain's low sigh;
The sparrow washes his smoky breast,
And watches the gloomy sky.
Stirred are the boughs by the breeze,
Scarcely a leaf is still,
Something is moving among the trees
Like a restless spirit of ill.

Standing watching the rain,
Do you not seem to hear
The voice of God outspeaking again
To man's ungrateful ear?
Promising plenty of peace,
Garners with treasure heaped,
That seedtime and harvest shall not cease
Till the harvest of earth be reaped.

Grains of Gold.

It is the sunshine itself that makes every shadow.

Poetry comes nearer the vital truth than history.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.

Humor of the Day.

Kick your corn through a window-glass, and the pane is gone forever.

It is worth remembering that when a man despairs of getting good weight at his grocer's he can generally get all the wait he wants by dropping in at his barber's.

"My boy," said a conscientious teacher, "do you know the reason why I'm going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the hopeful, "because you're bigger than I am."

The Wise Editor.

A Western editor offered a prize of '50 and a year's subscription for the best written proposal of marriage from a lady. He picked out a nice proposal from a beautiful and wealthy widow, answered it accepting the proposal, and with the threat of a breach-of promise suit actually captured her. Editors may not acquire wealth by writing twenty-three hours a day, but when their genius takes the right shoot they procure the per-immons.

'Bred' and 'Mustered' Pun.

This is not a bad specimen of the verification of an old joke:—

The Pilgrim o'er a desert wild
Should never let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat
The *sand which* is around him.
It might seem odd that he could find
Such palatable fare,
Did he not know the sons of *Ham*
Were *bred* and *mustered* there.

A few heartfelt words, how rich they are in meaning! "I have given my mistress warning," said a servant to her master. "What for?" was the quiet query. "Because I can't stand it any longer," she replied. Then the poor man turned away with a sigh and said to himself: "Well, she's a lucky girl. I wish I could do the same thing."

An Illinois dentist extracted a large piece of quartz from an old Dakota miner's mouth into which it had been blown, not by the high winds which they have out in the mountains, but by the blast—of powder. But there are lots of men who get more quartz into their mouth than they ought to, and who can't be cured as easily as this man was.

An Irishman being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in the month of January, when the snow was three feet deep. He not returning, his wife ran, but to see what was the matter. There she found her husband in his night suit, his teeth chattering, and his whole body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Arrah, Pat," said she, "what wud ye be after doin'?" "Hush," said he, "don't ye see? I'm thrying to fraze the baste!"

Two Departments Well Represented.

In lately walking through the Government Buildings at Ottawa a representative of one of Ottawa's oldest journals, in the course of conversation gleaned some items of interest. Speaking with Dr. A. J. Cambie, Chief Clerk of the Agricultutural Department, that gentleman replied to a certain question: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family, and found it to be an excellent article indeed. It is the remedy to banish pain and has a pleasant and soothing way of doing so, that makes it valuable. I consider it a great medicine." Calling upon Lt. Sherwood, Militia Department, that gentleman, thus answered the usual query: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a great medicine; a splendid remedy, indeed, for rheumatism. I have recommended it to very many. When I commenced to use I had not much faith, but now my faith could not be easily shaken. I consider it by all odds the best medicine I ever tried."

"TESTIMONY whitens the teeth like chloroform paints." A 50 bottle saves it.