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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
BY  
H. P. MOORE,  
Editor & Proprietor.  
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# Acton Free Press.

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The Newspaper—A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns.

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Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons.  
Office and residence, at the head of Front Street, Acton.

M. FORSTER, M.D. PHYSICIAN,  
F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P.,  
Office—Forster's Drug Store,  
Dr. Morrow's old stand, Mill St., Acton.  
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L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST,  
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All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGraw's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.  
T. J. FISHER.

MILLERSON, HALL & STOREY,  
Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Conveyancers, &c., Toronto & Georgetown. Office—No. 50, Church Street, Toronto, and McLeod's Block, Georgetown.  
JAS. S. MILLERSON, W.M. HALL, E.D. STOREY.

WM. HEMSTREET,  
Licensed Auctioneer.  
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Office left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.  
Terms reasonable.  
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, base wood 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 Tolson's mill, or to  
C. S. SMITH,  
Box 172, Acton.

FRANCIS NUNAN,  
Successor to T. P. Chapman,  
BOOKBINDER,  
St. George's Square, Guelph.  
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Binding neatly and promptly done.

ACTON HARNESS & TRUNK DEPOT.  
PARTS REPAIRING ANYTHING IN HARNESS OR TRUNKS.  
To save money should go to  
R. CREECH,  
Acton.  
East End Butcher Shop,  
ACTON, ONT.  
H. Marlett & Bro.  
Desire to tender thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage since opening business here, and would be specially solicited a continuance of the same, and can assure them that they will always have on hand a full stock of  
ALL KINDS OF MEAT.  
We will purchase good meat of any kind from those who wish to sell.  
H. MARLETT & BRO.

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.

NOW IS THE TIME  
TO  
MAKE PURCHASES  
AT THE  
10c STORE  
AND  
CHEAP CASH BAZAAR

Opening Out Daily Piles of Useful and Ornamental Goods, Imported from Germany, France, Belgium, Bohemia and Great Britain.  
Selling Cheap for Cash! Come early and have the first choice of the Immense New Stock.

JAS. F. KIDNER,  
10c Store and Cheap Cash Bazaar,  
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

MEDICAL HALL,  
ACTON.  
Dr. M. FORSTER.

Lubricating Oils  
CHEAP.  
Montserrat Lime Juice,  
Paris Green,  
Elebore,  
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.

SALEMEN WANTED.  
To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, age 18 to 25.  
PONTIAC NURSERIES,  
THE LARGEST IN CANADA.  
HEAD OFFICE,  
PONTIAC, MICH.  
Branch Offices,  
Montreal, P.Q., &  
St. Paul, Minn.  
Nurseries, Fonthill, Ontario.

100 Additional Canvasers,  
and want more who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been, if you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply to  
J. H. WELLS,  
100 Wellington Street, Guelph, Ont.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,  
100 Wellington Street, Guelph, Ont.  
NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency, 100 Wellington Street, Guelph, Ont., is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

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.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,  
GUELPH.  
DAY SELLS CHEAP



WM. S. SMITH  
Is giving Great Bargains in  
Electro-Plated  
Napkin Rings, Pickle Casters,  
Cake Baskets, Etc.

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.

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.

MANHOOD  
HOW LOST. HOW RESTORED.  
We have recently published a new and valuable treatise on the subject of Manhood, written by a distinguished physician, and containing all the latest and most reliable information on this important subject. It is a most valuable work, and one that every man should possess. It is now on hand at the following places:—  
The Free Press Office, Acton, Ont.  
The Guelph Bookstore, Guelph, Ont.  
The Guelph Watch and Clock House, Guelph, Ont.  
The Guelph Bookstore, Guelph, Ont.

THE CANADA ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
100 Wellington Street, Guelph, Ont.  
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The Free Press.  
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1882.

PORTRY.  
BROTHERS.  
Four little feet on the fender,  
On a stormy winter's night,  
Four little feet on the white, hard snow,  
In the cold, gray, dawning light,  
Straying together through summer woods,  
Out in the Autumn's rain—  
Oh, clear and deep were the footprints  
That never will come again!

Four little boys, bare, brown heads,  
Ready for work or play,  
From the dreariest of piping birds  
To the last faint gleam of day,  
Ready for book, or line, or gun,  
Ready to help or to lead,  
Four little hands at evenside,  
Solemnly clasped in prayer,  
Four strong feet in the press of life,  
Firm with the tread of health,  
Keeping step with each other yet  
In the room for fame and wealth,  
Four hands grasped in each other's light  
In every pleasure or pain,  
Hands still full of a kindly strength,  
Still free from unholly stain.

Four weary feet on the fender,  
Four weary hands that ask  
Only the Master's "That will do,"  
And then to let drop their task,  
Sitting calm by the fire-side,  
Calmly and solemnly glad,  
Two old men, talking together,  
Of the pleasant days they've had.

Of the woods, the fields, the school-house,  
Their loves, their losses and gains,  
And how they stood by each other  
Through change, pleasure and pain,  
And now with hearts still sweet and strong  
At the end of earthly strife,  
Still hand in hand they are waiting  
For the dawn of a grander life.  
When these brothers shall meet again,  
In the land for which we pray,  
When their feet tread the hills of God,  
Oh, what will they do and say!  
When their hands find their equal's work,  
And their hearts divide their joys,  
Will they not still in the memory keep  
Some sweet remembrance, calm and deep,  
Of the boys when they were boys?

OUR STORY.  
A DOMESTIC DESPOT.  
"Ah, dear me, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Copman. "What a world of trouble this is!"  
Her son-in-law looked up from the newspaper he was reading. He was a tall, handsome man of thirty, with soft, dark eyes, and here and there a silver streak in his hair.  
"Is there any new trial developing itself?" he asked kindly.  
"No," said Mrs. Copman; "nothing especial, except that Marion wants the green parlor for a studio. There's such an excellent north light to it, you know."  
"Well," said Henry Charteris, "why not let her have it?"  
"But what shall we do for a reception-room?" said the old lady.  
"Take my library," suggested he.  
"My dear Henry! And all the books—what is to become of them? But dear Marion would be so delighted if only the plan were practicable."  
"Put them in my bed room," said Mr. Charteris, absently. "Floyd can easily knock up a few shelves there. It is a pity that Marion should be disturbed in the prosecution of her art."  
"You are always so kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Copman, brightening up, as she hurried away to give the necessary directions.  
Floyd, Mr. Charteris's faithful Scotch servant, stared blankly when the old lady issued her orders.  
"My master's library," said he "up to his bedroom! Wherever will I put the books?"  
"Oh, there's plenty of room for a few shelves," said Mrs. Copman, briskly. "And if there should be a volume or so left over, they can easily be put in the closet under the stairs, which has a good large window looking out over the stables."  
Floyd whistled under his breath, but there was nothing for it but to obey.  
"I never see such a mother-in-law house as this in all my life!" said he to the housekeeper with a groan. "Here's Mr. Henry, crowded into the bedroom in the north wing, and the closet under the stairs, while Mrs. Copman and her three Gorgon-faced daughters have their boudoirs, and the mischief only knows what all!"  
The housekeeper shook her head.  
"Ah, you may well say so!" said she, "and that's the worst of it, neither, Floyd."  
"He!" said the old man.  
"How long it is since Mr. Charteris—poor lady—died!" mysteriously questioned Mrs. Akers, who, in this admirable manner, freely admitted, from thirty years' experience, that the old lady's secretaries were really driven to publish the dangerous use of internal medicine of those of whose kind pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and respectful 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.,  
100 Wellington Street, Guelph, Ont.

engaged in this discussion of family affairs, Mrs. Copman herself was cheerfully bustling about, ordering the maids, tormenting the footman, suggesting this, that and the other thing to her three bony, high-checked daughters, Marion, Arabella and Mellicent—until, suddenly, glancing up, she chanced to observe a light glimmer, clad in a pretty pink muslin, with a floating white scarf, enter the green-house door, across the garden. She rang the bell, energetically.  
"Floyd," said she, "who is that—that person in the garden?"  
"It's Miss Jetty Lane, the parson's daughter," said Floyd—at least, coughing behind his hand, "it looked like her."  
"And what is she doing in our green-house, I'd like to know," demanded Mrs. Copman, hotly.  
"She goes there to get flowers for her waxworks, ma'am," said Floyd. "My master—"  
"Your master would allow himself to be pressed on by every one in the village if he hadn't some one to protect him," said Mrs. Copman, severely. "Go at once, Floyd—or stay. I believe I had better go myself. This sort of thing must be put a stop to."  
And she hurried out to the green-house, where pretty Jetty Lane was cutting sprays of white stephanotis in an unconsciously graceful attitude, as she reached up among the glossy, dark green branches for the star-like blossoms.  
"Oh!" said Mrs. Copman, stiffly, "Miss Lane, I believe!"  
Jetty passed and turned. Only one home from boarding-school three months, she had never met Mrs. Copman face to face before.  
"It's the terrible mother-in-law," she said to herself, and she answered aloud: "Yes; I am getting a few flowers to model in wax, and—"  
"Ah!" said Mrs. Copman; "but perhaps you hadn't better get any more. The flowers don't bloom very profusely, and my daughters like them for their hair. Besides, Mr. Charteris doesn't approve of the whole neighborhood running riot through his grounds."  
Jetty's deep blue eyes flashed.  
"Madam," said she, "did Mr. Charteris tell you to say this?"  
"Not exactly," faltered the sour visaged widow; "but—"  
"Then," said Jetty, "you have been guilty of a very rude and inhospitable action."  
And, flinging her white buds and blossoms on the floor of the green-house, she walked out like a princess.  
"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Copman, scarcely knowing whether to be most indignant or surprised at this imperial conduct.  
While Jetty Lane hurried on, never stopping to shed the tears which seemed to scald her resolute eyelids until she was safe in the little hazel copse, and once there, under the cool, quivering boughs of the trees, she burst into a passion of tears.  
"Miss Lane!—Jetty!" uttered a restraining voice.  
"Yes, I know," said Jetty, laughing and sobbing in the same breath, "I'm very foolish, and I ought to know better; but it isn't pleasant to be turned out of a place."  
"What do you mean?" said Henry Charteris, gravely.  
And Jetty told him all.  
A dark frown gathered over his countenance. He had known that Mrs. Copman and his three sisters-in-law were selfish, arrogant and domineering. He had been quite aware that he was little more than a prisoner of state in his own house; he had even formed some vague idea that Arabella, the youngest and least favored of the three, had designs on his heart. As far as he personally was concerned, it mattered not one straw. But now that innocent, dewy-eyed Jetty had been thus ruthlessly attacked, things assumed quite a different aspect. He looked down upon the sweet blushing face; he took both the little hands in his.

"Jetty," said he, "this is an uneven battle. One widow and three resolute sprinters against an unprotected specimen of the genus homo. Yet I think if I had an efficient lieutenant I could defeat the enemy y-d. Will you join the ranks?"  
"I don't think I understand you," faltered Jetty.  
"You are eighteen, I am thirty," he went on; "and yet, Jetty, I feel young enough in my heart to be your match. Dear little Jetty, will you be my wife? Do you love me, Jetty?"  
And Jetty bravely answered:  
"Yes, I will be your wife, Mr. Charteris. I do love you, and," she added, earnestly, "I have loved you ever since I first came home from school and met you at the Sunday school picnic under the maple trees."

Mrs. Copman and her three daughters had gone to New York to order their spring dresses—charged to Mr. Charteris' account of course—and it was late in the afternoon of the third day of their absence when, they returned, cross, irritable and tired—Marion a shade rosy-nosed, that usual, Arabella more petulant, Mellicent more bony and coarse.  
"To their amazement and indignation the sound of one of Suburban's Nocturns floated down from the parlor window as they advanced.  
"Who is pretending to play on our piano?" said Mrs. Copman, indignantly.  
"And the window is open, too—tick-

the parlor carpet!" Miss Mellicent screamed.  
"As sure as you live, mamma," gasped Arabella, "it's that bold parson's daughter—Jetty Lane!"  
"The impudence of some people," cried Marion, "when mamma as good as ordered her off the premises not over a month ago!"  
"Henry," said Mrs. Copman, angrily, as she caught sight of her son-in-law severely smoking his cigar just inside of the entrance, "why is it that the carriage was not sent to meet us? Why are we compelled to walk all the way from the depot in this broiling heat? And what is that young woman here for? As she caught sight of Jetty's white dress in the background of the large, dim room.  
"The carriage was not sent for you," said Mr. Charteris, calmly, "because Mrs. Charteris was using it."  
"Mrs. Charteris!" gasped the widow, dropping at least half a dozen parcels in the path, while Henry led forward the lovely young bride, all in white, with cheeks like pale roses.  
"Mrs. Charteris," he repeated—"my wife! Let me present you and the Misses Copman to her."

And that was the end of the complication, for, of course, Mrs. Copman and her daughters were too high-spirited to remain under the same roof with such a dimpled and lovely young usurper. And they removed all that belonged to them—and a good deal that didn't—from the house the next day in high dudgeon.  
"To think what fools men are," said the widow, "when dear Henry was so comfortable with me and the three girls."  
But apparently dear Henry was of quite a different way of thinking, for as he stood with Jetty on the terrace, watching the carriage drive away which contained the widow and her daughters, he said:  
"My dear, I feel as if a nightmare were lifted off my life. And now—some we can begin to be happy."

Some Hints to Parents.  
When your daughter performs a task in an ill-favored manner always say: "That is the way I might have done it myself in the first place," and then take the work out of her hand and do it yourself. This will encourage the girl not to try to do the thing the next time she is set about it.  
Never permit your son to have any amusement at home. This will induce him to seek it in other places where you will be annoyed by his noise.  
There is no place like home. Impress this truth upon your children by making home as disagreeable and unquiet any other place as possible.  
Never neglect the lock on the pantry. Some boys have probably turned out first-class housebreakers, all on account of this judicious treatment in early childhood.  
Be gentle and courteous before your boys, but if you have a temper, let your children have a taste of it as often as convenient. A mother should never practice deception upon her brood.  
Talk slightly of your husband to your boys and girls. This will make them respect their father.  
Tell your child he shall not do a thing, and then let him tease you into giving your consent. This will teach him what to do on subsequent occasions.  
Make promises to your children and then neglect to keep them. This will lead your children not to place too much reliance upon your word, and shield them from many disappointments.  
Tell your children they are the worst you ever saw, and they will no doubt endeavor to merit your appreciation.

All About the War.  
"I should like to know something about this Egyptian question, dad," said a New Haven midge at tea last evening. "What are they doing at Alexandria for—because it's great!"  
"Yes, my child, I suppose so."  
"And who is Arabi Bey and Dervish Pasha and Ismail—?"  
"They are all foreigners, my son. You can have no possible interest in them. Eat your supper and keep quiet."  
This is the way some parents have of withholding information they haven't got from their children.

How to Get into a Pew.  
Having entered a pew, more along. Do not block up the end of a pew as if you did not intend to have any one else enter it or as if you were holding it for special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but more along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know that they are welcome. If a new holding six has already five in it, do not get out in formal procession to let one poor woman go to the farthest end, but more along and let her sit down at the end next to the aisle. It is not necessary for a man to sit at the end ready to run out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once.

A Strong Hint.  
A Parisian lady called on her milliner the other day to "take up" the character of a servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not certain about that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

'A CAT AND A MOUSE.  
There was a little mouse  
Lived in a little house,  
And he made a little hole to go through, through,  
And he ate a little cheese,  
And he gave a little voice,  
And lots of little things did he do, do, do.  
A great big tabby cat  
Came walking pig-a-poo,  
And she saw where the little mouse had run,  
And she watched there all the day,  
But the mouse he stayed away,  
And so tabby had to go without her fat, fat, fat.

'The Thing Can't Vote.  
When a day laborer who had been all his life accustomed to dig earth with a shovel was shown the machine which at a single scoop lifted a whole cart load and dumped it at once, he looked on at first with a sense of humiliation that here was a machine superior to himself. But after a little his face brightened, and he said, "But the thing can't vote." He was a voter, and could look down on "the thing," that surpassed him in other ways, but had no vote. One imagines that the representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature, when they voted down the bill for presidential suffrage for women last Monday, must have had feelings akin to those of that laborer. Women are physicians; they are graduates of colleges and professors in them; they are regularly ordained ministers; they are lawyers, they are authors, they are artists, they are farmers and merchants, and they have more than average success in all these departments of activity, but they can't vote.

Wise Words.  
Happiness is something to hope for and something to love.  
Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.  
Acts, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you spell character.  
Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an onerous burden.  
Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work the most natural and holy necessity.  
Idleness is hard work to those who are not used to it and dull work for those who are.  
More hopeful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.  
We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.  
Nature never sends a great man into the world without confiding the secret to another soul.  
Wisdom is sometimes like a sword, keen and cruel, sometimes like a sunbeam, bright and genial.

That Umbrella.  
During the shower the other day a citizen carrying a very wet umbrella entered a hotel to pay a call to some one upstairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned it to the entrance:  
"N.B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a 200-pound blow—back in fifteen minutes."  
He went his way up stairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned to find his umbrella gone and in its place a note reading:  
"P.S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour—won't be back at all."

Tommy to the Fore.  
Tommy—"Please, mamma, may I have some more pudding?"  
Mamma—"No, Tommy, I think you have had quite sufficient. You know if you want to be healthy and strong you should ever eat as much as you can, but you should stop when you can eat a bit more."  
Tommy—"Yes, ma, I know that, and I want to see if I can eat a bit more now!"

Advice to the Young—Eat oysters only in the months that have an "N" in their names, and drink whiskey only in the months that have a "W" in their names.  
One Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. Hammond preached from the text, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" In the congregation there was an engine-driver named Saul, who was accompanied by his wife and little girl. The Reverend gentleman repeated his text several times: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" At last the daughter of Saul thinking that the text had a personal application, looked up in the face of her father and said: "Don't mind him, father, he has been drinking."

The Superintendent in Love.  
Supt. E. J. O'Neil, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of one of Ottawa's leading journals: "I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hither to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe. My entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force, use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I believe it is the long sought-for Elixir of Life, and possesses the power of making the old, young again. I know it often enlivens me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am as young as the wonderful agent, a lively man yet."