—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.

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One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
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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 advertisements 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, Dr. Morrow's old stand, Mill St., Acton.
RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown out

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE 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 Metcalfe Block, Georgetown.
Money to Loan.
JAS. S. 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.

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.

TIMBER WANTED.
The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm, birch, red beech, soft maple, rim ash, red oak, basswood, white ash, poplar, white wood, balm of gilead, pine, cedar, or black ash, in either bolts, logs, or standing trees. Apply at once to
THOS. C. MOORE,
Acton, Ont.

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.

ACTON—
HARNESS & TRUNK
—DEPOT.
—PARTIES REQUIRING ANYTHING IN—
Harness or Trunks,
To save money should go to
R. CREECH,
Acton.

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 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,
10 Cent Store and Cheap Cash Bazaar,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

MEDICAL HALL,
ACTON.
Dr. M. FORSTER.
Lubricating Oils
CHEAP.
Montserrat Lime Juice,
Paris Green,
Helebore,
Coal Oil,
Fly Powder,

Business Booming
—AT THE—
People's Flour & Feed Store
AS THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A large experience in the manufacture of
FLOUR AND FEED
There is no doubt he can secure a good article of Flour at reasonable prices.
Also, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Granulated Oatmeal, Granulated Wheat, Patent Roller Flour, (Hungarian System) Graham Flour, Potatoes, Apples, Bran, Shorts.
And all kinds of Feed usually kept in a
First-Class Feed Store.
All he asks is a fair trial and he will give you good satisfaction.
Yours respectfully,
R ELLIOTT
Acton, Aug. 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. 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
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

Opening of Schools.
A Full Line of Every Class of
BOOKS
used in public and private schools
Also Day's Large '64 Page Monster Copy.
See your children buy their
BOOKS
—AT—
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.
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 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 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. 29 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.
W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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.

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The Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 7, 1882.

POETRY.

BITTER WORDS.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening,
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease;
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er act right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And for the sometimes guest,
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best,
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late,
To undo the work of morn.

OUR STORY.

KENNETH AND KATIE.

Kenneth Warde and Katie Dene had been boy-and-girl sweethearts; but the death of Kenneth's parents, and his adoption by a wealthy uncle who took him away to live in the city, separated the juvenile lovers, leaving them both, for the time, inconsolable. Katie whispered her griefs in her dollie's ear as they lay with their heads on the same pillow, and cried herself asleep several nights in succession; and in saying her prayers when she came to the words, "Bless everybody," it was a good while before she could bring herself to repeat them without a mental exception of Kenneth's cruel uncle.

At first Kenneth's mind was filled with desperate schemes of carrying Katie off to some undiscovered island, where, without molestation, they might play at Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and live a pair of happy hermits to the end of the chapter.

But time soon effaces the sorrows of the young. Kenneth was put in a boys' school, where ambition to excel, and to lead the rush in every bout at football, gave ample occupation to his thoughts, and left little time for brooding over by-gone ills. The Crusoe plan was either quite forgotten, or its carrying out deferred till some indefinite period in the future. And Katie, too, before a month had passed, could play, and romp, and laugh, and shake her yellow curls as gleefully as in the days when Kenneth, her devoted knight, used to guard her pathway home against the besetments of surly dogs and butting billy-goats.

Years went by, and Kenneth Warde, after a brilliant career at college and a couple of years of travel, returned to fill his uncle's heart with pride. He must have quite forgotten the little Katie of his boyhood; for not only did he fail to go and seek her that they might set about their search for the enchanted island, or some retreat equally romantic, but he actually courted, and was in due time engaged to, Miss Grace Dandridge, a dashing belle, whose father and Kenneth's uncle had long been laying their canny heads together to bring about that precise result.

Miss Grace had been the idol of Seth Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to whose suit, it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not unwilling ear. But whether it was through filial obedience or because she was prudent enough to discern the superior advantage of a match with a man of Kenneth Warde's dazzling prospects, Miss Grace reluctantly dismissed her cousin and accepted the new suitor with a promptness which poor Seth, like the deposed Wolsey, thought "somewhat sudden."

When everything had been arranged between Warde and Grace Dandridge, even to the setting of the wedding-day, Kenneth, who was not so foolishly in love but he could exist a brief season out of his *fiance's* presence, bethought him of going to spend a few weeks in his native village, which he had not seen since the day he had been carried off in a fit of heroic sulks over his separation from Katie Dene. Of course he laughed at that foolishness now.

I suppose it was an accident—at any rate it so happened—that Kenneth's first visit in the old place was to the Denes'. He didn't know Katie at first—could hardly realize, indeed, that the yellow-headed little tomboy, whose quarrels he was always taking up, and with whom he used to quarrel now and then himself, could have grown into so bewitchingly beautiful a woman.

Katie seemed a little hurt that Kenneth should have so totally forgotten her. *She* would have known *him*, she said, had they met on a deserted island. He hadn't changed a bit—only to grow ever so much handsomer, she was on the point of adding, but checked herself with a blush.

The mention of the deserted island carried Kenneth's thoughts back strangely. Had Katie, too, indulged in childish dreams like his own?

The time passed swiftly; and Kenneth's visit was prolonged till prudence whispered it was time to think of returning, if he would not be a laggard at his own wedding. If the truth must be told, it would hardly have broken his heart if something *had* happened to keep him away altogether; for he and Katie were spending the days very happily, barring now and then a regretful sigh as they thought secretly of what might have been. But Kenneth was a man of honor, and struggled manfully to maintain his loyalty. He had promised to marry Grace Dandridge, and must keep his word; and Katie Dene respected him too highly to wish him to play a traitor's part.

It was the day before Kenneth's departure, and he and Katie were taking their last walk in a neighboring wood, the scene of many a former ramble. Both were unusually silent. It was likely to be their final meeting, and it was strange they could find so little to say.

At last Kenneth stopped suddenly. Katie looked up and saw that his face was deathly pale, while his frame trembled violently. Grasping her hand with a quick, nervous movement, he exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion:

"It is a sin to marry without love! I fancied, when I asked Grace Dandridge to be my wife, that I loved her—at least that I loved no other. But now that I have seen you again, a love that I had learned to look upon as a childish fancy, has come back with the augmented fervor of manhood. Oh! Katie, it is you I love, and you only! Will you not be mine? It is not yet too late!"

For an instant her eyes sparkled with an inexpressible joy. A roseate radience lit up her features. But the next moment the joyous light faded; the heightened color was subdued; and the look she turned on Kenneth was almost stern.

"You have solemnly engaged your word," she said, calmly and firmly, "and I should despise you if you broke it."

Kenneth Warde let drop the hand which a moment before had lain trembling in his clasp, but which now was firm and steady. He had received his answer, and knew it was irrevocable.

"You are right," he murmured, despairingly; "I must keep my promise, though it break my heart!"

Neither spoke again till they parted at Katie's mother's door with the single word "*Farewell!*"

Kenneth found his uncle in a fine passion on his return the evening before the day set for the wedding.

"Bear it like a man, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, thrusting a letter into Kenneth's hand; "I suppose this will explain all, and relieve me from the hateful task."

Kenneth opened the letter and read:

"MR. WARDE:—I trust you will forgive whatever pain this may cause you. I esteem you too highly to give you my hand without my heart. The latter has long been bestowed upon my cousin, Seth Ransen; and it was only the importunity of friends that induced me, in a moment of weakness, to accept another's offer. But at the last hour, I found myself unequal to the sacrifice of a true love to a feigned one; and yielding to Seth's persuasion, I consented to his plan of a secret marriage, and am now his wife. I remain, with much respect, your friend,

"GRACE RANSEN."

"Bravo, Kenneth!" cried his uncle, as the young man broke into a hearty laugh; "I'm glad to see you treat it so! The loss is hers, not yours."

It was the day after the wedding that was to have been, that Kenneth Warde, dusty and travel-stained, presented himself before Mrs. Dene, and asked for Katie.

"She has gone for a walk in the wood," was the answer; "she hasn't been quite well for a day or two past."

Kenneth waited to hear no more. He hurried along the old familiar path; and there, where he had spoken the rash, impassioned words which Katie had answered so nobly, he found her seated, leaning her head pensively on her hand, the picture of despondent sorrow. He was quite close before she looked up; and when she did so, he was startled to see how wan and haggard were her features.

"Wish me joy, Katie!" he cried.

"I *do* wish you joy, Kenneth—Mr. Wade," she answered listlessly; "but I hardly expected to see you here; and where is your—your wife?"

"Wife?—the best of it is *I have no wife!*"

Katie started to her feet, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Kenneth caught her in his arms.

Then he told her all; and never did mortal man before relate with so much gusto the story of his own jilting; and when he kissed Katie at the end, why—she let him.

Not Long Enough Settled.

Once when Miss Caroline Sedgwick, the New England authoress, was in England, an aristocratic lady asked her: "Have you any large old trees in America?—Oh, I beg pardon: your country hasn't been settled long enough for that."

A Case of "General Average."

"Aren't you rather too old to ride for half-price?" said a ticket clerk to the elder of two boys.

"Well," remarked the youth, "I am under fourteen and this boy with me is under six. That don't make twenty, and you will take two boys under ten for half each." And he took them.

Just An Average Sample.

The occupant of an office on Grand River avenue sat at his desk when a mild-faced stranger entered, passed the time of day, and asked:

"Would you let me sit at your desk a moment and use your pen?"

"Certainly."

"Can I use a sheet of your paper?" continued the man, as he seated himself.

"Oh, yes."

"Thanks. You may hang up my hat if you will. I can never sit for any length of time with my hat on."

His hat was given a place on the rack, and for ten minutes he was busy writing. As he finished he asked for an envelope, and when he had sealed it he said:

"Pardon the liberty, but can you spare me a stamp?"

He was given one, and after he had licked it on he weighted the letter in his hand and remarked:

"I'm afraid that's too heavy for three cents. Perhaps you had better put on another."

A second stamp was handed him, and he then observed:

"I'll leave the letter for you to mail as you go down."

"Very well."

"And as it is an important missive, allow me to suggest that if you should go to the postoffice on purpose to mail it, I would take it as a great favor. Thanks for your kindness. Please reach me my hat, and as I suffer a great deal from the sun, I will borrow your umbrella until I pass this way again."

Bothered The Clerk.

The other day a sharp-looking youth walked up quickly to the counter of the post office in a certain town, and emptying a bag of coppers thereon, asked the clerk, who was attending to the other customers, for a dollar's worth of one-cent stamps.

"Oh, you be bothered!" was the answer. "That is not a legal tender; it is all old copper."

"What is the legal tender, then?" asked the boy.

"Why, one cent is a legal tender for a one-cent stamp."

"Oh!" exclaimed the youth, "is it? Come on, then," passing a coin from the heap. "A one-cent stamp, please."

The clerk gave him one.

"Another, please."

A second was given him.

"Ano—"

"Here, stop that," the clerk said. "Give me the money. It will be the shortest way to get rid of you."

After counting the money, he gave the value thereof in stamps to the lad, who was heard to mutter:

"I thought I would tire him out!"

Mrs. Livermore's Shot.

"Women are so frivolous, so fond of dress, parade and show, that they would make of government an everlasting spectacular drama," says a man.

"Possibly," retorts Mrs. Livermore, "but I cannot remember ever to have seen women walking delightedly, for hours, in a torchlight procession through muddy streets, amid the thundering of cannon, the flash of rockets and the blaze of colored lights. I think I have never seen them parading by daylight, clad in bits of abbreviated aprons, ornamented, as to the shoulders, in what seemed exaggerated horse collars, their heads supporting an infinite amount of "fuss and feathers," and their padded coats over their swelling bosoms nearly bursting with ecstatic delight as they caught admiring glances from the other sex in balconies and at chamber windows."

Right you are, Mrs. L. They are too sensible and intelligent, bless their dear hearts, to do anything so childish.

Real Estate Note.

"When I married," said Boggs to a party of gentlemen who had been bragging of the successful marriages they had made, "I got a fine house and lot." "And I, gentlemen," exclaimed Mrs. Boggs, entering the room just in time to hear her husband's remark, "I got a flat, the top story of which has always remained vacant!"

It Moved.

A famous cheese maker ordered pictures of his product from a Paris photographer. On seeing the proof, which really was very bad, he said: "This won't do. Bless you, my cheese never looked like that." "Ah, sir," said the photographer, "but, you see, it moved."

Why He Chose Her.

They were on their wedding tour, and she said "Darling, why did you choose me?" "I saw you sweeping the library one day." "Then you chose me because I did not disdain the broom?" "No, but because you could not handle it well."

"Mamma, I'll be a preacher when I grow up," said Teddy. "Ain't got brains enough," grunted a cynical old uncle, who had been to congress. "Then we'll make a Congressman of him, my dear brother," smiled the mother.

*Lyndia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative Agent in all complaints peculiar to woman. Cures Kidney troubles of either sex.

A SPELLING MATCH.

Stand up, ye teachers, now, and spell;
Spell phenakistoscope and knell,
Or take some silly word, as chilly,
Or gauger, or the garden lily.
To spell such words as syllogism,
And lachrymose and synchronism,
And Pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocrypha and celandine,
Lactiferous and cecity,
Jesuit and homœopathy,
Paralysis and chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
Metemphychosis, gherkins, basque,
Is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamschatka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and sassafras,
Infallible and ptyalism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
Add cataclysm and beleaguer,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And hosts of other words are found
On English and on classic ground;
Thus, Behring's Straits and Michaelmas,
Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
Suite, hemorrhage, jalap, and havana,
Cinquefoil and ipecacuanha,
And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill and a thousand more,
Are words that some good spellers miss
In dictionary lands like this.
Nor need one think himself a scoyle
If some of these his efforts foil.

He Had Some Consideration for His Successor.

Among the stories told of wives whose temper is not the gentlest is this one:

"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, master?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old—she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Aye, do they?" said the farmer. "Well, write again, and say that if my wife marries again I give and bequeath to her the sum of two hunder' pounds a year. That will do, won't it, master?"

"Why, it's just doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow should marry again."

"Aye," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

Dime Novel Disease.

The discovery of five hundred dime novels in the headquarters of the latest band of train robbers in Missouri is the best evidence yet produced to the direct and pernicious influence of literature of that character. The dime novel teaches murder and license without any principle to justify crime. In the case in which theft from the rich was made a virtue, the times were out of joint when the play was written by the hot-headed. It was a manifesto against the oppression of the poor and the despised. The masses were in a morbid state of mind. But in America, where contest, equality and prosperity reign, there is no explanation of dime novel romance and organized robbery and murder, except the depravity of individual men and a certain laxity of morals.

Facts for the Yankees.

Says the Philadelphia Press: The English fleet has a score of vessels which could anchor outside the bar of New York and destroy the city in a day, while our light ironclads were lying idle in the stream, unable to strike a blow. The British navy can bring at any given point over 1,500 guns to bear behind armoured monsters absolutely invulnerable to anything we now have or are likely to have under the present ruling nation in the navy. Within four weeks after a declaration of war the British navy could close every one ports hermetically, could place ironclads within range of every one of our seaboard cities, and we haven't a vessel that could encounter even the second rate vessels or armament of that great armada.

Man with raging drink inflamed,
Is far more savage and untamed;
Supplies his foes of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able
The more heroic and formidable.

Patrick has a great power of enjoyment after all, and always laughs at the right time. One day he saw a bull attack a man, and he had to hold on to his sides with both hands, the scene was so funny. After a little the animal turned his attention in another direction, and poor Patrick, after exploring the heights came down with a thump on the other side of the fence. He rubbed his wounds, and as he trudged along the worse for the wear he said to himself, "Faith, I'm glad I had my laugh when I did or I wouldn't have had it at all."

Brevity in Speech—Sweetness in Music

Some one has said that short speeches are most impressive, and simple, sweet music the most touching. If there be anything in the idea, certainly the following from O. C. De Zouche & Co., Piano and organ Dealers, 233 St. James street, Montreal, is to the point and convincing; "St. Jacobs Oil has proved of incalculable value to me in a case of rheumatism, having given me almost instant relief." In the same strain of expressive brevity writes Mr. John C. Fleming, editor in chief of the Montreal *Post*: "I have much pleasure in stating that from the use of St. Jacobs Oil, I find it excellent and think it a good medicine."

The Agony Over.

Walking, the source of so much misery to many, becomes, after using PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, a service of pleasure. Corns are small in size, but their importance is not to be judged by their size, as any one fond of a tramp can testify. Try Putnam's Extractor for corns. No discomfort, no caustic application, no blood letting, and yet splendidly efficacious. Sold everywhere.

The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

One part of the Baseball fever is catching.

Mr. C. P. Brown, Crown Land agent, Sault Ste Marie, writes: "Two or three of my friends and myself were recommended to try Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. We prefer your Emulsion, and think it better for the system than the Syrup." &c.