—THE—

Acton Free Press

is published

EVERY THURSDAY, MORNING,

AT

The Free Press

Power Printing & Publishing

OFFICE.

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	8.00

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

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 8 a.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

M. FORSTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC. OFFICE:—MEDICAL HALL, Mill Street, 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.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of Rigg & Ivory, Toronto, Will be at Dr. Forster's office on the first Monday of every month, in the practice of his profession. All work executed in the latest and most improved style of the dental art. No charge for consultation.

FULLERTON, HALL & STOREY, Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Conveyancers, &c. Toronto & Georgetown. OFFICES:—No. 50, Church street, Toronto, and McLeod's 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. P. 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.

JAMES MATTHEWS,
Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,
" " Life " "
" " Accident " "
" " Insurance Tickets.
($3000 for 25c. per day.)
Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., return tickets issued, or tickets to bring out your friends, CHEAPER THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER LINE.
Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed short date notes discounted.
Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.
—CONVEYANCER OF—
Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattle Mortgages, Farm and House Leases, Agreements, &c.
Clerk Div. Court, Com'r in Queen's Bench, &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

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 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. 22 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1882. Whole No. 397

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.

THE
10 CENT STORE,
—IS AS—
Busy as a Beehive,
—RECEIVING—
Holiday Goods
From the centres of Manufacturers in Germany, England and New York, for
Christmas and New Years.
JAS. F. KIDNER,
10 Cent Store and Cheap Cash Bazaar,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

COAL AND WOOD DEALER.
J. GOODALL
Has made arrangements by which he is able to supply the best qualities of Coal, in lots to suit purchasers, on shortest notice, at reasonable prices.
First-class Beech and Maple stove wood, in cord and stove lengths. Either coal or wood delivered to any part of the town.
Orders left at the boot and shoe stores will be promptly attended to.
200 Cords good, dry, Beech and Maple Wood wanted, for which the highest prices will be paid.
JAMES GOODALL.

CORDWOOD WANTED.
The subscriber will purchase wood during the coming winter at
ACTON STATION,
and will pay cash promptly, monthly, as the wood is inspected and received.
All wood to be evenly piled, and perfectly sound, and according to Railway Company's specifications.
Parties who have wood for sale, will please apply at once, as only a limited quantity is required.
For further particulars apply to
Col. Wm. Allan, Acton,
or to
ALEXANDER NAIRN.
Toronto, Oct. 23rd, 1882. Toronto.

Busness 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.

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.

BOUND VOLUMES
—OF ALL THE—
ENGLISH PERIODICALS,
FOR 1882,
British Workman,
British Workwoman,
Chatterbox,
Friendly Visitor,
Band of Hope,
Infant's Magazine,
The Prize,
Wide Awake,
Girl's Own Paper,
Boy's Own Paper,
Quiver, etc., etc.
—JUST RECEIVED AT—
Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

ECONOMY
THE SURE WAY.
To get the best value for your money.
To secure the choice of a large stock.
To select what you require, at the Lowest Cash Prices.
IS TO DEAL AT
WM. S. SMITH,
The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

WATCHES,
Clocks & Jewellery.
Stock Now Complete.
NEW GOODS ALL IN.
The best assortment of Cruets, Cake Baskets, Pickle Stands, &c., in Guelph. Call and see our new stock when you come to Guelph.
B. SAVAGE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
GUELPH.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.
FUR CAPS,
In South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver.
Our Caps have been very carefully selected, and we are showing very choice Furs very low prices.
SHAW & CRUNDY,
Merchant Tailors
GUELPH.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

The Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 30, 1882.

POETRY.

Why Not Forgive Him.

Why not forgive your brother,
If he comes to you in sorrow?
Why not your anger smothe
Ere the dawning of to-morrow?
You say he has reviled you,
Your dearest friends among;
But has error ne'er beguiled you?
Have you ne'er committed wrong?
Why not forgive him?

He is penitent and humble,
He is weak and in your power—
Who is not apt to stumble
When passion rules the hour?
He wronged you in his blindness;
Now act the Christian's part,
And pour the balm of kindness
On his sad and repentant heart.
Why not forgive him?

With his grief his heart is riven,
And can you with reason pray
That your sins may be forgiven,
When from him you turn away?
Vaunt not your pure condition,
Nor back forgiveness keep—
Think of Heaven's admonition,
"As ye sow so shall ye reap."
Why not forgive him?

OUR STORY.

The Black Heart Cherry Tree.

When I was a little boy there was nothing I enjoyed so much as going to my grandfather's. Grandfather was part owner of a great factory in——town, but he had, outside of the town, a pretty little place, half farm, half country seat. I wanted no other companion when grandfather was at home. He played on his fiddle; he took me to ride; he taught me to swim. He was better company than any boy I knew, and Saturday was the dullest day of the week, for instead of coming home at three o'clock in the afternoon, as he usually did, he was absent all the day and most of the evening, for the money for the hands was to be got from the bank at——, and many little things arranged for the coming Monday. If grandfather took me with him, that was another thing. I enjoyed it mightily. But grandmother sometimes vetoed that, and I stayed at home.

One Saturday morning I jumped out of bed, hopeful and happy, to find, to my great disappointment, that grandfather was already gone away in the waggon. I had squeezed two or three times the night before, and had in consequence been credited with a cold, and it had been decided that I should stay at home. I was so greatly disappointed that I could not keep from crying. I sat down sadly to my bread and milk, and watered it with tears

Grandmother had a quilt on hand, and went with the seamstress, Betsy Grimes, to the great spare bedroom, where it was spread, and I was left alone. After sulking for some time, it occurred to me that, as I must stay at home, there could be no better time for having all the cherries I wanted. The black hearts in the meadow lot were ripe, and as yet prohibition as to eating too many had not been uttered, for grandmother did not know of the ripening.

Alas for the fruition of human hopes! Just as I was starting for the meadow grandmother wanted some cotton of a particular color, and I was sent to the village store to get it. Then the cow got into the vegetable garden and I had to drive her out. Then dinner was ready. Then the help begged me to get her some kindlings and hunt for eggs, and it was actually three o'clock in the afternoon before I scampered away to the meadow and began to climb toward the cherries. It was an old tree, with leaves growing so thickly that they hid me as though I had been a robin. I perched there, quite content, and ate my fill, and was enjoying myself mightily, when I heard the sound of voices below, and peeping down, saw two of those country bug-bears—tramps—plodding across the meadow with their own peculiar walk, which always suggests an idea that they have cushions on their feet. I kept quite still, hoping they would pass without seeing me, but instead of this they paused and sat down under the tree, where they began to eat the fallen cherries, being, as it seemed, too lazy to shake the tree.

Pretty soon they began to talk; every word they said came closely to my ear. The eldest tramp, a heavy, low-browed man, spoke first, and what he said was this:

"Come now, nobody can't hear you here. What's your plan?"

The other, a thin, cruel-looking fellow, answered with an oath:

"Why, to get the money, to be sure, and to get it easy. I've been down to the house and told the gal I was a factory hand out of work, and would her master take me on? She said 'I could ask, but he was away to-day, to the bank, to get the wages.'

"'Reckon he pays a lot of wages,' said I.

"'A thousand dollars and more he pays every Saturday,' said she, 'at six o'clock precisely.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I hope I'll get a job. I'll come here a Monday early;' and off I went. Now I know the road. Twist——town and the factory there's a place where there's an old rolling mill. Hasn't been no work done there for five years. The folks on the farms mostly turn off above there, and only them that's going to the factory keeps on a past it. We'll hide there. It's an up-hill road. When he gets a past, goin slow, as he must, we'll jump on the wagon, tie him, and take the bags. The gal told me he always got it in two leather bags. If he fights too hard, we'd better shoot him; but he's old, and we can tie him up in the old mill, and be quite sure nobody'll hear him that night. Then you and I'll go down and take the cars to Albany, and set up for gentlemen. Worth trying for—ain't it? Who's to know us in store-clothes and mustachers?"

"You're sure he goes alone?" asked the other tramp.

"Generally. This time he hasn't even the little shaver with him," said the first tramp. "It's easy work pumping that gal."

With these words the whole truth flashed upon me. It was my grandfather of whom they spoke. It was my grandfather they intended to rob, perhaps to murder.

I was so horrified that I remember my feelings with a strange thrill and quiver to this very day, but I felt sure they would kill me at once if they saw me, and I should never even have the chance of warning my grandfather.

How horrible it was to cling motionless to the boughs, while they lay below munching their cherries, and growling to each other now and then.

At last they got up and stumped away. As soon as they were out of sight, I tumbled out of the tree more dead than alive. I looked to the right and to the left, scarcely knowing what to do. I was not nine years old, but I felt that I had not time to go and frighten my grandmother with the story—that better aid must be sought. The factory itself was far away; before I could get there on my own feet, the tramps would, perhaps, have killed my grandfather.

Father Rosen, our next neighbor, was old and deaf. No one was at the Penny's but Mrs. Penny, and the children. Oh, what should I do!

Suddenly I remembered Lawyer Lobb in the village, and to his office I flew at once. How long the way seemed—how horrible it was to know that time was flying; but I reached it at last.

Lawyer Lobb was at his desk conversing with Judge Barker when I flew in, and they listened to the tale I told with open mouths and uplifted hands, and when I had finished they started to their feet.

"You're a bright little fellow, Billy," said Lawyer Lobb, "and I reckon you've saved your grandfather's life, and a lot of money into the bargain; he'd never have given up without a fight. It's all right now, Billy; go home to grandma. The tramps will meet more than they calculated on meeting."

But I clasped my hands together.

"I can't go home," I said. "I want to go and help save grandfather. I couldn't go home; it would kill me."

"All right, Billy," said the old squire. "You shall go along o' me."

Never shall I forget that ride through the wood path, single file, I behind the squire on his old gray horse. Never shall I forget how we stood there watching the old rolling mill and the tramps, who came now and then to the blackened door-way and peeped over the pieces of broken machinery and piles of rusted shards to watch for their victim; or how at last we heard the wagon wheels in the distance rumbling along slowly; how there was a pause, and we knew that our scouts had warned my grandfather; how he came in sight at last; how, with a pretence of unconcern, he passed the mill; and how from the dark building the two hideous forms crept softly after him, with their pistols in their hands.

"Oh, does he know, does he know?" I whispered to the squire, in an agony of terror. "Why don't they go to him?"

"Look, Billy," said the squire, "and don't get scared."

There were two men behind the tramps now, treading softly as they did. A moment more and shots were fired, and there was a struggle. Then I saw the tramps lying hand-cuffed upon the grass by the roadside, and grandfather standing up in the waggon with his hat off, and his white hair blown about by the breeze.

"All right. Run to him, Billy," said the squire, and the next moment I was clasped to his heart.

We went to the factory in a grand cavalcade, with the tramps bound hand and foot in the wagon. There they left the money and went on to the jail.

I was a hero for that day and for many days afterward at home, and my grandmother read me some good religious lessons on the text: "If you had gone with grandpa that day."

"If I had not gone to eat the black heart cherries," I said to myself; but I never uttered the words aloud.

A Story.

A Western man has been telling some Philadelphians how western cities grow. He says he went off into the mountains hunting, and, night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early the next morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court house steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flag pole for the hotel across the way. He got down, and while rubbing his eyes, was nearly run over by a street car, and got his feet tangled in an electric light wire.

Consult Your Wife.

You are a man of business, and have no time to show attention to your wife—few opportunities to converse with her; at least you make few. She submits to this unsocial state of things, because she must; but is she happy? Probably not. No woman likes to be considered a cipher. Your wife ought to be your adviser. She ought to be your most confident counsellor. There are many husbands who would as soon think of taking advice of their children as of their wives; but it is only the fool who is too wise to seek counsel. A woman, you say, knows very little about business; nevertheless, her intuition is often better than a man's judgment.

Your wife is your partner. You have earned the money, but she has saved, and sacrificed, and pinched, and worried, and worked, to help to accumulate it. She has done her fair share toward making your property what it is; she has a right to be consulted how it shall be used. A double right has she to have her judgment weighed and measured in all questions relating to the disposition of the family, and the training and culture of the children.

Talk to your wife on all occasions. When you come home at night, tired with the cares of the day, to find her equally fatigued, bring to her the news of the day, the latest, freshest thought. In buying your paper, or subscribing for your monthly magazine, or renewing your religious weekly, get what suits her needs and meets her tastes, as well as your own. There is more in that patient, quiet, silent wife of yours than you think. Do not freeze her very individuality by your practical contempt of women.

That Baby.

How little a man knows about some things! Now that old bachelor there, on the opposite side of the stage, sits looking at the pretty young mother dandling what seems to him a limp, red, wrinkled and terribly hideous specimen of humanity in its earliest stage, and pities her. "What a shame!" he says to himself. "A little thing like that married, and tied down to a baby! How miserable she must feel! Why doesn't she pitch it down somewhere? What a horrible little object! How it squals! How it wriggles!" And his face expresses sympathy.

Little does he think that that object, to him more like a lobster done up in white muslin and blue ribbon, is to the young woman who holds it in her arms the most beautiful baby ever born. That what he considers squealing and wriggling are to her adorable signs of that intelligence spoken of by young mothers as "taking notice." That the expression of its face is described by her as "Angelic," and its complexion very fair. That she is so proud of being its mother that she hopes she doesn't show it too plainly in her countenance; and that when he steps out of the stage she says to her sister, who carries the inevitable reticule and bottle for her:

"How *he* looked at baby—sort of greedy and longing like. I was almost afraid he'd steal him. Poor man! I don't believe he has a baby of his own! How desolate he must feel!"

Treatment of Frozen Persons

Medical men have always differed as to whether the best medical treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or a rapid application of heat. "To settle the matter," says *Knowledge*, "Laptohlokaski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath all recovered." The experiments will probably influence the practice of medical men in Russia and Northern Europe, where the question of the best means of restoring life in persons suffering from excessive cold is of frequent occurrence every winter.

An Excellent Law

By an ancient act of the Scottish parliament, passed about 1226, 'it was "ordainit that during ye reign of her maist blessit Magestie Margaret, ilke maiden lasse of baith high and low estait shall hae liberty to speak ye man yhe likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wife he shall be mulct in ye sum of an hundred pounds or less as his estait may be, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to anither woman, then he shall be free."

The Reason He Wished It.

The Rev. Mr. I——is a small man. He has a big heart and a large soul, but his body is diminutive. The Rev. Dr. S—— was opposing the division of dioceses, on the ground that it would "Necessitate taking very small men for the episcopate."

"Just the reason I am in favor of it!" said I——, dryly.

All who knew him would appreciate the joke.

"But."

"I am a temperance man—very much in favor of the cause—was born so, and never was anything else—but—" The devil is highly pleased with all Christians who make statements closing like the foregoing with a "but." They are among the very best timber to keep the liquor traffic going that his satanic majesty can get.

November in England.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance, looking blue—
No road—no street—no t'other side the way
No end to any "row"—
No indication where the "crescents" go
No top to any steeple—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em!
No knowing 'em—
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go," by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
November!

The Times That Try Men's Souls.

When he pops the question.

When his wife wants to talk and he does not.

When he writes to his best girl and waits two weeks for a reply.

When hash is placed before him five successive mornings at his boarding house.

When he pokes his head through his last clean shirt and finds there is no buttons on behind.

When he buys a new pair of shoes and discovers two big nails sticking up in the heels.

When he hurries around the corner and hands square in the arms of a man who holds his I. O. U.

When he takes his girl out and discovers that he has left his pocket-book at home in his old trowsers.

When he comes home early in the morning and his wife wants to hold a little debating society in the lower hall.

When he goes home at nights, finds a house full of company, and his wife blissfully ignorant of the fact that dinner is not ready.

When, after waiting in the barber shop for an hour, and hearing the welcome word "next," he sees a little fellow shoot up from behind a paper and slide into the chair like a streak of electricity.

A Pot-Hunter's Luck

A hunter with an empty game bag enters a French country tavern at nightfall, and with an air of gloom bids the host serve him with a glass of wine.

While he is drinking it the host remarks confidentially, "You had bad luck to-day, I'm afraid."

"Yes, my friend; I did not bag a single thing. The first time such a thing has happened to me in the course of my life."

"Well, if you are anxious to take something home I have a hare out in the stable that I would not mind parting with to you for 10 francs."

"A hare? Dead!"

"No, alive. I caught it yesterday."

"I'll take it."

The landlord leads the hunter out into the yard and brings out the hare, which he ties to a stake by a cord fastened to its foot.

"Now, sir, blaze away!"

The sportsman retires a few paces, brings his gun to his shoulder and blazes away, and the charge takes effect on the cord, and the hare bounds lightly over the fence and disappears in the azure distance.

Luck.

Luck, my boy, is that peculiar gift of the fickle goddess of fortune, that enables a man who works ten hours a day, to earn more, accomplish more, and save more than the fellow who sits eleven hours a day on the same dry goods box, holding his mouth open to keep the sunlight out of his eyes. Some men are lucky, my son, and some are lazy.—*Burdette.*

Not Ripe Yet.

One day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakable green. Returning it to the shop keeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."

A Suggestion.
A day's pleasure at your disposal, instead of a day's agony. Everyone who has corns testify to the constant discomfort they produce. "I could have enjoyed the ball, or the picnic, or some other social pastime; but, oh! how my corns ached!" No necessity now for such complaints. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR removes the cause speedily. Try it. Beware of another article "just as good." Take only Putnam's. Sold everywhere N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Outward infirmities.—Before the discovery of these remedies, many cases of sores, ulcers, &c.' were pronounced to be hopelessly incurable, because the treatment pursued tended to destroy the strength it was incompetent to preserve, and to exasperate the symptom it was inadequate to remove. Holloway's Pills exert the most wholesome powers over the unhealthy flesh or skin, without debarring the patient from fresh air and exercise, and thus the constitutional vigor is husbanded while the most malignient ulcers, abscesses, and skin diseases are in process of cure. Both Ointment and Pills make the blood richer and purer, instead of letting it fall into that poor and watery state so fatal to many laboring underchronic ulcerations.

☞Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10 cents for any color.

Woman's True Friend.
A friend in need is a friend in deed. This none can deny, especially when assistance is rendered when one is sorely afflicted with Disease, more particular by those complaints and weaknesses so common to our female population. Every woman should know that Electric Bitters are woman's true friend, and will positively restore her to health even when all other remedies fail. A single trial always proves our assertion. They are pleasant to the taste, and only costs fifty cents per bottle. Sold by J. E. McGarvin.