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Acton Free Press.

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ICE CREAM PARLOR. MRS. W. C. KING. Herby announces that she will open to-day, Thursday, Queen's Birthday, a parlor where will be supplied first-class Ice Cream, Soda Water, Ginger Ale, &c., which will be continued throughout the summer.

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK IN EVERY LINE. BARGAINS. LADIES' & GENTS' GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES. A LARGE STOCK OF ELECTRO PLATE. JUST RECEIVED— ALL NEW STYLES. Big Bargains in Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

WM. S. SMITH, The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

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BIG CHOICE STOCK OF WALL PAPER, DAYS BOOKSTORE GUELPH.

NEW STOCK OF Baby Carriages. CROQUET SETS. Store Full of New Goods. AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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Pure Paris Green. We have imported a large supply. GENUINE PARIS GREEN. And we can guarantee our customers a reliable article at very lowest price. We always make it a point to test our Green before setting it, therefore those who buy from us are never disappointed.

MACHINE OILS. Is complete, and we can give you a variety of Oils for all kinds of machinery, varying in price according to quality. Best Canadian Coal Oil, Best American Coal Oil, always on hand. W. G. SMITH & CO., Dispensing Chemists. Mintonburgh Block, Guelph.

Acton Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1888.

POETRY.

A FISHY TALE. "Good fish in the sea as ever was caught, Is a very nice saying no doubt, And may be all true, as it certainly ought, But it is hard to get the fish out. "Good fish in the sea" in love means just this— And not a thing more, you can bet— That when one's little affairs go amiss, Another's love you can easily get. I know from experience the stage is a fraud, At the time I was terribly smitten, And—till you felt mighty odd— We quarrelled, and I got the mitten. "Good fish in the sea as ever was caught, Was a lovable friend's kindly remark, I heard right up on that happy thought, (The next time I hope you'll be dark.) I fished in the sea for years, day and night, And—with sorrow now I relate it— I got not a nibble, much less a bite, And the adage—Oh, how I hate it!

PUR STORY.

NOT A SUCCESS. "Dear me," said Mrs. Heasterly, "some folks do have all the luck! I thought when my cousin Spawell was appointed assistant bishop of the Cranberry Swamp diocese, that it was quite a social distinction. But here Helen Jones' uncle ben put up for Chinese ambassador! And I suppose she'll get all her tea and cheesmen for nothing now, besides the credit of the thing!" And Mrs. Heasterly actually burst into tears.

From the very first moment of her arrival in Cherry Hill, Mrs. Jones had been her rival. If she decorated her parlors in lotus-leaves and cat-tails, Mrs. Jones immediately ordered an artist from Philadelphia to paint her ceiling in peacock-plumes and half-open sunflower buds. If she gave a light tea, Mrs. Jones followed with a full-dressed dinner-party. If she had a fancy masquerade-party, Mrs. Jones issued cards for private theatricals. And now the glories of the assistant bishopric were entirely eclipsed by the ambassador to China.

Mrs. Jones ordered her white ponies and basket-phaeton, and drove in state through Cherry Hill, to invite all her friends and acquaintances to an evening reception. "To meet my uncle," she said, graciously, "before he sails for China!" For Mrs. Jones, albeit she never had seen her Uncle John Jones, was second, all of a sudden, with the most affectionate devotion for him, and telegraphed him to come at once to Cherry Hill. And the letter which followed was full of hiso-like devotion.

"I have always felt," she said, "that it was a cruel deprivation to see so little of my husband's relations. And now that we are so soon to lose you, I must insist on at least one visit. We have some charming people in Cherry Hill, who would esteem it a privilege to make your acquaintance. We shall meet you, without fail, at the six forty train from Philadelphia, on Wednesday next."

Mr. Jones, a blunt, bullet-headed man, who was in the drug business, scratched his nose when he heard of his wife's proposal. "It's all a puzzle to me," said he. "Uncle John never had any brains."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Jones, "what brains are needed to be a Chinese ambassador? It's all political influence and wire-pulling, don't you see?" "Well," said Mr. Jones, "there's something in that. I remember Uncle John being president of a Polk and Dallas club, forty years ago, or so, in the village. And he manufactured torchlights for the political processions, and had a very good voice for a hurrall. What puzzles me, however, is what on earth he will think of our getting so very affectionate all of a sudden, after neglecting him for all these years."

"No matter what he thinks," said Mrs. Jones, briskly. "I'll soon bring him around. Only think—ambassador to China! What will Mrs. Heasterly say? You must telegraph at once for plenty of *pates de fais gres*, and cold, potted game. And I'll have the two colored waiters from the hotel, Mary Ann is very well in her way, but she will need additional help on an occasion like this. I shall ask ex-Governor Phillips-tarbaugh and his wife—they are visiting the Whites; and an especial card shall be sent to that stupid, old assistant bishop, that Charlotte Heasterly boasts so much about. Mr. Climefield, the poet, is in town also, and I shall beg Miss Bulkeley to bring her violin and give us one of those sweet Scandinavian Dreams, that she improvises so sweetly. Let me see, there will be about sixty people here, unless I receive more regrets than I at present anticipate."

"Sixty people, eh?" repeated Mr. Jones. "Ain't that considerable of a blow-out, Fanny? We haven't settled Spaguetto's bill for that last tea-light, you must remember."

whole account is settled—three hundred and odd dollars."

"How absurd of him!" said Mrs. Jones, with a shrug of her plump shoulders. "And now, of all times in the world! But never mind—I shall walk."

And Mrs. Jones, nothing daunted, put on a rose-hed-trimmed bonnet, a pretty imitation cashmere shawl, and a pair of cream-colored kid gloves, and set forth to the florist's, where she ordered a profusion of flowers; and to the pastry-cook's, where she hesitated between water ices, and Neapolitan cream; and finally went home, wearied, but triumphant.

"I'll show the Chinese ambassador that there is some style about his country cousins," she declared, to Ethel and Constantia, who were remodeling their old dresses, to appear as new as possible. "And really Mrs. Jones' parlors did appear exquisitely tasteful and pretty when the eventual evening arrived."

The chandeliers—new for the occasion—were draped with smiles; the mantles banked with cyclamen and begonias leaves; the angles of the apartment filled with tall palms and stately ferns. Miss Bulkeley was there, with her violin, and a package of music nearly as large as a saratoga trunk; the ex-governor and his lady were on time, and the assistant bishop of the Cranberry Swamp diocese appeared, in a red-nosed and pompous manner, with his cousin, Mrs. Heasterly, leaning on his arm. And, as the room began to fill, Mrs. Jones waxed a little nervous.

"I do hope nothing has happened to the train," she thought. "If he shouldn't be here, after all, I should feel myself a social fraud."

But, as the old Antwerp clock in the corner struck ten, there was a little bustle, the sound of retreating carriage-wheels—Uncle Jones had arrived!

And the guests parted right and left, to admit of the entrance of a stout old gentleman in a suit of home-made butternut-brown, a pair of silver spectacles, very red hands, entirely innocent of gloves, and a blue-checked shirt.

"Well, nice Jones," said this remarkable apparition, grasping Mrs. Jones' pretty, little kid-gloved hands. "I'm dreadful glad to make your acquaintance. And this 'ere's Peter, is it? I hain't seen Peter since he was a boy."

"Uncle," said Mrs. Jones, with a sort of hysterical gasp, "Allow me to present to you—"

"Oh, yes, I see," said Uncle Jones. "Company to tea, eh? Your servant, ladies and gentlemen, your servant!" bowing comprehensively around the room. "And so—well, all here together, so nice and friendly," he added. "I'll just ask you all to look at a new kind of valve I've took the agency of—the 'Electric Agency Eradicator,' only twenty-five cents a box, and five boxes for a dollar. Business is business, you know, and as I make my living this way, I'm sure my niece and nephew here won't object to my selling off the stock in trade to the best advantage before I leave the country. Perhaps the company don't know that I sail as skipper of the Newfoundland fishin'-banks, and around by way of Nova Scotia?"

"But," gasped Mrs. Jones, "we thought—that is, we understood—we read in the paper, I would say—that you were to be the ambassador to China."

"Me?" said Uncle Jones. "Not if I know it! Me go to furin parts, to be eaten up with cholesticks, or burned alive by the coolies? I guess not! P'r'aps it's John J. Jones you're thinking about. He's from the same place as I am—a great friend of the administration—and I've heard as he's got a plump office from the big-bugs at Washington. I'm John J. Jones—Jacob, you know, after my great-grand-ther, as was in the blackamity bus'ness. Oh, I ain't no Chinese ambassador! I'm only a salve-manufacturer. It's dreadful good for frost-bitten feet and ears, the 'Electric Agency Eradicator' is—and p'r'aps I may have a good chance to sell a few boxes on board the Lovely Louise, if it's a middlin' cold trip."

Poor Mrs. Jones stood aghast as the distinguished guest of the evening circled around amid the perfumed groups, with his 'Agency Eradicator,' selling off the precious panacea with great success. Mrs. Heasterly giggled audibly; the assistant bishop elevated his Roman nose with an air of superciliousness; the fair violinist laid down her bow, and only the instant announcement of supper would have prevented a general dissolution of this social parliament.

Too True. In heaven, we are told there is joy over one sinner that repenteth. It is just the other way here below. There is more joy over one righteous man who goes astray, than over ninety-and-nine sinners who have kept at it all their lives.

Manliness. Does it consist in— Swearing.—Smoking.—Drinking.—Playing pool.—staying out at night.—Loading around saloons.—Disobedient to parents.—Jeering at old people.—Being "too big" for Church and Sunday-school.—Ridiculing the Bible and religion.

Persons usually outgrow and become ashamed of these foolish ideas unless they are confirmed losers. If they do not, their descent is very rapid so all that is evil. Boys have you any of these symptoms.

Cheap Pleasures. Wealth is not necessary to enjoy the beauties of a landscape—not now necessary to procure pleasures derived from books. A small garden—even the cherished plants in the window—is a source of pleasure; and, where the mind is waiting to be pleased, the very sounds of life, rural or otherwise, are as much music with joy. Knowledge opens her storehouse for the winter evening, while piety silvers all the earth with divine goodness, striking a vista through its deepest sorrow to that world where the obedient are filled with the fulness of joy.

A Miser's Avarice. The following anecdote of a miser illustrates the masterfulness of avarice when once it has seated itself in a man's soul: He was a blind millionaire, and about to be operated upon for a cataract by a skillful oculist, who was to receive 50 Louis d'or as his fee. The operation on the right eye had been most successful. "I can see!" exclaimed the millionaire, overjoyed; "I can distinguish the colors. I recognize my precious cash box."

"Very well, then," replied the practitioner, "let us lose no time, but commence at once on the left eye."

"No, no," said the miser; "all things considered, I'll pay you at once 25 Louis. I had as lief remain blind in one eye and save the other 25."

Wise Words. The farmers are the founders of civilization. Truth is the highest thing that man may keep. It is difficult to repent of what gives us pleasure. They truly mourn that mourn without a witness. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose. Levity of behaviour is the base of all that is good and virtuous. Love extinguished can be rekindled; leak love worn out—never. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.

Names of Countries. Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. Africa signifies a land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very appropriate. Spain, a country of rabbits and conies. It was once so fested, with these animals that it reed Augustus for an ardy to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding large quantities of black pitch. Calives, also, for the same reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants. The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous Province in Scotland. Hibernia is utmost or last habitation, for beyond this the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent island. The Greeks call it Albion, which signifies, in the Phoenician tongue, either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corvica, a woody place. Sardinia, signifies the footsteps of man, which it resembles. Syracuse, had flavor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodose, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Soyls, the whirlpool of destruction. Atna, signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.

LIFE: A baby in her mother's arms; A little girl with various charms; A tender maiden, young and fair; A lover with his out-brown hair; A woman married to a man care; A mother with a darling child; A widow with tender looks and mild; An old lady with a wrinkled brow; A dying bed and a dying vow; A sunny day grave in the trosted ground; Sighing winds with a murmuring sound— "Such is life."

A VETERAN BENEFACTOR. His Past Life, Present Plans, and What He Has to Say Upon a Subject That Astonishes Him.

(New York Times.) Nearly forty years ago a young man, of unusual endowments, began to mould public opinion upon a subject of vital importance. Like all pioneers, his early efforts were unsuccessful, but his ability and the value of his work soon won public confidence and to-day there is not a village or hamlet in the country that has not been influenced by Dr. Dio Lewis. When therefore, it was dreamed yesterday that he contemplated the establishment of a large magazine in this city, the fact was deemed so important that a representative of this paper was commissioned to see him and ascertain the truth of the rumor.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a gentleman of sixty years and two hundred pounds, with snow-white hair and beard, but probably the most perfect picture of health and vigor in the metropolis. He is a living exponent of his teachings, and notwithstanding the amount of work he has already done, promises still greater activity for years to come. He received the interviewer most courteously, and in reply to a question said: "It is true I have come to New York to establish a monthly magazine. I have come here for the same reason that I went to Boston 25 years ago. Then Boston was the best platform in the country from which to speak of education. New York has now become most hospitable to progressive thoughts—especially so to movements on behalf of physical training."

"I have reason to know the great and abiding interest of the American people in this subject. They have come to realize that the future of our country pivots upon our physical vitality, and especially upon the vigor of our women. My new magazine will bear the title 'Dio Lewis' Monthly,' and be devoted to Sanitary and Social Science. I hope through its pages to inaugurate a new departure in hygiene."

"Have you not written several books on the subject?" "Yes, nine volumes, and some of them like 'Our Girls,' published by the Harpers, have had an enormous circulation, but the best work of my life I shall give the world in the new magazine. Forty years of skir-mishing ought to conclude with ten years of organized warfare."

"Doctor, what is the occasion of this new interest in health questions?" "It has come through suffering, which seems the only road to self knowledge. The stomach, heart, kidneys or liver fall into trouble, happiness is gone, and then people give attention to their health."

"Which of these organs is most frequently the victim of our errors?" asked the reporter. "Within the last few years diseases of the kidneys have greatly multiplied. When I was engaged in practice, thirty-five and forty years ago, serious diseases of the kidneys were rare; but now distressingly frequent and fatal."

"To what do you attribute this great increase of kidney troubles?" "To the use of stimulating drinks, adulterated food and irregular habits of life."

"Doctor, have you any confidence in the remedy of which we hear so much now-a-days, 'Warner's Safe Cure'?" "I believe in the ounce of prevention, rather than in a ton of cure."

"But have you noticed the remarkable testimonials of Warner's remedy?" "I have, and confess that they have puzzled and astonished me. The commendations of proprietary medicines usually come from unknown persons residing in back countries. But I see in our most reputable newspapers the warmest praise of Warner's Safe Cure from College Professors, respectable physicians, and other persons of high intelligence and character. To thrust such testimony aside would be professional, but it is unusual. No physician can forget that valuable addition to our Materia Medica have sprung from just such sources. I was so impressed with this cloud of witnesses that I purchased some bottles of Warner's Safe Cure at a neighbor's drug store, and analyzed one to see if it contained anything poisonous. Then I took three of the prescribed doses at once, and found there was nothing injurious in it. I do not hesitate to say that if I found my kidneys in serious trouble, I should use this remedy, because of the hopelessness of all ordinary treatment, and because when a hundred intelligent and reputable persons unite in the statement that a certain remedy has cured them of a grave malady, I choose to believe that they speak the truth."

"But as you may know, my great interest in life lies in prevention. For forty years I have labored in this field. One of the phases of my work in New England was the establishment of the ladies' seminary at Lexington Mass. My aim was to illustrate the possibilities in the physical training of girls during their school life. This institution became before I left it, the largest and most successful Seminary for young women owned and managed by one person in our country. I sat down to dinner every day with a family of two hundred persons. The remarkable results of this muscle training in the North American Review of December, 1882."

"Besides, I established the Normal Institute for Physical Training in Boston, and for ten years was its President and Manager. Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. Thomas Hoekins, Professor Leonard, and others were among its teachers, and more than four hundred persons took its diploma and went out into all parts of the land to teach the new school of gymnastics. And now the years let me I propose to devote to the magazine which I have come here to establish. It will be the largest periodical ever devoted to this field of literature, and will present the highest and best question of hygiene with its simplicity of