—THE—
**Acton Free Press.**
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
—AT THE—
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE
MILL STREET, ACTON, ONTARIO.

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 3 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 six months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES:

| | |
|---|---|
| One column one year, ... ... | $60 00 |
| Half column one year, ... ... | 35 00 |
| Quarter column one year, ... ... | 20 00 |
| One column six months, ... ... | 35 00 |
| Half column six months, ... ... | 20 00 |
| Quarter column six months, ... ... | 12 00 |
| One column three months, ... ... | 20 00 |
| Half column three months, ... ... | 12 00 |
| Quarter column three months, ... ... | 7 00 |

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 9 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 (6) 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 Street, Acton.

H. E. WEBSTER, M.D., C.M., Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.—Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur. OFFICE: Mill St. RESIDENCE—CAMPBELL'S HOTEL, Acton. N. B.—Special attention given to the diseases of women and children.

T. H. GRAHAM, L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST, BRAMPTON, ONT. Will visit (Professionally) Acton on Monday of each week. Rooms—Agnew's Hotel. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST. Georgetown, Ontario.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS. Vitalized Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of C. B. HAYES, L.D.S. Tovell's Block, Guelph, Ont. Upper Wyndham Street.

C. H. RIGGS, L. D. S., of the firm of RIGGS & IVORY, TORONTO, Will be at Campbell's Hotel 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.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. OFFICE—In Kenny Bros. 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.

MOWAT & McLEAN, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Money to Loan. OFFICE:—Town Hall, Acton. J. A. MOWAT. W. A. McLEAN.

G. S. GOODWILLIE, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. GEORGETOWN & ACTON. Acton Office,—in Mrs. Secord's Block.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONTARIO. OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO., BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS. OFFICES:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto. JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MASTEN. WILLIAM LAIDLAW. GEORGE KAPPELE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. 20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the Counties of Wellington & 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 at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to C. S. SMITH, Box 172, Acton.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP. J. P. WORDEN. Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Forster as a medical office, and solicits the patronage of this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call. J. P. WORDEN. June 26th, 1884.

# 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 X. No. 18. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1884. Whole No. 488.

**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.

**Acton Fruit Depot.**

**J. M. FERNLEY**
has constantly on hand, in season, a full line of choice
Confectionery, Fruit, Canned Goods, Choice Cigars, &c.,
And everything kept in a first-class establishment of this kind.
Fruit a Specialty.

**OYSTERS**
In Bulk or Can. Always Fresh. Served in any Style.
Kindly soliciting a continuance of the patronage heretofore given the
ACTON FRUIT DEPOT,
I am respectfully,
J. M. FERNLEY,
Post Office Building, Acton.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
**SAVAGE'S**
Watch, Clock, Jewelry & Spectacle HOUSE.
Large Stock. - Prices Right.
Special Attention to Fine Watch Repairing.
**B. SAVAGE,**
Near Petrie's New Drug Store, GUELPH.

**Guelph Business College,**
GUELPH, ONT.,
OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN the best facilities for acquiring a COMPLETE TRAINING FOR BUSINESS PURSUITS. Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Banking, Actual Business Practice, Business correspondence, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand, Caligraphy or Type-Writing, French, Physiology, and Hygeine are taught by the most practical and interesting methods. Six experienced teachers and lecturers are permanently on the teaching staff. The various departments are elegantly fitted up with the latest and most approved apparatus for Business College work, thus insuring the comfort as well as the rapid advancement of students. Students may enter at any time. For a copy of the Annual College Circular (MAILED FREE), address,
McCormick, Bogle & Timmins.

**2,000 CORDS HEMLOCK BARK WANTED.**
The subscribers will pay
$5.50 PER CORD
For all prime quality Hemlock Bark delivered at their Tannery in Acton **before November 1st, 1884.**
Bark must be bright on flesh, flat, and full four feet long. Curled or damaged bark only received at a proportionate reduction.
**We wish it distinctly understood up bark will be received after the first of November without special contract.**
Any other information will be gladly furnished upon application at the tannery to MR. C. R. WILSON.
Beardmore & Co.
Acton, April, 1884.

WILL CLEAR OUT
**STOCK OF FANCY GOODS**
At any price, to make room for New Goods on the way from
England, France, Germany and New York.
VASES,
TOILET SETS,
GLASS GOODS,
LADIES' SATCHELS,
And ots of Other Goods.
**AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE,**
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

**COAL and WOOD**
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS JUST got in a large quantity of first-class
*EGG, STOVE, AND CHESTNUT*
COAL,
which he is prepared to dispose of by the car load. Parties using Coal will profit by laying in their winter's stock now.
I have also on hand a large stock of dry hardwood, in stove and cordwood lengths.
C. S. SMITH.
Acton, July 22nd, 1884.

**CROWDED! CROWDED!**
—Come and See the—
**10 CENT STORE CENT 10**
And Cheap Bazar
Crowded with New Goods, Useful and Ornamental, from
Germany, England and New York.
Selling CHEAP For CASH.
10c. Store & Cheap Cash Bazar.
JAS. F. KIDNER, GUELPH

**Underclothing.**
MRS. R. CREECH
Has a full assortment of Ladies' and Children's Underwear, and solicits a call from the ladies of Acton and vicinity.
Cashmere Net Now In.
Underclothing Made To Order.
MRS. R. CREECH.
Acton, may 7th, 1884.

**Guelph Cloth Hall.**
Our Spring Stock is now fully assorted, comprising all the newest shades in
Plain and Fancy Worsteds,
West of England Trouserings, and Scotch and Canadian Suitings.
We can assure our customers and the general public that we have this season the choicest selection of goods we have ever been able to place before them, and in consequence of the low prices prevailing in the Wholesale Markets we are able to sell Clothing at very low figures.
SHAW & CRUNDY,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Guelph.

**Wellington Marble Work,**
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
**John H. Hamilton,**
PROPRIETOR.
(Formerly McQuillan & Hamilton).
Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to cemetery work.
Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair, and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

**AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.**
100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue.
43rd YEAR. $1.50 a Year.
Send three 3c. stamps for Sample Copy (English or German) of the Oldest and Best Agricultural Journal in the world.
Orange Judd Co., Davis W. Judd Pres. 751 Broadway, New York.

**THE KEY NOTE SOUNDED.**
**W. P. BROWN**
Has now on hand the Largest, Best Assorted and Cheapest stock of
Glassware, China and Crockery
Ever shown at one time in Acton, comprising:
COLORED TEA SETS, IN GREAT VARIETY.
WHITE AND COLORD DINNER SETS—SQUARE DISHES.
GRAND DISPLAY OF CHINA TEA SETS.
BEAUTIFUL COLORED AND WHITE TOILET SETS.
CHINA MOTTO AND MOUSTACHE CUPS—IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
A FINE CHOICE IN MUGS, VASES AND JUGS.
**Glassware.**
ALL LINES COMPLETE IN THE LATEST DESIGNS.
**White Stoneware.**
IN ANY QUANTITY, FROM ONE PIECE TO A THOUSAND
—IN VARIOUS PATTERNS—
**Lamps & Lamp Goods.**
GLASS AND FANCY LAMPS, LAMP SHADES AND RINGS, PLAIN AND FANCY CHIMNEYS, WICK AND BURNERS.
**Groceries.**
MY STOCK OF GROCERIES IS COMPLETE, FRESH STOCK ARRIVING EVERY FEW DAYS.
**Teas.**
A SPECIALTY. FINE FLAVOR AND GOOD DRAWING QUALITIES.
**Sugars.**
12 POUNDS GRANULATED, TO 18 POUNDS GOOD BROWN.
**Provisions.**
FRESH BUSCUITS, ALL KINDS, BUTTER, CHEESE, APPLES AND POTATOES ON HAND.
**Woodenware.**
A GOOD STOCK OF WOODENWARE, WELL ASSORTED.
**Coal Oil.**
GOOD QUALITY. IN SMALL & LARGE QUANTITIES.
We do not intend to be undersold by anyone in the trade.
Come and see for yourselves. Highest price paid for Good Butter.
W. P. BROWN
Acton, Oct. 21st, 1884.

*Acton Free Press.*
THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 6 1884.

## POETRY

### HER BONNET.

When meeting-bells began to toll,
And pious folk began to pass,
She deftly tied her bonnet on,
The little, sober meeting lass,
All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady-cheeks,
She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,
And innocently wondered if
Her bonnet did not make her fair;—
Then sternly chid her foolish heart for harboring such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,
And set the bows beneath her chin;—
Then smiled to see how sweet she looked;
Then thought her vanity a sin,
And she must put such thoughts away before the sermon should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preached word,
Demurely, in her father's pew,
She thought about her bonnet still,—
Yes, all the parson's sermon through,—
About its pretty bows and buds which better than the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peaceful face,
The reflex of her simple soul,
She looked to be a very saint,—
And maybe was one, on the whole,—
Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole.

—*Mary E. Wilkins, in the Century.*

## OUR STORY.

### THE STORY OF A SHIRT.

Jason Perry had made a fortune in Texas. He was one of the largest ranchmen in Tom Green County, but no one would have imagined that he was other than an ordinary *vaquero*, to have looked at him.

He dressed in duckings and since he first donned a woolen shirt as a cowboy, ten years previous, he had never worn any other sort.

He lived in camp and his food was of the coarsest description, but his cheque was good for a hundred thousand dollars, and he had an unlimited credit with the San Angelo store-keepers.

The Texas Pacific Railroad had just been completed, and trains passed daily through Jason Perry's ranch.

The little water station, which, like all new Western towns, was ambitious of some day becoming a great city, had been named Perryville, in his honor.

Its total population now, however, consisted of the section-master and his hands, a Mexican butchering outfit—which killed Jason Perry's beeves and loaded them into the refrigerator cars, to be shipped to the Northern market—the telegraph operator, who was also ticket, freight and express agent, and Tom Bentley, who looked after Jason Perry's interests, and kept the little supply-store, where Jason's herders bought whiskey, tobacco, and duckings.

The business of shipping dressed beef North was a new enterprise, and Jason was making a great deal of money.

He was determined to extend this branch of his business, and he had written to his agent in Philadelphia that he might expect him on any day "to give things a boom," as he quaintly expressed it.

On this particular day he rode down to Perryville, dressed in his best suit of duckings, and wearing a Mexican *sombrero*, gaudily decorated.

While waiting for the train he took occasion to give Tom Bentley some instructions as to how business was to be conducted in his absence.

"How long are you going to be gone, Jay?" asked the latter.

"About a month," was the answer.

"You ought to dress up a little," suggested the clerk, who was arrayed in a suit of "store clothes," and wore a white shirt.

"Oh, these are good enough for me," said Jason, carelessly looking down at his duckings."

"Put on a white shirt, anyway, Jay," persisted Tom. "I haven't got buy in the store done up, but I've got some nice unlaundried ones, that came in that bill of goods I got yesterday from San Antonio. One of those will be better than that old woolen one of yours. You can put on a starched collar—I've got plenty of them—and a big necktie, and a pair of cuffs, and nobody will know whether your shirt's laundried or not. You can get it done up when you get to the settlements."

"All right," said Jason, good-naturedly. "Get them out for me. It will be the first b'iled shirt I've worn since I left the States."

Bentley laid a shirt, cuffs, collar and necktie out on the rude counter, and Jason Perry, after he finished looking over the books, proceeded to don these evidences of civilization.

He was very awkward, as men usually are, in putting on the shirt, and when he pushed his big hands through the sleeves, his fingers came in contact with a piece of paper.

"Hello!" he cried, holding up the find. "Here's a paper, Tom, does it belong to you?"

"I reckon not," said the other, taking the paper from his employer's hand. "It came in the shirts."

"It's got some writing on it," said Jason. "Perhaps it's the bill."

"No," said Tom, spreading out the paper, "it's written by a woman."

"By a woman?" repeated Jason. "Read it."

Thus bidden, Tom Bentley read as follows:

"I, Adele Storms, pretty, young, with a good English education and more than ordinary intelligence, am compelled by the stern decrees of fate to labor at shirt making, from early in the morning until late at night, for the paltry sum of five dollars per week, when many who are intellectually my inferiors earn three times as much. Dear! dear! will it ever end?"

"Adele! That's a pretty name," observed Jason, and he picked up the paper. "Poor girl! I wonder where she lives?"

"It don't give her residence. But you'd better hurry on with your dressing, for there comes the train."

Jason Perry thrust the paper into his pocket, and managed, with the assistance of Tom Bentley, to get dressed in time to catch the train.

He reached Philadelphia safely, transacted his business, and then determined to enjoy himself for a day or two seeing the sights.

A fashionable tailor had made him a suit of clothes, and now that his business was all over, he put them on to go out in search of enjoyment.

The duckings that he had worn away from Texas lay across the bed, and he proceeded to transfer the contents of the pocket to the new suit.

Among other things he pulled out the paper which he had found in the shirt.

He read Adele Storms' soliloquy again, and then turning over the paper, saw that it had been written on a shirt-maker's blank which was headed by the business card of Jones, Smith & Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Why, that was written right here in Philadelphia!" he said. "I believe I'll call around and see her."

He blushed like a school girl at the audacity of the undertaking; but when he read the note a second time he was more determined than ever to go, and he did.

"Adele Storms?" said the cashier at Jones, Smith & Brown's, when Jason inquired about her. "Yes, we have a girl of that name working for us. She works at home, 624 North —— Street."

"Thank you," said Jason; and he went straight to the address given.

Adele storms was very much surprised when she opened the door of her little room in response to Jason's vigorous knock, and came face to face with the tall, bearded cowman, and she was more astonished than ever and blushed profusely when he produced the little paper, clumsily introduced himself, and explained how it came into his possession.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I hope you don't think I put that paper in the shirt on purpose! I recollect how it occurred now. I was very much discouraged that day, and as I live alone, and have no confidants, I sometimes scribble down my thoughts on paper. I wrote that, and when I packed the shirts to take them to the factory, it must have got into the bundle."

"I'm glad it did," said Jason, honestly, for he saw that Adele was a very pretty and sensible-looking girl and he made up his mind that she would just suit him for a wife.

She invited him in, and during the two hours that he spent in her company he learned her history, and from pitying her forlornness and admiring her beauty and brightness, he was emboldened to give her a brief synopsis of his own eventful life.

At his invitation she accompanied him to the theatre that night, and he came to see her the next day, and the next, and every day for two weeks.

It was a case of love at first sight, and Tom Bentley was very much astonished one day when he was looking for the return of his employer to receive instead the following brief letter:

"DEAR TOM:—I got married to-day to the girl who wrote that letter I found in the shirt you made me put on. Keep things booming about the ranch. We're going on a little wedding trip, and won't get back to the ranch before the beginning of next month. Yours, JAY."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Bentley, dropping the letter. "Who'd have thought it?"

### Pearls of Thought.

Beware of the man or woman who assumes perfection.

Creditors and poor relations seldom call at the right moment.

He who betrays the confidence of one is not worthy of the confidence of another.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

"In the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat thy bread?" This is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise.

There is no courage in surrendering what is true; no real courage in defying public sentiment when that sentiment springs from the truth.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest, manly principls will daily accumulate.

If it is part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents or your heart, always pay, for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt.

### DOWN WITH THE LORDS

An English clergy sends to the Pall Mall *Gazette* a proposed "national anathema," as follows:

Down with their lofty seats,
Down with their vain conceits,
Down with the Lords!
Confound their false pretence,
Confound their want of sense,
Confound their impudence,
Down with the Lords!

Down with their arrogant,
Reckless, extravagant,
Insolent words!
Shall they reject the bill?
Shall they dissolve at will?
Shall they obstruct us still?
Down with the Lords!

Cosimons of England, yet
Shall the proud Lords regret
Their futile aim!
Make then your hearts rejoice,
You are the People's choice,
You are the People's voice,
They but a name.

### Humorous.

A cereal story—A crop-report.

In business on his own hook—The butcher.

Posing for effect—A goat ready to butt.

Latin is a "dead language"—when an inexperienced drug clerk fools with it.

In the midst of all the excitement concerning it the north pole remains perfectly cool.

Talk about a man turning a woman's head. It is passing another woman with a new bonnet that does.

Stooping over to pick up a fair lady's handkerchief loses its joy when it sacrifices a suspender button.

Men and horses differ. The latter is worthless unless he is broke, and the former is worthless if he is ditto.

Sometimes when a man falls down he is said to have slipped up. Such are the inconsistencies of our language.

The true lady is the one who pretends to admire her neighbor's bonnet when in reality she considers it a fright.

### Simon Short.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same, squeaking sign still swinging, silently speechifying—"Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinally." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; sceptical Saul sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe-strings; Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas. Some seven summer's since, Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sophriana Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophriana Spriggs! Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophriana's society, sang several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales! Strutting spendthrift, shatter-brained simpleton! "Softly, softly, sire," said Sally. "Sam's smitten; Sam's spied some sweetheart." "Sentimental schoolboy," snarled Simon, "smitten! stop such stuff!" Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam she spoke sweet sympathy. "Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles, sonny, sell saddles, sensible, see Sophia Sophriana Spriggs, soon. She's sprightly, she's stable, so solicit, sue, secure Sophia speedily, Sam." "So soon? so soon?" said Sam standing stock still. "So soon, surely," said Sally smiling; "especially since sire shows such spirits." So Sam somewhat scared sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquized: "Sophia Sophriana Short. Samuel Short's spouse, sounds splendid! Suppose she should say 'Sho'! She shan't, she shan't!" Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching, saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly. "Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia." "Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia. "Sar-sartain, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds) "Selling saddles still, Sam?" "Sartain," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, steadily stanching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly. "Sartain," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam?" (Silence sixty seconds.) "Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia. "Sixty? Sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.) "See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence. Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely, so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally. "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, Samuel Short's Sophia Sophriana Spriggs stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soulsoothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; superangelic sylphs shall——" Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped. "Sophia," said Sam solemnly. "Sam," said Sophia. "Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia." Sophia stood silent. "Speak! Sophia, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow." "Seek sure, Sam; seek sire." Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said "Sartain."

Pectoria! Pectoria! Pectoria! the great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Horseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per Bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria. all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it. 23