—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 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 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,	$80 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
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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.

A. C. McKINLAY, L. D. S., Surgeon Dentist, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Have administered it over a thousand times in Toronto without any evil results. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Office—one door south of Baptist Church.

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

RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, 280 Queen St., West,—where the street widens,—Toronto. Finest and best set Teeth, $5 to $8. Gold Fillings one-third rates. Leave order for teeth in the morning, can have them the same day. We have been administering Hurd's Vitalized Air for the painless extracting of teeth during the past year, regardless of what others may say.

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, ONT.
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 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,
Box 172, Acton.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
J. P. WORDEN
Has opened a Barber Shop in the building nearly opposite Storey's old Glove Factory, Mill street, Acton, and solicits the patronage of the public in this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call.
J. P. WORDEN.

Acton Free Press.

Terms.—$1.00, in Advance. Our Motto.—"Home First, The World Afterwards." Single Copies Three Cents.

Volume X. Number 22. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1884. Whole Number 492.

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.

New Butcher Shop.
THOS. BURNSIDE
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Acton and vicinity that he has opened a butcher shop next to McGarvin's drugstore and is prepared to supply
First-Class Meat
OF ALL KINDS.
Poultry and Came in Season.
Having experience in the trade, I can assure all satisfaction, and solicit a liberal share of custom.
MEAT DELIVERED.
CASH FOR HIDES.
THOS. BURNSIDE.

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, Calligraphy 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. 15-1y.

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 Lots 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 CHESNUT
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.

OIL PICTURES.
When I was in England a few weeks ago, I purchased some very choice Pictures of Old Country Scenes and Castles in England Scotland, Ireland and Wales. They are Pictures of well-remembered, noted places by old country people now living in Canada. The pictures are all by eminent artists, framed in Rich, Handsome Gilt Frames, 16x28 inches, at a very low cost. It will be seen that the frames are worth the prices asked for the pictures.
10 CENT—STORE—CENT 10
And Cheap 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.
Strong Durable Tweed Suits to Order from $14.00 upwards.
On hand a Large Quantity
READYMADE OVERCOATS
Manufactured by Ourselves which we can Thoroughly Recommend.
SHAW & CRUNDY
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

Wellington Marble Works.
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.

WANTED.
WANTED, A RESIDENT AGENT IN EVERY Village, Town and City, in the Dominion, also, a few travellers to sell our New Air Gas Machines, for making air gas 50 per cent. cheaper than coal, equally as good. No fire or power required. Made in all sizes from 15 burners to 1000, for private houses, stores, hotels, factories, mills, streets, mines, etc., address:
CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE M'F'G CO.,
115½ St. Francois Xavier St.,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 4, 1884.

POETRY

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others shall call you dear and fair,
And hold your hands and kiss your face,
You'll not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands
And children playing at your knee—
O, then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years
When I, too, bent beneath the cross
And mixed my memory with thy tears
In such dark hours be not afraid
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will smile in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear unforgotten prayer
Which we at evening used to share.

OUR STORY.

A RAVEN STORY.

A boy who lived in the city of New York a great many years ago, once saw a number of children tormenting a raven, and out of pity he paid them a shilling for the bird, and took it home. The poor thing was very much hurt, but he nursed it to health, keeping it in his bedroom, and feeding it himself. As it grew better it objected to leaving him at any time, and chose to perch upon his shoulder whenever he went anywhere.

He taught it to do many curious tricks—play a sort of game of cat's cradle, pick out the notes of a tune with its bill on a piano, spell words with letter blocks, and to talk better and more to the point than any parrot.

It was quite a delight to him to have this knowing bird on his shoulder while he was a boy, but as he became a man, of course he did not wish to be conspicuous, or to be looked on as an odd and eccentric person, and Sphinx—which was the raven's name—was generally left at home.

Often, however, she would escape and follow him, and several times appeared at church, where she conducted herself in a very correct and serious manner, and said the responses with the congregation, having perched herself too high to be easily ejected, to wit, on the top of the organ.

When Alfred, her owner, was employed by a large business firm down town, she frequently appeared there, and soon became a great favorite with everybody. On one occasion a drunken porter attacked Alfred violently, but Sphinx at that moment perched on a chair back in the office, flew at him and so determinedly pecked at the brute's eyes that he fled in terror. Otherwise Alfred, being alone, young, slender and delicate, and the porter a man of six feet four, and stout in proportion, would have had a very poor chance of escaping injury.

In fact, Sphinx became so well known on the road between his master's house and place of business that he often perched unmolested on the roof of a stage which went that way, and got off at the proper street, like any other passenger.

One day, exactly how or why I do not know, it became Alfred's duty to take a large sum of money from one point to another, and in doing so to cross what was called the Collect. It was a marshy spot, lying, I believe, where that queer Egyptian building called the Tombs now stands, and greatly feared after nightfall. Alfred carried a pistol, but he was, as we have said, small and slight, and when in the middle of the Collect he was attacked by three men he was powerless. He was bound and gagged, and as they led him away the men threw a cloak over him. He could not call out for help, and, the constable who was passed by the group thought the young man in the cloak intoxicated.

Only one living thing knew what had happened. Sphinx, who had followed him as she often did without his knowledge, flew several times into the men's faces, and only left them at the door into which they pushed him, cursing the black bird, who seemed to them demoniac.

Once within the house, they dragged him to a room, in which was only one high window, and tied him to a ring in the floor.

The poor boy, who was distracted with helpless misery, begged them to tell him why, since they could have taken the money without taking him, they had done so. One of them coolly replied from behind his mask that they did it in order that he should be suspected of the theft.

"While they search for you, we can get away to Europe," he said. "Murder is dangerous. We shan't kill you. Some one will feed you every day. Meanwhile, as this has been a private madhouse, you will do nothing by making a noise, even if it is heard. A madman shrieked in one of these rooms ten years before he died."

Left to himself, the poor boy almost lost his own senses.

The grief of his parents would be terrible, and that his employers should think him dishonest was beyond all bearing. The loss of liberty was much in itself; and he implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him.

They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbinding his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; refinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.

Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.

He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.

He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry of "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window sill and finally vanished.

She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the desk of the head of the establishment.

He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped, on looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.

The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what once was a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong, coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heart-rending tones:

"Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Po-o-o-r Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.

There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.

Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted; but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him.

"Do you live here, friend?"

"No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working man. The house is empty."

"Don't go away, then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."

The man laughed uneasily.

"There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."

"Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.

The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.

The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.

Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.

He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old; and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.

The best tooth powder is Flint's Saponaceous Tooth Powder. The peerless dentifrice, for cleansing and whitening the teeth. It has no equal. Sold by J. E. McGarvin, Druggist. Large size 25c.

Volumes of Bombast have been published as the multifarious and irreconcilable effects of many proprietary remedies. The proprietors of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery content themselves with facts susceptible of proof. The facts state their purifier to be what it has proved itself to be an eradicator of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a fine general alterative.

The Uses of Adversity.

The breaking up of the family circle on earth has often been the means of re-uniting all the beloved ones in heaven. The treachery of earthly friends has often driven us to closer communion with the faithful and true friend on high. The work of earthly hopes has often enriched our immortal hopes. The vanity of this world has led us to seek more earnestly for the solid realities of the world to come.—*Dr. Peck.*

Good Rules.

The following rules are commonplace enough but we can assure our readers that if they will observe every one of the rules, they will be anything but commonplace men and women:

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.

Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable to give.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Oddfellowship and Temperance.

In the early years of Oddfellowship the social element was considered a very important feature, and ale and liquors were permitted to be used in the rooms, but its abuse led, in 1865, to the passing of laws forever excluding all kinds of intoxicating beverages from lodge or ante rooms, or any other room in connection therewith. The following resolution was then passed:—

"All refreshments in the way of beverage (except water) shall be strictly excluded from all lodge-rooms or ante-rooms or halls connected with or adjoining thereto, under the control of any subordinate or degree lodge or encampment of this order. That no subordidate lodge or encampment of this order shall hold any anniversary or other celebration, ball or party, where the regalia of the order may be worn, or the name of the order assumed, without the consent of the Grand Master or Grand Patiarch of the jurisdiction first obtained in writing; such permission to be predicated only upon the direct promise, through the officer of the subordinate seeking the permission, that no intoxicating beverages of any kind shall be offered by them to the members or guests present on the occasion. That the several state grand bodies under the jurisdiction of the S. G. L. shall proceed to adopt or promulgate for the information of their respective subordinates such laws as will effectually obtain the results hereby sought to be accomplished.

"J. B. KING,
"Grand Sec. I. O. O. F."

Small Beginnings and Great Endings.

It is a trite remark that it is better to begin in a small way, and enlarge in a steady and healthy manner, than to attempt too much and fail. But trite as the mark is, it bears the impress of truth. No matter how small the beginning, if there is real worth at last, the results will be all that can be hoped for. Let the history of Holloway's celebrated Pill and Ointment illustrate this point. In London he commenced the manufacture of his Pill. He mixed the ingredients and rolled the Pills with his own hands. Their sale at first was small, but as their efficacy became known it increased, at first slowly, then more rapidly, until now the demand for them has become so great that the iron muscles of the steam engine are called into requisition to grind up and mix enough to supply the increasing calls for them—calls which come from all points of the world. This success which has rendered Holloway's famous is well deserved, as thousands of grateful hearts in every nook and corner of the globe will heartily attest.

In no part however, are they more justly appreciated than in South and Central America, where their comprehensiveness, as well as the strength of their remedial properties, have been most severely tried. When winter sits enthroned among the Andes, when torrid summer evokes disease and death from the marshes near the coast, and where eternal spring beautifies the table lands, they have been administered with equal and invariable success to all classes, colours, and conditions.

To the superficial thinker it seems inexplicable that the same medicine should cure diseases which bear no similarity to each other. We believe, however, that a sound philosophical reason has been given for the phenomenon. Symptoms differ but they are the *effects* of disease, not its *cause*. The cause, it is argued, is a morbid and poisonous principle in the blood, which may be of greater or less intensity, but is always the same in its nature, and therefore always controllable by the same means. The great difficulty was to discover and prepare the true remedy—a difficulty which Holloway has surmounted. If this is not the *rationale* of the cures accomplished by his Pills and Ointment, let the faculty give us a better. We are indifferent as to what theory may be adopted in explanation, so long as the facts themselves remain unshaken.—*Irish Emigrant.*

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hope has not deserted,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be downhearted
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to fall at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb.
Whilst stars are nightly shining
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

Prophets and Profits.

The other day at a Friends' Sunday School at Stockton, a workingman asked the teacher, a missionary from Africa, how the English and the Soudanese were getting on now. "Well," replied the minister, "I can hardly tell, the news is is so scarce from Khartoum." "Wey, noo," asked the workman, "can ye tell me whaat religion the Soudanese embrace?" "They worship a great prophet," was the answer of the minister, on hearing which the other remarked. "Wey, thor's not much difference between them and wor people, then, for the maist o' folks here worship great profits an' all, sir."—*Eng. Ex.*

Yankee "Aristocracy."

One of the upper ten thousand, who was visiting America, accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naively asked his host. "The aristocracy?" said the nobleman, in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with, "Oh, we've plenty of them over here, but we don't call them aristocracy, we call them tramps."

Humorous.

Violets are one scent apiece at a florist's.

A bob-tail car beats a flush when a fat man runs after it.

Never present a preacher with a parrot unless it is stuffed.

A new bishop is like a rumor, when it lacks confirmation.

An eagle in the hand is worth two $5 notes in the vest pocket.

"Stop Treasurer!" has now taken the place of "Stop thief."

The Mississippi river is the drain to the United States Treasury.

The average bill-poster wears no diamonds. Paste is good enough for him.

Lumbago is one of the back taxes that you can't readily supply a check for.

The girl that blackens her eyebrows wishes to keep her imperfections dark.

Never deprive an old maid of her cat, at least allow her something to live for.

The German proverb, "If I rest, I rust," is Americanized to read, "If I trust, I bust."

Advantages of Books.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, s what drives him out to the alehouse, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least, laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family, and without headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the books he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure to return to.—*Sir John Herschell.*

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan, writes; "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers. Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. E. McGarvin.

The great results which have attended the regular use of Quinine Wine, by people of delicate constitution and those affected with a general prostration of the system, speak more than all the words that we can say in its behalf. This article is a true medicine and a life-giving principle—a perfect renovator of the whole system—invigorating at the same time both body and mind. Its medical properties are a febrifuge, tonic and antiperiodic. Small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, create an appetite, enable you to obtain refreshing sleep, and to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, we have the exact tonic required, and to persons of weak and nervous constitutions we would say, never be without a bottle in the house. 13 1z sold by all druggists.