—THE—

Acton Free Press.

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONTARIO.

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One column one year,	$60 00
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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. G. 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 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.

RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, 280 Queen St. West,—where the street cars run,—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 newly 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 30. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1885. Whole Number 300.

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.

LITTLE FOLKS
HANG UP YOUR STOCKING
and in meantime telephone to your old friend, Santa Claus that
J. M. FERNLEY
Has an immense stock of the choicest purest and cheapest Confectionery manufactured or grown, comprising:—
Best Fancy Candies, all Kinds
Best Mixtures in Market, 15c. up
Best Dates, Oranges and Lemons
Best Nuts: Filberts, Almonds, Brazils, Walnuts, Pecans, Pea-nuts, &c.
Best Figs, Table Raisins, Apples.
And all other goods best suited to the jolly Christmas times.

OYSTERS
In Bulk or Can. Always Fresh. Served in any Style.
Wish you All A Merry, Merry Xmas.
Call and see us at the
ACTON FRUIT DEPOT,
J. M. FERNLEY,
Post Office Building, Acton.

Watch Repairing.
HAVING RE-ENGAGED
Mr. A. A. Davidson.
a former watch-repairer, and knowing him to a careful workman, I can conscientiously ask the public to bring in their watches.

Fine Jewellery
Carefully repaired by a Jeweller from England.
B. SAVACE,
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 drug store and is prepared to supply
First-Class Meat
OF ALL KINDS.
Poultry and Game 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,
AGENT

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 And Cheap Bazar 10
JAS. F. KIDNER, GUELPH.

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.

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ESTABLISHED 1846
The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N. Y.
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Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 22, 1885.

POETRY

From The Scotsman, New York.

THE CANADIAN HIGHLANDER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.

Thanks to my sires, I'm Highland born,
And trod the moorland and the heather,
Since childhood and this soul of mine
First came into the world together!
I've "paidled" barefoot in the burn,
Roamed on the braes to pu' the gowan,
Or clomb the granite cliffs to pluck
The scarlet berries of the rowan.

And when the winds blew loud and shrill
I've scaled the heavenward summits hoary,
Of grey Ben Nevis or his peers
In all their solitary glory,—
And with the enraptured eyes of youth
Have seen half Scotland spread before me,
And proudly thought with flashing eyes
How noble was the land that born me.

Alas! the land denied me bread,
Land of my sires in bygone ages,
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce,
And countless heroes, bards and sages.
It had no place for me and mine,
No elbow-room to stand alive in,
Nor rood of kindly mother earth
For honest industry to thieve in.

'Twas parcell'd out in wide domains,
By cruel law's resistless fiat,
So that the sacred herds of deer
Might roam the wilderness in quiet,
Untroubled by the foot of man
On mountain side, or sheltering corrie,
Lest sport should fail, and selfish wealth
Be disappointed of its quarry.

The lords of acres deemed the clans
Were aliens at the best, or foemen,
And that the grouse, the sheep, the beeves
Were worthier animals than yeomen;
And held that men might live or die
Where'er their fate or fancy led them,
Except among the Highland hills
Where noble mothers bore and bred them,

In agony of silent tears,
The partner of my soul beside me,
I crossed the seas to find a home
That Scotland cruelly denied me,
And found it on Canadian soil,
Where man is man in Life's brave battle,
And not, as in my native glens,
Of less importance than the cattle.

And love with steadfast faith in God,
Strong with the strength I gained in sorrow,
Assured that if I strove aright
Good end would follow brave beginning,
And that the bread, if not the gold,
Would never fail me in the winning.

And every day as years roll on
And touch my brow with age's finger,
I learn to cherish more and more
The land where love delights to linger.
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night,
Fond memory recalls, and blesses
Its heathery braes, its mountain peaks,
Its straths and glens and wildernesses.

And hope revives at memory's touch,
That Scotland, crushed and landlord-ridden,
May yet find room for all her sons,
Nor treat the humblest as unbidden,—
Room for the brave, the staunch, the true,
As in the days of olden story,
When men outvalued grouse and deer,
And lived their lives;—their country's glory.

London, Eng., Dec. 12, 1884.

OUR STORY.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

"Wal, good-by now, Edwiny! Try and not get lonesome, an' mebby me or Uncle Pete will give you a call 'fore long—som'ers about Christmas or New Years.

Good-natured Abner Overcup was escorting his pretty cousin, Edwina Alden, to the station, where she was to take the Iron Mountain accommodation for St. Louis.

"Oh, do, Abner!" cried Edwina, brightly as her cousin lifted her out of the wagon, and tied Bally and Dobbin, the two sleek chestnuts to the hitching post under a big elm tree. "Do come New Year's day, if you can, Cousin Abner. I've heard Eva and Ermengarde tell what a nice time they have then receiving calls. They have a table of refreshments, with ham and chicken salad, and coffee, and all sorts of confectionery, iced pound-cake, you know, and chocolate cream, and oh—everything nice! Come then, won't you, Cousin Abner?"

Cousin Abner smiled indulgently, showing a row of not very ornamental teeth, a wide expanse of mouth, and a butternut hued moustache.

"I'll try, Edwiny," he promised, obligingly. "If Uncle Pete don't get his head set on coming hisself. If he does, of course I kain't you know."

And after helping his cousin find a seat in the car, and depositing her satchel, basket, etc., at her side, Mr. Abner Overcup wended his way to the village store to get a supply of coffee and sugar in exchange for the box of fresh laid eggs he had brought down.

Edwina meanwhile, sped rapidly along on her way to St. Louis, whither she was going on a visit to her cousins, Eva and Ermengarde, who, finding it convenient to spend their summers at the old Alden farmhouse, had invited her, with a show of cordiality, to pass the winter with them in the city.

"Of course she'll never come though," they assured themselves cheerfully.

And now here she was, and what to do with her was the question. For Edwina was quite too pretty with her yellow tresses and Hebe-like complexion to be introduced among the eligibles of their set.

The Misses Eva and Ermengarde would cheerfully have hidden her under a bushel if they could.

"I met a friend of yours in the car," announced Edwina, dimpling and blushing in a very aggravating manner. "That Mr. Jermyn who came to visit you once at our house, last summer."

"Royal Jermyn! How fortunate!"

The sisters exchanged glances of dismay.

"What did he have to say, dear?" asked Eva sweetly.

"Oh nothing much! He showed me my way here, and carried my satchel for me. And he—he said he would call to-night."

And Edwina blushed pinker than ever as she thought of the look which had accompanied the words.

Royal Jermyn did come that night, and admired the little Hebe, as he called her more than ever.

But after that, although he called quite frequently, he never had the luck to find Edwina in.

The sisters were so sorry! but really their cousin was a sad little gadabout, and of course, they did not pretend to control her actions.

And thereupon they redoubled their own fascinations to make the visitor forget, if possible, all thoughts of the little rustic, as they had dubbed her between themselves.

For Royal Jermyn was an "eligible of the eligibles," and the Misses Eva and Ermengarde Allen had resolved that he should succumb to one or the other of them before the winter's campaign was over.

* * * * * *

New Year's day, and the streets and pavements were covered with a carpet of snowy white, its fleecy pile softer than the choicest velvet of Turkey's loom.

Eva and Ermengarde were resplendent in new cashmere dresses, their pale tresses carefully banged and frizzed, and their faces pearl-powdered and vinegar-rouged, till their natural complexions would never have recognized themselves in the gas-lighted mirrors, from which they were reflected.

The refreshment tables looked very tempting with their array of crystal and silver, fruit and confectionery, while an appetizing odor of French coffee and chicken salad diffused itself through the room.

"I do hope Edwina won't venture to show herself," remarked Eva anxiously, as she shook out her train and took a last glance at herself in the dressing-room mirror.

"No danger," laughed Ermengarde. "I settled that matter. Our little rustic is sitting in state in the sewing-room, waiting for a summons to make her debut in the parlor. She'll wait a long time though before any visitor calls for her!"

"But that gawky, overgrown Abner, you know," persisted Eva. "Edwina expects him to call to-day."

"Abner, indeed! I'll soon settle that. I came near forgetting it, though."

And calling Susan, the girl who attended the door-bell, Ermengarde showed her a photograph recently purloined, for the purpose, from Edwina's little velvet-bound album.

"Susan, would you know that man if he should call to-day?"

Susan took a good look at the photograph.

"Sure, an' I would, men!" she responded: "I'd know the big yaller moustache an' wide-open black eyes in the ould country, mem."

"Very well, Susan. Now if he calls to-day I want you to show him into the little sewing-room where my cousin is sitting. She will receive him. And, Susan, don't on any account, bring him to us!"

"Very well, mem!"

And Susan retired to answer the first peal of the door-bell.

All day the callers came and went, while poor Edwina, in her peach-colored merino, sat alone in the little sitting-room, waiting vainly for a summons to the parlor.

Susan had brought her refreshments at luncheon time; but refreshments was not what she wanted.

At last, just when the gas in the street lamps was being lighted, a gentleman called who attracted Susan's special attention.

"Sure its himself," she muttered, taking a furtive look at the photograph, which Ermengarde had given her for the purpose. "It's the gintleman wid the big, yaller moustache and wide-open black eyes.

And, without more ado, Susan conveyed the caller to the little sewing-room, where Edwina sat alone and disconsolate.

"It may be etiquette," she was saying to herself. "But it ain't a bit nice, and I know I wouldn't leave my cousins alone all day, etiquette or no etiquette. I—"

"A gintleman to see yez, Miss Edwiny!" announced Susan.

And, with dancing eyes and dimpling cheeks Edwina received her visitor.

"I've come to say good-by, Eva and Ermengarde," announced Edwina the next morning, as her cousins lounged over over their late breakfast looking fatigued and worn after their yestesday's exertions. "I'm going home."

"Dear me! why must you go in such a hurry?" asked Eva, sipping her chocolate, and inwardly rejoicing at her cousin's determination.

"I—I'm going to be married in the spring," explained Edwina, blushing like a peony, "and I must get my sewing done, you know."

"Married? And so Cousin Abner proposed yesterday, hey? cried both sisters in a breath.

Edwina looked surprised.

"Abner?—yesterday?" she repeated. "I haven't seen Cousin Abner since the day I left home. And besides, he is already engaged to Patty Haws."

The sisters looked mystified.

"Abner not here? Who—who was your caller then?" cried Ermengarde, exchanging looks of dismay with her sister.

Edwina smiled demurely. She guessed something of the mistake now.

"It was Mr. Jermyn," she answered. "And he is waiting in the parlor now to take me to the depot. We are going to be married in May, and you must both come to the wedding."

And kissing her cousins good-by, she tripped away to join the tall lover who was impatiently awaiting her re-appearance.

Susan was soundly berated for her stupid mistake, but the mischief was already done, and no amount of berating would undo it.

Be Cheerful.

Those who are everlastingly grumbling, should read the following extract from the Christmas Sermon by Dr. Talmage:—"But there are two things for the comfortable classes to do—one to help those who are helpless and the other to talk cheerfully. This experiment has been made by medical scientists: A dozen men agree to meet a man at different points of his journey tell him how very sick he looks. By the time he has been accosted with the fourth melancholy salutation he is ready to drop, under the impression that his doom has come, and the twelfth man meets him just in time to help carry him home on a stretcher. Now, the nation is only one man on a large scale. All you have to do to prostrate the business of this country is to talk gloomily and to keep on talking in the same tone, let all the merchants sigh and all the editors prognosticate a hard winter and all the ministers groan. In the great chorus of complainers those who play the loudest tromboners are those who have the fullest cellars and those who have the most complete wardrobe.

They are mad because they have to fall back on the surplus of other years or can not make as large investments as they expected. Artists tell us that it is impossible to sing well on a full stomach, but there are thousands of men to-day demonstrating that it is possible to groan well on a full stomach. If Christian people would for a few weeks exchange the lamentations of of Jeremiah for the exultant songs of David it would be well for the country. I wish a conspiracy might be formed (and I would like to belong to it)—a conspiracy of all the business men and editors and ministers of religion, by which they would have faith in God and talk cheerfully, and the revival of prosperity would be immediate and glorious.

Always at a Premium.

To this "fifth quarter of the globe," as an Irish writer has called it, the mother country sends many things its people do not want, and the consequences, too frequently are an overstocked market and a depressed trade. From this category we beg leave, however, to exclude two articles—the two celebrated remedies of Holloway. Throughout Australia they are at a premium. The Pills and Ointment are considered the most profitable commodities that can be taken to the diggings, as their efficacy in the diseases common in the gold region is well known to every nugget-hunter, and they are therefore eagerly bought up at any price by those toilers after the "mammon of unrighteousness." For bilious fevers and all disorders of the liver and bowels which prevail on the auriferous soils of the interior, the Pills appear to be a positive, immediate and invariable cure. We have seen returned gold hunters from the "diggings," and their reports on this head are uniform. Nor is the testimony less conclusive in relation to the Ointment as a means of relieving rheumatism and neuralgia, and healing the wounds, abrasions, contusions, &c., incident to a hard life in the wilderness. In short, every one in "the bush" looks upon Holloway's two preparations as a sufficient medicine chest for all the disorders of his outer and inner man. He knows, for he has wintered with them and summered with them and summered with them beyond the settlements, that they are h s surest reliance in sickness at all seasons and under all circumstances. Almost every digger has some anecdote to relate of the cures they have performed. Limbs saved from mortification, ulcers preserved from gangrene, joints relaxed, liver disease arrested, dysentery and diarrhœa cured—these are their trophies. In fact they are among the good things of which we cannot have too much, and although the imports at present are so large as almost to be incredible, still the demand keeps in advance of the supply. Furnished with these remedies the digger and the settler have little need of medical advice, for it seems beyond question that their curative effects cover the whole circle of diseases and a large portion of the chapter of accidents. Of what use is success to the digger if, when fortune is achieved he die beside his hoard? and how many lives that were sacrificed in the early days of the gold discoveries might have been saved by these inestimable preparations.—*The Digger.*

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

THREE OLD SAWS.

I.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winter's that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah the cheerless weather!"

II.

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your lonelines
On the winds to dim it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

III.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it;
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

Wanted—A Smoke Consumer.

Such was the sign hung out by a prominent firm. In about three minutes in walked a man and applied for a job. "Sur," said he, "I've been a dockwolloper and a coal heaver, and I think I might learn to be a smoke-consumer."

But the boss thought he wouldn't do.

An hour passed by and the office was filled with agents of smoke-consumers.

They all besieged the senior partner and began to talk.

"Ours is the oldest firm in the market," said one; "our consumer can be attached to a cigar or a bonfire. It saves about fifty percent and——"

"That's nothing," spoke up another; "ours gathers in the smoke from the air around, and so saves——"

"Ours was once attached to a house afire," yelled No. 3, "and the fire burned steadily for three weeks. You can estimate the saving for yourself."

"Gentlemen," put in another, "the consumer which I have the honor to represent saves so much that after it is once put on you never have to replenish the fire."

"And mine," shouted No. 5, "is a condenser also, and if you feed your furnace with something that makes plenty of smoke, it condenses the surplus into coal. Guaranteed to start a coal yard in five weeks."

"George," gasped the senior partner to one of the clerks, "take in that sign, and run up town and get me a gatling gun."

Who will Work it Out?

A Sunday-school boy was asked: "How many boys are in your class?" He said: "If you will multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haiman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliah, subtract the number of furlongs Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer."—*Christian Advocate.*

Gems of Thought.

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.

The administration of government, like a guardianship, ought to be directed to the good of those who confer it, and not to those who receive the trust.

I know no such thing as genius; genius is nothing but labor and diligence.

The ignorant man hath no greater foe than his own ignorance, for it destroyeth where it liveth.

The key of fate is in our own hands; we often unlock it and then throw the key away.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do the same with their time.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla wonderfully improves the complexion, and brings to old and young the bloom of health. As a purifier of the blood it has no equal.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Flint's Tooth Powder, the Peerless Dentifrice now being introduced in this vicinity by J. E. McGarvin, Druggist, is a preparation for the teeth of which everybody speaks with enthusiasm. Large size 25 cts

Affections of the liver, bilious disorders, Sick headache, etc., are thoroughly cured by Flint's Mandrake pills. Sold in Acton by J. E. McGarvin, at 25 cts.

If you have failed to be benefited by other catarrh remedies try Dr. Storr's Catarrh Conqueror, it has received universal endorsement. J. E. McGarvin will supply you. Price 50 cts.

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