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 pape discontinued till all arrears are paid, exc pt 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.

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One column one year,	$60 00
Half column one year,	35 00
Quart r 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., Graduat 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.

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 Nitrous Oxide Gas for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of
C. B. HAYES, L. D. S.,
Towell's Block, Guelph, Ont.
Upper Wyndham Street.

RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, South East Corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ontario. 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.

JOHN J. DALEY,
(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)
Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased. Money loaned for parties in Mortgages and other security. Conveyancing in all its branches properly and neatly done, charges low. Farms and City property for sale. List with farms for sale sent to all parts of the Dominion to intending purchasers, and circulated in Europe. European capitalists wanting farms in Ontario will be sent directions through our European agencies. Farms wanted for our lists. Correspondence invited. Office near the Post Office Guelph, Ont.

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 me 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 39. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAR 26, 1885. Whole Number 309.

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.

COX & CO.,
STOCK BROKERS,
TORONTO.
Members Toronto Stock Exchange.
Have independent direct wire, by which New York continuous Stock quotations are received more rapidly than by any other source.
Buy and sell on commission, for cash, or on margin, all securities dealt in on the
Toronto, Montreal, & New York Stock Exchanges
Also execute orders in Grain and Provisions on the Chicago Board of Trade.
Daily cable quotations of Hudson's Bay and other Stock.
26 TORONTO STREET.

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.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

—GUELPH—
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
OFFERS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN the best facilities for acquiring a complete training for business pursuits.
Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Banking, Actual Business Practice, Business Correspondence, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand Calligraphy or Type Writing, French, Hygieue and Physiology are taught by the most practical and interesting methods. The staff comprises six experienced teachers and lecturers. The various departments are elegantly fitted up with the latest and best apparatus for Business College work. Students may enter at any time.
For a copy of the Annual College Circular, address
M. MacCORMICK,
Principal.

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.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address—STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

10 Packets of Choice Flower Seeds, For Twenty-Five Cents.
10 Packets of Choice Vegetable Seeds, For Twenty-Five Cents.
20 Beautiful Window or Bedding Plants, For one Dollar.
Send for Catalogue to FRANCIS MASON, Peterborough, Ont.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
All the School Books
USED IN THE
City and Country Schools
ARE IN STOCK AT
DAY'S
BOOKSTORE
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

New Goods.
BRACELETS
BRACELETS
BRACELETS
(New Stock, Beautiful Patterns.)
WATCHES
WATCHES
WATCHES
Waltham and Elgin, in Gold and Silver cases.
GOLD RINGS & LOCKETS ETC., ETC.
(Just Opened.)
B. SAVAGE,
Near Petrie's New Drug Store.
GUELPH.

HILL'S
Tin & Stove Depot.
GOOD ASSORTMENT ON STOVES CHEAP FOR CASH.
TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Eavetroughing a Specialty,
AND PUT UP ON SHORTEST NOTICE.
FIRST CLASS MATERIAL ONLY USED.
A CALL SOLICITED.
J. C. HILL, Mill St.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.
1885.
Spring Arrivals
RECEIVED TO-DAY
Plain and Fancy Worsted Coatings
Scotch Tweed Suitings.
SHAW & CRUNDY
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

CENTS FOR SALE,
MERCHANTS and others requiring Coppers for change, can be supplied with any quantity at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE.

Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 26, 1885.

POETRY

POOR TIRED MOTHER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

They were talking of the story of the land
beyond the skies.
Of the light and of the gladness to be found
in Paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never
ceasing songs,
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets
of happy white-robed throngs:
And said father, leaning cosily back in his
easy chair,
(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere):
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know
that when this life is o'er,
One would straightway hear a welcome from
the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabelle, our oldest girl, glanced upward from the reed
She was painting on a water-jug, said murmured, "Yes, indeed!"
And Marion, the next in age, a moment
dropped her book,
And a "Yes, indeed!" responded, with a
most ecstatic look.
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had
come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how
much she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong to dis
agree with you.
But seems to me that when I die, before I
join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my
grave and rest."

OUR STORY.

A Straight Diagnosis.

"The doctor says it is malaria."

"How did you get malaria."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, just as if one could tell anything about malaria! It is like the wind. It cometh from no one knows where, and bloweth where it listeth;" and the invalid turned her pretty flushed face on the pillow with a movement of unmistakable irritation.

"Blanche, dear, have the kindness to look at me a minute," said Miss Mary Harrington, firmly but kindly. "We don't want to make any mistake to start with. You know I am very blunt, and you know that I have opinions—"

"And I know there is nobody in all the world like you when one is ill," the young lady interrupted; "and that is why I begged and prayed mamma to send for you."

"That is very pleasant and encouraging as far as it goes," says the lady, "but I can remain, Blanche, as your nurse, only on the condition that you obey me. I am ready to unpack and stay, or put on my hat and go."

Miss Harrington's grey eyes were tender and smiling, and her whole face was aglow with active benevolence; but the broad brow and the firm mouth had also much to say of careful study and strength of character.

"Why, auntie, I should give up entirely if you disappointed me now," the invalid replied, with quivering lips. "I have just lived on the thoughts of your coming."

"Well, will you obey me?"

"Yes, auntie, and I hope you'll remember that obedience is not my strong point."

"But I have your promise, and that will do," said the nurse, cheerfully; and now we'll see."

"Nineteen years old," Miss Harrington said to herself, "and confined to her bed eight weeks with malaria? Bosh! A bad tongue, feverish, more emaciated than I had expected to find her, pain in her side, intermitting pulse, constant oppression of the chest, backache, acute headaches, cold extremities, and no appetite. And this is malaria? Bosh again! I wonder what the doctors did before the word 'malaria' came into use. I must ask this physician his reasons for calling this a malaria attack."

Miss Harrington was as good as her word and forcing her opinions and her doubts quite into the background, started on her tour of investigation with an appearance of implicit faith in the ability of the medical man to answer her questions.

"Is there anything the matter with the plumbing?" the lady inquired.

"There isn't a sanitary precaution that your brother has not taken," the doctor answered.

"Do you know of other cases of malaria in this locality?"

"Oh, yes; malaria is by no means a rare product in this neighborhood."

"But it is very high and dry, and constantly swept by seabreezes."

"Yes, very high and dry."

"And very gay?" Aunt Mary suggested, demurely.

"Yes, exceptionally gay."

There was a comical twinkle in the gentleman's eye that told a quick appreciation of his companion's remark.

"And late hours and thin shoes, and low necks, and salads, and *soirées* sometimes induce malaria, I suppose?"

"Without doubt."

"Well, why don't you say so, then?"

Aunt Mary had kept her claws sheathed just about as long as was possible.

"A physician cannot safely meddle with the private life of his patients except in extreme cases," was the unruffled response. "If I were to take the broad platform which you recommend," the gentleman added, "I should not only not do the least bit of good, but I shouldn't have a patient left. My reputation would be simply that of an old busybody and an old fool. But, madam this is an excellent field for you, and I am sure we can work together with the utmost harmony."

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Harrington, thoughtfully, "but I don't exactly see it. Of course if your patients are all idiots that settles it."

"You would scarcely call your niece an idiot," said the doctor, "and she is fair a representation of the class as I could name."

After a few days of Aunt Mary's efficient nursing, her patient felt able to sit up, and her maid was directed to get together the necessary articles of wardrobe. Among the first things presented were a pair of kid slippers.

"What are these?" Miss Harrington asked.

"Why, they are the newest kind of slippers, auntie," said her niece.

"Paper soles, and three-inch heels tapered down to a cherry pit in the middle of the foot. I presume you wear these all the time you are in the house?"

"Why, of course, auntie."

"In the dead of winter as well as in the dog-days?"

The young lady laughed merrily at her companion's old fogyism. "Certainly. Just see how pretty they look with the silk stockings."

"How many corns have you, Blanche?"

"Oh, only two or three little bits of ones, I send for a chiropodist once in a while, and then I'm all right for ever so long."

"A girl of nineteen with her feet in a chiropodist's hands!" said auntie, with a wry face.

"That isn't anything. Why, almost all the girl—

"Not the slightest doubt of it," the lady interrupted. "You have nothing else, I suppose, to put on your feet but these things?"

"No, auntie, and I wouldn't wear any others I had."

"I have now accounted for your backaches Blanche," said Miss Harrington, "and we will proceed to eliminate the spinal column from the charge of malaria; it is perfectly innocent." And now the nurse examined the other articles laid out for use. There wasn't an inch of flannel to be seen, nothing but the finest and most elaborately berufled and embroidered linen.

"And you do not own a flannel petticoat, Blanche?"

"What in the world do I want of flannels. You know I almost always go out in the carriage, and there are lots of warm robes."

"It is about as I supposed," Miss Harrington remarked sadly. "Your breakdown is due to perfectly plain and natural causes. There is nothing in the least mysterious about it. You have deformed your feet, weakened your spine, and consequently your whole nervous system, by the shoes you have worn. By a series of exposures you have reduced you vital force to such an extent that reaction was impossible without further prostration and a complete cessation of irritating causes. Here are your corsets. How much do they measure please?"

"Nineteen inches, auntie,"—the young lady was almost ready to cry now—"and they are a whole inch larger than most girls of my size wear."

"What is your size? Here is a tape-measure, and I will soon tell you. You have lost considerable flesh, and I shall have to allow for shrinkage. Twenty-four inches just as you are, Blanche. Think of it! A twenty-four inch waist squeezed into nineteen-inch corsets! We will now clear the heart and lungs from the charge of malaria. Your irregular pulse, the cutting pain in your side, your uneven and most inadequate respiration, can be traced directly to tight lacing. Now I have this to say, my child. I shall not permit you to wear one of these articles as long as you are under my care. If you will accept a pair of my quilted slippers, and allow me to wrap you in blankets till you have some clothes suitable for a convalescent to wear, all right. If not, you must find some one else to take care of you. My time is altogether too precious to throw away. This may seem very cruel, Blanche, but I really think it would be far better for you to die now than to be nursed back to the old shameful conditions. There is nothing before you but a life of invalidism if you decide to go on as you have begun."

"But how can I wear horrid old shoes and old scratchy flannels, and have a waist like a washer-woman?" the girl inquired, between laughing and crying. "You haven't said anything about golashes and leggings yet, but perhaps you'd like to have me wear those?"

"Shall I get the blankets and my quilted slippers, Blanche?" Aunt Mary inquired.

"Yes, bring the gun-boots and the flannels," her companion replied. "And if you can find a few hen's feathers to stick in my hair, the resemblance to a Sioux squaw will be still more striking."

After this Miss Blanche had some lessons in physiology and hygiene, and very interesting and profitable topics they proved to be. She learned the reasons of things, and had sense enough to accept and utilize them.

The annual expenditure for liquors in the United States is over $900,000,000. The number of letters in the bible is 3,504,480 and if $250 were placed on every letter it would represent the liquor bill.

Words of Wisdom.

Sunshine, not clouds, make the flowers.

Strengthen the weak, and all will be strong.

Strive to attain the noble ends of your highest aims.

Save when you are young to spend when when you are old.

Stupidity in some persons is one of the worst diseases.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

Systematize your business and keep an eye on your little expenses.

Selfishness is an enemy to conscience, and a friend only to itself.

Some people are so lazy that they fire the tools with which they work.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to say of you what they please.

It is better to be merry and wise than merry and otherwise.

Suppress the first inclinations to do wrong and then it will be easy to do right.

Statesmen begin to lower themselves when they allow themselves to be hired by others.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the deeds of the successful.

Bridget's Soliloquy.

Well, it's queer, it is, and I've been thinking about it that hard that I've a headache! This morning, at five, I was up, for I'd been told by missus it was cleaning day; and I got my breakfast ready, and my house cloths all washed out, and plenty of hot water in the boiler, and put on my old linsey petticoat that my grandmother gave me, and my big shoes, and a handkerchief over my head, and was at the upper windows when the master ran up the road to catch the train, as he does every blessed morning at six. And I'd been working three hours when the missus got up and came down to the table in her blue cashmere morning-gown, with the silk flowers on it, and bid me make breakfast tay for her, for she couldn't take coffee on account of a headache. And it was ten by the clock when she rose from the table and came into the parlors where I was cleaning the inside shutters, and sat down in the big arm-chair with the velvet on it, and said to me: "Have you got all the spots off of the upper edge, Bridget? And are you sure you're cleaning it thorough?"

Said I, "Yes, ma'am." Och! but it was a hard day, and me moiling and toiling, rubbing here and scrubbing there and scraping this and scouring that, and running to answer the bell, and getting the lunch and cleaning it away, and at it again in the afternoon, and so on until dinner time. I was that tired I thought my feet would drop off me, what with carrying the big step-ladder about, and the buckets of water up and down stairs, and sitting out of the window, and shaking rugs, and batin' stair carpets with a club; and, before the angels, nothing did my mistress do but sit about on sofas advisin' me generally all wrong, and fanning herself, or reading in a book. Sure, she'd the right! She pays the wages and I get them. No indeed for her to touch a hand to anything; and far be it from me to criticise my employers; but I'm comin' to something else. When I'd the dinner ready and the master was come, I was out in the garden under the dining-room window scouring the new brass fire grate they've got of late, and I heard them talking.

"And how do you feel the day, my dear?" said the master.

"Och," said she, "I'm that weary and fatigued I can't hold my head up. I've been house cleaning all day."

"My dear," said he, "you shouldn't do so much. You shouldn't, raly," said he.

"I want things to be nate, my dear," she said.

"There's Biddy," said he.

"You can't trust anything to *servants*; they're that idle."

"True enough my dear. Now lie down on the sofa and rest you."

And sure, when I went in to clear away, there she was, with an afghan over her feet and a pillow under her head, and him a fanning her, and holding cologne to her noso.

"And Biddy," said he, "go down to the cellar and bring up a bottle of that wine in the basket, for your mistress is over fatigued, I fear, with house cleaning."

And I was that dumb with surprise I couldn't answer. And I've been thinking over since how queer it is, and how aisy some people are fatigued.

M. K. D.

Home Conversation.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stories sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively, social argument. Cultivate to the utmost, the grace of conversation.

A SPAT AND A PUZZLE.

We two had a row,
Somehow.
Perhaps she was fretful, and I didn't care,
Or perhaps I did something that she couldn't bear,
Or perhaps a depression advanced in the air:
But, however that be, the disturbance was there.

And a storm began to brew,
At first it muttered,
And hard words were uttered;
Then harder and harder, until things grew
Supremely unpleasant for each of the two.

And I came to think
We had reached the brink
Of the grave of a friendship whose loss we should rue.
So I begged her pardon—what less could I do?
She declared she was sorry—I hope it was true.

And the tempest's frown
Smoothed slowly down:
And it rumbled and sighed,
And whispered and died
Away.
Yet all I can say,
To this very day,
Is—we two had a row
Somehow.
But I couldn't make out
What brought it about,
And I don't know now!

One of Her Ways of Advertising.

Ladies frequently meet with embarrassing incidents in sleeping cars. One recent night on a westbound train a lady retired early to her upper berth, but it seemed could not get to sleep readily. She was tired and nervous, and tossed about an hour or so. Finally the gentle god embraced her, and no more did the hinges of upper five creak with the tossings of its occupant. But—horror of horrors—ere dropping to sleep she had flung one foot outside her berth, and slumbered on, seemingly unconscious of the fact that gentlemen were gazing at her pretty hosiery.

One gallant passenger called his wife and bade her inform the sleeper of her mishap, and the protruding member was quickly withdrawn. Next morning the male passengers eyed the lady quizzically but she seemed in nowise embarrassed. Finally some smart remarks were made hinting at the incident in the berth, but no blushes followed. The gentlemen were somewhat amazed at the indifference, and piqued at the loss of the fun they had anticipated. Then, fearing they might have made a mistake and wasted their jokes upon the wrong lady, they counseled with the porter.

"Dat's the same lady, sah," said the porter, grinning; "but she don't mind none o' your chaff, sah. She don't care. She's a stah actress, sah, she is, an' gave me half a dolla' to pull the curtains back. I belieb dat's one o' advertising, her ways o I does."

The Dog's Message.

The writer owns a dog and cat who are very fond of each other, though the dog has an antipathy to strange kittens. The other night, seeing a cat across the street, I said to the dog, "Duke, go and see if that is our kitten!" Instantly he bounded over the fence, rushed up to the cat, and came running back in a way that plaintily said, "All right—that's our cat!" It was a simple thing, but it caused the question, "Does instinct account for all the acts of a dog?" The following story, we think, indicates that it does not:

Not long since a dog entered a house in Wisconsin, with a piece of paper tied to its tail. No notice was taken of the dog except to laugh at its expense.

But he went from one member of the family to another, tail first, in such a persistent way that at last the paper was examined, and upon it these words were found to be written:

"My legs are broken. Please help me."

The dog's legs, however, were safe and sound, but the handwriting was then recognized as that of a woman who lived half a mile off.

Her house was at once visited, and she was found lying helpless, with both legs broken from a fall.

Not being able to move or otherwise attract attention, the poor woman might have died had not the dog happened, fortunately, to stroll into the house.

Crawling to the table, she contrived to send the message as already described, and the dog, with the characteristic intelligence of his kind, made for the nearest house, and thus was the means of saving her life.

Total Abstinence.

Total abstinense never destroyed a home, blighted a wife or cursed a child.

Total abstinence never robbed a man of character, manliness or integrity.

Total abstinence never filled a jail or an almshouse.

Total abstinence never led a pure life into vice, nor blackened a pure heart with shame.

Total abstinence never filled the land with wailing nor its household with wants.

Drinking habits destroy, blight and curse.

Drinking habits rob and impoverish.

Drinking habits lead into vice and shame.

Which is better—total abstinence or moderate drinking?

Mind.

Your Tongue, that it speaks no hasty, unkind word.

Your hands, that they neither fight, steal, nor become idle and helpless.

Your Feet, that they lead you not into temptation nor stumble in the way of sin.

Your Eyes, that they look not upon wickedness in any shape. Do not let them rest upon books that you know your parents would not approve.

Your Ears, that they listen not to tale bearing, evil speaking, or any ill report.

Your lips, that no strong drink or any think foul or unclean may pass them.

Your Heart, that Satan does not enter and drive out all its goodness and purity.

If a few grains of common sense could be infused into the thick noddles of those who perpetually and alternately irritate and weaken their stomachs and bowels with drastic purgatives, they would use the highly accredited and beneficial laxative tonic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which obtains "good digestion to wait on appetite and health on both."