The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 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.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., graduate of Trinity University, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. OFFICE—Campbell's Hotel.

L. BENNETT, L.D.S., 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. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

J. STIRTON, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S., Ontario, Honor Graduate Ontario College of Dental Surgery. (Successor to C. B. Hayes, L.D.S.) Artificial teeth inserted on Rubber, Celluloid, Gold or Aluminum, and satisfaction guaranteed. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered. Fees moderate. Appointments made by leteer. Office—Tovell's Block, opposite P. O., Guelph.

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.

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private Funds to Loan.
OFFICE:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

M. E. MITCHELL,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE—First door west of the *Champion* office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
OFFICES—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.
W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS.
OFFICES:—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MASTEN.
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PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
20 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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.

SURVEYOR.—JOHN DAVIS, Provincial Land Surveyor and C.E., Guelph. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Office—33 Perth St., Guelph.

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OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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(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.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good seafoam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. P. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artist.

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.

J. E. McGARVIN'S
SPECIAL AGENCY.
Acton - Ont.

Bell Telephone Company
Messages received and transmitted at lower rates than telegraphing.

ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIPS
Tickets issued to all poin of Great Britain and the Continent at very lowest rates. Buy the tickets here if sending for friends.

Money Saved by Dealing With
J. E. McGARVIN,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

PICTURE FRAMING
C. C. Speight, Acton,
Has a large assortment of Picture Frames, of all kinds and sizes. Also a full line of Mouldings, Cornices, &c.
Special Frames made to order promptly.
Parlor Mouldings and Picture Hooks a specialty.
I can sell you better frames for the same money than you can purchase elsewhere. Only first-class work turned out. Your orders solicited.
Leave your orders at Hill's Stove Depot.
C. C. SPEIGHT.

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

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Burned Out, But Not Destroyed.
HAVING perfected arrangements for the rebuilding of the
PLANING MILL
at the head of River Street, recently destroyed by fire, and purchased new machinery, we would inform the public that on or about the 1st of May we will be in a better position than ever to supply their wants in the shape of
DRESSING LUMBER, SHEETING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c.
Also in the meantime,
Pumps will be Repaired, and General Jobbing done as usual
Thanking you for past favors and hoping by strict attention to business and reasonable prices to merit an increased share of patronage, we are, respectfully yours,
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

—GUELPH—
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE thoroughly prepared for positions as Bookkeepers, Shorthand-writers, Caligraph or Telegraph Operators. Students have been in attendance from nine Provinces and States within the past year. Our graduates are meeting with marked success in the commercial centres of Canada and the United States. Rates moderate, accommodation excellent; students may enter at any time. For terms, etc., address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.
14-6m

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandize, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

Telephone Connection.
FLORAL VIEW
Greenhouses,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
THE newest and choicest Plants and Cut Flowers, Wholesale and Retail.
Funeral and Wedding Designs prepared on short notice,
And shipped safely any weather.

CHOICE NEW
Wall Paper
—WITH—
Borders to Match
Newest Styles, Colorings and elegant designs for 1886,
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
CUELPH.
Best Stock to select from. Lowest price and best value at Day's Bookstore.
Day Sells Cheap.

ACTON
Livery & Sale Stables
JOHN STREET, ACTON.
Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.
MR. SMITH has purchased the Livery business of MR. H. B. McCARTHY, which he has removed to his commodious stables on John Street, in the centre of the business portion of the town. Mr. Smith has had lengthy experience in this business, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to every patron.
Anyone desiring a **Commercial, Pleasure,** or **Company Rig,** can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.
Horses Boarded and Sold.
Terms reasonable.
WM. E. SMITH.

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
John H. Hamilton,
PROPRIETOR,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importer of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, I will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 6 ft. high, $60; 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

DON'T READ THI
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood.
Also, FLOUR AND FEED,
and anything in the line of farmers', housekeepers or contractors' necessities.
THOS. C. MOORE.

GENERAL AGENTS
H. J. McDONALD & CO.,
No. 2, Victoria St., Toronto.
Estate & Insurance Agents
Money to loan at six per cent. Houses rented. Business chances.
Chattle Mortgages, Promissory Notes and other Securities Negotiated. Valuators, &c.
Farms or other properties sold or exchanged.
Call at FREE PRESS Office.

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.

A GIFT 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 at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1886.

POETRY.

A SONG OF WINE.

The child of song hath snatched the harp that hung upon the vine,
And played upon the sweetest chords the praise and charm of wine;
And the vision rapt of loveliness the artist oft has limned
Is beauty offering temptingly the goblet, purple brimmed.

The poet drained the breaker as he sang the flattering verse,
But the glittering wine he sang of, for his blessing gave a curse;
And the picture fondly painted had indeed an awful grace,
For it smote its rapt adorers with a worse than Gorgon face.

Go gather me a posy from the flowers of deadly breath,
And the fatal scarlet berries rank with beauty and with death,
And whate'er is fair and tempting, too, among the poisonous fruit,
Fetch to me upon a charger here, and praise them on the lute.

O poet, these are better worthy of a song from thee
Than the wine that fills a young wife's life with hopeless misery;
Better praise the things most venomous that slay men at a breath
Than the cursed insidious cup, that slowly leads through shame to death.

But you dare not place them yonder where your rare decanters shine;
Yet they only kill the body, while the soul is lost through wine;
You would tremble lest your children smell them, dying ere their time,
But they could not lead them downward into lives of vice and crime.

'Twould be sad, indeed, to see their poisoned slumber on their bed,
Not as thou hast fondly watched them, sleeping for a night, but dead;
But it were a sadder scene to see them staggering on the street,
And to hear from them the ribald jest a drunkard's lips repeat.

O father, offering wine unto thine only son and heir;
O mother, in thy boudoir sipping with thy daughter fair,
Many sons have slain their parents in a drunken, frenzied mood,
Many daughters from a mother's glass have lost their womanhood!

Oh, tear from laureled Bacchus, then, the wreathes that grace his brows!
Or plait the deadly nightshade which in fitter type avows
The harvest of his victories—the largess which he pays
To the reeling, mindless revelers who fill his courts with praise.

OUR STORY.

HOUSE-CLEANING DAYS

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Nobody knew exactly what relation Mr. Grimgooke was to Cassy and Cora. If any one had sat down to examine the family genealogical tree, he might possibly have studied it out. There certainly existed some tie of consanguinity, for Cassy and Cora had always lived under the shadow of the old gentleman's roof, mended his stockings, put up with his freaks of temper, and cooked his meals just exactly as he liked them. Their father had been a sea captain, who vanished out of the world as mysteriously as sea captains often do, sailing away one golden autumn day, and returning no more; and Cousin Grimgooke's wife had charitably taken the two orphan girls to live with her. And when Mrs. Grimgooke, too, sailed away into the great ocean of the unknown, Cassy and Cora remained as if they belonged there, and succeeded to all her housewifely cares and duties with willing hearts.

Mr. Grimgooke was a very poor man; at least he said he was; and it was really a difficult thing to screw money out of him for the various household expenses of the establishment. Cassy, being skilful with the needle, soon learned the dressmaking trade, and clothed herself with the fruit of her own work. And Cora taught the nearest district school-house, and earned fourteen dollars a month, half of which she religiously paid into the housekeeping coffer.

"Save all you can, girls; save all you can!" said Mr. Grimgooke, dolorously. "I'm a poor man myself; and when I'm dead and decently buried, there won't be much left for you to live on."

"Yes, Cousin Grimgooke," said Cassy and Cora, meekly.

"But you din't so careful as you might be," persisted Mr. Grimgooke. "Cassy ought'n't to be wearing that good gown around the house of a morning. And Cora threw a very good little pitcher out of the window yesterday."

"But, Cousin Grimgooke," pleaded Cassy, "the dress is dyed, and has been turned twice."

"And that pitcher is cracked from top to bottom," said Cora. "It won't hold water."

"Putty it up, then; putty it up," said Mr. Grimgooke, with earnestness. "I do like to see economy in little things. Now, there's the carpets on the floors. Last year you wore 'em out—beating them with sticks. Now, don't take 'em up this year at all."

"But what are we to do, Cousin Grimgooke, at house-cleaning time?" said Cora.

"Why, clean, of course," said Mr. Grimgooke. "And sweep. And dust. But you needn't thrash everything to pieces, need you?"

"But every one takes up their carpets when they clean house," urged Cassy.

"That's a woman all over!" said Mr. Grimgooke. "Because other women make fools of themselves, is it necessary that you should do so?"

Neither Cassy nor Cora were prepared to answer this question at a moment's notice, so they wisely held their peace, and Mr. Grimgooke triumphantly fell to reading the newspapers.

Nevertheless, the two Grimgooke girls were not exempt from the weaknesses of the feminine soul, so, when one day the old man announced that he was going to Shrieveport, the nearest town, to be absent a couple of days, Cassy and Cora exchanged glances behind his pepper-and-salt-clothed back. And one glance—the soft, shy one of Cora—asked as plain as words could do: "Shall we clean house?" While Cassy's electric blue orbs flashed back an unmistakeable, "We *shall* clean house."

And no sooner was Mr. Grimgooke well out of sight than Cassy ran to stir up the whitewash pail, and to slake new lumps of lime, while Cora hastened, with the aid of an old lead spoon and a garden trowel—the scientific carpet-lifter was far beyond her ambition—to take up the faded old carpets in the upper rooms.

"Cousin Grimgooke need never know it," said she, as if apologizing to his vacant chair. "And these bedroom carpets are perfectly—*Awful!*" (with a very big A, indeed). "I'll beat them myself with a little twig from the Balm of Gilead tree," said Cassy, "and that can't wear them out."

She had not half finished whitewashing the kitchen ceiling, however, when Cora startled her with a cry of surprise.

"Oh, Cassy, Cassy," cried the girl, "see here! See what I have found!"

"A ghost?" cried Cassy, skillfully drawing the wet brush in straight, sweeping lines across the ceiling. "Or a mouse, or a black beetle?"

"Not one of the three," retorted Cora, making her breathless appearance at the head of the stairs. "Three five-hundred-dollar bills, in an envelope, laid flat under the oil-cloth in front of Cousin Grimgooke's washing-stand. Oh, Cassy, what shall we do with them? I feel as if I had been stealing."

"Do with them?" repeated Cassy, who was the valiant one of the family. "Why, put them in your pocket, of course, and replace them exactly where you found them when the carpet goes down again."

"But how do you suppose they came there?"

"Cousin Grimgooke put them there, of course. It's one of his magpies' nests. And that was the reason, don't you see, that he was so unwilling for us to take up the carpets."

"I wish we hadn't disobeyed him," said Cora, with a quivering lip."

"Why, what a little goose you are!" said Cassy, with a superior air. "One can't live always in the dirt, can one?"

And Cora finally came round to her sister's way of thinking.

The two girls made haste with their undertaking, and had the house all thoroughly cleaned by Saturday night, just about the time that old Uncle Silas Peabody came by, selling clams.

"Don't want any, eh?" said he. "Wal, I've had dreadful bad luck to-day. Haint no money to buy a lodging. S'pose you wouldn't like to let me sleep in your barn?"

"*Certainly* we should not," said Cassy, with decision.

"Cousin Grimgooke would never allow such a thing," protested Cora, turning pale.

"Wal, wal," said Uncle Silas, "there ain't no harm done! I guess I can just stub on a spell further."

But he did not "stub" further than the barn, apparently, for there he was found, half an hour later, asleep in the hay, with a half smoked pipe lying beside him, and the entire premises in a light blaze.

The neighbor who made the discovery lost no time in summoning help; but there was no Steam Fire Department in Wiggletown, and within two hours both house and barn were in ashes, Uncle Sile carried off to the nearest hospital, and Cora and Cassy wringing their hands at a neighbor's window as they gazed at the ruins.

And the embers were yet smoking when Mr. Grimgooke came hurrying up from the railway station.

"Is it true?" he said. "Is my house burned down?"

And he was as pale as marble as he stood there, gazing on the remains of what had once been "Home."

"Don't fret, Grimgooke," consoled Squire Burrell. "They're insured, both house and barn. And the Reviver Company's always as good as its word."

"Don't look so sad, Cousin Grimgooke," coaxed Cassy, creeping up to his side.

"I hope, cousin, you don't blame us," sobbed poor Cora.

"No, gals, no," said the old man, with a quiver of his lip. "Noboby could ha' prevented it, least of all two slips of gals like you. But—I wish I'd told you—my little savings was hid away in my rooms—all in bills. And it cuts me to the heart to think that what I worked so hard to save was burned up in two or three spurts of flame, with nd one to save it."

He groaned deeply, and pressed his hand to his eyes. Cora came close to him.

"Cousin," she said, in a whisper, "was it in three five-hundred-dollar bills? Under the oilcloth in front of your washing-stand?"

He started back.

"How did you know?" said he.

"Because they are here in my pocket," said Cora. "We found them when—when we were cleaning house. We were waiting to replace them, when the fire broke out."

Mr. Grimgooke uttered a cry of joy.

"Gimme a kiss, little gal," said he. "For if ever you did me a good turn, you've done it now."

And when Cora told the story of the family house-cleaning, Mr. Grimgooke laughed heartily.

"Well, I'll never object to carpet beating again!" said he. "And I'll tell you what: I'll divide one of the bills between you and Cassy, to buy you new frocks."

And the hearts of the Grimgooke girls were light once more.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go then and do likewise.

Plowing in Hope.

Toil is rendered sweet and endurable by the promise of reward. The farmer plowing in hope of a harvest is encouraged by the same incentives that sustain those who labor in all the varied industries and service of life. Hopes may be born on dreams, but they become substantial realities through the ministry of toiling hearts and hands. The seed that can not take root in the unbroken sod finds lodgment in the upturned furrow and bears "some sixty, some an hundred fold."

We cannot escape toil in connection with Christian service. Duty calls us to engage in tasks that are often irksome and trying, but the radiance of hope in the privilege of every faithful heart, for, "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Parents and teachers have reason, especially, to plow in hope. The child life is every way immature, and needs in its culture and training an abounding spirit of patience. The good children, who are easily controlled, and quickly drop into the grooves of right habits, are in the minority. With most, there is waywardness of disposition and conflict of inclination, that requires "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

The child that gives little promise, and whose early years put a constant strain upon the hearts of parents and teachers, often becomes the brightest jewel in their crown of service. It is not an uncommon thing for the dull boy to grow into the bright, strong man of his day and generation, and the hoydenish girl sometimes develops into the noble and thoughtful matron. Do not be discouraged by present waywardness. Plow in hope; for it may be that those in your home or class who now cause you the most anxiety, will, in days to come, be the source of your sweetest joy.

This truth has an application to our personal experience. It is a great mistake to imagine that having once entered upon the Christian life, there is little more required. If we are true to our high calling, the days of mere surface scratching of the soil is past. Subsoil plowing is demanded. We shall still come in contact with the snags and roots of evil tempers and tendencies of our nature. And it will not help matters to give a lift to the plow-handles in trying to escape from easily besetting sins. But whether engaged in service for ourselves or others, we may plow in hope. The more severe the task, the sweeter the reward. God never disappoints the faithful servant. —*Rev. E. B. Sanford, in S. S. Times.*

He Wound it by ze Tail.

A day or two since Mr. Shaw, of the Consolidated Virginia mine, found a watch lying in the snow, where it had evidently been dropped by someone working in or about the mine. Mr. Shaw wrote a notice to this effect, posting it by the side of the window to which the men came to give their names when going on or coming off the mines.

A little Frenchman soon came to Mr. Shaw and asked:

"You find one vatch, Mistaire Shaw?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Shaw. "Have you lost a watch?"

"Yes, saire."

"Can you describe it?"

"Oh, yes, saire; ver' perfectly."

"Well, what is it like?"

"My vatch he vas a silver vatch."

"Very good. What kind of a face?"

"Vell, he had he's face vide open."

"What kind of chain?"

"One leedle brass chain."

"What kind of key was on the chain."

"He have no key at all. I vind him by ze tail."

The watch was a stem-winder, and the Frenchman had given an accurate description of his property, even down to "ze tail."—*Virginia Enterprise.*

How to get Along.

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.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Do not kick every one in your path.

More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than by stopping.

Pay as you go.

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

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

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your brains, rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Young man, cut this out, and if there be any fallacy in the argument, let us know it.

But Little Credit to the Profession.

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 6th, 1885.—Three years ago, I suffered much from enlarged prostrate gland. Had to have my water drawn. The more I doctored, the worse I got. Was completely broken down. Almost out of my head. Have used 102 bottles of Warner's safe cure, and am perfectly and entirely relieved. —SOLOMON WESLEY, 354 Grand River avenue.

Compelled to Yield.

Mrs. Salter, of Franktown, Ontario, was for four years afflicted with a fever sore that baffled all treatment, until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. 4 bottles cured her. All Chronic sores and humors of the blood must yield to B. B. B.

"SHALL WE DANCE?"

Mr. Johnston, sit down and we'll argue the point,
"Shall we or shall we not dance"—
Shall we go to dress-balls and small social hops,
Just as they do it in France?
I say that we shall,
It's nice, good, and well;
Now, all your objections advance.

It's expensive? Well, yes, but papa is quite rich,
And he never would feel the expense,
Though, of course, the example is bad, I admit;
And "a stumbling block of offence."
It's expensive—agreed—
I admit it—proceed—
That appeals to my mere common sense.

It's unhealthy? Um-er-well, yes, perhaps it is,
At least one is apt to catch cold,
And it may be quite true that hundreds of deaths
Have occurred, as you say you've been told:
Hot rooms, and bad air,
Most doctors declare
Unhealthy—they've said so of old.

It's immodest? Well, perhaps, in some cases it is,
Some dresses are certainly so;
And scarcely a man I've danced with, I own,
Would I care to accept as a beau—
Round dances I hate,
And I candidly state
They're immodest—most shockingly so.

It's unchristian? O come now, my reverend sir,
Don't talk in that Methodist way—
Religion has "nothing to do with the case,"
As the man in *Mikado* would say—
Just think of St. Paul
At a calico ball,
Beginning with, "Friends, let us pray!"
—*Grip.*

Essay on "Columbus."

The following story comes from a school in the Midlands. The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay upon Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Clumbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Clumbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Clumbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarrelled, and they said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Clumbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Clumbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Clumbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the Niggers?' 'Yes,' they said; 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Clumbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"—*Engl Ex.*

An Interesting Clock.

The works of the immense clock which has been put up in the Board of Trade building in Chicago are pronounced a most perfect reproduction of those of the great Westminster Palace clock in London, but with some additions and improvements adapted to its commercial purpose. It is constructed of iron, bronze, and steel, and weighs ten tons without the bell, the latter adding some 4,500 pounds more. The pendulum alone weighs 750 pounds. In its arrangements the works are divided into a time train, a hand train, and a striking train, these several trains comprising separate machines, resting side by side on separate frames. Each of the trains is operated by a separate weight, and the three weights together reach some 3,500 pounds. The hammer that strikes the bell weighs eighty pounds, the clockwork is below the dials, which are ten feet ten inches in diameter, and the bell is above them, or 250 feet above the ground. The pendulum swings one way in two seconds.

"What is McGregor's Speedy Cure for?"

It is for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Biliousness, and it is the finest blood purifier in the known world to-day.

"Does it give satisfaction?"

We cannot point to one instance where it did not.

"Where does it have the largest sales?"

Right in the city of Hamilton, where it is manufactured, there has been over one thousand dollars' worth sold in the last years retail, and the great majority of the sales are by one recommending it to another. For sale at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

Q. What is the opinion of standard medical authorities on kidney disease?

A. That the blood vessels and tubes of the kidneys have become paralyzed by repeated and long neglected congestion and, having no nerve power to control their action, the albumen, the life of the blood escapes, while the uric acid and waste remain in and destroy the blood. This sometimes results in dangerous blood poisoning; the only true scientific blood tonic, before which these symptoms and diseases rapidly flee away, is Warner's safe cure.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back that he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

To Whom it may Concern

Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaints.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator, Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures eruptions and itching of the scalp, promotes renewed growth of the hair, and prevents its fading or turning gray.