

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XII.—NO. 5.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1886.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press
—PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
—AT THE—
FREE PRESS-POWER PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE, \$3.00
THREE MONTHS, .75
SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS

ADVERTISING RATES.
FIRST COLUMN, 10 CENTS PER LINE
SECOND COLUMN, 7 CENTS PER LINE
THIRD COLUMN, 5 CENTS PER LINE

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 5 p.m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. A. Russell & Co's Newspaper and Printing Office, 100 Broadway, 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, Graduate 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, patients may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operations performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Private Funds to Loan.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.
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Sole Agent, Conveyancer, etc.
Office—First door west of the Champion office, Main street, Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

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Barristers, Solicitors, etc.,
Toronto and Georgetown.
Office—Creechman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King Street East, Toronto.

W. T. SMITH, G. SHILTON, R. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & CO.,
Barristers & Solicitors.
Office—Over Imperial Bank, 24 Wellington Street East; Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.
JOHN BAIN, Q. C. C. A. MAYER.
WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE RAFFALE.

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

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED ARCHITECT
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.

ALSO MONEY TO LOAN on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$500 and upwards.

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Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

JOHN J. DALEY,
(Successor to Thompson & Jackson.)
Money to Loan on Farm Property at 6 per cent. Mortgages purchased, Money loaned for parties in Mortgage 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 tastefully cut.

J. P. WARDEN, Tonsorial Artist.
JAMES STIRTON, L.D.S.,
DENTIST.
Honor Graduate and Member of the Ontario College of Dental Surgery.
Painless Extraction, or no charge.
Artificial teeth, perfect in appearance and use, \$8.00 per set. Written guarantee with every set.
Office—Tovell's Block, opp. P. G. Guelph.

ACTON BANKING COY.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS.—
Acton, Ontario.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
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Money to loan at six per cent. Houses rented. Business chances. Chattel Mortgages, Promissory Notes and other Securities Negotiated. Valuations, etc.

Farms or other properties sold or exchanged. Call at Farm Purge Office.

GUELPH
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE thoroughly prepared for positions as Bookkeepers, Shorthand-writers, Calligraph 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, accommodations excellent, students may enter at any time. Porters, etc., address M. McCORMICK, 14-6th.

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.

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

Coal & Wood.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1810.

HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories, and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.

F. W. Stone, Chas. Davidson,
President. Secretary.

JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider

That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building.

Lumber will be Dressed while you wait, and Mouldings, etc., made with neatness and despatch.

N. B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for

PUMPS on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come with your order and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

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, Passenger, or Company Rig, can be supplied with a first-class turnout on the shortest notice.

Horses Boarded and Sold.
Terms reasonable.
W. E. SMITH.

NEW GOODS
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.

25,000 Rolls Wall Paper
100 Sets Lawn Croquet
Car-load Express Waggon

BIG STOCK. LOW PRICES.
Day Sells Cheap.

SUMMER UNDERCLOTHING.
GUELPH
CLOTH HALL.

ALL-WOOL GAUZE,
BALBRIGGAN,
MERINO,
COTTON.

SHAW & GRUNDY
Merchant Tailors, Guelph.
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 Hay 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, 400, 7 ft. 475, 8 ft. 490, 9 ft. 4100, 10 ft. 5100. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee my prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

ACTON MEAT MARKET!
Rutledge & Crosson,
BUTCHERS,

Have purchased the business of Mr. R. Holmes, and solicit a share of public patronage.

The members of the firm are practical butchers, and are prepared to ensure their customers thorough satisfaction. There will always be found on hand a full stock of all kinds of meat, etc., in season.

We have settled in Acton to stay, and feel satisfied that by transacting business upon business principles we will win public confidence and support.

Rutledge & Crosson,
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

DON'T READ THIS.

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.

An old woman received them, answering Ethel's pleasant greeting with:

The Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1886.
POETRY.
SYMPATHY.

As out into the night we strolled,
And turned our faces toward the town,
The stars (that hitherto had slept)
Unseen) looked gaily down:

And the pale moon threw off the cloud
Within whose folds her light was lost,
Awakened by the whispering loud
That thrilled the starry host.

For they, their sister, she, her child
Beheld in this, O radiant maid,
Than whom a fairer star ne'er smiled
In heaven, than earthward strayed!

But when I mark the deep unrest
That lurks within thy lustrous eyes,
I question if that choice was best
Which led thee from the skies:

For there thy steadfast sisters dwell,
They're bright and strong and true,
Unmoved though tempests rise and swell,
Calm as eternity;

Whilst thou—who chose another part,
And all that glittering state resigned
To wear on earth a woman's heart
And sympathetic mind—

Must suffer not those ills alone
That even selfish natures bear;
Thou mak'st the widow's loss thy own,
And dost her sorrow share:

Thy neighbor's grief is thine no less,
And solace in his deep distress
Draws from thy sympathy.

Thus others' burdens lighter grow
Whilst thine are doubled: Ay, but He
Who sets the stars in heaven both know
What thy reward shall be!

—Century Magazine.

OUR STORY.
THE HEIRESS OF RUSHTON MANOR.
BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It was a pretentious name in a republican country, but Rushton Manor was a most superb country residence. I think the owner himself did not realize how many thousands it cost, as he added conservatory, billiard room, hot-houses, aviary and other trifles here and there, to the original magnificent dwelling, or beautified with all the modern improvements the extensive grounds. But the most magnificent of homes cannot close its doors to one dread visitor, and a day came when Thomas Rushton had to be placed in a close-fitting casket, and Ethel Rushton, his orphan niece, became heiress to all the splendors of Rushton Manor and a noble income, and her cousin, Tom, the millionaire's only son, was disinherited, with the mockery of a legacy of five hundred dollars.

She was very young—only eighteen—when the wealth became hers, under the care of the executors until she completed her twenty-first year; but she had been early trained to self-control, and a gravity beyond her years, by the care of an invalid mother, who died six months before Thomas Rushton made his last will.

For two years she lived in strict seclusion in her splendid home, with a distant relative, Mrs. Owen Carroll, who came to "play propriety," and share the comforts of Rushton Manor.

And it was with Mrs. Owen Carroll and her only son, a rising young lawyer, not yet thirty years of age, that my story has to do at first. She was an essentially worldly woman, nearing sixty; but carrying her years gracefully under all the modern devices for concealing the ravages of time upon the feminine face and form. He was a tall, handsome man, with a frank, sunny face, a true, manly heart, and a strong, well-cultivated brain. A man who promised to make his mark in the world, but lacking the worldly wisdom of his mother, being generous to a fault, and looking upon money as a "means, not an end."

They were in Thomas Rushton's library, two years after his death, the son pacing slowly up and down, the mother leaning negligently back in a deep arm-chair, screening her face from the glow of the open grate fire.

It was her clear, well-undulated voice that broke a long silence.

"Why do you not tell me, Owen, how your wooing succeeded? Have you won the heiress?"

"I wish you would not speak so of my love for Ethel, mother. Her money is not an attraction to me, but a drawback. If I did not love her so dearly it would be an insupportable barrier between us."

"Sentimental! You are dreadfully like your father. But Ethel? Did she refuse you?"

"She will give me a decided answer when we return from our drive. Ah! there is the carriage now."

"And here is Ethel," said Mrs. Carroll, as a little figure came swiftly down the staircase and into the library. "Are you well wrapped up, dear?" she asked, as Ethel came in.

"Very warmly, auntie. My furs are warm enough for a Russian winter. Are you ready, Owen?"

"At your service," was the reply, as Owen's eyes rested lovingly upon the soft, dark eyes, clustering brown curls, and winsome smile of the girl he loved. She was not beautiful, by no means possessing such beauty as he could claim, yet her face was one to win love by its sweetness, and to hold forever the affection it gained.

They drove slowly down the wide avenue and into the road, and then Ethel said:

"I want you to drive just where I direct, Owen, and stop where I tell you."

Only a short drive, not two miles from her stately home, followed, before the horses were drawn up before a tiny cottage. Here Ethel alighted, and Owen, after fastening the horses, followed her, wondering into the house.

An old woman received them, answering Ethel's pleasant greeting with:

"It's a summer's day when you come to see me, dearie."

"I want you to see my old home, Owen," Ethel said, earnestly—"the house where I lived with my mother until she died and Uncle Thomas sent me to live at Rushton Manor. We were very poor, dear, in those days," she added, as they stood together in the little parlor, "but my uncle was very kind to us, and when my mother died this cottage had four hundred dollars a year that I could call my own. It was a very good fortune, Owen," she said, in a wistful tone that pained him.

"It was not much, to be sure?" he said, gravely, "but you were not long limited to that."

"No, and yet—Owen, what I want to say to you is a long story, yet it must be told. You know that my uncle disinherited his only son, to make me his heiress. Tom offended him by marrying one of the sweetest women I ever met, whose only crime was poverty. She was a teacher in the seminary where I was educated, and I love her next my own mother. They were not very young lovers, for Tom was past forty, Owen, and had never done any harder work than help his father about the care of the estate, when he was thrust out of his inheritance. My uncle's anger was so bitter when I went to live with him, although Tom had been married five years, and was struggling with bitter poverty. Owen, I did try, prayerfully and most earnestly, to reconcile them, this father and son."

"I am sure you did, my darling. I am very sure it was by no wish of your own you took your cousin's inheritance."

"All my efforts were of no avail," continued Ethel, earnestly, "until Uncle Thomas was stricken down with paralysis. It was not until after he had the second stroke, and lay helpless and speechless, that I saw he wished for something more than all I offered him. The day before he died I was sitting near him, when he fixed his eyes upon Tom's picture, turned years before to face the wall, and then upon me, with an unspoken prayer in their imploring look. I turned the picture, so that he could see his son's face, and by his look of gratitude I knew I was on the right way to find out his wishes. I asked him if he wished to see Tom, and he made, what I had learned before, was his sign of assent. Still, after I wrote to Tom, and read the letter to him, promising to send it at once, he looked troubled. Then it flashed over me that it was the will that was grieving him."

"I knew all about it, but I could not bring it to my uncle to destroy, because my lawyer in New York had possession of it. But upon my knees I promised him that as soon as I came of age I would restore his son's inheritance. Already I had sent him the forgiveness I read in the dying eyes, and I knew by the peace that followed my promise, by the added love in my uncle's eyes, that I had taken the last weight from his heart. Owen, you asked me to day to be your wife. I will not answer you until you fully understand that I shall keep my promise. My cousin Tom, I know that on the day I am of age, next December, he will enter his father's home, complete master of all his father left. My own fortune is in this cottage and my mother's income."

Owen Carroll looked down at the sweet, grave face, raised to meet his eyes, with no loss of love, no shrinking back from his proposal.

"Understanding this fully, Ethel, and most cordially approving of your noble generosity, I ask you again to give me your love—to be my wife. I cannot give you such a home as Rushton Manor, my darling; and if you had never known any other life than the one you live here, I should hesitate before asking you to leave it. But I am not a pauper, and my wife need not fear poverty while my brain is clear and my arm is strong. You lived, without luxury, dear, with your mother. Can you live so again with me?"

She was sobbing in his arms, only then conscious of how her fear wealth had influenced him had been deep in her heart.

"With your love," she whispered, "I can be happy anywhere."

Mrs. Carroll was agitated when matters were explained, though she saw a ray of hope of "Owen's" escape in Ethel's resolution to defer her wedding until after she came of age and had resigned her legacy.

Five years after the interview in the tiny cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Carroll and two bonny boys were breakfasting in a comfortable room in a modest house. Mr. Carroll was at ease with fortune; by no means wealthy, but adding every year to an income that already secured comfort in his home.

Mrs. Carroll the elder, after vainly trying to make her son break his engagement, had once more taken a wife's duties upon herself, and married an elderly suitor, whose wealth gave her every opportunity she desired for the display of the newest fashions upon her stately form and in her handsome home.

Breakfast was nearly over when letters were brought in. One for Mrs. Carroll, on being opened, made that lady's sweet face take an added gravity.

"Owen," she said, after sending the boys to their nursery, "have you ever regretted the loss of Uncle Rushton's fortune?"

"Never! I thought your cousin was not very generous in failing to settle something upon you out of so large an estate. But we have not suffered for that omission, Ethel."

"But it would be a grand thing to turn the boys loose into that garden, Owen; to know you had leisure for studies you love better than dry old law books; to buy new things without carefully considering the capacities of the old ones."

"Ethel! Ethel!" her husband cried, in a shocked, pained voice. "I never imagined you were discontented."

"I never was not for one hour, not for one moment. But, Owen, my uncle's fortune has come back to me. Poor Tom died

last week! He never recovered from the shock of his wife's sudden death, and, having no children, he has made me, once more, the heiress of Rushton Manor."

Pen Pans.
The state is the child of the pen and the sword.
That is a poor pen which does not provoke thought.
The pen is a helpless tool—its power is the writer's brain.
If the pen is mightier than the sword, how about the pin?
The pen scribbles bad thoughts finds few unguished defenders.
The glory of the pen is ancient. The press is the pen of to-day.
The world's heroes of the pen are honored before those of the sword.
The funny pen will find its lovers, according as it is pure and sensible.
The pen and the brain are but the servants of the spirits controlling them.
Much of the pen's best work is done by women—they at least write valiantly.
The power of the pen was never set too high. It molds the men who wield the sword.
The nation shows its progress more in its honor to the pen than its forts, seaports, or floating bomb-proofs.
A good deal has been said on the subject of death that is morbid—much more that is commonplace and conventional.
The pen loses its power when it ceases to be truthful, as the sword its honor when it ceases to contend for the right.—Chicago Ledger.

Curse of Slang.
"Mamie," said a grammar school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?"
"Oh, yes," gushed Mamie; and it is too lovely for anything—a Princess slip of white satin, she took out of a little box the waist line, and full breadth of silk gathered so, as to hang gracefully over the tunic, and three bias ruffles on the—
"Why, what are you talking about?" interrupted her friend. "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?"
"Er—no," said Mamie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have begun it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax."

"What's the subject?"
"The Curse of Slang."
"Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?"
"Difficult? Well, I should giggle. I'll have to jump myself to get it finished in time for the commencement, and I've got a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the Professor's optic by pleading ill-health, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin. But come, waltz up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. I'll paralyze you."

He Took the Others.
A gentleman who paid the best prices for his provisions and who liked to live as well as did his neighbors, was once deceived by his poultryer in the age of some poultry he bought. Meeting the dealer a few days afterward he walked up to his wagon and enquired:
"Got any geese to-day?"
"Oh, yes," said the poultryer, "a fine lot."

"How many have you got?"
"A dozen—nice ones." The customer turned them over and then he added:
"Now, you see, I've got a pesky lot of fellows at my house, and they eat a great deal of poultry. Haven't you got any tough ones?"
"Well, yes," said the dealer, picking them over. "There's one, two, three, four, five of 'em."
"Is that all the tough ones you've got?"
"Yes, yes; that's all," said the dealer, separating them.

"Well, then, I reckon on the whole," continued the buyer, "that I'll take the other lot." The poultryer looked thoughtful, and, like most thoughtful people was silent.—Youth's Companion.

A Testing Time.
Next year will decide the fate of the Scott Act in Ontario. If the electors act as they have done in the past, the temperance question will receive a blow from which it will not recover for many years. If the supporters of the Scott Act, among municipal councillors, and members of Parliament to be elected who are unfavorable to the Act, the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs will remain, and the electors will take the first opportunity to repeal the Act in the Counties in which it is now in force. It will then be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to get them to adopt the Act again. Let us then head all our energies to the securing of temperance for municipal councillors at next election, and also for pledged prohibitionists for members of Parliament at the coming general elections for the House of Commons.—Hamilton Times.

He Acted Wisely.
"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaint."
"Mamma," said Johnny, still smarting from a shingle application, "is the roof of anything on top of it?" "Of course it is," said shortly. "And don't shingle always go on the roof?" "Certainly they do." "Then Johnny was silent for quite a while. Finally he said, in a quavering voice, "Mamma, sin's my roof upside down?"—Washington Critic.

WHAT THE CHILDREN DID.
All day with busy thought and hand,
The patient mother thought and planned,
And strove to do, with needed care,
A duty here, a duty there;
Yet on her face, about her work,
A covert smile would often lurk.
A mother's smile, which came unbid,
As something that the children did.

She watched with pride some boyish feat;
She marked her girls and saw them sweet;
She thought the sight was passing fair
Of baby grasping at the air.
The swift retreat of childish wit,
She heard, and keenly relished it;
And underneath the look that hid,
She smiled at what the children did.

When at the weary end of day,
The children, soundly sleeping lay,
The mother, by the evening fire,
Recalled their pranks to please their sire.
And when the fire was but a spark,
When all the quiet hours was dark,
When slumber came with drooping lid,
She dreamed of what the children did.

EXTRADITION AMENDMENTS.
A Provision Before the U. S. Senate Concerning Dynamites and Bank Thieves.

WASHINGTON, July 17th.—The Senate had before it the outline of an additional provision to the existing treaty stipulations between this country and England. Nothing has been officially given out concerning this treaty paragraph, but through commendations of the President and through the cable reports from London enough has been made up to suggest the character outline of the proposed changes. The addition to existing stipulations made especially for the purpose of extraditing dynamites. It covers this and all persons guilty of embezzlement or larceny above the sum of \$50, and burglary. The dynamite provision is considered under the charge of malicious injury to property and endangering the life of any person where such acts are made a crime by the law of either country. Of course this relates only to future offenses, as it is outside of the power of the United States under its Constitution to ratify any act which is retroactive in its character.

To Water Drinkers.
As the warm weather approaches the medical journals are out in force with hygienic rules. The leading medical journals of France has published a pamphlet protesting against the extravagant use of artificial mineral waters, which, it sets forth, do the double damage of chilling the stomach, thus laying the foundation for gastric catarrh, while the limestone held in deposit in the carbonated waters find its way to the kidneys and eventually produce Bright's disease. The pamphlet also protests against ice water as a provocation of catarrh in the stomach. It further says: "Water should be drank cool, but not iced, with the juice of quarter or half a lemon in it. Mineral water should be drunk with a dash of lemon. Water should always be swallowed slowly. It is not the stomach that is dry but the mouth and throat. If you toss off a drink of water you throw it through your mouth and the former any good, while you injure the latter by loading it with what it does not require. Drink slowly and keep the water in your mouth for a moment when you begin."

Lots of Fun.
A Cambridge mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of sixtieth he received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before; it is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow that I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water I didn't know nothing for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Chelsea, and she cries all the time. A boss kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for fixin' my head. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud-turtles, and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck, if I can get 'em in my trunk."

Slaughter for Fashion's Frenzy.
How enormous has been the slaughter of innocent birds for the purpose of beautifying heartless women is shown by these statistics: England purports from India, Africa and America 510,000,000 worth of feathers and birds every year. One and a half million exotic birds, including 350,000 humming birds, are annually imported to France and England