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Editor and Proprietor-THIS PAPER may be found on file at Gov. P. antracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK

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LICENSED AUCTIONEED 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.

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THE undersigned in prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bot-Lumber, Lath, Staves, Head\* ing, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood,

Flour and Feed. and anything in the line of farmers', housekeep-The puzzle is to find a better place than. THOMAS C. MOORE'S to buy anything in the above lines. also to find you are indebted to him for anything pur-

chased from him. His books say some are and

#### re would like the money. -GTELPH-BUSINESS COLLEGE

GUELPH, ONTARIO. THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from Ten States and Provinces Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business purspits. Graduates eminentsuccessful as Accountants, Business lanagers, Shorthand Writers, Clerks, Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada and the United States. Moderate rates. thorough, practical work and courteous treatment characterize the institution, adies admitted to all the advantages of

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

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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 reason-able prices. Wood and Coal delivered.

JAMES BROWN MUTUAL

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Pause and Consider

of gray and red granite monuments, headstones. That it will be to your own interest to patrosses urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less ronize home trade. We would respectfully than cost, I will, until further notice, sell at inform the inhabitants of Acton and surprices pever before known in Ontario. For inrounding country that we are again in full stance- Granite monuments. . tt. bigh, 860, 7 ft ranning order, and in a better position than 875, 8 ft. 820, 2 ft. #100, 10 ft; #120. All work and before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to 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 al.

us. To parties building, Lumber will be Dressed while you walt, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.

N. B.-We are also prepared to fill all

PUMPS

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

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## W. H. RUTLEDGE, The Butcher,

Deals in everything in the Meat line, wholesale and retail. No city establishment can be found better stocked at a

No Questionable Coods Offered to Customers at any Price.

Lowest prices and square dealing is my motto. One trial convinces on these points. Cash always paid for cattle.

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P. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artist.

# The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1887. POETRY.

BURIAL OF THE GRIT MAJORITY

They nursed it tenderly day by day, As soldiers a dying hero, But they found it one evening cold in death

With the moreury down below zero So they carried it mournfully down stairs. And up the Globe lane they hurried,

Out to that dark and well known spot Where their other idols were buried. CEILING DECORATIONS, The Deacon dug out a hole in the mud, The ice with his pickage turning. And the Gasman bont o'er the new made

> With his lantern dimly burning. No prayers were said; no feneral rites, The Deacon tolled no bell. No other mourners were present there

Save the ghost of Louis Riel. And then, their dismal task complete, They stood in gloom and sorrow And tearfully clasped each other's hands As they thought of "Old To-morrow."

#### OUR STORY.

THE LOST LETTER

hedge!" said Miriam. She was standing in the lane, looking at

the white snow border, still thawing in the shelter of the straggling hedgerow. The two girls had been roaming the fringe of woods across the lane, seeking the spring's trailing arbutus underneath the autumn's wet dead leaves; and the fragrant | " Are you sure you looked well for it Lucy little basket which Miriain carried swing- | Among the dead leaves-" ing in her hand, told that the search was not unsuccessful. And now, in the midst little foot in the big print of Roger Winth-

this unsunned patch of snow! Lucy stood still, looking at it, too. "To think that it should keep the impression all these weeks !" she said meditatively, as if to herself. "Yes, it was just here he stood; he was gathering me berries out of the hedge. The hedge was crimson

with them that day." Miriam cast a sharp glance at the lovely lreamy face.

" I did not know I was awakening a sentimental train of memories," she said, not quite as careless as she could have wished. Lucy turned, with a shy little laugh, and a beautiful color flushing her fair face from dimpled cheeks to brow, half hidden by the waves of sunny hair. She caught her friend's hands, basket and all.

"Ab, Miriam, I have longed to find courage to tell you all about it. You know when Roger went away--" "The morning after that last snow," Parties desiring to purchase a tirst-class Piano or Organ should not fail to examine

supplied Miriam, with another glance at the snow border. "Yes. Well-we were here---"We?" repeated Miriam in the signifi-

"Oh, you know, Roger and I. And-he gathered the berries from me, Miriamand when he gave them to me, oh dear, she said, blushing again and pretending to pout, " you might understand without putting it all into words; you have gone through the same thing, no doubt, though you won't marry anybody."

"And you are going to marry Roger Winthrop?" said Miriam very quietly. Gone through the same thing !" Would it surprise pretty little Lucy to be told that the very night before that

berry-gathering just here he had asked Miriam to marry bim, and she had refused Eh, well! why should it be anything to Miriam how soon he had consoled him-

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite marries, and having purchased the entire stock "And you are going to marry Roger Winthrop?" she said.

But Lucy was pouting again. "Oh, dear, you are so matter of fact, Miriam! Marry! Who said anything about marrying? I'm sure neither Roger nor I did. Only he said he could see from my sweet eyes that I understood what trouble he was in at going away; and couldn't I give him any hope, and wouldn't I remember that, at any moment I should write for him, he would come back at once, just on the hope-the merest hope that it would not be in vain. And then in the

lotte was standing with us then. And

could pick them both up together, I couldn't

find it. I dared not say too much about

having lost anything, for fear of Charlotte's

sharp eyes. Imagine, dear, if someone

should have picked it up, if the wind blew

Miriam steadily. "No doubt whoever

"It would have your name on it,"

found it would bring it to you."

it into the road !"

" Lucy !"

Meat Market. midst of it, and before I could answer him, who should come by but Charlotte Dallasand you know what a bore she is, and how JOSEPH PATITON, we never can get rid of her. BUTCHER, has pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Acton, that he has "She would stand talking to us both, and walked back to the gate with me; and purchased the butchering business of Mr.

Wm. Rossell, and is prepared to conduct the same in a straitforward business other word apart to me. Only just before Having had large experience in the busi we turned away from him he did manage ness, I feel that I can guarantee all customto give me a bit of a note-I suppose he had ers who favor me with their patronage, meant to leave it at the house for me. But perfect satisfaction. just think, Miriam, I lost it before I had All kinds of meat, fresh and good, and read one word of it !"

poultry, fish, &c., in season, will be found I respectfully solict your esteemed pat

JOSEPH PATTON. Acton, Nov. 8th. 1886.

#### NEW BLACKSMITH IN ACTON. ANDREW TESKEY

Having purchased the General Blacksmithing Business of Ma. P. J. Sarra, solicits the patronage of all the customers of the shop and the public generally.

HORSESHOEING Will be made a special feature of the business. Interfering horses carefully shod and looking about. Miriam-"

cured. Having had large experience in implements and machinery of all kinds, as nicer than Tom? I know mamma would well as of general work, I feel that I can be apt to like him better, but—ch, Miriam, guaranteesatisfaction in every case.

ANDREW TESKEY.

The state of the s

#### to object to poor Tom? I'd give anything if you would tell me what to do, only I suptaking mamma's side?"

Mirlam laughed. "Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry; I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen, If ye will advise me to marry.
The lad I lo'e dearly, Sam Glou.

dear, and then I will know how to answer But Lucy shook her head doubtfully "It isn't want of honesty, dear; 'it is that can't make up my mind, and I can't

Be as honest as Burns' lassie, Lucy, my

make up my mind to let mamma make it up for me." "Did Roger say anything to Aunt Grosham?" asked Miram, so quietly that her cousin could not guess that the matter was

"Oh no. And mamma once -some time ago-faucied Roger was in love with you, Miriam."

Lucy said this with a touch of amusement in her tone, as she glanced up at her cousin. Miriam was certainly handsome enough as she stood in the glow of sunshine. but so white and cold. As well fall in love with a snowdrift, Lucy had heard Tom.

Miriam had turned as if to walk on, but Lucy did not move. It seemed this spot set her thinking of Roger.

"Don't you think it rather odd, Miriam, "How long it lingers here under this that I haven't heard a word from him since? Ought I to have told him it was the note that I lost? I could not manage it with Charlotte standing by, and I fancied he would understand."

"Perhaps there was something to be answered in the note," said Miriam; and she climbed up the bank under the hedge-row.

She stopped short. She had set her of such a breath of spring, to come upon | rop's, and the glazed surface had cracked under her weight. And in the crack as sho stepped back she saw something that was not ice-a corner of a folded bit of paper. She stepped back, and in that one instant of silence was fought the bardest battle of

> Miriam's life. For why should she be the one to give her lover to Lucy? One instant, then she stopped and broke away the thin ice from about the folded

> " Here is your letter, Lucy. Roger must have stepped on it when you dropped and crushed it into the snow-that was why you could not find it."

Lucy took it with a cry of delight.

"Yes, Miss Lucy Gresham.' : Oh, don' go, Miriam ; I've a fancy for reading it just "But-you don't want me," said Miriam.

She was moving away when her cousin caught her, putting her arm through hers and holding her fast while she opened her

"Dear Lucy-" Then with a little cry she dropped the prper; she set her foot on it, and halflaughing, half-crying, she executed a war-"That ever I should have been such an idiot-such a miserable dupe of my own

vanity! Oh, and now I shall marry Tom out of hand, and have the honeymoon over before there is ever a Mrs. Roger Winth-"Lucy! What is it you mean?" "I am not going to tell you. Roger may tell you himself; the note says he scoming | husband, her search will prove fruitless. Ah, and this is the very day-three weeks

from the very day he went away. Listen, like we have in Illionois?" "To be shoor She stopped suddenly, lifting her hand. The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard approaching rapidly along the road. "He always rides that way. Don't let

him guess my folly, Miriam. There's the note-you may read it. I'm off. No-no you are not to come with me." She had squeezed herself through a gap | this morning. Jones : I'm serry, but I've in the hedge-such a tiny gap that only I just invested my change. such a little creature could have done itand Miriam could not hope to follow her. Indeed, she did not think of it-she was

looking at the note Lucy had thrust upon Perhaps she did not know how close the rider was to the turn in the road behind her. Certainly she started and colored deeply when he flung himself from his horse, and, with the bridle over his arm, walked beside her.

"Miss Miriam-" Then he started in his turn, as his glauce fell on the paper her hand. "You are reading my letter to Lucy," he said. She stood still in the road, and faced

Roger had only time then to hurry off to him, putting such constraint upon hercatch the train, and he couldn't say an- self that one might have thought her indif-

"Is it true," she said, "that you could write such a letter as this to Lucy?" "To Lucy! Surely you are not angry? She is your cousin, and a sort of cousin of mine too. She is always kind and good, and she loves you. Was there any harm in telling her that you had refused me, but "He managed to give it to me under that I was coming back in three weeks' cover of another bunch of berries. Chartime, when Carrington should have left the neighborhood, unless Lucy, wrote me that unlucky that I was, dropped it. And you had, meawnhile, accepted him? though I let my pocket-handkerchief fall at once, as if by accident, and thought did not write, and-"

> "I am in love with you?" supplied Roger. "Well, not in so many words, perhaps; but I am sure she understood it. Her mother found out my secret one day, coming upon me unawares. I suppose it is an open secret," he said frankly; "I am

not ashamed of it." "I thought it might have been blown into the hedge somewhere': I have been "Do you think Roger is so very much I do wish you'd advise me! Don't you think it is very unreasonable in mamma

too. Could Aunt Gresham have blinded herself, or had she deliberately tried to pose you are so wise and cool, you would be keep Mirlam and Roger apart? Mirlam Editor FREE PRESS. felt a cold distrust of her uncle's wife.

But not of Lucy. Roger must not guess Lucy's mistake. He was putting out his hand to Miriam.

"I thought it was Carrington, perhaps, who was standing between us," he said But I met him in town; he almost said you had refused him too. Miriam, if you do not like him, is there no hope-none, that I might teach you to care for me just

Httle?" She shook her head. " You could never toach me that." And then, as she lifted her eyes, and saw the white set look upon his face, a quivering smile flashed over hers. \_-

"You never could teach me that, becau love you with my whole heart, Roger,' He had both her hands. "Miriam, my darling!". But when he asked her what made

refuse him just three weeks ago, she only shook her head. "You know the homely proverb, Roger

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth.' I give you my love now, you must not try to find out just how old it is." "My darling, you shall date it from wedding day, if you will let that be quite

"We'll have a double wedding!" oried gayly. "Lucy and her faithful Tom shall be married on that day. I think that you and I together will be able to bring Aunt Gresham to consent."

Two Ways of Examining. Two famous lawyers, Jeffrey and Cockourn, were once engaged together in a case in Scotland. Jeffrey began by asking one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman, "Is the defendant, in your opinion perfectly sane?" The witness gazed at the questioner, but gave no answer. Jeffrey repeated his enquiry, altering the words. "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs ?" Still in vain. "I ask you," said Jeffrey, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No arrawer yet. "Let me tackle him, said Cockburn. Then, assuming his own broadest Scotch tones, and, turning to the obdurate witness, he begain, "Hae ye your mull (snuff-box) wi' ye ?" "Ou, 'ay," said the awkard fellow, stretching out his snuffhorn. "Noo, hoo long hae ye kent John Sampson?" said the witty advocate, taking a pinch. "Ever sin' he was that height, was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged height. "And dae ye think noo, atween you and me," said Cockburn, in his most insinuating brogue, "that there's anything intil the creature?" "I would not lippen him with

# a bull-calf," was the instant rejoiner.

WIT AND HUMOR. The latest thing for breakfast-The young man of the family.

" Hello, Blade, glad to see you, I'm a great hurry; you just wait a minute, and I'll be back in a quarter of an hour." "I do not desire wealth for itself," marked the philosopher. "No." replied

the cynic, "I suppose you desire it for "Where is the ideal wife?" asks the lecturer. Well, if she is looking for the ideal

we have. Didn't yiz iver hear of Tipper-An advertiser in Texas calls for 'an in dustrious man, as a boss hand over five

thousand head of sheep that can speak Spanish fluently." well as Ol Anderson. Some of them Brown to Jones : I say, lend me a dolla I have not heard from or of formany years. till to-morrow. You see I changed my vest but at last accounts were all still living.

A Point of Economy "Take my advice and when you get prescription put up at a drug store never ask how much it is," said one gentleman to another the other day. "Why not?" he continued. "Because the clerk will you up, as the boys say, guess how much money you have got, and charge you your pile." "What do you advise?" this. When the prbane compounder medicines hands forth your prescription just look wise and lay down a quarter. will look at the quarter, study a minute, and then make up his mind that he had been foolish enough to sell you the same dose for 25 cents at some past time, and he'll take it and not saya word. Laydown a dollar, however, and it will be just the same. No change. Try and see .-- Elmira

Dangers of Delay. follow a neglected cold, how differently have been no North West rebellion, for danger, how speedily we would seek a cure "Did you ever tell Lucy before thatlike nature. It is worse than madness to of your fathers and the pioneer boys of neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have Acton. some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat Miriam did not meet his eyes. She and lungs is Bickle's Auti-Consumptive stood downcast and pale clenching her Syrup. This medicine is composed of hands together in her effort for self control. several medicinal herbs, which exert a Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Aunt Gresham knew it! Aunt Gresham most wonderful influence in curing conhad told her, Miriam, binding her over to sumption and other diseases of the lungs secrecy, that Roger Winthrop had spoken and chest. It promotes a free and easy to her of his love for her Lucy; and that | xpectoration, soothes irritation and drives Lucy in her heart of hearts cared for him the disease from the system.

#### A Reminiscence.

DEAR SIR-Will you allow me space in your newsy columns, while I try to interest Actonions, or some kind hearted friends amongst them of the boys of "ye olden times," in a tree. Yes it is only a tree and a poor old poplar at that, but having relation to the days that are gone, as well as to several dear friends that are gone also, the near approach of spring and the anticipation of dry walks, and fields clear of snow, always reminds me of this tree, for which old associations, and the flight of time have only served to increase my veneration. I have never forgotten or lost interest in this tree, and as the years roll by, and my locks grow gray, that veneration has grown deeper and deeper. Their is nothing very remarkable or striking about this tree; nothing to distinguish it above other trees hard by; nothing did I say? Well yes, it bears on its bark a message from the past to the present, from friends who are gone to friends who remain. The mark that it bears is the story it tells, and when the facts are known, I am sure many old residents will with myself be equally interested in it, and perhaps try to preserve it, and this is just what desire, and my object in writing. My memory of dates is very imperfect, but think it was about 28 years ago this month (April) on a Sunday, when the warm spring sun had melted nearly all of the snow away. The day was warm and bright, and the balmy weather seemed to invite the then younger population of Acton out for our first Spring stroll on the Point, which divides the pond. We went strolling out in twos and threes until a majority of the boys, who were then the boys of Acton, had assembled together. We were less selfish and more given to assembling in groups together in those days. We were sitting on the dry grass and leaves just on the border of the small grove of bushes that ornaments the extreme end of the Point, on the west side of the cleared field. telling yarns, cracking jokes, and basking in the sun. Just before us in the edge of the grove grew a poplar tree, or rather two of them, then, like us, young, smooth barked and full of life, but now old and grey and rough. Some one got up and with his knife proceeded to carve his initials on the tree, vanity do you say; well so be it, but it was an act of congregational vanity which has since afforded me much pleasure, for in after years when I have visited the tree, and trimmed and refreshed the marks, I have in mind lived again in the day, saw; the faces, and heard the voices of the dear old friends of long ago. Another and another followed suit until nearly all had left a memento, which was to endure (in several cases at least) much longer than the hand that did the carving. I well remember the jokes indulged in about "handing our names down to posterity," and the merry laugh of one dear old friend, Jim Allan, is as clear to me now as then. All joined in these jokes but all did not know that some were indeed leaving something, "only a mark on a tree, it is true," but yet it would remain long years after that little group of boyhood friends had been permanently broken and scattered and several had passed away never to return. I regret my inability to recall all the names of those who were present that day and whose initials, now almost obliterated, are still to be found upon that tree or its mate close by: I may be in error as to a couple, but think I am right. I prefer to "Pat, have you any prairies in Ireland use the old familiar names we then knew each other by, viz:-Jim Allan, Charles Tubby, Tom Dunn, John Malcolm, Erastus Hall, Sam Moore, Charlie Symon, all gone, all dead; George Pringle, Dan Shook, Jim Switzer, Donald Kennedy, Jack Allan, and I think Bill Snyder, as

It was also about this time that last named and the writer were arranging for a great hubting and trapping expedition to the Rocky Mountains. There were no C.P.R. coaches to roll us away to our, destination then, and our knowledge of the territory was limited being confined to poor school atlases of the day, and chiefly to most reliable (?) information derived from Dime Indian Tales. However, like genuine heros; as we were to be, we made the best of the only maps available to us and studied well in Morse's Geography; marking out our camping places along our proposed route with great exactness, until we of course had it all down-fine. Duluth was the last abode of white man on our march, here we were to procure certain supplies and then bid adieu to all ovidences of civilization, after which we expected to live upon bears and Injuns and other small game. However we changed our minds and did not go, which I have since thought was fortunate for us, that I now think it was unfortunate from a national point of view and for the government, for had we If we were allowed to look into the gone, and succeeded in maintaining our future and see the fatal consequences that lives and heroic aspirations, there would would our course be; could we realize our | there would have been no Indians to rebel. But returning to my subject, the last but with many it is only when the monster | time I visited the tree alluded to 13 months disease has fastened its fangs upon our ago. I found that some vandal with a lungs that we awaken to our folly. What | gun had fired two bullets into it and damfollows a neglected cold? Is it not disease | aged the bark. I hope no recurrence of this; of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, has been done, don't do it boys, those consumption and many other diseases of marks are all we have left us of the friends

Yours truly,

Orillia, April 6th, 1887.

A Nasal Inject or free with each bettle o

Sold by N. McGarvin. Are you made miserable by Indigestion Constinution, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive ours. Sold by N. McGarvin.