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The Acton Free Press RVERY THURSDAY MORNING. -IT TEE-PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE OMTARIO .

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e would like the money. MACHINERY. A Stare Jointer wearly new, and a Shingle ofter and saw in good condition, Goldie & Me-Cullogh make, for sale low for cash. THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

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TWO SURPRISES.

A workman piled his clumey spude. · As the sun was going down : The German king, with a cavaleade, Ou his way to Berlin town.

Reined up his steed at the old man's side. "My toiling friend," said be. Why not cease work at eventide, When the laborer should be free?" "I donnt elare," the old man said;

"And I am always free;

Till I can hardly see.". "How much," said the king, " is thy gain in " Eight greechen," the man replied. "And thou canst live on this meager pay?"

Though I work from the time I leave my bee

"Like a king," he said with pride. Two greschen for me and my wife, goo · friend. And two for a debt I ove:

Two greschen to lend, and two to spend For those who can't labor you know." "Thy debt?" said the king; said the tolle To my mother, with ago oppressed.

Who cared for me, tolled for me, many a day And now hath need to rest." "To whom dost lend of thy daily store !" "To my boys -for their schooling; you see When I am too feeble to toll any more, They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch My sisters are old and lame; give them two greschen for reiment a All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good king's eyes. "Thou knowest me not," said he; "As thou hast given me one surprise, Here is another for thee.

"I am thy king: give me thy band"-And he besped it high with gold-"When more thou needest, I command That I at once be told. "For I would bles with rich reward The man who can proudly say

That eight souls doth be keep and goard

On eight poor groschen a day."

Select Familn Reading.

A Prosperous Marriage. BY CHAPLOTTE K. STANLEY.

"Let Ethel go home with me," said Mrr. | was very handsome, and talented and win-Delafield. "A change will do her good, | ning, extremely lovable and good, and she and I shall be glad of her company. Be- fully expected to find some rich heiress sides, we are going to be quite gay this win- who should fall in love with him, and ter, and she will have a chance to go into | whose fortune should be the foundation ou that society to which she was born. My | which he might build up both wealth and word for it, that with her beauty and ac- fame. complishments, she gets a good husband before the sesson is over, which will be a at least designed) the same panaces to core very much happier fate than toiling as an

underpaid, overworked governose." My beauty! I glanced into our old- we had utterly rained her cherished plans fashioned parlor mirror as she spoke, and | by falling desperately in-love with each | smiled at what I saw there. An oval face, lother. creemy pale, with vivid crimson ligs, and large, dark eyes, and a wealth of anburn | would have been real, base ingratitude if I hair. A tall, slight figure, graceful, in spite | could possibly have helped it. But what of its shabby home-made black dress. I | could I do! I didn't intend to love Robert.

own from the glass, and she nodded ex- myself. "Yes," she said; "and then think of the | with me. I loved him, as I had told his difference dress would make. I assure you, | mother I should love, better than my very Florence,"-this to my mother-" neither life. of my girls was half so handsome, and see what establishments they secured. And to me? A miserable burden at the best! they had no fortunes either. Where one has so large a family as I have-seven | indulgent busband (no longer myths of imchildren to educate and provide for-it agination only, but actually offered now for costs so much to live in good style that a my acceptance), what were they worth to moderate portion to each was all we could me? I turned away with shuddering give them. So moderate that it was no horror when Mrs. Delafield, beaming with object at all to the men they married, who delight and pride, conveyed to me Mr. would have taken them just as readily with. Goldman's proposal.

winter, my dear, and I'll engage (if she vision out. "I can't marry him, dear Mrs. follows my advice) to see her prosperously | Delafield. 'I should die!" I slipped my hand into hers. "And happily, Mrs. Delafield?" I said,

half in jest, half earnest. "I don't think | "Who is it!" I could marry without love." She laughed merrily. and Kate are happy enough? Don't you my teeth and dropped my eyes, lest she

think they love their husbands!" Her two daughters! I hesitated a mo-"I think they like them well enough," said I. "That's not what I mean. When | thrilled, and turned hot and cold in spite of

She looked at me shrewdly with her keen | secret in an instant.

"It was my tarn to laugh, and I did it |" Robert, come here!"

self in love with any one. I am 'heart | ed, reproached, denounced us both. She whole and fancy free.' But, all the same, wept, raved, stormed; all in vain. The I believe I am the kind of girl that could | man I loved folded his arms around me, love so." She noided.

"So was I," the said, brusquely. "Tell me, now: Do you see anythingin Mr. Delafield to inspire me with a passionate love!" | ago. Look back, I beseech you, to the have belped laughing. Dear, jolly old Mr. Delafield; fat, wheezy, bald, and over seventy-five!

"Oh, no, no!" I cried. And mother laughed with me.

Mrs. Delafield nodded merrily. "Laugh away," she cried. "Grandpapa was a fine young beau fifty years ago, as voor mother remembers, and I was mad in my own, but George was not rich enough Ah, well, I promise you I took on finely, erty." and fretted myself sick and pale, and made

And she laughed again. ".What I want to impress upon you is," said she; " that if you are, as I was, " the | her in his arms, and kissed her handsome kind of girl who could love so,' of course old face again and again. She was his you will love your busband. If your heart "own darling mother" once more. Was is not given to any one else before he comes on the scene, the man who marries you will | suspicion ! get it. There's no occasion for him to be anything out of the common way, either.

barms, and make a first-class hero of him And with this semewhat cynical speech the old lady rose, and pinching my cheek, that he should accept it, and, meantime, I and kissing it, bade us good-bye .. Mother and I talked over her generous field. offer. My father had died two: years be-

fore, leaving us upprovided for. We had

made our home with Uncle John Hartley,

a fine pair of eyes, Miss Eth., that's a

Delafield's invitation altered our plans.

And he gave me a pinch-this time it but which I have not the heart to tell you. was my car that suffered. As he also gave I blueb for my own son. Alas! child, I me a hundred dollars to revovate my ward. knew what his fickle nature was when I robe, and prepare for my visit, however, I opposed your wishes. Had you but follow- being abid to help Uncle Fred!" said did not complain; and two w.eks later I ed my advice, you might now be Mrs. Gold- Harry's sister, laughing. was in New York, justalled as a guest of man." the Delafield's, and the old lady's especial

How kind she was to me! My own dear mother, in her prosperous days, was not more generous and indulgent. She seemed foud of me, proud of me, anxious for my welfare, by which is to be understood my " prosperous marriage," which she herself was to arrange. "And when you are the rich Mrs. Some-

a fine house and servanti and a carriage,

perhaps-who, knows !- with your dear

mother, my own school-mate, living happily once more, and I coming to visit you. mother, there won't be a prouder woman afterwards I learned how she had kept his living, my dear, than myself." She was proud enough already. I sup. | patience. pose pride was the chief fault of her char acter (in which, at that time, I could see no faulte at all). She had been ambitious for

for her sous in the same way. married;" and of the remaining two, George the youngest, was studying for the church, and Robert, a young man of twenty-five, and for some reason his mother's favorite child, was a physician, waiting, as many

a man equally good and gifted has done before him - waiting for patients and prac-Fortunately he did not depend upon prosperous matriage," and doom me to either for daily bread. He lived at home, to his mother's great comfort, and she helped him in many ways. She told me, confidentially, that Robert, like all the others, had had "his portion," and there would be go more for him till his parents died; but her plans for him were exactly similar to those the designed for me. He

"It wen't be for long." I told myself. their hands. "There's a gentleman waiting in the

Thus the good old lady had prepared (or the evils of Robert's case and mine. Alas! before we trad been acquainted many weeks I promised him a sight of you in your wed-

met Mrs. Delafield's eyes as I withdrew my I loved him before I knew it, in spite of There is your bride. Is she not beauti And it was a serious, earnest passion

It seemed like ingratitude in me.

Life! Without Robert what would it be "What does this mean?" be demanded. But he got no further, for, with a scream "The "prosperous marriage," the rich,

out a cent. And your family is in every "I can't!" I cried, spreading my hands way desirable. Let me have Ethel for this | before my eyes, as if to shut some hateful She was the shrewdest of women.

caught my arm and looked into my face. "You fove another man!" she cried. I'd have died rather than have told her, for Robert's sake. Was it for me to come "Tat! tat!" said she. "School-girl between him and his proud mother, and nonsense! Don't you suppose that Annie | perhaps drive him out of his home! I set

should read my secret there; and at that moment we both heard his voice upon the I didn't utter a word. I started and over, he became one of my husband's best patients, and recommended him to many I marry, I want to love my husband better | myself, but I didn't speak. And there was others. Altogether, I don't know but what he had a good deal to do with making core

no need; she read the signs; she knew our "Traifress!" she said, bitterly, and flung "Do you love any man in that way now?" | my arms away. "Ingrate! You love my son !" Then she threw open the door.

He came; and then commenced a stormy "No, indeed. I gever even fancied my- scene. Mrs. Delafield entreated, command and drew me-almost dead with grieving- ers that under an English, sermon you to his breast.

"I love Ethel, mother," he said, gently and firmly, "as you loved my father long If my life had depended on it, I couldn't | happiness of your love-marriage, and do not refuse the same bliss to your son." But she would not yield. She declared that if we married, we should have her curse, and ordered me from her sight, saying that she should send me home to-mor-

To-morrow she had changed her mind. "I was wrong," she said, wearily. "If you are necessary to each other's happiness, love with him. I had a pretty fortune of | why should I interfere? Only don't marry nutil you have better prospects, Robert. to sait my family, and so they opposed us. Ethel, don't drag my son down to pov-

So sudden a conversion was bewildering. that, in the end, they were glad to let me | could be real and true. I knew Mrs. Delamarry him. And doesn't it seem nonsense, | field (with all her generosity and pride) could stoop to deceit, sometimes, from her But Robert never doubted her. He held

it for me to come between them with a bare So I held my peace, and tried to be content, and Robert promised all his mother Your love will supply all the necessary | wished. We were to be parted for one year. Robert had had a position offered him with an uncle in San Francisco. It was agreed

should continue to live with Mrs. Dels-So said, so done, and we parted. Alas my love! the misery of that one year. I can scarcely tell how our estrangement my mother's brother, ever since; but he grew, so gradual it was, and so unaccountwas poor, too. I could not be always a able : His letters, so loving at first, grew that I should be a governous. But Mrs. altogether, and his mother, kinder than

ever to me now, began to regard me with "Let her accept it," said Uncle John. pity. "A happyanarriage is the best of destinies | Oue day she came into my room with a for a woman, and who knows but such | newspaper in her hand, her face very pale

good lack may come to her. You have got | and gravet "Ethel," she said, "there is something day," said Harry Newell, full of gratitude in this paper which you ought to know,

And she Isid down the paper and went a little bit of a mouse once saved a lion's life? I'll not always be a small boy. I took it up, trembling like one in an either ague fit. It contained a notice of Dr. Robert Delafield's marriage in San Fran- | a fable; it never really happened," Harry's

For hours I suffered alone in that room worse than the torments of death. My somewhat prone to give herself "big girl" love was false, my heart was broken. Then I compelled myself to be calm and body or the other," she would say, "with "I will marry Mr. Goldman whenever

"Can you imagine how a little frisky It appeared that he did. I was too wret- squirrel might save the life of a grown and reflecting that I was your 'fairy grand | ched to think about it at the time; but | man?" hopes alive, and counselled him to have it somathing in Esop ?" .

you choose," I said, "if he still wishes to saking:

I left everything to her to arrange. She afore of God, a squirrel occe saved me from | him and to it ?" provided my troussesu most generously. [freezing to death." She ordered a wedding dress worthy of the ber own daughters, and was now ambitious | wealthy Mr. Goldman's bride. I submit- about it?" cried both niece and nephew. ted to all, cared nothing at all for what. Uncle Fred and been quite a traveller, story, because it is true." Of these sons three were middle aged men | they did with me. I felt as if that news- and had seen and experienced a number of ... Yes, children, this story is all true, exone long since more or less "prosperously paper had been my death-warrant, and all strange things; so his stories were eagerly actly as I have told it to you." these preparations were making for death anticipated by all the young folks who knew him. and the grave.

> My promised fireband asked me for no "Was it when you were in Rassia!" protestations of affection when he placed asked Harry. the magnificent solitaire ring on my finger. know that when I was a young man, I used "At last this fair hand is mine," be said and I answered him never a word. And so the days went on. And at last New Brunswick and Maine: At first these the morning came that was to witness my

> misery for life. Such was my thought, at least, as I in December I went up into Maine, near woke from an uneasy elumber. Mrs. Moosehead, ond engaged a guide, Tom White, an unusually taciture young Indian Delafield stood beside me. "It is time to dress," she said. to go cut with me. We pitched our tent I submitted with the same dull apathy. late one afternoon, and the next morning

> I sha'n't live long;" and I yielded myself | cloudy when we set out, and about two Just as they were putting on the bridal came down in vast quantities, but gently vail a servant came into my room. She was a new girl. The house was all con-

when we were about half way home, I 'had missus's boudoir to see the bride," said to sit down on a windfall to rest .: A wind fell, you may have heard, is the trank of a Mrs. Delafield answered her. tree which has been felled by some power. "Say that the will come to him immediful gale ; it-lies where it fell, first acquiring ately," said she. "It's Goldman, my dear. caying very slowly. As we sat there,

unconsciously took note of everything about ding dress before you went to church. me .- a wise habit I bad acquired from Come down." I obeyed in stlence. She threw the previous guides; for when an Indian is in door of the boudoir open wide, and led me the woods, he is constantly on the alert observing the conformation of the ground, the growth of the underbrush, the shapes "There!" she said, triumphantly.

up into a tree at my right, and there sat a And placed me face to face with-Roblittle squirrel, chattering and nibbling a nut, and now and then looking down at us. Robert, stern and pale. He looked from His bright eyes seemed to say : 'What are one to the other of us questioningly. you doing here? Trying to find out where

of horror, his mother fell fainting at his over his back, he was quite dry and com-That was no time for explanations. Her condition needed all our care. Only, when she began to recover consciousness, he turned to me and took my hand. "I have been true and faithful to you

Can you say the same!" he saked. And I clong to him, and thanked God for so much happiness, weeping on his to say, 'Oh! you have seen that, eh ?" Our letters had been tampered with, inercepted, suppressed, we never really knew by whom. There was, indeed, no need to

ask. Robert said:

"We are happy, after all. Let us for-She was, inieed, our mother, for we were married the very day after his re-And Mr. Goldman gave up bis claim with an excellent grace, and begged me to retain his diamond ring as a wedding gilt. More-

-what even my mother-in-law allowed it to be, at last-a truly " prosperous mar riage."-N. F. Ledger.

the snow was so trampled and there were VARIETIES. The late Archbishop Wately, of Dubliz who spent the first half of a long life in England and the last half in Ireland, used to say of the faults of the two types of preachmy own steps, and go back to camp. wished to keep awake and could not, while under an Irish preacher you wanted to go

The ingenious geutlemen from Ohio who put in the claim to have the Government refund the money which he paid for a sub stitute during the war is probably astonished at his own moderation in not asking for the interest - Providence Journal. The jug is a most singular utensil. pail, tambler, or decanter can be rinsed and you can satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has only a hole in the top, and the interior is all down, every few moments, on some wind-

darkness. No eye penetrates it; no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shake it up, and lungs with every breath I inhaled, and pouring it our. If the water comes out almost choked me; I had had nothing to in eat since morning, and the short winter clean, you judge you have succeeded all my folks so unhappy and uncomfortable I found myself involuntarily doubting if it cleaning the jug, and wire versu. Hence the day was fast drawing to its end; again the jug is like the human beart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can only judge of its parity by what comes One of the Church letters to a Virginia

to sleep and could not."

not a cent had been given to any good object, closed with his kindly offer: "For any further information as to our condition pathless wilderness? None whatever. and prospects, we refer you to our pastor and delegates." A brother arose and said: "I but one help for me in my tribulation, and would like some additional information that must be a heavenly one; so I fell upon Unlike glass, they can be manufactured and concerning that Church, and with the con- my knees, right down in the snow, and shipped at all seasons : and being made by sent of the Modorator, will ask the pastor prayed to God for help. I prayed earnestly machinery, the supply is independent of laof that Church a question or two." The and from my heart, and I prayed aloud,- bor troubles, which are additional advanpastor arose, and the visiting brother asked : | for there was no human ear to hear me, "I would like to know, with your kind con- even as there was no human arm to succor | Scientific American sent, whether any effort was made to raise me. And as I thus prayed, peace stole money from your Church | and if so, what | into my heart, I even felt stronger and kind of effort was it ?" When !- Religious less weary, and as I rose from my knees

Association, after certifying to the fact that

National Pills are a mild purgative, actburden on him, and so it had been decided | cold, grew few in number, at last ceased | ing on the stomach, liver | and bowels, removing all obstructions.

Herald (1 a).

PRICE THREE CENTS

t was by God's guidance I did so."

SAVED BY A EQUIRECL.

BY FRANCES E. WALLEIGH.

"O Uncle Fred! you are a jewel. I hope

"Just faucy a sniall' boy like you ever

started in search of our game. It was

o'clock a snow-storm began; the flakes

and silently, without a breath of wind.

was unaccustomed to walking in above

such a rough place as that forest was; and

a thick covering of soft moss, and then de

of the different trees. Presently I glanced

have secreted my winter store of nuts

He sat, cunning fellow, with his back t

the wind, and with his boshy tail curled

fortable. The limb on which he sat had

probably been broken off in some gale; for

not long before I discovered the track of a

fine big buck. The snow was in some

places two feet deep, and I could plainly

see where he had jumped over a windfall,

his belly brushed the snow off it, and where

he had, as it were, blazed his way by nib-

so many imprints, that I could not possibly

plunging into a dense, dark, cedar swamp,

sure that I was not in the right path.

managed to get out of it safely, to safe, dry

snow; and after some twenty minutes

more of fatiguing toil, I at last struck a

"tote road," as the lumbermen call the

road along which they draw their lumber.

I was now atterly used up, and had to sit

fall, to recover my breath and strength.

The fine, dust-like snow got into my throat

sat down upon a windfall, utterly exhausted

"Where was 1? Where was my camp?"

"If my guide had started out in search

of me, how many chances were there that

"Indeed, what reasonable hope had

that I would ever escape alive from this

"I was quite convinced that there was

and discouraged.

would fail to find me?

happened to glance upward."

"Oh, how quickly I sprang from my knees and peered upwards in the darkening sky! I looked once, twice, and then with all my soul and voice I sang.

I'll have a chance to give you a lift some Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; because his uncle had he'ped him to under-Praise him above, ye heavenly host; stand and solve a puzzing sum in vulgar Praise Father, Son, ant Hay Ghost !

For there, right before me, I saw the cow's horns '! the limb on which I had seen that little squirrel nibbling his nut. and there was my guide post; those two "It might be. Don't you remember how horns pointed straight towards my camp. which was now not very far of.

" And as I looked more closely at the

windfall from which I had recently risen, "Oh! that mouse and lion story is only. I could easily detect two depressions in the snow which covered it, showing where Tom and I had sat on that very log. only the She was four years'bis senior, and was | day before.

"Once more I knelt, this time to render thanks to my heavenly guide, and then I

"She can't be sure of that,-can she, started for camp. "When I got there, I found that my worthless guide had settled down to a good Uncle Fred evaded a direct reply by long map, and had, I not found my own way back, would probably not have waked up till long into the night, so could not

have come in search of me. "Where should I be now, if God had not "No, indeed! Did it ever happen, or is sent that little equirrel to sit on the 'cow horn 'limb, and so attract my attention to "I always consider that, under the gaid-

As Uncle Fred concluded his tale, Harry drew a long breath, and said, "Where? Where? On! do tell us all

BLESSED ARE THE POOR

"That is better than the mouse and lion

Te toilers for bread in life's busy field. t All the avenues of industry throngings Complaining, perhaps, that your work does not "No: it was in our own land. You

The riches for which you are longingoften to go on hunting and fishing trips in Little ye think of the blessedness given To the poor of this world by your Father in expeditions were all in the sammer, but one year I concluded to try my 'prentice Blessed the poor in this world's chins, hand at deer hanting; so the second week If but wealthy in mind and heart treasures; Happy are they wno feel not dull pains Of the sectors for wealth and rain.pleasures. .

The honours of gold are but empty sud rain,

Good works are sure riches-contentment is

HOW THE CAMPHOR OF COMMERCE Champhor, formerly and less correctly written camphire, is a concrete juice, chief. ly obtained from two Asiatic trees. The Japanese make the camphor of commerce as follows: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large pot partially filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips generates oil and camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a closely fitted cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubes with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubes is divided into two compartments one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small heles to allow the water to pass to the lowest compartment. The upper compartment, supplied with a straw layer, catches the camphor in crystals in deposit as it passes through the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw packed in wooden tabs, and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes. The special moral and physical qualities of camphor are said to be stopidity and

brutality.-Christian at work. FLIGHTS OF THE FLEDGLINGS

it ended abruptly in two short, curved branches, exactly like the horns of a cow, Little four-year-old Mabel came to her which pointed directly to the road leading father one day to have her apron buttoned, to our camp. I called Tom's attention to thoughtfully remarking, "If I could get beit : but he said nothing, only grouted, as if hind mysell I could do it. Little Rosalind (five years old)-" Mam-"The next morning was brilliantly clear;

the sky was clear and cloudless, and the ma, where has Uncle Jack gone?" Mamair exhilaratingly pure; the fresh fallen ma-"On a ranch, pet; he has gone to be snow sparkled as if each article were a a cowboy." Rosalind lafter a pause, teardiamond, and it crunched dry and sharp [ully]-"Oh mamma will be have horns?" under one's feet. I very unwisely thought "Mamma, mamma, sobbed a fittle threegive and forget. She is our mother, dear. I would take a little stroll, and see if I year-old girl, running into the house much could not find a deer without Tom's assist- offended, "I wish you'd whip the old hen. ance. The road seemed to me quite plain, She won't let me see the chickres. | She especially as I had been careful to study dest lifted up her dress an' they all run

every feature of it the day before. It was | right under !" I have a little boy, three years old, named Leonard. One day he was out at play and the sun became clouded. He came into the house and said to his grandmother :-"Well, gammy, I have come in." "What have you come in for, Lenny?"

"Well, he said, "they have blowed the bling at young shoots and embryo leaf buds on the lower branches of the trees. I fol. sun out, and I thought I would come in and lowed his trail until I came to a deer yard, | go to bed." A teacher was indearoring to find out, -as the place is called where a number of the preficiency of her pupils in mental. deer are in the habit of meeting; and here arithmetic and took the following way to do it: " Now children suppose I have two squash pies, and divide one of the min ten follow any one set of steps. I went round pieces, and the other into one hundred and round, and at last gave it up in depieces. Which would you rather have, a spair; and made up my mind to retrace prece of the pie that, is divided into ten pieces, or of that cut into one hundred "But, alas! The wind had risen, and pieces?" There was silence for a moment, every track was obliterated, filled in with and then a little girl answered timidly ; light, powdery snow! I floundered on for a time, until suddenly I found myself "One of the one handred pieces." "N'by so ?" ." Well, please, ma'am, I don't,

and as I had never seen it before I was now | like squash pie."-Morning Stor.

One of the most interesting of the many uses in which paper has been put is the manufacture of paper bottles. We have long had paper boxes, barrels and carwheels, and more recently paper pails, wash-basins, and other vessels; but now comes a further evolution of paper in the shape of paper bottles, which 'are already quite extensively used for containing such substances as ink; bluing, shoe dressing, give, etq., and they would even seem to be equally well adapted for containing a large variety of articles. They are made by rolling gived sheets of paper into long cylinders, which are ther cat into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in the inside coated with a water-proof compound, and all this done by machinery almost asquickly as one can count. They are cheaper and lighter than glass, unbreakable, and consequently very popular with consumers, while the fact that they require no packing material, and are clean, handy, and coonomical, commends them to manufacturers. tages to munafacturers who use bottles .-

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having "I say 'happened' for want of a better found it more certain to cure that troubles word; we often use it in reference to some- some disease than any other medicine I thing we have not done intentionally; so know of."-So says Dr. Bartlets, of Connow I had no particular reason to look up, cord, Mass.

and 5 20 p.m.

Ink Rallway

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