

The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1885.

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The Acton Free Press

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
FREE PRESS PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR, \$10.00. SIX MONTHS, \$6.00. THREE MONTHS, \$3.50. Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance \$1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE. 1 yr. 12 mo. 3 mo. 1 mo. One Column. \$8.00 \$12.00 \$18.00 \$25.00 Half Column. \$5.00 \$7.50 \$11.00 \$15.00 Quarter Column. \$3.00 \$4.50 \$6.50 \$9.00 Two Lines. \$1.50 \$2.25 \$3.25 \$4.50

Cash advertisements, 5 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines received by the advertiser, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till the 1st of the month following, unless otherwise directed. Advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Monday, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the head of Frederick Street, Acton.

C. E. STACY, M.D., C.M., Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office—Mill Street, late Dr. Webster's office.

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 Vaporized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, has been operating receiving satisfaction in all cases performed. Will visit Acton every other Wednesday of each month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

PAINLESS DENTAL OPERATIONS. Vaporized Air, or Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Painless Dental Operations, at the office of C. B. HAYES, L.D.S., 70-72 Block, Guelph, Ont., Upper Wyndham Street.

RIGGS & IVORY, DENTISTS, South West Corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ontario. Finest and best teeth, \$5 to \$8. Gold Fillings one-third rates. Leave order for teeth in the morning, can have them the same day. We have been administering Hard's Vaporized Air for the past year, regardless of what others may say.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO Veterinary College, Toronto, Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—In Kenney Block, late shoe store, residence in rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

M. ALEX. & McMillan, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. 42 Private Funds to Loan. Office—Town Hall, Acton. Wm. A. McLean, Hugh McMillan.

SHILTON, ALAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Toronto and Georgetown. Offices—Creechman's Block, Georgetown, and 80 King Street East, Toronto. W. T. McLean, 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. MURRAY, WILLIAM LAIDLAW, GEORGE KAPPEL.

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

W. M. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press Office, 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.

G. E. KNOWLES & J. A. MURRAY, Licensed Auctioneers for the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left with James Matthews, Acton, will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT. Office—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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

HANLAN BARBER SHOP, J. P. WORDEN. Has opened a Barber Shop in the building nearly opposite Storey's old Glove Factory, Mill Street, Acton, and solicits the patronage of the public in this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call. J. P. WORDEN.

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 points of Great Britain and the Continent at very lowest rates. Buy the tickets here if sending for friends.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R.R. The Cheapest and Best route to all points East and West. See Time Tables.

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

Wellington Marble Works, QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.

John H. Hamilton, PROPRIETOR, (Formerly McQuillen & Hamilton) Dealer in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work.

Received first prizes at Provincial Exhibition Guelph, the Western Fair and all local exhibitions for excellence of material and superiority of workmanship. Your orders are solicited.

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.

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

Thinking them for past favors, I will endeavor to attend to customers promptly and obligingly, and trust that they will one and all extend to us their patronage.

I use nothing but the best Roller Flour, and keep it in stock.

Fresh Bread, Buns, &c., every day. Also Steam Bread, Cakes of all kinds, New York Tea Biscuits, Soda and Oatmeal Scones.

Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Biscuits and Confectionery of all kinds, Young Sugar, Ginger Snaps, Boston Mixed Cakes, Wholesale Flour.

Batter and Eggs taken in Exchange for Bread at Market Prices.

Mrs. T. Statham.

HILL'S Tin & Stove Depot.

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF STOVES CHEAP FOR CASH.

TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Eavetroughing a Specialty, AND PUT UP ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

FIRST CLASS MATERIAL ONLY USED.

A CALL SOLICITED.

J. O. HILL, M.I.S.T.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

McRAE'S UNDERCLOTHING.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, all sizes.

Boys' Shirts and Drawers, all sizes.

Children's Combination Sets all sizes.

SHAW & GRUNDY Merchant Tailors, Guelph.

ALL THE FARMERS AND OTHERS Having crippled horses, will do well to call on

GEO. STODDARD, Who is prepared to remove

Ringbones, Spavins, Curbs and Splints, Without injuring the horse.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge.

GEO. STODDARD, Creech's Old Stand, Acton.

FRANCOIS 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.

1885—BOUND VOLUMES—1885

British Workman, Band of Hope, Cottager and Artizan, Child's Own Magazine, Friendly Visitor, Little Wide Awake, New Picture Books, BRIGHT AND NEW

DAY'S BOOKSTORE, GUELPH.

Day Sells Cheap.

EXCELSIOR BAKERY, ACTON.

HAVING purchased the above Bakery from Mr. D. MANN, I hope to give satisfaction to the numerous customers who patronize it.

Thinking them for past favors, I will endeavor to attend to customers promptly and obligingly, and trust that they will one and all extend to us their patronage.

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THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1885.

POETRY.

WHEN JACK IS TALL AND TWENTY.

When Jack is tall and twenty, We know what Jack will do, With girls so sweet and pretty, He'll find him one to woo.

And soon the lovers' twilight Will hear a story told, And Jack will die or fly by night, For sake of hair and gold.

Harken, Jack, and heed me— Ponder what I say!

The fools are sold for looks of gold, For gold will turn to grey.

But Jack, if truth be spoken, Is simple Jack no more; If gold his heart has broken, He scans the gold of yore.

He wots of dower for daughters, Not all ringlets roll in hair; To beauty stealer, his heart will yield To stamped and minted gold.

Harken, Jack, and heed me— Ponder what I say!

It gold his wits, as poets sing, Then gold may fleet away.

When Jack gets forth a wooing, He seeks the north or head, And would not soon be ruing, The hoar that saw him wed.

He will not give for graces, Nor cringe for hand to hold, But strive and fare by service fair To win a heart of gold.

Harken, Jack, and heed me— Ponder what I say!

The gem will by the bloom will die, But love will last for aye.

OUR STORY.

PERSEVERANCE.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you are heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner is ready—we dine early in these new world parts.

"Fine farm? Well, yes, Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All as far as you can see—grass lands, corn fields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock, too—they call it the best stock farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine, and yet I came to Canada twelve years ago without the additional half dozen in my trousers pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half hour to dinner time yet, and it's a story I never tire telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a avillage carpenter in the south of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and a girl was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I eleven, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cried, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore and kissed the dust out of her golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world, and that was the vicar's daughter Winnie Brascombe.

"Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps so and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes, whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding-school. If Miss Winnie had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different; but we were alike in never having known a mother's care, and the old vicar was blind to everything but his theological treatise.

"But when she came back from her London boarding-school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and laces and little lovely ways, then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she would meet, but what can a lad in an English village do? I had just enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me, and beside the men of her world I cut rather an odd figure beyond all else. Yet the love of her was so far beyond all else in my power, and I felt, if I had no power over myself, and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch my chance. I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer. She grew scarlet—a rush of color that dyed her fair, sweet face—then deathly pale.

"Dik," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know I can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult; but I know you better; but if my father heard of this lie would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness."

And she ran away from me. I let her go. I had seen the blush and tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Loftus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough at first; but I worked like a galley slave—starved and pinched and saved, and never spent a penny on myself: except for the books I sat up half the night to read and study.

Well, in this country, the man who works and doesn't drink, is sure to get on, and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By and by I bought some land dirt cheap and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think that I was held by a Power greater than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had burned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking chair by my study table, and a work basket with a tiny gold tumbler in it. And when

that was all finished I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years build a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I left them, only the people were a little older and a trifle more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Brascombe had been dead six months; died very poor, they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winnie. My heart gave me great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winnie? Oh, she had gone governing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the *Antarctic*, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of his crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant places. I was as strong as a horse and active enough, and though the captain eyed me rather askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any questions. So I sailed on the ship with my little, as she knew it. I saw her the first day or so, looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her old self, and yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winnie, and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter—and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the fogs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but where, no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had happened before, or I had read it for dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the ninth night, after midnight, she awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the *Antarctic* had struck.

It's a fearful thing, if you come to think of it—a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each one of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony. Oh, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand. Even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winnie!" I cried, "come out! Make haste; there is not a moment to lose!"

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed, even to her little black cap. The cabin light had been left burning by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in; forgot that death was waiting close at hand; forgot that the world held anyone but just her and me.

"Dik," she cried—"Oh, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then, and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great fun-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I hastily snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above all was in the wildest chaos, the boats overboard and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which makes one heart glow as one reads them, but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the *Antarctic*. The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was not a chance for the over-crowded boats in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious bundle I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the topmast and got a firm hold there. Winnie was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within reach. "With this I lashed her to me and fastened up both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not head over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down, just her deck above water; but the great sea washed over her every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone.

One or two of the crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterwards—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by 1,000 and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets where it fell; the yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winnie's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind—nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could

we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again; but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face; we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute. And yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and sorrows, after all those ten long, weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last.

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we would die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and knew that life was still here, and hoped lived, too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them? Day dawned at last, and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between the sky and sea, and landed safely on shore. They had to take Winnie and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for a long time after, and it was wonderful that Winnie was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, not by any means! It seemed utterly unnecessary; somehow, caste distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours, and words were not much needed when we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so—glad my girl had taken me, in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm and the richest man in that part of Ontario, and had wealth and position higher than Mr. Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night; she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montreal—the Captain of the *Antarctic* gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking chair, and the work basket and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes, with her baby on her shoulders. Come into dinner, friend, and you shall see the sweetest view in the new country or the old; the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.

Next and comfort to the suffering "Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pains in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Linctum in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

"Holloway's Ointment and Pills"—Diseases and casualties incidental to youth may be safely treated by the use of these excellent Medicaments according to the printed directions folded round each pot and box. Nor is this Ointment alone applicable to external ailments; conjointly with the Pills it exercises the most salutary influence in checking subtle diseases situated in the interior of the body; when rubbed upon the back and chest it gives the most sensible relief in asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and threatening consumption. Holloway's remedies are especially serviceable in liver and stomach complaints. For the cure of bad legs, all sorts of wounds, sores, scrofulous ulcers, and scorbutic affections, this Ointment produces a cooling and soothing effect, inexpressibly grateful to the feelings.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rheumatism, as well as relieves the pains of fractures and dislocations, external injuries, corns, bunions, piles, and other maladies.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

CATARH—A NEW TREATMENT. Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patient medicines and other advertised cures never recede a cure.

No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured on one treatment. Sufferers at all times with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 400 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh. *Montreal Star*, Nov. 17, '85.

JEALOUSY IN THE CHOIR.

Silvery, noted, Lily-throated, Starry-eyed and golden-haired, Charming Anna, The soprano, All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor Sought to win her; Sought to win her for his bride; And the basso, Loved the lass so Day and night for her he sighed.

The demurest Of the tenor To the basso frigid grew; And the basso, As he was so Mashed, of course, grew frigid, too.

Anna smiled on Both, which riled on To their mutual hatred fuel; So, to win her, Bass and tenor Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor Like a Ventriloquist, Cycled howling through the plain, Sang high and low To outvie The basso, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso Till he was so Low to hear him was a treat; Lower still he Went until he Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna, The soprano, Mourned a week for both her fellows, Then she wed the Man who fed the Wind into the organ below.

TO OUTVIE

Charming Anna, The soprano, Mourned a week for both her fellows, Then she wed the Man who fed the Wind into the organ below.

UNDER THE GALLOWS.

Frightful Condemnation of a Mother by Her Son—What Does it Mean?

Not long ago a weeping mother called to bid good bye to her only son who was soon to be executed.

"Woman," he exclaimed, in a momentary frenzy, "Woman, I would never have been here had you done your duty by me when I was young!"

This was a terrible parting! It horrified the spectators, if nearly crazed the conscience-stricken mother.

One can scarcely overestimate the mother's influence in the moulding of the character of her offspring. But how often, oh, how often, do mothers seem to ignore this responsibility!

During a recent trip on the rail the writer made the acquaintance of Dr. A. J. Benedict of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., a person who has made a study of human development. Referring to the murderous tendency of the times, we asked that eminent man if the outlook was not discouraging.

"It looks so," he said, "but I fancy we have a cause and the remedy for such evils. In my professional career I have found by hard study that we have emerged from savagery by development of the nervous system and the intellectual life, and we return to savagery