# The Acton Free Press.

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## The Acton Free Press

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
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We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country.
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$15 OAK CHAIR
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The largest assortment ever shown.
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Mail Orders Attended To Promptly.
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FRESH
ARRIVALS.
Fine Scotch Suitings,
New Spring Worsted Suitings
Overcoatings—Newest Colors
OPENED TO-DAY
Choice New Lines in Fine English Hats, in Fedoras and all the Newest Shapes to be sold at close prices.
Special Drives in Hats.
Remember our Famous $1 Pants to Order.
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MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING &
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In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON---1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
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and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
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Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.
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Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager



Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary


## Poetry.

### NOW, BOB: "HONOR BRIGHT!"

"A mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."—Walt Whitman.

(Charleston, S. C., to Ingersoll over the telephone the morning after the earthquake.)

Hello! Hell-o, Central! hello there!
Is Ingersoll home and alone?
I want him my compliments (Charleston)
And ask him to step to the 'phone.

"Occupied writing a lecture?"
Well tell him I won't hold him long.
But will prove beyond human conjecture
The rock that he sails on is wrong.

* * * * * * *

Hello, Bob, I can't grasp your hand—but
Old sceptic take, we shake for the same,
"Want assistance?" Now that's not my motive
In ringin' you up—for your name.

Will head the sufferers' subscription
That raised to our aid—I want none;
Your heart is as big as your record,
And it's right, Bob, in all things, but one.

And that is a question of faith, Bob,
A question of heaven and hell,
A question of here and hereafter,
A chestnut? Well don't ring the bell."

So the old, old story's a chestnut,
Why it seems to me, Bob, I know—
Like the grandest of inspirations
As the negroes are singin' it now.

What's that, "All faith, all religion
Are based on a feeling of fear?"
Why, that fear's the beginning of wisdom,
And we struck the conclusion down here.

That the earth is as substantial
As you claim all religion to be;
If you've got any doubt on the subject
You'd better come down here and see—

This once happy, desolate city,
Her people insane with despair,
And calling on heaven for pity,
I picture you quoting Voltaire.

I hear you pronouncing the Bible
"A tissue of lies"—and a say'n
"Now, come; honor bright! O, what rubbish
Distributing works of Tom Paine—

Then, I hear in the wail of this people
The belief that a God reigns on high,
That there's more to the church than its steeple,
And 'tis you, not the Scriptures that lie.

That there's only one rock we can cling to
That earthquakes and waves cannot toss;
One only—the old Rock of Ages:
The pedestal, Bob, of the cross.

And the tears of the lost one's who've found it
A refuge from every woe,
Will moisten it—restless forever—
In spite of the mud that you throw.

I'm a sport an' I've taken big chances,
I used to give tips on the ring,
You can stake all your treasure on Jesus
For, bob, it's a livin' sure thing.

Roll out at the errors of Moses,
Find fault with St. Paul and the Acts;
But, if you lectured in Charleston last week'n'
Your lynchin' an' bell'd 'a' been facts!

—Geoffrey Hawley.

## Select Family Reading.

### Tangled Threads.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

We were all in the library, Lucia, her mother, Dick and myself, when Dick's new governess, Margaret Ogilvie, was ushered in.

Aunt rose as she entered, and formally took her hand, and after a commonplace word or two regarding her journey, rang for the servant to show her to her room.

"What do you think of her?" asked Aunt Howard, as the door closed behind her.

Lucia's lip curled rather superciliously as she said:

"She looks as if she had spunk enough to manage Dick, at any rate."

Dick's crimson-stockinged legs gave a defiant wave from his position upon the rug, while I spoke up impulsively, as was my wont:

"I, for one, think she is lovely!"

My heart had gone right out to the clear, pale face, with its great, pathetic, gray eyes.

"A 'lovely' governess!" interjected Lucia. "Gertie, you always were a fanciful child."

My cousin well knew that in no better way could she wound my feeling than by calling me a child.

The next few days soon proved that the new acquisition to our household was a cause of great relief, for Dick succumbed to what he never had met before—a master spirit.

No more did tortured Nep fling his howls out upon the quiet air; cats wended their way about the fences without their former dread of small boys and tin cans, and all around the Elms peace reigned supreme.

Miss Ogilvie was certainly a treasure, so said Aunt Howard, and with that dismissed her from her thoughts.

It was not so with me, however, for as I said before, I liked her from the first moment I saw her, and as my doings at the Elms were never commented upon, the school-room saw me almost as often as it did Dick.

Miss Ogilvie was beautiful, as I acknowledged to myself on further acquaintance, and Dick's loving subjection was owing perhaps more to the charm of her sweet, mournful eyes than to her force of command. From a spoiled tyrant I could see that under her kind supervision he was fast growing to be an affectionate, manly boy.

Lucia sometimes rallied me upon my "low tastes"; but she did not often trouble herself about me.

I was sixteen, and of course not "out" in society; and therefore, though the drawing-rooms were frequently filled by Lucia's gay friends, I had no desire, even had I an invitation, to join their number. I occupied an anomalous position at the Elms. When my poor mother died she left me to my aunt's care. By her I had always been treated kindly, but I felt that to Lucia my presence, if not exactly disagreeable, was a nuisance. So it was no great deprivation for me to spend the evenings in the school-room, even though sometimes the blood would tingle in my veins as delicious strains of music would rise from below.

There was only one of Lucia's friends whom I had a desire to meet. His name was Mr. Carrington, and he owned a large place not very far from us. I had heard his many fascinations dilated upon so often that I felt a strong curiosity to see such an Adonis among men.

One afternoon, Margaret (I had learned to call her so at her request), Dick and I started out for a ramble. Dick was the guide, and by his direction we had progressed a long distance through the woods which stretched on all sides near the Elms, when on turning to go back, we found we had lost our way.

"Dick, you must have taken a wrong turn!" exclaimed Margaret.

While we were consulting together, suddenly, with a loud "Hallo!" Dick sprang forward, and ran towards a couple of gentlemen who were approaching. They soon neared us, while Dick, holding one of them familiarly by the hand, was volubly explaining our trouble. I instantly recognized, from Lucia's enthusiastic description, the Mr. Carrington she liked so well.

Gracefully doffing his hat and coming to my side, he said:

"Dick informs me that you are his cousin, Miss Ward. I am well acquainted with his sister; though I have the pleasure of meeting you for the time—perhaps you have heard my name—Mr. Carrington." Then turning to his friend,—"Allow me to present to you Mr. Gainsborough."

Quickly recovering my composure, I in turn introduced Miss Ogilvie.

I could not help noticing how very pale her face suddenly grew, and what a strange, dilated expression her eyes wore; but as we walked homeward, I soon forgot all else save the handsome, dark eyes which met my glance with an answering smile in their brown depths.

"Truly, Lucia was right! Mr. Carrington was one of the noblest and handsomest of men.

We parted at the gate. I had not been long in my room until the door opened and Margaret came in. I saw something was agitating her even before she spoke.

"Gertrude!" she exclaimed, "did Mr. Carrington tell you how long his friend was to stay with him?"

"No, I do not think we spoke of him," I answered, slowly, wondering at her manner and words.

She regarded me a moment, as if doubtfully; then seating herself at my foot, and taking my hand, she said:

"My dear friend, (for I feel that you are one,) let me tell you my story, and you will understand why I asked, and why, if Reginald Gainsborough remains in this neighborhood, I must go."

"You know him, then?" I asked.

"Know him? Yes; he was once my betrothed husband. It is true,"—seeing my look of amazement—"and to-day we met for the first time in four years. Once I was not the poor governess you now see, but with an indulgent father, and everything wealth could bring. During that time I met Reginald, then a poor teacher, and we loved each other. When my lover asked my father for his consent to our engagement, I shall never forget how angry he was. I was very young and yielding, and when my father threatened me with his curse if I resisted his will, I consented to give my love up. I spoke to Reginald, though with breaking heart, and severed our engagement, notwithstanding his passionate pleadings. I dared not do otherwise, for I had been brought up to consider filial duty before all other virtues, and my father was old. My lover parted from me in anger. In one short month things changed. Reginald's uncle died, and left him an immense fortune. It did not take long for the news to reach my father's ears, and then he withdrew his restrictions, telling me to write a conciliatory letter to my lover. But that was requiring too much; my pride would not stoop to such an act.

"That week, very suddenly, my father died. His affairs were found to be deeply involved, and I understood then why he had so opposed my marrying one who was not rich.

"Since that time I have been earning my own living, as you know, and until I came here it was a hard struggle; but your love, dear, has made this place like home."

"How could you meet him so indifferently?" I asked, when she paused.

"Oh, Gertrude, life is a hard school! When your are older, you, too, will be able to control your emotions, and put a cold, proud mask over your features when necessary."

After that, for many days, nothing would induce Margaret to go out of the house, and Dick, much aggrieved, was obliged to take me as a companion. We often met Mr. Carrington, though how it was he invariably made his appearance, even when we changed the course of our walks, I could not tell.

At last, Mr. Gainsborough went away, and then Dick was happy once more in the society of his dear governess during our rambles.

So things went on until Lucia's birthday. A grand party was to celebrate the event, and at last I was to be allowed to mingle among my cousin's guests. I heard Lucia remonstrating with her mother about something, and the answer, remarkably decided for easy, peace-loving Aunt Howard, enlightened me as to my cousin's meaning.

"She is a child no longer, Lucia. She is seventeen almost. And I shall not have my sister's daughter kept out in the cold all her life."

My first party—how I did enjoy it! Never again will things seem so rose-hued as they then appeared to my unaccustomed eyes.

Miss Ogilvie, in black grenadine, with scarlet geraniums at her throat and waist, looked superb; but she would persist in occupying a retired nook in the drawing-room.

Mr. Carrington was often at my side. I could see Lucia's eyes shoot scornful glances at me now and now, but I was too happy to care.

"Miss Gertrude," said my partner, as we promenaded together, "do you know that I expect my friend Mr. Gainsborough will be here to-night? And that he has a particular reason (which she has confided to me) for coming?"

He watched my face keenly a moment.

"I see," he said; "Miss Ogilvie has told you that she once knew Reginald Gainsborough. Does she know, I wonder, that even though he deems that when she flung away his love she was actuated by mercenary motives, he loves her still, and now that he has wealth, is willing, nay, anxious to bury the past."

Then in a few hurried words I told him Margaret's story; and with glowing cheeks, exonerated her from the hateful charge of being mercenary.

I saw Mr. Carrington meet his friend upon his arrival, and I could easily surmise what he was saying.

All unsuspectingly, Margaret still sat in the bay window, almost entirely concealed by the lace draperies.

Ah! how my heart beat with the excitement a true love story always brings us after a time, I saw Mr. Gainsborough turn his steps that way.

That night Margaret came to me. Her usually pale cheeks were suffused with a radiant color, and her great gray eyes sad no longer, gleamed with a glad light.

"Darling," she whispered, "I am so happy! Everything has been explained. Reginald has loved me through all, even when he thought me a selfish, worldly girl, and now that he knows he was wrong, he loves me even better than before."

The next day I awoke with a strange, burning sensation in my head, and when I essayed to rise, my limbs refused their office. That was the first of the fever that made me for many months unconscious of aught but suffering. Then as the days went by, and I grew convalescent, I remembered certain tender words some one had said to me the night of the party.

"Lucia!"—I called her name softly as she passed through the room—"has Mr. Carrington called to inquire for me since I have been sick?"

Lucia smiled as she came to my side.

"What a strange question! As if a gentleman of society would think twice of a mere child like you!"

Then I had been mistaken, and it was only vanity which prompted the thought that I was something more than a "mere child" to Mr. Carrington.

"By the way, Gertie, did you know all along of Miss Ogilvie's engagement to that rich Mr. Gainsborough? What a sly puss you were to keep a secret so well!"

But I did not heed Lucia's further words for with my eye-lids closed, I was forcing back the tears which would come at the thought that Mr. Carrington had not cared enough for me, even to make a passing inquiry.

One mild, sunny day, I felt so much stronger, an irresistible desire for change stirred within me. Without asking permission, I descended the stairs, and lay down upon a lounge in the sitting-room.

Lucia was singing in the parlor, aunt busy with some household duties, and Margaret in the school room with Dick, so I was alone.

Suddenly, through the open window near me, a cluster of fragrant rose-buds was thrown into my lap.

"At last!" cried a loud voice. "At last I see you again!"

Before a moment had passed the owner of the voice had followed the roses into the room.

It was Mr. Carrington. I held out my hand rather coldly. He took it and went on:

"How glad I am to speak with you once more! I have tried day after day to see you, but your cousin Lucia has declared it an impossibility. So I have waited patiently, hoping you would recover enough to see me and bid me good-bye before I go abroad."

My expression must have been rather confused, for he noticed it, and a sudden thought seemed to come to him.

"Have you not heard of my visits, or received the flowers I sent you every day?"

But by this time I had rallied myself, and though Lucia's deception (which might have sent my friend from me without one farewell word) was plain to me, to screen her I quickly turned the topic of conversation.

"Are you going away very soon?" I asked, looking up.

An eager light sprang into his dark face.

"Miss Gertrude, would you care?"

My eyes fell before his earnest gaze, and grasping my hands, rosebuds and all, in both his own, he spoke again. What he said is sacred between him and me. But I was right, after all, and Mr. Carrington did love me, little Gertrude Ward; and before he left me I had promised to make haste and get quite well, and then accompany him upon his travels abroad.

Aunt Howard persisted that Miss Ogilvie should be married from her house, and I stood as bridesmaid. Lucia's manner towards the promised bride of the wealthy Mr. Gainsborough was very different to what it had always been to Dick's governess; and when Mr. Carrington asked my aunt's sanction to his engagement with myself, I, from the height of my own happiness truly pitied her in her disappointment.

But, notwithstanding I do not feel as if Lucia in her heart really likes me, she is very willing to enjoy the benefits her cousin's position and means can give her, and outwardly, at least, we are good friends. I often hear from my dear Margaret, and very soon I expect a long visit from her and her noble, devoted husband.

### A Hymn in a Garret.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. He climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody, please sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Please don't tell anybody, sir, I'm a-hiding."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! Don't tell him! Don't tell him! But look here!"

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised, and the skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal?

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"I went to the mission school and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus, and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him!"

"My boy, you must not stay here, you'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time; I am going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing."

He raised himself on his elbow, and then sang—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye!"

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead—a victim of drink.

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures where other preparations fail. It possesses medicinal merit peculiar to itself.

### Comparisons--How They Sometimes Cause Evil.

A quaint old proverb says that "comparisons are odious." They certainly are where the little ones are concerned.

I suppose there are some people whose memories are so poor that they forget how they felt when they were children. Otherwise, I cannot comprehend how they can be so injudicious as they are in the treatment of their little ones.

Mothers who would not for the world slap a child, or scold it, or deprive it of anything it liked to have, will for instance draw comparisons between their children, and say to an old friend who never seen them before: "This is my pretty girl," or "This is my smart boy;" forgetting that this introduction of one child implies that the other is not 'pretty' or 'smart.'

Now, children are not very sensative, but they invest strangers with an immense importance. John, who stands in the background while William is being brought forward as his superior, does not know, as grown people do, that the visitor will forget to-morrow which is John and which is William, and that he does not really care at all whether either of them can "do fractions," or knows the history of his native land by rote. On the contrary, John fancies that this stranger who has listened to the remark will go about the world forever announcing to all whom he may meet that Mrs. Stubbs's William is a clever fellow, but that his brother John is a dunce.

John is not sulky as he sneaks away with his hands in his pockets. An affliction has befallen him. He is crushed. It is as though you saw at the head of a column in your daily paper something to your discredit. He had intended to study—to retrieve the past, to be as careful as possible; but now—what is the use?

Descriptive introductions are not delightful to any child. They had rather have their praises sung behind their backs; but to be posted, as it were, as this, that or the other, which is not admirable, is simply frightful to them. More than that, a mother's opinion is of so much value to a boy that to hear her speak as though she thought less of him than of his brother awakens in him a feeling of jealousy hard to subdue. I have no doubt that an expression of partiality by an injudicious parent has made two brothers enemies for life before now.

These comparisons are, if possible, still worse when a girl's face or figure is under discussion. Yet mothers will prattle away declaring that Lilly is going to be a beauty, but that Rose must always be plain, pointing out the fine points of one, and sighing over the defects of the other, while both children listen open-eyed, and both shortly run away to peep in the glass—the beauty to grow vain, the plain child to become morbid.

It might never have occurred to either of them to compare herself to her sister but for this injudicious prattle, which sinks into the souls of those little girls, and does more mischief than one could possibly dream of.

### A Marriage Fee.

Country clergymen see a great deal of the comic side of life, particularly when country couples come to the parsonage to be married. The fee is the ticklish point. How much it ought to be, and what moment to be given, are awful questions sometimes to a blushing groom inexperienced in the world's ways. A clergyman, who has tied the knot fifteen hundred times in country places, told a reporter, the other day, that the standard fee was now three dollars, rising very frequently to five, and occasionally to ten dollars. He added a story of a young fellow who declared frankly that he could not afford to give the parson any money, but sent him, a few days after, a huge, double-bladed jack-knife, which proved a handy thing to have about house and garden.

"Six months ago," continued the clergyman "a young farmer, bronzed and athletic, came up to me after church one Sunday morning and asked me what I charged for marrying folks. I told him there was no regular charge; we took what was given us. He came several evenings after with a blushing girl. I married them. After the ceremony I was standing by a table preparing the certificate and my wife was signing as a witness. I then noticed the young man cough and then look at me. I saw he had a roll of greenbacks in his hand and was preparing to count them. I thought the thing was odd, but presumed he wanted to be sure he didn't lose any of his money. He carefully unrolled a one dollar bill and laid it on the table. Then he glanced at me. I, of course, said nothing. Then he laid down another bill and looked at me. Still I was dumb and motionless. A third bill followed the second, and the pantomime continued. Then, very reluctantly, the fourth bill was carefully spread out, so that the creases could not be seen. As the fellow laid it down he whispered over in my direction: "Say, dominie, when I've given you enough, shout!" It then dawned upon me—he was doing out the fee and was waiting for a signal of plenty from me. He got it right then. The other bills went back to his pocket."

### Responsibility of Moderate Drinkers.

It is difficult to convince many otherwise excellent people that there is any harm in taking an occasional glass of wine or other intoxicating beverage at the table or elsewhere, says the *Christian at Work*. They never drink to excess, it is said, and why should they deprive themselves of a harmless indulgence because other men are too weak to control their appetites. This is the usual argument, but in the present situation of things it is at least a cruel selfish, unmanly and unchristian argument.

It is the old cry in the new form, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Paul answered the most effectively when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

There is true manliness in this, the true Christian spirit. "I will deny myself," the apostle might have added, "even so harmless and so important an article of food as meat if it shall cause my brother to stumble and fall into sin. It is not absolutely essential that I should eat meat to sustain my life. There are plenty of other kinds of food good and wholesome to which I may resort. I will restrict myself to these if by so doing I can save a single one of my fellow men from a life of sin and shame." Would that the moderate drinker would apply such logic as this to himself!

Four cases of cholera have been discovered near Paris.

### SING ME A SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" and "Bonnie Doon,"
Sing do me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

And I will dream as I hear your voice,
Sweet, and tender, and strong, and clear,
Let your mother's voice, when these songs she sang,
Long ago when we both were young—
You are my like her, dear.

Take down her harp and touch the strings;
Too long, too long have they silent been;
My heart has been full of hurry and strife,
And the care and worry of active life—
I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon,"
Your mother sang that song to you
While she rocked you on her breast to sleep;
Dear little daughter do not weep—
Sing me the old songs, too.

Sing "Logan Water" and "Land o' the Leal,"
"Annie Laurie" and "Banks o' Dee;"
Dear old songs that we never forget
Over my heart they are echoing yet;
She sang them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be
As the tuneful lays in the days of yore
Sung by mother and sister and wife;
And now, my child, in this later life
I would hear those songs once more.

So sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" or "Bonnie Doon."
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

—Abe Kline.

### OUR FAMILY READING.

Editor of the FREE PRESS

SIR,—Most children will read, will read something, and the best way of crowding out the bad literature is to put good in. In this way, most of our young people will acquire a taste for that which is pure and elevating. We think every family should take a religious paper which will not cost them more than from 2 to 4 cents per week. Our young people want the local news also, and blessed is the community that has such a clean and elevating weekly as the ACTON FREE PRESS. All of its matter can be read aloud in any family without injurious effects, and we regret to say, that is more than can be said of even some of our Canadian publications. The worst result consequent upon a failure to supply the young with wholesome literature is, not that they remain altogether destitute of reading matter, but that they take to devouring sensational corrupting publications. Just the other day we saw a dispatch from Cleveland, O., detailing the effect of dime novel reading upon the two sons of respectable parents living in that city. It is said that last summer the elder loaded himself with revolvers and fled westward with the firm determination of exterminating Indians. He came back hungry and footsore in a few days, but not cured. He refused to go to school or to work, and spent his time reading yellow-covered literature. A few days ago he was found in an outhouse, partially nude and in violent spasms. He bit and fought the doctor who was called, insisted that his name was "Bloody Bill, the Terror of Grizzly Gulch," and talked incoherently of "Walloping Pete" and "Panther Mike." A nine-year-old brother of the young man, who had also poured over the same kind of literature, was recently found parading the street with a loaded revolver in his hand.

The evil is wide-spread—more so than most people imagine. A few such books answer for a number of readers—they are passed around. They are read in secret in country barns upon rainy days, and in city bed-rooms and attics every night. Unfortunately the young persons who most crave such mental food suffer the greatest damage from its use. It corrupts healthy minds, but it is especially injurious in making morbid minds more morbid.

It is a mistake to think of these publications as apart from other evils. They fall upon young persons along with many other corrupting influences. They are read by young men and boys already familiarized with vice and violence through the columns of newspapers which make merchandise of immorality, and offer as an all-sufficient excuse for the crime that the public likes such papers and will pay for them. They are pored over by minds which have already dwelt upon newspaper accounts of the Prince of Wales in his associations with "Buffalo Bill" and John L. Sullivan. These seeds of sin are cast into soil prepared, and when they bring forth fruit after their kind the crop produced will in turn be scattered over the land to bring forth a still larger yield.

But amid all these demoralizing agencies there are redeeming forces at work among us. An aggressive evangelism is penetrating to the remotest corners of the land, and a vigorous Christian literature is being produced, the circulation and power of which is constantly increasing. Here are the antidotes, but they must be applied by other than the parties infected by the poison; they do not know they need a remedy. Children will secure vile prints without help from their parents, but they will not be so zealous in securing wholesome publications. These must be provided for them and the parent who neglects this duty denies the faith and will find out ere long that that which he has thought to be economy in cutting off such helps from his children has been really the greatest extravagence.

Yours, etc.,
QUERERE.

Huron County, May 2nd, 1892.

### A Childless Home.

Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living child of my own," Smith often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of healthy offspring unless she is herself in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing down pains, and functional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign and guaranteed remedy for all these ailments. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

W. J. Young is under arrest at Peterboro' for trying to palm counterfeit bank bills.

The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchit