

## The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896

### The Young Folks.

#### THE TRAMP'S INDIGNATION.

His coat was one of many借出。 A carabine lag to town. And another who borrows Use him if he were. He seemed disgraced and lame. "I certainly shall have this time. And others will be here to see." "The people who continued him. Because my health render me somewhat ubiquitous! "I called a tramp, and from the door They turn me off away. Did you ever hear your Enough to turn it gray?" "Well, "you could do work A little, now and then. You'd win respect; but while you work You'll be despised of men!" H. W. D.

#### THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Why do merchants encourage the credit system? You know that you don't. You know that if the merchant who is encouraged by the merchants would not be in existence to-day. Did you ever stop to think that the mercantile community of the country are the only body of men that tolerate the credit system? Post offices buy postage stamps, post notes, money orders, etc., on credit; try it, and what you will be told? Go to the theatre and you pay money. Express companies demand cash, and railroad tickets are cash on delivery to the passenger. Why should not the banks demand cash on the credit? Simply because he encourages the credit system. It may be impossible to completely eradicate the system, but strict limitations on credit is a step on the right road, and its evolution will be practically a cash basis system of doing business. It is worth a trial and should be begun at once. It would quickly spread, like measles in a country school, and when it does it will solve the great problem for all time. When sifted down it would be found that the credit system is the producer of and responsible for more evil than all the financial and business world could ever imagine combined. Not only this, but it fosters extravagance—the purchase of goods which can be very well done without. Industrial Moral.

#### Pretty Happy Girls.

There are many plain young girls whose faces are lined with discontent and unhappiness. There is a drawn, perplexed expression between the eyes, and the corners of the mouth have decided droop. These are the girls who have a settled idea that they are certain to be remedy, and the distressing relief has depressed the lines of dissatisfaction, but in reality there is only a cloud over the face, cast by the halo of unhappiness.

A pretty story by which we can all profit is told in an exchange as follows:

One morning a certain girl whose face was as the sunken walk out across the sunshine of the common. For a moment the lightness of the morning had lifted the gloom and her thoughts were usually pleasant. "What a pretty, happy girl is she just passed," she heard say of two ladies just passing say to each other.

She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight.

"Why they meet me! No one ever called me pretty before! It must be because I am smiling!"

#### IN THE ART GALLERY.

Friend of Author—"I have brought you the manuscript of an interesting story by my friend Verne."

Publisher—"Who is he? Does any body know him?"

Friend—"He is not very extensively known, but the story is a good one, and Veranois is a deserving young man. His character is irreproachable."

Publisher—"Then I don't think we can do anything with it."

Friend—"Nothing with it? Why, you haven't looked at it yet. What do you mean?"

Publisher—"If your friend had been killed in a duel or two, had murdered his grandfather, or robbed his sister's baby, his book might take. You see how it is. We should like to accommodate you, but in the present state of the public mind, I really don't see how we can."

#### MAMMA IS HERE NOW.

It was in the Pennsylvania station the other morning. In one of the waiting room seats there sat a tired, worn looking man with a little boy of perhaps three in his arms. The little fellow's shoes were only half buttoned, his hair was awkwardly combed, and his stockings were awry. At the same instant two little girls of perhaps five and seven. Their frocks were buttoned crooked, but the younger had her hair combed in a plaited attempt at a curve. The man kept glancing at the clock. By and by the older little girl spoke.

"It's mamma here yet?" she asked.

"Let us see," the man said.

The forlorn looking quartet stood out to the platform. There some were just lifting a long, puny boy from a wagon. The man looked at it a moment.

"Come," he said, "let's go back. Mama is here now!" Washington Post.

#### THEY ALL LAUGHED.

When arranging their list of club names the beginning of the season, it is usual for cycling clubs to have several dates open, and these appear on the fixture card as "impossible."

A meeting held by a newly formed Tyndale club one of the members was asked to nominate a place. "Way, As thin," said he, "that we might have a run to Impromps, there's a lot of clubs here to it."

"And he wondered why they all laughed."

#### A POMPEIAN BATHROOM.

The largest and most complete bath yet found in the course of human history has recently been discovered. It is a large, irregular, with sculptured basins, heating apparatus, lead pipes and bronze fountains. The walls and floor are tiled. Everything is in an almost perfect state of preservation, owing to the roof having remained intact when the city was buried in the year 70.

#### AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Young man," said the prison chaplain to the convict, "do you realize that you have blotted your brilliant prospects, thrown away your life, and wilfully disgraced your family name?" "Oh, no," replied the prisoner sternly. "I couldn't do it; my family name is Smith!"

#### A GIRL'S HEROISM.

A touching instance of heroism in everyday life was recently recorded by the Boston Truth. A 13-year-old heroine, Lillian McMullen, sacrificed her own life to save two children in her charge in crossing the ice of Peconic Bay, Long Island. "I took my four-year-old son across the ice, but, by reason she went down suddenly and called to the little ones to 'keep back,' with the big dog that accompanied them. Hurrying up instead, hoping to help her, the two little girls themselves plunged through the ragged ice into the water. By one almost superhuman effort after another Lillian at last succeeded in assisting the younger child, 10 years old, to hold on to the ice firm enough for the dog to grab its clothing and drag it on to safety.

Two hours later, till her strength was exhausted, the young heroine made the same efforts for the older girl, the ice continually breaking away under the double weight. At length, when she could lift no longer, she said to the child: "I'll hold on fast. You climb up over me. Hurry up! I can't last much longer." Effort after effort failed. "Make one more trial," she said, and the 10 year old girl managed to get her shoulders above water. The dog seized her and tugged. Lillian made one last effort to pull herself up, but she slipped again. This she made still more effort to save herself, but, chilled and worn out, her hands slipped from the ice edge. And she went down to come up no more.

#### WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

What assertion will make one believe that in one second of time, one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 122,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink? With Halloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

If Gail Hamilton continues to mend, she will soon be well enough to read her own obituaries.

Captain Heaton, Mr. D. Stanback, Zurich writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electrolic Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot fail for the cure of cramp, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy had attacks of cramp several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Electrolic Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

Who would not煞 for demonstration when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second, or that those tiny enigmatical and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whom have laid together would not solve the great problem for all time. When sifted down it would be found that the cure of the world is the province of the poor, and responsible for more evil than all the financial and business world could ever imagine combined. Not only this, but it fosters extravagance—the purchase of goods which can be very well done without. Industrial Moral.

WHOEVER HEARS IT, WILL BE DISMAYED.

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#### NOTES HERE AND THERE.

##### Topics of General Interest to Front Page Readers.

Everywhere We Go.

We find some one who has been cured by Halloway's Saraparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it does for them and their friends. Taken in time Halloway's Saraparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

Halloway's Pills become the favorite nostrum with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

Some men do all their dressing in the day time.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre?

Why, by using Putman's Corn Exterminator. Putman's Painters Corn Exterminator has given universal satisfaction to a safe, safe, and painless. Like every article of merit it has a host of imitators, but we would specially warn the public against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putman's Exterminator. W. G. Wilson, Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Success is often the beginning of disappointment.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Halloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

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