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Editor and Proprietor

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Day's Bookstore

In closing a successful season in Wall Paper we find a few ends which will be cleared at a low price. The balance of our stock will be sold as follows:

250 Wall Paper 15c.
200 Wall Paper 10c.
150 Wall Paper 8c.
100 Wall Paper 6c. and 5c.

Orders very low. Combinations are perfect. The newest and best American goods. Day's low prices win every time.

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A General Banking Business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

Poetry.

HEROES OF WAR AND PEACE.

As that is a story that takes such a breath,
How the men rowed out in the face of death,
How as an only as fishermen they
Whom their nets at the break of day,
But never was fish net hauled in the weather
That rifle and cannon and all together
Bailed on those sailors who drew from his boat
The who was serpent and circled his head,
Heroes of war are they, song and story
Small add their names to the list of glory,
But where is the story and where is the song
For the heroes of peace and the masters of
They fight their battles in ship and mine;
They die at their posts and make no sign,
And the living envy the fortunate dead,
As they fight for the pitance of buttermilk
bread.

They hard like beasts in a slaughter pen;
They live like cattle and suffer like man.
Why, set by the horrors of such a life,
Like a merry-go-round seems the battle's
suicide;

And the open sea and the open boat,
And the deadly cannon with bellowing
throat,
Oh, what are they all, with death thrown in,
To the life that has nothing to hope or win—
But the mad labour and the mad of pain?

Peace, there is your story, and there is your
song,
For the martyrs of peace and the victims of
wrong?

—ELLA WIENHOLD WILCOX.

An Object Lesson in Drinking

Several lessons have been taught the world by the recent engagements occurring both in the Orient and the Occident between the navies of Spain and the United States. These engagements in gunnery have received much instruction. The relative merits of the fast cruiser, easily manoeuvred and the more ponderous and slowly-handled battle-ship have received considerable adjustment in the minds of experts. The torpedo boat, that terror of the "hour of darkness" and a still, cramped harbor, has proved to be more of a nightmare than a grim reality. Many opinions have been changed; suppositions have been proven to be absurd assertions, and the naval architect better and the naval engineer, the specialist of the day has already decided to consign to the limbo of obsolescence many of the devices and plans now approved of by dock yard authorities three months ago.

Perhaps the most conclusive fact brought out by the recent fights on both the Pacific and Atlantic is that the use of intoxicants of any kind previous to entering a naval engagement is a snare; that, to quote the words of Holy Writ, on such occasions "wine is a mocker, stronger drink is a brawler (R. V.), and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

When Dewey, in the grey dawn of May 1st, cautiously felt his way into Manila Bay, he had his sailors brewed up with a cup of coffee, and waked and alert, the watchful gunners, who had been standing in their places the greater part of the night, were as fresh as daisies, and his eyes were as clear and steady hand. When Sampson opened fire on the forts of San Juan, he also issued to his sailors a libation of coffee. Rum or other intoxicants are not served out to the United States navy.

But it was different with the Spaniards. Inured by their own authorities from the Santiago port, Cervera and his officers forgot to copy from the up-to-date American sea-captains, and following the traditions of the European navies, issued generous quantities of wine and strong liquors to the desperate sailors in that forlorn hope. Heavy with intoxicants, the Spaniards fell an easy prey to the enemy, who not only outnumbered them in ships and in men, but in seamanship and in that mortal combat, the man to man fighting in person or war than an entire portion of the armor plate, monster guns or torpedoes.

Had six American vessels, manned by a coffee-drinking contingent, issued from a long-pier harbor and tried to break through Cervera's line, the number of ships handled by man handled with wine and rum, they would have got through, or, ship for ship, the enemy would have gone to the bottom or on the beach.

The sense of temperance has been aided by this demonstration of the benefits of sobriety from the sailors who were to carry out the work to be done. The coffee cup has knocked out the wine glass and the grog pannikin.—*Godrich Signal.*

THE COUNTRY CEMETERY.

The loving care bestowed upon this spot is an index of civilization, its absence an index of ignorance or of care regard for the things of this world. The fact that a deserted and untidy corner of the town is a cemetery, is the greater reason for the expenditure of labor upon it. Usually such work must be done by a comparatively few, out of love or public spirit. But if these organized a cemetery association, or improvement society, their work would be more likely to be continued after they, too, are gone. Corporations don't die.

In deciding upon the nature and extent of the adornment to be bestowed, consider the motives. The park, the cemetery, the open spaces of the town are diversified with trees, fountains, shrubbery and greenward, for the pleasure of the people, and because it is a paying investment to make a town as attractive as possible. It is the wish, we are sure, of the most reverent of those whose cherished dead lie in its burial-ground that the place be not cold and awful, but a sunny spot where children shall love to wander, and where even a stranger to walk its paths. How shall our loved ones be remembered, unless there be eyes to read the memorials we erect? The fantastic imagination of Hawthorne created for the old-fashioned cemetery with its urns and obelisks and weeping willows, the phrase, "Death's pleasure ground." No such gruesome description fits the sensible, modern cemetery. In so far as nature can make it beautiful without ostentation, or a suggestion of the carnal, it is a park. City cemeteries in these days are among the choicest products of the landscape gardener's art, and are thronged on Sundays and holidays with happy, reverent humanity.

A committee composed of persons of fine feeling and some of propriety will know by instinct how far the adornment of the burial ground can go without the violation of good taste. Trees, flowers, shrubbery, a rivulet or a fountain, benches where strollers may rest, beyond there, Eugene Field, upon whose grave the flowers now bloom, fancied the angels folding to linger in these pleasant places. One of his sweetest poems contains these lines:

"Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's
sacred fire,
Go asleep, and think to me, and slumber
in the
lullabies,
Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes
are bound;
As they sing among the bells whereon the
flowers love to grow,
The Shepherd's pipe to his sheep,
Fast speeds the night away,
Soon comes the glorious day,
Sleep, weary one, while ye may,
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

Bearing in mind that the cemetery is God's acre, that his care belongs to every man, woman and child who would seek it, and that it is to be used as a place of prayer, and that no other plot of ground in the country more deserves reverent care and wise adornment, no one experienced any difficulty in deciding how to deal with this problem.

THE RED CROSS.

Go where the soldier lies
Upon his weary bed,
Under the blanket sheet,
And raise his drooping head,
Bind up the bleeding wound
On field of battle given,
And let his foot around
The fragrant breath of heaven.

Afar from kindred dear
And from a mother's care
Go wipe the falling tear,
And stroke the matted hair.

Bring back to oh so white
The flush of health once more,
And to the light of day
That kindled these of yore.

Or should that soldier die,
His brave heart's loss to beat,
Be there to close his eyes
And make his dying sweet.

Ye Red Cross legions, go,
Where war's fierce dire distress;
And let the darkness glow
With love and tenderness.

Go follow in the train
Of Christ your Lord divine
Across the battle plain
Beneath your crimson sign.

His blood your banner dyed
On earth and sea,
Take it and stay the tide
Of human agony.

—GEORGE W. CHURCH.

READY-MADE ANSWERS.

On the flap of a tent at one of the camps of United States volunteers waiting to go to the front is pinned a card which is written—

To VETERANS.
Glad to see you always.
We are not afraid; 'not yet.
We know we are able to be shot.
We don't know how we will feel until we get it.

We are liable to be sick.
We might be sick if we stayed at home.
We are not dying to get into the hospital.
We may die after we get there.

Yes; if we have a chance, we shall shoot.
Would we kill a Spaniard? Ask Dewey.
We don't know what war we shall get
when it is all over. Most likely.

We are sorry we are going to leave our
wives, and our children, and our sweet-
hearts.

If you are our wives and children please
do not weep and make a scene in camp.
We went through that at the house. Be-
side, it unerves the boys in the other
tents.

If you are our sweethearts, you know
what to do, but be careful. The officer of
the day may be a lecher.

We were never in the other war. If we
had been, we wouldn't be in this one on
account of our age, and for some other
reasons.

The tent looks when there is rain. We
have had some heavy showers to every
day. It is cold in here when it rains.
Are we warm enough at night? Not as
warm as we expect to be.

We are fond of war pictures. Those that
represent us as facing bursting shells, and
walking over the mangled remains of our
countrymen and dead horses, and that have
volunteers in the air especially fascinating
to a young soldier in camp.

If you have letters to send, please notify
the guard, so that they may show you the
sheds if you wish.

—ALAN EXCHANGE.

An Attractive Pair

An attractive pair of shoes add to the general appearance of any one—man, woman or child. We keep the stylish kind, the comfortable kind, and the kind that wears well, and to which rough usage may be given. All styles, all prices, all qualities and all as represented.

We have a complete assortment including

Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Slippers, etc.

We are prepared to guarantee that our prices are lower than those paid in the general stores where trade is taken for goods, and dealing exclusively in Boots and Shoes and having over twenty years of practical experience, we are able to select better goods and at better advantage than dealers who handle every thing salable.

CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION.

Kenney Bros., ACTON

Dominion Boot and Shoe Store.
Spring is here again.

Cooper & Akins

The Tailors,
Are prepared for it with a very attractive stock of
Spring Suits,
Spring Overcoats,
Spring Trousers,
In all the latest goods
Our workmanship is always satisfactory. Our prices are always right.
We have plates for the newest styles in Bicycle Suits, and are bound to please the wheelman.

Cooper & Akins, Tailors

Get Wall Paper Prices
1898 at
Waters' Bros.,
The Picture Gallery,
Guelph.

Binding Twine.

Full Stock
Best Qualities
and . . .
Lowest Prices

NORVAL, GEORGETOWN, ACTON

ROBT. NOBLE.
Bring your Custom Logs in and Take the Lumber Home with You.

ACTON Saw Mills, and Wood-Yards.

JAMES BROWN
All kinds of Wood in stock and promptly delivered at any part of the town.

Will you spoil the appearance of your hall with a common cheap-looking Linoleum or Oilcloth?

Don't. Come here. English, Scotch, and Canadian Linoleums and Oilcloths—a splendid range. Entrance—
Wyndham St., or if you prefer it—
St. George's Square.

J. M. BOND & CO.

Hardware,
GUELPH.

Pure Paris Green Sticky Fly Paper and Insect Powder

McKee's Drug Store.
McKee's Kidney Pills
Prepared and Sold only by
J. D. MCKEE
CHEMIST, ACTON.
Telephone Correspondence.

Furnish the Feet

That's all we ask you to do—furnish the feet. We will not only do the rest, but we will do it for a very small expenditure of money. Never before have we been able to offer better shoes for the money; in Men's and Women's Tans and Blacks, any shape, any style, any quality you desire.

W. WILLIAMS, Shoe and Boot Dealer

Mill Street Acton.

Your Portrait

Have you had one taken lately? If not, artist, a sitting and you will be delighted with the result. Courteous attention, Satisfactory Photographs. Prices reasonable. Call to-day. This weather just suits.

H. Ramshaw, Photo Artist

ACTON.

PUPILS

Business College and Shorthand Institute
GUELPH

Select Family Reading.

Clear Grit.
BY W. WEST PORTER.

"There is no use in telling Ned," said Mr. Strang, shaking his gray head sadly. "Somewhere in the past few months he had grown very gray indeed. It is bad enough, mother, for Nellie and Bob to know. We'll let her enjoy her vacation as she always has; there's no need of spoiling her fun."

"But you know what he had planned to let him do this summer, and he has been looking forward to it all the school year. 'Ah, I forgot that! He was to go with Uncle Joe and the rest up to Canada, to stay till October. It will cost two or three hundred dollars, I suppose.'"

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Strang. "Well, we must find the money some where, that's all," declared Mr. Strang. "His enjoyment must be spoiled by these business troubles. We'll retrench in some other way, I suppose."

"But as it happened, Ned learned of his father's reverses in a manner which made the news all the sadder for him to bear. The party were to start from Uncle Joe's home in Philadelphia early in the morning; Ned went over the night before and walked up town to his uncle's office."

"He was a frequent visitor there, for Saxton, Uncle Joe's oldest boy, occupied a desk himself, and Ned often ran in to see him when he was down from school, or had come over from Harrisburg. But Saxton was going on the trip too, and his desk was closed."

"Mr. Strang is in his private office, Ned," said one of the clerks, nodding to the door of the apartment.

"Ned went over and opened the door, but finding his uncle in closed conversation with a man, he closed it again and remained outside, hidden from the clerks by a low partition."

"He's going to Canada too, is he?" one of the clerks said, evidently referring to Ned.

"Yes; lucky chap, eh?"

"I don't know. If my old man was in the shape he is in, I wouldn't want to go for the summer and spend three or four hundred dollars."

"Oh, I reckon Strang isn't so bad off as it's reported. If he is, I don't see where Ned gets his money to spend around. He goes to the most expensive school in the east, and all that."

"I don't know how that is, but I'm dead sure that his father is just on the brink of ruin. If he weathers this dull season it will be pure luck and nothing else."

"At that instant the door of the private office opened."

"Ah, here you are, eh?" said Uncle Joe cordially. "Saxton's just gone home. Dear, dear, I don't see what Perry will do without him here. If I hadn't promised him so long ago that he should go with us, I'd make him stick to his desk. I really don't see how he can be off all summer, and the boy man shook his head gravely as he sorted over the paper before him."

"You see, Saxton looks out for the details of things, and it's impossible to find a new man to take his place as a moment's notice. And another thing, I would not want to trust everybody."

Ned looked at him strangely and caught his breath.

"Would you be willing to trust me, Uncle Joe?" he asked humbly.

"Oh, yes; you're just the chap I'd like to have, if you weren't going with us," returned the merchant carelessly. "I suppose I shall have to let things fly this summer, and lose money by it. I don't see."

But Ned had interrupted again.

"Uncle Joe, is my father in bad shape?" he blurted out.

"Oh, what's the boy thinking of?"

"I want you to tell me. What is the matter with my father's business?"

"What do you know about it?" demanded Mr. Strang gravely.

"Nothing, that's why I ask. I never heard a word about it, and I just heard something which makes me believe he is in bad shape."

"But, but it's not as bad as that," cried Uncle Joe. "How did you hear? Better take those clerks! So they were chattering, were they?"

"They told me that," cried Ned. "I'm glad they did it," cried Ned. "Tell me, uncle."

"Why, he is in a bad shape; there's no denying it. But he didn't want you to know, for a while, it would spoil your vacation."

"And don't suppose I would go off to Canada and spend a lot of money when they are so expiring and saving at home all summer? I won't do it!"

"Hold on!" cried Uncle Joe. "That's no way to talk, young man. Your father and mother would be very much troubled if you should go back to them instead of going with me."

"Then let me stay here and take Saxton's place!" Ned cried. "I can do his work and be earning something too. Come, say yes, uncle," said Ned eagerly.

"Why, Neddie, I don't see how it can be done," began the merchant. "You got older, got bigger, got taller, got more intelligent, but you haven't got the whole affair worked out, and when the hunting party took the train the next morning for the North, Ned saw them off and then went back to Saxton's desk in the office."

And he did feel sorry for the job all summer. He looked at his uncle's home and kept his aunt company, and he really had a very jolly time dodging friends and visitors at the house who would be sure to know him and report his presence in Philadelphia to his father and mother. But the latter were blissfully ignorant of his proximity.

Uncle Joe wrote frequently to his brother that "Ned was all right," and Ned never had been thought of a letter writer, the folks at home thought his silence due to the boy's usual carelessness.

"As long as he is having a good time I don't care," said Mr. Strang warmly; "though I don't know but we made a mistake, mother, in letting him go. I believe I shall weather the trouble, but where the money is coming from for Ned's next year's school expenses, I don't see. The money he will spend on that Canadian trip should have gone toward that."

And Ned, grinding at the work in the hot city office, read Saxton's glowing accounts of hunting and fishing excursions, sometimes with tears in his eyes. Still, sometimes did he feel sorry that he had sacrificed it, and with all his regrets, he had never experienced more quiet happiness.

"How would I have felt afterward if my going up there had helped to cripple Uncle Joe?" he thought. "I should never have forgiven myself."

When the hunting party returned about the first of October, Ned accepted the handsome sum his uncle presented him for his services and hurried home. He was not so big and broad as the next time you see him after his "summer in the woods," but he looked happy. And I tell you he was happy when at the dinner table the first night of his return he laid the whole sum he had earned during the summer, and all the money he had given for his vacation expenses, on his father's plate.

"My boy—my own dear boy!" cried his mother, her voice full of tears.

Now in connection with other fellows of his age, Ned abandoned tears.

"Come, mother, don't cry," he said gravely. "I'm not a baby. The next time you and father are in trouble you must not treat me like one."—*Our Days and Nights.*

PRASE TO THE FACE.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had drawn and pinned on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next room walked the father, and said, earnestly, "Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go to bed."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial listener, following from the room where little Robert sat.

"Why, no, I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back now and tell him."

We ought all of us to be ashamed of ourselves a dozen times a day for like acts of omission. It costs so little to say nice things, and the result is another's pleasure out of all proportion to our trouble.

"Praise to the face, open disgrace," is such a thing. The proverb is wrong. Praise to the face is the wisest thing on earth, and it costs no more to say it than to utter an enter, or unless the praise is unearned. It is the more grateful because no one may ask for open praise and receive it by asking; its fine flavor is quite gone, and is but battery.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ABOUT SOME BOYS.

In an English dokey and a great ship was to be launched. An immense crowd gathered to see it glide down the sides that were to carry it into the water. The blocks and wedges were knocked away, but the massive ship did not stir. Just then a little boy ran forward and began to push the ship with all his might. "The crowd broke out into a laugh; but it so happened that the vessel was almost ready to move; the few pounds pushed by the boy were only needed to start it, and away it went into the water. Now, that was a little thing, but you see what it did.

Of course the little things you do don't seem of much account. But they are. One spring morning a little boy planted a single seed in a bank of earth. It grew, budded and blossomed into sweet blue violets unseen by the child planter. He also sowed and the seed fell upon the bank of earth, and next spring more violets grew; and so for years, increasing every season. The boy now a man in a foreign land, desired to visit his childhood's home. When he saw the bank of violets he remembered how, years before, he had planted them, and said, "Can it be, is that seed, that all these have sprung from the single seed I planted? I will never waste the importance of little things.—*Exchange.*

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, says Mary Howell, precious, arranged homes where you see children, where, at the good Germans have it, the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall." Tell me not of the never disturbed night and days of the tranquil, untroubled hearts where children are not. God sends children to enlighten our hearts, to make us unselfish and full of kindly affections and sympathies, to give our souls higher aims and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion, to bring round our heads, bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts, to make us the Great Father every day that, he has gladdened his earth with little children.

THE FARMER OUTWITTED.

A farmer sold a load of corn in a town one day. When it was weighed he shyly stepped on the scale, and the next time you weighed he took care not to be in it and congratulated himself that he had cheated the buyer in good shape. The grain dealer called him in and after figuring up the load, paid him his bill.

At the farmer's house the next time you went out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him and then talked over the price of hogs and the crops, and the likelihood of the Maple Valley Railroad building up that way, until the farmer fairly squirmed in uneasiness. At last he broke up his corn, and as last he could stand it no longer, and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that it was not to be thought of; that he would insist on doing what he pleased with his own property.

The farmer said that he had indeed sold himself in an easy way at least. He acknowledged his cheating and compromised the affair. Now, how he markets grain, he does not stand on the scales or sell himself with his load.

A FAIR TEST.

A travelling peddler of patent cheese called at a farm house in Lenton the other day collecting patronage, and learning that the lady had a churn of cream on hand, was anxious to churn it. The lady said she had a patent churn already, but the man insisted that his was so much better than any other churn made, he could get two pounds more butter from the cream than she could from her churn. She said: "If you can I'll buy it." So he left the churn, promising to come and prove it next morning. The lady put the cream in her own churn and brought the butter, took it out and poured the butter-milk into the vendor's churn. He came the next morning and churned and churned but got no butter and exclaimed at last, "There is no butter in this cream!" "You are right," said the lady. "I've churned it in my churn, but I wanted to see you get that two pounds." There was no sale and no further conversation.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.

A poor man lay dying and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now what can I get for you?"

With a weak smile he answered, feebly: "Well, I want to eat a ham cooking somewhere. I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the fonzel!"

A CHERFUL GIVER.

Some one once went to Dumas pere for 50 pous to buy a pair of trousers.

"What was he?" Dumas asked.

"A ballist, sir," replied the borrower.

Dumas eyes lit with merriment. He ran to his desk and returned with a note which he thrust into the man's hand.

"You say it costs fifty pous. Here are a hundred. Buy two of em."

DR. LORIMER'S COOK.

"When I was first married," says Rev. Dr. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, "I had my first ideas about Sunday observance. Mrs. Lorimer had a cold, and I was for cooking and on the first Sunday after she came I went into the kitchen and took the bread out of the oven for her. She said, 'Well, I don't want any Sunday work so she could prepare the meals for that day beforehand. She didn't say one word while I was talking; but she looked up, and pointing to the door, exclaimed: 'Now look by, Marce George you just go in the door and I'll send to me kitchen. I want you and a case in I can remember, she had her dinner Sunday as long as she stayed with us.'"

IT IS SAFE TO FOLLOW.

The example of millions of women who have made the Diamond Dye their choice, and only dye for domestic dyeing. The faith of all is so firmly established in the powers and excellence of the Diamond Dye that they would not use any other dye, even if the common dye were given free of cost.

Valuable and useful goods should not be experimented on with poor and untried packages dye. Run and get the goods and money will meet the eyes of adulterated dye. Follow the safe example of earth's millions and use the Diamond Dye, and success, happiness and pleasure will be your reward.

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

A United States crossroads clerk is addressing the pupils of the village school said—

"The possibilities of progress in this country are great. When they first caught me in the city, I had a little German name, it was 'John,' and I was wearing a shirt, with bone collar buttons, and it was not long before collars were put on me than I climbed into a coat and only yesterday my good wife said to me, 'John, I am going to order outfit for you, with gold buttons.' And all this in the short space of ten years!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Impure blood is an enemy to health, and may lead to serious diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures this enemy and averts danger.