

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888.

The Young Folks.

BOY AND GIRL MAN OR WOMAN.

"Kiss me, Will," said Marguerite.
To a pretty little tussie.
Holding up her hands, she
said, "I have been born blind."
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls,
Tendrily, and anger made.
"You're past and Harpoonee,
Nellie's all I know at her feet.
Please teach me how to use,
Call seventeen today."
With her bright blue eyes the boy
For a moment, then replied:
"I'm too old—I don't like girls."

HOW SOL WAS MADE TO SEE HIMSELF.

BY MINNIE KELLY.

There was not a more helpless, helpless drab than poor old Sol Russell. Everybody had quite given him up, in despair; in fact, he had quite given himself up.

"No use to try, I can't help it," he would say when people urged him to give up the drink which had brought not only Sol, but all his family, down to the lowest depths of misery and poverty. And, to do him justice, he really thought that he was quite helpless in the matter.

Alfred Peterson was out in the garden one day, photographing the house from various points with the camera that had been his eldest Christmas gift. He had become quite an expert amateur photographer by this time, and was always on the lookout for good subjects for pictures.

Suddenly his lips pursed up, and he gave a long low whistle. He put his camera in a good position, and in another moment the sun's bright rays were indubitably illuminating across the glass the saddest, most pathetic little picture one could see in real life.

Leaning against the fence just across the street was old Sol helplessly drunk, as usual, and wavering pedesitously whenever he got so far from friendly fence. Clinging to one of his arms, and trying with all her childish strength to support and quiet her drunken father, was poor little Sue, shivering with the cold wind that penetrated her tattered garments, and begging pitifully in a voice broken with sobs:

"Please come home, father. Oh! please do try to come home before the boys find you."

Her heartbreak did not seem to penetrate the stupified intelligence of the drunkard, and he held firmly to the fence without making any effort to go home. So at last little Sue gave up her efforts in despair, and stood quietly beside him, holding his arm so as to keep him from falling.

Sue might have been such a pretty little girl if she had kept the child of loving, careful parents; but now she was sadly neglected that you forgot to notice the soft blue eyes and the long golden hair that fell in a tangled mass over her shoulders, in sympathy for the distress that had stained her face with tears, and the ragged dirty garments that so poorly protected her from the cold.

"Poor little Sue!" thought Alfred as the child stood beside her father in boding darkness. He knew what would happen next as well as Sue. Presently old Sol would lose his hold of the fence, and fall in the snow and mud, to become the helpless victim of any mischievous boys who might come that way.

"I say, Sue, what's the matter? Can't you get him home?" he called.

"No, he won't go for me, and I'm afraid the boys will get after him," Sue answered sadly.

"I'll lend you a hand," he said, giving the stupid man a rough shake, and holding him firmly on one side while little Sue clung to his other arm. Alfred helped the drunken man reel unsteadily to his home, to the miserable little cabin at the end of the street, where the sick wife was anxiously awaiting him.

A few days later, in one of his rarely sober moods, Sol started out, to look for work; and Alfred's mother, anxious to encourage him in his spasmodic industry, gave him some wood to eat. Sol worked steadily for a time, then, with a sigh of weariness, lay down on the porch to rest. Alfred's window just above his head, was open, and a mischievous little breeze caught up a photograph that was lying there and dropped it right at Sol's feet. He took it up, and looked at it enviously, not recognizing it at first.

"Poor little girl!" he soliloquized; then he looked at the stupid face of the drunken father, and with sudden recognition saw that it was himself and little Sue.

Great tears, not of manly emotion, but of real penitence and remorse, filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks as he looked at the sad little picture.

And the poor miserably drunkard was himself, that tearful raged child his little Sue, the daughter he had so longed for! It was his own work this sorrowful picture. "He looked at the blotted, stupid face of the drunkard with a shudder of disgust. So that was how he looked when he had been drinking! No wonder people did not want to have anything to do with him, and would not give him work.

Yet he had not always been a drunkard. He could look back and remember when he had a comfortable home with a happy wife and young children, truly clad children. He might have had it now, if he had not bartered away his manhood for the wile liquor that had dragged him down so low. Could he win all these things back again? There must have been a faint spark of manhood hidden away somewhere in that wretched drunkard's heart, for, springing to his feet, he cried aloud with sudden determination:

"God helping me, I will!"

It was a hard battle, but Sol had to win, but he fought it nobly. Friends tried to give him a strong helping hand when they saw that he was trying to free himself from his degrading habit, and he never forgot to entreat Divine help in conquering his enemy.

He won at last, and now all that would remind him of old times in the neat comfortable home where smiling little Sue always greeted her father with a smiling welcome, a little picture of a drunkard and his child—the picture which first made old Sol see himself as others saw him.

There are hours when the most trifling annoyances assume the proportion of a catastrophe.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it converts itself into conduct.

There are certain errors which one can only get out of from the top.

We must not employ all our time in plotting the sythe.

Two things a man does not often forget—his first love and his first friends.

Men must require all that people are quits of him, he must overtake himself.

A COLOSSAL PIE.

Dandy Dule in England, has long been celebrated for the mammoth pies, which are composed in honor of great occasions, such as coronations, etc. At the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, a stupendous pie was baked there and served up to a crowd of people. The pie was made of a variety of meat and when finished weighed over two tons, and had to be baked in a special oven—was taken to the park, where it was to be partaken of, on a cart drawn by ten horses.

The gigantic pie was eight feet in diameter, and two feet in depth. It contained one thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds of beef, one hundred and eighty pounds of mutton, one hundred and eighty pounds of veal, one hundred and eighty pounds of lamb, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of pork, one hundred and twenty pounds of lard, fifty pounds of butter, thirty-two copies of rabbits, three hundred forty-four fowls, forty pigeons, twelve geese, twenty-one ducks, four plovers, one turkey, five geese, and one hundred small birds, together with thirty eggs and forty stones of potatoes, forty pounds of beef suet, and forty pounds of dripping, and the making of the paste, or crust, took sixty stones of flour.

The Manchester paper which published the account of the colossal pastry pie, said a similar pie was made in commemoration of the recovery of George Third from a severe illness in 1778. The last before the present was made in 1849, but none, it is stated, were equal to the pie just described.

OLD, BUT GOOD.

Little Fanny looked intently at her mother for some time. Then she said: "Mother, you ain't a girl, are you?"

"No, Fanny."

"What are you?"

"I am a woman."

"You were a girl once, weren't you?"

"Yes, Fanny."

"Well, where is that girl now?"

In Brief and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered living is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good health.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, meekly worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Specially priced.

JINGLES AND JOKELETS.

Half an Hour With the Wise Men: The Wits and the Farcies of the Day.

Freeman's Worm Powders require no other purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of worms.

James H. Gilmore, & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Brockville, says—I have used Tamarac Elixir for a severe cold and cough, which is immediately relieved and cured.

Prof. Low's Worm Syrup has removed the worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worms.

Canned for Excellence.

I have pleasure in saying that Hagedorn's Pastoral Balsam cannot be excelled for curing Coughs, Colds and Loss of Voice. It cured my brother completely. So says Prof. McNease of Poplar Hill Hill, Ont., regarding this popular remedy.

The extraordinary popularity of Dr. Green's Chytric Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Most Popular.

L. A. Hanson, of Bowmantown, Ont., says he has found Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good medicine for Liver Complaint, Dizziness, Headache and Dimness of Vision. B.B.C. improves the appetite, aids digestion and gives renewed strength to the worn out system.

III-fitting boots and shoe cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Be on Your Guard.

Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c, by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications of this curative catarrh; 1 to 2 doses cure catarrh; 5 to 6 doses is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25c. and cure.

National Elixer act promptly upon the Liver, regulate the Bowels and as a purge is mild and thorough.

The True Art.

If you are threatened with Headache, Constipation, Biliousness or weakness, procure at once a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and use according to instructions. Prompt action is necessary in order that your trouble may be cured before it becomes chronic.

Whooping, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by all druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

A Testmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagedorn's Yellow Oil," writes Dr. Kavanagh, Postmaster of Unionville, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, colds, burns, etc., I find nothing equal to it.

A. M. Hamrock, Warkworth, writes—

"For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee, of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value."

Mrs. Scott's News.

"I had Scrofula on my neck very bad for two years, had tried all remedies and doctor, but did not get any help until I got a bottle of your Burdock Blood Bitter which cured me of it entirely," James Cochrane, Fox River, Cumberland Co., N.S.

A neglected cough brings on consumption—the most fatal and prevalent of all diseases.

DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUIDITY,

INDIGESTION, SWELLING OF THE HEART,

ERYSPHEAS, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,

SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN,

HEADACHE, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

AND OTHER SYMPTOMS OF DISEASES RELATING TO THE BLOOD, BONES, BOWELS, MUSCLES,

BONES, BOWELS OR BLOOD."

MIRIBUR, 200.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

CONSUMPTION, HEADACHE,

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PROPHYLACTIC.

PEERLESS OIL.

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