

## The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895.

### The Young Folks.

#### MOTHER REMEMBERS.

When we young we was coddled, I know,  
Least that's what mother deems; "an' she  
knows!"

But when the measles skin's been laid away  
Little red rashes skin's been laid away,

Little white ringlets from somebody's hair,

When we was little are helpless and fair!

"An' mother remembers!"

Now we grown up and understand an' we'd  
Think twice before we'd start,

Then take that we played an' the pities we won;

The smart things we said and the rude things  
we done;

Air things we thought on the worry of life,

But when she fall's ten' for us then we,

"We're mother remembers!"

Up on the hill, where the soft breezes pass,  
Little mommies sing through the long, warm  
days,

The last and best sleep there air dust long ago,

Where the sweet-scented scents are the rose  
buds grow,

An' up one has thought or imagined him for  
rest,

But she's east through her heartbeats—tears—

"An' mother remembers!"

*New York Ledger.*

#### THE NEW WOMAN.

In these days when the new woman is the popular topic of conversation, it frequently occurs that some sensible soul will remark, "Can this bicycling riding club will remark, 'Can this bicycling riding club go?" And when perhaps the answer comes in the negative, the interrogator shakes his or her head in a dismally prophetic fashion, as though the knowledge of cookery would compensate for failure in any other line, and without it, home would doomed to be a place of torment.

We believe in cooks, we advise good housekeepers, but they will say no much more than a knowledge of how to make bread or make servants necessary before home becomes something like what it implies. It is a dangerous experiment, we admit, for a girl without the least idea of ordinary laws to start out with a menage of her own but we guarantee that if she possesses the true home-making spirit, the first emergency that throws her on her resources will bring to the front all those latent powers which she has hitherto had no occasion to exercise.

A home is the greatest spot on earth. Every stick of furniture speaks its individuality—its colour—its taste—and—yes—and this spirit emanates always from the feminine head of the family, who can either make or mar it according to her own manner and way of doing. Haven't you been in some houses where the meals prepared by the skillful hands of the mistress were absolutely perfect, but where they were eaten in such an atmosphere of frigidity and painful and dangerous colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure.

Men is love doesn't need eye glasses, for he is blind—Turkish.

### NOTES HERE AND THERE.

#### Items of General Interest to Friends of Prest Readers.

Everywhere We Go.

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

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartics with everyone who tries them three times.

There is sometimes as much venom in the point of a pen as there is in the bite of a dog.

The Sting Within

It is said there is a stinging hurt in every hand, and yet some would say that it is not so bad for that of ours.

It is this, the sting arising from the heart of a horn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of heelache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless.

An' mother remembers!

*New York Ledger.*

### DR. FOWLER'S.

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended upon to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all kinds of bowel trouble. It never fails.

Strictly in it. The man who runs the boat.

Mr. Celeste, Green, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in stomach, which, pronounced my doctor, imperceptible cancer of the stomach, and so long I had to live. Two physicians attending me gave me up to die. Through reading your advertisement, and by advice of friend, I tried your Burdock Blood Bitters and I am happy to say that after taking two bottles I was able to leave my bed, which I had been forced to for a long time. I am unable to say how that B. B. B. cured my disease which will afflict the doctor and I am firmly convinced that B. B. B. saved my life."

Gratefully yours,  
Eliza G. Gilhula,  
South Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Mrs. Gilhula is the wife of the Post Master at South Boston, and will gladly answer inquiries.

Some artists are so poor that they cannot even draw a cheep.

Parade by Mother Graves' Worm Extractor because they is it a safe medicine for their children and an excellent expellent for worms.

The charge is Two Cents a word each insertion. Address *The Mail*, Toronto, Canada.

Love is discovered earlier than a hole in the point of a pen as there is in the bite of a dog.

The preacher sings who tries to subserve the breed of life something of our own make.

The Third page of the Toronto Daily Mail is devoted to advertisements.

If you want any small advertising

and a situation, a machine, a house, machinery, holdings, if you have lost or found anything, or if you want to find out where anyone is, advertise in the Toronto Daily Mail and read the advertisement on the second page of that paper.

The charge is Two Cents a word each insertion. Address *The Mail*, Toronto, Canada.

Even the smallest and youngest baby can keep abreast of the times.

When Baby was sick, we gave our babies.

When she was a child, she got the Castoria. When she became like the young to Castoria, when she had children, she got the Castoria.

She should have a walk in the open air every day, if she does not get this she will grow nervous and sleepless, have fainting notions about an early grave and running away from home or, worse still, grow resentful and withdraw into herself, vexed and weep over the poor. These are all true symptoms of the girl of 13. She begins to think she is very old as soon as she gets into her teens, and the responsibilities affect her sensitive mind to an appalling degree if she is given the time to think of them. *Philadelphia Times.*

THOSE AWFUL TELEGRAMS:

"What is it, Mamie?"

"It's a boy, mump, with a telegram."

"A telegram? Oh ask him if James is killed!"

"He says he doesn't know, mump."

"Ask him what he does know about it."

"He says all he knows about it is that it is marked collect and he wants his money."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall I do?"

Her, Mamie, here's the purse. Pay him, pay him, whatever he asks. Oh, my poor James! I just knew something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home in an ambulance?" Mamie!"

"I just know. Mamie. Maybe you'd better read the telegram."

"I can't, I can't. Oh, it serves me right for not kissing him three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time, too."

"Why don't you open the telegram, mump?"

"Well, I suppose I must, but, oh, I can't tell you how I dread it."

Reads telegram. "Will bring friend home to dinner, James."

"The heartless brute!" New York Journal.

WELCOME THE STRANGLER.

It is enjoined upon mankind everywhere, and always to demand from him to hand to the strangler who may be holding the "gallows." It is even said that some have entertained "gallows" unaware. Abraham sat near his tent enjoying the shade of the oak of Mamre when two strangers approached. He made them tarry and rest, washed their feet and fed them, and heard the joyful news that the father of a race as countless as the sands of the sea shore should be born to his house, even in the shade of the tree and yellow leaf. Prosperity and abundance were his, and in the "green wood" he lay himself down to death, and died "extinct," his nation born. We may not all be blessed as the progenitors of a race, but we can extend the hand of welcome to the wayfarer and stranger, and cause them to feel that they are part of the great "Brotherhood of Man," of whom they have read, and of the sons of the "Fatherhood of God," and send them on their way rejoicing that the order contains and cultivates a friendship that extends to all the race. Seek out the stranger in your community and let your welcome be genuine and sincere, it won't hurt you, and may cause the ice to melt in the heart of your brother.

HE COULDN'T SAY "I DON'T KNOW."

It takes moral courage to say "I don't know," and whether the following anecdote is true or not it illustrates a phase of character that is not uncommon.

"Father," said a young Hibernian

"What's a gout?"

"A gout, is it?"

"It's a kind of sigmoidal disease, you know, and it makes somethin' jus' a jad later."

"Yes father, and what's a gout?"

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