

The Actor Free Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1905.

The Young Folks.

THE DAUGHTER'S TROUBLES.

Day break down, failed before the story's
Leave you, Marion, through the place
to just begin;
Come in, dreamland, Marion, however sweet
Wash the dishes, take the laundry, now the washing's done;
School is over, better another task to learn—
Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's turn.

—By Mary P. Burns.

FUNNY DIALECTS.

"The dialects when faithfully rendered, are always delightful. The rich Irish brogue, the blundering German and the liquid dialects of the Dago never tire me. I took upon a good bit of tries dialect as a work offish. Old and shakker's writings are, however, because their characters speak a cockney dialect. Mark Twain's 'Houghing It' is written in the dialect of the mining camp.

"Imagine how delighted I was one cold day last winter when I met a good natured Long Island Dutchman and said:

"Hans, you have fgzzer your nose."

"Nein," said Hans, "the froze hisself."

"How did it happen, Hans?" I asked.

"I no understand dit ting," said Hans,

putting his finger on his nose. "I hef carry out my nose derry year just prefer freez himself."

One day Hans had his horses stolen. He wrote an advertisement and brought it to me to correct. He handed it to me proudly and said:

"It is vat I likes—shoot writing dings like dis:

NOTICE.

"Von nite, de old day, ven I was bin awake in my shipe, I hear somethings vat I think was not right in my paro, and I come down to see what was the matter out; and so I was down soon I see dat my pig arat iron mae was his tie-loose and run mit the staple off; and wheher will him back pring, I just so much pay him as viss his kustumary."

One day a New York man bought a hog of Hans. The next day when he met the Dutchman he said:

"Where can I find the hog when I want him?"

"You comes mit mine Long Island farm."

"But how shall I find your farm?"

"You shoot goes! Petholes address out and turns to de right for a while till you comes to a fence mit a hole it, den you up to de right for a while till you sees a house and big hog in de yard. Do it me."

Once Hans had to have some money to make a payment on his farm. He got the money from Russell Sage. Sage charged heavy discount which made Hans angry.

"Do you think I pin gone gray mit my prans?" said Hans.

"Why, Mr. Silgman," said Mr. Sage,

"Business is business."

"Business is business!" interrupted Hans.

"You sit all day on dot Wall street and rob a man barefoot before his padeed calls dat piess."

I shall never forget the sign that always hung in Hans's grocery market grocery:

TOOK NOTES!

Mebbe you don't pater had just round here ven you don't get some peaseus—ain't it?

THE BOY AND THE QUEEN.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were fond of pictures and used often to visit the studio of artist. One of the painters that honored had a son, who one day undertook to paint the portrait of the royal visitors.

Among the pictures was one containing two lives. These the boy explained, were likenesses of himself and his brother.

"Only, you know," he added confidentially, "we don't go about without clothes at home."

At another time the same boy decided to receive a gracious advance made to him by the queen and horrified his bearers by declaring bluntly, "I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?" inquired her majesty.

"Because you are the queen of England and you killed queen Mary." —Yours & Co., p. 2.

TWO SORTS OF BOYS.

First City Boy: I hope we won't take a country house again. I hate it. Second City Boy: What! Hate the country? "No, the country is good enough, but there's always a garden; and me and pa 'bout crazy over it, plaus' things in the spring, and then, when the hot weather comes, they get tired and stop botherin' 'bout it, and then the weeds come up, and then they always want me to weed garden, 'cause it's good, healthful outdoor exercise for boys of my age. I hate it." "Well, you're a chump. We have a garden every summer, and the boy explained, were likenesses of himself and his brother.

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HE HOPED THEY WOULD MEET IN HEAVEN.

We have just seen a funny account of an incident which occurred the other day in one of the city's high buildings.

A husband, who was going to his office in a high building, had just taken the next elevator, she not finding him come down as he went up, and in the way they continued to pass each other, going up and down in a regular see-saw about half a dozen times. At last the husband, getting out of patience, sat down on the stairs and waited half an hour for her to come down, while she, getting out of patience at the same time, waited half an hour upstairs for him to come up.

The elevator man said he hoped they would meet in heaven.

Miss Frances Willard's belief that bicyclists have a tendency to decrease the drink habit is well founded. By the average young man pays for repairs on his wheel he hasn't much left to blow in, all salacious.

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

Items of General Interest to Free Press Readers.

Make Yourself Strong.

If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and pernicious coughs and colds. There ill attack the weak and run down system. They can find a foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality, the appetite good and digestion vigorous, with Hood's Balsarap. It's the true blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ill, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

In America the Christians roast their turkey; in Europe the Turkey roasts the Christians.

Do Not Believe It.

Do not believe that Norville will cure neuralgia almost instantly. If your teeth aches console yourself with the reflection that pain can last forever. Don't use Norville it might stop the pain. Rheumatism is difficult to cure, especially on rubbing the old stiff joints. It is a matter of respect to your Grandfather's aunt. Norville is a new discovery that is itself ought to condemn it. Therefore owing to the old, suffer pain; avoid the use of Norville, the most powerful, penetrating, and certain pain remedy in the world.

The measure of a merchant's success is gauged, not by the goods he sells, but by the proportion of his receipts to his expenditures.

Lungs Closed Up.

Gervis.—In the early part of the winter I caught a bad cold, followed by a severe cough. I could not sleep, I could not stand up. I could walk only for a yard without stopping to catch my breath. I went to Dr. Miller's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion and before I had finished the third bottle the cough was gone—I could breathe freely and felt like a new man. I advise all sufferers from coughs, colds or asthma, to give Miller's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion a trial.

JOHN S. HILL,
Tenny Cape, Hants Co., N. S.

CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE of the Age.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, IT CURES

Diarrhoea, Bronchitis, Coughs, etc.

USED EXTERNALLY, IT CURES

Cuts, Bruises, Blisters, Sprains, Swelling, Pains in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosty Feet.

OUR ARTICLE IS MUCH MORE POPULAR THAN EVER BEFORE.

DR. WOOD'S

Norway Pine Syrup.

BUT IN THE HEALING VIRTUE OF THIS PINE COMBINED WITH THE OTHER HERBS AND BARKS.

COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL, and LUNG DISEASES.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT.

PRICE FIVE AND FIFTY PENCE PER BOTTLE.

MADE BY ALL PHARMACEUTISTS.

ONE QUESTION OF LAW AND CUSTOM LIKELY TO ARREST ANY DAY IS WHETHER HER BLOOMERS WILL JUSTIFY HIS BRANCHES OF PROMISE.

YELLOW OIL USED INTERNALLY OR EXTERNALLY AS CROUP, ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, AND SIMILAR COMPLAINTS.

USED INTERNALLY IT CURES RHEUMATIC, SPRAINING, HEADACHE, ETC.

PRICE FIVE AND FIFTY PENCE PER BOTTLE.

SHILOH'S CURE.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, CROUP, CROUP, SORE THROAT.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. B. Hawley, Chattanooga, Tenn., says:

SHILOH'S CURE.

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