

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair falling. One half a bottle cured me." — J. C. Baker, Bradwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way.

It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair.

My druggist cannot supply you now as we have sold out and will re-supply you as soon as possible. For more and general information about Ayer's Hair Vigor, write to J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Acton Free Press
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1902.

The Young Folks.

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.
Departing year! How thy knell
Rounds through the midnight air,
As blithely as if bidding bold
Call for our voices of mirth.
We ring them in the old year,
Leave back lots of years,
We bid the coming time with hope,
A promise to thy heart.

But those new jingles will not chime,
Grieve that old bell's bemoan.
Years will fly, and other times,
These lasses will be old.
We think of friends of other years,
Never dear voices will be known,
These lasses of years can not offend,
Not true from us never.
Still sound rings the New Year's bells,
As though they were the same;
The hand that rings the bell,
Whose hands will be known.

BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR.
Pronouncing the new year, let us remember that our life is before us as the keyboard of an organ is before the musician. The musician knows the possibilities of the keyboard. Through it he can translate into real life the whole world of music. Through it he can make the master-pieces of the past live again. Through it he can reconstruct the grand musical thoughts of the old masters, and send them vibrating and in the air, and thrilling us through the atmosphere.

From the year's end, let us remember that life is before us at the horizon, as before the landscape painter. The painter knows the possibilities of the canvas. He knows that there are scenes of nature yet to be translated into the colors of his art. There was a time when landscape-painters were ignorant of the possibilities of their subject. They felt that all of the grand outlooks had been committed to nature, and that the future would consist only in copying. Their anxiety was well-justified. Those who were disengaged in unknown fields of labor, were compelled to make up for the want of originality. God speed the year! It is full of rich and new subjects for brush and pencil. May this be the last of the limitations of life. The possibilities of human life are innumerable and infinite as the universe, and the duration of the mortal soul. This is what we wish to write upon our hearts as we leave the old year and step across the threshold into the new year. Our years are numbered, but the influences possible to our years are unnumbered and never-dying. We are, by the help of Divine grace, at the coming year with doors at the eternal life of God. To do this is to apply our hearts unto wisdom.

THE EDUCATED MAN.

D. L. Moody, in answer to the question, "What do you consider the chief characteristic distinguishing the educated from the uneducated?" said:

"The educated man has greater ability of being able to think more systematically. He has at his command a mass of facts, and is trained to use the faculty of reason.

What special advantages does the college-trained man gain over the self-taught man, so-called?

"The educated man has the advantage of being able to think more systematically.

"He has at his command a mass of facts,

and is trained to use the faculty of reason.

Wormwood and Iodine either in children or adults, when Dr. Lee's Worm Syrup is good. 25 cents. All standard."

RETHOVEN'S WINE.

The composer Hausek was possessed of a great talent, but which remained nothing to match the comic humor of Castle. It is related of him that one day his brother, who was very fond of a little piece of property between, called on him, but found him not, so he left it and inquired: "Where is your Hausek, the landlord?" Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back: "If I see Hausek, bring him to me."

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

Mrs. Pritchard—I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamt I dreamed I did something that made me drop dead.

Mr. Pritchard—What was it? I did, Mrs. Pritchard?

Mrs. Pritchard—You know me, I dream for Christmas.

YOUR FOOTSTEPS.

By the depth of his footstep in the earth, the Indians tell the weight of a man. Do you tread shallow or deep? Perhaps you would like to weigh more? If you are below weight and find that ordinary food does not build you up try Scott's Emulsion.

It is not a drug but a food that time has shown to have a real value in such cases as yours.

We send you a bottle of our Scott's Emulsion.

SCOTT'S EMULSION.

10 and 25 cent. 100 dashes.

SMYTHE'S.

At a Christmas entertainment last year the superintendent, a western man, invited the children, made a little speech before the presents upon the tree were distributed to the children. During his remarks he said, "Smythe where we come to give out these bags of candy, some boy or girl doesn't get any. I hope, that every child who gets a bag will do the same and West, divide."

Young Smythe, after the speech, went to the platform through the children didn't understand the superintendent's remarks. He finished his speech and when people asked him, "What's the matter?" he said, "They don't know what to do with me."

"What?" exclaimed the superintendent. "Oh, yes, they do." And he turned to the school. "How many boys have known what to do with me?"

"None," said the superintendent.

"Then I'll reward the school," he said, "and the teacher, too, for not giving any reward when the body is poorly nourished when you are weak, rundown, despondent or sheepish." Smythe's Candy Compound has been the answer, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and cures the heart. A. E. Brown, Druggist, Acton, Ont.

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