

## Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It made me feel so well, it completely made me feel perfectly well." — Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured.

Ask your druggist what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He will tell you that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine we will be satisfied.

— A. T. Brown, New York City.

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1902.

The Young Folks.

PROHIBITION.

Prohibition must win the day. Let a who will gainsay that. Though Temperance folk still scoff They're "fools" and "cranks" and "bad."

For a' that and a' that. That's the slogan and that. They'll step up and toe the mark, Or feel the birch stig' at that.

They call it prohibition foul. "Twill never pay, and a' that; They're twill make things twice as bad."

And women folk don't know—that. For a' that and a' that.

We're bound to have a' that. "Tis not our plan to kankle down And say we're beat and a' that.

The ribbon White shall fan the breeze 'Fra Windsor town and a' that.' 'Tis O'was banks w'ld force trees To stand tall and straight and a' that."

Now they're bound to have a' that. "Twas arguments and a' that."

The drinkers' bairnies cry we hear, And will o' wive and a' that.

Let come what may, will win the day.

In favor berries and a' that. The Giant shall to weakness come To the earth's Vale and a' that.

For the world's a' that. His armor bright and a' that.

The Hosts of Israel conquering God.

Shall win the day for a' that,

Not let us say, that come it may,

As come it may, and a' that.

The white-washed dove of Temperance Shall be the world, and a' that.

For a' that and a' that.

With a' that and a' that.

May men no hand-to-hand w'ld God,

And brothers be for a' that.

— IDA H. UNQUOTE.

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE AND WHO MAKES THEM.

A lady happened to be passing a publichouse in West Kensington just as a little girl was coming out of it with a brimming jug of beer. Seeing the child stop to drink greedily, the lady spoke to her, and, taking the child aside of the matter as easiest to be understood, asked if she did not know what was wrong to drink her mother's beer. The answer was: "O, but Mr. (the name) told me he had put some in mine, and that mother would still be in it if I left him." And it is nice! Wouldn't you like to taste it? He gave me this too," displaying a handful of sweets. "I'm to have them when I go in, and Mrs. So-and-So has promised to let me fetch her beer, too!" The child was not eight years old, and, as Mrs. So-and-So lived near, the lady made it her business to call and remonstrate, finally succeeding in obtaining a promise that the little creature should not be sent again. A day or two later this same woman accosted the lady in the street to inform her she had kept her promise, but that the child had "gone on driftwood" when told she was not to drink. She followed her back, for her more "ascavining and crying like anything." There, sir, is a drunkard of less than eight in rapid process of formation.

ON THE TRAIL OF FAME.

"And now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" asked a friend of the youthful candidate.

"I shall study medicine," was the brave reply of the young man.

"But I don't that profession already overswallowed?" asked the friend.

"Possibly it is," answered the knowing friend. "I intend to study medicine just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances."

HENT-DAY ABOLISHED.

The French simpleton, Monsieur Calmo, sometimes turns out to be a wise man. Some of his friends were recently talking about the tercios of ventura. —

"The day used to be terrible to me," said Monsieur Calmo, "but I have found a way to deprive it of all its horrors."

"How do you do it?" they all asked.

"I pay my rent the day before," he answered.

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.

— A. T. Brown.

## BROWNING ON REALISM.

I recollect that a certain day, when he had knelt slightly years ago in Rome, and bidden today in the street audience with "oh, Mr. Brown! Browning, the very person I wished to see!" This was somewhat embarrassing, as he did not recognize his former acquaintance in the least; so she hurriedly explained to him who she once had been—the wife of an English banker in Rome, and whom she then was—the wife of an Italian Commissario di Provincia!

"And what, pray, can I do for you?" asked Mr. Browning.

"I have written a poem," was her answer, "and I wish to read it to you, and you will think of it; so there and then she brought forth a manuscript from her pocket, and was about to read it aloud to him when he stopped her saying,

"Not here, and here had we no better go into a shop!"

So, as they chanced to be near the library on the Plaza, they stepped into a bookshop, and the title and dedication of the poem was read. It was addressed to a French novelist, whom the author called the "Jenner of literature." Mr. Browning was pleased, but, as he said, he managed to conceal his real sentiments, for money refunded.—A. T. Brown.

No one in this vicinity is likely to feel the poet's insertion that "April has many moods."

All Pump and Rose.

Half the plump and rosy children in the world could be collected. In either place it would be interesting to know how many of them owe their health and strength to Scott's Emulsion.

By avoiding their first quarrel a married couple will never have a son.

Brain Food Nonpareil.

Another delicious food has been handed by the most competent authorities. They have dispensed the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for the brain, another for the muscles, and still another for the bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its instrument is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance to prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses daily, stimulate the liver, to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get this reliable remedy at Wm. E. Brinkley.

You cannot be false to your friend and true to yourself.

Cumbersome and inconvenient forbidden fruit to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their hearts' content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dyspepsia Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

The world is full of people who are looking for something to turn up, but doing nothing to turn it.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders are easy to take, harmless in action and easy to cure any headache in from 5 to 30 minutes.

Nothing falls into the mouth of a sleeping fox.

NATURE SMILING WHILE THOUSANDS SUFFER.

PAINES' CELERY COMPOUND. The Great Spring Health Giver Makes Kick People Well.

When spring comes with its gentle showers, fair balmy air, its bright sunshines and luring birds, it too often brings to our human scenes of suffering and physical decay.

The seeds of disease which were imperceptively germinating during the winter months, have developed and planted in the system dangers that now demand our instant care and attention. Neglect and procrastination will only deepen existing peril and lead to death.

Before the advent of spring, you have noted symptoms, perhaps of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, kidney disease, liver complaint, functional irregularities or nervous disorders.

If you have experienced pains in the joints, muscles or limbs, incrcating pain in the face or head, stomach derangements, bile, dulce of food, pain in the back and loins, swelling of hands or feet, frequent urinating, with highly colored urine, loss of energy, torpid liver, constipation or impure blood—all of these are warnings of disease.

Take warning, sufferers! Delay not another day; hasten and insist on your fate, who may forever seal your doom.

If you have already made a promise to hand and remonstrate, finally succeeding in obtaining a promise that the little creature should not be sent again. A day or two later this same woman accosted the lady in the street to inform her she had kept her promise, but that the child had "gone on driftwood" when told she was not to drink her mother's beer.

The answer was: "O, but Mr. (the name) told me he had put some in mine, and that mother would still be in it if I left him."

And it is nice! Wouldn't you like to taste it? He gave me this too," displaying a handful of sweets.

"I'm to have them when I go in, and Mrs. So-and-So has promised to let me fetch her beer, too!" The child was not eight years old, and, as Mrs. So-and-So lived near, the lady made it her business to call and remonstrate, finally succeeding in obtaining a promise that the little creature should not be sent again. A day or two later this same woman accosted the lady in the street to inform her she had kept her promise, but that the child had "gone on driftwood" when told she was not to drink her mother's beer.

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