

The Action Free Press  
THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1907.

TALK HAPPINESS.

"Talk happiness! Not now and then, but every blessed day. And let your life reflect, at least, the joy of what You say. There's no room here for him Who whitens up on us. You're good. Honour, son, the world is bad enough without Your woes. Talk happiness every chance you get. You're good and strong! Look for it in The byways as you grimly pass along. Life is a stranger now. Come visit never. That talk'll soon find That you and happiness Are one."

THE OTHER SIDE WORKS.

The head clerk, the bookkeeper and the window-washer looking out the office window at a gang of laborers shoveling snow in the street. The boss of the gang was not in sight, and the men, consequently, were "talking."

"Look at the fellow in front there with the pipe," Ha!" exclaimed the bookkeeper. "He's really taken one smoke! Now another! He must be losing his mind."

"Pif bat," laughed the head clerk, "he won't throw that shovelfuling that quick I thought it was broth!"

"One, two, three," began the cashier. "You lose. There it goes. But now he's resting."

"This fellow back here," said the bookkeeper, "hasn't done a stroke since he been watching."

"And look at that human glacier with the old car on. You have to drive stakes and sight signs on to see whether he is moving at all."

"And look at that head clerk, sticking his pen behind his ear, and putting one foot on the chair. "That's a sample of the way these city employees do us taxpayers out of money right along. There isn't a good man on the whole street department gang. Now if we could throw some of the grafters there in the city hall and put in a decent city government, we could get a bunch of live men who would push the snow off the streets in a hurry."

"It's an outrage," said the bookkeeper, "that the trouble isn't altogether the men; it's the bosses. That has them doesn't care a rap whether the men keep at work or not. If he got his job through his political pull."

"Out in our town," said the cashier, "we have a man who has his business. When I came in this morning, the streets were clean."

"Look," cried the bookkeeper excitedly. "That old buck in front there has his shovel ready for another stroke."

The three men laughed. Then there was a step behind them. The head of the firm had come in. As his three employees turned and saw him they galvanized themselves into action and scrambled back to their desks. The head of the firm had a grim smile on his face. He had heard a good part of the conversation.

THAT WAS ENOUGH.

A young Frenchman in the sophomore class at an American college was invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung, in honor of the foreigner, a number of French songs, and they were given in the best American-French style.

"I say, old man," observed one of the sophomores, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman, "only sick."

HIS OFF DAZE.

At a reception where many literary people were being entertained an inquisitive lady was talking with James Whitcomb Riley on the subject of the poor pueri in the profession of literature.

"But you, Mr. Riley," said she, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand you at a dollar a word for all you write."

"Yes, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl; "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a single word."

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The available output of the Tilbury gas field is placed at forty million feet per day.

The plan to open the Jamtown Extension on Sundays has failed, owing to the refusal of the Federal Government to sanction the project.

Mr. Collingwood Schreiber states that the Grand Trunk Pacific rails will be laid from Winnipeg to Saskatoon this year.

It is expected that a party of engineering and science students from various universities will visit Canada shortly.

BELIEVE IN YOUR TIME AND PLACE.

Silently and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, and there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope and believe in work. Only to a self-respect which endures even the greatest privation can you be expected duty, for God speaks his great and blessed messages and be completely understood.

—Phillips Brooks.

The virtue of a man is measured by his every-day conduct.—Pascal.

To do the common duty of each day uncommonly well,—that is success.—Sealeo.

FALL FAIR DATES.

Toronto..... Aug. 25-Sept. 9  
London..... Sept. 1-12  
Burlington..... Sept. 17-18-19  
Sept. 20  
Oakville..... Sept. 21-27  
Georgetown..... Oct. 1-3  
Waterloo..... Oct. 4-5  
Markham..... Oct. 6-7  
Milton..... Oct. 8-11  
Guelph..... Oct. 12-13  
Brantford..... Oct. 14-17

VIOLATING THE UNITIES.  
Theatrical folk, as a rule, cannot resist the temptation to respond to applause. It is music to their ears. To "get a hand" gratifies the ambition of the humblest actor and the "star" alike, and they are prompt to render their acknowledgment, regardless of the shock it may give to the illusion of the play.

A well-known actor had taken the part of the hero in a drama in which it was necessary for him to be killed off in the most dramatic manner in the last act. He had a tremendous appearance by dying in a most realistic manner. The curtain was down, but the hand-clapping was insistent, and he appeared before the curtain, bowing and smiling.

"Go back," yelled a deeply interested but horrified little boy in the gallery. "Don't you know you're dead?"

BRAD.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest train.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of ours, and the telegraph poles have been like a judge."

"We've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Ha," said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country, and we passed a field of flowers and gold ornaments, then a field of valises and parcels, then a pond of water, and we were going along that quick I thought it was broth!"

A USE FOR MAN.

"Do I enjoy the freedom of a latrine?" exclaimed the bachelorette bitterly. "Look at the hands holding short and raw handfuls of keys."

"Piff bat," said the head clerk, "I have to carry all of them all the time. This is one of the keys to the studio building, this to my own studio, this to my club, this to my chamber at the club, this to my desk, this to the secret drawer of the desk, this is a trunk, this to another, this to my letter box, this to my sewing machine—O, yes, the woman who comes to clean my studio would do her annual sewing there if I didn't stop her in the piano—keep the woman from using it, of course,—this is the key to the piano—keep the piano—I forgot what it is, but I know I need it often. I simply wear out luggage around a wristbag big enough to hold them all. I assure you, my dear, that if you ever hear I have committed matrimony I will tell all my friends I need a man to carry my keys for me."—The Scot.

SUNDAY clothes may cover a multitude of sins but they cannot hide them.

The cream of society is not obtained by removing the milk of human kindness.

They Advertise Themselves.—Invariably they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the reports they made for themselves. That reputation has grown until it now ranks among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia, diarrhoea, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague, and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

The man who most deserves our pity is the poor fellow who has no pity for the poor.

*E. H. Grove*  
His signature is on every box of the genuine  
E. H. GROVE BROMO-QUININE tablets  
the wonder that makes a child so one day

The great man never knows any little men; they are all great men to him.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
*Cast. H. Fletcher*

—Many a joy remains undiscovered until our eyes are dimmed with sorrow.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Extraminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children, and should be expelled from the system.

It is no use talking about looking up if your life will not bear looking into.

As the Old Hound in the Pain Huie Out—had the best of the body the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under latent flection and the patient obtains almost instant relief. The results of the use of Dr. Thomas' Elixerine Oil have surprised many who were unacquainted with its qualities, and once known it will not be refuted. Try it.

**UNRIPE FRUIT, CHANGE OF WATER, COLDS, IMPROPER DIET CAUSE DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER COMPLAINT, ETC.**

These annoying bowel complaints may be quickly and effectively cured by the use of:

**DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY**

This wonderful remedy has been on the market for over thirty years and in using it you will be surprised.

Be sure when asking for Wild Strawberry you get Dr. Fowler's and don't let the unscrupulous dealer palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Mrs. Gordon Holmer, Navan, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and never found any other medicine to equal it. There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's."

Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I was recommended it highly to anyone."

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