

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1906
A MEMBER OF CIRCUS.

Hand times is over when the sun is shining bright.
An old man said, "I have to min' de price o' coal,
When do trees is dressed up pretty, an' all bowin' polito.
Day you can't help but smile to save your soul.
You ramble from de clever,
An' you listen to a song.
Hand times is over.
When a new person comes along,
Oh, he is like the river, jes' a-pulin'
to be caught.
An' if the bread all happens to be gone,
It don't make much difference, even if it can't be bought.
Day's always white folks you kin' stand upon,
Honesty's the best, and strong.
Dar ain't no mod' o' money.
When de sunshiner comes along.

ONTARIO'S LIQUOR LICENSING.
There are two possibilities about liquor licenses under the Ontario law which we do not take sufficiently into account in public discussions of the liquor traffic. The temporary venture and the personal ownership of the license.

A license is a permit to sell alcoholic liquor and such a franchise must be given to a person. It may be conditional in a variety of ways, but the permit is given to a person and not to a house or a place. One of the conditions of a hotel license is that the licensee must keep hotel in suitable premises, but the license is to the man, not to the premises. It is given to permit the man to sell the stuff in the premises specified.

The license is given to the person for a limited period, namely, one year. If it is not renewed he has no ground of complaint, for he knows before he takes it that it will be valid for the year specified. There is no "good will" in a yearly license except in so far as custom permits it to be recognized. There is no legal title to such good will, and it should not be allowed to stand in the way of social improvement.—Mercury.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A little boy was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I mustn't do to."

"What's she?"

"My mother," replied Jim, rather softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strung enough to hand in with. I ain't afraid; you know I'm not; only she didn't want no to, and I can't do it."

"Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

LOVE AND LOSS.

We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no analogies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. The transmits everything to us. Age seizes the heart, and the heart plies for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of the matting child. Let live them more by love sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these recitals, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that!

I want little petting
For life's little joys.

For 'He harder to be brave
When foolish age coms creeping.

Just a little petting
At life's setting.

For I'm old, alone, and tired
And my life's work done.

—Humble Review.

FRENCH MONEY DIDN'T COUNT.

This is a story of an American banker who lost his son in Paris and informed his Paris bankers to meet the young man's drafts as they came along. It was long before it became necessary for the Paris bankers to notify the indulgent parent that his account was overdrawn 100,000. The father, who had more or less contempt for things French, sent this reply:

"If you mean pounds, send him home; if you mean dollars, tell him to be careful; if you mean those little things called francs, let him have all he wants."

A GOOD REASON.

Bertie, aged two years, had just returned from the School, School, Galt, payed for by his parents and paid, "Bertie, who made you?" "De Lord made me," said Bertie. "What did He make you for?" asked mamma. Bertie thought a moment, and then, with love and trust shining in his face, he replied, "So no wouldn't be lonely, mummy!"

MAKING OUR ASSOCIATIONS.

If you are thrown into the society of associates who are not helpful, counteract it by reading the best books, thinking the most uplifting thoughts, and keeping your mental life on the highest plane. By the aid of the public libraries we can make our associations helpful and inspiring, regardless of the qualities of the people by whom we are surrounded.

THOSE WHO TAKE THE PRIZES.

The boy who meets hard places before he gets out of boyhood is not altogether to be pitied. For the vast majority of life's infants go to those who are apt to lead to having easy times. It is very difficult to detect one who, all the way up has been accustomed to fighting against odds.

There is no pleasure beyond the rules of righteously toward others; there is no pleasure in what befalls another.—W. K. Lusk.

CORRECTING HER ANSWER.

A teacher from the Oakfield School was teaching a primary class the beginning of arithmetic.

"Now I have one pencil in my right hand and two in my left," she said. "How many pencils have I?" Helen may answer."

"Two," piped a small voice.

"Then one and one makes two, do they not?"

"Sure."

The teacher frowned at the disconcerted answer.

"That's hardly what you should have said," she said. "Will some one in the class tell Helen what her answer should have been?"

There was a moment of hesitation. Then one known the shot should definitely into the air.

"At, James, quickly tell Helen what should have said."

"Hans, Mike!" shouted Jimmie, in a tone of triumph.

A LITTLE MIXED.

A tall man who had been speaking with another man and who wondered why the other man acted so quietly, says the Cleveland Leader, saw a boy on his side trying to keep from laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the tall man.

"I'm laughing at what you said to that man who just shook hands with you," answered the boy.

"I don't remember that I said anything to him."

"Well, when he asked you if you didn't know him, you said, 'Your name is familiar, but really I can't recall your face!'"

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS.

MADE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. J. Szlakowski, Qu., writes us: "I desire to inform you that I have a Burdock Blood Bitter." Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do nothing for me. I then turned to the Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I am able to eat to all suffices. I am experiencing it to the best I ever had. Nothing for me like it. D.B.B."

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CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought
of Chat H. Fletcher

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Third: Our customers are supplied with just what they ask for; substitution is never allowed.

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