

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1890.

"OUR KINHODON"

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand.
Faith, hope and courage together are
going.

Heeding a helping hand,
Turns his darkness a beam of your
light.

Kind to guide him a beacon bright,
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his
affliction.

Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and
cold.

Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.

Under his burden put both hands kind
and strong;

Speak him tenderly, sing him a
song;

Haste to do something to help him
alone.

Over every way,

—Philadelphia Delinquer.

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

Thank God, some of us have, and
others have had, an old-fashioned
mother. Not a woman of the parson's
choiced and polished, but she has
children, and she has health; whereas
those so-called bairns have never felt

the clasp of her bairn's fingers; but
a dear old-fashioned, sweet-voiced
mother, with eyes in which the love-
light shone and brown hair threaded
with silver, lying smooth on her faded
cheek.

Those dear bairns were born with
toll, gently guided our tottering steps
to childhood and smoothed our pillow
in sickness; even reaching out to us in
yearning tenderness, when her sweet
spirit was baptized in the pebbly spray
of the river. Blest is the memory of
an old-fashioned mother. It beats
to me like a heart-beat, past me like
some woodland blossoms. The music
of other voices may be lost but en-
trancing memory of home will echo to
our souls, forever. Other places will
fade away and be forgotten, but her's
will shine on until the light from
heaven's portal shall glorify our own.

When in the fitful pause of busy life
we rest waster back to the home-
stead, and crossing the well worn
threshold, standing once more in the
low, quaint room, as hallowed by her
presence, how the feeling of childhood
innocence and dependence comes over
us, and we kneel down in the moisten
sunshine, stretching out our hands to
her, knelt by our mother's knee,

Holding "Our Father." How many
times when the temper lured us on
in the memory of those sacred hours,
that mother's words, her faith and
prayers, saved us from sin. Years
have filled great drifts over between
her and us, but they have not hidden
from our sight the glory of her un-
selfish love.

NO SUFFERING TOO GREAT

Not long since, a young woman,
suffering with an incurable disease,
applied for admission to a hospital
a Southern city.

"I know I must die," she said simply
to the attending physician, "but do
something to keep me alive for a while
while my last hours are near. It is a few
years they will not need me so much."

For one chance lay in a very painful
operation, but her heart was so weak
that the surgeon dared not administer
an anesthetic. Very gently he ex-
plained the situation—the operation
would make but a year's difference at
most; it seemed hardly worth while
to suffer so much for so brief a respite;
she would have to go home and—wait,
but the little woman shook her head.

With mother-love shining in her
eyes she allowed herself to be strapped
upon the operating-table and there
willingly underwent the torture of the
knife that gave her a few months to
devote to her precious babies. —The
March Delinquer.

SWIFT DESTRUCTION

We sat upon the sea shore and wall-
ed for its gradual approaches, and have
seen its dancing waves and white surf,
and admired that He who measured it
with His hand had given it life and
motion; and we lingered till its gentle
waters grew into mighty billows, and
had well-nigh swept us from our firm
footing. So we have seen some of the
boldness youth of our town gazing
with our spirits upon sweet scenes
and romantic episodes, and, trusting
pleasures and joys, till they have de-
tained their eyes and imprisoned their
feet and they have been swept to
swift destruction.

A CHILD'S INSTINCT

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon
when mother and little boy were haw-
ing their accustomed Bible reading.

He sat on her lap while she read to
him the Twenty-third Psalm. Little
fellow though he was, the tender,
beautiful words seemed to stir his
thought. Mother read to the end and
then waited without a word; little boy
was silent too, for a moment; then,
raising up and stroking mother's cheek,
said softly:

"What is a little boy without his
mama?"

LITTLE SISTER WAS GRATEFUL

Little Gladys, age four, was being
taught to express thanks when the
occasion demanded. When she did
not do so some member of the family
would ask "What do you say, Gladys?"

which would bring forth the desired
results. One evening Gladys and the
young man who is to marry her sister
were in the parlor. "Well, Gladys,"

said the young man, "I guess I'll
marry Nertie and take her away,

"What do you say?" replied the little girl
politely.

REALLY, ALL THE SAME

As the mail train was stopping
an old lady, not accustomed to travel-
ling haled the passing conductor and
asked—

"Conductor, what door shall I get
out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," gravely
answered the conductor. "The car
stops at both ends."

Recognized as the leading specific
for the treatment of worms, Mother
Grove's Worm Extruder has
paved a home to suffering children
everywhere. It seldom fails.

A MOTHER'S TALK TO MOTHERS

What Zan-Buk Did for a Western
Home

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selfish love.

Here is just one illustration of the
wisdom of keeping a box of Zan-Buk
always handy. It is a true record of
the varied uses to which this great
product is put every day. In fact, one
family, and during a few months only,
Mrs. G. J. Irwin, of 307 William
Avenue, Whinlun, makes the report
as follows:

"I have found Zan-Buk so very
useful as a household balm that I want to
make its merits still more widely
known. Some eight weeks ago my
brother, Mr. C. P. Proctor, happened with
a serious accident. Whilst at work, a
renty nail penetrated the palm of his
right hand. The rest of the nail passed
through the palm, drew out the
pocket, and allayed all inflammation.
Healing then commenced, and in
a few days he was able to resume
work.

"Six weeks ago my husband, Mr. C.
J. Irwin, while returning from work
quite late in the evening, was bitten
by a dog, the teeth penetrating
the heel of his right foot above the
ankle. Directly he came home Zan-Buk
was applied to the wound, and in
a few days the soreness was gone and
the wound thoroughly healed.

"A third instance of the healing
power of Zan-Buk was provided when
my little boy had a nasty cut. He is
five years old, and was playing one
day when he fell. His head struck on
a sharp stone, which cut a nasty gash.
As soon as I had washed the cut I
applied Zan-Buk in the usual way,
and it was really wonderful how quickly
it relieved the little fellow's pain.
Within a week the cut—a deep one
was quite healed.

"Every mother who once proves the
all-round value of Zan-Buk will never
again be without it."

Zan-Buk is a pure herbal balm, and
cures cuts, burns, blisters, abscesses,
ulcers, eczema, scabs, ringworm,
chapped hands, cold-sore, frost-bite,
bad leg, inflamed patches, etc.

It also cures ulcers. Used as an emollient
it will be found to remove rheumatism,
sciatica, and neuralgia. All druggists
and stores sell at 25¢ a box, or post
free from Zan-Buk Co., Toronto, for
price.

THE TENDER PASSION

Hate bathes out all antidotes, and
that is love. One touch of love will
heal all wounds that hate inflicts.

Love is true, ingenuous and blind.

Nor will it be wed to envy or deceit or
wrath with fear in gloomy nooks of
ill foreboding, for love is gentle eyed
and credulous as a sucking babe, fears
naughty nor faults at another's fortune.

Love's voice is soft and sweet as is
the song of turtle-doves. Its touch
medicinal as balm of healing herbs.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA

As is well known, this troublesome com-
plaint arises from the eating of too
much rich food, neglected constipation,
lack of exercise, bad air, etc.

The food must be well-chewed, a
large portion bolted or swallowed in haste,
stimulants must be avoided and exercise
taken if possible.

Love's cure which has rarely failed to give

prompt relief and effect permanent cures
even in the most obstinate cases, is

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It acts by regulating and toning the dig-
estive organs, removing constipation and
increasing the appetite and restoring health

and vigor to the system.

Mr. W. H. Smith, of the Gold River, N.B.,

writes: "I was greatly troubled with
dyspepsia, and after trying several doctors
and various nostrums, Dr. Woods' Bur-
dock Blood Bitters and I think it is the best
medicine there is for that complaint."

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

GEO. D. PRINGLE

THE JEWELLER

CHECKERS ON THE BLACKBOARD

In the season between winter and spring
there is much wet weather, and playgrounds are
apt to be muddy, so that most boys are forced to
seek some unusual means of amusement.

On very wet days, when recess
is to be spent indoors, the blackboard affords a
chance for many good games.

Boys can play checkers, or chess, or
any game that requires a board and marking on it.

As each place is moved it is pushed out
and drawn on a new square.—The March
Delineator.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

W. S. CHISHOLM, Manager.

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS

One Dollar, or upwards, will open an account.

FARMER'S SALE NOTES

We have special facilities for collecting these,

at a low rate of interest.

JOINT ACCOUNTS—When requested, we will open accounts in two names, so that either one may draw the money, husband or wife, etc.

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