

# The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1914

## FRIENDSHIP

You can buy, if you've got money, all you need to eat and drink & keep you healthy. You can pay for bread and honey, and can keep your palate sweet! But when trouble comes to find you, and when you're in need of help, for the gentle hand and friendship that you need you cannot pay. You can buy with gold and silver things you've got to have to wear! You can buy what's useful when your vision is bright and fair! But when clouds begin to gather and trouble rules the day You can't buy a friend worth while to come you by.

For the hand that's warm and gripping and the heart that's tender, too, Are what all men living sigh for when they are most in need of help! And you'll hate the gold you've gathered when you've lost your health If you have to bear your troubles and your sorrows all alone."

"Well," said Billy, "I would never suspect that all these things of living that the coins of gold afford. But you'll be the poorest man and the saddest in the end When the clouds of trouble gather—and you're hungry for a friend."

—Detroit Free Press.

## THE REAL REASON

Among a party of Bostonians who spent some time in a hunting camp in Maine were two college professors. No sooner had the learned gentlemen arrived than their attention was attracted by the unusual position of the stove, which was set on posts about four feet high.

This circumstance afforded one of the professors an immediate opportunity to comment upon the knowledge that woodmen gain by observation.

"Now," said he, "this man has discovered that heat emanating from a stove strikes the roof and that the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required were the stove in its regular place on the floor."

But the other professor ventured the opinion that the stove was elevated to be above the window in order that cool and pure air could be had at night.

The heat, being of a practical turn, thought that the stove was not high in order to get a good supply of green wood could be placed under it.

After much argument, they called the guide and asked why the stove was in such a position.

The man grinned. "Well, gentle," he explained, "when I brought the stove up the river I had most of the stovepipe over board so we had to set the stove up that way so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."

## MAGNIFICENCE

The making of friends who are real friends is the best token we have of man's success in life.—Edward Everett Hale.

Give to a generous master a host of tongue, but let ill tidings tell themselves.—Shakespeare.

Bolton says: "He who unawares a master before he hears it is a fool, and who has still room about his head when he may drown."

In the olden days Old Maids are what my father called—outfit spades like the tefid and lip sloven and the hospitable.

When my mamma was young a lady who did not care a husband was called an old maid, and all the women who were married to drink and lead that they had to take in boarders to support, locked down on her and were terribly sorry for her, and always spoke of her as "poor Mary."

Now a lady who does not marry is called a bachelor girl and she has her own pocket-book, and her face massaged and her hair waved and lots of good clothes and no body to knock what she does and all the married women say her, and say, "Oh, you clever creature!"

I am an old maid, although I thought I was new once and I said, "Miss Leibowitz, are you an old maid?" And she said, "Certainly not, you impertinent little brat, I am simply an unappropriated blushing."

The Old Maid must have been a queer-looking creature, for she seems to have been mostly nose, while she was always poking into other people's affairs. Also she had lots of tongue, that was not caused but the other kind that is picked.

Old maids did not have any homes of their own but they lived with other people who did not want them, and who thought that they were very kind to filter this, or Cousin Sally because they gave her hand and clothes for doing the work of two servants.

The girl bachelor lives by herself and her relatives are very polite her baccalaureate buys shoes for the children and pays for little Hale's music lessons. The Old Maid used to wear a great deal and she had a yellow letter and a faded rose.

The girl bachelor has not got a yellow letter and a faded rose. She has got a check book and a good job and she tells awful true stories that make people laugh.

My mother and the girls who live in the old maid's house think that they are most useful service for they keep the people stirred up all the time and give them something to talk about, and that many communities would rise of stagnation if it were not for the old maid in it.

I asked my father what was the difference between an old maid and a girl bachelor, and he said that an old maid was a woman who wanted to marry and couldn't, and a girl bachelor was a woman who could marry and wouldn't.

I do not know whether I would rather be an old maid or a widow when I grow up.—Dorothy Rice.

He who never is satisfied can never be satisfied to others.—Dante de Lava.

Health is wealth—except for the dog, too.

Obesity lives much longer than fame. Hope is a pleasant tie that is frequently punctured.

You often can lead with the silicon coil of love but all the odds of logic would

## DRUNKENNESS IN GERMANY

The drunkenness of the Germans in France and Belgium has been particularly surprising to many British people who have visited Germany and come home to report that you never see drunkards there. Again and again has the British press reported the German's contempt for his own countrymen. But the British press' is to German society, says a writer in the London Daily Chronicle, largely rests upon the fact that the average English tourist confines himself to the front streets of German towns, where the police are active in preserving appearances. A bicycle tour in South Germany a few years ago revealed the truth to me. We saw plenty of the back streets and alleys that marked the German's position, in entering and leaving the towns, and we know no place in Ypres which had four companies in the matter of soldiers with any of those towns on a Saturday or Sunday evening.

## The Cause of Dyspepsia

### The Symptoms and The Cure.

#### THE CAUSE.

"Too rapid eating, eating too much, and often, especially chewing the food, taking too much tea, drinking too much, and indulging in improper diet generally."

#### THE SYMPTOMS.

Variable appetite, rising and souring of food, heartburn, wind in the stomach, a feeling of weight in the stomach, in fact, any disorder of the stomach, which is bad enough, and that the food you eat does not seem to agree with you.

#### THE CURE.

Variable appetite, rising and souring of food, heartburn, wind in the stomach, a feeling of weight in the stomach, in fact, any disorder of the stomach, which is bad enough, and that the food you eat does not seem to agree with you.

#### BURDOK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. E. Williamson, Wheeler, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer for years from dyspepsia, and could scarcely stand it. I have tried every kind of medicine, and I am entirely cured. I have not been troubled since I took it, and for two years ago. I can now eat anything."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

#### WINE AND OTHER WINE

"How's vacation, Johnnie?"

"Fell off a sled, most got drowned, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spilides licked me twice, and I got two stone bruises on a stiff neck!" Zion's Herald.

#### MURKED IT

The doctor told him he needed cardiac tonics and gave him all something to do.

"How about lactogen?" he asked the doctor.

"That's lactogen." The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoe chips carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

#### Don't Allow Your Bowels To Become Constipated.

If you anything to say before the sentence is pronounced against you? asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kicking about," answered the convoluted furlap, "is 'belly identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That's wrong!" Puck.

#### AS THE RESULT OF A NEGLECTED COLD HE CONTRACTED SEVERE BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

Mr. W. T. Allis, Halifax, N.S., writes:

"I feel that I would be doing you and your great remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a gross injustice if I did not write and let you know the wonderful results that I have obtained from its use."

"Last spring I happened to contract a cold. Of course, it is a common occurrence in the fall and winter, particularly notice of it at the time. However, it did not break up as quickly as colds generally will without, after two weeks, my doctor giving me a prescription to get alarmed, and went to my local physician who informed me that I had contracted severe bronchial trouble as a result of some medicine for me, which I took for about two weeks without any sign of improvement. I was getting more and more distressed each day. One day a friend happened to be in his office and was relating my trouble, and he recommended to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and in a very short time, I had a most excellent result. It is now three months since I began to take it, and I shall always put in a good word for it whenever the opportunity offers itself."

One can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup at the regular price of \$2.00 per bottle. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

#### LITTLE MAN ON OLD MAIDS

Old Maids are constantly used to be but don't now, except in the country where they still room about basins when they may devour.

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## BOOTLAND SAVED BY A THISTLE

Billy, a light-eyed boy, in his eagerness after flowers, had wounded his hand on the sharp, prickly thistle. "I do wish there was no such thing in the world as a thistle," he said in hot temper.

His father said calmly: "And yet the British nation thinks much of it that it can't remove the thistle on the national crest."

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Billy. "I am sure they could have found a great many nice ones even among the weeds."

"But this thistle did them such good service once," said the father, "that they learned to tolerate it very highly. One time the Danes crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted Dane stepped on a great thistle, and the hand immediately uttered a sharp, sharp cry of pain. The Danes, who had probably been carrying their bows and arrows, fled in terror, leaving the sharp thistle stuck in the hand of the Dane.

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