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The Acton Free Press

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Acton
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Open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later
Ladies hairdressing in any style

Wellington Mutual
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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 520, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
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INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice Apply or address
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FREE PRESS Office Acton

SALESMEN WANTED.
Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Special time controlled by us. Highest Salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free; exclusive territory, experience not necessary, big pay assured workers, special inducements to beginners. Write at once for particulars to
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

WANTED.
A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Fonthill Nurseries of Canada," over 700 acres—the largest in the Dominion. Position permanent. Salary or Commission to right man.
With the increasing demand for fruit, a position with us as salesman will pay you better than engaging in farm work. Send us your application and we will show you how to earn $500 money.
School teachers! its just the thing for you during the summer. Write for particulars
STONE & WELLINGTON,
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THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV J. E. HOWELL, M. A Pastor
Parsonage, Bower Avenue
Public Services 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active workers at the door
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
Miss MAGGIE H. MATTHEWS, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

Day's Bookstore.
This week we Opened and put in shape
A Large Shipment of
AMERICAN WALL PAPERS
... WITH ...
COMBINATIONS
All the Latest Styles at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

TO THE
1st MARCH
20 Per Cent.
Discount
Off all Pictures, framed or unframed.
This is a
RARE CHANCE ! !
FOR YOU ! !
WATERS BROS.
THE PICTURE GALLERY
GUELPH

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store
OUR POLICY.
We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and ability. This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time. We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here because there is a fixed honest system of value
Our Stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls'.
Boy's and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON.
Custom work and repairing promptly attended to.

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block,
GUELPH.
Large New Consignment
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite | Norway, Swede, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch.
OF BEST QUALITY.
The whole to be sold at prices never before known in Ontario.
Call and inspect.
J. H. HAMILTON.

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have our roller mill now in complete and satisfactory running order, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and all be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry. Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kauzawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

—ACTON
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured.
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 6.30 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid-up 700,000
Rest 85,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager

Price Counts
When you buy
HARDWARE.
For a house or barn it pays to be careful—to know you are getting the Best Builders' Hardware there is. It pays to figure with U's.
Try it once.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

MCLAREN'S
Annual Stock Taking
SHOE SALE
Now going on.
Women's, Misses', and Children's Low Shoes 20 % off.
Women's Butt. Tip. $3.50 for $2.50
Women's Am. Butt turns $3.00 for $2.00
Misses School Shoes $1.00 for 80c
Misses Fine Tipped Butt $1.25 for 99c
All flannel lined Shoes 20c off every $
Come before Feb. 10th while we have all sizes. See our Bargain Tables
W. McLaren & Co.
The Leading Shoe Store.
GUELPH.

GUELPH
CLOTH HALL.
We are doing the same creditable class of business that we have always been noted for, and will be glad to see our Acton friends who are in need of good Fall and Winter Clothing.
Yours respectfully,
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors
Railway Fare Cheerfully Refunded

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING and MOULDING to order on short notice
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc.
Has returned to Acton his former home and will give the benefit of his large experience to those who desire first class and reliable work in House Painting Paper Hanging & Decorating in all its branches
Satisfactory work always guaranteed and at most reasonable prices!
Orders left at Pearson's Hardware Store or at my residence will receive prompt attention
W. H. WALKER,
Bower Avenue

EVERTON MILLS.
EVERTON, ONT
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED,
ETC.
Chopping every day at 5 cents per bag
Cash for Wheat
HENRY HORTOP.

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always in hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

A VALENTINE.

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell
I love her well!
Yes, though she trampled on my heart
And recks that bleeding thing apart;
And, though she rolls a scornful eye,
On doting me when I go by;
And, though she scouts at everything,
As tribute unto her I bring
Apple, bananas caramel—
Haste, cupid, to my love and tell,
In spite of all I love her well!

And further say I have a sled,
Cushioned in blue and painted red!
The grocery man has promised I
Can "hitch" whenever he goes by—
Go tell her that, and furthermore,
Apprise my sweetheart that a score
Of other little girls implore
The boon of riding on that sled
Painted and hitched as aforesaid,
And tell her, Cupid, only she,
Shall ride upon that sled with me,
Tell her this all, and further tell
I love her well!

—EUGENE FIELD

Select Family Reading.

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific."

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF LETTERS BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

(Copyright, 1895, by FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY NEW YORK.)

The most celebrated hotel and bathing place in the islands is Sans Souci, which is near the famous Diamond Head. Sans Souci has had for its guests some of the most famous literary men of the age. Mark Twain spent a good deal of his time while on the islands at this place. Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson made it their home. The latter in writing of this cool retreat, said:

"If any one desires such old fashioned things as lovely scenery, quiet, pure air, clear sea water, good food, and heavenly sunsets hung out before his eyes every evening over the Pacific and the distant hills of Waianae, I recommend him cordially to the Sans Souci."

I found several gentlemen at Sans Souci who had very vivid recollections of Stevenson. He is described by all as a small man weighing, perhaps, less than one hundred pounds, and an inveterate cigarette smoker. It is barely possible that nicotine poison hastened the end of this strange, mysterious, gifted man.

"He smoked from morning until night," said the manager of the hotel. "I am certain he would consume sixty cigarettes a day." He was very pleasant, unless irritated, and then he was like a madman. Those who disturbed him while writing or meditating were sure to hear from him."

Mr. Timmons, city editor of the *Honolulu Star*, said:

"I met Mr. Stevenson while he was here, and was very strangely impressed by him from the first. I learned that he was at Sans Souci, and went to call upon him. Reaching the quiet place, I crossed the lanai and entered the house proper. No one was in sight but a small, ordinary looking man, who sat at a table writing.

"Where is the landlord?" I asked.

"He is out," answered the small man and he went on with his writing.

"Well, perhaps you can answer my question. I came to see Mr. Stevenson."

The small man dropped his pen, stood, and, extending his hand, said:

"I am Mr. Stevenson."

"This was my introduction to this remarkable man."

Then Mr. Timmons told me how Mr. Stevenson came to write his famous novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"The novel was written on the island and in this town. The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde live in Honolulu, and you will perhaps meet him before you go. That novel was the offspring of a bitter religious war between Reverend Father Damnion and Rev. Dr. Hyde, D.D., who has charge of the mission school in this city for the training of preachers. The controversy between the priest and Dr. Hyde waxed warm, and Mr. Stevenson espoused the cause of the Catholic priest. He threw his whole soul into the conflict, and for a while it seemed as if we were likely to have a religious war. Dr. Hyde, able, sharp and cutting, answered him from the pulpit and through the press until the contest became personally bitter.

Mr. Stevenson had up to the time of this controversy, it seems, entertained a high regard for Dr. Hyde, but as the wordy war grew bitter, he fancied he discovered in him a dual nature. At times he thought the doctor the very perfection of a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian; at others he seemed a very demon. The idea seemed to grow with his morbid fancy, and he conceived from it his wonderful novel."

I was anxious to meet Dr. Hyde, the man who so strangely inspired the wonderful novel, and when I did meet him I was impressed that he was more Jekyll than Hyde. He is a tall, finely formed, highly cultured gentleman, with a fine scholarly appearance. He is secretary of the Social Science Club, a meeting of which I had the pleasure of attending, and at which place I met him.

This club, by the way, is composed of the most scholarly men on the Island. President Dole is a member and attends the meetings regularly. In addition to myself, there were other American guests present, the most prominent of whom were United States Minister Willis, and the captain of the warship Bennington. At this meeting Dr. Rogers, secretary of the Labor Bureau, read an able paper on the labor problem, which was thoroughly discussed and commented upon. One cannot but realize the force of Americanism in the club. Chief Justice Judd, of the Supreme Court, and Professor Alexander, the historian, are members of the club and were born on the Islands, yet they, with the others, argued the question from an American standpoint.

The meeting was at the residence of Dr. Hyde, and, although I studied him closely all evening, I discovered none of the "incarnate fiend," which Stevenson represents Mr. Hyde to be in his novel.

It was while living at Sans Souci that Robert Louis Stevenson conceived and wrought out his wonderful book, and I decided to visit the famous resort. To reach Sans Souci I had only to take the Waikiki street car, go to the end of the line, and walk the rest of the way. The ride is a pleasant one, and well worth the time and ten cents it costs to make it. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I boarded the car driven by a native and went rolling along the street past the government grounds and buildings, past pretty houses half hidden by graceful, swaying palms, ferns, and the rich tropical foliage, past banana plantations and groves of tall cocanuts, for long stretches with the sea beach on one side and a delightful grove on the other.

The manager of the famous resort showed me the room which had been occupied by Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stephenson, also the table at which they wrote, and narrated some anecdotes about them. Their rooms fronted on the beach. After a sea bath, I returned to the cool lanai, and was joined by Mr. Thomas E. Evans, a gentleman who is stopping at Sans Souci. Mr. Evans, who is a Royalist of the most pronounced type, is a Canadian by birth. He was prominent in pushing the lottery scheme to which the missionaries objected so strongly. Mr. Evans claims that it was no worse to have a lottery on the Islands than for thousands of dollars to go out of the country every year to lotteries in other countries. At the time of the overthrow of the Queen, he was in Chicago closing up the contract with a company of capitalists for the lottery. He says that the Chicago people were to pay the government five hundred thousand dollars a year for twenty five years for the franchise. Of this sum one hundred thousand were to be expended for a cable to San Francisco, one hundred thousand a year for the Oahu Railroad, twenty five thousand for the encouragement of tourists travel, seventy five thousand for improvement of roads and bridges, and one hundred and twenty five thousand for the opening of Pearl Harbor. Mr. Evans did not state what was to be done with the other seventy five thousand dollars, though it was probably to be used as pin money for the Queen. The rosy hued visions of Mr. Evans with other Royalists were all dissipated by the sudden revolt of the missionary element, and the subsequent overthrow of the queen.

The Royalists are still very bitter against the Republic. They always refer to it contemptuously as the Provisional Government and the adherents are styled P.G.'S. But they all have great respect for President Dole. I have met more than one who says the country is safe in his hands. The natives all respect him, but they want him to be declared King. It is not the man they object to, so much as the Republican form of government.

All of the more intelligent Royalists, however, admit that the Republic has come to stay, and even the Queen has lost all hope of being restored to the throne, unless Great Britain or some European power espouses her cause, which even she admits is not probable.

I have been informed that Mr. Charles Wilson, the agent and trusted friend of the ex Queen, has declared that he is willing to shoulder his musket to support the Republic. He was the ex Queen's bravest friend in her hour of trouble. He advised her against the promulgation of the constitution which brought about her overthrow, but when he found she was determined, he declared he would stand or fall with her. When the uprising came, he was the only one of her followers willing to fight the revolutionists. The average Kanak doesn't care a fig about any sort of government. His mind is taken up with luaus, luaus and fishing. To him life presents no serious problems. He devotes more energy to a fishing party than to political matters.

The sun was setting when I left Sans Souci, and it was nearly dark by the time I reached the street car line. No car was in sight, and I was told that it would be fifteen minutes before another would come along. I walked about two hundred paces further down the track to where a Chinaman has erected and fitted up a small shop and restaurant, and took a seat on the bench under his awning. The shop keeper, a man well along in years, whose queue is turning gray came out to keep me company. On learning I was from New York he tried to escape up an acquaintance. He had once conducted a laundry in that city, and thought the Brooklyn bridge the most magnificent structure in the world. He was more sociable than most Chinamen, and talked very freely of the customs and habits of his countrymen. He said they had only worn queues for the last three hundred years. The queue was not a religious badge, but a fad of their Emperor. He had been to China nine times since his arrival. Like most Chinamen he had a wife and family in China and one in this country, this, he explained, was a matter of economy. It was much easier to support a wife and family in each country than to be constantly transporting a family from one land to the other. The average Chinaman remains in this country from three to seven years and then goes back to China to spend an equal length of time there, and again return.

The next day in company with Mr. Timmons I visited the government building proper. It is a large building, two stories in height, with lofty ceilings, and a broad stairway. There is a large hall below, ornamented with handsome life size portraits of Kamehameha I and his wife, Kamehameha II, III and IV, and their wives, and Kamehameha V. These comprise all the Kamehameha dynasty, the first great rulers of the nation. The upper hall is decorated with fine portraits in oil, most of them life size. There is a fine portrait of Queen Emma, the grandaughter of John Young, the mate of an American ship who was the trusted adviser of Kamehameha I. There is a full life size portrait of King David Kalakaua, one of ex Queen Liliuokalani, or Mrs Dominis as she is now called, and of the deceased husband, John O. Dominis. There is also a fine life size portrait full out of Admiral Farragut, who was very much admired by King Kalakaua. I did not visit halls, committee rooms, and council chambers, with the various offices of the cabinets, are in this building. The building before the revolution which overturned monarchy is rapidly passing away, and the spunky little republic is every day becoming more firmly seated in the saddle.

The government buildings and all the departments are guarded by the soldiers. The standing army, composed exclusively of white men, numbers about two hundred regular soldiers. The National Guard and the Citizen's guard swell this number to about two thousand men. They have two Gatling guns, two Hotchkiss rapid firing guns, two brass six pounders, and some iron field pieces. Their force is sufficient to protect the island from internal troubles and filibusters.

The greatest dread is of Japan. The Japanese, flushed with their late victory over China, have given utterance to some portentous threats against the Hawaiian Islands for discriminating against them. With a fleet of gunboats, a few heavy guns and two or three warships the Hawaiians could easily defend themselves against the Japanese. Their harbors are in excellent condition for fortification. Pearl Harbor and the harbor of Honolulu have promontories, such as Koka Head and Diamond Head, which, if fortified, would be impregnable barriers against warships.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

In olden times St. Valentine's day cost people no inconsiderable sums. "Pepys' Dairy" records some curious customs during the reign of the "merry monarch," Charles II. Thus Mr. Pepys says in his dairy on Valentine's day, 1667: "This morning came up to my wife's chamber (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer, to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year, my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Later he adds, "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others." Of Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, Pepys wrote describing her jewels, that the Duke of York was once her valentine and presented her a jewel valued at £800, or $4,000. Lord Mandeville was thus a giver in a jewel worth £300. Being drawn as valentine imposed a certain obligation on the donors. Pepys wrote on another Valentine's day: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds. With this and what she had she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other, and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The word "wretch," it must be remembered, was used in Pepys' time as a term of great endearment.

EARLY WRITERS ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The customs of St. Valentine's day are alluded to by Chaucer, Shakespeare, and an earlier writer, Lydgate, who sung its praise in 1400. In the Pepys diary, written during the reign of Charles II, that cranky historian of social frivolities wrote:

"My wife did show me with great pleasure her stock of jewels increased by the ring she had made lately as my valentine gift, this year a turkey-stone with diamonds."

Sir Walter Scott deals with the custom in his "Fair Maid of Perth," where Catharine leaves her chamber on St. Valentine's morning and finding Henry asleep gives him a kiss. Whereupon the glover, one of the characters of the story says: "Come into the booth with me, my son, and I will furnish thee a fitting theme. Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man wins of him a pair of gloves." This pretty concession is the custom Catharine accepts.

Charles Lamb wrote a flowery invocation to Bishop Valentine, whom he thus quaintly and merrily apostrophizes:

"Thou consecrated with thousands an I tens of thousands of little lovers, and the air is brushed with the hiss of rustling wings! Singing cupids are the choristers, and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee. In other words, this is a day on which the charming little missives called valentines cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own. If these little visual interpretations no emblem is so common as the heart that little three cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears, the bestruck and bleeding heart, it is twisted into more shapes than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of Cupid in this anatomical seat, rather than any other, is not clear. We might easily imagine upon some other system which might have prevailed, a lover addressing his mistress thus: "My liver and heart are entirely at your disposal." But the custom has awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbors wait at anatomical distance."

St Valentine's Day in England and Scotland

The young people of England and Scotland keep St. Valentine's Day for many centuries by an ancient lottery custom, which was very entertaining and seldom abused in its usage. On the eve of that day all the lads and lasses gathered in their best attire, and prepared a number of slips of paper on which each one wrote his or her name in a real or disguised hand, which was then rolled up and deposited in a hat, to be drawn from in the way of lots. Each person drew two valentines, but the maid who drew could not choose, one of the two valentines being privileged to choose her, her second valentine drawing another maid. In this way all were provided with partners for the dancing and festivities which followed.

THE VALENTINE PARTY

The valentine party, which is a revival of olden times, is well observed in late years, and valentine luncheons and dinners among the young people are frequent, even in Lent, for the feast that has for its patrons a bishop cannot be regarded as exactly a secular affair. The card of invitation and menus for these occasions are in the form of hearts, and answer the double purpose of a favor and a valentine.

"I am cured since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla," is what many thousands say. It gives renewed vitality and vigor.

"FOR THE DAY."

Love is like a rosebud
Hid behind a thorn
Love is like a moon flower
Frightened at the morn
Pricks but make it sweeter,
Warmth and smiles it grow,
Quarrels make but fleeter
Loves returning glow
No despite shall sever
My fond heart and thine!
Believe me Love, forever,
Thy true Valentine

WON BY A VALENTINE.

Bells ringing, girls appearing in the halls and public rooms, forming groups with a general air of suppressed excitement, marked St. Valentine's day at Lewiston school. Charma Sidney was wandering idly up and down the lower hall with her chum, "Goosie," hanging on her arm. "Goosie" won her nickname through her gentle disposition and and artless, straightforward manner. Charma said plaintively, "How I wish there was a valentine for me, but I know of a certain one likely to remember me in that way whom I don't want to nevertheless. I wouldn't accept a valentine from him—no, not if he brought it himself. Jack Landon may marry whomever he wants to. He can't have me."

"Goosie" looked up admiringly and thought that any one who declined chances with such readiness must be great indeed and wondered if she could ever do the same.

A little sharper tingle than usual of the bell below aroused Charma from the reverie into which she had fallen; then some one called from the hall, "Miss Sidney!" She flew down the broad staircase, assured that a valentine had come for her, and indeed, was soon kneeling in the midst of a crowd of girls over a box of fragrant roses reposing snugly in their cotton bed, the white satin streamers half hiding a tiny card that had slipped down among them unnoticed. Charma rescued the card some what triumphantly and read, "Mr. Jack Landon." But this was not all. As she knelt above them, lifting them out, and inhaling their fragrance, "Goosie" picked up a diamond ring that had fallen to the floor and held it out with a flourish, crying, "Look, look, Charma Sidney, what your valentine means! You'll have him now, won't you?" But Charma was spell bound for the moment by the message on a little slip of paper found under the roses and which she read with flushing cheeks.

"Must I go back?" it said. "Love, I love you. Cannot I come to you, sweet heart mine? My love for you is as pure as the roses I send, precious as this little diamond and as lasting as all eternity. Let me come."

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Charma was our only postgraduate for the year that is, after a regular graduation she had returned to school to "brush up," in elective studies. Her reappearance on opening day had made us both glad and sorry—glad because she was a good companion, sorry for the reason—but therein lies the key to my St. Valentine romance.

Lewiston holds before its pupils the old fashioned idea of woman's sphere as the head of a home with all the term implies, and of stately, graceful Charma, with her speaking, grey eyes, wavy brown tresses and not at all of a student nor bluestocking temperament had been obliged to return to school to cover up her failure in woman's natural role, what would become of us girls, a score of seniors, when we came to go trooping out to conquer, or, alas, to be conquered by the fate that pursues old maids? Yes, we did love her, and we couldn't understand why the rest of our kind, particularly mankind, didn't love her too. The secret of it she had guarded well, but we forgave her that when she shared with us the secret of her valentine gift.

"Jack Landon is my dearest friend," she said, but with blushes, when we had dar essed away the tears.

"How is it you never told us?"

"You see, we weren't engaged—that is, he hadn't really proposed, but it wasn't his fault," pleaded Charma. "It was mine."

"You loved him and wouldn't own it even to us girls?"

"Yes, I did love him, but every time he wanted to say something to the point I turned it off, pretended not to understand, or to be interested in astronomy or botany or any subject at hand that I could turn to as a foil. Girls, I confess I bluffed him simply because I was fascinated with the game."

The confession cleared the atmosphere for all concerned. Jack soon followed his valentine in person and gave Charma no chance to turn Cupid a shaft away again. Like a good soldier, when beaten in siege, he had adopted a ruse de guerre, for which the day had given a capital excuse. Our star pupil remained with us until commencement, and as she went away from Lewiston the echoes of schoolgirl goodbyes were mingled with those of wedding bells and congratulations to Jack Landon's bride, wooed and won by a valentine.

EDITH HOWARD

SOME TIME HONORED CUSTOMS

Hail Bishop Valentine whose day is next since the whole civilized world is engaged in the pleasing task of sending or receiving the favors of love and according to the universal sentiment all the world loves a lover, we will welcome the annual festival of the saint, and his chief assistant, Cupid.

"Each man and this tide
Doth choose his loved pre
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year."

A custom that stamps itself upon the nations, and continues to exist even under unfavorable circumstances, is worthy of careful investigation if only to establish its antiquity. We find on referring back to the earliest Christian era that St Valentine's Day did not originate with the good St Valentine, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century. That name was bestowed upon the heathen feast of Pan and Juno, known as the Lupercalia, celebrated in ancient Rome during the month of February and attended by scenes of disgraceful revelry. By giving the pagan festival a saint's name, it was sanctioned to the use of people, and became a simple and harmless occasion of popular amusement.

VALENTINES.

The valentines of to day are very much like the valentines of the past, for they express the same idea to which Josh Billings referred in his inimitable way. "Luv is the same divine sentiment no matter how yu spell it." It is neither the spelling nor the poetry that captivates the youthful imagination, but the daring expression of affection which can be announced in a valentine, but in no other way. No breach of promise case has ever resulted from the sending of a valentine. Such a proposition as this would never be considered in a court of law, although it may count for much in the court of love.

My valentine will thou be
Accept this heart so true
Pray bestow a thought on me,
For I love only you

CUPID UP TO DATE.

Dear old saint our fathers worshipped
Whom we disregard of late,
You forget that times are changing,
Bows and arrows out of date

Your poor emissary, Cupid
Has to travel on the wing,
Why not give him a bicycle
Tricycle or some such thing

Why not get him a revolver
Rifle or a gatling gun"
With these latter day improvements
There would be just twice the fun.

Is it that our hearts are smaller
That he misses off the spot?
In these days the mighty dollar
Seems to be a better shot

IF YOU ARE

A lover, don't be too fond.

A husband, don't be miserly, nor flirt with liberty.

A wife, don't be extravagant, nor too exacting, nor unkindly censorious.

A mother, don't be too lenient.

A father, don't be too harsh.

A son or daughter, don't be ashamed of your parentage.

A pastor, don't be too dignified, nor too coldly reserved!

A church member, don't be hypercritical of the pulpit.

An employer, don't be afraid of over paying.

An employe, don't be afraid of over working.

A dressmaker, don't delay your work.

A customer, don't delay your pay.

As a salesman, don't overrate your goods.

As a purchaser, don't underrate your purchase.

As a friend don't be captious.

As a foe, don't be unmerciful.

As a lender, be patient, if a borrower, be prompt.

If you are smart, don't be vain, if dull, don't talk too much.

If poor, don't be envious or suspicious, if rich, don't be heartless.

As a giver, don't parade, as a recipient, don't be ungrateful.

As a teacher, avoid indifference, if a pupil, be obedient.

If a critic, don't be unjust.

If anything, don't be hypocritical.

A GAMBLER'S CONVERSION.

An interesting incident related by Mr Crossley, a Christian worker in England, is reported by the *Christian Herald*.

I heard of a young fellow who was in the habit of betting; he felt that he was on the way to destruction, but the gambling passion was too strong within him to be resisted. He told his Sunday School teacher that he had given up many bad habits, but that from this one he did not feel able to escape.

"Were you always with me," he said, "I might manage it."

"I cannot always be with you," replied the teacher, "but when and where do you gamble?"

"Oh, every day at dinner hour I go down to the saloon at 1 o'clock," was the answer.

"Well, I will tell you what I will do," said the teacher. "Every day as the clock strikes 1, I will pray for you."

The young fellow was conquered. He came after a day or two and said, "I shall bet no more. Yesterday I wanted to go to the saloon, and I could not. I thought what a shame it was that you should be praying for me and that I should be gambling at the saloon, and I could not do it."

Thus by the patient, loving persistence in prayer of a good man, a sinner was brought into the gospel fold. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man, availeth much."

THE PASSWORD SHE GAVE HIM

"What is the matter?" asked one of Mr Vivvie's boon companions. "You haven't taken the pledge, have you?"

"No. But I'm not looking on the wine when it is red in the cup, just the same."

"Reformed have you?"

"Yes. You've heard of a woman's martyring a man with the idea of getting him to stop drinking. It doesn't always work, but it did in my case. My wife is a stupendously clever woman."

"Made you promise, did she?"

"She didn't have to. When I started down town to night, she said 'I've lost the latch key dear, but it won't make any difference. You ring the bell and I'll let you in.' I said 'All right. Only,' she said, 'we'd better agree on some password, so that when you ring I can look out of the window and make sure it isn't a burglar.' Of course, said I, 'what ll the password be?' 'I have it,' she answered. 'It must not be too simple. You just say irreprehensible reprehensibility and then I'll come down and I'll let you in.' Gentlemen, if I can't say irreprehensible reprehensibility when I get home I can't get in and more over, assume the chances of being taken to be a housebreaker. I've simply got to be careful. And he went over and resolutely seated himself next to the ice water tank.

ST VALENTINE SUPERSTITIONS

There is a superstition to the effect that the first person met on St Valentine's morning is the true valentine, and stories are told of fair ladies of the olden days who walked abroad with an attendant and kept their eyes securely closed until an eligible gallant appeared.

A modern poet has recorded the custom in rhyme

There is a legend golden
Clear in my thought it shines
That she who first beholden
On Sweet St. Valentines
Shall be to him who hasten
Her features to divine
The fond one of his fancies
His bonny valentine

A FINE NEEDLE

Queen Victoria is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated needle factory at Redditch, and represents the Trojan column in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely that they are only discernible through a microscope.

A Family Suffers For Want of a Mother's Attention.

MR NIAL MORRISON, St John, N B. "My daughter, Mrs Gregory has had rheumatism so bad during the last year that she was unable to help her children or attend to her household duties. Every thing imaginable was tried, but to no purpose. I was at last recommended to get South American Rheumatic Cure. One bottle cured my daughter within four days, and I take much pleasure in giving this recommendation."