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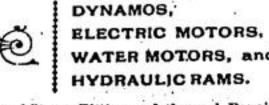
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ally look younger and more beautiful than you did when we were together at Simla !" She laughed. LOVING WORDS. "We have always been in the habit

Loving words will cost but little. speaking plainly to one another." Journeying up the hill of life; "Yes," I agreed. "It saves time." But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife. She gave me a pervous little glauce. Do you count thom only biffes? "Oh," I said reassuringly, "I am your What on earth are sun and rain ? friend !" Nover was a kind word wasted.

ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1897.

Poetrp.

" Hearts will blossom like a flower.

Select Family Reading.

A Compromise.

You'll see her to-night, Ingram."

morning. Still deep in my thoughts, I

"No such fuck. She is a hundred miles

of his face. Fortunately he had not

noticed my observation. "So." I continu-

ed, grasping the situation, "you have once

again decided that the feminine interest in

"Ingram, old chap," he said solemnly,

good looking, wealthy man, past 30, has t

"And the mailen is-" I begun.

I glanced at him repreachfully.

St. Croix actually looked confused.

"This has happened whi'e I have been

"Well, sho's hardly-" he said awkward-

ly, "that is-of course she's young-well,"

-fover, snake bito or some other handy

"Have you actually proposed to her?"

"but I feel that it is as good as settled.

Ingram," he continued, with an 'air of

"My dear St. Croix," I said, "these con-

fidences remind me of the good old days."

no boyish flirtation. By Jove!" he cried,

se un idea struck him. "You two will get

along capitally together. Having both

"Chat about her husband ?" I suggested,

"Poor child," he said, in a compassionate

tone. "She must have been very unhappy

It is strange how men generally refer to

"We are admirably sulted," he continued

their wives' first marriages in this way.

his face lighting up. "I am thirty, and

she-well, I should say she is twenty five.

A man should be a year or so older than

"Yes." I agreed. "She is very young

That's one reason why she should marr

"True," I said: "How long has it been

"I first saw her," said he, slowly, "at 1

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you

must hurry up matters. The lady will

Just then the cab drow up with a jerk.

After greeting our host we separated

"Ingram," he said, taking me by the arm,

There is no nobody so exicting as the

"Bbe is waiting to be introduced to you,"

he said as we made our way to the con-

St. Croix was experienced in these matters)

"I looked at her, then burst

"Dr. Ingram !" she exclaimed.

"Mrs. Fordyce," said St. Croix, "allow

"You know one another?" cried St

"Why," I said, "I have known Mrs

"That is jolly !" St. Croix said heartily

I am not sure that Mrs. Fordyce agreed

The strains of a waltz came through the

"Bother !" he cried. "It's my dance

"I should be delighted," I replied, and

As soon as he had disapreared I turned

"What?" she queried. "That you

I smiled, the quaintness of the whole

She blushed, I gazed at her critically.

Croix has been talking to me about?"

with the daughter of the house. Will you

open doors. St. Croix looked at his

He considered for a few moments.

minutes to 9 on Monday last week."

positively weary of the courtship."

onthusiasm, she's adorable. She-"

been in India you will be able to-"

St. Croix looked serious.

during that time."

his wife."

again."

going on?"

"come with me."

we found the lady.

"Mrs. Fordyce !"

Croix with a puzzled look,

Fordyce since-"

"I understood."

with him entirely.

programme.

man in love.

me to-"

laughing.

for a widow."

"No, not yet," he replied, thoughtfully,

vour life should be centered in one?"-

shouted in my ear :

from town, and-"

cumstances.)

way," I added.

"Any-er-"

any children !"

He nodded.

right to be unmarried."

the fact is, she a widow."

replied :

She played with the edges of her fan. Novor was one said in valu. "A woman is only as old as she looks When the cares of life are many. she observed, "and I was married at And its burdons heavy grow For the ones who walk beside you, extremely early age." ... If you love them; tell them so. . PSt: Crois was perfectly justified in his What you count of little value estimate-25 he told me, I said with a 'Hus an almost magic power, laugh. But that is a detail. The thing And beneath their chooring afmahine

So, as up life's bill we journey, fact that Clara exists !" Lot us scattor, all the way, She looked at me with a smile. Kindly words, to serve as sunshine "Ah, you have met her at the Roscoes ! In the dark and cloudy day. "Yes.; I found, my little 10 years' old Grudge no loving word, my brother, sweethcart of Simla bad grown into As along through life you go; .To the ones who lourney with you. dainty young lady of. 18! How is it," ! If you love them, tell them so. continued, "that St. Croix is ignorant of

> her existence?" "Well, he assumed I had no children and I-I could not summon up enough courage to tell him afterward. You see what a difficult position I am in?" she added plaintively,

I had dined with St. Croix, and we were "Yes, it is difficult," I agreed. "The now on our way to some uninteresting unexpected appearance of a full grow people who were giving a party. Since daughter upon the scene might prove too entering the cab the conversation had heavy a strain at this critical stage of his slackened. Apparently we both possessed love. A girl of 18 is a responsibility," ample food for reflection. As we rattled added over some stories, St. Croix suddenly All this time I had been hugging to my

self some special intelligence. I thought it was about time to bring matters to a head. I had returned from the country that "Mrs. Fordyce," I said, "do you really care for St. Croix?" She did not reply for a moment "Yes," she said simply. "I really love

: I stopped abruptly, as I caught a glimpse and she looked at me pleadingly. "Yes," I said quietly. "We will help one another. Have you heard from Clare to-day ?" I continued. Her hand went to her pocket.

him. Oh, can't you suggest something?"

"Why, yes," she said. "A letter cam as I was going out. I have not read "it's serious this time." (I had heard this

remark made, before under similar cir-"Would you oblige me by doing so, a you have it with you?" ."I sincerely trust it is!" I replied. "A 5he drew an envelope from her pocket opened it and smoothed the letter out. As

she read it a smile came over her face. "My dear doctor," she exclaimed, "do you think one so young as Clare could make. you happy?" "Did she not settle it in Simla years ago

that she would marry nobody but the 'doc?' " I replied. "Have I mamma's onwent?" She laughed happily. "Really," I said, glancing at her,

hardly know whether I'm talking to Clare "No, no, he replied harriedly. Of course or her mother." St. Croix rejoined us. St. Croix," I said to him quietly, after

minute or so, "I have been moddling i your affairs-with a good result," I added with a smile. "I couldn't do it if there were ! He turned with a glad look of surprise to Mrs. Fordyce. "It is yes?" he murmured. "It's for you to say, after hearing the

doctor," she replied softly. "The one condition is," I said abruptly "that you agree to be my father-in-law!" He seemed to be quite surprised. tendered a few simple words of ex "Ah !" he replied, with a sigh, "this is planation. St. Croix glauced at .Mra. Fordyce-she

was looking radiantly beautiful-and then did the most intelligent thing he ever did in his life-accepted my proposal. SANDY WAS SAVED

Perhaps because the guest of the even ing was a Scotchman, and possibly be cause one man in the party had a Scotch story to tell; the conversation was brought around to a discussion of the Scotch race. "It was while I was attached to the London hospital," sarl a physician; "that I, wit nessed a marvelous care of a Scotchman We will call him Sandy, though that is no his name. One of his legs had been so bad-

ly mangled that we decided to amputate it. The shock was a severe one to Sandy, and when he regained consciousness after the operation it was evident he had not vitality enough left to recover.

"Mon, alm I going to dee? be asked. "We hope for the best, Sandy, I said but your condition is critical. Is there any Scotch dish that you would like?" "Sandy said that he didn't want any thing to eat, but if he could hear the bagpipes just once more he could die happy We didn't have a piper on our staff but one

of the nurses found one in a club house no

"Here we are," said-8t. Croix. "Jumpfar away. When the piper arrived Sandy was so weak he could not speak. He looked grateful. Although it was not in accordance with our hoipital rules we hadn't the right to refuse Sandy's dying request. I gave the signal and the piper began to play Sandy smiled peacefully and at the end of the second tune he had gone to sleep, His temperature and pulse showed a marked improvement and because Bandy was a good fellow and we thought he might call | Kay. for the pipes again before he breathed his servatory. Here, in a sociaded corner (for last, we kept the piper. Two hours.latel Sandy awoke and the first thing he asked for was the pipes. Again the weird noise filled the hospital and Sandy once more went to sleep stronger and better than ever we expected him to be. A third time Sandy awoke and again the piper played. When Sandy once again fell asleep to our

amazement the crisis had passed and he alive and well. The Scotch are a wonderful race." commented a guest. "Now my grand-

"Yes, Dr. Ingram and I are quite old mother was-" friends," she interrupted, with a glance at "But I haven't told you the sad sequel, interrupted the physician. "We had been so much interested in Sandy during the night that we had neglected other patients. Sandy did rocover, as I have said, but when we made the rounds in the morning we found all the English patients dead."

> DISCOUNTING., In the old haggling way of trade it was customary to demand a great deal more than the asker hoped to get. One time on the Texan frontier a mun came into camp riding an old mule. "How much for the mule?" asked a by-

"Just a hundred dollare," answered the "I'll give five dollars," . nid the other.

The rider stopped sho t, as if in amazement, and then slowly di mounted. "Stranger." said be, "I ain't agoin' to

let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mula's vous'n "

UNDER DISCIPLINE.

"I tell you what 'tie, men are good fur's they go, but there aint one of 'em but what needs takin' down now an' then." remarked Mrs. Sprout, as she unrolled her knittingwork and prepared to spond the afternoon with her sister. "I s'pose likely they do," responded little Mrs. Peters, who lived in constant awe of her stolid spouse; "but it aint always easy to know jost how to do it, Mirandy." "Humph ! it's easy enough if you only set about it," said Mrs. Sprout, with a grim smile. And then she cettled

losiah. He's been tellin' of me right along ing. that will surprise him most will be the that I looked kinder dragged, an' last off 1 spoke up, an' says I, "It's enough t' make most any woman look dragged, Josiah, to be standin' over the cookingstove this bot

> "Josiah, he looked all took aback, an' he says, "Why, Mirandy, what makes you do sech a mese o' cookin'? Jest take things casy; I can get along with 'most anything; you no need to cook up sech a variety o' stuff fer me. Now le's start right out with breakfast t'morrer. You jest give me a plain wholesome meal; I shan't be the fust to complain." "Well, he went over to his brother

Jim's, an' he wasn't home the rest o' tliat day. I knew what he relished and craved the most of anything, but 'twas what give me the most work an' kep' me to take vengeance upon him, when Doctor as due only to slight disturbances in the all het up, an' so I jest allowed that that Bowers, another captive, celled out that if atmosphere. But as recent observation was what I'd out short on, seein' Josiah he struck the Indian, all the prisoners have shown that red stars scintillate less cal'lated it didu't make no diff'rence what would certain be killed.

nice piece of pork an' potatoes an' garden sags an' doughnuts an' raised bisquit an' good coffee.

'Twas a real wholesome meal. "Josiah he began to eat, but he didn't say mech. I see him kinder lookin' over the table once or twice, an' he seemed sorter disapp'inted. Finally he lay down his knife au' fork, an' looked over at me real beseechin', so't I couldn't scusely keep my countenance.

your food relish, Josiah ?" "Ye-c-s,' says he, but it's a kind of a slim breakfast, aint it, Mirandy ?" "What is't you miss? says I.

"Well, there don't seem to be no pie of like a gre't schoolboy. "I got up an' fetched him a big piece that I'd saved from the day before, an' set

it in front of him, an' you never see a man brighten up the way he did! But right in the middle of it he looked up an' ketched my eye, an' he turned reg'lar poppy color. "I cal'late it some work t' make pies, be says, real humble; an' then I knew he'd comments.

come a realizin' sense. "That was all I wanted of him," con-

LIKE A BAD PENNY.

they'd oughter be !"

Captain Kay, of the Britsh navy, was a anchor in Aden Harbor after three years in the East Indies. Being now on his way home, he began to clear out his cabin. Among his traps was a hat-case, which being opened, disclosed a "tile ' which had once been new and fashionable, but was now moth-eaten and out of date. Inside of it in indelible ink, was printed its owner's name. The captain glauced at it, and said to his servant, "Throw it overboard."

Overboard it went. Soon afterward one of the crew of a boat frem the flagship coming from the shore, espied the hat floating in the water, picked it up, read the name inside, and carried it to the com mander of his ship, who in turn sent it to Captain Kay with his compliments, sup posing it to have fallen overboard.

."Haug the hat !" said Captain Kay, and he chucked it overboard again, adding, Tell your commander I'm very much obliged to him."

Two hours afterward the hat again reappeared, this time with Captain N .--- 's ington Republican about the excessive intercompliments. Captain N-was the com- est now taken in baseball in this country, mander of an American man-of-war lying | relates an illustrative incident. This story farther down the harbor, and the hat had is surely true to nature in one respect, for been picked up by one of his boats. Cap- there are few persons, young or old, who

sent it to its owner. "Tell Captain N-I am greatly obliged to him," said Captain Kay, and the Ameri- | weeks had been for a velocipide for a Christcan officer departed.

'I shall have to ask N--to dinner. Here | ever read Holmes's poems. bring me a lump of coal, or something else that is heavy.'

A lump of coal was placed in the hat, and the hat was taken down the accomoda-

tion ladder, carefully allowed to fill with water, and watched till it sank. "That's the last of that !" said Captain Two days later a parcel arrived, address-

ed "Captain Kay, H. M. S. S .--.," with fourteen rupees eight annae to pay. The air of profound conviction-"if I can't behold! here once more was the discarded poems than a velocipede!" hat, looking more disreputable than ever. AMONG THE GREEKS.

Colonel: "Those Greeks are standing right up to the European powers as if was on the road to recovery. He is now they weren't afraid of anything, aren't

Major : "Bully for them I say. They ought to get a patent on their brave little land." Colonel: "How do you mean?" Major: "Don't you see? It is the

only Geecee known that won't run when i gets very hot." POOR FELLOW!

In some aspects of the case it seems

strange that children over live to grow up If they grow rapidly, they are apt to be enfeebled in health, and on the other hand, if they are in feeble health they are likely to lo stunted. One of the most tragical cases is that o a boy, mentioned in Harper's Bazar, who

"Yes, sir, I've been sick; and the worst of it is all my clothes have outgrown me."

TOO LITTLE. T' aoher, "If ten carpenters worked fo

ton days at seventy five cents a day, what would they get? says two dollars a day is their price."

TWO KENTUCKY HEROES.

MYC55,

The Lexington Light Infantry, commony known as the Old Infantry, was organized in 1789, when an Lidian invasion was threatened. It was one of the first companies to volunteer in the War of 1812, and the historian of Lexington, Kentucky, records an incident of the march to Fort Wayne, which, as he says, "speaks volumes for the principles which actuated the men. A member of the company found himself utterly overcome with fatigue on the last day of the murch. He sank into the prairie grass, and as his companions passed "I've just been bavin' a season with him; file after file, he was seen to be weep-

An officer stopped to belp him into one of the wagons, and to inquire what he was weeping for. For answer the mun said : What will they say in Lexington when they bear that James Hutson gave out?' Daring this war occurred the massacre at Frenchtown, where the Light Infantry | upon their quintillation. The multitudin. hast half its members. The name of one ous flashing of their tiny rays gives a wonof them, Charles Scaples, should nover be derful life and b-illiancy to a winter's forgotton. With several other prisoners he night. The great etar Sirius excites the was sitting upon the ground when an Indian | most admiration when, near the horizon, drow a tomahawk and struck what was he coruecates with rainbow huce. But the intended for a fatal blow. Searles lifted astronomer-would be glad if he could nut a his hand and partially averted the stroke, stop to the scintillating of the stare. That receiving it upon his shoulder instead of unsteadiness of their light is one of the npon his head. Then he sprang to his feet, snatched the studying them with the telescope.

tomahawk from the Indian and was about

"Well, next mornin' come, an' he set | arm, let fall the weapon, and the astonished down to the table as usual. There was a savage picked it up and with one blow may be in the stars themselves. There is despatched him. The other hero was James Higgins, a

man who had always been regarded as the air. peculiarly wanting in courage. A large number of Indians had taken shelter in a barn, from which they were pouring destructive fire upon the whites. "Let me go and smoke 'em out," said James Higgins.

picked up a big blazing "chunk" from a that when the stars are feeble in their "What's the matter? says I. Don't camp-fire, and walked through a perfect scintillations foul weather is at hand. The hailstorm of bullete up to the barn and night before a most violent storm in applied the blaze. The building was soon | France, for instance, the stars hung so

to say aught against Higgins in the presence the table, says he, lookin, fer all the world of the "Old Infantry." He lived to a good among many which show that an unusual old age, and was always known as "the steadiness in the light of the stars preocdes man who smoked out the Indians."

HIS CANDID OPINION.

The most ordinary facts may be present ed in such a light as to be scarcely recognizable, and thus presented they are likely mun, who thought he had a sucker that he to occasion highly original and unexpected | could land in tine shape whenever he want-

A prominent physician of this city, says the Washington Star, owns a farm in New cluded Mrs. Sprout, twitching energetical- | England, and whenever he gets tired of his ly at a refractory knot. "I'm willin' to do | fashionable patients he goes there, puts on for him, but I jest have to take him down his oldest clothes, lays in a stock of corn- Most progressive age in the world." now an' agin. Men are all made just like |-cob pipes and rusticates. One day last that; they're an awful onreasonable set; Sammer he was jogging lazily along a if women wasn't here to keep 'em where country road in a rickety old cart drawn | the farmer.' by a horse almost as rickety. A country man walking on the same road asked for a lift, and the two fell into conversation. "Who are you working for?" asked the

"Oh," I'm working for Dr. J. down here, answered the physician. "What doin' ?"

"Oh," went on the doctor, "I do everyhing for him! I dress him and feed him. and I even wash his face and put him to bed. I do everything be needs done." "How much do you get for it?" asked the native.

"My board and clothes.". "Au' you do all that for him - wash hir an' dress him an' feed him an' all that ?';

The countryman looked at the doctor noment in silence. Then he leaned over the wheel and spat solemuly. "Well of all the fools I over see !" That was all be said.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

Kata Upson Clark, writing for the Washtain N-had dried it carefully; and then are not conscious of being drawn in two ways by conflicting desires.

A boy of ten, whose constant cry for mas present, came in from school a day or "Confound the hat !" said Captain Kay. two sgo and asked his mother if she had "Oh yes," she replied. I know many of

them by heart." "Do you?" he cried. "Well, aren't they nice? Have we got them in a book?" "No. but I wish we had," answered his

"I feel as if I must have them I" said the small boy, carnestly. "Don't you suppose I could have them for Christmas? . Now, I'll tell you what it is," with an money was paid, the parcel opened, and | have both I believe I'd rather have Holmes's

"Indeed !" exclaimed his mother, much surprized and pleased. Then, turning to the boy's father, she remarked pleasantly "Really, I don't know but what we are FAVORITES

going to have a poet in the family." "Oh, no !" cried the boy, quickly: "I'm going to be a base-ball player when I grow up, you know-but I'll tell you what," he added suddenly. "I might be a post winters."

An exchange prints another of thos "true stories" about newly married Vassar graduates. "You look tired, my dear," said Mr. Gay to his wife.

TIRESOME.

woman can afford to risk her goods with poor dyes when the "Diamond" are admit-"I am tired," said Mrs. Gay. "I heard you say once that you liked rabbit, so went to the market this morning and got one. I meant to surprise you with broiled rabbit for dinner; but I've been at worl on it all the forenoon, and I haven't got i more than half-picked yet."

"Is the captain of your baseball team

A MATTER OF SIZE.

very good player ?" asked Dexter's father "No, sir," roplied Dexter; "but he said he wanted it, and as he's the biggest boy in school, he got it." That Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIN. Sometimes I fancy, in that land unknown, The enger little face that waits for me-The eyes of blue, the sweet lips all my own-The baby feet that pause beside my knee.

CHILDLESS.

I clasp the tiny form close to my breast, While round my neck the dimpled arms And for a few brief moments I am blessed Boyond the happiest of all womankind,

Oh, joy to kiss the nestling golden head! And whisher the sweet words that mother:

The words that though a million times were . With overy saying sweet and sweeter grow. And on my check I feel the baby breath, 'And loar the tones that never can grow cold ;

For time, nor space, nor change, nor cruel death,

Can take my darliby from my loving hold. STARS AND STORMS. ... Much of the beauty of the stars depends

chief obstacles he has to overcome in Scintillation has generally been regarded than white ones, it has been suggested that At the word Searles dropped his lifted the causes of some of the essential differ ences in the scintillations of different stars no doubt, however, that the main cause of

scintillation depends upon the condition of Most people suppose that when the stars appear to lose their liveliness of light, and shine without twinkling as minute bright points in the sky, fair weather is in prospect. Studies lately made in France and Switzelland seem to contradict this Permission was given, and he coolly popular belief. It has been found there quietly in the sky that they seemed to After that, it was unsafe for any one have entirely lost their scintillating power. This is said to be only one instance the appearance of storms.

> NOT AS SMART AS HE MIGHT BE The farmer was receiving the incinuating ministrations of a patent lightning-rod

> "Great thing this business of inventing ." remarked the rod man. "So I understand responded the farmer. "Yes, they are just inventing everything.

"So I understand." "Yee, and they're always looking out for

"So I understand," and the farmer wiped a little smile off of his face with his coat "Yes. You say they've invented a

machine to raise stumps; another to raiso hay from the ground to the mow; another to raise a wagon to grease it; another to lift water to the top of the house; another

"Say," interrupted the farmer, "I'll bet you a heifer calf against a mile and a half of them lightning rods that they sin't invented no kind of a machine that'll lift a morgidge. There's the heiler calf out their in the yard now eatin' the tail offen your new spring overcoat; do you want to bet?" But the lightning-rod man was too busy getting his overcoat out of the jaws of the heifer calf to answer.

FARMERS' DONT'S

Sascasm is an effective weapon, and with it a paper published for farmers, the Stockman, seeks to combat the tendency of some farmers-let us say a small minority of them-to neglect and ill-treat their wives. The Stockman publishes this list of "Don'ts" for the farmer : . Don't try to please your wife.

Don't appreciate one thing she does. . . Don't over plan your work so as to able to take her to any entertainment. Den't help care for the children; that is what you got her for. Don't fail to invite company to dinner on Sunday without letting her know, so she

can have a day of rest. Don't get the bucket of water from the cistern when asked; any one can pump who half tries. Don't fail to ask your wife if she wants you to do all the housework when she asks

you to put some wood in the stove. Don't neglect asking what she has done with all the egg and butter money; for it will more than supply the table, help pay the hired man, get the children's books and clothes, etc. Don't wonder that your food has a pecu liar flavor, for it is seasoned with blasted

hopes, sighs of disappointment, etc. Don't be surprised to read that the majority of incane women are farmers'

FOR LONG YEARS. For long years Diamond Dyes have been

the favorite family dyes in the Dominion of Canada; and although imitation .package dyes have been plentifully offered for sale, their great inferiority to the "Diamond" in strength, fastness, beauty of color and baillancy was known to the great majority of women, and they were condemned and avoided by all who valued

good and bright colors. No scusible

tedly the world's best. A most important point to remember is that the Diamond Dyes cost no more than the crude and common dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of large profits. Ask your dealer for the "Diamond"; if he values your trade he will be in the posi-

tion to supply you. Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow \$10 on them

It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsapailla as a blood purifier. Witir-this medicine he knows he has found a remedy upon

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SHORTS SEEDS "Much too young," replied St. Croix

Family Flour in the Market. FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

ACTON, ONT. Several people of my acquaintance were there, and I had to go through the usual John Cameron, number of duty dances. Presently 1 saw St. Croix coming toward me.

and MOULDING

Proprietor

···THE···

kindly look after Mrs. Fordyos, Ingram ?" he hurried off. to Mrs. Fordyce. should turn out to be the friend Mr. St.

matter seeming infinitely amusing to me

"Pon my word," I exclaimed at length "It is positively matvellous to think, doctor," she interrupted.