### The Acton Free Press

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quite wonderfal." AUTON Machine and Repair Shops cheerfulness, she continued :-HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor. "But, Tim, my man, it's getting on, and

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#### Poetrp.

THE BOY OF THE HOUSE. He was the boy of the house, you know, · A jolly and rollicking led. He was never-tired, and never sick, And nothing could make him sad.

If he started to play at sunrise Not a rest would be take at noon; No day was so long from beginning to und. But his bedtime came too soon. Did some one urgo that he make less noise, He would say with a saucy grin : "Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir-I'm sorry I isn't a twin!

"There's two of twins-O, it must be fun To go double at everything; To holler by twos, and to run by twos, To whistle by twos, and to sing!" His laugh was something to make you glad, So brimful was it of joy. A consciouce he had, perhaps, in his breast,

With the terrier at his heels; You know by the shout he halled you with, How happy a youngstor feels. The maiden auntie was half distraught At his tricks as the days went by, The most mischlevous child in the world She said, with a strug and a sigh.

His father owned that her words wers true,

But it never troubled the boy .-

You mot him out in the garden path,

And was turning her brown hair gray. His grown-up sister referred to him As a trouble, a trial, a griof; "The way be ignored all rules," she said, "Was something beyond belief." But it never troubled the boy of the house. He revoled in clatter and din.

And his mother declared each day

Was putting wrinkles into her face.

And had only one regret in the world-That he hadn't been born a twin. There's nobody making a noise to-day, There's nobody stamping the floor. There's an awful silence, upstairs and down, There's crape on the wide ball door. The terrier's whining out in the sun-"Where's my comrade?" he seems to say; Turn your plaintive eyes away, little dog.

There's no frolle for you to-day. The freckle-faced girl from the house no Is solbling her young heart out; Don't cry, little girl, you'll soon forget To miss the laugh and the shout. The grown up sister is kissing his face,

And calling bim "darling" and "sweet," The maiden aunt is holding the shoes That he wore on his restless feet, How strangely quiet the little form. With the hands on the bosom crossed ! Not a fold, not a flower out of place. Not a short curl rumpled and tossed ! So soleuin and still the big house seems -

No laughter, no racket, no din, No startling shrick, no voice piping out: "I'm sorry I isn't a twin !" There a man and a woman, pale with grief, As the wearisome moments creep; O! the leneliness touches everything -

The boy of the house is asleep.

#### Toronto Globe Select Family Reading.

The Wedding Day.

"In sickness and in boalth -:-"Till death us do part." Such a bare little place! cold, and dar and comfortless as a room well nigh inno cent of furniture must be, yet sweet and clean and orderly, and above all-home to old sick Molly and Timothy her husband. "Bring her over at once, then, and the

sooner the better; perhaps this will make the journey easier ;" said the doctor, as he laid a shilling on the table, and breathed a igh of relief. He had come ready prepared to meet th hundred and one difficulties and objections usually put forward in such a case, but the convincing arguments had been all unneeded, for Molly had risen to the occasion bravely, and had consented to become an in-patient at the big buspital scross the

park that very day. So, his task successfully accomplished, the doctor turned to "Might it be to-night ?" it was Timothy who spoke. "I'll bring her for certain to-night, but we'd like to have just this arms were carrying so proudly; a tray one day together, first. Now the dootor was quick-tempered, and

feeling impatient at any suggestion of delay, he answered rather sharply: "No, no, bring her at once as I told you why, the sooner she is in, the sooner she will be out again, you know; what objec-

tions can you have?" Timothy heeitated, but a glance at Molly's thin face and a certain eager wistfulness upon it gave him courage. "It's only this, sir, and it may seem a poor sort of reason to you, but this is our wedding day, we've never spent it apart

yet-and-" the old voice faltered, and the sentance was never fluished for the young man himself interrupted it : .... "Reason! Why it's the very best reasons, if you had only said so at once Bring her to-night then by all means

good-bye till then.' And as he went his way amid the busy London streets, the doctor thought of a time, not perhaps so very far off now, when with love and friends, and plenty al around he too should keep his wedding-day. And it may be that as he thought the joy in his own heart was none the less intense and sacred because there came mingling with it a rememberance of some of the chastening possibilities of life, and a feel ing of kindly sympathy with some other travellers on its road for whom the end of the journey together could not be far distant now.

Left alone with his wife Timothy seated himself beside her, and patted her hand "Hospitals are such fine places, Moll." "Very fine, dear," and she looked at him with the smile whose sunshine had made

life bright to him for so long. "Such splendid food and nursing, Moll and the rooms, why, I'm only afraid you'll be looking down on this poor little place when you come back to it after a bit so well and strong; for it's wonderful how well folks do get in those hospitals, Moll,

"Yes, Timothy, so they do, very often." Her lips trembled, but only for a mo ment. Then, with a brave attempt at

wo're wasting such pregions time, shan'

we begin?" And drawing nearer still, Timuth began. It was au old, old custom with them now. Year after year as the day round they had kept it together in the same simple fashion, though never before

and only lovingly and tenderly brought out | ward way across that quiet bit of the Park. on such a day as this to be dwelt on, laughed at, ay, perhaps wept over, too, but with | what unusual sight. It was that of the those blessed and healing tears from which | little old man, weak and tottering himself.

passed away. To-day, however, Timothy had it all his gates, and carrying on his back, her thin own way for Molly said little, only lay arms clasped about his neck, her handsback and smiled contentedly, or shook her | firmily grasped in his, an old sick woman. head gently as the case demanded, while Molly, his wife. she listened once more to the old familiar

days, happy, though wise folks had shaken | the delay and declining all assistance had their heads and had augured ill of this | plodded quietly on sgain. foolish marriage; of a certain April morn ing when a dull old London church had seemed so still and solemu, and yet so strangely bright; of the friends-and he named them one by one-who had collected at her home near by to wish them well : and at last of that real home coming, the sattling down in the poor little attic rooms which his love and thought had made so sweet and snug and cosy.

"And the violets," she put in quickly, "don't forget the violets, Tim." He paused again and she watched him

keenly and anxiously. "Yes, Moll," he resumed, presently "don't let us shirk it, old girl; then-" burst suddenly into a laugh so strange and heart in two. Then, as suddenly ceasing he buried his face in his hands and sobbed as though his heart must break, while the quiot tears rau covn his old cheek, too. and what could she say to comfort him? For nine and thirty years that little anniversary feast had been celebrated so

worthily, every item of that happy first. meal together repeated and now "Oh, my Moll, my Moll," he sobbed, 'you must to without it to-day. I've no money left, not even a penny; poor girl, my poor old girl."

She dared not trust herself to speak, only stroked the grey bead softly, tenderly, Suddenly he raised it, and looking not at her but at the doctor's shilling he pointed pagerly to it.

"Moll !" But she shook her head eadly. "It was for the cab, Tim. There neither train nor 'bus to help me, and must go in, you know." He sat still once more lost in thought. They, jumping up excitedly he stood before

her, and spoke fast and eagerly. "Moll! think! You know the park, quite mear? Could you with my arm, my strong arm, dear, could you walk to its gates? I'll carry you through, it's not far, and then, why then, it's but a step on the other side to the hospital door, do you see, old woman, do you ree?"

Moll nodded, but looked confused. The nod, however, apparently satisfied him for ne offered no further explanation, only disappeared. Left alone, Molly lay still, too tired and weak to wonder much at anything while

secome so strangely merged in one; till at last she remembered no more, the tired eyes closed wearily, and calmly and peacefully old Molly slept. Timothy's re-entrance awakened her and she smiled a welcome. He came forward eagerly, the old face flushed and glad, his little body bent half double over the covered tray his shaking

case may be of-fried fish "Shat your eyes tight, old girl, just for a few moments," he oried out; and still beaming from ear to ear. Tim brought forward the little round table, placed it near Molly's chair, and softly and quickly proceeded to lay it. Fish! potatoes ! bread! butter! tea! milk! Why, what more could king or queen desire? And all from the marvellone possibilities of one bright shilling! Then, diving into the mysterious depths of a back pocket Timothy produced herefrom a little bunch of violets, crushed indeed and faded, but sweet still, and bending softly over Moll he gently fastened them on her breast. Then scating himself

opposite to her he told her eagerly she might "look." Her quaffected surprise was rich reward "It's your can dear heart," he oried. 'Your cab! you couldn't use it and a rid. ing horse too, could you? And here's your horse all saddled and ready. It's quite right and square, Moll," he added quickly, as he caught eight of an expression of doubt on her honcet face. "Didn't the gratefully. "You're very kind, but I'd

doctor say it was to make the journey easier, and won't it, old girl, won't it ? Ah. I thought that would settle it." Whatever she may have felt, Molly had not the heart to object any further, and so the wedding-feast proceeded.

Timothy picked out the daintiest and most tempting morsels he could find, and for his sake she did her best bravely, but it was hard work. Every thing tasted so strangely to-day; even the blessed oup of tea seemed to have lost the magio of its strengthing and reviving powers; and at length all further effort impossible, she waved off the last proffered morsel and lying back wearily, shook her head. "Eat it yourself, you don't obeat fair

that day you drank our health in a glass of Timothy had expecte; his and was not spoken, and turning around he saw the flavor. to be taken at unawares. "Beer !" he suswered applushing, "ah, ! yes, to be sure, so I did; and I was just | moment and there was an expression on thinking as I came along how tastes his face that had been wanting there of change. Why, there's a something almost late.

my man; and, ah Tim," she added sadly

"yon've forgotten comething after all, for

drink your health in tea." Molly said nothing. Only, for a few minutes the room seemed dim and misty. and life was very sweet. And so, once more that wedding feast was

unpleasant to me in the very idea now!

irculars.

J. SHARP, Principal Control and territory. THE DOMINION COMfor the common handling of every lay use,
PANY Dept. 7 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

paused for a moment to gaze at a someall pain and bitterness have long since but pushing bravely and steadily on with eyes firmly fixed on the still far distant

Hearts are kind, and more than one story that time only seemed to make more friendly offer of help had been given Timothy, but though grateful for th And Timothy told of the happy courting offers he had seemed almost impatient at

He could hardly have told how often he had stopped to rest since first that strange journey had begun; ceruinly each time that the shelter of a friendly seat had been gained, often of necessity when there had been no such help at hand Somehow he had fancied himself so much stronger than had proved to be the case, for it surely could not be that Molly was beavier than he had imagined, and she so weak and ill.

At first her cough had been terribly bad and it had torn and hurt him so to hoar it but of late it had seemed to get better and at last-it had ceased altogether, and very gratefully Timothy bad thanked God for but his voice sounded strange, and she that. A few moments agot hey had stopcould barely catch the words, "then came | ed to rest again for the last time and he that grand first dinner party of ours; you had questioned her tenderly as to how she

and me for guests, and fish-fried fish it did. Her face looked paler, he thought, was, with potatoes, fried potatoes-and I but she seemed easy and happy, and she don't know what besides; and you laughed | smiled so sweetly at him as she answered so because I couldn't help to took them, do rather drowsily, "quite comfortable, Timyou remember, Moll? Do you remem- othy, only very sleepy; good-night, my ber?" and throwing back his head Timothy | man," and he had kissed ber lips tenderly and revently as he always did, and then wild that it well nigh tore poor Molly's | cheered and comforted had once more pushed on.

Ab! there was the park gates almost reached at last, and indeed it was time for his old arms ached terribly and his old knees threatened to fail him, altogether. He spoke encouragingly to her from time to time but she had evidently fallen asleep for she did not untwer him. It was better so he thought, for now she could not guesa how tired he was and it would have hurt and vexed him sorely had she known it his good old loving Moll !

Only a few more weary steps and the gates were really gained. Passing through them on they went, these two strange travelers, and the little band of urchins in their wake noticed that just before the great door of the hospital came in sight the old man panted more and more and his poor little stock of strength seemed almost

Yes, the labor of love was all but over now; one more effort and the goal was fatigue, but still clasping tight that precious burden Timothy atumbled up the last steps, and as friendly arms drew him into the safe shelter of that fire lit hall, and kindly faces looking pity ingly into his, the place seemed suddenly to become confused and misty, the voices to recede further away, till at last, wrapped in a. merciless unconsciousness, he remembered no more. Faithful unto death; his task was done:

bye, and his loving old arms had carried her seked if she minded being left by herself to the end. For as they gently unclasped for a bit, and then, smiling mysteriously her arms from about his neck they say that Molly was dead. They would so willingly have kept him on, at least for a day or two till he should her mind wandered dreamily back again over the pages of that old life story whose have recovered somewhat from the shock oys and sorrows seemed to-day to have of the first sad awakening but the old man was firm. The little attic room was his for a week or two louger and then-why,

power to hart him now; he would just take one more look at her and then go They went with him to where she lay, the matron and the doctor; not the friendly young doctor of the morning, but anfrom which there issued forth the all-pre- other whose face looked ansatisfied and vailing smell, appetizing or sickening as the tired. Something had gone amiss with his life springs of late, and since then he had ceased to believe in the divine possi-

> bility of good, either human or divine, and now be eyed Timothy with a half-curlous, half-pitying gaze. The latter shed no tears, had shed none indeed since first they broke the news to him; the comfort of them might come later, perhaps, and there was times enough. He stood by her side now, perfectly composed and calm, scanning earnestly each still feature as though to learn it the better by heart. Then he laid his honest old, work-worn hand on hers and kept it

there for a moment. "The ring," whispered the doctor to the matron, "it may buy him a drop of comfort at least. Let him have it." She hezitated; then touching Timothy gently on the arm she pointed to it.

"You will like to have it, perhaps?" she

asked softly. He glauced down at it, such a poor little line of gold, worn thin in long and loving service for him, and shook his head. "Thank you, ma'ano," he answered rather not. Come good or ill my old woman would never part with that, and 1 won't take it from her now." He hesitated for a moment, then gaining courage as

he looked into the matron's face, he con-"If I might make so bold, ma'am, would you let me have my dear girl's bonnet?" Very tenderly she gave it to him, such poor old rusty thing, and he received i reverently as we do something that is sacred and very precious; then with grateful "thank you, ma'am," he turned to leave the room. He glagoed toward the doctor as though to bid him good bye too, but he had moved off from them, and seemed busy over something at the further end of the ward. So Timothy went away. He had almost reached the great outer hall when he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him and his own name

The latter looked at laim silently for

Bo to-day if you please, my lass, I'll just ; the doctor .- A. M. CAMERON. WHAT DID LULU MEAN? Lulu-You should get Jos to sign pledge before you matry him.

Luig-No, but he may be tempted

Mary-Why, he doesn't drink.

A YOUNG GIRL'S WOE.

"All right !" At that word the tall individual in the loose velvet coat jumping up per endicular a the air and emitted a cry that sounded

"Tootle, tootle, toot !" Ordinarily one would have suspected him of being the last person to indulge in such antics, as he was of a staid and slightly severe countenance, and a closs observer would have shrewdly supposed that be was far from sujoying himself, but it is to be presumed that he knew his own business best. In any case, the perspiration bedewed his brow.

A few yards from him sat some one in the chair-a young girl. She gazed at the jumping one with an expression of resentment end a tear bedimmed her eye She wept bitterly. The individual in the loose velvet coat

gritted his teeth, swore under his breath and moved hastily away. The young girl's parents who were present looked unconcerned. After a moment's burried confab the velvety coated one handed each of the parents a large tin pan and a stick of wood. He himself handled a tin horn.

"Come on now!" The horn was blown lustily, the tin pans were banged with fervor, and all three danced up and down with Bacobanalian vehemence and abandon.

And they shouted: "Rooty ti toot?" 'Hi tiddley bi 'ti !" "Pilly willy winkum boom !" Their faces grew pusple and their veins swelled to the point of bursting. It was

most impressive. The young girl fixed her eyes on the proseedings. They lacked lustre at first but by degress began to take on some show

> 0039 velvet coat with insano excitement. . A snap was heard, and the young girlshe was but two years old -was successfully pt otographed at lass

A TRUMPETER'S COURAGE.

"Now I" shricked the individual in th

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver, perhaps, than Trumpeter Escoftier's rescue of his captain. The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of

confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable. At that moment the trumpter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying, "Take him. Your life ornament and pride of man, the soom of is necessary; mine is useless. You can

reached. Worn and weary, and spent with | rally the men. It does not matter about | De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escoffier was taken prisoner, but the Arabs who adore courage, had witnessed the scene, and appreciating the nobility of the man treated him with generosity. His ment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various | the rack; the rack of rest, to souls most that kiss in the park sealed their last goodmilitary movements. Our day Escoffler gave the whole repertoire with great gusto, finishing up by blowing the summone for a

charge with an extended flourish. "What's that?" asked the Arab chief. "Ah!" said Escottier, "you will soon hear that, I hope. That is the signal for a

ONE ON THE GROCER. They are telling a good story on my friend, the grocer, next door. The other then there was the "house," he said; the day a woman came in and said: "I want dreaded law of separation had loss all two dozen hen's eggs. They must all be and the steward gave me beef, chicken, eggs laid by black hons."

The grocer said : "Madam, I am willing best of me this time. I don't know how to tell the eggs of a black hep from those of speckled or white one." Said she, "I can tell the difference

lok out-the eggs for yourself?" She did so, and when the two duzen were counted into her basket, the grocer looked at them and said suggestively, "Well, madam, it seems as though the black hoos laid all the big eggs.'

#### "Yes," said she, "that's the way you tell them."-Ilurdware.

VERY SIMPLE RULE.

A new mode of computing interest at six per cent. has been published which appears simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figures and divide by six. The result is the true interest of such such sum for such number of days at six per cent. This rule is so simple and so true according to all business prages that overy banker, broker, merchant and clerk should put it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as fractions in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no arithmetical precess can so decided information be obtained with so few figures. To find the interest at 7 per cent. add one-sixth, at 8 per cent. one-third, at 0 per cent. one

CAUSTIC AS A BEVERAGE. The liquor men of Montreal are about to petition the government to establish in | and dyeing work. Montreal a systematic inspection of liquors. | Vegetable fibres requirespecial dyes. Such They have discovered recently three | dyes are not made by the makers of imitaflagrant cases of adulteration by men in tion and common package dyes. Special the trade. In one instance the whiskey dyes for vegetable fibres, such as cotton seller note causticio the white whiskey to, and mixed goods, are made only by the as he says "make it bite," adding of course | proprietors of Diamond Dres and every many more gallons of water to "make him | color is simply perfection. rich." This is a case than can be proven | These special Diamond Bye cotton colwith the greatest case. In two other ors are great chemical discoveries and coninstances the salconkeepers never buy from | fined entirely to the Diamond Dyes. The the wholesale whiskey men, but from the colors are sixteen in number are immense wholessle drog stores, making up their ly popular with carpet, rug and mat mak-

### THE DIFFERENCE.

The following conversation reported l friend was recently overheard be tween two brothers, aged four and "Will you shake hands with me?" said | six years : "Say, Winny, what is the dif ference, anyway, between a bloycle and a trioyole?" Elder (with patronizing air) : "Why, Ray, don't you know that? If a man takes the thing home to see how he likes it it is a trioyole; but if he bays outright, if is a bicycle."

Diseases often luck in the blood before they openly manifest themselves. There fore keep the blood pure with Hood's Sar- Sarsaparilla has a well excued reputation

We traveled it long ago :

A place for the lagging of lefswoly stops sweet and shady and slow. There were rims of restful hills

and popples asloop atour feet. There lads and maids on a Sunday mot and

strolled them, two and two; only the sun poered through :

for the wood-bird's call. And plenty of time to sit by a stream and barken its ripple and fall.

dusk, and over the tree a star .; . There was once a breath of the clover bloom (sweet Heaven, we have hurrled so long!) And there was a gate by a white rose clasped,

and out of the dusk a song. That song' . . . the ocho is strange and sweet, the voice it is woak and old;

the jarring of wheel and stone ! Ob; liston, my heart, and forget-forget that we reap the bread we have sowu!

where, lingering, one by one, The summoning bells of twilight time over the meadows blown May find us strolling our homeward way, glad of the ovening star?

APHORISMS. Be charitable and indulgent to everyone but thyself .- Joubert.

faith. He who betrayed thee ouce will betray thee again .- Shakespeare. There is not a heart but has its moments

Trust not him that has once broken

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are good

dom of a superior being, that our calumibecomes a man .- Mackenzie.

rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability. Energy will do anything that can te done in this world ; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make

adverse; action all their joy .- Young. SCRATCHING UP A MEAL Some-men in a publichouse were inventing stories to pass the time away. They

them a yarn. He brgan: "I was once in a dreadful storm. All the provisions were washed overboard. I way very ill, and ate nothing for four days; at the end of that time I began to feel hungry

"From the bullocks" (bulwarks), said the old sallor. "And where did you got the chickens

"Euge ?" said the sailer. "I didn't say eggs, did.I? "Oh, yes, you did," eaid the men "We've caught you now!" The old sailer thought he was cought,

A man writing from Dawson City, near the Klondyke gold diggings, mys: "Beer

Goods. If a merchant or any one clae tells you that prokage dyes prepared for all wool goods will color cotton goods equally well do not believe him. A person making such an assertion knows very little about dyes

desire to color rage for carpete and mate, be sure and ask your merchant for Fast Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods. He should keep the full variety --

the individual who needs a tonio for his system seeks to cover his wants by purchasing every new mixture that is recof fifty years standing.

PRICE THREE CENTS

LEISURELY LANE. Is there no road new to lessurely Lane?-

fields of dreamful wheat. With shadows of clouds acrossthom blown,

he leaves they laced in a roof o'erhead and And there was time to gather a rose, and time

s there no road now to Leisurely Lane? (God knows we have hurried afar!) There was once a lampthrough the brooding

It hath no part with tho clamor and din, and

Is there no road now to Lelsurely Lane ! God knows we have hurried afor! -Virginia Woodward Cloud in Ladies' Home

of longing, yearning for something better,"

and whose cuemies are decidedly bad .-Lavater. It is wonderful what strength of purpose and boldness and energy of will are aroused by the assurance that we are doing our

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the

ments and without employ the soul is on

had all had a turn at it except an old sailor, who had remained silent all the time, until pressed by the others to spin

port wine and eggs." "But you said all the previsions wer to accommodate you, but you have got the washed overboard. Where did the beef come from ?"

> "From the hatch." "And the port wine?" "From the porthole." "And the eggs ?"

"Yes. I did have eggs. The captain ordered the ship to lay to, and he gave me

is 50 cents per drink. I have quit drinking." This is an impressive example of th efficacy of the gold cure. Special Advice to Ladies Who Contemplate Col-

oring Cotton

liquors from drugs with a fine strong ers everywhere. Cottou goods never fade when in sun or washing. If you're about to dye cotion goods, or

hath no part with this force, wild rush, and this hard, mad fight for gold! Is there no road now to Lessurely Lane-

Journal

Better be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children .- Dans.

nobler, holier than it knows now .--

Captain De Cott, and everything was in duty.-Scott. It is only the belief of goodness and wis-

a two-logged animal a man without it .--Goothe. Life's cares ure comforts; such by heaven designed : he that hath none must . make trumpet was a source of great entertain- them, or be wretched; caros are employ-

"If that is so, madam, will you kindly

THE GOLD CURE.

and had to consider. At last he eaid :.

sixteen useful colors. If one half of the world den't know how the other half lives; it isn's the fault of the

Human Life is held too cheaply when