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Accounts payable monthly. H. P. MOORE Editor and Proprietor

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cleased to know that she is again in charge of our Millinery Department. All are cordially invited to inspec

J. G. McBeath ACTON, ONTARIO.

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Spring is here again

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The Tailors. Are prepared for it with a very attractive

Spring Suitings Spring Overcoatings Spring Trouserings In all the latest goods. Our workmanship is always satisfactory. Our prices are always right.

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GRANITE And in order to dispose of it to make

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And will allow all expenses to customers

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worrying about. Wall Paper You need not worry. Call at the People's Drug Store and see the beautiful 1898 Wall Papers and you will be happy. Be up to date and get the latest, namely : the Ingrains which are all the rage. Perhaps you haven't seen them. If not we will be delighted to show you them. Anyway don't buy your wall paper till you ive seen the Ingrain or you may rue it.

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The Best Family Flour in the market FRANK HARRIS. Manager.

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BABY'S EASTER SERMON.

was scated in my study, where a million thoughts were born; houghts of what would be my sormon for the proaching Easter morn. was called to tell the people of the goodness of their Christ. And to preach the old, old story, but to picture

it in life. How the Jesu came from heaven, of Bla lowly birth, His love; And for what we all are searching bid the realm of light above. But to find words to express it, to my min would not be born, Not one word for this great sermon to be preachod on Easter morn.

Down went pen, and book, and paper, then closed my study door, lestless as the wavy billows, paced t up and down the floor: For that sermon! Oh, that sermon! A General Banking Business transacted. was I to got it from? ot, 'mid million thoughts I searched for words A. F. H. JONES, and words that would not come. hon another hindrance rises, as two tiny star-

like eyes

Peoped just around the corner to the spot where dolly lies. Baby'd left it in the study, down beside her old torn book : Near the place she loved to play in, which she tormed her "cosy nook." Papa, dearle, are you busy? May I not in and play ?"

"No!" I almost shricked quite loudly, "you may come another day. 'apa's busy, busy, busy-yes, of course you may como lu. Now be quiet, do; don't fret me, for ! But my papa's c'oss and c'uel, and he does not

love me now." And I watched the tear-drops glisten, and her dear, wee troubled brow. her from the floor. ind once more I rose and quickly closed and

locked my study door There the great man with his baby, seated in his lounging chair From those tiny lips of sweetness heard her. little childish prayeris she lisped the words, "that Papa would

made to love me pere." ne'er was heard before. speaker's words divine. and word pictures that he painted were, at least to say sublime. t how Jesus came from heaven, of His lowly

nd for what we all are searching 'mid the realm of light above. Baby found the words to tell and mighty throng ; Found the words and thoughts the master preached upon that Easter morn.

birth, His love.

Select Family Reading.

An Easter Story.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE. "Never!" cried Bourgueil, rising with violence and throwing his napkin on the table. "Never! Do you hear me? Never!" and the old master-mason paced up and down the cosy dining-room, turning on his heel furiously, like a bear in a cage ; while poor mother Bourgueil, her tearful

eyes lowered on her plate, was discousolately nibbling almonds. For two years the same dispute had been springing up between the old couple-just as now at the end of their evening meal. For it was two years since they had fallen out with their son Edward, who; in spite of their opposition, had married a woman picked up somewhere in the Latin quarter -just as he was about to take his degree as a lawyer, too. How they had loved him and petted him, this Edward-this longwished-for child, who had come after ten long years of married life, when they had almost given up hoping for a con. The happy Bourgueil, then only a simple build-

or, had rubbed his hands, saying to his "You know, Clemence, that smart fellow Haussman is improving and changing the whole city of Paris, from one end to another. Here is a good chance for me. If things go on this way I can make fortune in twelve or fifteen years. And know one thing : the little rascal of ours won't need to climb up into scaffoldings like his father, nor come home every night with spots of plaster all over his gray vest, and fit to drop with fatigue. We will make real gentleman of him, won't we

Clemence?" All Bourgneil's ambitions had been rea ized. At college Edward was a brillian pupil, and the old pessant who had com to Paris many years ago, carrying his shoes on his back and a little silver tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, had the satisfaction of seeing his son congratulated and loaded with prizes by the Minister of In struction himself. What a future the boy had before him! He would pass the most difficult examinations without any trouble -they would be a more joke for him-and then choose any career he had a fancy for "We will leave the boy a good twenty-five thousand france income," father Bourgoeil would say, cheerfully, slapping his wife's shoulder with his strong, broad hand. "And, saperlotts / we will make him marry right soon. It will be easy to find some pretty girl, with a good education, who will make him happy, and of whom we can feel

Ah, those lovely plans I where had they gono? The kind old parents had been foolish enough to furnish a room in town for their boy, that he might be more independent. Then he met that woman, and immediately his studies were dropped. At licentiate's degree, They were dreadfully castles; still they did not give up all hope. so young! It will pass. Let him alone

But one day the imbecile had the audacity to inform them that he adored this the result. Courteous girl and was determined to make her his wife. This was too much. If Bourgaeil branches recalls far . If memories. While did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy it | the old woman is busy taking apart the was a miracle indeed; the veins in his twigs to decorate the rooms with them, the neck were swollen like cords. He ordered the son out of the house and out off his

> woman," the old man roared, crimson with wrath, "you need not expect a soul they had married a few days before Lent. from either of us as long as we live." But the stubbern, ungrateful boy had ontraged them to the end; and now he was married to this doll of his, and living on a wretched clerk's salary, in a suburb of the a rapid effort of imagination he recalls in city-like some vagabond! Poor old couple! How their son's conduct had She had ever been so industrious, so made them suffer for these two horrible thrifty, so devoted. And now he tortares years! Life was a pleasure no longer, and her—this good, brave woman. He makes lately the situation was getting worse her suffer on account of his wicked son. every day. It was the mother's fault-

"If you'dare to give your name to that

she was too wretched and she had relented at last. Her sorrow had got the better of ber resentment, and now she was actually inclined to forgive. One day she mustered up sufficient courage to mention the fubject to her husband. But he fell into a frenzy goes to place a spray of box above Edward's of passion, crying "Neverl" with a force of him and of his studies.

which shook the doors and windows, forbidding the poor woman to say another word about it. She had not the heart to obey him, and pleaded the cause again hardly knows what he is about. His head and again. And at every new attempt, Bourguell was furious and made a terrible doubtless. But his beart fills with somescene. Their home became a purgatory. each other faithfully, who had lived and toiled side by side for more than thirty soft: years, became almost hostile. Every hight at the dinner table the quarrel broke out anew, and it always ended with some of those stinging thursts that wound the heart. "Do you want me, to tell you what I

say. "You are without pity !" "And you are a coward to want me to give in," the mason replied, leaving the room with a stamp of his heavy foot. Left alone in the soft light of the lamp,

in the comfortable parlor the poor mother, who was still true to her peasant customs and retained her white linen caps, would quietly drop burning tears on her knitting and pray for her boy. Bourgueil had lost all love for his home, now that he had continually a sad face to look upon. He had ot into the habit of joining some friends | comes soft and caressing-"you know would be stern to the end. He could epeak of nothing else, and his partners proclaimed him "a tiresome old fellow," as soon as he had his back turned. In his presence, however, they deplored his ill-luck in having such a scamp of a son, and highly 'Christ is rison!" The listeners marvelled at the praised his firmness. One. man in the group, especially, invariably hailed the mason's imprecations with an approving

> word or two: "Brave, father Bourguell, you are a Roman !" Bourgueil was from the province, of Marche, and possessed very indistinct notions on antiquity. Still he had some inkling of the memory of old Brutus, and felt highly flattered to be compared to such : s personage. Yet, when he left the cafe and found himself in the cold, dark night, he would say to himself-oh! very softlythat Brutus must have had a cruel, hard heart, and that it was a borrible thing to

condemn a son to death. Easter Sunday has come-a joyous bright, happy day, merry with the chimes of bells and the promise of warm spring days. The city itself looks gay and coquettish. Women are coming home from church, and all are carrying a bunch of box-plant that fills the air with a sweet fresh odor. Even the old cab-horses have a bit of it stuck behind their cars.

Bourgueil, who sat up last evening at the cafe, playing cards till midnight, wakes up very late. He is in a horrible mood; and what mun would not be, I should like to know? Last night, at the usual hour, he had again to listen to his wife's absurdities. She again mentioned Edward, and tried t soften him-Bourguell! She had mad inquiries; she said, and learned that their daughter-in-law, for the was that in spite of all his anger, was not the bad woman that they had first thought. A poor girl Yes; she had worked in a store. But what? What were they themselves but simple working people, even if they had become well off? Could they expect their boy to marry some righ marquis's daughter? And over since Angelina-an ugly name, but it wasn't the girl's fault after all-ever eince Angelina had been his wife, no one could breathe a word against her. She was a model little wife, "Can it be that you will not have pity on these poor tearfully. They are poor, very poor. What do you think Edward earns in that instrance company where he has found a place ?" It breaks my heart to think of it. Only two hundred france a month. Not more than you spend on your cafe and your cigars. I don't ask you to see them but won't you help, them, just a little We are living in plenty while they-" and receiving no answer from Bourgneil, who was pensively turning the glass he had just emptied between his fingers, the old woman had risen from her seat and came up to him, putting a trembling hand on his shoulder, silently pleading. Vain effort Bourghaeil, suddenly remembering that I

was a Roman had again poured forth life formidable "Never." And on this levely Easter morning he more than usually sad and ill-temperedthis strong-minded old mason. Ho feel very nervous; he has out his chin twi while shaving. Oh, no; he will not weak enough to pay an income to his un dutiful son. A Roman, I tell you. Would old Brutus have relented ? Of course not And last night he was on the point of yield ing! That is what comes of listening to women. They haven't energy for two sone the women haven't. Bourgneil is-firmer than ever in his resolutions as he puts on a white shirt and his gray holiday suit. H goes into the parlor-that cosy, pretty par lor he was so proud of when things ha still some interest for him-and looks at the clock. It is only eleven o'clock, and twenty-five he had not even taken his Bourgueil, who had a fine appetite this morning, feels cross at the thought of eat disappointed, after having built such fine ing only at twelve. Soon mother Bourgueil returns from church with a large bunch of They consoled themselves saying : "He is box-plant. She places it on a little side table, and suddenly the whole room is filled with the fresh, strong our. Bourgueil is no poet; he has not a very relined nature, yet be is impressionable for all that. like you or me, and the eight of the green penetrating perfume affeuts his old heart. He remembers a certain Easter morningso long, long ago !- when he was still a workman, and his wife a dressmaker's apprentice. It was their honeymoon, for Then, too, she had returned from church with a fragrant burden, and made their only room bright and fastive. How pretty she looked, and how he loved her! And by an instant their long years of married life

But is Edward really so wicked as all

that? Of course, a fellow ought to honor bis father and mother and obey them; but, then, are not youth and love sufficient ex cuses for many a fault? He watches mother Bourgueil with moist eyes as she picture on the wall-a picture of their boy in his college suit, when they felt so proud

thing that seems very much like mercy These two old people who has nothing to and pardon. He goes up to his wife, takes reproach themselves with, who had loved her hands, and looking at the picture mutters, his rough voice grown strangely "Say, Clemeuce, shall we-forgive bim ?" Ah, the cry of joy that bursts from the mother's lips!" And he has called her "Clemenco," just as in their young days. He has not given her that name for more

think, Bourgueil?" the old woman would than fifteen years. And she understands that he loves her still-her husband, her old companiou ! She throws herself in his arms and kisses him frantically, all over his face, takes his head in both her hands, and whispers in his ear. The other day-she couldn't help it, Teally -she went to see their boy. He is so unhappy to have oftended them. And if he has not come a hundred times to beg their forgiveness, it is simply because he

did not dare. "You know," she adds, and her voice in a cafe close by, where they waited for have seen his wife, and you really cannot him for a game of manillo. In dealing out | blame bim for loving her, she is so sweet, the cards the irritated muson made long and as fresh as a rose. She just worships Then it was my hard heart softened, as I raised and violent speeches against the present our Edward; one can see that at ouce. state of morals, where paternal sorrow was | And she keeps their little home in such occasioned by children. But he swore that apple-pie order. Yes, yes, I know-her he, at least, would set a good example; he | past. But if Edward loves her as she is? And, after all, we are not of the fashionable world, and in our class one is not so particular."

Bourgueil feels oppressed. He is choking. Putting a trembling finger on his wife's lips, "That will do," he says. "Send for a cab. Let us take some these sprays to them in sign of peace, and bring them home with us."

joy, falls sobbing on her husband's shoulder, Bourgueil-the Roman, the Brutus-begins to cry softly, like a child.

THE PERSUASIVE LASH. For some time Judge Winfrey, of Evansville, Md., has been puzzled to decide what o do with the youngsters who are brought riminal in themselves, but were in the nature of disorderly conduct resulting from the inability of parents to control their

children. The judge was often compelled to make the best of the unpleasant knowledge that the bad boys' fines were paid by taken to the specially assigned cell and triced up-that is, fastened to the bars of the coll. Next his father was given a stont

leather strap and told to inflict the sentence of the court. Not a single father declined to take this action. The local humane ship is lost. society had the matter brought to its attention, it being stated to it that the wails of the boy prisoners could often be heard in the rear of the city prison. So the societ felt compelled to interfere, thinking that the punishment was inhuman and not adhered to its policy, asserting that it was less inhuman to give a bad boy a well children ?" the poor mother had asked him | weeks' wages in getting him out of trouble, thereby made incapable of producing an | be regulated, and some churches adopted not counting the deprivation to his family

> that fines necessitated. LESSONS OF THE FLOWERS.

"Nothing teaches us so much in thi world if we only watch them, understand the messages they exhale, and profit by them" writes Edward W. Bok in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "I wish everyone n earth might love flowers, live among them, and not be better for their influence By their birth they show us how, out things hard, out of disappointment and failure by the overcoming of obstacles and the bending to difficult tasks, creep forth the most beautiful results. By their cultivation they show how different natures need different treatments. By the manner in which they refuse to thrive near weeds they teach the clearest lesson of human association and show that sin is an intro sion in this world. We learn the great los son that while the most gorgeous flowers appeal to our admiration we love the fragrant once the best. Every lesson, every pleasure, we can learn and derive from ton Budget. these silent mossengers of the earth. The flowers speak a universal language; they. adapt themselves to grave or gay. A flower is never misunderstood. We asso ciate flowers with all the joyous seasons o our lives as well. Flowers often speak to us when our own words seem powerless to express what we roully mean. They are the delutiest bits of God's bandiwork. They call to us to care for them and to ove them, rewarding us with prodigality when we respond to their beckoning. Their message is Divine. Like an April day, 'shadow and sunshine is life.' But the flowers grow, and 'we come to June by

the way of March." EASTER BELLS. Dook we no more our doors and halls With mistletoe and holly keen, For all the fields where warmer falls The kiss of spring are 'tired in green. Now gone its enow white mantle drear, The broad breast of the prairie swells With burating leaf life, and I hear The quivering peal of Easter bells. Up rides the sun with growing light. He looks where his late foe has been. But now to mock the winter's white The frieking lamb is all where seen.

> And there, along the village lane, Go loving couples, hand in hand. The lesson of the spring so plain Is writ that all must understand. Joy in my joy and know no fear"-Tuis is the tale to all it tells As from the steeple, loud and clear, Burate the glad sound of Easter bells. .

The laughing torrent drowns the wolr,

The clang of throbbing Easter belis.

From every hill a brooklet wells,

And on the laden air I bear

A SCENE IN THE COKE REGION

The flames grow higher and bigher till they loap up out of the trunnel heads, and the long banks of ovens, seen at night, give the coke region a weird sky of red, reflected on low clouds, nowhere else approached in somber grandeur. Here the soldier blazes follow in single file the graceful curves of the gentle foot-hills of Chestnut Ridge, and What is the matter? The old mason there in double ranks they march, throwing the light of their steady, torches athwart swims; it is that strong odor of the plant, the waters of the Youghioghen'y. Soon after midnight, while this beauty is yet at its height, the shrill whistle of the works blows its call to labor. The silent miners trudge into the pit and the coke-drawers gather upon the cinder yards. The ovens, which have been charged forty-eight or seventy-two hours, are now filled with a rich red glow, hourly becoming dimmer and dimmes the flames no longer lick up out of the trunnel head, which is clear of smoke. The oven door is torn down and the bot interior cooled with water sprayed out of a long pipe which serves as a nozzle. With a long hooked tool, called a "scraper," the brawny coke drawer togs and pulls. dragging piece by piece out of the oven the silver fuel, which is taken in whee!barrows to the railroad cars standing on the "coke siding," where they are usually placed at convenient distances each evening or night. Coke is scarcely cool in the car when the coke train is made up and hauled out of the region to points east or west. So rapid is the industry in its repetitions of mining, oking and shipping that coal which has coposed in the bowels of the earth under the shadow of the Alleghanies for centuries may three days later, in the form of coke e roaring out in the blast of some gigantic ron farnace on the banks of the Ohio or he shores of Lake Eric .- "The Coke

THE TWIN-SCREW SYSTEM O

quan for April.

Country," by H. P. SNYDER, in the Chautan

STEAMERS. ships is given through the twin-screw system. With the wooden wheel steamers which once crossed the ocean safety could' And while the old mother, stunned with not well be mentioned, for in the loss through the crowds swinging income burnconstruction of the whole ship's frame au ers and blessing the various groups. Outoverwhelming sea could easily sweep away side, the public buildings and the streets the whoel and wheel-casing and the ship are brilliantly illuminated, and flery rockdrift out upon the wide deean as a helpless ets are sent into the midnight sky. One wreck, because it had lost its power to can but wonder how the modest and lowly steer, if it did not entirely capsize from the | Christ would consider all this display and toss of .its equilibrium. But the older rejoicing if he were to come back to earth. single-screw ships have a disadvantage over | Is this exaggerated form of mourning over the twin-screw ships. For if any damage his death and the wild and elaborate before him for offences that were not is done to the engine or the acrows they rejoicing over his ressurcction in keeping must give up the forward motion by steam | with his humble teaching? and with the holp of the sails they have to officials of the court or prison. It seemed almost universally the double screws, shops hand this Easter kies down to the punishment was imposed, the prisoner was reach its destination without much loss of Sesson in Russia," by Eleanor Hodgens speed. A modern twin-screw fast steamer in the Chautauquan for April. which is furnished with a sufficient number of water-tight hatches and enough strong fastenings is very eafe, and a powerful effort of nature must be made if such

EGGS BY WEIGHT. Eggs should be sold by weight. The vary so much in size that this is the only fair method for both producer and consumr. The fowls which produce the largest eggs of normal size. A good many of these both are bound in the same shell. It is the fourteenth day of the calendar moon very seldem that these double-yoked eggs find their way to city markets. Most farmers spot the large eggs and save them for home consumption. They may well do this, for the small eggs sell for as much s dozen as the large ones. The poet Saxe says of a woman :

That knowing oggs are eggs, She tightly held her basket. If the eggs were sold by weight she would less concerned for the loss of one, unless was an unuqually large one. We came across a double-volked egg at mealtime day or two ago. But the second egg was a very small one, with still less proportion of yolk. The eggs of a brahma are usually only seven to a pound, while those of some Italian breeds will run as much as 11 to 12 and bantams even more than this. It rather difficult to sell bantam eggs, except at a discount. But the grocer mixes al together and sells at the same price-Bos-

A WOMANLY WOMAN have heard Miss Willard called the most womanly of women. If this mean that she cared for the things that most women care for, then it is painfully false If however, it meant that she cared supremely for the things that only the best women care for, then it is beautifully true She did not indeed care for gowns and diamonds, for the admiration of men and social display. But she loved knowledge and purity, she craved the power to sway and shape the thoughts of her generation and to lift all manhood to the plane of the noblest womanhood. She fasoinated girls and women, I think, because she belonged to a new species. Other famons women have done the work of men or supplemented it. Joan of Are led men to victory, Florence Nightingalo nursed them after battle. But Frances Willard asserted the dignity of womanhood and the right and daty of women to shape the homes and the society for which they suffered, and sh began by teaching women to respect their own souls and to coase regarding themselves as dependent for happiness wholly upon masculine purpose and masculine endeevor. The charm of her speech, the magic of her idealism, the courage of her plety, the indefinable pressure of her inflexible will made her sovereign, first among pupils and then among the women who thronged about her invisible throne.

For that tired feeling you must enrich because the best remedy in the world and purify your blood. Hood's Sursay. AARON MARON. | mills is the medicine you need.

PRICE THREE CENTS

TWO OFFERINGS. Tho day was Easter; like a dying god in pain The organ ground aloud: The while the sunlight, chastened by the window stains.

Fell on a motley crowd. On lord and peasant, prince and parian, who

As down the aisle they tred. As they had prospered, each according to his Au Easter gift to God.

Among them walked a lordly prince of lineage With lip of scornful curl, Who laid upon the altar with a lofty nir,

A priceless Indian pearl. There also came a woman, in whose face was

Shame, sin and sorrow blent; woman of the town, a second Magdalone-An harlot ponitont,

Who seemed the figure of incarnate sin and As down the aisle she reeled,

And on the altar laid, beside the yearl of price, A lily of the field. The priest blessed him who gave the pearl.

said mass an hour, That God his soul might save, But with contemptuous hand swept to the ground the flower The outcast harlot gave.

His ploty was praised by bishop, lord and churl: 'Twas God alone could tell, That while he unto Him gave nothing but the

She gave her beart as well. -Longrellow. EASTER OBSERVANCES IN

RUSSIA. Toward midnight, as the Easter festival s about to be ushered in, the throngs begin to move toward to chuckee, and eactly at midnight the door of the Holy of Holies-the Iconostasis-is thrown open and the pricate proclaim in loud voice, "Christone voskress-Christons voskress ilis mortvui" (Christ is risen; Christ is risen from the dead). Instantly at these words the dark churches are illuminated A great means of safety to the newer like magic with dazzling light, and all the tapers that were extinguished on Thursday night are again lighted, bells are set to ringing and pricats in georgeous robes pass

It is at this moment of loud proclaiming try to reach a harbor where they can and bell-ringing that the people in their joy repair the damage. With the high built kiss each other. In the churches everydecks which catch so much wind and with body turns to his neighbor and repeating, the proportionally small sails this is Christis risen from the dead," kisses him the hard-working and sober fathers. He not always possible, and often they must on the cheek. This old and well-known finally arranged that the refractory boys pay hundreds of dollars to have themselves | custom in Russia is carried out from the should be taken to a cell in the prison, towed in by salvage steamers. These emperor down. A general will thus greet where they must submit to sound floggings disadvantages of the single-screw ships the officers below him; and so on by the fathers in the presence of one of the have caused the larger ships to adopt down to the soldiers. Heads of banks and next to impossible to enforce a sentence of which are worked by two cogines entirely humblest employees. Though more warmthis sort, but the judge was pleasantly independent of each other. If through lyexpressed, this Easter greeting among surprised by the exceeding willingness of any accident one screw should become the Russians has really no more signifithe fathers to help carry it out. When the useless the ship could with the other alone than our "Merry Christmas !"-"The Holy

THE OBSERVANCE OF EASTER The observance of Easter dates back to about the year 68, at which time there was much contention among the Eastern and Western churches as to what day the festival should be observed. It was finally ordained at the Council of Nice in the year 325 that it must be observed throughout the Christian world on the same day. This decision settled that Easter should oggs lay fewer than those which produce be kept upon the Sunday first after the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, deserved thrashing than it was to compel'a large eggs are double yoked, in which case but no general conclusion was arrived at as bardworking father to spend one or two the hen that lays such a monstrosity, is to the cycle by which the festival was to one rule and some another. This diversity two eggs, one compreted with a full yolk, is of usage was put an end to, and the Roman entangled with another less developed, and | rule making Easter the first Sunday after was established in England in 669. After uise centuries a discrepancy in the keeping of Easter was caused by the authorities of the English church declining to adopt the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582. The difference was settled in 1722 by the adoption of the rule which makes Easter day always the first Sunday after thefull moon which appears on or next after the twenty-first day of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter

is the Sunday after.

EASTER TO THE UNFORTUNATE. To those who have emult satisfaction in this life, whose conditions are those of misery and dull vacuity, to whom life is a and mistake and an injustice if it is not to to give them further opportunity, fuller expression, larger componention, the day, if it has any significance at all, stauds as the pledge of existence under other conditions, where their cramped and hindered powers can have fuller scope and they have at least the hope of that .- George William

HELINDY'S EASTER TRIUMPH. Ah seen Molindy ez she sat T'day alono in buh chu'ch pow, Molindy got do swellos' lint -She got dat hat foh Eastah too! Do preachula tell how Adom bit De fruit and los' de garden fair.

Hit perch on top bub kinky hair! All affections of the scalp, such as sores, eczema, dandruff, baldness, and falling hair can be cured or prevented by the time-

But Lindy got dat garden yit

great many things now." "Yes, they

Dr. Agnow's Cure for the Heart is withouta peer. This great romedy relieves neighbly the most aggravated forms of heart disease. It is the surest and quickest acting formula for heart trouble known to medical science, and thousands of times has the hand of the grim destroyer been stayed by its use. If there is pulpitation. shortness of breath, pain in left side. smothering sensations, don't dolay or you may be counted in the long list of those

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who have gone over into the great majority