### The Acton Free Press FINE ... EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

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# Business Birectory.

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### Doetrp.

WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME HACE All the uniforms were blue, all the swords an

When the regiment went marching down the

All the men were hale and strong, as they proudly moved along Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet. Ob, the music of their feet, keeping time t

drums that beat! Oh, the glitter and the splender of the sight! As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue. The regiment went marking to the fight!

When the regiment came back all the gous and swords were black. And the uniforms had faded into gray; And the faces of the men who marched through that street again Seemed like faces of the dead who lose the

fight!

For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or gray-Ob, the sorrow and the angulah of the sight | Ob, the weary, lagging feet, out of step with drums that beat, When the regiment came marching from the

Select Family Reading.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

Yellow Rose. MARGARETTA M. MORLEY.

"Have you seen the mountain yet?" asked an old resident of a bevy of pretty girls, as they stood on the verandah of the

Hotel Tacoma. Each pretty girl answered with a groan "No, indeed !" exclaimed one of them We have been imprisoned in Tacoma nine days too, yet not an inch of the mountain have we seen. There seems to be some fatality about it, for no sooner does a Raymond and Whitcomb party etrike the town than ol i Tackhammer, as a Payatlap

editor has dubbed it, sees fit to hide its "I have began to question whether there really is any mountain there." observed a tall girl with wistful blue eyes "and whether you imaginative people have not mistaken a cloud for a mountain at some early period, and lived in the delusive glory of it ever since?" At Bestile, they say, there is a Mount Rainer, but no she was only startled by voices in the office. Tacoma; while at Tacoma they never Realizing all at once that the hour was heard of Mount Ranier. What is one to late, she arose burriedly from her chair;

think? Now we have been stilled here and the impromptu verses never occurred almost two weeks by the floods and dis- to her mind until she was brushing out her abled railroads, as the girls have just said long yellow hair before the mirror in her and although the son has shone often own room. As the memory of them during that time, that gray curtain in the | flashed upon her, her heart etood at 11; like south has never lifted. It is very odd!" one turned to stone, she paused, with her A'l eyes were fixed on the distant cloud. brush in mid-air, powerless to move a musbank, and the girl with the wistful eyes ole. continued, dreamily: "It resembles our ambitions, our dearest hopes; success is son Dwight recovered his book he would there-always there-yet the intervening | find the lines, and it was equally certain clouds are so dense that at times-" She stopped abruptly, confused by the earnestness of her own voice. With an embarrassed laugh she changed the subject, and explaining that she was going to feed the pet bear, strolled to the end of the piszza. "Who is that girl?" demanded the old resident, turning, with some curiosity to

to the greedy bruin. "I did not catch her name as we were introduced. Is she one filled with consternation to find two figures of your party?? father went through the Yosemite valley the other, Emerson Dwight. and also to Alaska with our excursion; so you see, we are well acquainted," replied

Rose-Rose Monroe, and she is ever so "You have a pleasant party ?" we don't mind being delayed here one bit, for Raymond and Whitsomb pay all our were nine chances to one that he had not expenses during the detention and we have discovered her paper. no end of fun. Only, of course it would

be more exciting if there were some young few faint stars glimmered in the sky, but capital runs the best. The men who sub-"Of course," agreed the old resident, still unbroken. with a smile. "But there is a rather nice- Pardon me, Mr. Dwight, but I carelesslooking man now-sitting by the window. ly left a paper in your 'Poe' while glancing money are not fools. Yee, you are right, Is he not of your party?"

"Where? Oh, yes, I see whom you for it now?" Rose wondered at the cool-Emerson Dwight; he is from Boston, and tremblingly for the reply. Mr. Csuch a handsome profile?" Look at his offered her a chair as he exclaimed: hands -are they not dreams of symmetry, and such hair-that soft, brown wave in you are one of the lucky few who can

it is absolutely perfect !" The old inhabitant was heartily amused. companion so well," he remarked; and retorted Rose, with forced gayety. was then puzzled by a dissenting shake of the head from the very girl who had been sounding the young man's praises. "Like him? We don't like him."

rom Boston !" "Oh !" "Yes, he is awfully exclusive-no not that exactly, but well-indifferent. His manners are perfect, so he is slwaps scrupulourly polite to us, only he doesn's care a pin about us. See ? The only girl be has anthing to do with is Rose Munroe.

In his cold and formal fashion, he is very nice to her." with her," volunteered the youngest of of many scornful glasses. "I do, indeed ! He talked with her for hours at a time when up in Alaska, and," triumphantly,

which she put in his buttonhole this In spite of their jeers and disbelief, several pairs of bright eyes were turned Dwight's well-known writing. She read upon the flower in question, "In isn't the same rose," their owners

scoffed, in chorus. "Yes, it is. I recognize the peculiar shade of yellow."

The unconscious subject of their remarks was sitting at a small table under the window, absently twirling by its long, slender stem a beautiful yellow rose. From time to time he inhaled its delicate perfume, or as the romantic maid interpreted the action, pressed the flower to his lips. Presently he commanded a bell-boy to bring him a glass of water. He drank of it, and then to the horror of his little audience, laid the drooping tosebud across the piece of crystal ice that almost filled the

"There is sentiment on ice for you, paper resembled here so closely that it was warranted not to melt !" oried the pretty small wonder she had been deceived in it girls, mockingly, and the litt's romancer at first glance. felt atterly orashed.

glass, and, lighting a cigar, prepared him-

self to read.

Night crept in over the sound. The son Dwight during that fatal interval, and

one the tourists disappeared. Rose Monroe was the last to leave the plazza. Her companions had passed her unnoticed; as she stood in the shadow of the house, and she made no effort detain them, for her heart was heavy and | his buttonhole. she longed to be slone-alone with that

Time was flesting-any moment a telegram | that on the market." might come announcing the road again open for travel; then the happy party ing it fresh." answered Dwight, with a She was a Large Gurl with yallow Hare. would break up, and the tourists would grave inclination of the head toward his depart to the four corners of the earth. vis-a-ris. "Miss Monroe is in the secret,

very sad. Strolling to the window to see if her against a table standing near, and the quiesced, and they lingered a long time at musical clink of the ice against the glass | that farther end where the pet bear is attracted her attention. She smiled bitter-Ir as she perceived the fragile yellow rose. bud on its frozen bed, and then throwing herself in the chair Emerson Dwight had yellow petals with a caressing hand. had left his book, a handsome volume of arrived just in time to hear Emerson Got Sick." Poe's Poems, open on the table with a Dwight say ; pencil and a sheet of paper folded between its leaves. Her restless fingers sought

Sweet yellow rose, that in thy chalice curled Holds a dear secret all too tightly furled, Lift, but one instant, thy delicious head That I may read the message none have read. Let this warm air, and warmer still caress That on thy potals now with roal I press, Open them wide, until the truth be freed, Of which I long have felt a bitter need.

May the soft wish, that forvently I breathe

O'er thy cold bed, around thy bosom wreathe A gentle warmth, suffice to break the spell Which holds you fast, where love can never 'Tis vain I plead ! cold petals like a shield .

Close o'er thy heart, and keep its secret Then having read her hastily written verses, she twirled them around, with a swift smile of decision, and scrawled across the full length of the sheet:

L'ENVOI. Alas, sweet rose, you have no vice! You are-a yellow rose on ice. Poshing the book away, with a gesture of impatience, she bowed her head upon her arm and fell into a reverie, from which

There was no doubt that when Emerthat, finding them, he would at once recognize the author by the handwriting, and-She waited no longer to pursue this horrid possibility, but, twisting her long hair into a heaty knot, prepared to go down stairs. The verses must be regained at any cost Late as it was, a few mon still sat smoking and chatting in the office. Passing watch the elender figure toss sweatmeats them as quietly as possible, Rose stopped out on the plazza, and was immediately

bending over the fatal table. One was Mr. "Yes, she is a Raymond. She and her O ...... the conductor of the excursion; There was no mistaking the handsome profile and finely turned head silbouetted one of the pretty girls. "Her name is against the lighted window. The girl's heart gave a bound. How long had Mr. C- been with her friend? was the momentous question which confronted her. "Oh, yes, indeed, perfectly lovely! Aud | While they were together Emerson Dwight was not likely to open his book, so there

Night had deepened on the Sound.

the dark curtain in the south remained it over this evening; may I trouble you mean !" enthusiastically. "That is Mr. | ness of her own voice as she waited, all he is perfectly dear!" Did you ever see glanced at her in some surprise, and

"What | Is it you, Miss Rose? Well, afford to lose your beauty sleep." "That pretty compliment applies to you "I am so glad you like your travelling and Mr. Dwight as well, does it not?"

In the meantime, Emerson Dwight hadbeen searching his book for the desired paper, and, as she coased speaking, he extened it to her, with a bow. Emerson explained. "We don't know him-he's Dwight frequently made gesture take the place of words, and as his notions invariably displayed dignity, as well as grace, they were often eloquent.

Looked once more in her own apartment Rose Monroe threw herself in a chair with many smothered exclamations of relief. "May I never be tempted to write poetry again l" she ejaculated fleroely. "If all the would-be rhymsters were punished as severely as I have been during the suspense Do you know, I think he is much taken of the last half hour, the reading public would be delivered of much trash. Ob. the group, who at once became the target | thou yellow rose, why wast thou not born

a thistle?" She unfolded the paper with a tragic air, and was about to re-read her lines, when he is now holding the resebud to his lips the mocking smile on her lips gave place to a look of blank amazement. Instead of her address to the rose, the paper contained some lines in Emerso

> "The secret, lady fair, That my poor retals hold I'll give to thee with joy. If I may be so bold. Thy warm and sweet caress Gives joy and hope and life ; With passion's warmest flow My withered leaves are rife.

Ah, hold me to your lips!

My perfume lives again;

And in your soft eyes' light Forgotten is all pain: The secret's told; I'm sure Your eyes have road it true. My perfume holds one dream-That, lady fair, is you. L'ENVOI. If cold on bed of ice I lie,

'Tis that my memories may not d

The L'Envoi was scrawled across the

page just as here had been, and the whole Bo Mr. C-bad not been with Emer-

the mountain turned to black, and one by must be think of what he found there Rose lost herself in a maze of doubt, and

fell to eleep murmuring : "'Forgotten is all pain.'" The next morning Emerson Dwight ap peared at breakfast with a yellow rose in

"I believe that rose is artificial," sang t-lack curtain that separated her from out Mr. C-from an adjoining table, "for t seems as though you had worn it a week. "Was it there? Was heart's desire, like The florists out here can't understand that cold white mountain, really there? | their business, to put such everlastings as

never to meet again. Her thoughts were and can divulge it if she likes." Rose lashed fariously. After breakfast, Dwight asked her to father was still in the office, she stumbled | walk with him on the plazzs. She ac-

They were finally interrupted by one of their travelling companions who came to announce the good news that the last why Did She Leave ?" occupied a short time before stroked the bridge had been repaired, and that they He were no longer prisoners. The pretty girl

was no hope of seeing you before this git a women to come in and Do the them out, and presently she began to morning I killed time by writing a reply. C--joined me just as you stepped upon the piazza, and, as that ended all prospect of our having a tete-a-tete, I could not resist giving you the wrong paper. I would not part with the other, not even to you. By the way, Rose, we must change the L'envoi to something like

Most precious Rose, you're in a vise, You'r doomed to bridal wreaths and rice." "Ob, Emerson, that is really shooking !"

agree, from this time forth and forevermore, to resist all temptation to indulge ourselves in composing poetry." "Agreed!" They shook hands on it, at least the pretty girl thought they did, for Rose Monroe withdrew her fingers from Dwight's grasp just as the former announced her presence. They received

and then all three strolled back to the office together. Just as they were about to enter the door, Rose uttered an abrupt cry of delight. "The mountain ! the mountain !" Spre enough, the clouds had blown she dreamed of, Mount Tacoma rose before them. White and glistening against

a deep blue sky, pure and still, and almost appalling in its perfect majesty, it burst for the first time upon their sight. "Have you heard the telegram?" bricked a chorus of girlish voices. "The oads are open; we leave to-night."

happy smile. "I am ready at last for I have seen Mount Tacoma." Emerson Dwight loosed down at the ellow rose in his buttonhole and said othing, for he, too, had seen Mount

ARE WE PATRIOTIC? Charles Lewis Shaw, writing of the

closes bis article with the following interesting remarks : "Exactly," said Jack, "and as it is run in that way it is not to be supposed that it runs on wind. A business, such as the management of a great political party, requires capital. The most morel, purest management in the world would require some, and that is where the goody-goodies who subscribe to it case their consciences. The capital subscribed is in time, influence and money, and the stock-books are always

open. The machine with the largest scribe their time are shrewd, and the men of wealth, contractors and corporation the machine is the mere running of party politics in a business-like, practical manner. The men who subscribe the time, influence and money, demand business-like, practical dividend-and the papers are full of the political corruption

of the heelers in the back townships. Bah! Neither of the parties as now constituted dare attack the machine at its vital points. It would be suicide. But the old systems are dying, slowly, to be sure, but dying a natural death before the force of public opinion. There is a some thing growing up in the minds of Canadians, as it did in protest against the patronage and tyranny of the Family Compact, that will not much longer tolerate the destiny of their country being to any considerable extent controlled by scheming, unscrupulous, professional politicians, supported by the wealth of contractors and corporations and the ambition of Cabinet Ministers. As the Family

Compact fell to pieces so shall the

"We seem to be getting slong fairly well," I ventured to say, "in spite of it." "We do," answered Jack; "for, after all, the members of the Canadian House of Commons are patrictic; and, machine or no machine, on any question of direct and unmistakable national or international importance which is too large for the machine to thresh, they rise to the occasion. Yes, after all, I am glad I am Canadian, and never had I reason to be prouder of that accidental fact than when Sir Wilfrid, Sir Charles, and their followers are confronted with a treaty question effecting trade or boundary, an expression of opinion regarding the rights of their fellow-subjects in other lands, the closer binding of the manifold ties of the Empire by steam or electricity, there comes forth from Grit, Tory and Independent, without one discordant note, the united, intelligent voice of a patriotic people who love the Motherland, respect themselves, and fear only God."

KILLED BY A PRACTICAL JOKE. Weary William-Practical jokes ain't

right, Bandy. Dere's me old pard, Dusty

Rhodes, dat died from de effects of one.

Sandy the Supplicant-How'd it hap-"Well, you see, Dusty goes up to one of these wayelde cottages an asked de lady | next." fer a pie. De lady says, I ain't got a pie in de house, me good man, but bere's a cake." "Wint species of cake was it, Billy ?"

PA TRIES TO HIRE A GIRL.

"I no what I'm agoin to Do." Paw says after He tried Cooken two Daxe when maw was away Visatun. "I'm agoin to Hire a Gurl. Your maw's slways growlen about How hard it is to Hire a Gurl, But I'm agoin to Sho Her how blamed easy it is il

So he put a nad in the Paper and the next Evening thay was Three come to see about it. Two of them looked in the place and sed thay Didn't have no Time to make a Bargen then. So paw ast the Last One "I have a method, all my own, for keepto come in the kitchen and talk about it. "Whare's the missue," she says when

a purson goes about it Proper."

She throwed a Cold glance around. "Sho's away visatun," paw says. "I guess she must a Been Gone a Long time," the Gurl told paw. By the Looks of Things. How menny you Got in the

Fambly ?" "Only four," paw Told her. "I spose you Don't Count the Dawg and the pige what's Bin rootin around in Here," she says. "Who was your Last gorl and

"I Don's know Her Last name," pawanswered. "We Called her Gusty. She "I should think she would Git sick," the "Yes, I found it, and as I believed there | Garl answered party sassy. "Do you

> washen ?" "Well, I might of knowed that," She told Him. "I goess you Don't Believe looking out of the window in deep thought, washen's a Good thing around Here.

What Do you Do, jist wair your clos till they are wore out?". "Say !" paw Hollered, "I don't want no Back talk from you. I goes this plais which it was tied. wouldn's Soot you ennyway-"

"That's the Best gess you ever maid retorted his companion merrily. "Let us your life," She says. "I'm used workin where folks is Refined and Lives Decent. I Hope you wouldest expect entry | glance fell upon the cld lady, "Mother !" Buddy to Cook meels on a Old Fashened he cried. Stove Like that."

would want them to Do," paw told Her. | ombrace. "You Don't Haft to take the job, and the Door whare you come in ain't Locked her information very colmly, considering neither." how long they had awaited this same news, "I Diden't Come here to Git Insulted," She Sed offel Savidge. "I want you to

understand you're Telsen to a Lady.

Spose you sin't ust to It But you Better

Lern How." Then she lifted up Her dress party hi suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket away, and, high and proud as the success | Broken Plate what was Lyin on the Floor | he checked himself. and went out, sayin .-

Spoke to me." Paw he Set there and Wiped the onest Swet from his manly Brow and Looked like if He coulden't remembur what Pappened. So after a while He Started to | 80." bake some potatoes with the Skins on. O "I am ready," answered Rose, with

> to Eat fer three Days. Porty soon, when we was Settin at the Kitchen. "That's another Gurl what wants

Come around to the Front Door. We'll from?" act her in the parlor this time." I went out to see about it, and there Stood a feller with a Swetter on and nachine in the October Canadian Magazine, Cupple of the Biggest Fists that I ever

> Sister Here a Little while ago?" he ast | the crowd to a carriage. As for the other steppin into the kitchen. I gess He was about Seven Feat Hi or | Chicago Tribune. mebby six and Helt in His Sooks. I Felt offel Sorry fer paw, so I that I would go and Tell him about it without waitin to Hear no more. But the Giant got in the Dinen room about the same time and paw

wasen't thare. "Ware is the Durty Whelp," the man Then I herd a door sint purty sudden up Stairs, and I seen a Chanct to Duck out the Frunt way. When I got acrost managers who contribute the influence and the Streat I stood Behind a tree and waited to see what was agoin to Happen. It was a Long time Before the man Come out Swairin Like a pirut and Throw-

> in Baked potatoes at the Lamp posts as long as I could see him. 1 went Back when He was out of Site and spuck up to the hed of the Stares and Hollered for paw to come out. while He opened One of the Bod Room Doors and Stock his hed out purty pale and

"Ras he went?" "Yes," I Says, "But I gess He rooned our Supper. "Nearly all the Dishes is Smashed on the Floor and He Diden't Leave a potato."

Paw Come Down Stares then and We looked the Doors and Gethered up the peaces, and Paw Bays :--"It was the Luckiest thing Ever Hap pened to That Broot He went When He Did. If He Had of Stayed two minutes more I Couldn's of Held myself in enny when one of them auddenly exclaimed : Longer. I would have Had to Lick him no matter what it Cost.

So we ain't got no Gurl yit. GEORGIE. B. E. Kisor in Chicago Times Herald.

THE MILKMAN'S JOKE. A certain milkman had occasion to visit a lunatio saylum to collect his weekly bill. Upon his departure he noticed one of the iomates abstractedly picking up some little stones. As the milkman passed the map he made some chaffing remark, and was at once pursued by the man. The milkman, now thoroughly frightened, ran for his life. Through the spacious grounds they raced. Then out along the highway to the city. The pursued man yelled lustily for help, but none came, and at last, completely exhausted, he dropped to his knees to implore mercy. The lunation rashed up, and, as he reached the crouch ing, trembling milkman, instead of ornebing him, as the milkman fully expented he would, he only raised his hand, laid it lightly on the man's shoulder, and ories out: "You're hit!' and ran away.

MYSTERY. "Got a job?" asked one urchiu. "Yes," answered the other, with

turned out that the lunatio's one amuse-

ment was playing "tag" with his keeper.

to me. I don't do a thing but sit on a Dyes. The Diamond Dyes are the best in chair by the door all day and try to figure | the world, and all dealers are aware of the

superiority. "I'm working for a lawyer.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER. How can I tell her ? By hor collar. Cleanly shelves and whitened wall

I can guess her By bor drorsor. By the back staircese and hall. Aud with pleasure

Take her measure By the way she keeps her brooms Or the peoplug At the "keeping,"

Of her back and unseen rooms, By her kitchon's air of neatness And its general completeness, Where in cleanlinese and sweetness

The rose of order blooms. ----

HER TWO BOYS. It was on a Michigan Central train the other day. A tall, fine looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while-pretty often-the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial; but she, too, once in a while, turned and dropped a

word or two into the conversation. By-and-by the porter announced that

dinner was ready in the dining-car, and the young man said : "Well, mother, Emms and I will go now and get a dipner. You know she needs "No," paw says Like if he was purty something warm. You have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea." After the couple had gone, "mother" sat apparently and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery to faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his

"John, my John !" answered the lady, "It Don't make no difference what we and the two were clasped in a loving

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded after a few moments. "They have gone into the dining-oar. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to This last remark she repeated in answer

to a curious look in John's eyes.

and Stepped Over a Stewin pan and a He musn't hurt his mother's fe lings, and "Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "You'll Be sorry fer the Brutle way you | "Aren's you surprised ? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you

"And you didn't want any dinner, I

used to carry to school? Yes, I thought By this time there was a smile on the

Table Sumbuddy Rung the Bell at the come with me and get a hot dinner. No no excuses." As they left they met the other couple. Job," paw says. "You go and tell Her to "Hello, John! Where did you come

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner.' At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly "Whare's that pupp which insulted my assisting a sweet-faced old lady through

## couple, nobody had any eyes for them .-

LITERARY NOTES. The November number of the Delineator called the Early Winter Number and contains in addition to the usual authoritative announcement of fashion's seasonable dicts, a generous amount of literary matter of exceptional excellence and a profusion of household and social discussions of real interest and worth. The regular departments are filled with original and practical matter of infinite interest in every well-appointed home. Sogiel Observances, by Mrs. Frank Learned; Novelties in Fancy Work, by Emma Haywood, accorded a special value by the approach of the gift-giving season; House Furnishing and Decoration, the Milliner, the Dressmaker, Crocheting, Tatting, Knitting, the Newest Books, etc. Subscription price of the Delineator, \$1.00 a year, single copies, 15 cents ... Order from the local agent for Butterick Patterns, or address

the Delineator Publishing Co. of Toron to,

Limited, 83 Richmond St. West. NOT SO "DAFT" AFTER ALL. In the village of T. there is a clerk who s known as "Daft Johnny," owing to his having been confined in a lunatio asylumn several years. The other day, shortly after his release, with a document stating that he was now sane, he was having an

argument with soveral of his fellow clerks,

"Look here, Johnny, you'd better hold

your tongue. You've only just come out of the lunatic asylum, and we all know you "Dalt?" exclaimed Johnny, with sarcaem. "Why, I'm the only man among

the whole lot of you who has a certificate

THIS IS THE TIME FOR

for being same !" - London Standard.

MAKING OLD THINGS NEW.

In November thousands of women will be coloring dresses, skirts, jackets, coats,

pal point is to secure the right dyes - colors that are pure, bright and fast to washing and sunlight. The Diamond Dyes-the only guarauteed dyes on earth-possess all the grand qualities that make perfect and true colors. Diamond Dyes have such a universal sale that unscrupulous dealers make efforts to

# Diamond Dyes are the True and Unfailing Agents.

vests, pant , shawle, wool yarns and carpet The dyeing operation is an important one and demands great care. The princi-

imitate them. If you would be successful "I s'pose he'll be takin' you into the firm | in dyeing, avoid all orude imitations. Promptly refuse all dyes recommended by "Not me. The whole thing is a mystery | by dealers to be just as good as Diamond

reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I

But I'm Sick of Them. That's all we Had | mother's face. "Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you