The Acton Free Press.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Sts., Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 9 p.m.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER,
SUCCESSOR TO
DR. A. H. ELLIOTT,
Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.
OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
DENTIST
WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PRICES MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 6.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS.—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

LEGAL.

McLEAN & McLEAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private funds to loan.
Office—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

A. J. MacKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½%.

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Notary Public, Agent Fire and Life Assurance, Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Perryman's Block.
ACTON ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S.
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—at Noble's Flour and Feed Store, Mill St. Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT.
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association. Agent Union and Northern Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

HENRY GRIST,
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order at locals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL, $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 221, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.
Guelph.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops.
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, brass finishing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired by a satisfactory mechanic. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New turning and filing done.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $900 a year and expenses, $540 cash, bona fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. 3, Chicago.

SALE OF SHORT ENDS
—OF—
WALL PAPER
—AT—
DAY'S

To make room for our New Papers we will sell the remainder of last year's papers for a mere trifle.

We have 200 packages of ten roll lots (not in rolls of one kind) but two or three kinds in the bundle. Will clear at

100 A BUNDLE

A very fine and large stock of New Papers for 1900.

A little money goes a long way at

Day's Bookstore,
Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,000,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Special attention given to Farmers' Business.

MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter, without any delay.

ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME
YOUR PICTURES
AT
WATERS BROS.
Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.
Wyndham Street,
GUELPH.

When you want
Flour
—AND—
Oatmeal
Get Our
Everton and Eden Mills Brand.
The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Extra quality, prices, right.
Henry Hortop.

Sun Savings and Loan Co.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.
Authorised Capital - $5,000,000.00
Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 paid in—maturity value $100.00.
Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to
R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton.

GARDEN SEEDS
Standard Kinds
3c. a packet.
10 for 25c.
Make your own selections.
Mailed Free, Cash with Order.
Vegetables or Flowers.
FRESH AND TRUE TO NAME.
Seed imported direct by myself from the growers and Packets put up by ourselves. Guaranteed full size.
Special prices to Market-Gardeners.
ASK FOR PRICE LIST.
GEO. J. THORP,
Guelph, Rockwood, Elmira.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital Authorized.... $1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000
Guelph Branch
We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—
Under $10..... 3 cents.
$10 to $30..... 10 cents.
$30 to $50..... 12 cents.
$50 to $100..... 14 cents.
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names, the lowest current rates.
No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager.

LINOLEUM
and
MATTING DEPARTMENT.
A MOST important department of our establishment. Special space—special attention. Our stock for 1900 is entirely new. We never were prepared with as clean, new stock as for 1900. We are paying more attention than ever to Linoleums and Oil-Cloths. See our stock first and you will need seek no other. Prices to suit all sized purses.
Our Prices are Always Right
John M. Bond & Co.
GUELPH
Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 8 a.m. and 1[illegible] p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

ACTON FLOUR MILLS.
HUMPHRIES & HAWKE
HAVE the Flour Mills now in first-class running order with the latest improved machinery, new engine, etc., and are prepared to supply all customers with the very best grades of flour, etc.
They will always have on hand
Flour.....Chop.....Mill Feed
Cracked Wheat.....Etc.
at lowest prices for cash.
Call at the mill and learn our prices before ordering Flour or Feed.
Goods delivered promptly to any part of the town. Orders may be left at A. T. Brown's Drug Store.
We desire it understood from the outset that we intend doing a strictly cash business.
Humphries & Hawke

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

JOHN McQUEEN.
Acton.
Agent for:
FROST & WOODS
Binders, Mowers, Etc.
AND
GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR'S
Windmills and Grain Grinders
And a complete line of Farm Implements and all kinds of Repairs.
In my absence Mr. John T. Elliott, who resides on the property, will attend to the wants of customers.

Wardrooms -- John St.
John McQueen.

Car of Old Dry Corn
Just Received Mar. 1st.
EARLY SEED POTATOES.
Pride of the North.
BEST CLOVER SEED.
Large quantity received and now on sale at the store.
NORVAL FLOUR.
PURE MANITOBA FLOUR.
ALL KINDS OF FEED.
ROLLED OATS.
BREAKFAST FOODS.
The best at reasonable prices is always the cheapest. You can get the best at
ROBERT NOBLE'S
Flour & Feed Store
FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

Poetry.

AT THE TEMPLE GATES.

[An Easter solace by Sam W. Small.]

When the night gloom o'er the seal'd tomb of Son of Man was rent,
And the sweet sighs of the dawn light came through eastern shadows spent,
When the terror of their error wak'd the most near from their sleep
And the grieving, but believing, women sought his grave to weep.

Then were given forth from heaven things we may not understand,
For the token seal was broken by an unseen spirit hand,
And the waiting and the hating soldiers saw the blaze that alone
From the heaven o'er the dead and rejected keeping stone!

Then the mystery and majesty of Christ, the Lord, was shown,
And the living power giving him the whole world for a throne.—
For the then One from prison of the grave came forth a King
O'er the evil and the devil and the death law's dreadful sting!

And the fearful, coming fearful, saw the Angel, heard him say:
"He who slept here is not kept here; he hath gone his sovereign way!"
Buddled, glorious and victorious, came the full-ness of their joy,
And their sadness leaped to gladness that no doubt could o'er alloy!

So the event of that moment to all people comes apace
In the stories and the glories of the messages of grace,
And the yearly anthem clearly sounds the resurrection psalm;
And the yielded soul is shielded in the Christ life's holy calm

—Atlanta Constitution.

Select Family Reading.

Easter Lily.

BY BLANCHE BAILEY KING.

WHEN "No 7" of the little Simpsons made its appearance on Easter Day there was an animated discussion as to an appropriate name. Mrs. Simpson's heart was set upon Lily, the name of a former mistress of whom she was very fond. "Lilly's all right nuh," said Arabella Maud, the eldest daughter. "But 'taint enuff. All stylish folks tack on two or three names.

"Ef she was a boy I'd reckon we'd call her McKinley," put in Benjamin Harrison. Then as a bright thought struck him—"What's de name ob de president's lady, Arabella Maud?"

"Idy," promptly answered that young person, who was an authority in her own particular circle, in matters pertaining to the White-house. "But you see we've got an Idy; Idy Elizabeth."

Green Simpson, the head of the family, (whose name couldn't have been more appropriate), sat smoking his pipe in the warmest corner of the chimney. No one ever thought of consulting him about family matters. "Do as yer mah says, chilluns," he'd say sometimes with a show of authority, "I'se mo' 'portant maittahs to 'tend to," though what they were no one ever discovered. Therefore an explosion of dynamite in their midst would not have caused greater consternation than he did, when taking his pipe out of his mouth he said, "Name the kid Eastah Lilly."

For a moment there was silence; then his better half rolled her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, and said with a grin, "Whar'd you get such an ideah in your pate old man?"

"Cause to-day's Eastah, to be sure," answered Green, chuckling at his own brightness.

Strange to say all were favorably impressed. "Sounds like 'ristocratic white folks," said Arabella Maud.

Grover Cleveland had gone over to the clothesbasket where little No. 7 was peacefully sleeping, and stood gazing at her for a few moments. Then he said in a deep bass voice, which I was going to say came from his boots, only he was barefooted: "Lillies is white."

This seemed a poser, but Arabella Maud proved equal to the occasion. "Yer gran'mah's named Rose," she said sharply, "an' she's the blackest niggah you ever seen. I reckon there's black roses and lilies too, nowadays. I've seen 'em in bunnits."

Grover was quenched and the baby's name was settled.

Poor little Easter Lily. It wasn't long before they discovered that something was the matter with her sight. She can't see the leastest thing," complained Abraham Lincoln, who was trying to amuse her one day. "I done b'leive she's blind as a bat." And so it proved.

A happier, healthier little darky never lived, and with six brothers and sisters to see for her, she didn't miss her eyes for a while. But it was a great grief to Mrs. Simpson. Her chief comfort was in the child's name. "Eastah Lilly's so sort o' religious like," she'd say. "Seems like it's just the name for a poor, blind lamb."

Mrs. Simpson was a devout member of the "Zion Baptist Church," and Easter Lily was very fond of going with her and listening to the singing. I think in spite of Mrs. Simpson's sorrow over the child's misfortune she felt that it somehow conferred a certain distinction upon her to be the mother of a blind child, and she took a particular pride in leading Easter Lily up the aisle and placing her by the best beaux her, where with her little fat legs stuck straight out she would sit quiet as a mouse, cautiously rolling her eyes, precisely as if she could see and joining in the singing with her shrill, childish treble. And she caught words here and there in "Brudder Smallwood's discourses" which she remembered, and often fired unexpected questions at her mother, much to the poor woman's discomfiture.

"Who was it dat opened blind folkses' eyes?" she asked suddenly one Monday morning.

Mrs. Simpson took her steaming arms out of the tub and wiped them on her apron. "Why, de Laud, to be sure, honey," she answered.

"He said a man done it, Brudder Smallwood did," Easter Lily went on.

Mrs. Simpson wiped her face: theological discussions brought the sweat to her brow. "De Laud was de Laud, an's a man, too," she said. "I can't take de time to 'splain it to yer now, and you couldn't understand no how."

"I beeuve," said de child, evidently satisfied, "De Ged-man did it." There was a pause and then she added: "I done wish he would come again. "Spose he'd make me see."

Things were getting beyond her mother. She went to the door and called Arabella Maud, who was hanging clothes, on the line. "Get a move on yer, gal, and come in and 'muse yer sister."

But the child didn't forget. Her mind was active and she had a reparkable memory for a child of six. She was often heard telling wonderful stories to her brothers and sisters, about the Ged-man who make blind folks see.

There was unusual excitement at the big stone church just round the corner, "the church of Epiphany." The children of the neighborhood, among whom were the little Simpsons, were intensely interested, and spent most of the morning watching the flowers that were carried in and trying to get a peep inside. Every item of interest was carefully repeated to Easter Lily.

"De bishop's a-comin' to-night," the colored sexton told them. Abraham Lincoln being appointed a committee of investigation.

"What's he comin' for?" asked the boy. The sexton was a family friend.

"Heaps ob folks is gwine to jine de church," answered Uncle Jake. "And de bishop he dropses all in white like de angel Gabriel, and he puts his hands on dere heads and dat makes 'em 'Piscopals."

All this made an impression on Easter Lily that no one dreamed of. Surely this must be the God man. He puts his hands on folks and cured them. She was willing to be a "Piscopal" if he made her see, though what that meant she hadn't the faintest idea.

Of all her brothers and sisters, Grover Cleveland was her favorite. He was nine years old and a "very long headed kid," his fond mother said. So Easter Lily finally succeeded in drawing him to a more secluded spot where she confided to him a little plan of her own.

"I'se fear'd yer hatchin' up some mischief," said their mother that afternoon. "Grover Cleveland, if I catch yer puttin' any fool nonsense in dat blessed chil's head 'twill be de worse for yer."

"We'se all right, mammy," Easter Lily assured her. And glad to see the child happy the mother let them alone.

Service was nearly over at the big church round the corner. The choir of white-robed boys was marching slowly down the aisle, singing in their sweet clear voices the hymn so full of inspiration, especially to the confirmation class, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Then slowly the large congregation passed out, and at last the church was empty save the bishop and rector, who were still kneeling at the chancel.

Suddenly the sacred silence was broken by the patter of four little feet tiptoeing up the aisle. Dressed in his Sunday best, to which he added on his own responsibility a collar of his brother's which reached his ears, his walking greatly impeded by the same big brother's shoes, which were kept on with difficulty, came Grover Cleveland, while dressed in a bright red calico so stiffly starched that it creaked with every movement, her head covered with little pigtails tied with a variety of colors and sticking straight out, trotted Easter Lily, holding tightly to Grover's hand as he shuffled along. They reached the chancel just as the bishop and rector arose from their knees.

"Now's yer chance," whispared Grover Cleveland, in a shrill, excited whisper, and they went into the chancel. "Here he is—cotch hold of his gownd—cotch hold, quick."

"What is the meaning of this?" The rector spoke very sternly as he saw the white robe of the bishop firmly clutched by a pair of little black hands. "What are you doing here?"

But Easter Lily was too much in earnest to be driven off in that way. She only clutched the harder, and looking up into the bishop's face with her poor sightless eyes, said fearlessly, "Oh, God-man, won't you make me see?"

Grover Cleveland now thought it time for an explanation. "She's stone blind, yer highness," he said, thinking that the proper way to address a bishop, and doubtless he had as well as he could, surrounded as it was by the collar. "And we thought your highness could cure her."

"Like de God-man dat Brudder Smallwood preached about," chimed in Easter Lily.

"Don't wait for me," said the bishop to the rector, who was absolutely speechless. His voice trembled and there were tears in his eyes; those eyes that never failed to look kindly upon all those who needed help. Taking a seat he lifted the little girl in his lap, and in a few simple words told her the story of the God-man as she had never heard it before, and explained that he had no power to restore her sight.

The children listened with intense interest. Then gently putting her down, he told her brother to take her home, asking their names and address. Then a carriage came for him and in a few minutes he was gone.

The children stood there hand in hand in a dazed sort of way, till the sexton made his appearance to turn out the lights.

"Clar out, clar out, chilluns. Does ye 'spose we 'Piscopals never wants to git to bed?"

Then they slowly started for home. The nature of the expedition was a profound secret, they having got permission to go to "Uncle Jake's church."

"We won't tell nobody," said Easter Lily, as they reached the house. "Dey'd all poke fun at us." Then with a sigh that was full of pathos, she added softly, "I thought mabbe I'd come home seein'."

The Simpson family, or their neighbors, will never forget the excitement caused the next morning by a carriage stopping at the door of the Simpson dwelling, from which a tall, fine looking man stepped briskly and knocked at the door. And when after a call of at least half an hour (which the good man never recalls without a vivid recollection of mingled odors of bacon, cabbage and soap suds) he appeared, accompanied by Mrs. Simpson and Easter Lily, the excitement reached a pitch which became almost panicky.

For days afterward Mrs. Simpson found her popularity as a hostess almost equal to that of "aristocratic white folks," and she never tired of telling the wonderful story of the bishop's visit, and how he took her and Easter Lily to a great doctor who had cured heaps of blind people, and who thought he could cure little Easter Lily too.

"So she's goin' to a hospitable to stay a while," said her mother with pride. "He says she can have lots of good things to eat—chicken an' soch like—and a nuse to take keer of her just like white folkses' chillen. And he says—Brest de good Lud!—that by next Eastah he is sush dat Eastah Lily'll be as good as any of us."

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The Victoria Cross was instituted by Her Majesty at the close of the Crimean war, January 29, 1855.

Apart from those who have won the V. C. in the present war there are 120 living holders of the medal.

Sixty-two Victoria Crosses were won in the Crimean war—six in the Boer war of 1881. In all 450 odd crosses have been won.

The V. C. is a Maltese cross made from cannon captured from the enemy. In the centre is the Royal crest below a scroll bearing the words "for valor." The reverse side is bare.

When a large number of men are engaged in a daring enterprise, the cross is awarded by votes of their comrades to one officer, one non commissioned officer, two privates, seamen or marines.

The first V. C. was won by Midshipman Lucas of H. M. S. Hecla, on June 21, 1854. During the bombardment of a Russian fort, a live shell fell on board the *Hecla*. Lucas picked it up and threw it overboard. It burst just before touching the water.

The V. C. is worn on the left breast, suspended by a blue ribbon in the Navy and by a red ribbon in the Army.

It is illegal for a pawnbroker to accept the Victoria Cross as a pledge under any circumstances.

The Rev. James William Adams, the only clergyman who has won the V. C., gained it in the Afghan war of 70.

The V. C. measures one inch and two-fifths square. The actual weight of the metal is 334 grains, just three and a half grains less than an ounce. Its intrinsic value is a penny farthing.

The Cross is only awarded to officers and men who have performed some signal act of valor or devotion to their country in the presence of the enemy. It carries with it a special pension of £10 a year, and should the holder do some deed which if he had not already won the Cross would have gained it, another bar is attached to the ribbon by which the cross is suspended. This bar carries an additional £5 a year pension.

LITERARY NEWS.

The April issue of the *Canadian Home Journal* is one of the most creditable numbers yet issued. The photos supplied by Lady Minto specially for the *Journal* give the number a distinctive attraction. It is throughout a number of genuine interest to the ladies of this country.

McCall's Magazine for May opens with a beautiful colored plate, illustrating an exceedingly handsome walking costume. Opposite page 422 we find another very beautiful colored plate, illustrating a lady's foulard silk costume. Each month's issue is fairly dazzling with illustrations of patterns of the very latest and most exquisite fashion designs, and the May number is certainly in line with the high standard of excellence set by preceding issues. The contents throughout are very attractive. Each subscriber receives a free pattern of her own selection. The magazine is published at 5 cents a copy or 50 cents a year—by The McCall Co., 138 to 146 W. 14th St., New York City.

Sir John Bourinot concludes his admirable series of four well-illustrated articles on "Canada during the Victorian Era," in the April *Methodist Magazine*. A touching interest is given to the illustrated article on Dr. Joseph Parker, in the striking style of the late Rev. J. E. Lanceley, from the fact that it was the last literary work of his pen. Numerous other interesting articles precede. A strongly written Canadian story, "From the Hills of Algoma," by Maude Petit, a successful young author, begins well. A striking Easter character is given in this number by pictures, poems, Easter stories, legends of the Saviour, and Easter readings. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. $2.00 a year; $1.00 for six months.

EMBLEMS OF THE RESURRECTION.

With the egg and the chrysalis all are familiar, but in olden times kernels of grain were also used. In England a tiny cross, together with grains of barley and wheat, have been found in the centre block of oaken mantelpiece. The custom had long been forgotten, when it was recalled by the discovery of three such emblems in the mantel of the room in which Shakespeare was born. The house was being restored, and one of the commissioners in charge took a block of the old wood for a souvenir. He gave it to a friend, a Shakespearean scholar, tried to split it and found it hollow. It contained a cross, three grains of barley and a piece of tow. To his honor, be it said, he restored the relic to the house at Stratford-upon-Avon, where it is now on exhibition. A great sculptor once said of the three processes used in making a statute: "The clay is this life, the plaster is death, but the marble is the glorious resurrection."—Brooklyn *Eagle*.

BR'ER RABBIT IN CHINA.

A fat, life-sized rabbit, in a warm-tinted china, is intended to be placed on the breakfast table on Easter Sunday morning. Its ruby eyes have a wise wary look. It is no surprise to find that the head and shoulders of the long eared Br'er Rabbit come off as a lid, to show your breakfast provisions of boiled eggs within. The crouching position of the rabbit is well copied. It would scarcely startle you if bunny leaped up and clicked his heels together. Keep the dish for eggs, but when you make a Welsh rabbit for the family put it on the table.—Newark *Call*.

AN EASTER GAME FOR CHILDREN

A game in which the little ones are interested is played with Easter eggs. The eggs are put in bags, and each child tries to break the egg of the enemy by throwing hers against it. The broken one is taken prisoner by the owner of the stronger one. One little boy has his eggs all colored and packed away for Easter. They are named for different ships of the United States navy. His little sister's eggs are Spanish ships.—Boston *Globe*.

"Prevention is the best bridle." You can prevent sickness and cure that tired feeling and all blood humors by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

True citizens should always be pleased when those born and brought up in their midst go forth in "the world's broad field of battle" and take noble stand for truth and right, whatever the arena in which they are placed. I observe in the Hamilton daily correspondence in a recent issue of the *Globe* an account as below as to the position taken by one of Acton's boys. I would also like to observe, owing to the relationship the gentleman referred to sustains to the FREE PRESS that this present reference is unsolicited and voluntary:

"Rev. T. Albert Moore preached to a large congregation in Zion Tabernacle on Sunday night on 'The Morals of Our City.' His text was Jonah 1:8. He preached against the evils of profanity, cigarette smoking, traffic in intoxicants, lack of thrift and economy and participation at the polls. He regarded profanity as on the increase in Hamilton. He announced that all of the Zion Sunday School scholars had that afternoon signed a pledge not to use cigarettes. For the lack of thrift on the part of many citizens he blamed the credit system in business, which he characterized as iniquitous. With regard to the recent personation at the polls he said the employment of the personators was a villainous act. One remedy for corruption at elections was the burying of partizanship, electing the best man to govern the city, regardless of politics. He thought the personators should receive the full punishment of the law, and the Mayor should see that the recent personation was thoroughly investigated. He believed it might be a good thing if the Mayor would issue a proclamation that all the people should fast and pray, as was done when Nineveh was saved from destruction."

How do Acton's conditions compare with those of Hamilton or Nineveh? In some respects Jonah might well have a mission here. Some of the Hamilton evils at any rate are said to be very prevalent, particularly blasphemy. Men and boys with thoughtless disregard of the name of the Almighty are said to use it in a most shocking manner in common conversation.

The partizanship in political matters could be easily overcome if there were more desire to know facts and less reading of only party papers.

A Jonah's message might refer to some of the industrial conditions. Those upon whom fall the duty of supporting even moderately sized families maintain that the remuneration given for labor in general is inadequate to the need, especially in order to provide for the old age which comes earlier here than in some other districts, owing to the nature of the work. It is maintained however, that there are many willing to work at prevailing figures, and this is evidenced by the way the places of those leaving are rapidly filled.

One reason of the continual influx is probably the discontent with farm life owing to the long hours. Spare evenings and street life have an attraction for many who afterwards regret their choice. I observe that the Government reports for the province, published last week, show that the demand for farm laborers last year was greater than the supply, and that the wages were good on the average.

OBSERVER.

HIS TRIP WAS A FAILURE.

"It takes some time to learn the sock ropes in Central America," remarked a man in the banana trade, "and a stranger is apt to put his foot in it. The first time I ever went into the country myself was as the representative of an American machinery house. There was a good field for us in one of the republics, but the tariff was prohibitive, and I concluded to go over to the capital and have an interview with the minister of agriculture, hoping to persuade him to recommend a reduction. I spoke pretty fair Ollendorf Spanish, but was otherwise green as a gourd, and as soon as I arrived I made a bee line for the administration building.

While I was cooling my heels in an anteroom, waiting for a chance to speak to somebody in authority and uncertain how the minister could be seen, a very black, fat little negro waddled in, wearing what I took to be a species of livery. He had exactly the air of an impudent, over-fed house servant, and he looked me over in a way that made my blood boil.

'Hi, boy!' I said sharply. 'How long must I wait here?'

'How should I know?' he replied in Spanish. 'If it doesn't suit you, get out.'

He chuckled as he spoke, and his answer so infuriated me that I lost my head. Jumping up, I seized him by the collar and slack of his absurd embroidered trousers and propelled him, turkey fashion, through the open door.

'There, you black scoundrel!' I exclaimed. 'Go and send somebody after my card!'

The little fat darky was so amazed he couldn't utter a word. He simply gazed and disappeared. Half a minute later a squad of soldiers rushed in and placed me under arrest, and then I learned that my friend in the embroidered pantaloons was the minister of public instruction. I will leave you to imagine my feelings. It took three hours of solid work from both the American and British consuls to get me out of the scrape, and incidentally I made a grovelling apology. Of course I didn't dare to introduce the machinery proposition after such a debut, so my trip was a flat failure. As I said before, it takes some time for a stranger to grasp the etiquette of those 'furrin' parts."—New Orleans *Times-Democrat*.

WOUNDED "UNBEKNOWEST."

One of the colonial war correspondents narrates a curious incident that came under his notice at the Bloemfontein engagement. A private of the Natal mounted rifles had his horse shot and immediately cried out: "I'm hit!" "Nonsense, man, it's only your horse," cried a comrade, and the man, accepting the assurance, went on fighting. He returned to camp with his corps, strolled about in the evening, suffered during the night from what he called rheume, and only next morning discovered that a Mauser bullet had gone clean through his body. Then he collapsed and was taken to the hospital. The moral would seem to be that ignorance is bliss on the battlefield as elsewhere, and that the consequences of being perforated by a Mauser bullet are not worse than in the case of a Lee-Metford performing the same operation.—London *Chronicle*.

THE EQUATOR DEFINED.

In a small school an inspector was examining a class in Geography, and demanded to know what was the Equator. There was a momentary pause, and then a smart little boy replied: "The Equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth."

AT EASTER.

I did not grow tired of winter;
I was glad of the snow and the cold;
I liked the weather when flake and feather
Were flying o'er field and wold.
But now I am glad of the sunshine,
That is calling the robins back,
Of the beautiful flowers, the long bright hours,
And the bloom in the springtime track.

I am making a splendid garden
With the plants that I love best;
Then sparrows will quarrel o'er twine and laurel,
And orioles hang a nest.
I shall bring from the deep old forest
All fairy-like things I see,
And trooping after with song and laughter,
The fairies will follow me.

I have heard that Mother Nature,
A dame so wise and kind,
Is always spinning a sweet beginning
For the lives she keeps in mind.
She lends the snow drop hardy
And the jonquils hearty race;
She lines her pillows with pussy willows,
And kisses the pansy's face.

You see I am just eleven;
I have lots of things to do;
And all our learning is well worth earning,
If what folks tell be true.
I am glad, so glad, 'tis Easter,
When the tiny bluebells chime;
For, somehow, eleven is so near heaven
I am happy most all the time.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE DAY FOR SPRING REJOICINGS.

Easter the world over means, first of all, the coming of light and the going of darkness. It means, too, happiness, a holiday, flowers, springtime gladness, the putting away of the old and putting on of the new. It means comfort, confidence, rejoicings, the fulfillment of a promise, the death of old doubts and the birth of new certainties. Indeed, it means so many things and so much that if any of us really understood them all life would never seem a bother or a burden any more. We would all be better men and women, and the world itself would be so much better a place in every way that the kingdom of heaven at last would certainly be found among mortals.

And there are so many ways of proving that these things about Easter are true, so many reasons to give for them, that you or I might easily spend all our life in talking of nothing else and still leave much to say to those who came after.

Suppose, for instance, we made the meaning of one fact about Easter our own, what a load of misery, of doubt, misunderstanding, rebellion, wild questionings and despair would disappear all at once out of our way. We celebrate Easter, as you know, because on that day Christ, who had been crucified, rose again from the dead. Now, among people where the name of Christ was never known this same time of year was kept with celebrations and rejoicings to commemorate the idea of deliverance, the coming of light, the resurrection of the flowers and all green things which had seemed to die with the darkness and cold of winter months.—New York *World*.

DO YOU FEEL TIRED?

"When you hear a man complaining of 'that tired feeling,' you may be sure that he spends more of his day talking and lounging than working," said a well-known physician.

"A truly hard worker never suffers from this disease, for such it is. It arises from not working off, by either mental or manual exercise or work, the superfluous energy given to man. This energy if left, turns itself so to speak, to forming poisonous juices which sap the vitality.

"Just as a thoroughly trained athlete waits with certainty his second wind, so every really hardworking business man knows that he does his best work after he has shaken off that tired feeling.

In fact, you will find that a really hard worker never complains of it after he has passed his twenty-fifth or twenty-seventh year, because he has then trained this energy to do its proper work—that is, keep his mind and body fresh and vigorous."

STRANGE CASE OF CORPORAL ANDERSON.

Here is the story of Corporal J. Anderson's marvellous experience in the South African war. He belongs to the Black Watch and was at Magersfontein. Finding himself amongst a scattered section of the Highland Light Infantry, he assumed the command. A lyddite shell suddenly burst on the left of his section, killing three of the men instantly, and hurling Anderson to the ground insensible. He became deaf and dumb, and Sir W. MacCormac said he must have had a wonderful constitution or he could not have survived the awful shock. During the voyage home some rough weather was experienced, and one day Corporal Anderson was thrown violently against the side of the vessel. His speech and hearing instantly returned after having been lost for over six weeks. He is now as well as ever and fit for another "go" at the enemy if called upon.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Here is what happens to brides when they marry in any color they may select, says *Woman's Life*:

Married in white, you have chosen all right.

Married in gray, you will go far away.

Married in black, you will wish yourself back.

Married in red, you will wish yourself dead.

Married in green, ashamed to be seen.

Married in blue, he will always be true.

Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.

Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.

Married in brown, you will live out of town.

Married in pink, your spirit will sink.

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