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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 Streets, Acton. Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL. L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH. L. R. P. & S. GLASGOW. MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC. Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN, EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE. Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH. OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. J. LENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST, ACTON. Office over McKee's Drug Store. HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. VISITING DAYS—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood. The latest anæsthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

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

R. J. MCNABB, Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, 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—Over Wonder's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

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

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

W. M. HEMBTREET, 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 $155,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 867, or telephone 54, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Chapman.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDRILL Proprietor

A firm well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Raw & Plug welding done

Acton Bakery
MISS B. MILLAR

Opposite Brown's Drug Store, - Acton

BREAD
Weston's and Williams'

Received daily and promptly delivered Cakes, Buns, Doughnuts, etc., fresh every day.

CONFECTIONERY

Maple Cream, Lemon Taffy, Pet Nut Brittle, Almond Rock, Sponge Taffy, Fig, etc.

All our own make, pure and wholesome. A general assortment of confectionary and a special line of Chocolates.

FRUITS—Navel Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.

Nuts of all kinds,

Fancy Biscuits, Cooked Ham, and Bologna Sausage.

MISS B. MILLAR.

EXTRA LARGE STOCK OF FINE NEW
Wall Paper.
New Styles, Colorings and Designs.

Our prices are the lowest.

Examine the stock and see for yourselves.

I have arranged with first class men to hang side wall and ceiling at

10c. a Roll

....AT....

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH

DRY + HELLE + CHOICE

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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

Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.

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
A. H. DEVITT, Manager.

Good Shoes
Season abe Prices.

We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves around the central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large-profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk shoes with us we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.

W. WILLIAMS
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - - Acton

For the best Quality of
FLOUR
GO TO
EVERTON or EDEN MILLS

Always sure to get the BEST ARTICLE at RIGHT PRICES.

Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.

Chopping done and Oats rolled for horses every day at both mills.

Cash for wheat and Oats.

HENRY HORTOP.
PROPRIETOR

Spring Is Coming!

Why not prepare for it by bringing in your Buggies and Market Waggons now, to be Repaired and Painted?

I am in a better position than any one in the County to give you a first-class job. I keep everything on hand to repair your vehicle. I have plenty of room to store your job until the roads are good.

J N O'NEILL
GEORGETOWN.

—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 all trains between 10 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone at the wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.

Cuelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)

Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.

No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. E. H. JONES, Manager.

AMERICAN FIELD FENCE
IS THE BEST.

See that this is what you get. We are the sole agents for this, and for the National (Durham) Portland Cement. These are two leaders in Farm needs

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH

CLOVER SEEDS.
EXTRA CHOICE EXPORT CLOVER ONLY $8.25 PER BUSHEL.

Having bought a large quantity of the best clover before the rise in prices, I am in a position to offer my customers a bargain in Clover Seeds

If you don't wish to take it away a deposit of 50c a bushel will hold it for you. We don't anticipate any rise in Timothy Seed, it will remain steady, but reports are, clover will be higher. We also handle a full line of Lucerne, Alsike, Crimson and Mammoth Clovers.

Black Barley 90c to $1.00 a bushel. White Hulless Barley 95c. to $1.00 a bushel. Best Seed Peas 85c to $1.00 a bushel. Grass Peas $1.25 a bushel Mandscheuri Barley 50c to 55c. a bushel. Seed Oats from 38c up Seed Potatoes all kinds. some Silver Dollar Potatoes left, still only $1.25 per bag

Geo. J. Thorp,
Guelph and Toronto.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK. NEWS COLORED PAPERS

JOHN R. BARBER

FRAMES!
FRAMES

PICTURES FRAMED

—AT—

Waters Bros
ART STORE

GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.

Lumber and Shingles

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Mill stuff cut to order.

P. Sayers, Proprietor.

Hats and Tams.

Latest importations in Men's, Boys and Children's Headwear representing the season's greatest achievements in smartness and originality of style, all modestly priced.

L. N. E. LAFONTAINE
HATTER .. .. .. FURRIER ..

Largest Hat Stock in Ontario of the Latest Styles

WYNDHAM ST. GUELPH ONT.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

In Paterson's Building, Willow Street Acton.

Linen by collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.

FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

Poetry.

ON EASTER MORNING.

Beautiful children, whose voices sweet
Echo the carol the bells repeat
All in the Easter morning,
Did you know that before the sun so red
Had stamped up from his drowsy bed
Loviest carols were sung and said
Early on Easter morning?

Out where the willows are bending low,
Out where the mists drift to and fro,
All in the Easter morning,
Little brown birds in quiet nest,
Twittering low 'neath mother's breast,
Say, "Spring is coming; let's sing our best,"
Early on Easter morning.

Dainty families, in woolly fold,
Safely hidden from wind and cold,
All in the Easter morning,
Lifting their blankets, peep to see
What kind of a place the world may be
And wakes and rustle merrily
Early on Easter morning.

The clear little brook sings low and sweet,
Touching the pebbles with dainty feet,
All in the Easter morning,
"Spring is coming; I make the way
Green, where the flowers shall be some day;
Singing, "I herald the sun's first ray"
Early on Easter morning.

Beautiful ones, are the sun was red
Loviest carols were sung and said
All in the Easter morning,
The light mist shroudeth the sleepy town,
But the birds and the ferns and the Brooklet brown
Sing in the gray, while the stars look down,
Early on Easter morning.

—M. G. WATERMAN.

Select Family Reading.

Martha's Easter Bonnet

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNEL.

"Horatio."

Mrs. Whitney waited a reasonable period, then spoke again, a degree louder.

"Horatio!"

"Oh, but, Martha, they were old. I'm nine old." Horatio Whitney's care-worn face was eager and wistful. It seemed to be struggling to put on its rightful mask of youth—a man at forty-five is not old,—but to be painfully conscious that it no longer fitted. Almost at once it settled back to its lines of care. With a sigh Horatio Whitney gave up his youth.

"Maybe I am old," he said quietly.

"Well, I'm not!" laughed his wife. "When I'm old, I won't ask you for my Easter money. I suppose you know Sunday after next is Easter, Horatio?"

"Easter—Sunday after next? Are you sure, Martha?" He sighed again unconsciously. There was so little "Easter money" for Martha this year. Horatio Whitney had been married fifteen years; there had been fifteen Easters. There had always been "Easter money."

"I went down town prospecting to-day. If I'd had money, I should have taken up a claim—in Easter fixings," she laughed pleasantly. Her own face was unwrinkled and comely. Horatio looked at it round the edge of his newspaper and experienced his old feeling of pride in Martha. He was thinking that Martha was young enough. Martha was forty-five, too.

"How much will you need, dear?" The dear went with the little thrill of admiration.

"Mercy, Horatio, as if you didn't know how much it always takes! Easter bonnets don't vary much from one year to another. The market is always firm! You've always given me twenty dollars; that includes gloves and what-nots, of course."

"Would-er-fifteen do, do you think?" hesitatingly. The difference between twenty dollars and fifteen took on a preposterous value to-night. Horatio Whitney was a little more tired than usual. The care lines were deeper in his plain face.

Mrs. Whitney dropped her work into her lap and peered round the drop-lamp at her husband. Horatio might be growing old and deaf, but she did not like to think he was growing stingy. Fifteen?—why, she had always had to stretch the twenty!

"You need not give me any, Horatio," she said stiffly. "I'll stay at home Easter Sunday, and look through the slats at other people's Easter bonnets. If you imagine I am going up the broad aisle of Canaan Church in my last year's bonnet, you are laboring under a delusion. It would be bad enough if our new was behind, but when it's the third from the front—!" She gathered up her sewing and set swift, perturbed stitches in the soft white stuff. Horatio was conscious that she looked even prettier with that red tinge in her cheeks. On the instant he put aside anxious thoughts of unpaid bills to come. Martha must have her Easter money. He took out his worn old pocket-book, and molasses his fingers to count it and make sure it was all there.

"Sixteen,—two's eighteen,—two's twenty. There's twenty, dear. I'm sorry the bills ain't all clean—I know you like 'em better that way"—

"Don't worry about their being clean!" she laughed. The stiffness was all gone from her voice. "I guess Madame Jacque will be willing to take them in exchange for a bonnet. Oh, Horatio, you must see that little beauty in the window! It's the one I mean to get,—the one on the left of the window, so you look in from the outside. It has apple blossom buds on it—you know you always liked apple-blossom buds, Horatio!" She nodded across to him archly and her fair face reminded him of the Martha's of fifteen years ago. He confused up that other beautiful little bonnet with apple-blossom buds on it, and set it on her smooth brown hair—Martha had not grown gray at all.

"That one was beautiful," he smiled.

"Well, this one is. I should I wonder if it made me look fifteen years younger?" she laughed. "But I don't want to decide on it till you see it. You always did have an excellent taste in bonnets, dear." She fell into the "dear" naturally enough, as if the soft hale of fifteen years ago were over her, too. She had always called him "dear," then—how many years was it she had called him Horatio?

"I wish you'd go to the office through Jermyn Street to-morrow morning—no, I'll go with you. That will be better. You can pass judgment on the little gem-bonnet, and I shall go in and buy it! for I'm certain you'll like it."

They had not walked through the streets together for a good while—not even to church. Horatio Whitney was keenly sensitive of the fact that his overcoat and hat were shabby. He did not care to remember how long it was since he had bought new ones, and he did not want Martha to remember. So he stayed at home quietly, and grew a little grayer and a little older every day.

"Martha's handsome and young, still," he reasoned; "I want her to keep so. It doesn't matter now about me; it's too late in the day to save me. Martha's going to have pretty bonnets and things just as long as I can scrape together the money. And what's more she isn't going to be mortified to death by having a stoop-shouldered, wrinkled old man in a faded overcoat, going up the broad aisle beside her. I'm tired; I'll stay at home and rest."

So he had staid at home Sunday after Sunday. He was always tired; it was a good excuse. Martha gave up urging him after a while.

The next morning Martha walked down town with Horatio, through Jermyn Street. It was a beautiful day. Belated spring had come at last, and birds were celebrating the event joyously. The lawns were taking on green tinges, and the electricity of growing things and buoyant spirits was in the air. Martha tingled with it as she walked along. "You walk so slow, Horatio," she complained. "Why don't you step up brisk and smart? Anybody'd think you were an old man!"

"Well, I guess they'd hit it, Martha!" he smiled. Time was when I'd have skipped on this kind of a morning."

"Well, I'd skip now if I thought nobody was looking! Here we are at Jermyn Street."

They turned into the busy thoroughfare and settled into the current of busy men and women. All the world was in a hurry, but all the world was cheerful. The electricity in the crisp, clear air was manifest on every side, in alert gait and smiling face. Everyone was quaffing the sweet spring tonic. Even Horatio Whitney drank in unconscious whiffs of it and picked himself up, rejuvenated, and swung along with the rest.

Down the street a little way, progress was blocked, and Horatio and Martha came to a standstill. A heavy drag was being backed across the sidewalk.

"We can go round," Horatio said. "It's a nuisance the way these fellows take possession of the highway. It ought to be stopped. Come on—this way."

"No, I'm going to wait. He'll get unloaded in a minute. I don't fancy being mixed up with a lot of electric cars and grocery carts and folks. There's no hurry, Horatio."

They were abreast of a splendid plate glass show-window, and Martha turned to it for entertainment. What woman was ever at loss for amusement with a show-window at her elbow? But this one—Martha turned away a little disgusted. It was only a men's furnishing store.

The dray man took his time. Martha was driven back to the window in self-defence, and it was this time that she saw the coat that reminded her. A little thrill ran over her, for it was the exact shade—the soft, deep gray—of that other coat. It was not distinguishably different, either, in style—queer that fifteen years should make so little change!

Martha glanced at Horatio's shabby overcoat. The pitiless sun gave it no quarter. She saw all its fadedness and meanness, and the listless dejected sag of it. It gave her a start of surprise that she had not noticed it before. She scarcely ever noticed Horatio's clothes. They were always whole,—Horatio had always been easy on his things. There was rarely anything to mend.

But now,—the contrast between the spruce, new coats in the window and Horatio's coat! Between the sleek hats set jauntily on the staring painted heads of the window-dummies and the faded, worn one planted squarely on Horatio's gray hair! Martha's heart misgave her at the contrast. She did not want to look, but looked steadily.

Horatio was looking at the dray-man. His bent shabby shoulders were "back to" the great window. Horatio never looked in show windows.

"When you get through looking at the styles, my dear, we'll go on. That fellow's taken his time, but he's out o' the way now."

It was Horatio's voice in her ear and Martha started with an odd sense of confusion and guilt. She went on down the street trying to joke herself at ease again, but her thoughts ran on persistently in a perturbed undercurrent. The gray overcoat that had reminded her,—she could not get it out of her sight. Gray had been so becoming to Horatio fifteen years ago, Martha had chosen that color, herself, for his wedding overcoat. And she had had apple blossoms in her wedding bonnet because pink and gray were so beautiful together.

Martha roused herself at Madame's. "There," she cried, "that little beauty on the extreme left—don't tell me you don't like it!" She was laughing a little breathlessly. Her eyes swept on his face.

"Isn't it a little gem, Horatio?"

"Yes, oh yes, Martha, I like it," he said warmly. "You go right in and buy it. Don't you wait, or somebody else will get in ahead of you. The posies on it are beautiful. Martha, it reminds me!"

"I thought it would!" she laughed softly, with the tremor still running through her voice. "It's very much like that other one, dear."

After a little he went on alone down the street.

Martha stood watching him. "Horatio's all stooped over. He works too hard. I never knew he was getting so steady. He used to be straight enough." She glanced in at the Easter bonnet, as if it reminded her of the time when Horatio had been straight.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and perfect. Martha woke to the thrill of Easter carols outside her window. A myriad little birds seemed vying with each other to celebrate His rising. The jubilant chorus filled all the air.—

"I'm thankful it's pleasant," thought Martha. "I want it to be pleasant to-day." She went about her morning duties with a light heart. At breakfast she chattered like a girl.—

"Horatio, you're going to church with me to-day—I thought you might like to know!"

"No, no, Martha," he said, hastily; "I guess I won't go to-day—not to-day."

"I said you were going!" she laughed. "Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey, fifteen years ago? I'm through marching off to church alone every Sunday-morning."

"But I'm tired, Martha. I'm going to stay at home and get rested for to-morrow."

"You were tired last Sunday, and the Sunday before, and the Sunday before that."

"Yes, I know—I guess I'm always tired, Martha."

"Then you must go to church and rest. Horatio Whitney, do you know how long ago it is since you went to church with me?"

"No, I don't. Don't reckon, Martha."

"Well, I won't if you'll turn over a new leaf to-day. I've set my heart on your going to meeting with me to-day, dear!"

He flushed plainly. Martha was making it very hard. If she hadn't said 'dear'!

"But I—I can't, Martha. I'd like to if I could."

"Say, "But I can, dear"—say it Horatio!" She was round on his side of the table, with her hand on his arm. "Come upstairs and get ready. We don't want to be late on Easter. I've got your things all out on the bed."

"I—I haven't any things, Martha. You mustn't ask me—I can't go."

"Well, I've got my things all out on the bed, then. I want you to come up and see my things, dear. Come!"

He could not resist her. She was like the old girl Martha—persistent and irresistable. He yielded weakly and followed her up the stairs. The Easter things were spread out on the bed. Horatio Whitney uttered a queer sound at the sight of them.

"Martha!"

"Well, don't you like them? Don't you like my Easter bonnet, dear?" I like it better than any I ever had before, all the Easters of my life. Now I will try it on and let you see how becoming it is."

She set the soft gray felt hat on his head and whirled him round to the mirror. Then she threw the handsome gray overcoat over his arm and laid the gloves against his sleeve.

"See how they match!" she cried. "And they all match you. You great stupid boy, to stand there as if you didn't recognize yourself!"

"I don't" he gasped. Suddenly he faced about. "But Martha,—"

"Say 'dear.'"

"But, dear, I don't understand. You were going to get the one with apple blossom buds on it—"

"What do you call that?" She had caught up a little thing of lace and flowers from the table, and was whirling it round on her fingers before his astonished eyes. "Aren't those apple blossom buds? Can't you smell 'em? You might to, for they're the very ones you declared you could smell fifteen years ago! The very ones, Horatio! I got out the little old bonnet, and there were the flowers as fresh as ever,—not withered at all! Snip, snip,—I had cut them off, and there they are on my Easter bonnet! Now, we'll go to church, dear."

He walked along the sunny street beside her as if in a pleasant dream. Unconsciously he held himself straight and walked briskly.

"You go so fast that I can't keep up with you," laughed Martha in his ear. "Do you think I'm a girl?"

"Yes, and I'm a boy." He was laughing, too. He had not felt so rested and young before for a long time. He was proud of Martha—and proud of himself. He was glad when they passed their acquaintances and friends.

They seemed to get ahead of everybody. Once Martha gave him a little push.

"Go on ahead a little way," she whispered, "there's no one now to notice, and I want to look at you as a whole!"

When she caught up with him, she squeezed his arm gently. "You look handsome, Horatio Whitney—don't tell me you don't! Now tell me I look handsome."

"Martha, Martha—dear—you look good enough to eat!" It was a homely compliment, but it suited Martha. They went on together through the sweet Easter sunshine. At the church door she stopped him.

"Wait! We're going to walk up the broad aisle slowly, Horatio—don't you go to hurrying. I want the people to have plenty of time to see my new Easter things? Now ready!"

The altar was heaped with Easter lilies, and their sweet breath filled the church. Martha drew in long whiffs of it.

"How good they smell, dear," she whispered. "Is there anything sweeter that Easter lilies?"

He smiled down at her. Martha was short and plump and he was tall to-day.

"I don't smell any Easter lilies," he said; "I don't smell anything but apple blossoms."

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

"Well, my boy, your catch isn't very big to-day, is it?"

June Devore was interested in the long line of boys fishing on the pier. She glanced down in amusement from under her ruffled parasol, not at the kneeling figure in knickerbockers, but at the small box, nested in seaweed, where squirmed some two inch killies.

"This isn't catch; it's bait," came in peculiarly smothered tones from under the golf cap.

A pair of twinkling, boyish eyes scanned with great interest the dainty arch of the colonial clad foot beside him, with the flaky foam of lace billowing above, while his brown fingers busied themselves with the bait.

But the sweet voice above him broke with pain and pity.

"Oh, some of them are alive, and they're such tiny baby fish. Please put them back in the water. Won't you please?"

Now, Frank Truitt had procured the bait at considerable expense of time and trouble over in Shark river, some distance inland from the ocean, so he naturally hesitated. Seeing this, the girl opened her purse.

"See here," she said, with a winning smile; "I'll give you this if you do. It will buy enough taffy to make you and all your friends here ill." And she held a bright coin down toward the bashfully bowed head, her pitying eyes still intent on the baby killies.

Frank's friends were wont to say that his bump of humor was the most fully developed on his cranium. Anyhow at this particular juncture it strangled his conscience.

"By Jove, it's worth it—such a huge joke to recount at the club!" he thought as with apparent reluctance he dropped the innocent fresh water killies into their supposedly native element.

"The rest, you see, are quite dead," said he humbly, with the air of a remorseful culprit.

"It's too bad, but thank you so much. You are a nice boy." And for the first time she looked at him squarely, holding out the coin once more.

A slender brown hand stole up and grasped the money greedily. Then "the nice boy" rose to his feet, unfolding before her dismayed eyes as he did so five feet ten of masculine stature, while he doffed his cap and disclosed a clear cut, mustached face, whose mirthful eyes shot laughing glances toward her flaming cheeks.

"Oh, I thought—I never dreamed"—And she fled down the pier toward the hotel.

When the last flutter of her white frock had disappeared in the crowd along the walk, he replaced his cap and turned the half dollar affectionately in his hand, shaking the while with quiet laughter.

From examining the prize he fell to scrutinizing the hand which held it. It was fine, rather small, but deceptive, as some of his college opponents had learned to their sorrow.

"It is a kid's hand," he said in disgust, "or a woman's, but doctors often have undersized fists—I wonder why."

The question in biology remained unsolved, for his small nephew ran up with a catch, exclaiming:

"See, uncle, what kind of fish is this?"

"Blue, with crown splashes in 'em," was the reply which mystified Frank junior. "Come, my lad. I promised your mother to have you at the hotel at 5."

As the little fellow trotted by his side, carrying proudly aloft his string of those little weakfish, his uncle glanced down and said quizzically:

"My boy, your catch isn't very big to-day, is it?"

"More'n you've got," was the sturdy reply.

"I don't know about that." And the man's eyes softened with a gracious remembrance. "I caught a great deal to-day."

"What was it?" asked the boy breathlessly.

"A beautiful view, a glimpse into wonderful depths, a woman's soul!"

"I suppose you mean the mermaid," the child nodded wisely. He dreamed fairy visions too.

But Truitt did not recount his adventure at the club that night.

* * * * * *

"Hurry, June, dear? Frank is tramping the library carpet threadbare in his impatience, and the carriages are waiting."

Aunt Sarah was in high excitement. She hovered over the bride with little motherly dips.

"And to think it's all my doings!" She murmured, proudly surveying the girl's glowing beauty, a rosy aurora, with the filmy clouds of the veil about her.

"I always said you two were made for each other, and then when at last I did get you together down at Fern Villa you were so horrid to Frank! Why I was just in despair. But now go, and God bless you!"

"You are a dear auntie"—the tender lips pressed the wrinkled face—"and have been a mother to me, but I think our match was God's doing, not yours or mine." And she floated in her trailing clouds of glory down the stairs.

As he looked up and saw her coming something rose in his throat and choked the flattering words that would have been to his lips. A great humility came over him, as it does to every manly fellow to follow whom a woman forsakes all else.

As they turned from the solemn ceremony, arm in arm, and passed up the aisle to the jubilant strains of "Faithful and True," he whispered into the spray of orange blossoms that drooped near his left shoulder:

"Well, little wife, your catch isn't very big to-day is it?"

JANEY'S EASTER FLOWERS.

It was raining outside and it was pouring inside, and it would have been hard to say which fell the faster, the raindrops or Janey's tears. "Cheer up, Janey," said Uncle Jack, "something may turn up before night."

"Wild flowers don't tu-urn up on a be-e-ck side walk," sobbed Janey, "and the woods will be soaking wet."

It was hard. Miss Egerton, her Sunday School teacher, had asked the class to bring some wild flowers for the Easter Service.

To-day she had intended to pick the first anemones but now it was impossible.

"I'll tell you what," said Uncle Jack, "go and see somebody that has something to cry about. Miss Tod couldn't go to the woods even if it didn't rain."

Janey thought of Miss Tod tied to her chair with rheumatism, and she drew a long sigh. Five minutes later a little figure darted across the street.

Miss Tod was at home—she had been for two years.

"The dampness has made me full of kinks to-day," she said, "and if I were a little girl I should cry. Why, what have you been crying about, Janey? Has the weather got into your bones, too?"

"No, ma'am," said Janey, "It got into the woods and I couldn't go for my Easter flowers."

"That's too bad, but perhaps something will turn up."

That's just what Uncle Jack said," laughed Janey, as she rubbed Miss Tod's swollen hands.

By and by the postman came and left a box for Miss Tod.

"Open it, Janey," she said, "things are turning up."

Janey took off the cover and what should there be inside but flowers.

"Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed, "how lovely and pink and sweet they are!"

"What do you think of trailing arbutus for Easter?" asked Miss Tod.

Janey couldn't answer for delight, but she was understood.

Easter morning she carried a bunch to Sunday School, and Miss Egerton said:

"You're a witch, Janey. How did you find these lovely things in the rain yesterday?"

"Oh! I didn't find them," said Janey, "they turned up."

No Uncertainty About It.

PAINE'S CELERY. COMPOUND

The Spring—System Cleanser and Health Builder Makes Sick People Well.

There is nothing doubtful or uncertain about the working and effects of Paine's Celery Compound. It stands supreme as a spring system cleanser and health builder. It reaches without loss of precious time the cause of sickness and disease in a way that no other remedy can do. Its first and most important mission is the purification of the life stream, increasing its volume and quality. It then stirs all the organs that work sluggishly. It restores strength, renews vitality, regulates the kidneys, liver and bowels, and makes people well and strong. For these reasons Paine's Celery Compound as a spring medicine stands far above all other prescriptions and remedies that promise so much and accomplish so little. Mrs. E. Coleman, Burlington, Ont., gives her experience with Paine's Celery Compound as follows:

"I am now sixty years of age, and have been ill for nearly twenty years. During my long illness doctors and patent medicines failed to cure me. At the hospital I was told that I was suffering from tumors; and often, no matter how I tried to cheer myself, I felt like putting an end to my life. I heard of your Paine's Celery Compound and commenced to use it, and it has done wonders for me. I feel better than ever before in my life, and my friends are surprised at the wonderful change in my health. Paine's Celery Compound is a good medicine, and I will always recommend it."

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