# Acton Free

VOLUME XXXI.---NO. 42.

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#### Doelrp.

WHAT LIES OVER THE HILL Traveller, what lies over the bill? Traveller, tell to me : am only a child; from the window-s Over I cannot see."

"Child, there's a valley over there, Pratty and woody, and shy. And a little brook that says, "Take Or I'll drown you by and by," "And what comes hoxt?" "A lonely Without a beaten way.
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then Phy "Dark works and yellow And a mosning saa hasido""And then?"-"More sear more, sea And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "O, rock and mountal Rivers and folds and men, herrand over-a weary tale-, And round to your home again."

1. that the unit? It is weary at best "No, child, it is not the end : In enumner eves, away in the west, You will see a stair ascend." . Built of all colors of levely stones-A stair up into the sky, Where no one is weary, and no on Or wishes to be laid by."

I will go," "But the steps are ver If you would climb up there, on must lie at its foot, as still a And be a step of the stair."

"For other to put their feet on you To reach the stones high-piled. And leads you up, my child."

— George Macdonald

Relect Jamily Meading

Malcolm's Ideal

By Anna Shields. THEROMONE MEMORE ADMINED

6' ( IIE must be tall, Bab; who must be graceful as a willow branch, with eyes of midlike the raven's wing."

Hab, who was stirring cake, looked up at the deep window-seat that separated the old-fashloned kitchen from the garden beyond. Sented there, swinging one foot kily, ant Malcolm Hoyt, describing the future Mrs. Malcolm as she existed in his youthful

"Well?" Harbara said, presently after a glanco from the tall boyist figure and frank, handsome face, to a small mirrer that reflected hair of burnished bronge, the true auburn and numorous freckles. "Well? Tall. dark, classically featured. Any other

parfections !" "Accomplished, of course. She mus dance like a sylph, sing like a nightingale, draw, play on the pinno-" "Make cake?" suggested Bab, vigor-

onely stirring hor batter. "Why, no-- Mre, Hoyt will not need to make oake, I think. Not but what it is very folly to know how," he added, hastly, "but Mrs. Clark might resent any invasion of her especial department." "Yes, I see," said Bab, dryly. "You

don't want your wife to be a kitchen-Malcolm blushed furiously; he was

"I don't mean that at all," he said and then laughing heartly, added "don't you think we are talking considerable nonsense. Bab?" "I don't know," said Hab, slowly You say your father wants you t

marry, and, as you are in quest of a wife, you might as well have some idea of what you would prefer. ' "Just like choosing a necktie," sale Malcolm, "though I think I should feet more interest in the necktio. By

the way, what is your ideal, Bub?" "I haven't considered," said Bab, bending her face low over the pan into which she was pouring the cake. "Nonser to !" suld Malcolm. "As a girl ever lived to be sighteen without

Then linb violated the truth with a daring voice, and bright eyes, for she "My ideal docton't eit on kitchen window-sills and talk nonsense, at any

"You don't know what he might de under sufficient provocation." said Malcolm, tea-ingly. "I have seen Steve Hale lank longingly at my perch within the last ten minutes." "Stophen Hale!" cried Bab, scorn-

full, and lifted the pan to carry it to the room beyond, where the fire war lighted in summer. Hor heart was swelling with hadle

untion. She was only a farmer's daughter, she told herself, and Malcolm Hort was helr to a magnificent estate and fortune, college bred, and could marry in aristocratic circles. But to think she could look at Stephen Hale, her father's "help," a man who could not read! It was insulting. little Barbara thought, and she took an unreasonably long time to adjust the cake pan on the oven-bars, and pile on fresh wood in the stove.

"Good-hye !" shouted a cheary voice. prosently. "I'm off to the past-office, but I'm coming to ten to ent some of that cake,"

"I've a great mind to secreb it

thought Hab, splitefully. "I would, too, if it wasn't father's favorite." "I do bolleve she is foud of Steve." thought Malcolm, as he swang himself lute the enddle. "She blushed as red as a poony when I mentioned him. suppose it would be what father calls suitable match, but she's a thousand times too good for him. Why, sho's an floor a facts solvoin se pult our Washage ...... Arrive 0.00 p.m. cullege fellows, and she sings so beauti- marry without love-Information, tigkete, etc., City Ticket Office | fully that it is a imming shame she corner king and foronte Streats, Main 5179, and has nothing but h concerting to

reverle took another turn, and he "But nearer home ?" thought: "I wonder if father is ill?" "Your ten is ready, Mr. Malcolm,"

It was the nineteenth century, and Malcolm was an only child, denied no indulgence from his infancy, but he never thought of his father us the "governor" or the "old man." mother was but a memory, for when he was five years old, her goldenhaired beauty was hidden under the the estate had fallen upon his father's dalales. He liked to think his great, frehle hande while he was pleasure blind ayes and culep, Islande curls were seaking. like these in his mother's partruit, but imagingtion was more potent than actual memory in recalling bor.

"I Wonder is father roally is ill!" he thought, jugging along clowly. scome so anxious to linve un settled. and that means married. He seems to think I will weary of the dear old home, if I have no family ties to bind me there."

"There is not much that is home- sence.

like about it now," be thinks, "forMrs Clark is too old to fuss much, and Imagine the servants have it all their own way. But how Bab's little trim figure and red hair would lighten up those big gloomy rooms." A week later he is on his way to

Now York, to visit his aunt, to so society, and, by his father's express desire, to find a wife. Heart whole, fancy free, he mingles

with the service will better at hire Markham's, his aunt's; escorts his pretty cousin, Mabel, to opera, theatre, concert; dances gracefully with one belle, takes another out to supper, makes himself agreeable with a third on a sleighing party, escorte a fourtl for u promenade, and so on-fifth with, seventh, eighth, numbers in definite, coming under his care pro tem., but not one stirring his heart as Hab's cordial greeting did when he returned from college.

Babi There is scarcely a frolic of his lonely childhood that is not associated with Bab. How many times has her mother called blm in from snow-ball fighting or consting frolic, to cat criep, but doughnuts or gingerbread! If w many candy-pulls has he had with Bab at one end of the ewest, sticky mass and himself at the

Bab is not his ideal. That was tall. stately, brunette! Bab is short merry, brown-oyed and with hair of burnished bronge that Malcolm livey erently calls red! And thou, although there is no foolish pride about Malcolm, he has certainly moved in more cultivated and refined social circles than Barbara ever raw. He wonders how Bab would look in clouds of tulle her round white arms circled bracelete, her glorious hair starre with gems, and mentally decides the

the would look "jolly !" A letter from home reached him the middle of November. DEAR MR. MALCOLM: I think ought to write you about your pa. He won't complain, and he slu't to say sick, but he's pining, and very weak Barbara Oroft is here every day, reads to him, sings for him, plays chess, and cooks to please his appetite. Hhe's the best girl in the world, I think, but she

ain't like your pa's own. He frets for you, though he won't say so, and "Your obedient servant, "MARY CLARK.

"My dear old dad!" thought 'Malcolm, tearing down stairs with the latter in his hand. "He is sick! was afraid he was last summer, and here I've been fooling away for months while he has been fretting for nie!" His remores was duoper than his neglect warranted, but he loved his father, the ever-ludulgent friend of his life, his one tle in the dear old home. And so, making gracuful apologies to

ble aunt, he started at once for Deer-Mr. Hoyt was in the library when on the girl's face with each word. She he drove up to the door, and through the window Malcolm could are the barred smoog human beings, set apart ruddy light from the grate, the deep to misory and solltude, and pitied herarm-chair, the figure of his father | self with all of her soul. reclining there. But, pausing on the porch, he saw more. He saw that the | girl, with her brother, paused and read

dear face was hollow-eyed, haggard, the writing. 'Nonconsel' was her sole fearfully changed. He enw a trim comment. little figure bending lovingly over the sick man, coaxing him to out the dainty luncheon on the table bookle blm. And he saw Hab more than once draw back to hide outverlog line woman not a lunutle be friendless? and oyes filled with tenra. "How good she is," Malcoln thought, "to leave her bright hom

to comfort a lonely old man." And he stepped softly, not to disturb the protty scene, and went to the hack door to send Mrs. Clark to give notice of lile arrival.

He was disappointed when he went

in to find his father alone, but he forgot all else in his sorrow at finding such a change in him. "Why have you not wont for m hefore ?" he asked, repreachfully. "I knew you were enjoying your visit, my dear boy. Your letters were

tike gleams of sunshine; Bab read them over and over to me, but I would not let any one write but myself, for fear of troubling you." "But you were lonely?" "Yes, very lonely, though Barbara

has been very kind. She is the gentlest of nurses, the most putient companions," then; a little wistfully "Have you no naws for me, Mal "None but what I have written!" "I'wo wish to see you settled in your

home, before-I mean, soon." "Married! But if I falled to find my "Ah, we all fall in that." "But, father, you would not have me

"I anw nobody I loved in New better."

accompany her voice." Then his York."

said Mrs. Clark at the door, and Malcolm obeyed the summons. The subject was not renewed as father and son sat far into the night conversing. There were matters need ing supervision, and again Malcoln reproached himself that all the care of

"Hat I'will never leave him again." he, said to himself, as he posisted his found things in a corner of her cape father-to ble bed room. A Whole work passed builly,

there came a few days of warm Weather such as November finds often in her dreary wanks. - Harbara was to the garden, walking up and fower, thinking.

Of what? Of Mrs. Clarke's an :And then fancy painted again that nonncoment a whole week before that exquisite, graceful and accomplished had sent her semirying home like a being he had endeavored to describe frightened rabbit. Was Malcolm as to Barbara. It was old that even engrossed with his ideal that he had with this mental vision before him he not even one hour for his old playthought what & home Hab would make mate? It hurt her to think so, and of the stately pile that was to be his she missed, too, the daily care she had voluntarily assumed during his ab-"I do believe I am blue!" she

> thought, pettichly. "What will hap Iren next?" What happened next was a crunching of gravel under quick feet, and a voice saying :

"Bah, I have come to see why you have deserted my father. It was so sudden that Baherimsoned as also replied:

"He does not need me, now that "He asks for you every bour. But; Bab, I did not come only on filial duty. I came to say someone clasneeds you, longs for you, loves you! Bab, darling, won't you come to the

old home for life? Won't you be mino, dear, my wife, my darling?" She could only answer by shy blushes, by vailing the soft, brown eyes to hide their happiness. But Malcolm was satisfied; and when she asked, presently : "But your ideal, Malcolm?" he answered, triumphant-

ly; "She le here in my arms, Rab, - my first and only true love."

#### MORDID AND NEEDLESS.

The old ductor impatiently throw lown the book of poems which he had been reading. "It is one long grown from cover to cover !" he said. "Not a living creature, apparently, appreciates or loves the woman who writes it. Our literature is full of suchdespairing cries for sympathy. They recall an odd little incident which happened when I

was in Italy yours ago. "There is a Church, Santa Croce, in Florence which is known as the Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is filled with the tombs of her great rulers. pouls and painters. They crowd the Church and the quiet cloisters which encircle a sludy square outside. Walk ing one day in these cloisters, I found in one corner a grave over which was a marble slab with the fascription in

"To the memory of a woman who was greatly loved. "Hencath it were the words in French, written with a pencil: brings him all sorts of good things she woman, who was greatly loved, pity

me, whom no one loves!" "A handsome young girl sat near under the trees, a book in her hand. think, Mr. Malcolm; if you'll excuse Her fashionable clothes, her whole air arm. the liberty of my saying so, the time and bearing, showed case and prospernot quite twenty-one, and had not is coming when you will be glad if you lty, but her face was sullen with discontent and gloom. I noticed that she tooked at me keenly as I turned after reading the words, and could not avoid the loference that she had written them, and was looking at me to note their effect. Just so the woman who

wrote there pooms has sent out in them prayer for sympathy. "I was busy for a brief time sketching a sculptured angel over the tomb. and while I stood there several tourists passed and read the penciled words. "'Ah, poor creature!' they would cry, and express their pity in overy

modern tongue. The gloom deepened ovidently believed herself banned and "Presently a wholesome English

"What do you mean? the man criod, indignantly. "The writer of that must be grown woman. Why should any

The world is full of bonest, good penple. Let her go to work and make herself beloved. It is her own fault if she "She passed on, and I saw that th other woman had risen and was look-

ing after her with flaming anger in her "I nover saw either of them orain. and I do not know whether the chance yords bore any fruit t but whenever 1 read such morbid, sickly other for pity

as these pooms, I remember the brief sermon of the English girl in Santa Omce."

DOCTORS AGAINST ALCOHOL.

"L'Abstenience," a French temperance journal, has done good service to the cause it advocates by publishing the testimonies against alcohol given by medical men of eminonce. They are quoted from the Franch journal "Matin," which has placed them before the public with the view of forwarding the movement in France against abelathe, and in the hope that ultimately the goal of prohibition may be reached. The first cited is Professor Debove. doyon of the modical faculty, and ble words are an opitome of the rest: "I

#### A GHATEFUL MONKEY.

One more story, and a very remarkable and well authenticated one, is to be added to the many which record instances of gratitude on the part of animals for surgical operations which have given them pain, but at the same time saved them from probable death. In the zoological collection at the Jardin d' Acclimatation, in Parle, there is a female monkey, Diano by name, which has long been a favorite with keepers and public. Quaday not long ago, the chief keeper, Higeard holding one of her arms tightly with the other, and wroping great tedre. While swinging and vaniting about

arnida two places. The fracture was so had and apparently incurable that the director of the garden thought it best to put the poor creature to death, to end her sufferinge; but as a result of Bigenrd's orgent appeals he consented to supmon a physician-not a veterinary, but'a "eura enough" doctor of human beings. This physician, Doctor Tolmer, set the broken arm'and put it in a plaster cast, to the application of which Diane calmly submitted.

the cage she had fallen and broken her

She was then put in a roomy space by herself with a cat for a companion. With her armin a sling, Diane patient ly awaited her restoration to bealth. treating everybody as amiably as ever ; but unfortunately the hones did not "knit," possibly owing to the artificial and greatly transplanted con ditions of the monkey's life. A cor dition arose which made it necessar; for the doctor to declare that he could not save the monkey's arm, and to advise that she be put out of her suf-

"But why could not her arm be amputated?" asked Bigeard. "It is not practicable to annethetize her," replied Dr. Tolmer.

-"Let me hold her," said Higeard, thing of that kind, and we say, "Dear and you may perform the operation without anasthetics." "Well," said the doctor, "that will ian native would say if they should

be a forforn hope. We will try it." Higeard took his net in his arms. caressingly but firmly. She seemed to pair are followed even to the train by recognize the fact that something hard | merry makers who pelt them with rice, must be done, which, however, was scraps of paper and cast off shoes; the for her good. The arm was supu- ring which is put on the bride's finger inted ; Diano shed tears conjously, as a sign of her hundage, is often carbut uttored no cry. Nor did- she ried on a tray or embroldered cushlon struggle at all; she did, indeed, set by a small child, who walks in her tooth through" the eleeve of front of the bridal procession; Bigeard's coat, but did not touch his the marriage coremony and feast skin. This she seemed to do rather to often cost as much as the father's have comothing to hold to than to savings, for years; but this extrava-

point of physical support. The terrible wound dressed, Diane the house of the wedded pair." was sent to rejoin her friend the cat. Iteally, our customs are quite as She now seemed quite comfortable ; unique, in their way, as those of but the most interesting part of her foreign nations; and perhaps some of story remains to be told. For a long us, to whom weddings happen to be a time Doctor Tolmer came every day | rare event, would feel no stranger at to see Diane, and she, so far from, a Japanese ten-drinking bridal or at entertaining a gradge toward him, an aboriginal ceremony than at a contreated him as if she could not vential church weddings - The Delinsufficiently express her gratitude. | enter for April. She watched for his approach, and on his arrival throw horself into his army. continuing to exhibit her affection as

long as he remained in the garden. The arm bealed, and Diane was restored to the cage with the other monkeys. The public found an ad ditional element of interest in monkey which played and gambolled

with the rest, but which had only one Diano seemed to have completely respined her former way of life, but on the moment when Ductor Toluier entered the garden she loft all her sports to leap to the side of the care and extend her remaining hand through the bars, in order that might be affectionately shaken by the

#### AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS. A grain of prudence is worth a pound

Boarters are cousins to llars. Confession of fault makes half

Envy shooteth at others and wound

Denying a fault doubles it.

Poolish fear doubles danger. God reaches us good things by our own hunds. 'He has hard work who has nothing

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them. Joy is the certain pay for every good

Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself

Modesty is a guard to virtue." Nut to chey conscience is the way to allence it. One hour to-day is worth two to-

Proud looks make foul work in fair Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he who wants least. Small faults' indulged are little thieves that lot in greater ones. The boughs that bear most lang

Upright walking is sure walking. and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities

than they find.

Xcellence le lis own roward. Zeal without knowledge is fire with

Rhoumatism Makes Life Miserable A happy home is the most valuable kind, but you cannot enjoy ita comforts if you are suffering from theu- bother the baby, or when the dreaded cares when you outer your home and Mereler, Plessievilla, Que., says : "My you can be relieved from those their | baby was a great mifferer from conhave fought all my life against alcohol- matte pains also by applying Cham- stipation, but thanks to liaby's Own' ism; it is the great ovil of our epoch berlain's Pain Bain. One application Tablets the trouble has disappeared." .... to raise the tax on the drinks that will give you rollef and its. continued The Tablets are sold by all druggists

#### PA'S HOUSECLEANIN'

When the April sun's a shipin' hat an things is nice an' fresh. When the willer's droppin' tossels an'

the blackbird's in the bresh, An' pa comes in fer acconin' an' the floors is wet as souse, Then it's "Laws a massy on us! Your

ma's a cleanin' house!" then me and Jim is eure to find rag carpets in the sun Then we'd planned to go a fishlu', for the anglery in the run:

but while pa taken his noonin' an' the

Smares cala their smarks. a boys can best them corpets while wo're reathe up our backs. An' then next flay pa's certain onic to have to go to town : . . .

But he always leaving an orders, "Holy to put them carpets down." An' at night, when he gets home sgain, you'd think, to hear blingroun About the hardship of it, that hold dong the job done.

for ma! She has it awful hard, she'll work until she drops. in pound hor thumb nails half way off, an' wet her feet with slope; he'll get so houren that she can't speak, du kornat every hone :

the house alone. An' when that night the kids is alck an'has to have a drink. An' ma she can't get up because her back's in such a kink, f pa should beng the furniture whilst

gropin' for the cup,

But pa, he says If it was him he'd let

on can feel him gottin' mad enough to fairly out her up. so mean' Jim was sayin', if the time should ever come hen pa and ma should change their work an' pa should stay to hum,

wouldn't like to be a boy, but just a little mouse o hear what things pa would say if he was cleanin' house. -William Futhey (ilbbons in Woman's Home Companion for April.

#### WHAT TO DO AT A WEDDING

Every once in a while one sees a newspaper article on "Corean weddings" or "Marriage customs among the Australian Abortgines," or someme! how barbarous!" I wonder what the Carean bride or the Australread in their daily papers of our wedding customs, -for instance; "The resist. Human beings who have pain | gaues is considered in the light of an to endure feel the need of some such linvestment, as the friends who are Invited all contribute to furnish

THE ONLY THING LACKING. An artist was talking about the late Valter Appleton Clark, who died at he beginning of his artistic career. "Clark," he said, "had a strong sonse humor. I remember going through

millionnire's stables with him, one "You know what a millionaire's stables newadays are like-floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinkmangers, silver trimmings, and so forth

" 'Well, gentlemen,' said the million aire, proudly, is anything lacking?" " I can'think of nothing, said Chark, except a sofa for each horse."

### GOOD BUSINESS RULES

Do it better! Letting well enough alone never raised a salary or declared an extra

dividend And what was well enough for yesorday is poor enough to-day-do it Rescue that little task from the may

of doll routing-do it better.

Sook out the automaticact of babitdo it better. Put another hour on the task wel lone—and do it better. Htrivenot to equal-strive tosurpass

#### Do It botter !" PERVERTED PROVERBS. In onlon there is strongth: Sweats are the juices of adversity.

-Dominotios-cover a multitude of skink,

A soft director turneth away graft, Holl hath no fucy like a woman's A wise boss maketh a glad party. A fat rebate is rather to be chosen

# Fools invast, where angels fear t

BUFFERING BABIES.

ban stealght profits.

Mothers can flud sure relief for their suffering little ones in Baby's Own Tablets, These Tablets are a Virtue and happiness are mother gentle laxative that do not gripe the little one, and cure all the miner Die of bables and young children. They are pleasant to take, prompt in their action, and, unlike "soothing" stuffe, You never lose by doing a good they haver do barm, and the mother has the goarantee of a government analyst that they confain no drugs harmful to even the youngest haby. Thousands of mathers give their little ones nothing clas but Raby's Own possession that is in the reach of man. Tablets, when constitution, stomach trouble, indigestion, colds or worms matism. You throw aside business | teething time comes. Mrs. Jos. produce these ovils is good : to suppress | one for a short time will bring about a or by unil at 25 reats a lox from The their consumption altogether would be permanent cure. For sale by all dring. 19: Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-