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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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A few set of Pleasure Sleighs on hand yet. Also a few good second-hand Cutters and heavy Bob Sleighs. Will sell cheap to clear.

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Toronto	10 00 a.m.	†3 30 p.m.
Washago	12.45 a.m.	6 00 p.m.
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Poetry.

CHRISSY'S VALENTINE.

So dear it was, with roses rare,
Its birds and Cupids winging the air;
Never had anything seemed so fair,
As Chrissy's valentine.

For weeks and weeks she had saved and saved,
Nor spent a cent for sweets she craved,
Just like a miser the child behaved,
To buy this valentine.

"To how I love her," was what it read;
"That's easy to know," the girlie said,
While to take such pains she bent her head,
Over this valentine.

So puckered up was the little brow,
The envelope must be written now,
Two'd have to be printed, anyhow—
The name on this valentine.

What do you think was the name she made?
Printed in strokes with their light and shade,
One sweet word, "MOTHER," was deftly laid
On Chrissy's valentine.

—Helen A. Hawley.

Select Family Reading

TWO VALENTINES

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

If Marjory Deane had known what she was bringing down on her own head when she gave her trusty hand maiden leave to go down town that blustery afternoon! If some kind fate had only whispered to her of the train of events this simple incident was to lead to, it is more than doubtful if she would have gone on calmly with the plans for the annual charity concert.

As for Jemima, she lost no time in setting forth. It was a day of days to her. She was on a mission, a mission full of perplexities, but not without its fascinations. There was an air of pleasurable excitement about her as she took her place in the electric car. It still lingered with her as she walked down Main street, as fast as her feet would carry her, and planted herself before the plate glass window of a certain store.

"My!" her round eyes growing rounder, "there are so many I don't see how in the world I'm going to know what one to pick on. The window is full of them." Jemima was going to make her choice of her very first valentine to send to her very first "regular," and she felt the seriousness of the position. She almost wished she had confided in Miss Dean and secured her aid. But it was too late for that, so she took her courage in both her plump, red-mittened hands and started for the door. The place would be full of people; the obnoxious clerk—she knew him of old—would grin at her. Oh, dear, if she had someone with her!

In the intensity of her emotion she spoke her wish aloud, and a man who had been idly looking in the same window as she, turned to her. "Maybe, I can help you," he said courteously. "You wish to purchase a valentine?"

Jemima admitted as much. She did not know this elderly man, but she had no scruples about confiding in him. Jemima was of a trustful disposition.

"And you desire the assistance of someone who—someone older and more discriminating than yourself?" he went on.

She nodded her head so fast that the brown coil at the back made all sorts of threats of toppling down.

"Yes, sir," she said, "someone who has had experience, sir."

He smiled, and it occurred to her that he was not so unclent as she had thought him.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand. She laid the red mitt in it, and was led like a child into the store.

"Show us some of your valentines," he said to the clerk who hustled forward. "No, not that trash, your prettiest, sir, your prettiest."

Jemima's eyes glued themselves to the array spread out by the salesman. Among so many doves, and loves, and gold lace, and all the rest of it, how was one slip of a girl to know what she wanted? Besides, the price was likely more than her purse could afford.

"Please, sir," she said, turning to her friend, "will you ask him how much these are? I—I have only a little to spend."

"Oh, a little goes a long way in purchasing this sort of stuff," he answered. "Come, make your choice. What do you think of Cupid here, with his bow and arrow? It is rather pretty."

It was rather pretty, but she shook her head doubtfully.

"It's pretty enough, but hardly the proper thing for a girl to send a young man." It looks," and here she blushed, "as if he me had neglected to dress him before having his picture took. He looks cold."

"The accompanying verse is warm enough to take away the chill," he said:—

"Love hath my bosom in a great unrest,
A fire of longing burneth in my breast
The while I think of thee—"

"What silly rhyme," she cried; "never mind finishing it. If I can't send something sensible I won't send anything."

"Just so," he said, indulgently; "it is foolish. Still, we shouldn't look for sense and sentiment in the one thing, should we?"

He took up one after another, finally keeping last hold on a heart-shaped one, bordered with blue forget-me-nots. It had a familiar air. How long ago was it he had sent its counterpart to a girl, the one girl in the world? The salesman was regarding him with a quizzical

"If the young lady would like something real tender, that one in your hand will fill the bill," he remarked.

"Do those things never go out of fashion?" asked Jemima's friend.

The salesman's glance wandered to the girl.

"Among a certain class, no. People of culture have outgrown this sort of thing to a great extent, but," in a whisper, "the world has its share of fools, always."

"So it has," agreed the other, "so it has." He looked down at the valentine in his hand. Identically the same things identically the same words.

"I love you, I love you with all my heart;
And fain would I call you mine:
Oh, sweetest of maidens, hark now to my plea,
Let me be your Valentine."

To be sure the world has its share of fools. Many a weighty thing had this handsome, grey-haired man forgotten, but not a jingle of a childish rhyme.

"If you please," Jemima was saying to him, "there is something to my fancy. It's modester than most of 'em, and the reading underneath is all right, nothing that a real nice girl shouldn't say to her young man."

"Then suppose we take that one?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"You haven't given your opinion yet." Jemima was canny. She held up the valentine in question, so that her helper could get a good light on it. "Is it the kind of one you'd like to get?"

"But I am not going to get it," he laughed. "The question is, will it suit the fortunate young man?"

"There's just one thing," she confided, leading him out of earshot of the detested salesman. "Thomas Henry—his name's Thomas Henry—is awful touchy about his hair. It's red, and red headed folks are all more or less touchy, you know. He might think I meant something. Look there!" a chubby finger pointed to the youth's locks, which were long and ruddy.

"Well, well, poor Henry H. can't help the color of his hair," he began, but she interrupted him.

"He doesn't need any pity, sir; his hair is splendid. I like red hair better than any other."

"Then the thing to do is to send him this valentine, and tell him when you see him that it was the beauty of the youth's ruddy head made you choose it," he told her.

Jemima beamed.

"You're the kindest man," she burst out. "I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't helped me out, and if there's anything I can do for you, why, let me know."

The tall man looked down at the little maid with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Suppose," he said, you help me choose a valentine to send to my best girl?"

Her eyes grew rounder still. They said plainly, "Surely you are too old for such foolishness?"

"Yes," he went on, "I have a whim to be a boy again."

"Is she young?" queried Jemima as she began her task.

"Yes, a mere girl," with a laugh, "sweet as a peach, but a bit high-strung."

"Same as Thomas Henry," with a sympathetic nod. "Say, isn't it queer those huffy, peppery folks can be so—likable."

Jemima would have blushed to use a stronger word, and it gave her a start to hear him say, as though repeating her, "Yes, so lovable."

"Here is just what will please her," she cried a moment later, and held up the very blue forget-me-nots he had lain down. "These two doves are the cutest things, and then the forget-me-nots and the little message. Oh, my!"

"Don't you think it's a bit too—too tender?" he asked.

She shook her head vigorously. "The right man won't hurt her feelings by being too tender. I know girls, sir. They don't like to send too warm a greeting, but when it comes to getting—" Looking at it with growing admiration, she slowly read the verse aloud, to the open amusement of the man behind the counter: "'I love you. I love you with all my heart.' There's a true ring about it," she broke off to add; "a kind of leading up to what follows: 'And fain would I call you mine!'"

"This will suit her to a 'T.'"

"I'll take your word for it," he said and gave her plump, red-mittened hand a friendly good-bye shake. "My regards to Thomas Henry."

Jemima told Miss Deane all about it when she got home, and was gently scolded for making free with strangers. The next day was the 14th of February. Jemima met the postman at the door, so eager was she. Yes, there it was, a gorgeous thing, all pierced hearts and gold lace. One for Miss Deane, too. The glad young thing had to stand outside her mistress' door and get the laughter out of her eyes and voice before venturing further.

"Ah! the expected valentine!" said Miss Deane as she lifted the cover. Then after what seemed to her mind a long, long silence: "A pretty thing! Your Thomas Henry has taste."

"Then's mine," burst out Jemima, "it's yours. Look here on the cover. 'Miss Marjory Alice Deane.' Nobody puts 'Alice' in your name, do they?"

"It is just a joke on me. You can go, Jemima," said Miss Deane without lifting her eyes.

"No, siree, it's no joke," argued the other. "I helped him pick it, and he was about the earnestest man I ever saw. What I can't understand was his telling me that you were young and, well, sort of tempery."

"So I was," said Miss Deane, "so I was."

"And now you have grey in your hair, and the disposition of a born angel. Yes, I'm going, Miss Deane." She came back to whisper excitedly: "He was in earnest, just the same. If you don't believe it look out the window, for if that ain't him, it's his twin."

"Bertram, what nonsense is this?" asked Miss Deane, when she had shaken hands. "Why did you send this old valentine to mock at my grey hairs?"

He went close to her. "Don't you think we've been foolish long enough, Marjory?" he asked.

Miss Deane looked quite youthful, with that flush on her cheeks.

"It is a silly valentine, Bertram," was all she found to say.

"I know it," he confessed, "but it's true, every word. For fear I might falter in my speech, I pray you to read it over."

"I don't need to read it. I've known it by heart since I was sweet sixteen," she said, and smiled up at him.

"Then give me my answer, or may I take the one you gave me then?" He drew a yellow old slip of paper from his pocket, adjusted his glasses and read aloud.

"If thou art sure thy heart is mine,
I take thee for my Valentine."

He held out his hand. "My answer, Marjory."

"Bertram," she said, "I have some charity work to do. My little waifs are waiting for their breakfast. But you can come this evening, and you," softly, "I take you for my valentine."

"Young, sweet as a peach, high-strung, that's what she was; old-maidish, pretty, gentle as any cooing dove, that's what she is. I wonder which of the two he will like the best?" remarked Jemima when she had let him out. "What a pity they can't go back and begin all over again!" And the man going down the path was saying the same thing to himself.

SIX RULES FOR BOYS.

This letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is declared, on good authority never to have been published before, says a special to the New York Tribune:

You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

You must not go into debt. Avoid all debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt. Cash or nothing?

Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

Be scrupulously careful in all your statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

When working for others sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but indulgent to everybody else.

Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be consistent, steadfast, persevering.

THE PATCH AS A GUIDE.

A New Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present evidenced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man?" The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place in disgust. "Let me tell you that, when you pick up a gardiner, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't.

OUT OF THE SCHOOLROOM.

A schoolboy was asked to give some information in regard to the Cary sisters, the once famous New England poets, and he said of them:

"The Cary sisters were two poets who lived in Massachusetts most of the time. They went to New York, where they made many fast friends. Their fastest friend was John G. Whittier."

At the time of the Longfellow centennial, when the school children were writing so much about him, one boy wrote:

"Longfellow's poems were mostly of his own composure, but he wrote 'Tails of a Wayside Inn,' where others did the talking. He was the poet laryett of our country and was a crackerjack when it came to real poetry."—Lippincott's.

"TYING LOVE-KNOTS."

Here's a picturesque contest for a St. Valentine's Day party, suggested by the February Delineator. Provide each girl with a length of colored satin ribbon. This is the only apparatus needed for the game of "Tying Love-Knots." Each man is to be the timekeeper for each girl, and he must talk to her all the time she is tying an artistic love knot out of the ribbon.

He keeps his watch in hand, and tries to divert her attention and make her answer his questions. Three minutes is the time limit, and if she succeeds in making the knot he must wear it through the evening, pinned to his cravat. If she fails she must keep at it until she succeeds.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

How Time Flies! A Brief Digest from Our Columns of February, 16th, 1888.

Scott Act Repeal is the burden of many a paragraph written and public address given.

A large gathering of Temperance forces at Milton, on Friday, was addressed by some prominent workers, also a crowded meeting at Georgetown, do take ditt, at the former a letter from Rev. W. A. McKay, of Woodstock, was read, saying, "See 2 Cor. 5, 13. Will give you every fight from now till election day if desired."

The Public School Board organized with Mr. L. Francis being elected chairman.

Mr. Fred Secord is talking of building a block of three substantial brick stores on the corner of Mill and Main Sts., which was rendered vacant by the fire.

Quite a number of new houses are to be erected this summer. Operations will be commenced with new brick buildings on the surveys of Messrs. Smith and Cook.

Miss Annie Rose, formerly of Georgetown, was recently blizzard-bound over night with her pupils in the school in which she was teaching in Dakota.

The officers are bringing Scott Act violators to time pretty freely in Guelph just now—seven convictions recently.

In front of a Missouri post office there is the announcement: stamps, 2 cents; stamps licked, 3 cents; stamps licked and stuck, 4 cents.

W. Bell & Co., Guelph, have just finished their first piano. The firm will now push the trade.

A number of the unconverted have come out boldly on the Lord's side in the special services conducted in the Methodist Church by Rev. R. Phillips and Mr. Cockburn, the blind evangelist.

From Woodstock Sentinel-Review: Princeton Methodist Church Official Board cordially invited Rev. T. Albert Moore to return for a third year, alluding to the very satisfactory position attained in the church's history in a resolution moved by Thos. Elmes and Joseph Strong. Princeton church debt has been wiped out, repairs at Etonia all paid, pastor's claim fully met, and connexional collections well sustained.

Born—In Erin township, Feb. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Johnston, a son.

Born—In Acton, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. James McLennon, a son.

Born—In Tecswater, Feb. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Thurtell, a son.

Died—At Orillia, Feb. 4, James, son of Thos. Cook, Acton, aged 20 years.

Died—In Orangeville, Feb. 12, Phoebe Youmans, of Acton, aged 77 years.

Died—In Esquesing, Feb. 14, the wife of Mr. D. B. McNair.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

"Sir," said the young man, entering the office, "I sent you a communication yesterday!"

"Well?" asked the grim faced man.

"Well, Mr. Prater, I thought perhaps you might give me a reply to my request, and"—

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Prater. "Are you the man that sent this account for £10 for hats for my daughter?"

"No, sir; I"—

"Then you are the one that left this bill for £33 for her dresses?"

"No, sir. My commu"—

"Then it must be this for £7 for shoes"—

"No, sir. My note was one asking if I might have your daughter's hand."

"You want to marry her!" gasped Mr. Prater. Then, turning over the pile of bills, he urged: "Take her, young man! I don't know your name, but take her quickly! She's talking about doing some more shopping."—London Scraps.

A VALENTINE'S-DAY SUPPER.

A dainty supper plays no small part in the success of a St. Valentine's-Day party.

If it is a cold night, suggests the Delineator, serve something hot, like fried oysters or scrambled eggs mixed with chopped tomatoes and shredded green peppers. Have sandwiches of breakfast bacon, crisp and thin, mixed with watercress; add ice-cream if you wish, but it is not necessary, and if you live in a small town it is expensive. Have a big bowl of nuts at one end of the table and stick-candy at the other. Serve hot coffee or chocolate with the oysters or eggs, and orangeade if you wish a cool drink.

GAME OUT OF REACH.

Many stories have been told—in New York—to illustrate the supposed slowness of Philadelphians, but probably the prize winner of them all is one which is now going the rounds.

A Philadelphian visiting in New York ordered some snails in a restaurant. They pleased him.

"These are very fine snails," he said to the proprietor. "They are delicious. I wish I could get them often."

"Don't you have them in Philadelphia?" asked the New Yorker, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, we have plenty," said the other, "but we can't catch them."

A MODERATE DESIRE.

To have feet which require number fourteen-and-a-half shoes to enclose them, is to be a marked man, even in Missouri. So August Spielman, who owns a foot of that size, goes through life sadly but not unknown.

"Meester Hughes," he said to a neighbor one day, thoughtfully twisting an extensive member before reflective eyes, "do you know, sometimes my feet troubles me. Sometimes I vish I vore only a moderate size shoes—maybe twelve-and-a-half or thirteens."

ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Ten little valentines hanging on a line;
Some one bought the big lace one, and then there were but nine.

Nine little valentines to school made haste;
Bobby late;
He gave one to the teacher, and then there were but eight.

Eight little valentines—Bob wished were eleven;
He mailed one to his cousin, and then there were but seven.

Seven little valentines. How slow the great clock ticks!
After dark a door-bell rang, and then there were but six.

Six little valentines; the sweetest girl alive
Just had to have the nicest one, and then there were but five.

Five little valentines; but underneath a door
Bobby pushed the next best one, and then there were but four.

Four little valentines; but Baby's hands were free;
She tore one valentine in bits and, then there were but three.

Three little valentines; but what did nurse do?
She did not like the verse on hers, and then there were but two.

Two little valentines. O my! But it was fun
To see the face that Cook made up, and then there was but one.

One little valentine, and that a comic one,
Was shown in school—the teacher saw! And then there was none.

COUSIN REBA'S INVESTMENTS.

"Cousin Reba was in this afternoon," Mrs. Wilson remarked at dinner.

"What is she doing now?" the family asked, instantly interested. But although the words were the same, the tones were very different.

Mrs. Wilson laughed. "I believe her latest is lessons in Italian," she answered.

"Italian—Cousin Reba! When she doesn't know anything of English literature," Olive exclaimed. Olive was at the age when any lapse from fashionable attainments upon the part of her relatives was a personal grievance.

"What's behind it? An Italian Sunday-school?" Mr. Wilson asked. "There must be a motive in her madness, for Cousin Reba is the best business woman I ever knew."

A chorus of protests met the statement.

"Cousin Reba! Why, father, she never could keep accounts in her life!"

"She's failed in half a dozen investments."

"Anybody with a story of misfortune can take her in."

"Nevertheless I repeat my statement," Mr. Wilson said, quietly. Cousin Reba is the best business woman I ever knew. She never lets any stock lie idle—every smallest thing is put to work. It was so when we were at school together, when as soon as she learned a thing, she was helping someone else who was backward.

"Her father gave her a piano when she was twenty; she never played much herself, but before a month was past she had that piano busy two or three hours every day—poor girls practising on it, you know. She would learn new recipes.—Cousin Reba was a born cook,—and before you knew what had happened she was teaching some poor woman so that she could send cakes to the Woman's Exchange.

"She was always nervous with horses, but she learned to drive so that she could take out all the invalids in town. She used to declare that she never could sit still long enough to learn to knit, but I noticed from what you said a while ago, that she taught that crippled Manie Akers a new sweater stitch. As for her books and her flowers and fruit preserves, you know how they go all over town. She can't even go out West to see her sister without coming back and stirring us all up on behalf of the missionaries out there.

"If you know any life better invested than Cousin Reba's, I don't."

"I never looked at it that way," Olive said, thoughtfully.

MEANT MUCH TO HIM.

"Yes," said the obese passenger with the swastika pin in his tie, "I always look forward to the opening of the football season with delight."

"You are an admirer of the sport, eh?" rejoined the hardware drummer.

"Well, not exactly," replied the O. D., "but I'm a surgeon."

IS CONSUMPTION INHERITED.

Opinion of a Prominent Bacteriologist Given as a Recent Lecture at Harvard College.

Prof. H. C. Ernst in a recent lecture before Harvard Medical School discussed this theory at length. He claims that consumption is not an inherited disease, and that the children of parents who have tuberculosis are as likely to grow up strong and healthy as children who have not. Dr. Ernst further claims that the cardinal means for curing this dread disease are plenty of fresh air, sufficient nutricious food, rest and exercise.

For centuries physicians everywhere have recognized the value of cod liver oil in the treatment of consumption and all wasting diseases, but unfortunately few could take it with benefit on account of the indigestible oil.

Vinol has solved this problem. It is the modern cod liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific, extractive and concentrating process from fresh cods' livers, combining with peptonate of iron, all the medicinal, healing and body-building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil or grease. As a specific for all throat and lung troubles, and as a strength creator and body builder Vinol is unexcelled. Try it on our offer to return your money if it fails to give satisfaction. E. A. Robertson, Acton Ont.