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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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All orders placed with Mr. R. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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Parry Sound	10 00 a m.	.....
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Poetry.

THE BUILDERS.

To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the men that grade and the men that blast,
I raise my glass and drink.

There the great Endeavour and the deed of high Emprise;
For they fight their fight with naked hands,
Against forest swamps and shifting sands
And the fury of the skies.

To the builders who have fallen, whose graves mark out the west;
To the blind who nevermore may see,
To the maimed and halt in their misery,
In silence drink your toast.

For there no crashing volleys or roll of muffled drums,
Only the roar of the great rock-blast
Is their requiem song when the day is past,
And the final darkness comes.

To the engineers, the wizards, whose word breaks no delay;
Hearing, the sleeping glens awake,
The snow-plumed hills obeisance make,
And to, the Open Way!

For them no flaring banners when a bitter fight is won;
No cheering thousands in the street
Their gallant heroes ever greet,
Though dauntless deeds be done.

To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the high and low, the first and last,
I raise my glass and drink.

—Evelyn Gunn, in The Canadian Magazine.

Select Family Reading

Madame Gorto's Accompanist

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR.

MARION Thorn looked reflectively at Isabel, sitting easily back in the great chair. She surely ought to be contented, living as she did with a devoted brother in a pretty home, well ordered by an old family servant. No responsibilities—all her time her own.

Presently Marion expressed her thought. "Happy and contented," repeated Isabel carelessly. "Well, I suppose I am. Marion, where did you buy that hat? It is so becoming."

Marion laughed. "This hat? I didn't buy it. It's a shape I had last winter, and I just fixed it up with some odds and ends that I had."

"Well, it's as pretty as possible. How clever you are, Marion!"

Marion shrugged her shoulders. "Not clever at all, my dear. Necessity sharpens one's wits, you know."

She stood up and began buttoning her cloak.

"Don't go," urged Isabel.

"I must. I have several errands for mother, and my weekly mending is not finished yet."

Isabel ushered out her friend, and then returned to the sitting-room. She sat down to the piano and began to play. Her touch was firm and sympathetic. She was just finishing a sonata of Beethoven when a stout elderly woman came to the door.

"Miss Isabel, I've just found that I have no nutmeg, and you know how fond Mr. Alec. is of it in pudding," she said.

Isabel's hands fell from the keys.

"I'll go and get some. How soon do you need it, Susan?"

"Not later than five o'clock."

"I'll bring it to you in time. I'm glad of an excuse to go out after being in the house all day."

A half hour later, Isabel set out, her lithe figure well defined in a jaunty blue cloth costume. The crisp autumn air induced a brisk movement. Her eyes were soon sparkling, and her cheeks pink.

"I'll get those nutmegs first," she thought, "then for a few turns in the park."

The park, in its October coloring, was very beautiful. Isabel lingered as long as she could. She was leaving by a side gate, when an elderly gentleman, about to enter, stopped at sight of her.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed. "Isabel Carter!"

Isabel took a quick step toward him. "Why Judge Allison, when did you get home?"

"Two days ago, child. Bless me! I believe you have grown more." The young girl's hands were held in a firm clasp, and a pair of keen gray eyes searched her face.

"How is Mrs. Allison?" she asked.

"Very well, indeed. She stopped at New York to visit her sister. She will not be at home for several weeks. How is Alec.?"

"Oh, he is well, thank you."

"What is he doing?"

"He is bookkeeper for Lane & Co."

Judge Allison looked surprised. "Bookkeeper," he repeated. "I thought his mind was on the law?"

"I guess not; he seems to like his position very well," returned Isabel carelessly.

"Why, he always told me that he expected to study law."

"I suppose that he changed his mind."

"Well, well! Tell him to come and see me. I'm very busy, but I shall always have time for him. Tell him to come soon."

"He will be sure to do so, returned Isabel. "He is so fond of you."

"I hope so. Well, my dear, I am glad to have met you." After a cordial handshake, the old gentleman went on into the park.

At the dinner table that evening, Isabel told her brother of her meeting with Judge Allison.

Alec. Carter was a well proportioned young man, five years his sister's senior. His strong, grave face brightened as he listened.

"He has been gone nearly three years. He must have seen a good deal of Europe in that time. I shall be glad to see him."

"He wants you to call on him very soon," said Isabel.

"I'll do so the first evening I have free. I must go back to the store this evening, and perhaps for several evenings."

"Isn't that rather hard?" asked Isabel, as they rose from the table.

"Yes," was her brother's brief reply.

A few mornings later Marion Thorn called. "I came to see if you would play Madame Gorto's accompaniments for a week or so, Isabel."

"Who is Madame Gorto?" asked Isabel.

"She is that singing teacher on Beach Avenue. Her accompanist left to be married, and she has not found anyone to replace her. It seems that while there are plenty of good pianists to be had, a good accompanist is rare. I know that you read so well, and that perhaps you would help her out until she can procure one. You know Cousin Alice is studying with her; and knowing how well you play, and that we were friends, she asked me to speak to you about it.

"Why doesn't she play her own accompaniments?"

"That is not her method of teaching. She wishes to watch her pupils closely while they sing, and she can't do that if she plays for them."

"Oh!"

"So I hope you will go and play for her until she gets someone."

"I might not suit her," said Isabel.

"I think you will. You remember how well Dora Graham could sing to your playing when she was visiting here last winter."

"You know I don't like giving up my time," objected Isabel.

"It will be for only four or five hours a day. Madame Gorto takes but a limited number of pupils a day. Her prices are so enormous that she can afford to do it. And she will pay you well."

"Oh, I don't care about that. It is the giving up of my time that I don't like."

"But it will be for only a short time, till she can get some one," urged Marion.

"But I had planned so many little things to do just now."

However, after some further persuasion, Isabel yielded, and Marion hurried away. As usual, she had many matters to attend to.

Isabel recalled that she had heard of Madame Gorto before—that she was a very wonderful teacher. She began to take a little more interest in the undertaking. She decided to go to see the Madame that afternoon.

When Alec. came home to lunch, she told him about it. "You will probably enjoy the experience," he said. "I have heard Madame Gorto spoken of as a woman of great culture and a charming personality."

Isabel had thought herself a good musician. She had studied diligently during the nine years at the Conservatory. But at her interview with Madame Gorto that afternoon, she found that there was much for her to learn.

However, she possessed "the accompanist's instinct," and was quick to catch any suggestion made her by Madame Gorto.

She had been going to the singing teacher for three days, when Marion came to see her.

"How are you getting on, Isabel?" she asked.

"Madame Gorto says that I am doing very well," returned Isabel modestly.

In fact, Madame Gorto had praised her very highly that morning.

"I know that you would do all right," said Marion warmly. "Cousin Alice says that you did splendidly when she was taking her lesson."

As the days passed, Isabel began to enjoy her association with the singing teacher. She knew that the latter was trying to secure a competent accompanist from New York.

"Of course I would not want to give up my time regularly," she thought to herself. But for a few weeks it was in the nature of a pleasant diversion.

But as the time went on and Madame Gorto had not been able to secure an accompanist, Isabel was not sorry. "I am learning so much," she thought. Beyond asking her once how she was getting on with Madame Gorto, Alec. showed no interest in her undertaking.

He was unusually silent, and seemed abstracted. Isabel wondered over it. His mind was occupied with his work, she concluded.

At the end of her second week with Madame Gorto, the latter said to her, "In a few days you will be free again, Miss Carter. I think that I am now fairly sure of an accompanist." Then, after a smile into the young girl's eyes, she added, "It was very good of you to come to me."

Isabel flushed. It was evident that the singing teacher knew of her unwillingness to come.

"Oh," she returned eagerly, "I have enjoyed the work so much. And I have learned a great deal."

"I am glad of that, my dear."

And Isabel repeated inwardly, "I have learned a great deal, and I shall not take a cent of payment from her for playing."

As she was walking home that afternoon, carrying a roll of music, she met Judge Allison as he was coming out of a book store. He shook hands cordially.

"I am going your way for a few squares—that is, if you are on the way home."

"Yes, I am," said Isabel.

He glanced at her music roll. "I've heard of your engagement with Madame Gorto. I congratulate you. You must play well, indeed, to suit her. I am delighted that you have the position. Now, I suppose, there will be no excuse for Alec's not studying law with me as I want him to do."

"I don't understand, Judge Allison."

"Of course he hasn't told you. Just like him! Well, I want him to give up his position, and come into my office to study law. He has too much talent for it to be wasting his time where he is. He'll never make an expert bookkeeper, but he will make a firstclass lawyer. But he refused—said his salary was necessary to keep things going. Of course, now that you are self supporting, the income that your father left will be enough, with care, to give him a chance to establish himself."

"Oh!" stammered Isabel, "I didn't know. Of course he must do it."

The judge looked down at her kindly. "You must remember, my dear, that I am your father's oldest friend, and feel privileged to interfere."

"You haven't interferred. You are very kind."

"I am going to be out of the city for a week or so. When I come back we'll arrange matters. Now I'll say good-bye. I am going down this street." And with another warm clasp of the hand, the judge left her.

Isabel walked on in a little whirl of feeling. The judge thought that she was permanently employed by Madame Gorto. And she had not explained to him! She ought to have done so. Then he would have understood that their income was not large enough without her brother's salary.

But just here a sudden wave of shame swept over her. How selfish she had been! How thoughtless! She knew of Alec's early desire to prepare himself for the law. She had heard himspeak of it years before. And then when their father had died, she had not thought of the sacrifice Alec. was making. She had taken it as a matter of course when he took a position in the store. She might long ago have supported herself by teaching music. It had never occurred to her.

Oh, how selfish she had been! How different from Marion, who so cheerfully helped her mother in the care for their large family. And Marion loved leisure and books and music as well as she.

That was why Alec. had been so silent and abstracted lately. To have that splendid opportunity with Judge Allison—one of the most distinguished lawyers of the state—and not be able to take it! Well, he should take it now.

Isabel could scarcely keep back the tears at the thought that she might have been Madame Gorto's permanent accompanist. She had only her own selfishness to blame. Well, she would try to get up a class of piano pupils. She knew that she would not like teaching, but she could do nothing else. And Alec. must go to Judge Allison.

She would not say anything of her plan to Alec. for a few days. She must obtain a few pupils before she spoke of it. She was glad that Judge Allison was to be out of the city for a while.

On her way to Madame Gorto's the next morning, she wondered when the expected accompanist from New York would come.

Oh, why, why had she not known how delightful the work would be, or why had not her eyes sooner been opened to her selfishness?

Madame Gorto, although very exacting with her pupils, had always been gracious in manner. To day, however, she was irritable. Several of her pupils gave her surprised glances. Isabel was puzzled.

When the last pupil had departed, and Isabel was preparing to go also, Madame Gorto said:

"I fear, my dear, that I have been cross this morning, but I am so disappointed. That accompanist is not coming, after all. She has another position offered her in New York, and prefers to remain there."

She paused, and then went on hesitatingly, "So, my dear, I am going to ask you, as a great favor, to remain a little longer. I surely must soon find someone. I know you prefer to have your time to yourself, but—"

"Oh," exclaimed Isabel eagerly, "I—would like to stay with you permanently—if I—I—suit you."

Madame Gorto looked surprised: "But I thought I—understood that you would not take a permanent position."

Isabel flushed. "I did think that, but now I would be so glad to stay, if you will keep me." Her voice trembled with excitement.

Madame looked pleased. "I am delighted to keep you. And I am so relieved! It seemed so hopeless to find someone who could do my work. You suit me perfectly. You are a born accompanist. Now let us speak of your compensation."

The generous salary that she named surprised Isabel. "Am I worth all that?" she asked modestly.

"Yes, indeed," returned Madame heartily.

It was a very happy sister that welcomed Alec. Carter home that evening.

She eagerly told him of her engagement with Madame Gorto, then she spoke of her meeting with Judge Allison. "And now," she concluded, "you are to give up your position at once—no, don't say a word, you must do it. We will have plenty. Just think of my salary. Oh, Alec., I am so ashamed of my selfishness. But now you are going to prepare to be one of the greatest lawyers that ever was." She finished by giving him a great hug.

"My dear girl! Are you sure—"

Isabel put her hand lightly on his lips. "Hush! I am sure that I never was so happy in my life."

There is a clearing house for packages lost on the British railways, and about 1,000 packages per day are handled.

Men are so hungry for optimism that they welcome even the cheerful liar.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Chronicles Carefully Culled and Condensed from Our Issue of March 5th, 1888.

The Scott Act, in force from May 1, 1888, was repealed, March 1, by a majority of 197. "We frankly acknowledge that this result has greatly disappointed us." Among reasons assigned are: the voters list, three years old; political influences; the "Still hunt" of the opponents; tricks of the antis, such as one voter pairing with two or three others; lying about the Act. "Now for prohibition."

To the credit of the whiskey party it gives us pleasure to testify to their good behavior on the night of the election. In Acton at least, quiet and order prevailed.

Mr. John Arthurs, Glenhawson, is about to give up farming, and remove to Acton.

The suspension of Haggart Bros., Brampton, implement manufacturers, is announced. The Dominion Bank is principal creditor. The event was long expected.

The Acton Free Press has a new power press. It is the best village paper we know of. Brother Moore devotes his energies to getting up the most beautiful sheet in Ontario, and we think he succeeds.—Berlin Daily News.

Dr. Belding left for his home in Troy, N.Y., on Monday. Much interest was taken in the special services held by him for two weeks in the Disciples' Church.

Mr. John C. Nelson has purchased the business of the late John Nelson. He has had charge for some years and enjoys the confidence of the patrons of the house.

The annual Bible Society meeting was held in the town hall on the 6th. Mr. Robt. Warren in the chair. Rev. Dr. Harper, agent, spoke and Revs. Phillips and Cook, took part. In the absence of Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., secretary, H. P. Moore was appointed pro tem. Financial reports for two years showed about $100 collected in that time. Messrs. Arch. Campbell and Thos. Easton moved adoption of report. Officers elected.—Pres., Robt. Warren; Vice Pres., Arch. Campbell; Sec'y-Treas., Dr. Lowry; Depositary, Dr. McGarvin; Executive, Jno. Cameron, Jas. Matthews, W. P. Brown, T. T. Moore, Chas. Cameron, Samuel Worden, J. B. Pearson, W. T. Smyth, Gabriel Wells and John Robertson.

Wm. Hemstreet's sale card gives notice of farm stock sales in March for Mrs. Nellis, Nassagaweya, and Messrs. John Meredith, John Arthurs and David Coventry, in Esquesing.

Halton S. S. Convention at Oakville on February 23rd and 24th. Rev. J. W. Rae spoke on "Our duty in regard to young men." 1. Catch them early. 2. Keep what you have caught. Rev. S. J. Cummings spoke on "Developing a missionary spirit in S. S." Other speakers also presented topics.

Messrs. T. T. Moore and A. E. Nicklin's abstract of village accounts as auditors, is published, showing receipts, $1321; expenditure, like amount, less bal. on hand $25.82. In examining the list of persons to whom payments of various amounts were made to municipal work or supplies, following at least have since deceased: T. C. Moore, R. B. Cook, Thos. Cook, James Sharp, Thos. Easton, C. T. Hill Thos. McLean, J. B. Pearson, Wm. Smith, Col. Allen, Mrs. S. A. Secord, R. Creech, G. Wells, L. Lyman, while others have removed from the community.

Mr. John N. Kenney, Ridgetown, came to Acton, to cast a good solid Scott Act vote. He left with a sore heart, but a clear conscience.

THE BAR-ROOM—THAT IS THE ENEMY.

Mr. Whitney in replying to the deputation representing the Dominion Alliance agreed that the bar was an evil, but not the worst evil. The worst evil he thought, was where whiskey was taken to the home and drunk there. The opinion has been expressed in these columns, not once, but many times, that the bar-room in all English-speaking countries is an evil that dwarfs all other evils into insignificance. Mr. Whitney's belief that whiskey in the home is an even greater evil makes the mistake of failing to discern that this evil is merely a branch of the great trunk evil, the bar-room. It is in the bar-room that the appetite was created that satisfies itself in the home. Drinking in the home is not a Canadian habit. Liquor figures to a very small extent on Canadian dining tables. The man who takes a glass of grog before he goes to bed is not likely to take round after round of it against his will, as is the habit under the mistaken notions of hospitality that characterize the bar-room treating system. This system is responsible for the great bulk of the drunkenness and drunkards that afflict the land. — Daily Globe.

A STAINLESS REPUTATION.

A great man can die well when his reputation is secure. "You can write my life across the sky," said Charles H. Spurgeon in his dying hour; "I have nothing to hide!" John Ruskin affirmed that he had never written a letter which he would not be willing to have read before the whole world. To these two splendid utterances we would add the words of Sir Walter Scott: "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted out." These are almost the last words of the man who redeemed the novel and made it not only a channel of great blessing to the world, but an ornament in every civilized home.

Even though this is leap year, the girls should look before they jump.

YOUR PASTOR.

How faithfully he preaches,
With n'er a thought of gold,
Save the wealth of heaven's riches--
Bringing wanderers to the fold.

He has many cares and burdens,
That he needs must bear alone;
And how often you might help him,
By your cheery word and tone.

If you feel that through his sermon,
He has helped you, let him know.
It will cheer his fainting spirit,
When his strength is sinking low.

When by others he is censured,
Speak in loving tones his name,
If they only know him better,
They might praise, where now they blame.

Let him feel your warm hand pressure,
And your heart felt sympathy;
Thus in drawing closer to him,
Nearer to your God you'll be.

BESIDES THE SIX DOLLARS.

Bob wore a vexed and worried look when he came in that evening and the shrewd blue eyes of Uncle Amos soon perceived it. For awhile he waited for the boy to speak. Finally, "What ails ye?" the old man asked. "Been a stubbin' your toe? And then it all came out with a rush.

"I'm not getting enough, Uncle Amos—that's the trouble!" Bob cried. "Fred Barlett was in the shop to day. Fred was in my high-school class, you know. He's no older than I am, and I don't believe he's any better worker, but he's getting fifteen dollars a week there in Chicago—and I'm slaving along for a measly little six dollars!"

Uncle Amos rubbed his chin and stared at the lad thoughtfully. "You're gettin' more'n that," he said.

"Why, no, I'm not Uncle Amos! just six dollars—a five dollar-bill and a one—and pretty small they look, when I take them out of my envelope!"

"How many are there over ye?" the old man inquired.

Bob laughed a little bitterly.

"About everybody but the errand boys!" he answered. "In my own department there are five ahead of me."

"I s'pose ye have to go to all of them sometimes, to get pointers?"

"Why, of course!"

"When they tell ye somethin' ye need to know, do they charge ye for it?"

"Charge me for it? Of course not?"

"Looks to me, then, as if you're sort o' drawin' interest on their salaries," the old man rejoined. "They get more money than you do, because they don't have to be told what to do and how to do it, but they're a-passin' on to you, free gratis for nothin', the knowledge an' experience they worked years to gain. Seems to me, if I was reckonin' up what I got, I'd say that was worth fifty cents a week, anyhow!"

"I never thought of it in just that way," the boy admitted.

"No; I 'low ye didn't!" Uncle Amos said, somewhat grimly. "Young folks just goin' into business don't look at much of anythin' but the pay envelope. If they'd look an inch or two further, they'd see that they're earnin' wages of know-how, too—wages that, if put away in the savings bank of their brains, will be paid back in ten-dollar bills some day!

"Talk about your six dollars! I wouldn't surprise me a mite to hear that that's more'n your worth, and mind ye, I think you're a fair, average boy, too! A young fellow in a shop or office is mostly somethin' for old hands to stumble over an' spend valuable time on. The money he gets isn't so much for what he does as for what he may do some day. The firm's making a sort of investment in him, hopin' to get it back in real usefulness by time.

"And as for that boy with the fifteen dollars," Uncle Amos added, "he may be gettin' that or less, fifteen years from now, when you're earnin' fifty maybe. Likely enough his work calls for some little knack that he can master as well as a man could, and that'll never be worth any more'n it is now. What do you care, as long as you can go on learnin'? That's what counts. That's just another reason for puttin' in your best licks, so it'll grow bigger!"

KNITTING.

A little girl, on New Year's morning, was watching her grandmother knit a stocking. "My knitting," said the wise old woman to the little girl, "is like the year that has just begun. See if you can guess how."

"I know said the girl at last. "It's because the year grows slowly, stitch by stitch."

"That's so," answered the grandmother; and then she suddenly pulled out her needles and unraveled the stocking, so that it lay, a ruined, crumpled heap, in her lap.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little girl. "Why did you do that?"

"To teach you, darling, that though your life grows slowly, you can spoil it all in a minute."

SATAN TERRIFIED.

There is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man.

In the window of a little book store in Eighth Avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees
Bibles sold as low as these."

—Woman's Home Companion for February.

NO QUESTION OF FAILURE.

The life that is self-controlled, conscientious and unselfish is bound to be a blessing. There is no question of failure. Our acquaintances may take our good advice or ignore it, but the influence of the pure heart is irresistible. Let us not be discouraged because we cannot see that we are doing any good in the world. The best things are accomplished unconsciously.