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Editor and Proprietor.

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Visits Acton every month. For date of next visit enquire at Brown's Drug Store.

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Our teacher, Miss Foster, will be at the Dominion Hotel, Acton, on Saturday, Feb. 22nd, and Monday, 24th, from 10 a.m. until 9 p.m., showing how this course is taught and enrolling pupils. Anyone wishing to learn, be sure to see her at above date. Class commencing in Acton following Monday.

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If that's the case go to
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I am a laundry man of long experience and give special and tender care to articles of all kinds brought to be laundried.
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Our Prices are always Right.
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Funeral and Wedding Orders a Specialty.
All orders placed with Mr. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, will receive prompt attention.

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Main Street, Acton,
Opposite Stephenson's Blacksmith Shop
All work guaranteed. The work of years in Acton is proof of its excellence.
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NEXT SUMMER by the Lake Shore Expresses of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Begin your arrangements now by writing to C. Price Green, Passenger Agent, C.N.O., Toronto.

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Will find the best homesteads and purchasable lands along the three thousand miles of the Canadian Northern Railway in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This spring the homesteads of the great Saskatchewan Plain will be made accessible by Goose Lake branch from Saskatoon.
Inquiries about lands—The Land Department, C.N.R., Toronto.
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Poetry.

BRIGHTENING THE WAY.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in giving,
But it scattered the night
Like the morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love.

And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasp was warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs,
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given,
Yet one may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the falling heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily each is given!

Select Family Reading

The Blue Pennant

HELEN Marshall was always dressed with a demureness that made an effective foil for the bronze brightness of her hair, the warm ivory of her skin, the red of her lips. To-day she wore blue—a trim tailored gown of deep colored cloth, a little cocky felt hat and a great bunch of violets that outshone all the other blues except that of the pennant which she carried at the end of a slender cane.

"You beauty!" Holden said under his breath as he took his seat beside her on the grand stand.

She turned quickly.

"Oh, Irwin," her face was brilliant with color, "it's worth everything to see you again! Aunt Sue," she said to the lady beside her, "this is Irwin Holden, the famous halfback of two years ago."

"The king is dead. Long live the King!" Irwin quoted solemnly. "There have been so many famous halfbacks, Helen, that it isn't any wonder that Mrs. McDonald doesn't remember me."

"But I do remember," Mrs. McDonald assured him. "Helen has talked of you so much—and," she hesitated, "of your accident."

"I haven't been able to walk well on two feet since," Holden said grimly, "and this is the first game I have dared let myself see. It makes me wild."

"To think that you can't play!" Helen's tone was sympathetic.

"To know I can't ever do things that make a man worth while!" bitterly.

"But you have done so many things that are worth while, and they tell me that you are writing a book."

"Oh, a book!" His tone was scornful.

"You might have let me know what you were doing!" she complained. "I think our old friendship deserved that."

He glanced down at her.

"Ah, our friendship," he said. "I had two good feet when we cemented that, Helen. I wasn't a dummy on crutches."

"Irwin," she flashed out reproachfully, "as if that made any difference!"

"But it does make a difference," he said as he bent over her. "You know you worship strength in a man, don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed quietly, "but not always mere physical strength."

"The one isn't much without the other. Look at those fellows now."

Down the field came the teams. The bands of the opposing sides crashed out the good old times, college yell succeeded college yell, and the banks of spectators stretching up and up on the seats in solid masses of blue and crimson were agitated to uproariousness.

"Isn't it fine? Isn't it fine?" Helen said breathlessly, having cheered the blue team to the echo.

Holden nodded.

"They are bound to win," he said. "They are made of the right stuff."

"I only know one of them personally," Helen told him—"Van Dorn."

"He's the strongest man in the lot. He's an ideal halfback."

"He is ideal in more ways than one," she agreed.

He flashed a quick glance at her.

"I have heard you thought so."

"Who told you?"

"Some of the fellows."

She turned her back on him squarely.

"I didn't suppose that you talked me over with the fellows," she said over her shoulder.

"I don't," uncomfortably, "but one couldn't help hearing that Van Dorn is awfully duffy over you."

"So were you—two years ago."

She said daringly, giving him a glimpse of flaming cheeks and indignant eyes, and then once more he was forced to contemplate the knot of bronze hair under the cocky hat.

His face went white, but he said quietly, "We are missing the best of the game," and turned his attention to the field.

All about them people were absorbed by the play. Aunt Sue, unlearned and unlettered in football lore, was oblivious to everything else. These two alone thought of other things.

It was at Van Dorn's touchdown that the place went wild.

"Oh, he's great, great, great!" Helen enthused as she waved her pennant frantically. "I haven't seen anything like it since the last game you played Irwin. Oh, do you remember the little blue pennant that I made you pin to your sweater for luck—and it didn't bring you luck."

"No," he said dully, "it didn't bring me luck. I lost the game, I lost the strength I gloried in—I lost you, Helen."

"No, no," she protested; "you know you always had my friendship, Irwin."

"But I didn't want friendship, did you know it and I knew it. And I hadn't the right to ask for anything else, and so I kept away from you. But after two years of separation the temptation to see you was too great, so I sent you the tickets and asked you to come to the game."

"The whole world was changed when I read your letter," she said simply. "I have missed you so, dear boy."

Then for a moment he let himself go.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" he said brokenly.

But the game was over, and a tumultuous throng poured out of the seats.

"Irwin wants us to go to dinner with him, Aunt Sue," Helen said as they went down the steps.

In their walk across the green they attracted more than usual attention, the younger boys admiring Helen's beauty, the older ones recognising in the man with the crutch the famous halfback of two years ago, who had then been reported engaged to the girl by his side.

Van Dorn, flushed with victory, came up to their table at the college inn.

"I've won your pennant, Miss Marshall," he said, looking like a young god, with his great strong figure, his fair hair tossed back from his forehead.

"Did I promise it?" Helen asked uncertainly.

"Indeed you did," he stated securely, "and I shall wear it like a knight for his lady."

With her eyes avoiding Holden's, Helen untied the blue trophy slowly from the cane. In the sight of the whole room Van Horn pinned it to his sleeve. He did it triumphantly, bending over her with an air of possession that made Holden set his lips sternly and turn to a tense study of the menu.

"May I come back and go home with you?" he asked, but Helen shook her head.

"Irwin will take us," she said, "but I wish if you had a minute you'd show Aunt Sue the trophy room. She has never seen it."

As they went away she faced Holden.

"Oh, he took things so for granted," she told him. "I promised as I might to any of the college fellows. But what will people think?"

"What I think," Holden said slowly, "that you are going to marry Van Dorn."

Her steady glance met his.

"I am not going to marry him."

"Why not?" he probed.

"Because of this—"

About her neck at the end of a long chain she wore a locket of dark blue enamel marked with a "Y" in seed pearls.

"You remember it?" she asked as she opened it. "You gave it to me on the evening before that last game."

"Yes," he said, "I remember," and then as he saw what it contained he stopped.

Within was a wisp of bright blue silk stained and torn and crushed into that small space.

"It is all that was left of the little silk pennant that I gave you for luck," she told him. "After you were hurt I made them let me have it. I have kept it ever since."

His hand closed over it eagerly.

"Dear," he said, and his voice broke, "you know how I love you."

"I have never doubted it—even when you stayed away."

"How could I come? How could I ask you to marry me?"

"How does any man ask?" blushingly.

"But other men are not cripples."

"Oh, what difference does it make?" she flung out. "Haven't you the same mind, heart and soul as before?"

The light that illuminated his face transfigured it.

"Marry me," he cried, "and mind and heart and soul shall go to the making of your happiness!"

Van Dorn came back presently, making triumphant progress, with Aunt Sue in tow. On his arm was the blue pennant for all the world to gaze, but Holden's eyes rested on it reverently, for above his heart, hidden from the profane glances of the multitude, was the little stained wisp of sapphire silk, the token of his dear lady's favor.

TOO HIGH AMBITIONS.

The overseer of the linen department of a large city retail store was much pleased with the appearance of the new saleswoman who had been assigned to his department.

"She is healthy, neat, and quick in her movements," he said to an assistant. "She has the face of an intelligent, honest ambitious girl. I have put her at the towel counter, but if she does well, as I think she will, it will not be long before she will be promoted to the lace counter."

"You are inclined to favor her," was the comment.

"Only because I think she is an exceptionally clever girl, and will deserve it," was the reply. "I know that she is poor, and needs steady work badly."

Miss Scott, the girl in question, soon impressed all the other saleswomen with the conviction of her cleverness. She talked well and much upon every subject but—linen. She had thought more than any of her comrades upon the question of suitable occupations for women, and startled them by her fluency.

"Why should not women, educated to law, sit in the judge's seat?" she said to her companions. "Are they not quite as likely to be honest as men? Did you read that decision in the railway case to-day? Anything more unjust—"

"Have you huckaback towels?" asked a customer.

She turned, apparently irritated at the interruption, flung down the package, and went on whispering. "If I had been judge in that case, or the prosecuting attorney—"

"These are not huckaback."

"Then we have none."

The customer turned away.

"A more atrocious injustice—" continued Miss Scott.

The overseer happened to be near, and overheard what had been said.

"We have a large line of huckabacks?" he exclaimed, sharply. "Show them!"

The next day she was explaining what she would do if she were an artist. "I have no patience with women who are content to paint menus and china plates. If the time ever comes when I can devote myself to art, —noble figures—"

"Double damask fringed," said a busy matron, memorandum in hand.

Miss Scott placed some goods before her. "No, these are Scotch. I want Irish."

Miss Scott looked hopelessly along the shelves. The overseer, who had grown anxious with regard to her, stood near, and motioned to another woman to take the customer. "Why do you not learn the shelves when you are not waiting on customers?" he asked. He caught sight of a pamphlet hid under the counter, "Higher Employments for Women," and understood the cause.

One day, two or three weeks later, her mind was so full of the opportunities for women to hold political sinecures in this country, as she had heard they do in France, that she made a mistake as to the price of Russian crash, and sold it at half its value.

"I really have not learned the meaning of all the tags on the goods," she said, to the overseer.

"Then you must go elsewhere to find other work," he said. "You are discharged. But remember, the woman who is not faithful in selling a yard of towelling will be no more trustworthy in dealing with the affairs of nations."

A USEFUL PRANK.

A jolly party of Yale students camped out in the Vermont woods, near the border of the state, for midsummer sport. Returning to camp one afternoon along a lonely road, they met a backwoods Canadian boy, who was jogging along with a blind horse pulling a buckboard.

"This must be a native," whispered a mischevious collegian. "Let us guy him by talking Latin."

As the boy approached, the wag bowed ceremoniously, and delivered sonorously a passage from Cicero which he had once declaimed at school. His companions stood by in silence, doing their best to look like Roman Senators.

The boy stopped his horse and surveyed the group with astonishment.

"I do not understand the language which you are speaking," he finally stammered.

The orator continued his fierce invective against an imaginary Catiline, while his companions solemnly expressed their approval in such ejaculations as "Tempus fugit!" "Hic, haec, hoc!" and "E pluribus unum!"

The boy, perceiving that they were making a butt of him, drove on, followed by a chorus of laughter and a shout from the leader:

"Have your Latin about you the next time you meet gentlemen!"

It was a foolish prank which the collegians speedily forgot. Not one of them had an idea that anything would come of it.

The Canadian lad had an errand to do for his father at the nearest village. He asked the owner of the crossroads store a curious question:

"Do you know Latin?"

"No. I may be buried in the woods but I am not a dead Roman!"

"Then Latin is a dead language?"

"As dead as Julius Cæsar."

"I want to learn it. Have you any Latin book in the store?"

Strange to say, there was an old Latin grammar in a cupboard in the storekeeper's house. It was an old-fashioned text-book.

"You can have it," said the storekeeper, "but you will never read a word of it."

The boy took the book and drove home to his father's cabin. He never saw the collegians again, but for years that Latin grammar was his constant companion. In some mysterious way, possibly by having it always under his pillow, he learned to read it and to conjugate the verbs.

A sportsman who heard his story advised him to go across the border, and earn his living in some college town where he could continue his studies.

The lad went to Rochester, supported himself in a preparatory school, and entered the university there. What is more, he became the Latin prize-man, remarkably proficient in the classics, and made a fine record for scholarship. He studied law, and was successful in his profession.

A random college prank turned the current of a whole life. The young Canadian's early conquest of Latin was a boy's whim inspired by pique. On trifles light as this has hung many a human destiny.

ANOTHER SIDE TO IT.

Change of accent will do a good deal. A certain egotistical man who, as the old not puts it, is "self-made and adores his maker," recently left town for a visit.

"Well," said his next-door neighbor, who found his absence more or less restful, "I hope Blank is enjoying himself."

"I think," said his wife, with a delicate shifting of emphasis. "I think we may be sure he is enjoying himself."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Many Things Worth Recalling, Condensed from the Free Press of March 29, 1888.

Died.—In Acton, March 28, Lulu Bernice, infant daughter of J. E. McGarvin, aged 7 months and 20 days.

Died.—At Rockwood, March 25, the beloved wife of Robt. Passmore, Esq., postmaster, aged 72 years.

Died.—In Esquesing, on March 26, Nancy McPherson, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Hampshire, aged 26 years.

Died.—In Brampton, March 19, Elik May, second daughter of Mr. John Leahy, formerly of Acton, aged 5 years and 6 months.

Died.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Hespeler, March 15, Douglas Leroy, aged 1 year and 11 months; and March 16, Ellenor Berenice, aged 5 years and 5 months, being infant son and second daughter, respectively, of Rev. R. C. Henders, late of Nassagaweya.

In a lengthy budget of news from "Our own correspondent" at Limehouse, it is stated that "Old King" (Harry Le Poddovin) has returned from a trip to England, Ireland and France. He made quite a collection of oddities, which we understand have been distributed among his intimate friends.

Also that the Toronto Lime Co. are in full blast again, and "King's" bombs can be heard re-echoing among the rocks that surround this hamlet. The residents of "Duck St." will live in terror for the next six months.

There's been a butter famine in town for the past week or so.

Mr. John Watson leaves this week for his home in the North West, taking a carload of horses.

A little son of Mr. Allan Mann was run over by a sleigh on Monday evening, and his right leg was badly bruised.

The residents of S. S. No. 12, which surrounds Acton, are asking for an increase of territory. No. 12 is the smallest section in the county.

Guelph Presbytery has given permission to Knox Church congregation to sell the present manse and glebe with a view to procuring a manse more conveniently situated.

Rev. Mr. Rae preached on Thursday evening in the Leslie school house to a large congregation, a correspondent speaking very appreciatively of the innovation.

The interior of Knox Church, the old church of course, has been considerably changed and improved. The old fashioned high pulpit, perched nearly half-way up the rear wall, and the sounding bell above have been removed. A small pulpit of chaste and modern design now stands on a neatly completed platform. The choir has been removed from the gallery to an enclosed platform behind the pulpit. These changes are appreciated. The introduction of an organ will probably be the next event.

Rev. C. A. Cook, an old Acton boy, is leaving Parliament Street Baptist Church, Toronto, for Bloomfield, N. J. His removal is much regretted. The young people of the church presented him with an elegant gold watch.

A terrible railway disaster south of Gravenhurst is reported, in which Geo. Wilson, formerly of Acton, and four others were instantly killed on a snow plough. Mr. Wilson spent the first five years of his married life in Acton, having built a home on Wilbur St., which he has never sold. He was much respected.

Mr. John Cameron is architect for the new school for section No. 10, Erin.

W. Hemstreet announces auction sales of farm stock, for Alex. Cripps, Eramosa; Ed. Cleaves, Erin; and of building lots for W. E. Smith, and Adam Cook, Acton.

Mr. and Mrs. John McConnell bade good-bye to their Guelph friends on Saturday and started for the antipodes.

SPEAK IT OUT.

"Run and tell her or she may hear it from somebody else," said a young man, laughingly to a pretty sister at his side. "There she stands, I will hold your impediments, and entertain Fred, until your return."

The girl tried to frown upon the speaker, but ended by handing him a bouquet and fan, and moving off toward a severe looking woman at the opposite side of the room.

"She would not condescend to gossip," he said, as both youths looked at her admiringly, and one questioningly; but she dearly loves to retail a compliment. I believe in every chamber in her brain is stowed away some nice thing she has heard about somebody, to be delicately imparted to the particular person when he or she appears. It was your remark about that lady's classic profile which has just taken my sister away. She does not do it for effect, either. She says it is stark selfishness; she likes to see the pleasure on people's faces."

"That is the reason, then, that I seem to grow an inch taller whenever I talk to her," Fred replied. "Your sister makes a shy fellow think he amounts to something."

No wonder she is a popular girl, and that all kinds of persons make opportunities to meet her. She never thinks it her duty to tell people unpleasant truths or to declare her whole opinion of them, or to carry unkind intelligence. Metaphorically speaking, she never treads on one's toes. She never croaks. She never gives social stabs. She prefers the oil and wine treatment of wounds. She sees no virtue in making enemies. She agrees with Oliver Wendell Holmes in thinking that friendship does not authorize one to say disagreeable things. She openly declares that she would rather be loved than hated.

"See now," exclaimed Fred, who had been watching the girl while he was thinking this. "That stern profile is transformed. It does pay to speak out the nice little things."—From "If I Were a Girl Again."

JOURNALISM.

Mos' nights I'm playin' on the street,
Or slidin' on the hill,
Or skating on the dandy pond
Above the oatmeal mill,
But not on Thursday night, you bet,
That's when I have the fun,
Cos Thursday is the night they paint
The Weekly Signal Gun.

The office is on Station Street,
Beside the railroad track.
The place is dusty as kin be,
The floor is awful black.
The Editor's a funny chap,
But, gee, he knows a lot,
You'd orter see the stacks an' stacks
Of Bluebooks he has got.

He never reads 'em, no indeed,
He says it ain't no use,
Beos the blomin' Government
Can't make no good excuse
For all the crazy things they've done,
'N then he winks at me
'N says: "Come down 'n help me out
On Thursday after tea."

'N so I go; You betcher life,
I'm right on deck. You see
I carry galleys to the stone
As careful as kin be.
'N when the paper's on the press
At nine o'clock at night,
I'm alway's snuffin' round to see
That everything's all right.

One time a galley slipped 'n fell,
"Items from Jinkin's Crick."
The foreman caused me awful hard,
It was a silly trick,
But then the Editor he said,
There was a drop in pi.
He grabbed a chunk o' boiler plate
'N didn't even sigh.

When I git big I'm goin' to be
A Editor, you bet,
Jus' look at the tickets 'n
The passes 'at I'll get.
I ain't a-goin' to do much work
Say, wouldn't it be great,
To have two sticks o' local news
The rest——in boiler plate?

TWO HUMBLE HEROES.

Last April a great danger menaced the dwellers in a Sierra Canon. The mammoth reservoir of the Fresno Plume & Irrigation Company threatened to burst and inundate the valley. There was but one hope of averting the catastrophe. If the waters could be turned into a large, unused flume the ever increasing pressure would be relieved. But the gate cutting the flume from the reservoir, was rusted and rigidly set, and all efforts failed to to raise it. For twelve days a force of men worked steadily upon it without effect.

Every hour the danger was increasing. The melting snows from the hills were constantly feeding the waters above the dam, adding to the pressure upon that weakening structure. A messenger was sent down the valley to warn the people. The Superintendent called his men together. He told them that there was one way to hinder the disaster, and he called for volunteers who would go down into the flume and with a battering ram knock the gate loose.

For a moment the men looked at each other. Such an undertaking meant almost certain death. As soon as the gate should be loosened the water would pour into the flume, sweeping whatever was before it with tremendous force.

Finally one man spoke up.

"I'll go," he said, and another seconded him. Down into the flume went the two heroes, carrying forty-five feet of heavy pipe. There was but the barest chance of their returning alive. If the gate, when jarred loose, should rise gradually, they might have time to escape. Otherwise their fate seemed sealed.

The two went to work with a will. One tremendous blow on the gate accomplished nothing. At the second without a instant's warning, the gate opened full, the water tore down upon the men. Both were dashed down the flume and tossed like straws in the flood. The valley was saved.

It seems almost incredible that any one could come out of that seething torrent alive, but the first volunteer escaped without serious injury. The other was killed. Soon after the event the rescued man went back to his work as if nothing had happened.

"It was a close call," he said, "but I can't see anything to make a fuss over."

MANY AND FEW.

There are many workmen in every line of activity, but the skilled and competent and successful are only a small part of them. A man once put out an advertisement, "Wanted, a Boy," and scores applied. He said, "I'll have another form of advertisement to morrow; look at it and come to me then." The next advertisement read, "Wanted, a Boy Who Minds His Mother," and only one or two applied. The qualification sifted them.

THE TWO INVINCIBLES.

Cod Liver Oil and Iron.

Cod Liver oil and iron in some form or other are prescribed by physicians the world over, more than any other two remedies the world has ever known, for anemia or poor blood, weakness, convalescence, and all wasting and pulmonary diseases.

Iron, because it is the basis of the blood and without a sufficient amount the blood is impoverished, watery, pale and impure.

Cod Liver Oil, because it contains curative and reconstructive qualities greater than that possessed by any other one medicinal agent.

In Vinol, modern science has given to the world a combination of these two world-famed tonics — Cod Liver Oil and Iron, but shorn of all useless oil or disagreeable features.

Vinol is made by a scientific, extractive and concentrating process from fresh cods' livers, combining with peptonate of iron all the medicinal, healing, body building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil.

As a body-building and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for Chronic Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles, Vinol is unexcelled.

We ask Acton people to give Vinol a trial. It won't cost anything unless it gives satisfaction. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton, Ont.