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Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

EASTER-TIDE

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death;
For fresh from earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

In the countless green blades of the meadow,
The sheen of the daffodill's gold,
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,
The opaline mist on the wold,
In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture,
The river's strong sweep to the sea,
Are signs of the day that is hasting
In gladness to you and to me.

So dawn in thy splendor of lilies,
Thy fluttering violet breath,
O, jubilant morning of Easter,
Thou triumph of life over death!
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King.

—Margaret R. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

Easter Lilies—and Others.

BY ETHEL BARRINGTON.

THAT Easter was at hand the florists' windows gave full assurance. Old Henshaw's place, just around the corner from a crowded thoroughfare, was a veritable oasis of beauty in the noise and dirt of the city.

Here the mingling perfume of rich exotics, the exquisite feast of color, the daintiness of the green background against which the blossoms were massed, formed a never failing delight to the owner's granddaughter.

Perhaps in that riot of beauty the girl loved most the purity of the flower after which she had been called. As she bent over an Easter lily, tying up the blossoms whose weight and fragrance seemed almost too heavy for its support, she appeared well named. Her figure was as slender, the pale gold head and paler cheek equally frail, while about her radiated that dainty femininity that is to womanhood what perfume is to the flower. Completing her task, she set the plant far back behind numbers of a like species. Henshaw paused to remonstrate.

"Set it further out, Lil. It's the beauty of the lot."

"I know it, grandfather, but—that is, I'm keeping it for one of our regulars."

Nodding, satisfied, the old man bustled away to some fresh patrons. Lily, though constantly busy, kept watch on each newcomer. When at last a tall young man entered, the quick drooping of her long lashes showed him to be the one expected.

"My buttonhole ready?" he asked suddenly across the counter. For reply she handed him a white carnation, which he at once fastened in his coat.

"Pretty busy, I guess," he continued, lingering a moment after she had made the change.

"Yes. Dent—any order for Easter? We're selling so fast it will be safest to let me know now." Her eyes questioned with an eagerness she did not permit in her tone.

"No." An answering embarrassment clouded for a moment the young fellow's face. He seemed about to add more, but, changing his mind, turned abruptly on his heel.

Lily watched his departure abstractedly. In school days he had been her playmate and confidant. That he had pushed on to success, both in business and social relations, was to her a matter of sincere pride, openly expressed. If in secret she suffered at the knowledge of the widening gulf between them, she denied it stoutly even to her own heart, following his career with loving interest from her humble vantage place.

That he never had quite forgotten the old bond he proved by dropping in frequently on his way from the office, accepting with equal friendliness her greeting and choice of boutonnieres.

With a woman's intuition and power of putting this and that together she knew from the first of his courtship of the beautiful Amy Strath. Had not Lily, often with tremulous fingers, arranged Dent's bouquets for the debutante's acceptance?

Until lately was it not she who had made the real selection of his offerings—violets for her birthday, white and gold chrysanthemums at Christmas and lilies always for Easter? She had heard of a misunderstanding with complex feelings, but for Dent's sake hoped, believing herself qualified to gauge his suffering in the separation, that at Easter his floral remembrance might heal the rupture.

Toward this end she had selected a specially beautiful lily, but if he did not intend to send a peace offering to what end her care? On the other hand, should Dent slight the spoiled beauty at such a season it would but cement the trouble. Men were so blind to their own interests, for, watching him, the girl fancied him grown worn of late, and her heart ached for him. On Easter, eve, however, a daring scheme entered her brain to try if perchance she might help to set matters right.

Without giving herself time to weaken in her resolution she tied white streamers about the cherished lilies, catching the long loops with a dainty knot of blue forget-me-nots. Handing it to the driver, she followed him to the door, repeating her instructions that it was for Miss Strath.

"Card with it?" inquired the man.

"No; the forget-me-nots are instead—that is the idea." With sudden blinding tears Lily retreated into the store. Would the other girl fail to recognize the implied donor and the meaning in the gift lilies at Easter and forget-me-nots for happiness?

The self-appointed peacemaker could not, however, repress a guilty start when Dent unexpectedly appeared asking for some lilies. She would have sent a boy to show him, but the man objected.

"I can wait. I need your advice."

Perforce she attended him to the hothouse in the rear. There, while busying herself with drawing out plants for his consideration, she surprised a look of tenderness in his eyes.

"I—I always think of you as here among the flowers," he said hastily.

Lily found him unusually difficult to please and grew more and more nervous over her act and what he would say should he discover it.

"I told you to choose earlier," she reminded him, but it was more to herself, as if she needed to keep this fact in mind for her own exoneration.

"True, but—well, to tell you the truth I wasn't sure she would accept one from me"—

"You are now?" Lily started at the plant under discussion, at the palms to her left, at anything rather than her companion. She flinched from his affirmative, yet reminded herself she wanted only the assurance that all was well with him.

"I'm hoping for the best, Lily. You understand women, being one yourself. Suppose"—

"I were in her place?" Lily's voice was very low.

"Yes, in her place—the girl to whom I'm going to send this flower. Suppose we had drifted apart and that I suddenly had found out I'd been acting like a conceited fool and only wanted to be forgiven. Would you accept the flower, with all it stood for?"

Lily moved uneasily beneath his anxious gaze. Surely it could not be jealousy she felt. Then she laughed. Men were unaccountably clumsy in choosing their confidants.

"She can't resist you if you put the case so—so delightfully clear. You'll take this one?"

"Yes." The man's voice lost its eagerness as he followed her silently back into the store. There the girl became all business, measuring off yards of ribbon, handing him an envelope for his card and inquiring the address, "Miss Strath, of course?"

"You need not bother with the address. I'm going to send a boy for it." Then, scribbling a few lines with evident uncertainty of selection, he departed, with an abrupt good night.

Lily made her way home, tired and sad. She was haunted with the fear that her intrusion into Dent's affairs might complicate them further until she remembered that she alone knew from whom the gift was supposed to come. Dent, sending one of his own, would never suspect her should he ever learn of the other.

Entering the dining room early the next morning, her eye at once lighted on a lily, tall and fragrant. While admiring it her first thought naturally was of her grandfather, but there was something startingly familiar in the arrangement of the ribbon, in the manner the tiny envelope was attached. Her fingers trembled, as she freed the card, to read:

"Please be kind and exchange lilies with me. Dent."

The amazed light of happiness was still upon her when the writer came. He seized her hands, crushing them in sudden hope.

"Lily, is it possible?"

"Wait the girl spoke breathlessly, freeing one hand to hold him at a distance. "You must be very sure. It will mean so much. There is Amy Strath. You care for her. Well"—in deference to his sharp denial—"you have cared. What if she should repent her quarrel, should send for you?"

"The quarrel was mine, dear. She demanded the breaking of our friendship"—

"Even that for your happiness"—began the girl, but Dent cut short the offer of sacrifice.

"Here," he cried, kissing her on the lips—"here is my happiness! What if I had learned the truth too late? Give me the flower I want, my Easter Lily"—

"It is yours already," she admitted. Then, after an appreciable interlude, "How could I ever have planned to marry you to any one else?"

"To whom?" demanded the astonished Dent. But to this he never obtained a satisfactory answer.

FOR WAGE EARNERS, NOT MILLIONAIRES.

In its February grocery article Woman's Home Companion makes this point:

"In a New Jersey town, not many miles from a famous institution of learning, I found one of those groceries whose proprietors have not progressed. You could brush your skirt against a dripping molasses barrel; you could dip your hand into a cracker barrel and help yourself; you could pick out big pickles with your fingers if you wanted them of uniform size, because the clerk did the same thing; but you could not count the fly specks on the cheese box and coffee grinder, because life is too short for so stupendous a task. And oh, the dust!

"The proprietor of that store could not sell me a certain brand of gingersnaps in a moisture-proof box. He said he did not believe in package goods. His customers could not afford such luxuries.

"There are thousands of customers like him all over America. They declare that package goods are for millionaires, not wage earners. But oh, if the wives of wage earners would only study such problems and not jump at conclusions. How much farther the hard-earned wages would go and how much better food would be placed before the man who earns the wages!"

A brick house, if well constructed, will outlast two built of gravel.

HER BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Miss Barker, the typewriter, came back from luncheon with a bunch of violets pinned to her coat. It was a sign that she had been out with some one who cared for her, and she was willing that every one in the office should read the sign. Her face showed a pleasant glow of consciousness as she hung up her wraps.

Then she took a drinking glass, washed and polished it brightly, filled it with water from the ice-tank, plunged the stems of the sweet blossoms into it, and set it on her desk.

It happened that she was employed in the office of a weekly paper, the force of which was crowded into a few rooms in a way that made one large family of its members. Presently the proofreader strolled in and paused near Miss Barker's desk. She clicked away busily, but knew all the time that his eyes were fixed on her bunch of violets.

"It's nice to feel that I'm the means of letting him have that whiff of sweetness," she thought, complacently, as he passed along.

A few minutes later the foreman of the composing-room stopped at her elbow. He was looking at her violets, too, but when she glanced up at him he gave a start, as if he had been caught at something, nodded awkwardly, and hurried off. Then the office boy did the same thing, and two of the typesetters came after.

"They're all enjoying them," mused the little typewriter. "I feel like a regular missionary!"

Before night every person in the office had stooped for a gaze, and, last of all, the editor himself actually came and sat down by the machine, apparently for the sole purpose of admiring that bunch of violets.

He is a genial, kindly man, with hair that is turning to silver, and Miss Barker respects him thoroughly. After a moment he said, in a voice so low that no one else could hear:

"I have been wondering for an hour past whether I should come in here and tell you something, and I have decided to do it. You're fond of flowers, aren't you?"

The typewriter acknowledged that she was.

"So was Walter Savage Landor," replied the editor, with seeming irrelevancy. "He used to write tender little sonnets to blossoms, telling them how he loved to caress them where they grew, but couldn't bear to tear them from their roots, and all that sort of thing. But strangely enough he had a most unfortunate temper, that would break out now and then as long as he lived. There's a story about him to the effect that he once flew into such a rage with the cook that he threw her out of the window—and then, instantly remembering the flower-bed under the window, cried out, 'Oh! oh! I forgot the violets!' Yes, amusing, isn't it? Well, do you know, you have been reminding me of that story to-day."

"I—don't understand."

"I know you don't," was the answer, spoken very gently, "and I shouldn't tell you, except that I think it's kinder to let you know. It isn't a case of temper with you, but the fact is, you've been letting your thoughts of these flowers take precedence of your thoughtfulness of other people—and you've been grumbled at this afternoon by everybody in the office, because you had taken the only drinking glass in the place for your violets, and never once noticed when all the thirsty people came in and glared at you for doing it!"

It was a hard lesson, but the little typewriter took it like a hero—and she proved that her fault had truly been lack of thought rather than lack of heart by gratefully insisting that her employer take that bunch of violets home to his wife.

TO SMALL TO DIVIDE.

The bright-faced little lad who had applied for the position of office boy stood anxiously waiting. The proprietor looked at the young applicant with a gaze half doubtful.

"I wonder whether you expect to engage as a whole boy or half a boy—half a boy, most likely," he said, musingly. The gray eyes in the freckled face flashed inquiringly wide, and he explained: "Oh, I don't mean to question your having the requisite number of arms and legs; your body's all right; it is your mind I am talking about—your thoughts, wife, memory. I suppose you have a host of schemes and employments of your own that will be a great deal more important than anything here. You are interested in ball games and—"

"Yes, sir; I like ball first rate; but when I am here, I'll be all here, and when I am through here, I'll be all there. I'll play for what I'm worth in both places, but I ain't big enough to divide."

He gained his place, and he is true to his word; but his opinion of himself is one that might as well be widely adopted. Few of us are "big enough to divide" in the sense of giving only half of our mind to the duty in hand.

HER GOWN.

One of the many stories which are told about Eugene Field is of a little joke he had at his wife's expense.

Mr. Field and his wife had entered a street-car, to find all the seats taken save one at each end of the car, and they seated themselves accordingly. When the conductor collected the fares Mr. Field announced, in audible tones, as he gave him a dime, at the same time pointing to the far end of the car:

"This is to pay the fare of the lady over there—the one wearing the new, beautiful brown silk dress."

All eyes were turned to her, and her pretty face took a most becoming rose color, but back of the reproving glance she threw him was one of mingled indulgence, appreciation and mirth at the unexpected and apparently truthful announcement.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A Brief Digest of Items in Our Issue of April 19, 1888.

Mr. Arch. Campbell is altering his frame house on Main St., to a double tenement.

Farmers are now talking about spring seeding. They have not done much at it yet though.

Carpenters, masons, bricklayers, plasterers and painters, are now in full swing with their season's work.

Extend the house cleaning into the cellar, and make the work more thorough where shirking would be least seen.

Messrs. Beardmore & Co. have under contemplation the grading of the hill at the south end of Willow St., and the erection of a bridge to span the valley to their bark sheds.

It is reported that the sideroad shown on the map of Esquesing between lots 27 and 28 is about to be opened between the second line and the mill road.

Last Saturday Mr. Thos. Statham, baker, while getting on a load of flour at Stewarttown, slipped off his wagon and fell to the ground, fracturing one or two of his ribs.

Friday, May 4, has been chosen as Arbor Day for Acton Public School, for planting shade trees, making flower beds and otherwise improving and beautifying the grounds.

Crescent Lacrosse Club was reorganized.—Pres., Dr. Stacey; Vice-Pres., R. B. Jermyn; Sec'y-Treas., John A. Henderson; Captain, John Lawson, V. S.

Mr. Arch. Campbell has received from a member of the Archæologic Society, New York, a couple of ancient coins of rare coinage. One is of the reign of Phillipus I, who became emperor in 244 A. D., showing on one side the head of the emperor, and on the other a mounted warrior. The other belongs to the time of Constantine the Great, Emperor in 323. On one side is a profile of the king, and on the reverse a Roman soldier standing over an enemy.

Mr. Adam Cook's sale of lots resulted as follows:—Block C., Geo. Storey lots 5 and 6, $30 and $31; Thos. Easton lots 3, $50; D. Graham 4, $53; A. Lasby 21 and 16, $20 and $30. Blk. B., J. B. Pearson 3, 4, 5, $38 each, 2, $24. Blk. D., J. B. Pearson, 2, 3, 4, $35, $37 and $38, respectively. Blk A., H. Swackhamer, 1 and 2 for $50. Main St. W. Russell, 6, $80; E. Forbes, 5, $80; Jos. Cripps, 4, $80; Wm. Campbell, 3 and 30, for $170; Wm. Jackson, 2 $45; W. J. Gibbons, 1, $150; W. Selwood, pt. 1, $80; J. A. Murray, 2, blk. C. south, $100; W. Jackson, 1, $42; Jas. McTavish, 1, 2, 3, Mill St., $105, 2, $110, 3, $110; M. McMillan, 4, $120; Mrs. S. A. Secord, 5, 6, $65 and $85 respectively.

Mrs. Arch. Campbell was a delegate to the W. F. M. Convention at Guelph last week.

Mrs. James Campbell and Mrs. G. C. Clark, nee Mrs. Maggie Campbell, have removed to Peterboro, where they will make their future home.

Capt. Keetch who has been re-cuperating at her father's home in Cheseley has returned to the command of the Salvation Army here.

The Rockwood post office is to have a savings bank in connection therewith.

On our first page was given a three-column article on Acton and its business interests, giving a brief description of the village and an enumeration of every place of business of any kind. 50 "businesses" are enumerated, and of the persons or firms conducting them, only 14 are now in the same business in Acton, and many are in different stands, 9 at least are deceased. We copy from an early paragraph: "It may be said to have taken its start about 1840. It was first called Danville after a clerk in the first dry goods store which was owned by Wheeler & Green. The next name it bore was Adamsville, so called from the first settlers in the place. In 1844 a post office having been obtained the name was changed to Acton, on request of Mr. Robt. Swan, a native of Northumberland, England, and who died in Acton some years ago."

WHEN MA CAME TO TOWN.

The way in which one Oklahoma editor announced that his mother was coming to visit him may seem a trifle breezy, but it's pretty safe to say that away down in her heart "ma" was prouder than forty queens. This is the way he did it:

"The editor of the New-Republican is going to top up a little this evening. Going to change collars and put on a pair of cuffs, if he can find any. Going to get shaved, and going to get our shoes shined and the pegs cut out, so we can walk right peartly. Ma's acoming down to see us. You know who ma is. Ma is our only ma, and she's a good one, too; one of the old Ohio Quaker sort, you know. Ma lives in Kingfisher. She was our ma when we were born; she was our ma out in western Kansas when we hunted prairie coal; she was our ma when we drank parched corn coffee in old Oklahoma in '89, and she's our ma now. She's the best ma we ever had.

"If you see us to-morrow walking down the street with a little woman with a smile on her face, you'll know that's ma. If you never had a ma you should get one—and one like our ma, too."

SOMETHING ON THE WAY.

The McJones family were moving to another town. Mr. McJones had gone ahead to get the new home in order, and Mrs. McJones was to follow with the family's goods and chattels. When she was ready to start Mrs. McJones, remembering her Scriptures, wired her husband as follows:

"Lares and penates on board boat. Will arrive to-morrow morning."

But when the telegram got to her husband it was in these terms:

"Lard and peanuts on board boat. Will arrive to-morrow morning."—Succ. Magazine.

THE EASTER HILLS.

There liveth no home circle but hath some treasure gone
Beyond the gold of sunset—beyond the gray of dawn.
The heart grows weary yearning, the eyes are wet with tears,
As we reach hands how empty out through the drery years.
The sunlight on the Easter Hills so soft and still and fair,
You hold a cheering symbol to mortals everywhere;
You thrill the long-hid roses to beauty once again—
God warms the clay that many a day within the tomb has lain.
O Easter hills enchanting! O Easter breezes sweet!
Sing on your song of glory, when Love with Love shall meet.
We walk among the old ways with something of regret;
Old faces still will linger, wee forms are with us yet;
But shadowy and uncertain, keep just beyond our reach—
Too far for mortal touching, too far for human speech.
The moonlight on the Easter hills that whitens all the sod,
You are the open volume of promises of God;
I seem to read your message of moil that finds surcease,
And after strife the future life like you shall hint of peace.
O Easter hills prophetic! O Easter roses, blow—
Did us to conquer doubting till we shall know we know!

THE INSPIRATION OF EASTER.

He has risen, the grave clothes are laid aside, and the tomb acknowledges its weakness.

He is risen, so let us rise, let there be a stir in our little graveyards, let us fold up the grave clothes, the traditions that bind us, and walk out into the sunlight of glorious better things.

He rose, for He understood the law that overcame, and we may rise if we only undertake to understand.

What, rise from death?

Well, is there not a living death?

Let us lay aside the graveclothes, the traditions that enshroud us, and walk out into the glory of the New Thought.

Have we been the slaves of our thoughts, and held down by the belief that we are the victims of circumstances, then untie the graveclothes and throw it away. We are not worms of the dust, wretched and vile, although the hymn books have declared us so. We are sparks from the anvil of God, and we have within us the power to be masters of our fate.

A stir in the tomb!

Light the lamp of reason and look in. I see another old graveclothes binding there. Heredity! Rip it off—like father like son, no, not necessarily. Father a drunkard and mother a moth. I may be what I will to be. Away with the tradition that points to the binding of heredity, the enslaving of man. Tear it off, and fling it out.

He is risen. So may we rise above petty things. "But, wait; I want to tell you about that acquaintance of mine. Oh, she is a backbiter." Oh, hang your friend! Rise above the waggle of tongues.

He is risen. So may we rise. "Oh, but listen to the mean trick Bill Smith played on me." Forget that, and rise into an atmosphere that is too large to mind Bill and his meanness.

Emblematic He rose. Let us cast aside much that binds us and rise, too. Let us get above the petty things. Is there a mean streak in yourself, in your mate, in your fellow at the desk, in the shop, or in the bank? Look above it all.

Rise!

Never mind the things easy of attainment. The view isn't much from the foothill, but it is grand and inspiring from the mountain peak.—Charles F. Raymond.

TO MEND A TORN GARMENT.

When a silk or cloth garment is torn, procure a few threads of the warp of the goods and darn as you would a stocking. If you have no pieces from which this may be obtained, perhaps there is a straight edge on one of the seams from which a few threads may be taken. In this way the repair is made of exactly the same shade as the cloth.—The Delineator.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS.

Endorse Our Cod Liver Preparation, Vinol.

Many of the most eminent physicians are now prescribing Vinol as the most satisfactory cod liver preparation. Thus it is fast superseding other forms of cod liver oil and emulsions.

W. N. Rand, M. D., of Evans Mills, N. Y., writes: "From personal experience, I am able to appreciate the value of your cod liver preparation, Vinol. I have used it and prescribed it largely during the past eighteen months, and I want to say that Vinol is all you claim for it and more."

Dr. Bonchelle of Thomasville, Ga., a physician well known in the South, writes: "I use Vinol in my family and in my general practice with most excellent results for bronchial and pulmonary troubles and to create strength."

Another physician writes: "I am satisfied that Vinol derives its wonderful live-giving and strength-creating power from the medicinal curative elements found in the cod's liver. It is the most satisfactory strength creator and vitalizer for old people, weak women and delicate children which it has ever been my pleasure to prescribe."

The reason that Vinol has such remarkable curative and strength-creating power is because it is made by a scientific, extractive and concentrating process from fresh cods' livers, combining with peptonate of iron (which is a needful constituent for the blood) all the medicinal, healing and body-building elements of cod liver oil, but no oil.

We ask every person in Acton who is in need of such a medicine to try Vinol on our guarantee to return money if it fails to give satisfaction.

E. A. Robertson, Acton, Ontario.