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Editor and Proprietor.

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CARRIAGE WORKS.
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TO THE
MUSKOKAS
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.

INTENDING IN THE WEST SETTLERS
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.

THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one whom his mother comforteth." Isa. 66: 13.

You take the finest woman, with th' roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n halfway told.
There ain't a word that tells it t'all description it defies—
The mutherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to the ones she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always han'someness,
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glorifies—
Th' mutherlook that sometimes comes into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy
Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams told in its face;
She smoothes its hair, an' pats it as she lifts it to its place.
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave, or gay, or wise—
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a loving woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint.
An' make it still be human—an' they'd have to blend the whole.
There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul.
No one can paint the glory comin' straight from paradise—
The mutherlooks that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

Select Family Reading

Connor's Waterloo

or A Western Land Deal.

BY REV. H. HARPER, M. A.

IT was 2 a.m. The city, like a tired child, had fallen asleep. Occasionally a belated cab rattled along the street, both driver and fare anxious to reach home and get to bed. The gas still burned brightly in the private office of The Burn's Co., as the two brothers, Robert and John, constituting the firm, went carefully over their books.

"I guess we are about wound up, Bob," said the younger brother as he closed a ledger with a bang.

"I am afraid so, Jack. An assignment seems to be the only possible solution."

"Pretty hard lines, old fellow, at our time of life. I never thought we should come to this!"

"Nor I, either, Jack; but one never knows what may happen in business. It does seem tough to be turned out on the street without a dollar!" And there was a shake in the speaker's voice which revealed the tremendous nervous strain he felt.

"Come brace up, old man!" Jack said, cheerily. "We may yet find some way out of our difficulties."

"It does not look much like it, as far as I can see. I wouldn't care so much for myself, Jack, but it will come awfully hard on Kate and the children.

* * *

The Burns Co. were a firm of wholesale grocers in the city of Montreal. For twenty-five years they had carried on a very successful business and had accumulated considerable wealth. Five years previous to our story speculation in wild lands in the Canadian West had involved them financially, and each succeeding year saw them in deeper water. Matters had now come to a crisis, and, unless relief came quickly from some quarter, ruin seemed inevitable.

"Well, I do not see that anything further can be done to-night. We might as well lock up and go home." And Robert reached for his hat and overcoat behind the office door.

"Just a moment, Bob, before you turn off the gas. I want to look over to-night's mail before we go." And, tossing his brother half of the bunch of letters lying on the desk, he began hurriedly to open and read the remainder.

"Whew!" whistled Jack, softly, as he ran his eye over a letter.

"Say, Bob, here is a Godsend and no mistake! If we can only close this deal it will put us on Easy street!"

"What is it?" and the elder brother looked up inquiringly.

"Why, it is an offer from an Englishman, who is staying at the Windsor, to buy the land we are advertising, if, on further inquiries, it proves satisfactory."

"Not the whole of it?"

"Yes, the whole 25,000 acres; at our own figure, too—four dollars an acre!"

"A hundred thousand dollars!" Robert said, slowly, as if he were counting out the amount in good, hard cash. "That would enable us to pay every cent we owe and there would be a nice nest egg left. If we could only make the sale!" he added somewhat doubtfully.

"There is no 'if' about it, Bob! We must make the sale. A chance like this does not come every day!" And there is no mistaking the tone of his voice.

"It was a good thing we sent Connors out this summer to examine the lands. That was a splendid report he sent in, and should help us in the sale."

"Yes; his first report was all right."

"Was there a second one?"

"Yes; I received it a week ago, and it is not nearly as favorable as the first one."

"What does he say?"

"He says that there is a good deal of alkali in township 21, range 9, and the east side of township 25 in the same range is cut up by sloughs and covered with scrub, which will make it very hard to break."

"Nonsense!" Jack cried, impatiently. "These things are not worth mentioning in such a large deal."

"This second report may make it awkward for us just the same and spoil the sale. Connors is not a man to smooth things over."

"I know that!" Jack said, almost savagely. "He has some old-fashioned notions, but he must not stand in our way in this matter."

"When do you expect Connors back?"

"He wired me from Winnipeg that he would be home on Friday."

"Let me see," said Jack, musingly. "This is Thursday. The Englishman asks for an interview on Monday morning. I will drop Connors a note telling him of the offer made us and put him on his guard, lest by any chance he should run across this man Stanley at the Windsor and say something which might spoil our sale."

The letter was hastily written, stamped, sealed and thrust into an outside pocket, to be dropped in the box on the way home; and the brothers left the office with lighter hearts and brighter hopes than they had experienced for many a day.

* * *

As the express from the West steamed into the station at Montreal early Friday morning, there could be seen among the passengers a young man of about thirty, making his way, with vigorous strides, toward the baggage-room. Here he gave directions respecting his luggage, handed over his checks, and then raced for the street car waiting for its load of uptown passengers.

Despite the coal-dust, grime and weariness consequent on a three-days' railway trip, the young fellow had a very attractive appearance, and would be looked at twice in a crowd—tall, broad-shouldered, grey eyes deeply set in his head, a genial, kindly face with a lurking smile playing upon it, a strong lower jaw indicating an iron will, and his muscular form, on which there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh, showing up well under the close-fitting tweed suit he wore.

This was Charley Connors, head bookkeeper and confidential clerk of Burns & Co., wholesale grocers of the city.

"A holiday is nice enough in its way, but it's good to get back to the city again!" he said to himself, as he rode along, and one familiar object after another met his gaze. Leaving the car at the corner of Sherbrooke street, he walked along to St. Famille street, and, turning west, reached his boarding-house, a couple of blocks away. Giving the bell a vigorous pull, he walked in, and, leaving his grip and hat in the hall, sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, almost knocking down his landlady in the hall above.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hagan! Rather a boisterous home-coming!" he laughingly said.

"Sure an' it's yourself an' no mistake, Mister Connors!" she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles. "It's glad I am to see yez back. The old house has not been jolike itself since ye lift us, an' that's the truth."

"I can assure you I am pleased to be home again. After all, 'There's no place like home.'"

"Dade and it's blarney ye givin' us now, Mister Connors, so it is! Ye made an awful long stay of it—likin' home so well!"

"Needs must," said Connors, laughing heartily; adding, "Give me a bite of breakfast, if you will, Mrs. Hagan, and I will try to get some of this grime off."

"A bite, is it?" said she. "It's a good square meal I'm thinkin' ye'll be needin' by the looks of ye!"

And the good-natured woman hurried down-stairs to make ample preparation for her favorite boarder, while Connors took a much-needed bath.

"Any letters for me, Mrs. Hagan?" he asked, as he sat down to the table.

"Faith, an' there is any quantity of them!" she said, laying a couple of dozen beside his plate. Turning them over carelessly, he noticed one in the well-known hand of his chief. Breaking the seal, he read as follows:

(Private and confidential.)

Montreal, Oct. 5th, 19—

MR DEAR CONNORS: Your wire received. We are pleased to have you home again, and hope you had an enjoyable outing. Delighted with the very favorable report of the lands you have inspected. We are in receipt of an offer for the same of a hundred thousand dollars ($100,000). I need not remind you, knowing our business as you do, that we must make this sale or serious consequences may follow. No scruples must stand in the way. The responsibility of completing the deal will depend largely on your representations. The land is evidently first-class, and your tact and shrewd business ability will be sufficient to guide you in this somewhat critical affair. I may say to you now—what I have intended to say for some months past—that it is our intention to take another member into the firm, and we shall be glad to have you as a partner in the business as soon as the necessary papers can be made out. With the above amount in hand, our business will be on a solid footing, and we may confidently look for future success. Take a rest to-morrow and come around to the office on Monday morning. We expect Mr. Stanley to call and close the deal sometime during the forenoon.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT BURNS.

Connors' face was a study as he read this letter, and a second reading was necessary before he took in its full significance. Pleasure, pain, perplexity, annoyance, were rapidly depicted on his expressive countenance. The offer of a partnership was a recognition of faithfulness and business ability which could not fail to please him. Ten years ago he had come the city a green boy from the country. They had been years of hard work, frugality and close application, but, unaided, he had fought his way upward until he was now recognized as a coming business man, and success was within his grasp.

The methods suggested by his employer, however, were utterly repugnant to his upright nature.

What could it mean? Had his last report not reached the office? or was the financial standing of the firm so perilous that they were determined to make this sale regardless of the purchaser's rights and the principles of common honesty which should govern in such cases?

Yet, if he consulted his own interests he would follow in the direction indicated. He must make a living. A' younger brother, just completing a medical course, was dependent on him for support. Bankruptcy threatened his employers, and his future business success depended on his action.

But why should he mind? Everybody was supposed to look out for himself in business; and, if this man got the worst of the bargain, it was his own lookout. He could stay away from the office on Monday on a plea of sickness, and the deal would be completed without any responsibility on his part. The purchaser was getting a splendid bargain, anyway, he told himself, and there was really no need of anything being said about the undesirable parts of the land in question. Meanwhile his breakfast remained untasted, a fact that did not escape the keen eyes of Mrs. Hagan.

"Does the mate an' praties not suit ye, Mister Connors?" she inquired, anxiously. "Nary a bite or sup has crossed yer lips since ye sat down!"

"Everything is very nice, thank you, Mrs. Hagan," he said, forcing a smile.

"Something must be wrong. It's not loike yoresilf to be neglectin' good vittles that way," she remarked.

"Just a little business matter at the office requiring attention," he said, and proceeded with his meal.

The uppermost thought in Connors' mind during Friday and Saturday was the meeting on Monday. After a sleepless night, Sunday morning found him in his pew at St. James Church, still undecided as to the course he would pursue. The pastor preached a powerful sermon on "True Manhood," his conclusion being a very strong appeal to his audience for purity and righteousness in public and private life. He closed with the quotation:

"A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; men who possess opinions and a will; men who have honor; men who will not lie; tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking."

Connors was deeply impressed. He left the church without any doubt as to what he would do. Monday morning found him at his work, cool, calm, collected, ready to meet any emergency that might arise.

"Ah! how do you do, Connors? Glad to see you in your old place again!" remarked his employer, as he entered the office on Monday morning and found his bookkeeper already at his desk. "You certainly look better for your outing."

"I enjoyed myself very much, thank you, sir," said Connors, looking up from his work.

"You will find the office work somewhat behind, I'm afraid, but a few hours of extra work will soon put things right. By the way, did you get my note respecting the land deal I spoke of?"

"Yes, sir," Connors said, without raising his head.

"That is well; your report is quite favorable, I see, and will go a long way in making the sale."

"I sent in a second report, sir, which I'm afraid did not reach you."

"Yes, yes; I do remember, now you mention it; there was something said about a little broken land and scrub, but these are small matters, you know, scarcely worth mentioning."

"The purchaser, however, should know these things."

"You may trust a buyer to look after his own interests, Connor. The fact is," he said, impressively, "it is absolutely necessary that we make this sale, and, if you are called on for any information, we expect it to be of the most favorable character."

"But, sir—"

"Never mind, Connors. I know what you would say. Depend upon it, this man is getting a good bargain, and no harm is being done to anyone."

"But, sir, you would not have me—"

"I would not have you stand in your own light!" broke in his employer, excitedly, "and jeopardise your own interests and that of the firm of which you may soon become a member. This man may be here at any moment, and we must stand together in this thing."

As he spoke the door opened, and the office boy handed in a card, announcing J. Herbert Stanley.

"How do you do!" exclaimed Mr. Burns, advancing with outstretched hand to meet the stranger. "Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Stanley! Come right through to my private office!" And, leading the way to the inner room, he closed the door behind them.

"A fine morning, Mr. Burns! You have a wonderful climate out here."

"Ah, yes! We have little to complain of on that score. Your first visit to Canada, I suppose?"

"Yes, my first visit, and I must say I am very much taken with the country."

"The longer you stay the better you will like it. We have a magnificent country, sir."

"So I have been told."

"You have not seen the West yet, I suppose?" he asked, as a feeler towards the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Not as yet, but I hope to do so before I return. We might as well come to business, Mr. Burns. I presume you have maps showing the location of the lands you offer for sale, and all other necessary information?"

"Everything you need in that line is here, I think," he said, pointing to a table covered with the latest government maps.

"Has any personal inspection of these lands been made, Mr. Burns?" he inquired.

"Our man has just returned from the West, and you will find his report most favorable," he said, putting into his hands the first report received.

"Thanks," he said, glancing at it casually. "Is the man still in your employ?"

"Yes; he is our confidential clerk, and thoroughly reliable in every way.

"Kindly call him in, Mr. Burns. A few minutes' personal conversation will be worth hours spent on maps and reports."

"Why, certainly," he said, although most reluctant to comply with the request. "Connors," he called, stepping to the door, "come this way, please! This is the man I spoke of, Mr. Stanley. He will give you any information you require."

"You have just returned from the West, I believe?" he remarked, fixing his keen, gray eyes on him.

"Yes, sir," Connors answered, laconically.

"Have you personally examined the lands in question?"

"I have spent the last two months out there, and have gone over every section."

"Please show me the location on the map."

"The lands lie here, sir," he said, walking to the table and placing his finger on the spot. "Part in township 21, and the balance in township 25, range 9."

"I see," remarked the purchaser, looking over his shoulder, "What kind of soil did you generally find?"

"There is no question about the soil, Mr. Stanley!" Mr. Burns interjected.

"It raises the finest wheat in the world!"

"A subsoil of clay, with a rich, black loam on top."

"Does the loam vary in depth?"

"Yes; it runs all the way from a few inches to three feet in depth."

"Did you find any scrub?"

"Considerable on the east side of township 25."

"The scrub is not worth taking into account, Mr. Stanley. The heavy scrub is much farther north," broke in Mr. Burns. No answer was made to this interruption.

"Is this a serious drawback?"

"It will increase the cost of breaking from two to three dollars per acre."

"What about sloughs and broken land? Did you find anything of that sort?"

"Yes; a few sections are somewhat broken but they make the finest pasture lands."

"Of course these lands are free from alkali?"

Connors shot a quick glance at his employer, whose agitation was plainly visible, but he resolutely continued:

"I am sorry to say some of the land is affected that way."

"Indeed!" he said. "Is such condition serious?"

"Very serious for the land so affected."

"How much of the 25,000 acres would be reckoned inferior land?"

"About 4,000 acres."

"Now, Connors, knowing the lands as you do, would you consider this a good investment at the price named?"

"If I had the capital to invest, I would undertake to double my money in five years from the present outlook."

"Thank you, Connors; I think that will do," he said, rising and taking his hat and cane. "I find what you say tallies exactly with the government surveyors' notes which I have examined. I will let you know my decision in a few hours, Mr. Burns." And, turning on his heel, he left the office.

"Well, Connors, you have made a pretty mess of this business!" Burns burst forth, pale with passion.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Connors, facing his employer.

"I mean that, in all probability, you have spoiled this sale by your bungling."

"I do not understand you, sir!" And there was a look on Connors' face not pleasant to see.

"You seem to be particularly dense this morning!" he said, trembling with anger. "If you had used a little policy in making your explanations, the sale would have been made!"

"In other words, Mr. Burns, if I had misrepresented the case and lied to Mr. Stanley—"

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" he cried, before Connors could finish his sentence. "You may consider yourself dismissed from our employment!"

"Very good, Mr. Burns. I shall—"

A gentle tap and the door opened. Both turned quickly, and, much to their surprise, saw Mr. Stanley enter the room.

"On second thought," he said, "I concluded I might as well close the deal at once. Here is a deposit on the purchase." And he placed on the desk a check drawn on the Bank of Montreal for $10,000. "The papers can be made out at your leisure, Mr. Burns."

"I shall give our solicitors instructions to attend to the matter at once, Mr. Stanley," he said, suavely, "and I wish you every success with your purchase."

"Thank you. Your clerk is not for sale, too, is he?" he asked, as he turned to Connors with a smile. "I should be glad to have him at almost any price."

Both men were too confused to speak, and, bidding them "Good-morning!" the visitor departed.

"Well, Connors, that was a close shave!" Mr. Burns said, wiping his brow nervously. "Of course you will forget what I said a few moments ago. I was not quite myself."

"I consider myself dismissed from your employment!" Connors said coldly.

"Tut, tut, man! Let it pass! We all make mistakes, you know!"

"I must beg you to excuse, Mr. Burns. I cannot remain."

"Why Connors, you surely will not be foolish enough to leave us now? You are throwing away the chance of a lifetime."

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer to seek other employment."

A look of annoyance crept into his employer's face. "As you please," he said, curtly, and left the room.

* * *

A month later a young man sat in a well-furnished office on one of the best business streets in the city. The plate glass window bore the following inscription:

THE J. HERBERT STANLEY INVESTMENT CO.
CAPITAL $1,000,000
C. CONNORS, General Manager

RIDDLES.

1.—What is the grandest verse in existence? The universe.

2—Why is a crow a brave bird? Because he never shows the white feather.

3.—When is a sailor not a sailor? When he's aloft.

4.—How long can a goose stand on one leg? Try it and see.

5.—How many hoops does a good barrel need? None.

6.—Why is it useless to talk to a man when he is adding up a column of figures? Because there's nothing so deaf as an adder.

—Anemone.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Have you ever almost run into some one on the street, and then dodged from side to side for half a minute, vainly endeavoring to pass, while the other person by some strange fatality blocked your every move by trying to pass you in the same way?

Such was the recent experience of a young man in Portland, Maine. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-a-vis staggered him by saying:

"Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a waltz or a two-step."—Woman's Home Companion for April.

PROMISES.

A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the off-spring of intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should be like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt paid off. Mind how and when you promise. Mind what you promise. And mind and keep your promise.

FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT.

You are not likely to get what you want till you know what it is. It is a great help to contentment to be working for a definite object. The most discontented people are those who have a vague feeling that they want somesomething, but are not sure what it is. Find out what you want that is worth your effort, and then set yourself to secure it.

A DIG AT HIM.

"How do you do, Mr. Pompus?" said Chumley.

"Really," began Mr. Pompus frigidly, "you—er—have the advantage of me."

"Apparently I have. Your manners are as bad as you'd have me to believe your memory to be." — Philadelphia Press.

UNREAL.

"I dreamed last night," said Mrs. Nagget, that I was in a store that was just full of the loveliest fur coats"—

"But," interrupted her husband hastily, "that was only a dream, my dear."

"Yes, I know it was before I woke up, because you bought me one."—Philadelphia Press.

DEFICIENT.

"The pen," remarked the student "is mightier than the sword."

"Yes," answered the man who likes the pomp and trappings, "but it doesn't make near the showing in a reception or a parade."—Washington Star.

OLD PEOPLE OF ACTON NEED VINOL

It Strengthens and Vitalizes.

With old age comes feebleness and loss of power; the organs act more slowly and less effectually; the blood is thin and sluggish and watery; digestion is weak and food is not assimilated as it used to be.

Vinol repairs worn tissues and checks the natural decline. It tones up the digestive organs, aids assimilation, makes rich red blood, and strengthens every organ in the body. In this natural manner Vinol replaces weakness with strength.

Vinol is not a patent medicine but a delicious cod liver preparation which contains all the medicinal body building elements of cod liver oil in a concentrated form, taken from fresh cods livers, the useless oil eliminated and tonic iron added.

It is because we know so well of what Vinol is made that we offer to return money if it fails to benefit. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton.