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Poetry.

A BONG O' LOVE. Oh, lay your hand in mine, sweetheart and let us go a-Maying.
The woods are full of blossoms
the world is full of song. And down each fragrant pathway

And with your hand in mine sweet light, the way is never long Like summer is your sunny unite: like sunshine are your tresses ! Like rouse are your crimeon lips (and honey o' the bee).

And like an angel's whisper is the truth my love confesses-And, oh, my Love, 'tle summer the and will you marry me? . And the mocking birds are mating

The world is full o' life and love, oh dearest has of hases. And my happy heart le singing. "You are mine!" -Cella Myrover Robinson in Woman's Home Companion for May.

Belect Family Meading

A Question Of Honor

BY SARAH FRANCOS LINDSAY.

Meterenenenenenenenenen Desir With, Tom was late to warm under the hedelothes that he lay there full ten minutes after he heard the rising bell ring. He knew It was cold in the room. The frost on the window told him that, and as further tost he had raised his chie above the quilt and, opening his mouth. given a blg puff of broath. See it? Well, he just guessed he could! It was almost au white as steam. Bo be dropped down again into the warm bed for | used for extra wood. But no rememthose extra ten minutes.

breakfast.

lateness was unnoticed. his fur cap. "As you've lost so much | Thou, fingers growing cold in the keen late, you'd better begin making it up But it was too windy down on the directly home from school this after. bank, pulling great armfuls of the dry

wood-pile till you're called to supper." | as yet, for all the cold. On top of the If you had known Tom, you could grass went the twigs, and branches have told by the way he went about gathered from the edge of the wood lot his chores how hard the decision of his near, and then hits of discarded boards father was for him. He never whist- from the mill yard. Shouting and led, hughed, not made a joke the whole | chapping their hands, the boys luxur while. Milly, Tom's brother Jack's lated in the hot blaze, and then, as wife, noticed it just the way she always | died down, raced off to the locagain.

noticed things. "Jack," she said to her husband after Tom had gone out with the milk pulls, and she had begun to clear the a nod of his head toward the bank. ittle hard on Tom this morning? You | barn, calling you." know the skating will be fine to-day, the barn best night-the mill boys-and

bad ways. Milly, and he puts off this pathy that crept into her volce as she and that all the time, and works hap- | said: hauard; that is a very serious way of doing in father's eyes. But there's nowhere a man who means better by his

boys." Ob, I know that," Milly answered. But she sighed a little. Milly had always lived in the West herself, and though there was not a botter housekeeper to be found for miles around, 'Milly's nature, sunny. and sympathetic, was not quite capable of understanding the stern strength her father-in-law seemed to have inhorited intact from his Puritan ancostors. And Tom's mother was a Southerner, and Tom, the felt sure, was like his mother. It was four years now sluce Milly had married Jack and come to keep house on the Newton farm. But whatever Milly's inner thoughts might be, she was always loyal to Jack's father-always, But sometimes her heart went out to loving. care-free Tom a little pityingly, when

the father's determination and the boy's love of freedom clashed. She was alone in the kitchen when Tom re entered with a brimming milk boy in. Without turning, he gave the door a klok not quite strong enough to close it, and set the milk pull down on ed in. the table so bard some of the milk misshed over and trickled on to the

floor. Milly looked at the boy in de-"Oh, Tom," she orled, "you do things so carolustly!" And she hastened to wine up the spilled milk. "Please close the door. Won't you ever

"I'm a bear, Milly," he said ponitent ly. "It seems as if I was made to do things the wrong way. Jack would have set down that milk so ne not to have spilled a drop."

"And he would have shut the door, sald Milly, laughing. "Well, you'd better make yourself over." Then, as Tom went away, whistling, she murmured. "He has a cheery way, if he does do things bunglingly." Outside in the little woodshed near the house that served us a storeroom. Tom was strapping on his snowshoes,

when a clear key's whittle sounded is

his care. He slung his lunch pall on

over his shoulder, and staited toward the road. His seriousness was fast "Anyway, I win't going to think about it until after school," he muttered. "Father don't know how a boy say." feels, that's all." And he joined the

and talked with his usually winning | do." good nature, and ble eyes sparkled with the healthy joy of living.

He went through his recitations that marning none too perfectly; still, he ate his funch with relieb, and enjoyed every moment of the day with a spirit | were a mile from home, and heard the absolutely care-free.

of eager boys rushed out the door of that it couldn't be helped, and that the the little frame schoolhouse. "Now for the lee l' called out, Bam did not come to the foreground in th Jackson, pulling file cap vigorously matter as much as he had expected down over ble ears. "Did you know Mr. Newton had inade some remark

"Blg Head?" cried Tom. with pride over the news he had kept | would likely be along soon. to himself with such difficulty all day: pumped up wa'er from the hose at the kitchen table. mill. It's fine. I went round to see it

river last whilst P"

The excitament of the laye seemed to rush to their hade, and they began to cover the long stretch of snowy road much as he thinks I did. Probable it with remarkable speed. All but Tom! | would have all been burnt up if I had -his rate of motion remained even split it." lower than the customary morning page. For the second time that day | the boy's eyes. Milly would have liked his heart was heavy, and when Tom's to not her hand on the lad's and tell spirits did fall, nobody's felt lower.

skating time! Anyway, I'm not going of the boy. She could help him ir to harry myself. I'll work as slow as I can, so there won't be any great showing by supper-time."

For a foll minute Tom drank satisfaction from the vindictiveness of his it over night," she said. broakfast. It was so soug and thought. But that was about as long Tom drew a long breath, turned as any feeling of bitterness could last shurply, and made straight for his with Tom, and soon a new idea popped father. into his head, that utterly offseed the . A little later the fathers hand was former one. If he hurried as fast as he | on the hoy's head and the boy was could, there would be time before half standing with eyes fastened on his past four for him to take a look at the father's face with a look that was now

Off he went, his course taking him We never gain anything by taking adstraight by the house and around the vantage of circumstances to stand betbig hay barn, one and of which was for in the eyes of others than wereally berance in that moment came to Tom always feel that I can trust you alittle "I can make up the time," he assured about his fath 'r's decree. One glimpse himself mentally. "When it's cold I of the glistening ice, and then, somealways dress twice as quick." But he how, Tom never L low just how, he you. The insurance covers the loss, missed ble calculation and was late to was down among the happy skators but it's a bother. If it teaches you and a few moments later Jim Dodge, hove more care, there will be some No remarks were made about it, but having to go on an errand, tossed his thing accomplished." Then he added, Tom knew this did not mean that his skates over to Tom and the deed was "I'm glad you told me, Tom."

"You know, Tom, it's got to be stop- | For the first half hour it was glorious. ped-this being so late starting the Tom had never seen such ice, and the day," his father said as he turned for boys fairly flew over the surface. time at the beginning of each day of air, someone preposed building a fire. Milly. Somehow, he did not care to in hard work at the other end. Come river, so they went further up the this feeling of new gladness that was noon, and put in good work on the sedge grass, there having been no snow

> It was here that Tom's fun was interrupted. "Say Tom," catled Joe Blaine, with

table, "don't you think father was a "thore's your brother's wife by the Sure enough! There, on the bank, and the boys flooded the river back of stood Milly, with her shawl over her head. As Tom came toward her, bly the time out of school is little enough | cheeks glowing, his eyes sparkling, and his bright smile of welcome on ble face, tions, an account of the doings of Mrs. "Well, father is always therough the maternal compassion of the little Lane's family, which might be supwhen he does a thing. Tom's getting woman filled her heart with a sym-

> "Oh, Tom! Did you forget about the woodpile?" All the brightness faded from Tom's face, and he raised his big eyes, serious

and distressed. "I did: I forgot overy bit about it Milly-honest. Even as he spoke he began unfastening his skutes, and without another word from either of them, he lad the

"It was awful good of you, Milly. He understood better than If the had told him in words, how she was seeking to help him to be a good son-Tom hurried on ahead, and when Milly reached the house and glanced back she saw Tom working for dear life in the lean-to of the hay barn,

working as though he would gladly make up for lost time. "Maybe he will," she said, turning to her work. "If he works like a beaver, the paper. I think you'll enjoy readhe may do as much as though he had come straight home. But if he would only do as he should! He means well, her lap,

but fulls out by the way." Time passed quickly in that little pail. A cold blast of air followed the farm kitchen. Milly was surprised. when suddenly the door flow open and Tom, whitefaced and scared, rush-

up another pall. But all hope died in | write on their cards, opposite the num-Milly's heart, as, rounding the corner ber, the name of the animal they of the house, she saw the smoke puff- think represented. At the close each ing out from the born on the side near- marks his neighbor's card as the host est the river. The boys were there, reads the correct answers. A book for more palls to the mill. The wind | est correct list. was shead of them. It was only the place, around which toy and candy

got to go. There's no help for it." But the boys and men worked to the last moment and then they, too, stood THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE TIME. looking woman in my room sgain, nor back and watched the blazing hay full down In great house, and then the ... It is an interesting fact that it is the nine ragged Palmers.

could, Tom," Milly said,

All the way to school Tom laughed | the hig things duite as we little folks

But Tom dreaded his father's com-When he came, It was not quite at Tom had expected. Both Jack and Mr Newton heard of the fire when they probable cause of it, too. So they had At four o'clock, school over, a swarm talked the matter over settled the fact insurance would cover it. And so Ton the fellows flooded a long strip of the about hoping it would be a lesson to the boye about fire, and then the talk had again turned to the matter of le "Yes, sir i" returned Sam, swelling surance and as to whether the adjuster

But before goldg to bed Tom came to "The boys from the mill did it. They Milly, who was mixing bread at the "Milly, do you think I should tell

father about the wood not being split under what is on top? It's just the same how as though I had split as

blus it was not necessary, but she "I say, It's a shame cutting wood in | could not. No, not even for the love some things, but when it came to the question of honor, he must fight it out for himself.

"You might go to bed and think of

"Well, Tom, I am glad you told me.

are. I am glad you told mo. I shall more, knowing you did tell me. There, go to bed. It's been a hard tug for

Tom walked straight from the room. "If I over go back on father again," he muttered, "I hope I will not be there to see myself."

He did not stop for a word with see anyone, but just to be alone with his. He felt he had nover before quite known what his father was like. NOT BLAMELESS HERSELF.

old school friend, the held it, unopened. for a moment, and addressed her husband, who would have preferred to finish his morning paper in peace. "Thomas," said Mrs. Cumnings. Thomas, you'll have to read this for mo; you know both pairs of my glasses are at the optician's. You ought

to be glad, when you don't have to wear them," she added, moved to repreach by her husband's expression. "Oh, of course I am glad, delighted !" said Mr. Commings, hastily; and he proceeded to read, with many interup-

posed to interest her friend. "I thought so," said Mrs. Cummings, when the letter had been read, even to "Yours affectionately, Mary J. Lanc." "She never mentions that green-gage plum recipe. I've asked her for it in every lotter since April the twelfth and here it is June. Next time I shall write pretty severely. If she's lealing her memory she might as well realize it; and keep my letters at hand when

"Hullo, there seems to be an extra allo in here," said Mr. Cummings, as competiting in the envolope interfered with the return of the letter to its covering. He took out the slip and

"When you send me Anna Conant's address, for which I've asked you in overy letter since April eight, I shall be glad to forward the greengage recipe. Perhaps your husband will help-' or-my doar, there's a most interesting letter from Madrid in ing it," said the moreiful husband, as rural district visited the city to pur-

A ZOOLOGICAL PARTY.

A penoll together with a card numbored according to the guests present is given each one. 'A silp containing "The barn's on fire! They built the a number and the name of an animal fire to warm their hands-the boyet | Is also given each guest. One at a time they go to a blackboard hanging Quick as a fiash, Milly caught a pall | on the wall, and draw the animal for of water, and, seeing her, Tom caught | which the card calle. The others shouting like mad, and running wildly may be given the one having the near-

was keen, the air clear. The mill |. At the supper following, a miniature hands were soon at work, but the fire | Noah's Ark might form the centerspace of a short quarter of an hour be- animals should be grouped in profusfore all knew Milly was right when she | ion. Ribbons should run from the Woman's Home Companion for May, longed to help.

"Well, we have done the best we to apply to for help is the one who is there's times blood, create strength, our chronic supposed to have leisure. Those with for others, an' that Andrews woman is lought and colds and strengthen weak "Yes, but I don't know what father'll nothing to do soon get so that they without the sense to know the one lungs. can do nothing. Thank God if you from the other. What was the motto If Vinol falls to give satisfaction, to

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Items of Interest Oathered from Our leaue of May 17, 1888.

Important business-was transacted y the Municipal Council at last meet ing: The exemption of Beardmore & Co. from taxes was renewed for 10 years, the Company accepting at Assessment of \$5000 on personality In purenance of this the Company writes that they will proceed with the inlargement of their works, and also offer \$100 annually for 5 years, or a piesent payment of \$100 towards the coprovement of Mill-and Church Sts., used by them in temping.

Also new sidowalks were ordered to ber bullt as follows : 400.ft., Main. Tannery Hill. 408 ft., Mill. from Main to Park Aye. 110 ft., Wilbur from Mill to Bower Ave i 100 ft., Rigin, past drill

New culverto and new lamps also vere ordered. Also to advertise for tenders to

macadamiza Mill St. from Main to Guelph Hts. The ringing of the bell on Bundays was discontinued.

In the Public School Board on motion of Dr. Lowry and A. E. Nicklin, in comfortable and happy circum-Miss Cassle McPhall was allowed stances. It was the necessity of proleave of absence for 3 months in order viding food and clothing for my to attend Normal School, and her sister, Miss Maggie McPhail, was engaged as substitute.

Master Tom Sutton had one of his ingers hadly smashed under the wheel of a truck at Brown's saw mill last

Acton never looked tidler than Miss Bertha Ryder sustained fracture of her arm caused by her ekirt being caught on a fonce she was climbing, throwing her to the ground, with

ber full weight on her arm. The Township Council enlarged Lorne S. S. No. 12, Esquesing, by detaching the east halves of 80, 81, 82, in the 3rd con. from S. S. No. 13. This is a move in the right direction, but the section is too small as compared with sections generally in Halton.

The surviving trustees of the old

cometery have called a meeting of

persons interested, to fill vacancies on the board. Mosers. Arch. Campbell, Asa Hall, Alox. Grant and James Cain- If that great black gulf yawning beeron are the present trustees. The Pastimes won in a score of 124

Amith, Bell, Speight. James Lamb, son of Mr. Patrick rattle-bang of the ill-treated old over-Lamb, was killed about 6 miles from ture dances through your blood, and Glencoe, while working with a bridge the rolling up of the curtain on the gang. A temporary bridge on which audience at night le to you the megic the men were standing while laying blossoming of a mighty flower,-if the heavy iron girders gave way, and these are the things you feel, your fate all were precipated into the river, a is scaled. Nature is imperious, and heavy timber striking Mr. Lamb, and through brain, heart, nerve, she ories When the postman brought Mrs. killing him instantly. Deceased was to you? "Act !-act! - act! - other-Cummings her weekly letter from her 30 years old, more than ordinarily in- wise, keep off !"

was esteemed and respected by all lieve me, a loving mother's declaration, who know him Mr. James M. Bell, of Nassagaweys, out my daughter I' is sweeter and for the past two years un undergrad- more precious to the memory than the nate, of Toronto University, bus enter- | careless applause of strangers !

ed for the course at Guelph Business Mr. J. F. Taylor, once a partner with Mr. W. H. Storey in the harness business here, has sold out in Georgetown, and will remove to Listowell; Geo. Wilson, of Barrie, whose hushand was killed in the recent snowplough disaster, will be nained know that on Monday, Mrs. Wilso followed her husband, after a very short Illness. Thus four children are

heroft of loving parents within a very Limehouse cor. reports that Tayle Bros., lumbermen, of Toronto, have purchased from Messrs. John Robt. Brown, 45 nores of pine, and will remove their sawmill from Toronto

and be able to commence cutting this Bonn, -- In Acton, 15 May, to Mr. at Mrs. Donald Mann, a daughter. Bonn.-In Acton, 15 May, to Me and Mrs. Peter Masalas, a son. BORN,-In Acton, 16 May, to M and Mrs. W. R. Konney, a daughter. Right Rov. John Joseph Lynol

troublehop, of Toronto, died on Satur

day unexpectedly, from conjection

CAUGHT. Ma friend can bide a wee, but the fush A country merchant from a Western | winna." he returned Mrs. Cumming's letter to chave goods. His proper punishment for a shabby trick is recorded by one of

our exchanges. He bought a cheap but pretty table cauter for which he paid a dollar. On reaching home he put on its tag mark. In this climate die of consumption, is ed \$14, and made a present of it to Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The minister took and obronic colds and coughs ? the package bome after thanking the donor; but the next day he futched the cauter, with the tag attached, back

to the merchant, and said to him : "I um too poor in this world's goods to afford to dieplay so valuable a caster. on my table, and if you have no objection I should like to return it and take | consumption and all wasting diseases, fourteen dollars' worth of groceries in but, unfortunately, few could take it

its eteatl." assent to so reasonable a proposition.

cried, "It's no use! It's no use! It's no use! and ark to each cover, where a tlny teddy scientious visitor of the district, but medicinal body-building clements; of the brave little woman dropped her bear should mark the ladies' places, for various reasons she was not popu- cod liver oil actually taken from fresh pail and nursed her tired arm. "It's and a candy herse the gentlemen's .- | lar among the poor people whom she code tivers, without a drop of oil or "I don't want to see that peaked- tard its work.

NOT VERY PILLING.

I won't !" said the grandinother of cod liver oil or emulsions will do good, down-in great heaps, and then the hisy people who have time to do the lepping up of fresh flames as the dry busy people who have time to do the o'll read my Bible wid the hest o' tee Vinol will improve the appetite, extras. The last person in the world folks," went on the old lady, "but strengthen digestion, make rich, red biumae: P 'He fired with faith ! "

THE BROOK.

Rushing down the mountain, trembling through the vale. Sprinkling all the land about with

Hilding under houlders which dot the fill and dale. A little mountain brooklet pushed ite way.

helped to turn the mill-wheel of the mill upon the bank. It made some pools where children love to be, helped the merry fisher as his hook

and line he sank. And it whispered as it ran into the I'm glad I've holped the miller, and made the children dance; And I'm glad I made the fisher merry be t I'm glad I did a bit of work when duce

I had the chanes.

er sen." KEEP OFF THE STACKE SAYS

And now I'm glad-I've made a larg-

CLARA MORRIS. If any woman should know both the trials and rewards of stage life it is Clare Morris, Her obinion must have weight. Would I again adopt the stage? she asks in The Delineator for April. Never! Never in the world, if

mother and myself that drove me to thes age door, and it was the mercy of Heaven that awting it open for me. There is no disparagement of the stage intended. If I had a daughter I would prefer her not to be an actress. I should wish her an easier life, unless the fever of acting is in her very blood. Acting has nothing weird to offer in the line of danger. To be quite frank, all the possibilities of resisting or yielding to temptation lie with the girl hersolf. Every young woman who works for her living must est with her bread the bitter salt of insult. The stuge has great rewards for the few, -and great trials and tribulations for all ; and as I have advised many times before, if there is one among my readers to whom the dim and dingy half-light of the theater is dearer than sunlight; if the burnt-out air with its Indescribable odor is more welcome to your nortrile than could be the cloverscented breatly of the greenest pasture; yand the extinguished footlights makes your hourt losp up at your from the Actines, of Guelph, on Tues- throat; if without noting the quality day. Acton players .- Worden, War- and length of your part, just the plain, ner, Kelly, Storey, White, Kenney, hald fact of "acting something" thrills you with a nameless joy; if the

telligent, had a good education, and But, oh, my dears, my dears! be-"I don't know what I should do with-

HELP YOUR TOWN. A town that nover has anything to do in a public way is on the way to the constory. Any citizen who will do nothing for his town is helping to dig Her many friends in Acton, of Mrs. the grave. A man that curses the town furnishes the coffin. The man from his husiness to give to city affairs is making his shroud. The man who will not advertise is driving the hearss. The man who is always pulling back from any public enterprise throws bouquets on the grave. The man who is so stingy as to be howling hard times, preaches the funeral, sings

> the doxology, and thus the town lies buried from all sorrow and care.

THE PISH WOULD NOT WAIT. A Scotoh laird had an Englishman as his guest during the fishing season The Englishman, says Forest and Stream, was a novice at the sport. One day he honked a fine salmon and in his excitoment slipped and fel into the river. The keeper, seeing that he was no swimmer, hooked him with the guff and started to drag him

HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS.

"What are yo about, Donal? Get

hand o' the rod and look tae the fush

ushore . The faird called out :

Do You Fear Consumption When we take juto consideration the fact that one out of every seventh t any wonder that it is feared by the people of Acton who have weak lungs

A famous London physician has for years urged his patients, when the elightest tendency to consumption appeared, to take all the oud liver oil possible into their eystoms, and physiclass everywhere have recognized its value for coughs, colds, broughttis. and derive the full benefit from its use. The merchant could do nothing but on account of the indigestible grease which it contained.

We want every person in Acton to know the value of our new god liver preparation, Vinol. It actually con-Mrs. Andrews was the most con- take in a concentrated form all of the grease to unset the stomach and re-

. Therefore, wherever old-fashloned

"He'll eay; Buch things will happen," are busy of necessity, for that means she brought us yesterday, all in red our customers, we return money withhoys at the gate with his mand bright if he's wint I take him for," said Milly. that you will have time for the but- and gold betters, and we with compty out question. H. A. Robertson, Drug-

hand, cheap,