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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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The best at lowest prices.
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Raw furs have gone up in price; trappers get the benefit at
Lafontaine's Fur Establishment
95-97 Quebec St.
GUELPH - ONT.

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—AND—
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Our Prices are Always Right.
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Display Wisdom by Calling To-day
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Phone 571. 21 Wyndham Street
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J. N. O'NEILL'S
CARRIAGE WORKS
GEORGETOWN - ONT

Poetry.

AN EASTER SONG

The golden sun climbs up the sky,
The shadows flee away,
Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh,
God sends the Easter Day!
Long was that night, chill was the air,
And grief o'er brooded long,
Yet is the new world white and fair,
Uplift thine Easter song!

The cross that bowed thee with its weight
By strength of prayer is stirred,
Till it shall bear thee soon or late,
As wings upbear the bird.
The life that thrills from star to stone
And beats in leaf and stem,
Is wider than the heavens are,
And blesses thee from them.

Wert thou cast down, wert thou dismayed,
Dear child of One above,
Behold the earth in light arrayed,
The light of deathless love.
Oh! listen to the word that wakes
In every budding flower,
And take the bread the Master breaks,
In His triumphant hour.

For those who hear, and hearing yearn,
The King hath secrets sweet;
Their hearts within them thrill and burn,
They wait His coming feet.
Then swift the sun climbs up the sky!
The shadows keep away!
Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh,
God sends thee Easter Day.

Select Family Reading

Mabel Potter's Easter Bonnet

By Judith Smithson

"OF course, mamma, you couldn't be expected to appreciate that bonnet without seeing it. But there isn't an imported one in town that equals it. It is just simply heavenly!"

Mrs. Potter sighed. She was accustomed to Mabel's adjectives; but just now there came to her the vague doubt as to whether the two years she had given her daughter at Madam Fillagree's finishing school had really paid. It was not the first time that this thought had crossed her mind; but, as she glanced up at the pretty face, straightway her doubts were merged, as they were always sure to be, into the conviction that Mabel was the prettiest, most charming creature in the world.

"Yes, I dare say it is very pretty, dear," she said, speaking timidly; "but it is equal to an imported one in price, too, isn't it?"

"Dear me, mamma, how shockingly ignorant you are!" brushing out her fluffy, yellow bangs, and turning her head to one side to get the effect. "Why, an imported bonnet as handsome as that one would be worth a fortune. I saw Phyllis Carter's worth bonnet yesterday, and it's positively common—nothing but Brussels lace and a few velvet flowers; but it cost double what Miss Ducher asks for the mauve one."

"I wish you could have the bonnet, Mabel, but I really don't see how we can manage it. The bills for your birthday-dinner dance are not all paid yet, and there will not be another remittance until June. One of those cream chips, with half-blown roses, would make a very pretty Easter bonnet," looking proudly up at the delicately-tinted face, itself suggestive of a half-blown rose.

Mabel Potter shut her red lips very tight, and there was a flash of defiance in her blue eyes.

"Oh, yes; I suppose the chip would do well enough for Easter, or, for that matter, one could have a headache and stay at home. But a Patti concert is quite another affair. There isn't another girl on the avenue that wouldn't have just given her eyes to have had Victor Danner ask her to go, and I mean to make the most of my chances. My white silk and the mauve bonnet, with the wreath of English violets against my hair, will be awfully stunning. It isn't every girl that can wear violets against her hair," glancing complacently into the mirror. "Besides, violets are Victor Danner's favorite flowers. I suppose," she added, as she gathered up her scattered hair-pins and disappeared into the adjoining room, "that he's like all artists, very romantic, and dotes on golden hair and violets and all that sort of thing."

Yes, Mrs. Potter reflected, Mabel was right; she ought to make the most of her chances. It is true, this was not the brilliant marriage she had planned for her daughter; Victor Danner was not actually rich, but his blood was the bluest, and with his talent, he was sure to make himself a name. Then it was Mabel's third season out, and, while there had been beaux and admirers in plenty, there had never been an actual offer.

It was because she had not been able to give her idol the advantages her beauty deserved, Mrs. Potter told herself. Ah, it was very hard! And a tear stole down her cheek. Doubtless she would have been shocked had some one told her that the real reason why the admirers fluttered about only for a season and then tired of the play, lay with herself. If Mabel Potter was selfish and shallow, the fault was due to her training rather than to her nature. She was sweet-tempered and vivacious, and yet one could not be with her long without becoming conscious of a certain lack of that humor and womanliness that all the world prizes in woman.

Mabel was naturally kind-hearted, and yet so intensely selfish was she that she would readily sacrifice friendship and sacred confidence to further her own interests. She would not hesitate to tell the most unblushing fibs to her dressmaker or merchant to avail herself of some coveted luxury, or to risk a shop-girl the loss of her place in order to drive a sharp bargain.

Mabel came back into the room, buttoning her long Suede gloves, and looking very trim in her walking-suit.

"Mamma, I don't intend to buy that bonnet," noting the dejected look and the tears. "It's almost five now, and Miss Ducher closes her parlors at six. I shall happen in just about closing time; I shall ask her to let me bring the bonnet home, with the privilege of returning it in the morning if I do not like it. So I can have the use of it tonight, and that is all that I really care for."

Mrs. Potter was shocked. "Why, the plan was dishonorable. It would certainly be wrong of Miss Ducher to deceive her like this. But she did not say this. What she said was, merely:

"I am afraid that would be very hazardous, dear. What if Miss Ducher should find out—"

"But Miss Ducher will not find out," Mabel rejoined, lightly. "Poor milliners don't generally attend entertainments where the seats are ten dollars apiece. Though really," she added, "for one in her position, she seems quite a lady."

Just why Anna Ducher, the daughter of a Virginia statesman, whose culture had been much broader than his estates, should not have been as much a lady as Mabel Potter, the daughter of a moderately successful pork-packer, is a question which, perhaps, only our aristocratic democracy can answer.

But a few months had elapsed, since Miss Ducher had opened up her modest establishment, but those who had found her out were enthusiastic over her artistic creations.

Mabel Potter had been one of Miss Ducher's first customers, and had been greatly favored by the little milliner, because she had goshingly avowed her intention of telling "all her friends what perfectly sweet bonnets Miss Ducher sent out." In reality, she had done nothing of the kind. It would not be policy to do so, she argued. If Miss Ducher's patronage increased, her prices would be sure to increase in the same proportion. Besides, what was the use of getting bonnets that looked like imported ones, if every one knew that you bought them at an unpretentious shop on Dyke street?

It wanted just ten minutes of six when Mabel entered Miss Ducher's parlor. Already the girls in the front room were putting away the stock, preparatory to closing the shop. Mabel hurried back to where Miss Ducher was just putting the finishing touches to a saucy little chapeau of scarlet crepe, and deep red poppies.

"You have not sold the mauve bonnet?" she questioned eagerly.

"No, Miss Potter."

"How perfectly delightful! Well, I have concluded to take it—that is, if it really suits my face."

"Then you wish to try it on?" Miss Ducher said, rising and taking the dainty bit of tulle and violets from the case.

"Why, I came down town with that intention; but I've been shopping for hours, and my hair is simply horrid. But I will take it home, if I may, and if it should not suit—and there isn't a possibility of that—I will have my maid return it in the morning. I will just take it with me," she went on, in answer to Miss Ducher's offer to send it by the janitor of the building, who would pass Mrs. Potter's house on his way home at ten o'clock. "Where one is well known, it is not worth while to be so sensitive about being seen with a package."

It was worth all her scheming and planning, Mabel told herself, as she gazed triumphantly at the figure her mirror reflected that night. No wonder Victor Danner's artist's soul thrilled with delight as she came down, wearing on her bosom the great cluster of fragrant English violets he had sent her.

"If it were true that the outer being is the tangible expression of the inner, surely this fair exterior must hide a perfect soul," he reflected.

"Do you believe in fate, Miss Mabel?" he said, leaning forward, during a pause in the music.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," she murmured, blushing prettily.

"Why, that some persons are made for—for—some bonnets," he finished, laughing awkwardly; adding, in a lower tone:

"May I come to see you to-morrow? There is something I wish very much to say to you."

When Mabel awakened the following morning, it was very late, and the sun had been for a long time streaming in at the half-open blind. She was tired, and her head ached. On the dresser lay the mauve bonnet; somehow, in the glare of daylight, it's glory had departed. She must send Biddy to Miss Ducher'd with it at once; and, starting up, she rang the bell impatiently. But Biddy was out, Mrs. Potter was sorry, but she had quite forgotten the bonnet, and Biddy would not be back until luncheon. Perhaps they could get a messenger."

"No," Mabel declared, crossly, "I must take the bonnet myself."

For some reasons he was unaccountable nervous, and blushed a little, as she delivered the bonnet over to Miss Dunber, with the statement that "it was horribly unbecoming; indeed, she could not wear it over her braids at all."

On the steps she met Victor Danner. His face lighted, but he only lifted his hat, and passed on into the shop. What could be his errand here? she wondered. If his business were with Miss Ducher, would he think her pretty? Mabel was sure she was not, only sometimes men were wonderfully attracted by those vivid, Southern faces. After all, it did not matter. The prize was practically her own, and this afternoon would settle the matter.

Very pretty she looked that afternoon in her simple gown of softest gray, with only a bunch of violets where the Quaker folds revealed her white throat. They were not Victor Danner's violets. She had neglected to put them in water, so these had been sent up from the florist's not an hour ago. But he would not know, and he was sure to feel flattered that she had kept his flowers, she told herself.

But, somehow, Mr. Danner was very distrait that afternoon, and even the violets failed to call forth anything like enthusiasm. It was not until he was about to take his departure that he mentioned his errand. He was planning a great picture, his masterpiece, in fact; would she favor him with some sittings for the central figure? But Mabel was not to be thus deceived. She knew well enough that this was not the question that last night had trembled on his lips; and when he was gone, she went to her room, ready to cry for anger and disappointment.

She would not be at home to another caller that afternoon, she declared; and when, an hour later, Biddy Loone came up with the message that there was a lady in the parlor who would not go away without seeing her, she went down very reluctantly. At the door she paused, her heart sinking with terror. There, at the end of the sofa, sat Miss Ducher, a familiar-looking box upon her lap.

"I have called to return the bonnet which you wore to the opera last night," she said, rising, and looking unflinchingly into Mabel's face.

"I—I—. There seems to be some mistake," Mabel stammered.

"There seems to be, decidedly. I do not do a costuming business, nor do I wish to insult my customers by offering them goods that have been already worn. I trusted you, Miss Potter, but you have shamelessly abused that trust. I should not have known this, however, but for the fact that your escort designed that bonnet, and this morning called to congratulate me on having placed it so successfully."

"Mr. Danner!"

"Yes, Mr. Danner and I were students in the same atelier in Paris, and he sometimes designs bonnets for me. However, my call is of a purely business nature, and I will trouble you to attend to it at once."

Poor Mabel! It was too dreadful, and she was sure that she could never show her face in society again.

All her mother's coaxing, and even a promise of a summer at Bar Harbor, failed to allay the storm of tears. So the Easter Sunday headache proved a reality, after all. And when, a month later, Victor Danner dismantled his studio and left for New York, Mabel experienced a feeling of genuine relief.

It was not until late in the following winter that he was again heard of, when society was thrown into a fever of excitement over the news of his marriage, at Norfolk, to Miss Ducher, who had gone thither some months before. Then the story came out of how the two families had been friends in the ante-bellum days; how the young people had first met as students at Julien's, and how, by reverse of fortune, Miss Ducher had been forced to give up the esthetic art of making pictures for the more remunerative art of making bonnets. By an unexpected bequest, Victor Danner had become a rich man, and now they were about to sail for Rome, where they would pursue their beloved art together.

If Mabel Potter felt anything of chagrin over this denouncement, she gave no sign, but that night there disappeared from her dressing-room a box that for almost a year had occupied one of the shelves, and on Easter Sunday Biddy Loone rejoiced in the possession of a new bonnet. And yet I doubt if any of the three to whom it had so truly proven an instrument of fate would have recognized in the dispirited mass of tulle that adorned Biddy's flaming locks Mabel Potter's Easter Bonnet.

THE EASTER COMFORT

At Easter time we find great comfort in the thought that there is a personal relationship existing between God and ourselves in Christ. It has taken humanity a long while to believe that God cares for the individual life. The Jews were persuaded that He was concerned for the race, but they were very dim and shadowy in the thought that His providence has to do with separate men and women; and, as a consequence, when they tried to penetrate the veil of darkness overhanging the grave, their conception of immortality was exceedingly hazy and sadly unattractive. But Jesus at once shifts the emphasis, by laying stress upon the individual. He declares that the very hairs of our heads are numbered; He takes little children in His arms and says that it is not the will of the Father that one of these little ones shall perish.

We take great encouragement when we are made aware that God is dealing with us. You stand at the parting of the ways; roads lead off in different directions; you look at the sign-board, and it is mutilated or illegible; but if in your perplexity, you do the best you can in the light that is given you, if you are perfectly certain that your only wish is to go as God would have you go, what a comfort it is to believe that our honest and devout ignorance is the gleaming of the divine wisdom on our path!—H. P. Dowey.

THE CHICKENS DESERVED IT

Gladys, aged six, would never eat pie-crust, but would slyly hide the crust under the edge of her plate after having eaten the filling. One day her mamma saw her putting away the crust as usual, and thought to reprimand her by saying: "Oh, Gladys, mamma doesn't like little girls who do such things."

Whereupon Gladys said: "Well, mamma, I am saving it for the chickens. They like it and I don't, and they ought to have it, for they are better than I am; they lay eggs and I don't."—Delineator.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Free Pressings from Our Issue of April 11th, 1889

The roads have dried up very fast.

Spring seems to have arrived in real earnest.

Mr. W. J. King, grocer, is removing to the brick store, corner Main and Mill Streets, formerly occupied by Mr. T. Statham, baker.

Mr. John McMaster, who is about to remove to Washington Territory, has sold his house and lot on Mill Street in the east end for $700 to Mr. Benj. Anderson, Esquesing, who will shortly remove to Acton.

Mr. Hansman, a colporteur of the Religious Tract Society, preached earnest gospel sermons of exhortation in the Methodist Church on Sunday.

Berlin Council now requires all children of 15 years and under to be off the streets at 9 p. m., when the bell will be rung. Arrest for disobedience is to follow.

Crescent Lacrosse Club has been organized with these officers: Hon. Pres., Robt. Agnew; Pres., G. C. Clark; Vice-Pres., John Williams; Capt., John Lawson; Sec.-Treas., Robt. Anderson.

A new Base Ball Club is organized to be known as the W. H. Storey & Son B. B. C. The officers are: Pres., W. H. Storey; Manager, T. Francis; Capt., W. A. Storey; Sec., R. P. Wodehouse. The suits adopted are to be dark grey pants and shirt, garnet stockings and belts, white caps and monogram across breast. Open for engagements.

The old "charm string" collection of buttons is said to be easily used for a crazy brick. Cover the brick well with putty, softened and colored, and press the buttons into this, and if closely done the effect will be handsome. They make good guards for open doors.

The early closing by-law has been in force for about a year, and has been very successful. It gives time for legitimate family companionship, and gives employees necessary liberties not otherwise obtained.

Mrs. Wansbrough, mother of the postmaster at Binkham, died on March 28th, aged 66, and was buried at Alton, her grandsons acting as pallbearers.—Erin Advocate.

A man full of Crooks Act whiskey, was recently pulled off the railroad track at Mansewood just in time to escape being run over by a train.

The Milton Town Council is paying the uniform price this season of $12.85 for 2-inch pine plank, 1x1 pine and cedar scantling.

Mr. Geo. Anderson an old resident of Knatchbull, died at his home on the 4th con., Nassagaweya, on March 27th, in his 94th year. He was from Yorkshire, and settled in Nassagaweya in 1832. He was a quiet, unassuming and retiring man, but held in high respect and esteem. He leaves his wife, three sons and three daughters. Mr. Joseph Anderson, Acton is a son.

Messrs. Robt. Creech, John P. Worden and Warner Nicklin, left Toronto yesterday for the Northwest.

Mr. John Perkins is about to return to Acton from Gloversville. The glove city does not suit Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Robt. Craine is removing his family to Berlin this week. Our citizens generally regret their removal.

Miss Emma Moore has been engaged to teach the fourth department of the Public School, in consequence of Miss McDougall's removal, pending the engagement of another teacher.

BORN.—At Crewsons Corners, on April 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Crewson, a son.

BORN.—At Johnstown, N. Y., on March 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Janner, a son.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FARM CROPS

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1909 they are prepared to distribute into every township of Ontario material of high quality for experiments with fodder crops, roots, grains, grasses, clovers and fertilizers, as follows:

No.	EXPERIMENTS	PLOTS
1	Three varieties of oats	3
2a	Three varieties of six-rowed barley	3
2b	Two varieties of two rowed barley	2
3	Two varieties of hulless barley	2
4	Two varieties of spring wheat	2
5	Two varieties of buckwheat	2
6	Two varieties of field peas	2
7	Bumper and Spelt	2
8	Two varieties of soy, tolo, or Japanese beans	2
9	Three varieties of husking corn	3
10	Three varieties of mangels	3
11	Two varieties of sugar beets for feeding purposes	2
12	Three varieties of Swedish turnips	3
13	Two varieties of fall turnips	2
14	Two varieties of carrots	2
15	Three varieties of fodder or silage corn	3
16	Three varieties of millet	3
17	Two varieties of Sorghum	2
18	Grass peas and two varieties of vetches	3
19	Rape, kale and field cabbage	3
20	Three varieties of clover	3
21	Testing two varieties of alfalfa (lucerne)	2
22	Four varieties of grasses	4
23	Three varieties of field beans	3
24	Three varieties of sweet corn	3
25	Fertilizers with Swedish turnips	6
27	Sowing mangels on level, and in drills	2
28a	Two varieties of early potatoes	2
28b	Two varieties of medium ripening potatoes	2
28c	Two varieties of late potatoes	2
29	Three grain mixtures for grain production	3
33	Three mixtures of grasses and clover, for hay	3

Each plot is to be two rods long by one rod wide except No. twenty-eight, which is to be one rod square.

Any person in Ontario may choose any one of the experiments for 1909 and apply for same. The material will be furnished in the order in which the applications are received while the supply lasts. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice, for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce will, of course, become the property of the person who conducts the experiment.

C. A. ZAVITZ,
Director.
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, March, 1909.

AN EASTER OFFERING

Ring out, ring out, O Easter bell! Tell us the story of that day
When, hidden in earth's sheltering breast, our Lord, the Lord of glory, lay.

Ring sadly, sadly, O ye bells! Our heads with grief are bending low,
To think who gave such matchless love; to think, alas! who met it so.

Ring sweetly, O ye chiming bells! The Lord is risen—He lives to-day;
Swing, bliss, swing your fragrant cups; make glad His temple where we pray.

Send from the heavenly asphodels, O Lord, above these flowers we bring!
Fairest and purest things of earth—we offer them to Thee, O King!

SOME OBSERVATIONS

In a press notice speaking of an Ontario city, the writer states that while in the city there are many beautiful buildings, the public school does not proportionately share in beauty of architecture or surroundings. In my journeys through the country I have noticed that the same is true in the majority of cases. You may tell a school-house not only by the rows of windows, but by its general bare appearance and lackeganee of surroundings.

* * *

And yet under such circumstances and surroundings some half-dozen or more years of the most impressive and formative period of the lives of young people are largely spent. The country, however, is waking up more to the influence of environment on character, and educationalists are insisting more and more that a thing of beauty is not only a joy forever, but has a most salutary influence in shaping the trend of destiny.

* * *

Our local seat of learning, while comparing very favorably in external appearance with most to be found in the country, is not particularly noticeable for beauty of design or elegance of surroundings. True, however, the fine avenue of maples approaching from Main Street, presents in summer and autumn a sight almost unsurpassed in similar circumstances anywhere, and is something of which the community may justly feel gratified. But for an institution of the importance now attained by Acton Public School, as a seven-roomed school, attended daily by some two hundred and fifty or more of Acton's hope and pride, the managing board might well consider the suggestion of launching some wise and symmetrical improvements to enhance the beauty and usefulness of the place.

* * *

A gentleman from a distant part of the province, visiting during the winter in Acton, on noting the location of the school and its relation to the major part of the town, expressed great surprise at the roundabout way of access to it—that there was no cross cut street or lane leading straight to the centre of the town. While this may now seem strange, it must be remembered that when the school was first located there Acton was a different looking place from what it is now. The fathers probably had no idea that the little stone building which served so well the little hamlet clustered around the intersection of the second line, and Mill Street, as well as the farming community now served by the Lorne School, would ever come to be supplanted by a town of 2,000 population. Nor did they dream that it would ultimately become an adjunct to the brick building now serving the thickly populated town, stretching away out over the track, and out on to the Col. Allan farm. So that while the matter of an additional inlet and outlet might be a matter for steep in the minds of trustees in coming years, the first plan was not unreasonable at all.

* * *

The same might be said in reply to the suggestion that the grounds are too small. A two-roomed school of forty or so years ago did not require a campus of the size necessary to provide an outlet for the vigor and spirits of a seven-roomed one. The gospel of play for growing children is much advocated in these days as being conducive to health of both mind and body, and if Acton was not now pretty well debentured, the addition of another acre or so would be a very salutary act.

* * *

But all these things would mean taxes. Still, as the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, so the things which endure are of more account than the things which are transient, and money is not permanent.

Observer

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