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MAKES IT SPIN OUT
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Poetry.

A GARDEN IN WINTER

A dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
Said she meant to plant flowers the whole livelong day,
"The weather is cold, and 'tis winter, I know,
But I'll try it," she said, "and I think that they'll grow!"
When the baby fell down, she was first to his aid,
She gave him a kiss, did this sweet little maid.
"Jump up, and don't cry, for I love you," cried she.
And so Johnny-jump-ups bloomed gally you see.
'Twas a chill winter's day, yet once in a while
A sunflower blossomed, and that was a smile—
Sweet peas were her thank you, and other kind words,
And the song that she sang flutted light as the birds.
The home was a garden; the light in her eyes
Made it blossom with daisies in spite of chill skies;
And when grandpamma said there was something to do
Forget-me-nots started so gentle and true.
The dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
Went about planting flowers the whole livelong day.
"You're a flower yourself," said her papma at night,
"My dear little heart's ease, my ladies' delight."

Select Family Reading

Grandmother Hollister and Her Six Brides-Maids

By W. S. Birge

THE three grand-daughters of Grandmother Hollister received a letter one morning which threw them into a state of excitement. It was from their grandmother, inviting them to her wedding.

"Read it again, Hester; perhaps we don't understand it as grandmother means we should," said Pauline, as the three stared at each other in blank amazement at the most unlooked-for message. "Our grandmother married again!" said Mary.

"It cannot be!" ejaculated Pauline.

And so, incredulous and curious, they listened carefully to Hester's second reading of the little missive.

It was beautifully written in their grandmother's precise, old-fashioned hand, just as neat and dainty as she was herself:

"CHESTNUTFIELD FARM, June, 10.

"My dear granddaughters, Hester, Pauline and Mary: This is to let you know that I wish you all three to make me a short visit during the last week of this month."

"On the 28th of June I expect to be married to Mr. Phineas Peterly, a most estimable gentleman. I have written to your cousins,—Mary—and Abbie Hollister, in Albany, and to your cousin, Mary Stevens, in Hartford, to be with us. It is my desire that my six grand-daughters shall attend me to the altar. Bring simply-made white muslin dresses. I have some fine old lace with which you may trim them, and I will give you sashes and fans.

"Mr. Peterly will come over to meet you with the carriage, at Chestnutfield Farm station, on Thursday afternoon, the 22nd—four o'clock train. You will find him somewhat my junior, but years are of small account where the heart is concerned.

"Your affectionate grandmother,
"MARY HOLLISTER."

Again they sat in silent astonishment.

"Phineas Peterly! Pauline murmured, at length.

"Phineas Peterly! Mrs. Phineas Peterly! Who ever heard of such a dreadful name!" cried Hester. "Can you imagine it belonging to our grandmother, girls?"

"I should think not!" cried Mary, promptly. "The idea! She can never be to us anybody but Grandmother Mary Hollister. And that name so fits her. Mrs. Phineas Peterly, indeed!"

"Well, it would seem it is never too late to make a fool of one's self!" said Hester.

When gentle Hester could express herself so vigorously against the doings, of Grandmother Hollister, the other two sisters felt the situation was indeed a serious one. At last Pauline said:

"Who can he be? We have never even heard of any Phineas Peterly around Chestnutfield. Can he be some fortune hunter—"

"Don't!" cried Hester, lifting her hand imploringly. "Don't mention such a thing in connection with Grandmother Hollister."

But Pauline's big black eyes flashed mutinuously as she replied:

"How else can you account for it? To think—"

"Don't let us think!" said Hester. "It's something that one does best not to face until he has to!"

"And six bridesmaids!" cried Pauline. "Six! Like any young belle! The tears were now in the black eyes. "You can say what you like, Hester, but if Grandmother Hollister is to make a fool of herself at her time of life and we six girls are to stand a baulking to it, I think the sooner we face the matter and get used to it, the better."

There were tears of mortification in the other two pairs of eyes now. Dearly these three loved their Grandmother Hollister. She had stood in their lives for all that was perfect. She was the mother of a mother but faintly remembered. And the girls' annual visit to her beautiful home was something looked forward to with eager delight. This visit often took place in October, when crimson and golden leaves decked the trees, and heaps of chestnuts waited for them when the first frost should come. But now they were to go in June, and to attend the wedding of their grandmother. They refused to entertain the invitation with pleasure.

Ever since they could remember, their grandmother had lived, a widow, alone with her men and her maids, in her girlhood's home. Yet she was not often alone, either, for she dearly loved to see the youthful faces of her children's children gathered about her hearthstone, and guests were seldom absent from Grandmother Hollister's home.

The girls now could not help wondering whether this delightful state of things would continue after their grandmother had become Mrs. Phineas Peterly. And their utter ignorance of anything concerning this gentleman did not help to answer their natural queries.

It happened rather unfortunately that their father was away from home for an absence of some months just at this time. So they had only their Aunt Edith to discuss the all-important matter with, and she, being their father's sister—knew very little about Grandmother Hollister's friends. But she listened very good naturedly to their endless surmisings and conjectures, as the girls sat together sewing on their muslin gowns. In her gentle way, their Aunt Edith counseled them not to make up their minds too positively one way or the other, until they really knew something more of the facts of the case.

"He may be the nicest gentleman in the world," she declared.

"And rich too, girls! Only think!" cried Pauline.

"Yes, he may be," assented Mary, rather dolefully, "but I should be better satisfied with him, whatever he is, if he were only one day older than grandmother! It does look so, to see an old lady with a young husband! And grandmother says he's younger!" And again tears of vexation filled Mary's eyes.

"Yes," said Hester, giving a gasp, "and we've been so proud of the fact that our Grand-mother Hollister always does—well, the correct thing, you know."

It was hard for the girls, even Aunt Edith agreed, and she did not wonder that they felt hurt over it.

When at last the day came for their departure, the girls were indeed far from making a festive party, much as they enjoyed travelling. But as their arrival at Chestnutfield Station drew near, their diverted thoughts again clustered around their prospective step-grand-father and they wondered afresh how he would look and act, and whether or not they should like him.

They were the only passengers who left the train, and, on looking around, they saw no one resembling in the slightest degree Mr. Phineas Peterly, their expected escort. In fact, no one at all was to be seen except the ticket agent and a burly baggageman, who was proceeding to stand their trunk upon end in a most summary manner.

They passed through the small but tidy waiting-room, and walked the length of the platform. No carriage was there, nor any living thing. They could look down the country road in one direction for a long distance, but to the right it disappeared, not far away, around an abrupt curve. There was not a house nor even a chimney in sight. But they knew something of the place, and Hester was just about to make a suggestion that they start out on the road and let Mr. Phineas Peterly pick them up when the sound of rapidly approaching wheels fell upon their ears, and they saw a light mountain wagon coming quickly around the bend in the road, and in it were three young men.

The foam-covered horses were driven up close to the platform, and the eyes of the girls eagerly searched the faces of the newcomers, one after the other. No! These were young men. They could have no connection with the matter in hand. But the three youths, having hitched the horses, conferred hastily together, and then one of them advanced toward the waiting girls, closely followed by his two companions. When quite near, they all three bowed gravely, and the one in advance said:

"We feel quite sure these are the Misses Dudley, whom Mrs. Mary Hollister, of Chestnutfield Farm, is expecting to-day. Allow me to introduce myself as Phineas Peterly, her—"

The speaker did not finish the sentence. He was silenced by the blank looks which met his announcement. Hester's cheeks had grown white, while Pauline gasped as she clutched at Mary's arm. Had their dear grandmother gone crazy! A boy like this—Phineas Peterly! The three girls stood amazed, while the young men looked at each other in astonishment.

"Am I mistaken?" inquired Mr. Peterly, courteously, glancing from one girl to another. "Are you not Mrs. Hollister's—"

But Pauline broke into his speech hotly.

"You are quite right, Mr. Peterly. I am Pauline Dudley; these are my sisters, Hester and Mary. Grandmother wrote us that—that—"

In spite of her efforts at self-control, her voice quivered. Never would she have believed it of their Grandmother Hollister!

Mr. Peterly bowed politely, though somewhat confusedly.

"Mrs. Hollister expected that you would be met promptly on the arrival of the train, but unfortunately we met with unavoidable detention on the way. Allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Phineas Peterly, and also to another cousin of the same name." As he spoke, he turned to ward his companions, who stepped forward and bowed courteously.

If the minds of the three girls had been bewildered by the appearance of so youthful a step-grandfather elect in the person of the first Mr. Phineas Peterly, what words shall describe their chaotic condition when they were confronted with three gentlemen bearing this singular appellation?

Mary's sweet face grew utterly expressionless, and Pauline drew her breath deep, and then broke into a laugh. Hester alone seemed able to keep her balance. And, looking at her, the face of the first young Phineas showed relief.

"It is rather confusing, is it not?" he said, turning to laugh with Pauline. "Perhaps it will help you if I tell you that we are usually designated in the family as Phin, Pilmy and Phineas."

He pointed to himself, and each of the other two as he spoke.

Irrepressible Pauline laughed until the tears ran down her face. "Just like a Latin noun!" she said. "Phin, Phimy, Phineas!"

Then they all laughed together, and the girls would have felt entirely at their ease could they have forgotten the puzzling question, which stared them persistently in the face:

"Which is the Phineas Peterly?"

As for Hester, she hoped that he might prove to be the tall one, who wore eyeglasses and looked a little like a minister. "But, suppose," she thought, "he should turn out to be the one in the white flannel suit, with the jauntiest of caps set well back on his head?"

It all seemed like a dream to the three girls, as, safely ensconced in the carry-all, they began their trip.

But Pauline, for one, was nearly frantic with disapprobation. "To think of dear Grandmother Hollister, fair and stately in spite of her more than sixty years, losing her mind!" she murmured to herself, as the light talk of the youths went on around her. "It makes no difference which of the three it is—no difference whatever! I, for one, will never overlook it."

At last she began to realize that she was behaving in a decidedly ill-bred manner. It was clearly her duty to put away distracting thoughts, and be at least decently civil to their escorts.

The sun was just setting in brilliant splendor, and throwing its last radiant beams against the windows of dear old Chestnutfield farmhouse, as they drove through the great gates and up the winding, elm-shaded avenue.

There, on the broad stone portico, stood their grandmother. A sweet welcome spoke from her eyes, and how young she looked in her new-found happiness! What if her hair was silted with snow? She was simply lovely! Each of her young guests agreed to that, even as the stately beauty they looked upon made their hearts beat in more defiant disapprobation.

"But you look tired, dears," the one who was welcoming them affirmed, glancing from one flushed face to another.

The girls protested. But each half drew back as Grandmother Hollister said, leading the way to the wide reception hall:

"Let me introduce you, my dears, to Mr. Phineas Peterly."

Three girls stood with wide-open eyes gazing at the one before them. Grandmother Hollister's face was now the one that wore a flush of resentment. "Hester, Pauline, Mary!" There was pained reproof in the voice. "Mr. Peterly is a lifelong friend of mine; welcome him back from India—" The grandmother's voice broke.

And then it was Hester who came to the rescue.

"Indeed, indeed, we do welcome him!" she cried, extending her hand to her grandmother's white-haired dignified guest.

"Indeed we do!" echoed Pauline, while Mary lifted the extended hand and laid it against her burning cheeks.

In their own room, with Grandmother Hollister shut in with them, the storm of explanation broke.

"It's the three Phineas Peterlys, grandmother, that did it!" cried Mary.

"The three you sent! How could we know there was a fourth?" put in Pauline.

"And all three were so young, grandmother dear!" added Hester. "And, you see, you said in your letter that Mr. Phineas Peterly was younger than you."

The statliness of the grandmother gave way, and down on the divan of pink-and-white roses she sank and joined the girls in their merriment.

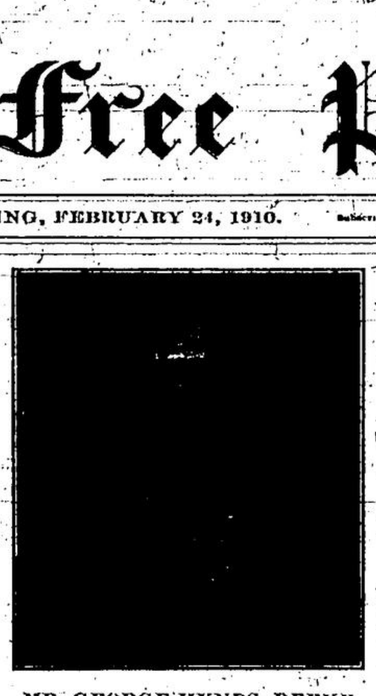
But when it was over and Grandmother Hollister had gone below, bound by a promise "never, never to let Mr. Phineas Peterly or any Peterly know," Pauline arose in all her young mightiness and looked her sisters full in the face.

"It's all very well for us to charge it up to there being so many Phineas Peterlys, but you know very well we lost faith in grandmother before Phin, Pilmy and Phineas came upon the scene. And grandmother such a dear!"

"Yes," said Hester. "When we set out to think we know more than our Grandmother Hollister, one of us will do well to remind the others, as well as herself, of the 22nd of June when—"

"Three girls made fools of themselves!" broke in Mary.

Just before sunset on the following day, Grandmother Mary Hollister, surrounded by her six granddaughters, walked to the altar before which she had been baptized and made a girlish bride, and was given into the keeping of Mr. Phineas Peterly, who looked very proud and happy as he led her down the broad aisle after the ceremony.



MR. GEORGE HYNDS, REEVE

No other citizen has given more of his busy time in an official capacity for the administration of Acton's affairs than His Worship, Reeve Hynds. Of the 43 years in which he has called Acton his home, Mr. Hynds has spent 10 years as an official of the municipality, at the request of the electors. For thirteen years he was continuously a member of the Board of Education. He was chairman of the Board in 1901 when the corner stone of the two-story four-roomed addition to the school was laid. He was for two years a member of the Board of Health; was three years a Councillor, and was Reeve of the municipality when the macadam roads were built under the supervision of the Deputy Minister of Public Works in 1908. He was re-elected a member of the Council in 1909, and for this year again honored with the position of Chief Magistrate. No member of the Council or Board of Education has ever given more careful, painstaking and intelligent attention to the affairs under his charge than has Mr. Hynds. He is this year for the first time a member of the County Council, and is chairman of the Committee of Education of that important body.

Reeve Hynds is the son of the late George Hynds, Sr., who was for many years an esteemed resident of Acton. Guelph was his birthplace, and he came to Acton with his parents when eleven years of age. In 1871 he was apprenticed by indenture to learn the trade of watchmaking in Orangeville and served five years. On May 4th, 1874, Mr. Hynds commenced business in Acton in jewellery and fancy goods in the store now occupied by Robert Noble as a tailor and feed store—the post office being in the rear and in charge of Postmaster Matthews. He has consequently been in business here for thirty four years.

THE GOD OF ANSWERED PRAYER

Stars that blaze across his sky,
To the Christian's sight;
So the answered prayers stream by,
Flooding him with light.

How they gleam, and glow, and shine—
Wondrous answers all;
Every one a special sign
For a special call!

Looking back o'er life's long way,
Christians show their power!
Answered prayers for every day
And for every hour.

Dare to doubt their marvels out,
Thus a triumph win;
Challenge thus a world of doubt,
And gain a victory over sin.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Some Well-Remembered Names and Other Interesting Matter Recalled From Free Press Columns of February 27th, 1890

A cord of white oak, chopped down and sawed up by her own hands, was recently sent to a Philadelphia doctor by a young lady, as an evidence of her cure from nervous invalidism by following his advice in living an open-air life in the woods.

The Dundas Standard publishes a letter from Harber and Ellis Co., Toronto, complimenting Mr. Watson, proprietor, on its appearance remarking that "we know no paper in Ontario, excepting the ACTON FREE PRESS, that equals it." The Standard in referring to the letter says, "We have always striven to attain excellence, and the above unsolicited tribute from the largest paper handlers in Canada, is, as may be expected, thoroughly appreciated by us."

"God's finger touched him and he slept." Rev. Donald Boyd Cameron died at the home of Mr. Peter Munro on Tuesday—At his death the whole community mourned. Congestion of the lungs, following la grippe which he had taken in Toronto was the cause of death. He was a native of Inverness, Scotland, and was 73 years of age. In his young manhood he was a teacher and later studied in Edinburgh in literature and classics, leaving that University well versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Gaelic and French. He afterwards taught until he came to Canada about 1857. For two years the student and teacher became dry-goods merchant, but, it was an uncongenial vocation, and he returned to teaching. Studying theology, when his course was completed, he was for a time a Presbyterian student missionary. He was ordained and inducted into the Bradford charge in 1869, remaining until 1875, when he became minister in Acton. Here he labored for ten years, and on retiring, gave occasional service to needy fields, but was specially engaged on his works, "Discourses on Ephesians," a 570-page work issued in 1885, and "Discourses on Hebrews," a two-volume work issued last year. As may be seen, he was a man of great energy, strong will and indomitable perseverance, a warm-hearted and much appreciated friend.

A township S. S. Association for Esquesing was organized in Georgetown on Friday, under instructions by Mr. Alfred Day, Provincial Secretary. The officers are: President—G. H. Kennedy, Georgetown; Vice-Pres.—H. P. Moore, Acton; 2nd Vice-Pres.—W. S. Hall, Hornby; Sec.-Treas.—Rev. James Argo, Norval. Rev. A. W. Richardson presided and Revs. Dr. Gifford and Argo spoke in the evening.

A five-mile skating race between Speight, of Berlin, and Phelan, of Toronto, was won by the Toronto man. Speight led for four miles, but at four and a half was overtaken, Phelan leading at the finish by about 20 feet.

In the Municipal Council applications for position of assessor were received from Messrs. Duncan Kennedy, J. Henry Smith and Donald McDonald. The by-law was passed with the name of the former inserted as assessor.

MARRIED—At the home of Mr. John Stalker, Esquesing, by Rev. Dr. Gifford, Mr. William Thompson, to Miss Janet Ross, both of Esquesing.

MARRIED—At the home of the bride's father, Rosedale, on February 19th, by Rev. J. T. David, assisted by Rev. J. W. Rae, Acton, brother-in-law of the groom, Dr. S. A. McKeagie, Wellandport, to Effie, eldest daughter of Alanson Moote, Esq.

WHEN TEMPUS DIDN'T FUGIT

Little Helen, during the three years of her life, had never been separated from her elder sister night or day for more than a few minutes at a time; but at last the time came when sister went away for a whole day. The child tried every game and occupation that she knew of, and a new one or two suggested by her mother, but they all palled.

Finally she gave up and stood and looked sadly out of the window. Then she sighed deeply and said:

"It's still the same old day, isn't it, mother?"—Woman's Home Companion.

PLAYING SUFFRAGETTES

The stranger in the public playgrounds noticed that the little boys were giving the little girls a wide berth on this particular morning. "That's queer," he mused. "Say sonny, I thought you little boys and girls played together?" "We do sometimes," enlightened the youngster on the sandpile, "but not to-day." "And why not?" "Cause it is as much as we can do to keep out of their way. They are playing suffragettes and making believe we are policemen."

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE

A little Scotch boy on being rescued by a bystander on the dock from the water into which he had fallen expressed heartfelt gratitude saying: "I'm so glad you got me out. What a lickin' I wad have free my mither if I had been drooned!"

You cannot tell how high a man's pluck is by the number of pious quotations he makes.

SAVED HER HAIR

Zam-Buk Cured Scalp Eczema

If you have eczema, ringworm or any scalp sore, do not permit your hair to be cut off without first trying Zam-Buk. Mrs. David Monteith, of 121 Bertrand Street, Norwood, Winnipeg, says: "My daughter contracted eczema of the scalp, and this broke out regularly for three years in succession. It would probably have been recurring yet each season had it not been for Zam-Buk. The eczema first started with an outbreak of little red, watery pimples, which turned into large sores. We consulted a medical man, and tried lotions, powders, salves and all kinds of things but in vain.

"Each time the disease appeared her hair had to be cut off. When this had been done three times a friend suggested that, as other things had failed, I should try Zam-Buk, instead of again consulting a doctor and going through the old and ineffective programme. I acted on this advice and obtained some Zam-Buk. Almost as soon as this was applied the child experienced relief. The itching and irritation seemed to be soothed, and in several places, after some days' treatment, there appeared marked signs of improvement so we thought we would not this time cut off the hair.

"We kept on applying Zam-Buk, until in a few weeks it was very evident a complete cure was being effected. In the end all the sores were healed, the hair over the affected parts had grown again, and at the present time her scalp is healthy and quite free from every trace of sore or eczema." The same healing virtue is responsible for cure of ulcers, abscesses, running sores, cuts, cracks, scalds, burns, piles, abrasions, etc. For children's rashes there is nothing to equal Zam-Buk, as it is so pure. All druggists and stores at 50 cents box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

HIS FIRST KNICKERBOCKERS

Little Robert and Jim, the grocer's delivery man, were great friends; and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers, he waited eagerly in front of the house for Jim's coming. But the delivery man, when he came, hailed himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully, if various conscious positions, until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at last, "is your horses afraid of pants?"

NOT WHAT YOU EXPECTED

Press me closer, closer still,
With what fervor you can master!
All my nerves responsive thrill,
Press me closer—mustard plaster!
—Judge's Library.