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H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Paint Brushes of all kinds
C. C. Speight
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We also carry a splendid stock of Groceries and Confectionery.
Ice Cream, and all kinds of Fruit in season.
T. Statham & Son
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Poetry.

SEVEN BIRDIES ON A BOUGH

Seven birdies on a bough
Sang a song together.
"Spring is here!" they blithely trilled,
"All the air's with sunshine filled,"
Sing your sweetest, birdies, now—
"Hey for April weather!"
Seven birdies on a bough
Sang this song together.

Seven birdies on a bough
Huddled close together;
All the air with snow was filled
All their tiny toes were chilled,
Where's the tuneful chorus now?
Where's the sunny weather?
Seven birdies on a bough
Shivered all together.

Seven birdies on a bough
Hoarsely chirped together:
"Seven April fools are we,
To the sunny south we'll flee
By the great 'Through Air Line' now—
This is dreadful weather!"
Seven birdies on a bough
All took wing together.

Select Family Reading

JOHN BROOM'S HIGHLANDER

By Mrs. Ewing

JOHN BROOM was wandering about one day when he came to some fine high walls surrounding buildings, so curiosity led him inside. The first man he saw was the grandest looking he had ever come across. Indeed, he looked more like a bird than a man—a bird with a black crest. He was very tall. His feet were broad and white, like the feathered feet of some plump bird; his legs were bare, and brown and hairy. He was clothed in many colors. He had fur in front, which swung as he walked, and silver and shining stones about him. He held his head very high, and from it dropped great black plumes. His face looked as if it had been cut—roughly, but artistically—out of a block of old wood, and his eyes were the color of the summer sky. To his amazement this grand creature beckoned to him with a rather dirty hand.

"Yes, sir," said he, stating up at the splendid giant with eyes of wonder.

"I'm saying," said the Highlander, confidentially, "I'm confined to the barracks, ye ken, and I'll gie ye a hawpenny if ye'll get this bottle filled wi' whusky. 'Roun' the corner ye'll see the 'Britain's Defenders.'"

At this moment he erected himself, his eyes looked straight before him, and he put his hand to his head, and moved it slowly away again, as a young man with more swinging grandeur of furs and plumes, and greater glitterings of gems and silver, passed by, a sword clattering after him.

It was the beginning of fresh life for John Broom. With many homeless boys he haunted the barracks, ran errand for the soldiers, principally to fetch liquor. In arms and pockets he would sometimes carry a dozen bottles, and fly back from the canteen without breaking one. The soldiers standing at the bar would often give him a drink out of their pewter pots. It choked him at first, then he got used to it, and liked it, and came to feel rather proud of lying his own two pence on the counter, and emptying his own pot of beer. He was doing this one day, when the pewter was knocked out of his hand and the big Highlander's hand was laid on his shoulder, and bore him twenty or thirty yards away from the place in one swoop.

"I'll trouble you to give me your attention," said the Highlander, when they came to a standstill, "and to speak the truth, did ye ever see me the worse for liquor?"

John Broom had several remembrances of the clearest kind to that effect, and so he put his arm to shield his head from the probable blow, and said, "Yes, McAlister."

"How often?" asked the Scotchman.

"I never counted," said John Broom; "pretty often."

"How many good conduct stripes do you ken me to have lost of your sin knowledge?"

"Three, McAlister."

"Is there a finer man than me in the Regiment?" asked the Highlander, drawing up his head.

"That there's not," said John, warmly.

"Our sairgent, now," drawled the Scotchman, "wad ye say he was a better man than me?"

"Nothing like so good," said John Broom, sincerely.

"And what do you suppose, man," said the Highlander, firing with a sudden passion, till the light of his clear blue eyes seemed to pierce John Broom's very soul, "what do you think has hindered me that I'm not a sairgent when you man is? What has keeplt me from being an officer, that had served his country in two battles, when our quarfermaster hadn't enlisted? Who gets my money? What lost me my stripes? What gars a hand that can grip a broad-sword tremble like a woman's? What fills the canteen and the kirkyard? What robs a man of his health, and wealth, and peace? What rules weans and women, and makes mair hames desolate than war? Drink, man, drink! The deevil of drink!"

"It was not till the glare in his eyes paled that John ventured to say, "Why don't you give it up?"

The man rose to his full height, and laid his hand heavily on the boy's shoulder, and his eyes seemed to fade with a pitiful, weary look. "Because I canna," said he; "because, for as big as I am, I canna. But for as little as you are, laddie, ye can, and, heaven help me, ye shall."

That evening he called John into the barrack-room. He had a little wooden box in his hands.

"What money have ye, laddie?" he asked.

John Broom pulled out three halfpence, and the Scotchman dropped them into the box, turned the key, and put it into his pocket, and giving the box to the boy.

"Ye'll put what ye earn in there," he said, "and I'll keep the key."

It was a bitterly cold winter, and one night John Broom slipped into the guard room to warm himself by the fire. The sergeant was telling the story of a friend who had slept at his post on such a night as this from the effects of cold and drink. It was war time, and he had been tried by court-martial and shot for the offence. The man's voice was faltering, when the tale was cut short by the jingling of the field officer's accoutrements as he rode by to visit the outposts.

In a moment John had fled, for as he listened to the sergeant's tale an agonizing fear smote him for his friend McAlister. Had he kept himself from the whisky? Officers were making their rounds at very short intervals just now, and if drink and cold overcame him at his post? He flew as the crow flies across the fields to where McAlister was on duty. He reached the three cross roads, and the Highlander was asleep in the ditch; but when, with jingle and clatter, the field officer of the day reached the spot the giant Highlander stood like a watch tower at his post, with a little snow on the black plumes that drooped on his shoulders.

A week or two after, McAlister lay in a little hospital bed which barely held his long limbs—such a wreck of giant powers of body and noble qualities of mind as the drink shops are preparing for the hospitals every day. His blue eyes brightened as John Broom came in, and he held out his hand.

"I want to save ye, bairn," said he, tenderly, "for it was the thought of a' ye risklt for me at the three roads that made me consider wi' myself that I've ablins been turning my back all my wilfu' life on love that's bigger than a man's deservings. It's near done now, and it'll never lie in my poor power so much as rightly to thank ye. It is strange that a man should set such store by a good name that he does not deserve; but if only blessings o' mine could bring ye good they're yours, that saved an old soldier's honor and let him die respectit in his regiment. The minister's been here this morning, and he's just directed me to put my trust in the Father of us a'. I've sinned heaviest against Him, laddie, but his love is stronger than the lave. Is there a Bible on yon table? Could ye read a bit to me?"

"I can't read big words, McAlister; I wouldn't learn."

"Aye, aye, well ye'll gang hame, promise me, promise ye'll gang hame, and then ye'll learn," said the Highlander, in gentle tones.

"I'll never get home," said John, passionately. "I'll never forgive myself that I couldn't read to ye when ye wanted me, McAlister."

"Gently, gently," said the Scotchman. "Dinna daunt yoursel' overmuch wi' the past, laddie. An' for me—gin He forgi'es, He'll forgi'e me; but it's not a prayer up, or a chapter down, that'll stand between me and the Almighty. So dinna fret yoursel', but let me think while I may."

Just at midnight he raised himself. They were playing the old year out with "Auld Lang Syne," and the Highlander beat the time with his hand, and his eyes gleamed out of his rugged face in the dim light as cairngorms glitter in dark tartan. There was a pause after the first verse, and, turning to where John sat, he said, "Ye'll mind your promise, and gang hame?" And after a while he repeated the last word:

"Hame."

But as he spoke there settled over his face a smile so tender and full of happiness that John held his breath as he watched him. As the light of sunrise creeps over the face of some rugged rock, it crept from chin to brow, and the blue eyes shone tranquil, like water that reflects heaven. And when it had passed it left them still open, like gems that had lost their ray.

SPARKLES

Village Constable to villager who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist)—"You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?"

Villager—"I did; but I don't think to 'eard me."

Moculster—"And why didn't ye come to the kirk last Sawbath?"—Sandy—"I had nowt but a shillin' in my class, that's ower muckle siller to pit in th' contribution box all at ain time."

"My wife made an engagement for me to dine at the Rings. I forgot and went fishing."

"Catch anything?"

"Not until I got home."

"Dear father," wrote a youngster of twelve, "we are all well and happy. The baby has grown over so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain, your affectionate son, James."

"I'm, I wish we were Christian Scientists."

"Why?"

"Cos Willie Green's folks are an' he ain't afraid to eat green apples."

"Is he sick?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter?"

"Enlarged pocketbook and inflated self-conceit."

"He has such good manners."

"Well, they ought to be good."

"Why?"

"He never uses them when he is at home."

A BRIGHT BOY'S ARGUMENT

Of course everybody knows that character is made chiefly from the inside and not from rules applied on the outside; but everybody knows also that without some rules applied on the outside our country would be in great danger of moral degredation, for the evil-doer is always at hand. Hence a law that forbids the selling of liquor is a good law, even if it is broken sometimes. One of the best arguments for it is found in the following story of a boy who got the better of his father in the argument:

"Papa, what is a prohibitionist?"

"A person who tries to make the people drink more whisky."

"How do prohibitionists make men drink more whiskey?"

"By passing a senseless law against the making and selling of intoxicating drinks."

"How does this law lead men to drink?"

"Because they will not obey it, my son."

"Is it good to drink intoxicating liquors, papa?"

"No, my son; I hope you will never drink them."

"What do men make them for?"

"Well, chiefly for drinking."

"If it is bad to drink them, is it right to make them?"

"My son, you do not understand these things."

"No, I do not; but, papa, would not good people obey the law?"

"O, yes! But there are very many bad people."

"Do the bad people obey any law?"

"Well, no; I am afraid they do not willingly."

"Is there a law against stealing?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Does it make them steal?"

"My son, it is time for you to go to bed."

KEEP AWAY

Don't complain when you walk on ice if you get a few bumps. Don't whine if you get your pocket picked while you stand idly watching a theatre crowd. There are people who talk about the "wiles of the Devil" who never cause the old fellow much worry. It does not require any wiles to "get" them. There are men who talk about the temptation of strong drink who take the longest way home to get a whiff from the gin mill. There are fellows who talk about the heritage of lust that heredity left them who make no attempt to steer clear of the path of those "whose feet take hold on hell." Keep your nose out of places that are not intended for decent clean people, if you wish to retain a character for righteousness. One hears of people going to questionable resorts "just to see what they are like." In nine cases out of ten it is "like seeking like." It is the inward craving for questionable excitement seeking a means of satisfaction that conscience will not altogether rise up against. The man who frequents the bar may expect to become a tippler; the fellow who runs with libertines need not worry when he finds his sensibilities blunted; the man who haunts the pool room or watches the roulette table will soon find himself putting up his money on the game. If people would keep away from the Devil he would give them more chance. The way some of them throw themselves in his way is enough to tempt anyone.

THE REAL OWNER

The real owner of a picture is not of necessity the one who pays so many thousand dollars for its possession, but he who is capable of seeing and enjoying its beauty. Sometimes people who are the nominal owners of fine libraries, in reality have no more right in them than the servant who dusts them morning by morning. And the boy who pours over his little dog-eared copy of Tennyson, by the light of a tallow candle, is really richer in in books than the possessor of a thousand volumes who is incapable of understanding the contents of one of them.

Someone has said, "I would rather be able to appreciate things I do not have, than to have things I am not able to appreciate." That is the whole matter in a nutshell. The real possessor of beautiful and inspiring things is he who is able to appreciate their beauty and respond to their inspiration.

LET YOUR BOY A BOLD PIRATE BE

The love of adventure is an expression of boyhood's abounding vitality; there is always hope for the boy who looks forward to being a pirate and carrying the Jolly Roger through the seven seas—provided that at the same time his mind is making acquaintance with other aspects of life which may finally prove almost as desirable as piracy.

A child's nonsense is his mind's play and safety-valve, which may be developed into a sense of humor that will help to keep him sane, or degenerate into a mere habit of foolish and cruel practical joking. His curiosity may prove a key wherewith to unlock stores of wisdom, or a means of purveying base and even vile things to his mind; while his sentiment—and we may be sure that it is present in the average boy's strangely assorted spiritual baggage—may sink to a sentimentality which shall sap his manhood, or be refined into an attribute of honor and devotion.—The Delineator.

HE WAS LEARNING FRENCH

Speaking at a dinner of the 21 Club in Glasgow, a lawyer told a good story. The lift in his office building is worked by a happy and contented youth. The other day the youth took the lawyer right from the top of the building to the basement, and announced bravely "La baa!" "I beg pardon," said the lawyer. "La baa!" repeated the youngster. "La baa—the button—French!" Assuredly we progress.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

May-Day Week in 1890—Some Facts of Interest

Toronto has 3,000 empty houses and 311 vacant stores.

Halton has 27 liquor licenses.

While trimming apple trees on Monday Mr. James Moore accidentally slipped and struck his foot on the instep with his pruning chisel, inflicting an ugly gash.

Rev. Mr. Murdock preached his farewell sermon in the Baptist Church last Sunday evening. He has gone to take charge of a church at Kingsville. His friends here wish him success there.

Lieut. Col. Macdonald will oppose Donald Guthrie, M. P. P., in the coming provincial election for South Wellington.

The local officers of the County Sunday School Association visited Churchill Congregational Church on Sunday to arrange for the resuscitation of the Sunday School there. There is every prospect for a successful school. Rev. Mr. McCormack, pastor, is taking a lively interest in the matter.

The homes of Mr. A. O. Beardmore and Rev. G. H. Cooke were visited by burglars on Wednesday night of last week. A noise was heard in Mr. Cooke's which was considered due to restlessness of one of the children, but traces of entrance were found in the morning. At Mr. Beardmore's a noise was heard and a man was discovered trying to pry open the window. He soon retired.

Rev. W. C. McCormack was ordained at Churchill on Friday and solemnly inducted into the pastorate of the Congregational Church there and at South Caledon. The services were very impressive and were conducted by Rev. Mr. Robertson, moderator of council, Revs. Messrs. Davey, of Acton, Richardson, Georgetown, McCormack, Speedside, and Webb, of New Durham, being also present. Rev. J. W. Rae, of Knox Church, Acton, also took part in the exercises.

The Erin Advocate reports the sad death of Mr. Henry Smith, near Brisbane, Erin tp., who was gored to death by an infuriated bull on April 21. He was leading him with a stick attached to a ring in the nose, to which was attached a rope held by another who let go when the mad brute turned on Mr. Smith, who held him at bay as long as he could with the stick and a club. But his feet tripping in the rope he fell and was gored, rolled over and thrown violently to the ground until life was extinct. He was 66 years of age and was said to be the first boy born in the township.

Last week Mr. H. H. McCarthy purchased the house and lot on the corner of Mill and Frederick Sts., which formerly belonged to the George Steel estate. The building was one of the oldest in Acton, having been erected by Mr. Steel about 1851. From the name of its last occupants it obtained the cognomen of the "Walker House."

Provincial elections—another contest between Mowat and Meredith—are to be on June 5th.

Messrs. Owen Conley and Jas. Gibbons left on Friday for British Columbia.

Mrs. John McMaster, her two children, and Mrs. Jos. Chisholm, left last week for Seattle, Wash.

Mr. H. S. Holmes, the careful and painstaking G. T. R. agent here, has gone on a week's holiday trip.

We are sorry to learn of the removal upon of Mr. Samuel Johnston and family to Toronto.

The many friends of Rev. Dr. N. R. Willoughby, Guelph, will regret to learn that owing to defective eyesight, he is about to retire from the active ministry. He is a preacher of rare ability and his life has been most successful in the Lord's work.

BORN—In Erin township, on April 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Coleman, a daughter.

DIED—In Erin township, on April 21st, Henry Smith, aged 66 years.

DIED—At Orangeville, on April 20th, Marshall, son of Trueman D. Hall, formerly of Acton, aged 31 years.

DIED—At Stratford, on April 27th, J. W. Mills, father of Mrs. G. A. Gifford, Acton, aged 78 years.

WHY SHE PLANTED ROSES

A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and a piece of land. Like many others, he had been at one time fond of the social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society.

About three months after he observed his wife busily employed in planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cottage for five years, and yet I have never known you cared to improve or ornament it before in this way."

"Indeed," said his smiling wife, "I had no heart to do so until you gave up the drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that should I do it, some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this place will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit ourselves.

STOPPING AT THE FENCE

If I should say of a garden, "It is a place fenced in," what idea would you have of its clusters of roses, and pyramids of honeysuckles, and beds of odorous flowers, and rows of blossoming shrubs and fruit-bearing trees? If I should say of a cathedral, "It is built of stone—cold stone," what idea would you have of its wondrous carvings, and its gorgeous openings for door and window, and its evanescing spires?

Now, if you regard religion merely as self-denial, you stop at the fence and see nothing of the beauty of the garden; you think only of the stone, and not of the marvellous beauty into which it is fashioned.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE SPARROW SONG

Why should I feel discouraged,
Why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely,
And long for heav'n and home,
When Jesus is my portion?
My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

CHORUS.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled,"
His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness,
I lose my doubts and fear;
Tho' by the path He leadeth,
But one step I may see,
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

Whenever I am tempted,
Whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing
When hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him,
From care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He cares for me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He cares for me.

THE TEST OF AMUSEMENTS

Are they costly? Young people should be thrifty—saving up something for a good start. Amusements that use up what should be savings are evil.

"Are they helpful? If, after any of them, you have a headache, backache, cold, or a restless appetite, the amusement is evil. It should be avoided.

"Are they refreshing? The amusement that makes you less able to go on with your work is badly chosen.

"Are they pure? Purity is a matter of thought quite as much as of act. To the pure all things are pure. But, alas, few men are pure. And plays that are innocent as the frolic of lambs become to some persons stimulants of evil and unspeakable thoughts.

"Are they well earned? Except a man work, neither shall he play. All plays are wicked for a lazy, idle man. Only the industrious can safely amuse themselves in any way.

"Is their influence good? Any form of amusement which tends toward evil, or is surrounded by evil associations, should be avoided like a contagious disease."—T. K. Beecher.

SHOWING THEM HOW

Tommy and George had been told that they must never on any account play cricket on Sundays, and, as a rule, were quite good and obedient.

But one day two cousins came to spend the day, and the boys found themselves rather hard put to it to entertain them.

Presently the father went into the garden, and found all four in the middle of an exciting game of cricket.

"Tommy! George!" he exclaimed sternly. "Haven't I told you that you must not play cricket on Sundays?"

"We're not really playing, daddy," answered George. "We're just showing Lenny and Roy how we do play on week-days."

ANOTHER EXAMPLE

The suffix "ous," meaning "full of," was being discussed in the spelling class. Dangerous, full of danger; mountainous, full of mountains; poisonous, full of poison; courageous, full of courage, and joyous, full of joy, had been glibly recited.

"Who is ready to give us another example?" asked the teacher, in a confident tone.

A quiet-looking little boy on a back seat eagerly responded, "Pious, full of pie!"

WORK LIKE A CONQUERER

Sometimes we hear people complain that they have to work "like slaves." If they do, that is their own fault. No matter how exacting your work nor how long your hours, it is not necessary that you should take to it the slavish spirit. Work like a conqueror. Carry to the commonest task the spirit of a king.

WHY LULU WAS HAPPY

Lulu was two and a half years old when the first huckleberries she had ever seen, were placed upon the table, in a covered dish. When the cover was taken off she clapped her hands, exclaiming delightedly, "Oh, look at all the shoe-buttons."—The Delineator.

GETTING EVEN

Little Boy: "I want a dose of castor oil."

Druggist: "Do you want the kind you can't taste?"

Little Boy (anxious to get even) "No, sir, it's for mother."

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the aplomb of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.