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Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

THE FANCY FARMER

Sir Algernon de Quincy was an agriculturist—
A kind of fancy farmer, who took a hand at whist;
He kept all kinds of animals, from cabbages to kane,
With beeves and hens and apricots, and Lima beans and lambs.

His chimneys only smoked cigars, they never scorned a pipe;
He never plucked his geese or geese until they were quite ripe.
He treated all his trees so well they never wished to leave—
He let them shoot in springtime, but not autumn, I believe.

The table in his hen-house was laid three times a day;
His hens were very upright, he frowned on all foul play.
His roosters' combs were silver-backed although they had no teeth;
His chickens all were nicely dressed, with bastings underneath.

His cabbages and lettuce wore hats to fit their heads;
His strawberries and carrots all slept in feather beds.
Potatoes living underground are apt to strain their eyes,
And so he gave them "spectacles, adjusted to their size.

His beets all carried parasols, and he blushed if someone spoke.
He bought a sweet cough mixture when they heard the artichoke.
If onions all used vaseline their skins would never peel,
(Apply it on retiring, and after every meal.")

His wife would spin the spinach while he shelled the oyster plant;
His vegetables said, "I can"; they never said "I can't."
He gave the corn all earlaps, and aloud he used to read;
He taught the flowers to say "I see," and not "I go to seed."

Sometimes the great, tall vines gave hope, the bees would wax the floor
While all the little vines would run and spying about the door;
But nothing ever happened that would cause a rose to blush.
When anyone approached the flowers he always whispered, "Hush!"

And early every morning he helped them with their hose;
At Christmas he gave overshoes to all the mistletoes.
Sad Algernon de Quincy, between his bands of whist,
"I tell you it takes brains to be an agriculturist!"

—Estelle M. Kerr.

Select Family Reading

The Partnership

by Harriet Lummis Smith

If it was a disappointment to Claude Norris, when he was obliged to break off his school course and spend the winter among the mountains of a Southern state, he found the upsetting of his plans not without compensations. The attack of hung fever which had led the doctor to insist upon the change, had not been prolonged enough to undermine his strength, and he was fully capable of enjoying to the uttermost the invigorating air, the beauty of the world about him, and the variety of outdoor pleasures open to him. Moreover, Claude was a young fellow who found it easy to turn his attention from his disappointment to his pleasures, and, as a result of this fortunate peculiarity, his winter in the South bade fair to be a pleasant one.

He came across Simon Peter in the woods one day, when by indiscreet thoughtlessness he had been led off the trail and away from any landmarks by which he might guide himself back to his hotel. Simon Peter drawled out a gently spoken warning about repeating the indiscretion, and conducted him home. On the way they learned considerable about each other. Simon Peter asked questions with frank curiosity, and Claude followed his lead. He learned that Simon Peter's limp was due to a load of buckshot in the knee, and that for a while it had seemed that he would lose the limb. "But I was always lucky," Simon Peter explained, with a soft drawl that fascinated the Northern boy from the first. He had been to school, and now was wrestling a living out of a pathetic little farm for his widowed mother and five younger children. His knowledge of wood lore was full and accurate, and, before the hotel had been reached, Claude had come to the conclusion that Simon Peter was just the fellow he wanted.

When Claude made his proposition, Simon Peter suspected him of an ill-advised attempt to be humorous. To be paid the amount Claude named for wandering through the woods, keeping an eye on another fellow, and seeing that he did not get lost, was preposterous on the face of it. Convinced of Claude's sincerity, Simon Peter's conscience had to be reckoned with. "For you're a stranger," he explained to Claude with the painstaking care regarding his speech which differentiated him from his unschooled neighbors. "And I couldn't think of taking an advantage of you."

Claude was a youth who valued most things in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them. Simon Peter's hesitation enhanced the determination of the other to secure his services for the occasions when he needed a guide. And when it was settled, Simon Peter acknowledged, with a radiant face, that Claude's offer had come like an answer to prayer.

"I've been studying considerable how I was going to send Rosetta to school in the fall. Rosetta is the oldest of the girls."

"Yes, I remember," Claude replied. He had noticed the girl the day before, as he and Simon Peter had stopped at the little cabin to rest themselves after a long jaunt. Rosetta had brought spring water in a gourd, a bashful, overgrown girl, barefooted and brown. The other children, huddled together at a distance, had watched them with bright inquisitive eyes, and Claude had been irresistibly reminded of a family of squirrels.

"I want Rosetta to go to school," Simon Peter continued. "Ma does her best, but ma can't learn her what she doesn't know herself. When the girls come back from the school, they've learned to wear shoes and make their own clothes and keep the house decent. Rosetta's a good girl. I want her to have a chance."

"It means quite a sacrifice for you to send her, though," said Claude, and he looked respectfully at the boy beside him. In his carefree life he had never realized the value of money as he did here, where families lived on sums so incredibly small as to suggest starvation. Though he could not altogether grasp the extent of the sacrifice involved in saving money to pay Rosetta's tuition in the industrial school for a year, he vaguely realized that the undertaking was little short of heroic.

Simon Peter nodded, and for a moment did not speak. "But then," he said, suddenly, "I ought to be willing to make some sacrifices, for I have had so much myself."

Claude only gasped.

"I've been to school two whole years," said Simon Peter. "Dad, he sold a mule the second year, so's to keep me there. Yes, I've had the chances that don't come to many, and it's only fair for me to pass them along. Look at my leg now," he added, argumentatively. "Pretty near as good as ever. And for a while it looked as if I'd have to get along with one. I tell you I ought to be ready to do something for other folks, for I've had more than my share."

One morning Simon Peter failed to keep his appointment. Claude waited an hour with not the least grace in life, and finally set off for the cabin to see what had become of his guide. The children, grouped about the door, had an air of unusual solemnity which warned him of misfortune, though they fled on his approach like scared rabbits, so that he was unable to justify his presentiment by questioning them.

The door of the cabin stood ajar and Claude knocked. Rosetta made her appearance, her eyes red with weeping. A slipshod woman stared blankly at the stranger. This was Simon Peter's mother. And in a bed in the corner, his face drawn with pain, lay Simon Peter himself.

"'Twas the white mule kicked me," said Simon Peter, as Claude sat down beside him. "I 'lowed that I needed to keep an eye on that mule. The doctor says I'm lucky that it ain't the stiff leg that's broken. Seems like I'm always being lucky."

Claude thought quickly. A broken limb, a doctor to pay. Simon Peter's earnings cut off for an indefinite period. That meant giving up the plan of Rosetta's schooling. Simon Peter seemed to read his thoughts in his face. "Yes, it's pretty hard on Rosetta," he said, as if Claude had spoken. "She'll have to wait till next year, but I'm going to send her to school yet. I've had more than most folks, and I'm bound to do something for Rosetta."

Claude was on his way back to the hotel, for his pals had lost interest in the trip planned for the day, that he remembered the saying of which Simon Peter's words seemed a faint echo. "Freely ye have received, freely give." The words formed themselves into a sort of chant, to which, unconsciously, he had kept step as he went along. "Freely ye have received." Poor Simon Peter nerving himself to sacrifice by the memory of his own good fortune! Claude tried to laugh away the sudden solemnity which overshadowed his spirits and made poor work of it.

"Freely ye have received!"

How true it was of himself! Born into a house of wealth, as well as of affection, he had been given all the things that are counted precious. The opportunities for which others strive and struggle, had fallen into his hands. The inspiration of cultured society, of travel, of the schools, had been his. He had hardly known what it was to have a wish denied.

And what about the other side? As he walked down the mountain path, Claude's heart revolted at the vision of selfishness he saw revealed. Sometimes he had tossed a coin into a beggar's hat, and gone away complacent as a murmured blessing followed him. But what of systematic, serious giving had he ever done? When had the needs of the suffering world ever seemed a part of his responsibility?

He wished he had not thought at that minute, of an order he had dispatched the night before for a new set of golf sticks. The price of those golf sticks would send Rosetta to school next year. Hesitating at an angle of the path, it occurred to him that it was not too late to countermand the order by telegraph. He wondered incidentally if he was growing sentimental. A fellow couldn't be expected to saddle himself with the obligation for all the need he happened to come across. And yet it had been said, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

He turned sharply and went back up the trail. When his form darkened the doorway of the cabin, the boy on the cot turned his head wonderingly. Claude strides across the room and took his hand.

"I've come back to tell you not to worry about Rosetta old fellow," he said. "I'll see that she gets to school school next year, and the one after that if she likes. You're not the only one who has had more than his share, and it's my turn to begin giving."

Religion will never mean much until you find it in the least things.

He gets little out of prayer who prays only when he would get something.

THE BEAUTY OF KINDNESS

Did you ever stop to think how beautiful kindness really is? In your walks have you ever met a young woman gently supporting on her arm an old, old man? He is blind. Time has brought the silver to his hair. His steps are slow and feeble. With a care he picks his way on, all the way guided and directed by the one who is so good to him. At the crossing of a street she says, "Here is a step up. Careful now! Step up!" Or, "Now down! Carefully!" So on they go, chatting all the way, the old man seeing things on every side through the eyes of his companion. And how your heart was stirred by the sight!

Or a young man is watching the steps of his wee brother. Boys do not always have patience to do that. But see how carefully this one guards his brother from everything that would harm him! The world has no sweeter sight than true, manly kindness toward one who is weak and needs help on life's way.

On a stage coach one day a number of passengers rode many miles together. One man drew into his shell, settled down on the seat and never spoke a single word from one end of the journey to the other. Do you think that man looked beautiful to those who were his companions that day?

A little bit of steel struck by a mallet will chip away the hardest granite. Unkindness is the keenest steel in all the world for chiseling away of beauty in face, life and character. No matter how lovely the face might be in the beginning, if the one who possesses it gives way often enough to harsh and unkind words, the beauty will surely fade out of her face.

But how kind is God to the one who is always thoughtful of the comfort of those about him! With his own hand he traces lines of beauty over the features of one who is kind.

Do you want to be beautiful? Then be kind. Kindness costs something. It would be worth nothing if it did not.—Exchange.

"MAKE YOURSELF WANTED"

"When I was a little fellow I was a trifle inclined to hold back and wait to be coaxed," says a writer in an exchange. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day, while the other children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud, and shouting orders, but but none of them paid any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition when Aunt Sally came down the road.

"'What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playing with the rest?'

"'They don't want me,' I said, digging my fists into my eyes. 'They never asked me to come.'

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and a push.

"'Is that all, you little ninny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank and wait to be asked,' she cried. 'Run along with the rest and make yourself wanted.'

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and soon was as busy and as happy as the others."

WORTH KNOWING

Toast water is a soothing and healing drink during bronchitis.

Cheap cuts of meat can be served palatably in stews and croquettes.

After trimming, turn the wick of a lamp below the burner or the oil will ooze.

A sick room should never be made a thoroughfare or gathering place for the family.

Whenever the throat becomes irritated a gargle of salt water is most excellent.

Mud stains can be removed from black cloth by rubbing them with a raw potato.

One teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will help a bilious headache.

A boiled egg which is done and dries quickly on the shell when taken from the water is fresh.

Dried lemon peel sprinkled over coals will destroy any disagreeable odor about the house.

FOR BOTTLES MARKED POISON

Put common pins in the corks of all bottles marked poison, sticking them into the bottom and allowing the points to protrude beyond the corks. After doing this you will never pick up such a bottle—even in the dark in mistake.

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 Quinino 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 Quinino 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 tranquilizing 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 Quinino. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From Our Issue of January 15th, 1891

Mrs. (Dr.) Cren arrived last week and the Dr. is now comfortably settled at Hilltop Place, the former residence of Dr. McNarvin.

Mr. J. A. Murray has moved into his new house on Mill Street. It is a cosy, comfortable home.

Petitions to the House of Commons praying for a prohibitory liquor law are in circulation here.

Mr. W. Turton is making arrangements with a view to the organization of classes for instruction in vocal music.

Rev. W. H. Laird, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, died suddenly Sunday morning about 1 o'clock. He was one of the foremost Methodist preachers. He was brother-in-law to Mr. Asa Hall, Acton.

Col. Otter, Col. W. Kerns, M. P., and Capt. Schultz were here on Saturday to inspect the site in the park to which it is proposed to move the drill shed. We understand that consent will be given on condition that a street be opened up between the park and Main Street.

Acton Gun Club has been organized as follows: Hon.-Pres—John Harvey; Pres.—Edward Nicklin; Vice-Pres.—T. James Moore; Sec.-Treas—Wm. Stark; Committee of Management—W. Jeans, C. C. Speight, Geo. Wilds, M. Sutton.

Ex-Coun. W. E. Smith has under consideration the erection of a fine three-storey brick block of stores on property, corner Mill and John Streets. Last Friday, in company with the architect and Messrs. W. H. Storey and R. R. Jermyn, Mr. Smith inspected a number of new stores in Toronto, and selected a fine model. After the estimates are made Mr. Smith will decide as to proceeding with the enterprise. The FREE PRESS has spoken for quarters in the new block.

Rev. Dr. Gifford gave a lecture on "The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky" on Tuesday evening in the Methodist Church, occupying about two hours. Rev. G. B. Cooke was chairman, and at the close Rev. J. W. Ray and Mr. W. H. Storey moved a vote of thanks, which was heartily supported by the audience.

ACTON SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The officers and teachers for the various Sunday Schools for 1891 are:—

PRESBYTERIAN:—Supt.—D. Henderson; Ass't Supt.—John Cameron; Sec'y—J. V. Kennedy; Treas.—Geo. Hynds; Organist—Miss Alice Henderson; Leader of Singing—Arch. Mann; Teachers — Rev. J. W. Rae, Mrs. Lowry, James Cobban, John Cameron, Mrs. C. S. Lauth, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Halstead, Miss R. Anderson, Mrs. McGill, Miss J. Anderson, Miss Pearson, Miss McClure, Geo. Hynds. Reserves—Mrs. W. McPhail, Mrs. Cobban, Robt. Johnson, Miss McPhail.

METHODIST:—Supt.—H. P. Moore; Ass't Supt.—T. T. Moore; Sec'y-Treas.—G. H. Brown; Ass't Sec'y—Robt. Gurney; Librarian—Miss Lottie E. Speight; Ass't do. — Miss Phemie Laing; Organist — Miss Emma M. Moore; Leader of Orchestra—G. H. Brown; Teachers—Rev. Dr. Gifford, Mrs. Gifford, Miss Freeland, John B. Cameron, Arthur Laing, Mrs. James Moore, Mrs. H. P. Moore, Mrs. I. Francis, Miss Mary Brown, Mrs. Jas. McLean. Reserves—Mrs. A. Stephenson, Miss Maggie Matthews, Miss Allie Laing, James Moore, I. Francis, T. J. Moore, J. C. Nelson.

BAPTIST:—Supt. — A. A. Worden; Ass't Supt.—J. L. Warren; Sec'y-Treas.—Frank McIntosh; Organist—Miss Jessie Warren; Teachers—John Warren, Wm. Grippe, Miss B. C. Warren, Miss Maggie Worden.

ST. ALBAN'S:—Supt.—H. Wonham; Librarian—S. Laird, Jr.; Organist—Miss Stone; Teachers—Mrs. Thompson, Misses Rachel Stone, Carrie Smith, Alice Gordall, Jennie Laird, Lizzie Stone.

DISCIPLES:—Supt. — Angus Ferguson; Sec'y—Jno. Ramsay; Librarian—Lila Tovell; Teachers—Daniel Robertson, Mrs. Mary Morton, Misses Rolla Hill, Annie McLean, Aggie Ramsay.

At the closing meeting of the municipal council of 1890, permission was given to the Dominion Electric Light Co. to erect poles and string wires for electric light purposes subject to conditions of council re location of poles, etc. Dr. Lowry and J. A. Speight presented a resolution of appreciation of Reeve Storey's services in presiding so many years over the deliberations of the council; his prompt and punctual attendance, and his devotement of time to municipal business, which could not well be spared from private business. Also his accurate knowledge of municipal matters, and the fact that Acton's reputation for neatness, taste and progress is largely due to his influence and example. This was carried by a standing vote. Dr. Lowry is the only member of the old council who will be in the council of 1891.

IT WAS HE

"There were only three boys in school to-day, who could answer a question that the teacher asked us," said a lad to his mother.

"And I hope my boy was one of the three?" said the fond parent.

"Well, I was," answered the lad.

"I am very glad; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnnie?"

"Who broke the window?"

LAME BACK

To have a lame back or painful stitches, means disordered Kidneys, and the sooner you have the Kidneys and Bladder in a perfectly healthy condition, the sooner you will enjoy life. As far as we know there is only one remedy that is guaranteed to cure you, and that is PIG PILLS. If they don't make you a strong, healthy person in two weeks, your money will be refunded. 25c. a box, at all leading drug stores.

A LISTENER'S FATE

A woman, Mrs. Green by name,
Much given to the listening game,
And gifted with a wondrous mind
Her neighbor's secrets all to find,
Once placed herself before a door,
Her ear and eager mind to store
With all the words that she could gain
From those within; which she'd retain
For gossip with a lady friend,
Alas, how far they will descend
To please their curiosity!
But cynical I must not be.

The keyhole's vista she surveyed;
Then o'er the aperture she laid
Her ear, and there with body bent
And breathless aspect, all intent,
She listened; and as each word fell,
Her face with wrath began to swell.
And seemingly her present gains,
Did not repay her for her pains.

The folks inside informed had been
Of all the pains of Mrs. Green,
And when that worthy lady came
They ventured on a little game:
The than kept near the door, and said,
"I wonder if old Green's in bed,
If not it's time she was indeed,
In bed or out she's of no need
To any mortal but herself;
And she has long been on the shelf."

"I think," a woman's voice replied,
"She loves to listen and provide
Material for a secret chat
With her old cronies. The old cat!
She sneaks around and fain would know
Your very thoughts when first they grow."

Poor Mrs. Green these cuts all heard,
And raged in silence at each word,
But suddenly the door gave way,
And, screaming, on the floor she lay,
From all the rest a laugh arose,
And Mrs. Green now fully knows
That those who listen always gain
Unbargained censure and disdain.

EARLY RISING

Get up early in the morning. Don't turn night into day and day into night by working into the late hours. The principle is all wrong. When you have worked from seven in the morning until five or six in the evening, you are not in a condition to work late. It is unnatural. You need rest. Go to bed, therefore, and just as soon as you awake in the morning get up and go to your work. You will soon find it by far the best time to read, study, do brain work, think over serious business problems. It is quite still. There is no noise to disturb you; few or no people are moving about and your brain is as "clear as a bell," and you feel like jumping to your work. Then is the time to do it, and do it well. So, if you have been working late at night, quit it; change front; turn, about face, get up early, go to bed early, and you will increase your real working capacity fifty per cent.

BLOWN UP

Meekly made up his mind that he was not going to be dictated to any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called imperiously to the servant: "Laura! Laura!"

Mrs. Meekly came out of the kitchen.

"What do you want with Laura?" she asked.

Meekly staggered, but braced up. "I want you to understand, madam"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"that I am the engineer of this establishment, that I am—"

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, Joseph I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"I am the boiler that might blow up and pitch the engineer over into the next street. Do you hear the steam escaping Joseph?" Joseph heard, and quickly got out of the way.

SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of the earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.—Ard. Stanley.

ACHES, PAINS, RHEUMATISM?

Zam-Buk Will Give You Ease

Have you a bad attack of "general aching"? You know the feeling. Limbs, ache, muscles seem to have become tired out, your back aches, now and again a twinge of rheumatism strikes you here and there, your chest feels tight, there is a pain between your shoulders, and altogether you need toning up.

Cold is responsible for this condition, and a vigorous application of Zam-Buk will put you right. Take a hot bath, if possible, and then rub your chest and the aching limbs well with Zam-Buk.

Mrs. H. Gorle, 76 Berkeley St., Toronto, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Zam-Buk. A few weeks ago I was suffering from a bad cold, which had settled in my throat, chest and limbs. I tried all kinds of remedies, new and old, and found very little relief until I used Zam-Buk. On applying this to my throat and chest I found such ease and relief from the tightness and soreness I determined to use only Zam-Buk. I also rubbed it on my limbs where I felt the rheumatic pains. In three days from the time I first began applying Zam-Buk I was free from the cold in the throat and chest, and also the rheumatism in my limbs."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Avoid harmful imitations and substitutes.