ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1911.

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lived a little lifetime; she would never

It was Father coming to meet her at

the door! She heard his dear stene

and saw, in the soft, dim, light, bis

dear, live face. It was Father walk-

ing, smiling at her, with his tax glass

in ble hand! In another moment

of the glass of tes until Mercy, next

morning, with her broom in her hand

Coutle Mother's later reports from

home made her pale face woftly bloom.

But it was "between the lines" she

"Guess where we've been to-day!"

wrote Meroy. "Well, to Nowheres

Particular on the trolley! It was

lovely place and we may go again. It

was Father's turn to choose where and

he walted till we got way out into the

country and shut his eyes and counted

fearing to hart her rest that she so

"Imagine him sitting over his des

In his poor, slear shirts-leeves, sixtling

mande the o. p. Imagine bins mockly

lamb, and such a holiday as we holi-

"P. S .- Father sleeps out on

says he sleeps like a log and I guess

breathed over her letter.

came with the milk.

"Blow thom both!" Gentle Mother

ACCORDING TO HULL

"She'd botter," he answored.

"How is your mother this morning?"

THOUGHT THEY WERE HOME

A certain lady one Sunday Induced Jaffray, of the Galt Reporter. The

her husband, who was not a regular old lady was in her 82nd year."

" In another letter Mercy told

l'ather's surprise party.

found the most revivifying news.

.be quite a girl again.

side the front door.

"That you, little girl?"

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Doetrp.

He came downstairs, you see, Heaturned and united at me ! And when the uniled at me, I went And amiled at Mary Ann Out in the kitchen ; and she lunt It to the blied man.

He anw when going by, Who also stolled, and ero he know Had twinkles in his eye; So be went to like office then And undled right at his clerk,

Who put some more link on his just And united back from his work.

e BOND HARDWARE Co. - Highe at his wife, and she miled over at their little child, As harpy as could be;

> The suile to school; and when the smiled at teacher from her book. Teacher smiled back again. And then the teacher passed on one To little James Mollide, Who couldn't get his lessons done,

No matter how he tried ;

How teacher united at him But said : "Don't worry, Jim." And when I happened to be there That very night to play. His mother had a smile to spare, Which came sores my way ! and then I took it after a while Hack home, and manima said :



loss and Closly too frall, and all the rest nothing but boys. Hhe slone was

really sulted to be Whichaver One.

situation. speeds right there with a sigh.

of the tenement died in it. Father each morning had gone

she had killed with a more or . Pather's demands upon his house keeper were fow. His broakfast could

baches Pather took down reading and trying to keep



GEORGE J. WALLAGE .. Wommirrot, Marrier Walker Long A.F. & A.M., No. 321, G.R.O. who provided at the Masonia Banquet last Thursday evening

night?" mused Morey, as she gently | Loward home. Eather would be there swayed. "Do I want to go to the park | -Father would be there - yet her again-no thank you. To Dillaway- heart was like lead under the filmy Vinton-Coffin Hill-on the trolley P white of her dress. It was-of course, Oh, I'm sick of all those old places! I she told herself-because she was so Gentle Mother between the lines read shore where I belong ! I've just as girl--what was her name? It had sweeten all the after life of this child good a right to be comfy and cool as vanished from her mind-everything of hers. She read, too, of a maturer, the rest of 'em-there, Morey Star- secured vanished but this leaden dread gentler Mercy than she had left behind book, enough said! If that's the way you talk, you can gut out of this ham-

slander arms above her with a gesture servy for Mercy Starbuck. Mechanically she went into the house and foound upon Father. If it were not for him, the need not be have in this awful city, baking to a crien! . Unst because he persisted in sticking to his dosk all summor - he always had taken

a vacation, hadn't he? lonesomeness of the single plate and napkin escaped her notice. She put had been lonely. What had she been point), but a holiday-holiday-holion the one kulfe and fork, one cup and | doing to Father! saucer, with indifference to anything but her own miseries. They were so many! Nothing to do but rend and be hot-Father gone all day-no fun, crying weren't such warm work she dangerous list" died ! might get a little bit of comfort that

poor doar Moroy Starbuck, accept my | Gentle Mother over hear it?

congratulations !" how hat everybody else was. She running to ment Father at the door.

It doesn't say." Suddenly something caught her eyes. that banished poor Alexandria Perry | door of a long room. with white cots on

air. She was no longer warm -- a shiver ran through her, and shock in the grip of it. What was this in the "An unknown man about fifty, light complexion, gray clother, stricken

front of Starbnok & Elllott's on Worth Street. No identifying papers. Taken

motion than that slow crooping of her eyes through the dreadful lines almost

letter or card was to some pocket-"just to please me," she said. this gray suit was a new one, mit since Gentle Mother went away. And Mercy had not pottered among its me and drinks loc-tes, I can be sure.

Street-It was all there in black and white. Pather siveys stayed long after everybody also wont home; there would be no one left to to do that terrible word thing. "It wasn't Pather!" Morey of

I've got do is go home and prove it. There he'll be eating honey oakes and gray clothes on! I'm sorry for the

sorry for the One It Was, and for that that she refused to recognize by its with l'ather, and she wondered not a right name. She was not sfraid !

A car was passing and she waved Mother of fomebody Else's father, She got out slowly, stretching her at it wildly. Settling into a seat after a breathless chane after it, she had the of west hoss. Hhe was really very feeling that it was her soul instead of her lungs that panted. She sat staring unseelegly at the familiar houses set about getting Father's cold supper. | along the way. At her own she leaped The bitterness in her heart gradually to the ground and ran up the steps. patiently. Enter an obstreperous per-Of course she would hear Father say, son in a white shirt-walst, with a "That you little girl?" How they basket. 'Hold up your hands! comwould laugh at her scare together! Father was not there. She ran obeying. Then he is calmly informed the rooms calling him piteously. The that only on one condition can be ever lonely little meal left for him was just put his hands down sgaln-that he Mercy laid the table with her one- awahe had left it. In a flash of inward obeys the obstreperous person to the tomary neat care. The appealing light Mercy saw its loneliness. She letter. No more work for the day remembered that nearly all his meals (office clock struck eleven at that

She caught another car that would "'Oh, my goodness Mercy!" groans

"I killed him!" Mercy moaned. way, but even that recourse was de- | was my selfishness, not the heat! spent all my time pitying myself and our plonte grounds. We're never go-"Well, I'll go to the park, that's I never once pitled Father! I let blm ing back after em. what I'll do, and stay till aundown and | go off morning after morning for an then trolley to Coffin Hill and home to swful day and I never even called out bed-nice little program! But I've 'Good-by' !" Gentle Mother's thie. little upstairs balcony now. There's got to go somewhere, haven't IF You sweet face rose before her-how could most always a breeze up there.

"If she had stayed -- but Mercy's the living truth-I can hardly wake In the park it was very nearly cool agenized thoughts were interrupted him up for our breakfast under the -in spots. Mercy sought out the by the arrival of the car at the hospital | Lone Tree in the back yard !" spots and tried them, one at a time, gates. She went up the spruce, care-She made friends with the few babies fully-kept driveway in a nightmare and languid children, fed the swans, of horror. If she could only wake out read a little and in between and round of it and find herself at home, with about thought her self-pitying, no- the click of Father's latchkey in her happy thoughts. When a newspaper earl Would she run to meet him! boy passed with ble evening dole of There seemed to the sorrow-stricker papers she halled him and bought a girl at that moment no more blessed Star. It might be a comfort to read privilege possible than that of spread the moist sheet out and ran her ! It seemed someone else who asked eye lazily up and down its columns. the question of the gentle, white-uni-It wound to be. all heat-dreadful, formed nurse. Mercy felt her atiff lips One of you will have to stay and keep prostrating - that moved down it's move but the beating of her heart

> -father," whispered the white-lipped keen cool, poor dear! I'm sorry for | girl in the door. "There is only me at you, Alexandria. If I know what home. I-I must see him. I must alt hospital they took you to-but I don'ts | there with him until-until he is bet-They let her go up. At the open

> > shout Mercy and they went in so.

before Mercy's eyes cleared as by an looking down at the quiet face. was even frozenly calm, but with the calminess of someone else, not Mercy Suddenly she was herself, Mercy. the fifth time; her startled gaze seem- The blood surged through her velns

the mountain's weight of despair rollhorror paralyzed her and made other ed off from her soul. For it was not Pather she looked down upon.

"Don't keep me long," she pleaded.

"I've got to go home to my father! want-I want to touch him, to make sure. If he walks round and smiles at can't IP I wish you'd tell ine I don't need to go in there again and look-" "You don't need to, dear," the kind uttree smiled

body Else I" Marcy snurmured. There teamed room in her heart for but two feellogs-her own unspeakable loy and sorrow for Somobody Kise. She was allowed to go after a little.

as she reached the hoppital gates.

You may sing of the heroes of yore, You may speak of the deeds they have done.

Of the foor they have slain by the

That my heart and my spirit would Marcy in his arms had subbed out her story. They nover knew what became Though oft at their mention my soul hath been stirred. fet dearer to me is a boy of his word. came upon the fragments of it fast la-

You may speak of the great ones of Of prelates, of princes, and kings;

In the bosom of all human things; but dearer to me than the whole Pageantry, splendor, and pride, the boy with a frank, honest soul, Who neves his word bath balled.

es, prized above all that this earth can afford. Chough lowly and poor, is the boy of

TWENTY YEARS AGO

threat At three I was to signal the conductor to stop! It was plumb on nteresting Notes From Our Issue of a darling bridge, and-honost, Gentle April 30th, 1801 Mother, we did !- we ate our lunch Gold weather on Tuesday with a few

dangling our feet over the edge Father's the best company-when I go Roads have got down to protty good pic-nicking, give me a Pather I'. And travelling condition again. of a beautiful intimacy that would

from Mr. James Matthews a handsome pair of fillies, which appear to advantage before his phaeton. One of them formerly belonged to Roy. C. B. little. For they had not told Gantle It doesn't look well to see little girls in their tonns gadding around the atreets after nightfall with a lot of

gawky youths trotting at their hoels and talking silly nonsense to them. Some parents should look after their girls better than they do .- Streetsvilla Roview. Home people think this applies to Acton as well as Streets-Mr. J. 'W. Hongough's entertainment was unique and amusing. He is a very clover artist, and his locture on

clated. His impromptu portraits were marvels of skill in depicting local phisiognomy. The best portrait was that of the meeting of Sir John A. Macdonald and Col. Allan'at Acton station a few weeks ago, but all the others were well

His family is of very high standing in Japan, but his conversion cost him his home and his father's recognition. There was a small attendance at the Saturday afternoon shoot of the Gun Club. Here is the score, 21 yards rise, one barrel only at 10 blue rocks, each thrown in different directions from a screened trep : C. C. Speight, 9; C. E. Falkner, 27 W. Stark, 1; C. Quittner,

0: W. Jeans, G. Shooting grounds have been secured on Mr. Adam Cook's property, a little east of Cobble Hill. shoots to be once a week, on Haturday A Galt paper speaks of the late Mrs. James Havill as "one of the oldest. most kindly, and most respected resiasked Mrs. Grey of the small boy who | dents of Galt, having lived continuously there since 18th, coming from Devonshire, Eng. Her husband survivos "Can she sit up?" went on Mrs. her, also four sons; Honry, in business in Walkerton ; John, was in Allanta. "No," answered the literal young- Georgia, when last heard from, many ster. "She sits down, but she stands years ago; George, in business in

Prof. Panton gave a evening service. During the sernion trated lecture last week at Knox he fell asleep, enoring at first softly, Church, on the "Wonderland of The barn reising of Mr. Jos. Allan,

> contest, coming out victorious. Mr. Wm. Orewson, of Huntsville. has disposed of his lot and homestead at Oreweens Corners to Mr. Wm. Cole-

> ed by W. Oripps and W. Alexander,

the former's side, after an exciting

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Speight, of Berlin, came on Saturday to visit remain for several weeks.

Miss Lottle Hemstreet is taking a

Miss Cassie McPhail, teacher of the

BORN-In Nassagaweys, on April Zum Buk and Zam Bak Soap are the 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Goy, a

Bons-In Milton, on April 20th, to Dixo-In Esquesing, on April 22nd.

PUT YOUR PERSONALITY INTO

Our personality should count in all that wador We take it for granted Zam-Buk is also a sure ours for skin | that an author of any standing shall injuries and diseases. Eczenia, ulcere, | have a definite, style, not to be inje-

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My papa smiled this morning whom At manima; and when he smilled, then

So then be smiled at some one whom

So when his clark went home he smill-

And then the little child, who thok

And Jamesy took it home and told When he was tired, and didn't scole

Here le that very selfamie smile Come back with us to bed."



snot available. Morey remembered Gentle Mother's troubled face. I'd be Whichever One," she commented sharply. "None o' the rest did that, did they?" In her heart she done it very well-that Louise was

doctor wave-I'm sorry the doctor ways that I must go! That would be such an oany way out-father and I stay together. But there will have to be another way. I'm afraid," and Gentle Mother had punctuated her little question is what way, doar hearts? We can't let Father board all summer.

It had been a week of horror. hazeofit, men and women and languld little children moved about with dragging foot. Bables in the fourfold heat

herself had sweltered muresignedly, with tantalizing visions always before her of a cool and restful expanse of ses and puffs of sea-breeze in her face. She had done the best she could to adapt hereoff to the discomfort forced upon her. By moving her bed to the little screened porch over the main plazza and by lying in bed late in the morning-as long as the shade lastedpageful death a part of the days. Then at the first approach of the socalled afternoon respite from the heat she had alipped away to the park or gone for a long invigorating trolley

foregrance he preferred cold things to est and drink. / And of course it was no very dimonit matter to get his suppor before going away in search of relief from the heat. My roy prided herself secretly that he had not once so far, falled to find his musts ready for him. She had not cooked them, of course, when bakeries and delicateson shops were near at hand. But sile had set them out as daintly as she gould and sometimes added a rose or a plok or two from the florist's. Gontle Mother herself could not have arrangod things more artistically. His There had been one or two days when Mercy had not seen him at all, only heard him plodding away down the steps bougath her as she lay in the scrooned parch over the front door When she went on the long cooling trolley rides, she was more than likely to find blin gone to bed on her return.

83000 TT COULD not be said that Morey had consented gracefully. Even Gentle Mother had not set that down in her little book of "gredits." with a page to each child. Lying in the hammook now, with her feet in the sun and her boad in the only shady

"Woll? I stayed, didn't It I said know that none of the rest could have almost too small and Kathy too hard-

Gentle Mother had called a council meeting in her room and explained the "It's this way, doar hearts," she had said in her own beautiful - Gentle Mother way : "father can't go with us. Not this summer not even for little tag-ends of rest, as usual. - And the

wave of terrible heat had descended relentlessly upon the city, and its grip was still unbroken. In the breathless

quietly away to ble day's work. Mercy

be set out for him the night be-Life-bern and Father's-had necessar-

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icties) Oysters and Fish. Best lines of Confection

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> house for blu - whichever one you de- victims in swaths. There were lists of drowned all sound, until -until -oh, olde. Talk it over among yourselves?" victims. Mercy found herself reading she could hear the white one's answer "And I 'decided,' didn't I?" thought then shudderingly. Most, of those Yes, they had brought a middle-aged Mercy in the hammock. She had a overcome were men, probably because man there a little while ago-light some of martyrable. Her feet felt hot | the city was mostly a man-city now | hair, yes, and gray clothes. in the sun and her head none too cool, and the women and girls were at the prostration, a very bad case. The past week loomed behind her in a mountains or by the son-where they there had been no identifying papers Mountain of Discontent; she lay and befonged. But one name was a girl's about him-no, ob, no, he was not pitted herself as she rocked to and name-Mercy was sure of that, dead! But there were grave doubts-"Alexandria Perry"- oh, poor Alexandria Perry ! "You couldn't even sit in a park and !

> > from her mind as with a whiff of cold; either side the nurse slipped her arm

to St. Joseph's Hamiltal-put on the Mercy found berself roading it for ed gined to the mot. The chill of

Father! Father was "about fifty" -"Ught complexion"-"And his suit is gray! His suit is gray !" ' mouned Mercy. "And he a lest and the gentle nurse led her et to lientify land-" The awful word room fitted up with easy-chairs and struck her like a blow. She rement couches she was made to rest, and a bered Centle Mother's muttering doctor came and gave her medicine in through Father's goats to make sure a a glass.

Starbnok and Elliott's - Worth sloud. "It was somebody clast

take her to St. Joseph's Hospital. It Father. (I imagine him calling me was there she would flud Father; she his 'goodness', Gentle Mother !) But no longer tried to deceive herself. She you needn't worry-his hands aren't no company, no dear, dear sea! If might find him-oh, people on "the still up! He obeyed like a nice, tender "It dayed! Father says he left five years I lying around somewhere, out there at

ho was very Ill. "May I -may I see hlm? He is my

The stricken man lay in a stupor. his blanched face turned away from thom as they drew near. The mist effort of her will and she found herself

"Oh," she breathed, ashamed, in the midet of her, gladness, of being glad, "it lan't my father-it's somebody else's! But, oh, I'm sorry for somebody else !" Hhe was trembling like never will carry ble cards in his nock- away like a little child. In an outer

"Hat Homobody Elso-poor Some:

drinking oold ton! I guess Father | calmed and rested by their ministralen't the only man about fifty with tibus. A car purred toward her One It Is, but it isn't Father! Other her own door the descended-a gentler, tablet (or 8 for 70c.) for the Soap. If life, rise because they have their own ily been reduced to its simplest terms people lieve right of way on Worth had got off from you have any difficulty in obtaining, way of doing things. Don't be affeld Birect-" but hen lege frombled weak- that other car but an hour or two ago. order from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and to put your personality into your "Now how whall I keep bool to- Iy as she got on to them and turned Between then and now Mercy half went price,

SPRING BKIN TROUBLES Pimples, Eruptions and "Spotty Com

At this season scores of people-

during the winter. Just think what it has gone through ! friends here. Mr. Speight returned You have been out in rain and sleet on Monday, but Mrs. Speight will and snow. You have been at one moment perspiring from skating or some other exertion. Then you have second department, has been too ill to stood to "cool off." You have spent attend to her duties at the school this hours of the day indoors at a temper- week. ature equal to summer heat. Then you have covered up your skin-except | course in vocal music at Toronto Colyour face -and gone out into a temper- lege of Music. Miss Hemstreet has an

needing attention.

duodles. Smear Zam-Buk lightly over the spot, the eruptions, the sallow patches, at night, and wash with Mr. and Mrs., Wm. Panton, of the Zam-Buk Soap (only 250 per tablet) Champion, twins, son and daughter. each day. Then notice how quickly Dran-In Nassagaways, on April your appearance improves. As the 21th, Hugh Brownlee, aged 50 years. rich, refined, herbal essences sink deep into the theme, the hard sourfy-like Mary, wife of the late Daniel Thomppatches are removed. Better color results. The cells of the skin become transparents. The blood beneath is able to impart its proper coloring to the time, and the delicate, bloom of health replaces the sallowness and pallor of disease.

ringworm, yield to its use. For cuts, taken for that of any one else, and burns, bruises, children's rashes, etc., that an ertist's touch shall show itself it is unequalled, and for piles, in every picture, so that the critic will Muthers will find Zam-Buk Hosp best not need his signature to indentify his for baby's bath ! All druggists and work. But the people who succeed in stores at 50c, box for Zam-Buk and 25c. business or in trade or in professional

Of the glarious battles they've wan on may seek to oternize their fame, And it may be with goodly success :

lot it is not the warrior's name

-- Helected.

"People You Know" was much appre-

Mr. Toso Ohno, a Japanese convert o Christianity who recently arrived n Canada, visited Acton and gave two addresses in the Disciples' Church.

Acton, and James connected with the Michigan Farmer, in Detroit. The daughter is Mrs. Jaffray, wife of IL

and at length so noisily that the good America," describing principally Yellady was constrained to give him a lowstone Park. The limelight views shary nudge in the hope of rousing by Mr. Campbell, of Brampton, were him. To her consternation, however, explained by the Professor in language as he slowly swakened, he exclaimed so plain that the youngest present in a loud voice : "Lat me slove! Get | could comprehend. up and light the fire yourself - It's your on the 2nd line, last week was captain-

girls and young women especiallyfind their faces disfigured by pluples, Miss Edith Wright returned yesterdark epots, eruptions, etc. The skin day from a visit of several months to needs attention-needs renovating after friends in Hallfax, N. B. the trying time it has passed through

sture away below zero! No wonder excellent voice and good musical talent that, with all those changes, the skin and a course at that institution will be of the face and neck shows signs of of value to her,

son, aged 07 years.