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## The Acton Free Press

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING



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## The BOND HARDWARE Co.

Removal Notice

We find it necessary to move temporarily to our old location with Savage & Co., 21 Wyndham St., where you will be known as James Ground and Glass "Wind."

## A. D. Savage, Guelph

EXCLUSIVE OPTICIAN

## ACTON LIVERY

## BUS LINE

The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that all necessary and thorough repairs can always be secured at his stables.

A comfortable bus carries all classes from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Careful attention given to every detail. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS PROPRIETOR

## On Primrose Island

By Bertha Greenwood Wood

JENNIE leaned back luxuriously in her wicker rocker and turned her eyes from the contemplation of the sunset to fix them on her sister.

"We've come up here to get a good rest and I mean to make the most of it. I don't believe there's a soul on Primrose Island that we ever saw before, and that's a help at the moment. I do hope you aren't going to start off the first thing to find some foreign being you can help."

"Why Jennie! How absurd you are! I don't intend to do anything of the kind. Of course, if we can come across one who needed us, we'd be as quick as I to put out our hand."

"No, I wouldn't," Jennie asserted positively. "I've come up here to rest—I've dodged two of the most tiresome women who ever lived, and I don't intend to get into any more of their perpetual knitting and heresies."

"Oh Jennie, they're nice people—friends of Mrs. Hall you know; that's why they're stopping here, auntie said."

"Look May! Jennie changed the subject. "Did you ever see anything more picturesque than that part and the Indian dog—and that funny little old man who drives it? He brings the dog every morning. Oh, wouldn't you hate to live here the year round? Of course it's perfectly lovely now, but think of it in the winter?"

"Yes, when the lake's all frozen and they have to drive the dog across over the ice to the mainland. Just think of it! But it's a fascinating place just now."

"May! What do you think? Jennie's eyes were sparkling as she rushed up to her sister a few moments later. "We're going to have the loveliest time Thursday if Mr. Jenner has invited all of us over to Primrose Isle in his launch. Yes, every one in the house. Isn't it a pity auntie was called away and won't be back in time? We're going to take sandwiches, and he has the loveliest arrangement on his boat for cooking—We'll have coffee and baked potatoes, and it's such fun to sit on a boat! Isn't it nice of him inviting us all in that way? Why, he hardly knows us. I don't believe we've spoken a dozen words to him since we came, and I don't suppose the other guests know him much better."

"No, but they say he's always like that—always wanting everyone to enjoy his boat with him."

"Possibly, just possibly, Jennie mentally contradicted her own attitude toward the "business people" with Mr. Jenner's, but she did it in a very hurried and casual way.

"He says we can cruise about among the islands, too, she continued. "I've been wild to see that one with the rocky coast, haven't you? Devil's Island, I think it's called. And over at Presque Isle they say there are the loveliest phalarope plants you ever saw; they grow out of a long, peaty seam, so thick they say it's like walking on a feather bed when you step on it. Oh, now, I'm so happy to think we can go there!"

"Yes, it's delightful!" This was the voice of Mrs. Barrows, the knitting lady. "But it's just like that Mr. Jenner; he never seems happy unless he's doing something for somebody else, don't you?"

Jennie smiled pleasantly, but made no attempt to provoke her conversation.

It was just before tea-time that evening that Jennie, always quick as a

## Poetry.

### THE REWARD OF LABOUR

It's a pretty sweet world we are living through,  
A measure of unalloyed tears,  
And days that are sunny and day-dreams  
Are summed in the total of years;  
But all comes to naught, he it sorrow  
That the sun is so warm and so clear,  
At night in the lamp's mellow glow,  
When laughter and love and the rest  
Illumine whatever is good;  
The hearts that are faithful and true,  
And purpose is strengthened by night,  
At the soft mother-prayer and the weep  
"I want to kiss daddy good-night."

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## Flash in her motions, came down the stairs from her little room somewhat too lightly. Somehow she missed her footing, and in another moment was lying on a plain little heap on the lower landing. The other boarders crowded quickly around her.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said with a forced little laugh. "Like the man who rolled down the cellar stairs, that's the only way to come down the cellar stairs." But under the levity she was a little pale from the fright, and when she attempted to stand she fell back with a little groan.

"I—I must have twisted my ankle," she said. It was very evident that she had done so, and, half an hour later, a doctor, called in, saw the rapidly swelling member, pronounced it a sprain, and insisted that absolute rest was the only thing for Jennie for some days at least.

"Oh, but I can't," she protested, her young, undisciplined face looking into his. "I'm here for vacation, you know. And day after to-morrow—why I've got to be up—I'm going on a launch trip! I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"You'll have to miss it," said the doctor. "I'm sorry about it, but it's out of the question for you to take any trips for some days at least."

There was a quiet finality in his tone that encouraged no further dispute. Looked at the matter over and over, she remained, leaving directions to May about the injured ankle. "It's not a very serious sprain," he added, "but that doesn't lessen the necessity for protection. An ounce of prevention, you know."

He smiled kindly upon Jennie as he left. "What an unpleasant, dictatorial way he has! He burst out to May, as the door closed upon the doctor's broad shoulders.

"Why! He ought to be second every kind," May responded. "Just think how we'd blame him if he let you move about and then had a serious time afterward! Doctors have to be decided you know."

"I suppose so," Jennie said, grudgingly.

But it wasn't a bit soothing to see her sister from a tray up in their little room that evening, though May was as sweetly attentive as possible, and all she could do to make the exile endurable.

"You'd better go down to your own supper!" The thought occurred rather suddenly to Jennie, finishing the deliciously broiled whittaker. "I'm afraid I've been selfish in keeping you up here."

"Oh, no," May assured her hastily. "I like to stay with you—but perhaps I'd better go down now—the dining room closes soon."

"Yes, of course!" It was characteristic of Jennie that this had not occurred to her sooner.

There was a tap on the door a little later. "Come," Jennie said. But it was not one of the maids come to remove the tray. It was the knitting lady, kindhearted being from her plain face, and with a new magazine in her hand.

"I'm so sorry dear about that miserable twist she said. "It does seem too bad that this accident should have happened to you. But never mind."

"Yes, doesn't it?" Jennie responded with fervor.

"This magazine came just now and is the sick of time, as I said to my sister. We heard you say how interested you were in that serial, and this installment looks especially interesting, we thought."

"Oh, how kind of you!" Jennie murmured. A rather desultory and not too brilliant conversation followed, and she felt that she was being used as a sort of a prop, while Mrs. Barrows knitted and Jennie watched the kindly, plaited face. Finally a tinge of color crept into the girl's cheeks and she moved, and once she moved, she was gone.

"Mrs. Barrows! It's just occurred to me, you didn't say surely didn't stay away from the launch party on my account?" It seemed too incredible, and yet—suppose, oh, suppose she had!

"Mrs. Barrows' cheeks colored, too. "Why, deary, I told you I felt I didn't want to go!" But it was said so stammeringly, under Jennie's keen scrutiny, that the girl exclaimed: "Oh, you did! You did! You gave it up for me?"

"But I wanted to! I'll tell you—I was like this; I couldn't have enjoyed it a mile—thinking of you here and being homesick. So I just said to my sister, 'You go right along and I'll stiffer stay.' I've been on that launch before and she never has."

"But you hadn't been on such a lovely trip as this!" Jennie protested.

"That doesn't make any difference," Mrs. Barrows assured her. "It's pretty anywhere on this lake, and I'll have other chances sometime. So just remember I'm where I prefer to be."

A few moments' silence on Jennie's part. Then Mrs. Barrows spoke somewhat abruptly. "I'm going to tell you something, deary. You're so kindhearted, and I can't say of my own daughter. Sometimes I've felt it so strongly—it almost hurts—but I've been glad, when she—when she left us. She was the only child we had. There was a little quiver of the lip as Mrs. Barrows bent over her knitting, but in another minute she was talking on in her usual blithe tones.

"Doesn't such a pity your aunt should have been here to see her just the first part of your stay, but I've enjoyed meeting little you soot of belonged to us since you've been laid up this way. If you'll just let her go on feeling like that, it'll be real happiness. And I thought to-day, if you feel like it, I'd like to bring up my lunch,

rather poor, and they haven't had many advantages, I suppose."

"Yes, of course," Jennie interrupted hastily. "Common's a hateful word for me to be using under the circumstances."

Such's glorious morning as Thursday reflected the cloudless blue of the sky—in deep sapphire color. There was not a whisp of wind to be seen anywhere.

"You'd better begin to dress early," Jennie remarked, as her sister took the breakfast tray from the little table.

"Dress—for what? You don't suppose I'm going to leave you?" May exclaimed. "Why, Jennie, what are you thinking of?"

"But you must go! My ankle does not hurt now—to speak of. I shall let you give that trip up for me."

"It's a rather unusual circumstance on Jennie's part; perhaps she has been doing some quiet thinking since the sprained ankle had stranded her up in the quiet little bedroom.

But still May protested, and it was only after Jennie's declaration that she had already arranged with Julia, the maid, for some special arrangements that day, that May at last reluctantly consented.

"I feel like a monster to be leaving you," she said, coming back for a last look at her, as her sister said, "What I suppose we won't be gone so very long—about five hours, Mrs. Jenner says—but that's a deary long time for you," she said wearily.

"No, it isn't. I'm all right!" Jennie protested. "You won't need to worry a particle about me." And May departed deeply touched and quite oblivious of the fact that she herself was so in the habit of preceding such unselfish rather good for Jennie to have her sister so near a bit of the same lovely view.

But somehow the morning without May was going to drag heavily for Jennie, notwithstanding her assurance. She turned with a little sigh to the library book that her sister had procured for her the last thing, but it didn't prove as interesting as she expected. Then someone knocked on her door, and in response to the invitation to enter, Jennie saw with astonishment that her visitor was Mrs. Barrows.

"Why?" she exclaimed, "I supposed everybody had gone on that launch trip?"

"I decided I'd rather not go," said Mrs. Barrows. "I don't mind to go, but I thought I'd look in on you a little while."

"I'm so glad to see you," Jennie responded, and she meant it, for it was pleasant to feel that she was to have some companionship either then, or later.

"I'm simply made my sister go," Jennie announced, abruptly. "She's so unselfish I could hardly persuade her to leave us."

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Barrows responded, smilingly. "Of course you would be so kindhearted as to look in on me, and I hope she's having as fine a time as she expected. It's a real lovely day to be on the water."

How strange that Mrs. Barrows had stayed at home, Jennie thought to herself. For had she not been so enthusiastic as a girl when the trip was projected only two days before? But Mrs. Barrows had produced her knitting, and seemed to be enjoying her knitting thoroughly. "Now if there's anything I can do for you, deary, just let me know, as ever, your most affectionate auntie," she remarked. "I'd love to wait on you."

"Oh, thank you so much!" Jennie murmured. A rather desultory and not too brilliant conversation followed, and she felt that she was being used as a sort of a prop, while Mrs. Barrows knitted and Jennie watched the kindly, plaited face. Finally a tinge of color crept into the girl's cheeks and she moved, and once she moved, she was gone.

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