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All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.


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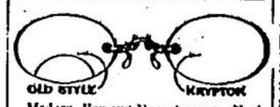

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J. L. WARREN
MANAGER


## Poetry.

### AN EASTER CAROL

The Master walked where lilies grew,
So fair, so pure, so white,
So glorious in Judah's land,
So lovely to the sight.

His eyes saw beauty in their form
As, folded to his breast,
He lingered o'er the sweet perfume,
The flowers he loved best.

The lily bell in purest bloom
Is spotless as the snow,
Dear emblem of a risen life
And heavenly afterglow.

Our Jesus died and rose to life,
Foretelling there shall be
A blessed resurrection day
And immortality.

The risen Lord has conquered death
We only die to live;
We sow the seed, the flower gain,
So Christ new life shall give.

This holy Easter we will sing
Now carols to the Son,
Who took away the sting from death
And victory o'er it won.

—Mrs. C. E. Lord.

## Select Family Reading

### The Commander's Easter

By Rhodes Campbell.

ALL AKENSIDE was stirred by the news that the commander would be home for Easter. To the younger generation he was a hero, perhaps all the more so on account of his long absence. Then he was a naval officer, and he had had a romance, which keenly interested the young people especially.

He had never visited our little town since he had left it that memorable day after his unfortunate marriage. Rumors of this and that had reached the ears of the good folk of Akenside, but it was from an intimate friend of Barbara Lippincott that I heard the story.

The commander—King West—was early left alone in this world, and made his home during holiday times at the Lippincotts', who were old friends of his mother. He was at college with Ned Lippincott, and then was suddenly seized with the fever to be a sailor. An influential friend of his father's gained him the appointment; he passed the requisite examination, and entered the Naval Academy. He had graduated, and was about to enter upon his new duties when his health suddenly failed. It was not an uncommon story of a fine physique and perfect health ruined by persistent disregard of all hygienic rules. He came to the only home he had known for years, as everyone thought, to die. He did not give up without a desperate struggle. He consulted the best physicians, who all agreed that his case was hopeless.—Mrs. Lippincott having died within the year, Barbara, the only daughter, his life-long playmate and friend, was his untiring nurse. It was his only consolation. She was so sympathetic, so earnest, so beautiful! King lay there one day watching the pretty figure in the perfectly-fitting mourning dress, which brought out with startling clearness the golden hair, deep blue eyes and fair skin of Barbara Lippincott.

"Bab, come here, will you?" he asked. Something new in his tone made the girl look at him apprehensively as she obeyed him. The contrast between the strong man so familiar to her and the one she saw now made her voice very tender as she asked him:

"Can I do anything for you, King?"

"Yes, you can—marry me," was the abrupt reply. "I know I'm not much to marry," he went on, in his faint voice. "House, chiefly, but it is the desire of my heart to have you bear my name for awhile, and—and—" Here a flush came into the pale face—"and to have you take care of all this money I must leave to some one. It will save me a world of trouble, and you will do far more good than I ever could or would do with it. I know you don't love me, dear, as I do you, but I thought perhaps you'd consent; it's for such a little while. Why I can hardly remember the time I didn't love you. But, darling—" He stopped abruptly, and Barbara, alarmed by his pallor, shocked and overcome by his unexpected confession and request, could only beg him to give her time.

That night she lay awake trying to decide what to do. She longed for her mother as never before. She loved no one else, but the hero of her dreams had always been an unknown, fascinating creature, and King West she knew so well. He was a dear good fellow, brave and handsome, but she would almost as soon think of marrying Ned as this old and intimate friend. It wrung her womanly heart to think of him so soon to die. What mattered her girlish qualms? As he had said, it would be such a little while, after all, and it would make the dear fellow happier. But there was that money. If only he were poor, her motives would be misunderstood; but—well, what did she care if her own heart was right? And she would give it all away and help everybody all in his name. And yet marriage was such a sacred thing. So poor Barbara tossed and turned and reasoned and changed her mind, and the upshot of it all was that there was a very solemn and quiet marriage ceremony, and at its close the pale, sweet-faced bride was Mrs. West.

Mr. Lippincott consented—he loved this adopted son sincerely—and, indeed, he never had refused any request of his idol, Barbara.

So the days went on. Happiness seemed to revive King's waning strength for a time, and then he grew slowly worse. Suddenly upon the scene came a most important actor, a college friend of King's, whose friendship was of that ardor almost overlike in its intensity. He had heard lately of his friend's condition, and had come to urge upon him an Arabian remedy which had been given him by an uncle whose life had been passed in the Orient. A native, whose life he had saved presented it to him.

With so faith, but partly to please his friend, partly because a dying man catches at any straw which will preserve life, King followed the prescription and treatment and, to everyone's amazement, he improved, and, after many weeks, was restored to his old vigor. Of course, few gave credit to this remedy; few knew of it; but whatever it was, the young man recovered.

And then to Barbara came the shock of finding that the restored life of her old friend meant bondage to her. Was she a murderess at heart? Oh, no, no! But if she had only stood firm and never yielded to King's entreaties. The very fact that she was bound to him made her turn from him. These conflicting feelings told upon her health and spirits. And then, one day, her husband came in holding a letter. He went straight to her, and taking her hands in his, said:

"Barbara, don't think that I have been blind. Do you think that I would hold you to your word now? I am ordered to China at once. After a proper absence you can apply for and obtain a divorce."

Barbara burst into tears as he went on in his considerate, thoughtful plans for her comfort, with never a hint of his own pains.

She had a horror of divorce. Let them be separated for awhile, she murmured to herself.

King went off on his three years' cruise, then on another to Australia. Mr. Lippincott finally took Barbara abroad. It was then, and while far away in Australia, that King received a fresh stab. A comrade of his, a brother officer, was reading aloud a letter from a correspondent in Naples:

"I'm acting a new role at present," he wrote, "chaperoning a wealthy scion of an old English family. And here, what does the fellow do but fall madly in love with a young American widow! To be sure, madam is charming, very modest and beautiful, but as old Norsh used to say: 'Widdies are a devavin' lot,' and Caron Louis's father has far different designs for his son. The widow's name is Madam West, blonde type. She seems interested in my protege, I must say."

King wrote at once after his long silence, to Barbara, urging a divorce. He felt that he knew her so well, and could picture her mental distress and scruples against her love for this apparently charming young stranger. King had aged somewhat, and his friends declared he was much less jolly since his long illness. He never spoke of himself, but he knew that all real happiness had vanished for him—the romance of his life was over, and he was often tempted to curse his return to health. But he devoted himself to his loved profession and had risen in it. His love for Barbara was chivalric and constant as any knight's of old; but, above all, he longed for her to be happy, at any sacrifice to himself. He was to return to New York and Barbara's answer was to be sent there. As the time drew near, he could neither eat nor sleep. He knew it would be the end of all his feeble hopes, and yet till it did come, there was no certainty. How he envied this Caron Louis; he knew his pure good Barbara had given her love unconsciously and without premeditation, and had fought against it. She was a noble woman, but how could she help rebelling against a bondage which the one who loved her best in all the world had brought upon her? Slowly the vessel steamed into port—a letter might await him.

He held it in his hand—that well-known plain chirography—and the strong man felt weak as a child. With muttered disdain, he tore it open. The words danced before his eyes at first, and then he read:

"I have suspected my feeling for some time, but I wanted no mistake this time. The shock of finding a young boy here really making love to me, under the impression that I was a widow, awakened me to a fresh sense of my compromising position, and also, oh, King, for my love for you! How could I help it—the bravest and most unselfish man in the world? How could I have been so foolish, so heartless, so blind! Can you ever forgive me? May I come back to you and try and make up for these long years of separation? Or are you weaned from me? I shall follow this letter, and if you can take me back, meet me in New York and let us go back to dear old Akenside for our Eastertide. If not let me find a letter—"

And so it was that our commander did not come to Akenside alone. The boys stood around the door and gateway of our little stone church to see their hero come in—so tall, so commanding. No longer grave, the dark eyes had a subdued gleam of laughter. He saw no one but the tender, graceful figure by his side. They go on into the church. The glad anthem, "Christ is Risen," peals forth from the choir, joyous, triumphant. Barbara West's heart is full. She struggles to control her quivering lips. Such happiness as God has permitted her!

The senior warden rubs his eyes, hardly daring to believe the evidence of his sight, as the gold pieces drop from the hands of these two, as a slight offering of what gold can never express.

They are certainly most happy — our commander and his wife. When the order came for him to go to the Mediterranean, his wife followed him to Italy, and I heard some one say of her: "I never in all my life saw such a radiantly happy wife as Barbara West."

MRS. CLARA E. SPEIGHT-HUMBERSTON'
OF NEWTONBROOK
"A WOMAN OF SCIENCE"

The Free Press has just issued for Mrs. Humberston' her new work entitled: "The Origin of the Chemical Elements and of Cell Life," a bound volume of pretentious size, with illustrated plates showing cell life and development. Mrs. Humberston is very jubilant over her scientific discoveries and is quite positive she is able to give the very origin of the groupings of electric charges that make up the primal system, from which all forms of life have arisen. She asserts that if her discoveries are pronounced correct by the scientific world, the present conception of the Darwinian theory of evolution is forever eliminated from even a consideration by any intelligent person.

One great result of Mrs. Humberston's discovery shows the radium atom to be a system of primal groups of electric charges undergoing a transformation of one form of energy to that of another. She believes radium will point the way to the control of life itself, when its atomic growth is understood.

According to her discoveries, radium proves to be a dynamic system of atoms made up of different races of radium atoms. Just as there are five different races of mankind making up the human family, so there are five different races of radium atoms making up the radium atomic family.

The continual re-adjustment of electric charges as positive and negative under a process of decomposition, brings forth a continuous generation of heat and luminosity, and the birth of radium A. B. C. D. E. F. beginning in the "emanation" proves the individualization of the members of the family, each member living a definite period of time.

The atomic growth of radium, as shown, should afford the investigator much assistance in obtaining beneficiary results in the treatment of disease.

In her preface Mrs. Humberston' explains that it was through "field observations" that her interest in scientific research was first awakened. She had undertaken the preparation of material for the furtherance of nature study in the schools of Canada for such works as "Birds of Canada in Relation to Agriculture," published in 1906; "The Wild Animals of Canada," "The Wild Flowers of Canada," "The Fishes of our Canadian Waters," at the request of the Minister of Education, and a very careful study of the classification of the different forms of life was necessary. The evidence of fixed numbers and their multiples in determining the division and subdivision of the different forms of life, forced the conclusion that only by regarding science individible in all its branches can its great truths be rendered discoverable. The wonderful achievement of specialization have been kept too separate. The new knowledge of matter afforded by electro-chemical analysis, and by experiments with substances of the radium group proves that the same kind of rays are being emitted by all forms of matter. The electrical constitution of matter forces the recognition that motion is life, and the control of motion determines the length of time the material form shall live.

Mrs. Humberston' has given critical study and elaborate laboratorical research to her subjects for many years. As far back as 1904 she entertained a number of Toronto scientists and professors at her home at Newtonbrook in rehearsing and demonstrating the results of her investigations up to that time. The Mail and Empire at that time published a half column report of the proceedings prepared by the scientific editor, who concluded his article with this high compliment: "However tenable or untenable Mrs. Humberston's proposition may prove to be, she is undoubtedly a woman of very remarkable powers of mind."

Her lectures in Toronto and elsewhere on "The Evolution of Man from the Spherical Bacteria Cell," have been spoken of by scientific hearers as instructive and interesting.

This new work is being placed in the hands of the most eminent scientists of America and Europe, and copies are being forwarded to the libraries of the leading universities of both continents.

Mrs. Humberston' is honest in the conviction that she has made discoveries of greater moment and more far-reaching influences than the discovery of radium. She has confident hope that when the scientific world awakes to the importance of the proofs she presents that the coveted Nobel prize for scientific research for the year will be awarded to her.

It will be interested to Free Press readers to know that Mrs. Humberston' is a native of Acton, a daughter of the late Samuel Speight, and that the home at the corner of Church and Willow Streets was her birthplace.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, April 12th, 1894

Eggs are selling for nine cents.

Potatoes are down to 35 cents a bag.

Spring pigs were sold on Saturday in Guelph at $1.00 each.

There were several loads of logs and wood brought to town yesterday forenoon—sleighing.

Thos. Perryman, Jr., has sold his house and lot, corner Agnes and Frederick Streets to David Mills for $600.

About five inches of snow fell on Tuesday. There was a similar storm ten days later last year, but it was colder then.

Mr. John Chisholm, Jr., has sold his brick house on Lake Avenue to Mr. Joshua Norrish, of Nassagaweya. Price $1050. Possession May 1st.

Abram Stauffer has moved one of his buildings from his lot on Elgin Street to the corner of Church and Elgin. It will be used as a blacksmith shop there by W. Mason.

David Stirton, L.D.S., dentist, formerly of Acton, died in Guelph General Hospital on Friday evening.

Twenty-six new members were received in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening. In the morning there were six adult baptisms.

The following newly-elected officers of Acton Temperance Union took place at the meeting on Friday evening: H. Jeans, Past Pres.; R. J. McNabb, Pres.; Hattie Thurston, Vice-Pres.; Annie Smith, Sec.; A. E. Gurney, Ass't Sec.; C. Jenner, Treas.; G. Barnsby, Chap.; R. J. Gurney, Sentinel; Clara Moore, Usher; Mrs. A. Secord, Organist.

MARRIED

BLACK-MARTIN—At the house of the bride's mother, Mrs. H. E. Martin, on March 30th by Rev. F. Baker, Everton, Mr. Archibald Black, Shelburne, to Miss Gertie Augustine Martin.

FERGUSON-BURTLOW—At the home of the bride's parents, 13 Garden Ave., Toronto, on April 4th, by Rev. G. McPhillips, Mr. Wesley Fergusson to Addie, second daughter of Richard Burtlow, all of Toronto.

DIED

BOSSOM—In Halifax, on April 6th, Fanny, daughter of Mrs. Walter Bossom, formerly of Acton, aged 18 years, 10 months.

### AN EASTER FORM

Miss Lillian Van Brunt had quite made up her mind never, under any circumstances, to speak to Mr. Frankfort again. William Frankfort could deny all he pleased, Miss Van Brunt knew.

And when Miss Van Brunt knew anything there was nothing would change her opinion. Miss Van Brunt had seen the verses in the magazine herself. As she read them she realized at once that Mr. Frankfort had written them. She remembered how she had talked to him of the new gown she was to wear at church and the creation from Paris that was to adorn her head. And then what a despicable thing Mr. Frankfort had done! She read the hateful lines:

Not from a moss grown garden,
Nor yet from a forest hilly
Nor from flower stand,
Nor florist's hand
Doth come my Easter lily.
But fresh from the shop of the milliner man
And the ladies tailor really,
In flounces and ribbons and satins and silks,
She comes, my Easter lily.

Miss Van Brunt read the poem again and then tore it up and cried.

The usher at St. Mark's did not know the feeling that Miss Van Brunt entertained for Mr. Frankfort or he would certainly not conduct that gentleman past a half dozen vacant seats to put him beside Miss Van Brunt at the Easter morning service. Mr. Frankfort seemed unaware himself of the feeling Miss Van Brunt had for him as he smiled and spoke softly to her as he entered the pew and insisted on finding the proper place for the responsive readings in the prayer book.

The sermon was unusual dry. Miss Van Brunt tried to amuse herself and keep from turning her head toward Mr. Frankfort by scribbling on the front page of the hymnal. She wrote:

Not with saintly grace, but grinning face,
In clothes so loud and silly,
No piety, but boutonniere,
He comes, my Easter lillie!

She was suddenly conscious of what she was doing and dropped the hymnal down by her feet and stared intently at the rector. Mr. Frankfort listlessly picked up the hymnal, and it opened of its own accord at the first page. Mr. Frankfort read, looked somewhat surprised and then also inscribed some lines in the hymnal. Miss Van Brunt quite accidently picked up the hymnal a short time afterwards and read:

She is so radiant, fair and sweet,
Yet she spurns me and is chilly
Because of magazine verse
Four months old or worse,
Writ before I knew my Lillie.

It is said to be a sin to steal a pin and a much more heinous offense it is to carry away a church hymnal securely tucked under one's jacket. Yet that is what Miss Lilly Van Brunt did on that Easter Sunday when she walked home with Mr. Frankfort.

### AN EASTER LILY

A baby girl with new thought bright
Stands tiptoeing, in grave delight,
To reach the stately lily's height,
Sweet lily passing fair!

With upturned face she laughs in glee:
"May I your Easter lily be—
Your Easter lily? Come, pick me."
Child lily, passing fair!

Soul flower from heaven's field of blue,
The dregs of love's cup hold but you—
Thy life hath proven heaven true,
Pure lily, passing fair.

For thou hast taught me, baby mine,
Through parent love the love divine.
Though but a little fragment mine,
My lily, passing fair!

Child flower, may God's great wisdom move
Through all thy life till, ripe with love,
He plucks thee home above,
God's lily passing fair.

—Elsie Kenyon,

### CONCERNING EASTER EGGS

There are many superstitions in connection with Easter, and each country has a custom of celebrating it peculiar to itself; but, while each varies, they all unite to observe the spirit of spring time, and all Christians rejoice that the Lord of Life forever won victory over death. Among the many quaint superstitions is the old Aryan one which typifies the return of the sun of springtime by a golden egg—eggs being distributed at the early equinox by the priests, to strengthen the hopes of the people that the bleak, cold days of winter might soon cease and a brighter time ensue.

The Persians believed that the earth was hatched from an immense egg on Easter morning. The Aryans also believed the sun to be a large golden egg which was constantly rolling nearer to the earth.

With the Jews, says the Bellonator, the egg becomes a type of their rescue from the land of bondage, and in their feast of passover eggs occupied a conspicuous place in the services. It was their connection with the latter that caused them to be used by Christians the world over, in celebrating Easter—the egg of resurrection into a new life—bringing a message of life from death, as it were.

The Tyrolese Easter eggs are similar to our Valentines, for, besides being most beautifully tinted, they have in unique lettering mottos representing appropriate good wishes for the recipients.

The priests of Italy bless all eggs brought to service Easter morning and each person carries his back home, where they are placed on a kind of an altar arranged for the purpose, surrounded by lighted candles and often flowers. Then the members of the family and any guest abiding with them eat these holy eggs as a safeguard against disease and danger. They are hard boiled before they are taken to the church.

### THOUGHTS FOR EASTER

Because He lived the world begins to live to day, and of its spiritual birth this day is the anniversary.—Edward Everett Hale.

A legend of the Greek church tells us that our Lord used to feed the robins around his mother's door, when he was a boy, moreover, that the robin never left the sepulchre till the resurrection and at the ascension joined in the angels' song.

Across the sea the light brought joy to many a ship, and, glancing on the shore ten thousand spires flashed the glad illumination and trembled to the rolling organ beneath, that sounds forth the Christian's exultation. It is the Lord's day and the annual day of resurrection.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There are great merits about Easter as an annual feast day. It says to us: "Put on your best clothes, think your best thoughts and be as good and as happy as you can. The Lord of Christendom is risen. The spring is coming back. Life begins again in the fields, parks and gardens. Let us be grateful to our maker for life. Let us rejoice in the present all we honestly can and take as hopeful a view of the future as common sense permits."—Edward E. Martin.

### EASTER FESTIVITIES

"Something" new is the key-note of Easter.

Each guest must bring something new.

It matters not what the new thing may be.

The originality and fertile brain of the guest decide the problem.

Each of them endeavors to secure something unknown to the rest of the party.

One may describe a new invention; another tells about a new dish.

Now styles of hairdressing may be displayed. A new book may be discussed.

Some will choose to wear novel articles of dress, others will concoct new jokes.

New games, new tricks, new music, new recitations, are all included in the programme.

The idea may be happily utilized by arranging that the "something new" shall be represented by each guest (by pantomime or otherwise) the others to guess what is the new thing that is represented.

### DANGEROUS TOPIC

"Do you care for Browning?" asked the poetical man with the long hair of a conspicuously-dressed lady at his right.

"Not so loud, please," whispered the woman, "my husband has an awfully jealous disposition."


The Foe of Indigestion.—Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthful action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

When Asthma Comes do not despair. Turn at once to the help of the effective—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This wonderful remedy will give you the aid you need so sorely. Choking ceases, breathing becomes natural and without effort. Others, thousands of them, have suffered as you suffer but have wisely turned to this famous remedy and obtained relief. Get a package this very day.