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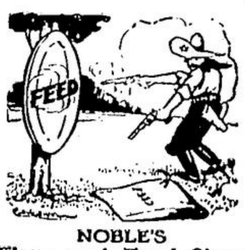

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Notes left for collection are secure against fire or burglary, and the makers are notified of the due date.

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TORONTO CANADA

Poetry.

A VALENTINE

(In an old album, dated 1383.)

When slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thoughts is free,
And Reason refreshed renews her reigns—
I think of Thee.

When next in prayer to God above
I bend my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love—
I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demands of me
To rise and journey on life's way—
I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay,
Whate'er it be;
All that the idle verses say—
They say of Thee.

For an eye whose liquid lights
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or browns or brights—
They sing of Thee.

And if a weariness mood, or sad,
Possesses me,
One thought can all times make me glad—
The thought of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Fully wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head—
I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
To live for Thee;
Or gladly if one pang 'twould save—
I'd die for Thee.

BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

When man are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower.—John Ruskin.

Select Family Reading

DAISY PLUME'S VALENTINE

By A. O. Cosson

OUTSIDE, the freezing glitter of a full moon lighted up the wintry world. On the distant hills the cedars and hemlocks seemed to interlock their waving branches; while the icicles pendant from a thousand leafless boughs made faint music at every breath of air. All nature was cold. At Israel Plume's snug little farmhouse, however, there was no lack either of light nor warmth.

Daisy Plume had kissed her old father good-night, and gone up to her room to finish packing, for with to-morrow's earliest beam she was to start upon her first pilgrimage to the great city.

A low, clear fire burned upon the red-brick hearth; two tall candles on the white draped toilet tablet diffused a pleasant brightness throughout the room, and Daisy sat in a little rocking-chair putting an array of dainty hose into a silk-lined box; while her elder sister, Huldah, stood by the bed folding dresses and laying them leisurely into the tray of the old-fashioned hair-trunk which had gone with Daisy's father and his second wife—Daisy's mother not Huldah's — upon their unpretending wedding trip.

"I suppose you'll have a splendid time," said Huldah, sighing.

Aunt Penrose had never thought of inviting her to come to New York with Daisy; yet Huldah never once dreamed of being jealous of her beautiful younger sister. It was quite natural and right in her eyes that all the good and pleasant things of this world should be awarded to Daisy.

"You'll be sure not to forget us, Daisy," said Huldah, with a sort of unaccountable yearning tugging at her heart-strings and the sound of unshed tears in her patient voice.

"Forget you, Huldah!" And the skirt Huldah had so carefully folded was sent flying half across the floor as Daisy pounced upon her, with first a shake and then a kiss. "What do you take me for, you dear, cross, fault-finding Huldah? As if I ever should forget you and my home!"

"There, there, child!" gasped Huldah, "don't choke me to death. And Hiram Walters, too, dear; he thinks a deal of you."

Daisy laughed, and shook her yellow curls.

"Now that is too ridiculous, Huldah. I wonder if Hiram Walters thinks I am going to be contented to settle down into a mere farmer's wife, with nothing to do but to feed chickens and count the pans of cream on the dairy shelves?"

"Oh, Daisy!"

"And oh, Huldah. Do you suppose I never had any ambitious imaginings? Just wait a little and I will show you what a country girl can do. Why, Aunt Penrose knows a young man, the son of one of those New York millionaires, who has seen my photograph at her house, and—but, of course, that's all nonsense. Only I can tell you that Hiram Walters and the old red farm-house are not by any means foregone conclusions."

"But he loves you, Daisy."

"Well and I like him after a boy-and-girl fashion and I always shall like him. But that's no reason I should cramp my whole existence to match the pattern of his humdrum life. Now, Huldah, don't look grave; you know I don't set up for a pattern of perfection—only a faulty human girl."

Huldah shook her head; she could not find it in her heart more definitely to scold the pretty pleading creature who clung to her so beseechingly.

It was hardly daylight the next morning when the crisp sound of sleigh bells at the door warned Daisy that the moment of departure had come and she ran merrily down stairs.

"Papa, you haven't got your fur cap and gloves on. Aren't you going to drive me to the depot?"

Israel Plume looked a little embarrassed.

"Well, Daisy, you see it's a stingin' cold morning, and I had a tough spell of rheumatism last week and—"

"Never mind, papa dear," interrupted Daisy, "perhaps it isn't best. Good-bye, dear. And Huldah don't let him forget the woollen muffler around the throat when he goes out."

She went into the porch, hiding the pang of disappointment that her charioteer was to be only Simon, the farm hand.

"It's too bad, Simon," said she, "to take you all the six miles to the depot this cold morning with your asthma."

But to her amazement it was not Hymen that sat at the right side of the little red cutter, but Hiram Walters.

"Don't be angry with me, Daisy," he pleaded. "But I did so long to drive you over, and your father was very kind about it and didn't object. It will be so long before we see each other again, Daisy."

"Angry! I am not angry of course," said the girl apparently busy in arranging the robes round her slight form, "only I'm sorry to give you the trouble, Hiram."

"Daisy!"

"Well, of course it is a trouble."

"Daisy," he said, tremulously, "do you remember last Valentine's Day, when I stood under your window waiting for the sun to rise and you to draw back the white curtains? And when I first caught sight of you with your long hair turned to light in the eastern sunshine, oh! Daisy, Daisy, I knew that I had won the right and privilege to be your faithful valentine all the rest of the year. And you can talk of 'trouble' after that. Daisy, I shouldn't think it a trouble to walk from here to Oshkhosna for you, if it could save you a pang or do you any good. We are valentines, Daisy. And I shall stand under your window in the city street next 14th February come what may, save sickness or death, to prevent."

"What nonsense," cried Daisy with a light laugh. "Of course, we all know that it is nothing on earth but an old-fashioned custom forgotten long ago, except in just such out-of-the-way nook and corners as this."

"I have not forgotten it, Daisy, and I never shall."

Daisy did not answer him; she only nestled her hands closer into her muff, and gazed dreamily out upon the snowy landscape now tinted with pink and silver from the first rays of the morning sun.

"It is very, very pretty here," she said, musingly, "I wonder how it will seem when I come back."

"Oh, Daisy, you will come back the same? You will not change?"

"You tease me, Hiram," she uttered a little impatiently. "How can we any of us tell what is going to happen to us?"

The young man said no more but drove on in silence and not until the train which bore Daisy Plume away had disappeared shrieking into the gorge of the hills, did he remember and realize what he ought to have said—how little he had had the courage to utter.

"But one thing is sure," he muttered to himself, "I will be her valentine this next year, please God."

So Daisy went to her aunt in New York, and bewitched the city people by her carmine blooms and innocent freshness and artless country ways as unexpected and refreshing as it would have been to find a tuft of buttercups in City Hall Park. And she had not been there a month before she found herself a belle in the Penrose' set, after the most approved and heart-turning fashion.

"Isn't it nice?" cried Daisy. "Oh, if I could only be a girl of seventeen forever, and have hot-house bouquets sent to me, and wear pink and blue silks and dance away my life to Strauss's waltz music. It is like having strayed my way into Aladdin's Palace. I don't think I knew what it was actually to live before I came to New York."

"My dear," said Aunt Penrose, sagely, "don't talk nonsense, but let Aimee dress your hair with the oleander blossoms tonight. Mr. Davenport has told me that he would call."

Mr. Davenport! The fresh color flooded Daisy Plume's cheeks at the name, for Mr. Davenport was no other than the identical modern Crœsus who had shown first his good taste by falling in love with the little photograph, and then his constancy by correspondingly admiring its original. Were her bright dreams coming true after all? Should she walk on carpets of mosquette and wear great diamond drops in her ears, and trail the scented folds of camel's-hair shawls after her? Daisy was only an average specimen of human girlhood, as she herself had asserted, and the temptation was very strong. How could Hiram Walters and the red farmhouse expect a second thought after this new cavalier had entered the lists? Daisy's eyes sparkled brighter than ever, and her cheeks rivaled the oleander blossoms she liked to wear in her golden hair, as the weeks crept slowly on.

How was it, then, that she blushed and felt vaguely guilty whenever she thought of Hiram Walters and the little border of clove-pinks he had planted under the south windows, because she liked pinks, and the old balsam tree he had cut down because she thought the river view obstructed by its black green layers of shade. Daisy did not analyse her feelings. Perhaps because she dared not.

"Daisy, you are not going to that party to-night," remonstrated Aunt Penrose. "You took cold at the rink yesterday, and your throat is bad. I know it by the husky sound of your voice."

"Oh, Auntie, yes," pleaded Daisy. "Mr. Davenport is to be there and Madeline Clymer."

"Pshaw, child. Madeline Clymer can't very well run away with George Davenport even if you are not there to keep guard over him."

"But I want to be there, aunty all the same. And the new white dress with the low corsage is so pretty, and these flowers he sent are just exquisite. No other adjective in the language would apply to them. Only to-night, Aunty, because it is St. Valentine's Eve, he was reading me some of the sweetest verses I ever heard about it; and he says—do you think he can really mean it?—that he paced up and down the pavement for an hour before daybreak for the mere chance of seeing me at the window the first of all."

"Humph!" said Aunt Penrose, momentarily beguiled into forgetting her fears of diphtheria and its attendant horrors. "How about the the milkman and the police?"

"Oh, aunty, you needn't laugh. You know what I mean. Last year—"

Here Daisy checked herself abruptly as she saw, in the mirror of her memory, the radiant, upturned face of Hiram Walters, in the chill February dawnlight and recalled his parting words.

"But of course he has forgotten all about them," thought Daisy. "Men talk about heartbreaks but they are only silly words. Hiram Walters is a great deal too sensible and commonplace to break his heart for a silly little chit like me."

Daisy had never looked prettier than she did that night in the white crepe dress cut decollete, revealing the slender, swan-like throat and the ivory-white shoulders, rising from a foam-like edging of tulle, while great luminous pearls glimmered in her ears—they had been a part of Aunt Penrose's bridal parure twenty years ago—and a bunch of white fossamine swung its perfumed stars amid her yellow hair.

George Davenport thought he never had seen so fair a vision in all his life and Miss Madeline Clymer was simply scornful.

So Daisy Plume went home on the night of the 13th of February. Starlight and bitter cold it was with the air tingling as if it were filled with innumerable stinging particles, and the cold pavements seemed to strike to Daisy's very heart, as her little white-slippered feet danced from carriage step to threshold.

"Home at last," she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. I believe I shall never be warm again."

Was it but a chance utterance, or a prediction springing from the depth of Fate?

Up and down, up and down the sounding pavements, two watchers paced, each keeping his own vigil, unmindful of the presence of the other. Once or twice Hiram Walters glanced half-defiantly at Mr. Davenport's stately figure, wrapped in a fur-lined mantle, and wondered within himself if this was one of Daisy's fine city lovers.

"He shall not outwatch me!" he thought.

Meanwhile, behind the yellow satin curtains of the tightly closed casements the two young men watched so closely, the lights were flickering with sickening pallor, and people came and went for this thing and that and the other, while the old, gray-haired physician sat by the bedside, and Aunt Penrose wrung her hands and asked hysterical questions, which no one had the heart to answer. On the other side of the pillow stood the waiting spector, Death.

Suddenly the languid eyelids lifted; the eyes shone dimly up, like forget-me-nots peeping through drifted April snows.

"Am I dying, Aunty? Oh, don't let me die yet! I must go back to Huldah and papa and Hiram—"

And Death came to be pretty Daisy's valentine as she spoke, and the word upon her lips was Hiram Walters' name. Could he but have known it!

But Hiram Walters will live widowed to his life's end.

"Death took her from me," he said, "and death will, one day, give her back. And I can wait."

TRULY ORIGINAL VALENTINES

A teacher of several years' successful experience has preserved an amusing collection of the odd offerings made to her by her little pupils. She is very popular, and their tributes are many. Most of them come at Christmas, but she has also a choice assortment of valentines. She has encouraged the children in school to attempt simple, original verse by way of affording variety to their work in composition, and naturally they make use of their new acquirement when St. Valentine's day arrives. No one could accuse the author of the following couplet of plagiarism or of unwillingness to prove his youthful devotion:

My dear teacher I want whise
Per agen if you give me one nice kise.

Another boy's tribute—he was evidently an elder lad, with definite ideas concerning masculine supremacy outside of school if not in it—propounded in a question, but not exactly the usual one:

I'm yours to boss, but you're not mine.
So how can you be my valentine?

An unsentimental little girl, evidently compelled by the force of example to follow the fashion of her mates, yet rebellious in spirit, quite clearly expressed her state of mind:

I do not like to write in rimes,
With capitals and jingly lines.
I do not like to write to you,
And tell you things that are not true.
I do not like to write at all,
But if I must this is my scrawl.
I do not like this verse of mine,
But please to be my valentine.

Another child evolved a simple but ingenious variation of a familiar formula:

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
That's one line and this is two.
I love you much, I love you more,
That was three and this is four.

Less facility, but more sentiment, is displayed in this passionate declaration of a budding poet:

I love you more than other folks,
More than twelve times twelfildy more.
The multiplication table doesn't go
As far as I you adore.

HUMOROUS

"Oh, mother," cried Mabel, who had never visited in the country. "I have just had a letter from my schoolmate, Addie Randall, inviting me to spend two weeks on her father's farm."

Mabel's mother looked up languidly. "Yes, dear," she remarked, "and what does she say about the society in the neighborhood? Does she mention any one?"

"No," answered Mabel, "but I have heard her mention the Holsteins and Guernseys."

"Oh, well," said mother, "I presume they are pleasant people."

Farmer Jones, finding help very scarce in his neighborhood, was forced to visit the city, where he finally obtained a man. The third day, Farmer Jones said—

"I want you to clean up the pig sty and stables and the hen house and all the other houses of the stock."

The new hand worked vigorously for hours. Then he appeared before his employer, with both eyes nearly closed, his mouth swollen, and red lumps all over his face neck and hands.

"Gimme my money," he said; "I am agoin' to quit."

"What's the matter?" asked the farmer.

"I don't know what's the matter," said the victim, "but it happened when I started to clean the beehive."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, February 14th, 1895

Mr. Albert Stewart is hauling brick for a new house he intends erecting on his farm on the second line next summer.

The snow on Mill Street and Bower Avenue is six feet deep in some places.

A taste of the hospitality of the warm hearts and homes in the front of this County will do good to the delegates to the Sunday School Convention next week.

A historical sketch of the Methodist Church here was given at the Epworth League on Tuesday evening.

The Brick Church tea-meeting has been postponed, on account of the roads being blocked.

Messrs. Henry Grindell, Adam Cook and Hiram Swackhamer are nominated for position of School Trustee in place of Rev. G. B. Cooke, recently deceased.

The bad roads caused small attendance at Knox Church on Sunday, and the final services in the old church were postponed until next Sunday. The opening service in the new church will be held on the 24th when Rev. D. C. Hossack, of Parkdale, will preach morning and evening, and Rev. J. E. Howell, of the Methodist Church, in the afternoon.

The road from Crewsons Corners to Acton has been a devious one the past few days. It runs across the mill pond and in a serpentine fashion through the fields, with an occasional stretch on the high way.

In the storm last week the pupils attending Georgetown High School from Rockwood and Acton were storm staid, no train running between here and Georgetown for twenty-four hours. They were kindly billeted by teachers and other friends, and arrived home Saturday at noon.

The fortieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Snyder, of Erin township, took place at their home on the third line, on Thursday last. The children presented their parents with a pair of easy chairs, and a tender and gratefully worded address signed by James and Olive Snyder, Frederick and Mary Stewart, John Snyder, David Snyder, George Snyder, and Ella Snyder. About fifty relatives and friends were present.

Born

JOHNSON—In Acton, on February 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Johnson, a son.

MARRIED

HILTS-SWACKHAMER—In the Congregational Church, Georgetown, on February 13th, by Rev. Ralph Duff, Nellie, daughter of Christopher Swackhamer, to Mr. Peter Hilts, both of Esquesing.

Died

SHARP—In Esquesing, 4th line, on February 9th, James Sharp, aged 42 years, 7 months.

WATSON—In Acton, on February 7th, Ellen, widow of the late John Watson, aged 83 years.

MCLARTY—In Esquesing, on February 11th, Agnes, wife of Daniel McLarty, aged 53 years.

WHITLEY—At the home of her son-in-law, Hugh Atkins, Nassagaweya, on February 7th, Mrs. Whitley, in her 90th year.

EDMISTON—In Garafraxa, on February 10th, Catharine, widow of the late Thomas Edmiston, and mother of William Edmiston, Acton, aged 80 years.

OUR FIRST VALENTINE

Don't you remember when you got your first really valentine. How well I remember mine. One of my big brothers brought in the letter from the post and the raised flowers on the envelope proclaimed aloud the nature of the contents. I took it amid the jokes of the folks in the room and fled to the kitchen. I stood on a chair by the kitchen cupboard so as to get nearer the lamp and with eagerness cut the end of the envelope and drew out the gay and pretty valentine and Lizzie and I together admired it. It was one of the accordion plaited kind, all paper lace, with a wreath of pink roses, a heart-shaped opening in the centre and therein was a rosy, well-nourished cupid dressed fit for a February day in the tropics. On the back was this verse which I committed to memory and have never forgotten:

"As streams that side by side do flow
At last united run,
So may our hearts true affections glide
Together soon in one."

My, but I thought that a lovely verse, so poetical. But who sent the valentine? That was the big question, and how many a young girlish heart will beat wildly as on the coming 14th February she exclaims to herself: "Who in the world could have sent me such a beautiful valentine?" and all the time her heart is beating time to his name.

These special days are all right. They call for a special effort to tell or do something that might otherwise be neglected.

Your dear mother was your first sweet heart. If you are separated from her how easily you can bring a glad light to her dim eyes by letting her know you are now her sweetheart.

HIS UNLUCKY DISCOVERY

"I never saw such a superstitious fellow as Birbo."

"What's his latest?"

"Why, he's been trying all the morning to prove that 1915 is an unlucky year. He's manipulated the figures 1-9-1-5 with addition, division, subtraction, multiplication and the rule-of-three."

"What has he found that seems unlucky?"

"Nothing except that when he added 1-9-1-5 together and subtracted the total 16 from 1915 it left 1899."

"Yes?"

"And that was the year he married."

SLUMMING

An interested visitor who was making a call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mum," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' meself."

COURTESY AND SERVICE

Old lady (irritably): Here, boy, I've been waiting some time to be waited on.

Druggist boy: Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?

Old lady: I want a stamp.

Druggist boy: Yes, ma'am. Will you have it licked or unlicked?

THE VALENTINE

She sits in her gilded boudoir,
Pale and sad, on Saint Valentine's morn;
And the delicate missives he round her,
Crumpled, despised and torn.

Here sparkles in one a rich jewel,
Not unworthy her regal breast;
Another, gemmed nobly and proudly,
Cast, heedless, away with the rest.

But the golden head, pensive and lowly,
Still droops, and the soft, dreamy spell
Holds the blues, half lost, half expectant—
When, hark! there's the ring at the bell!

It comes; a plain, simple tribute—
A bosom transfixed by a dart—
But a raven curl in the centre,
And three stanzas just hot from the heart.

And, ah! for the lips that are pressing it!
And, ah! for the blue eyes all dim
With the sweet tears so tenderly blotting it!
And, ah that it came from him!

BRILLIANTS.

Yet, though my progress be but slow
And failure oft obscure the past,
I, too, victorious at last,
Shall reach the longed for light,
I know!
—Florence Earle Coates.

The morns are meeker than they were:
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper;
The rose is out of town.
—Emily Dickinson.

Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow.
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go—
Show it now.
—Charles M. Skinner.

Be noble—that is more than wealth.
Do right—that is more than place.
—George Macdonald.

NO TROUBLE

"Manners make the man," has been said many times, and it might be added that manners have much to do in making the successful man. At a seaside hotel two college students were engaged one summer to act as clerks, the one coming on duty when the other went off. Both were good looking young fellows, well-dressed, and versed in the technique of courtesy. But that there was a difference between them was made sufficiently plain when a lady accompanied by a daughter came down to the desk to ask a question concerning one of the popular drives. As she saw the young man standing indifferently behind the desk, taking no notice of their appearance, she turned saying:

"I think I'll wait till that light-haired young man comes back."

"Why, mamma," asked the girl. "Mr. Bowman ought to be able to tell you all about it."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he could tell me all about it," the lady replied. "But the other young man has a way of doing it as if it weren't any trouble."

Every visitor to the hotel that season was impressed by that same difference. The one worker went through his duties with mechanical politeness, gave such information as was asked for, and in general did what was required of him in a wholly unobjectionable and colorless fashion. Whereas his associate if asked for information regarding a drive, or a boat ride, gave it as enthusiastically as if outlining to some friend an outing he hoped to enjoy very speedily. Not only did it seem no trouble for him to perform the duties of his position, but something in his manner indicated that he found it a real pleasure.

Some mercantile establishments display the sign, "No trouble to show goods," but the manners of the clerks do not always bear out that assurance. The salesman who can inspire his customer with the feeling that he considers it no trouble to show him what he has in stock, irrespective of the other's intention to make a purchase, is the one who is bound to succeed. For the buyer who leaves a counter without seeing what she wishes, because the clerk's manner convinces her that she is making a great deal of needless trouble, is not likely to return. The young man who is able to do a service as if it were a pleasure, has an immense advantage over another who cannot get beyond perfunctory courtesy.

OUR LIMITATIONS

"All unskilled fools quarrel with their tools," runs a Chinese proverb which is worth remembering when we find ourselves complaining that we cannot accomplish this or that because of our limitations.

We may not be able to change our tools, but we can at least look well to the hand that holds them and the brain that directs them.

After all a tool is but a tool, and nomatter how fine an instrument it may be it can do nothing of itself.

One can never buy a satisfactory brand of popularity at cut rates.

A review of life reveals that the things we most regretted at the time are the ones to which we owe most now.

Miller's Worm Powders never fail. They immediately attack the worms and expel them from the system. They are complete in themselves; not only as a worm destroyer, but as a highly beneficial medicine for children, correcting weak digestion and restoring the debilitated system to healthfulness, without which the growth of the child will be retarded and its constitution weakened.

Relieves Asthma at Once.—If you could read the thousands of unsolicited letters received by the makers from grateful users you, too, would realize the remarkable curing powers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. All cases, incipient and chronic, are benefited by this great family remedy, and many of them are cured. Why suffer or experiment with worthless preparations when the genuine Kellogg's can be purchased everywhere.