The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XL.---NO. 36. Every Subscription Paid in Advance ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1915. Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Annum SINGLE COPIES---THREE CENTS

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE

BRICK PRESS BUILDING MILL STREET, ACTON ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance, $1.50 to subscribers in the United States. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES — Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contract display advertisements, for 50 or inches more, per annum, 10 cents per inch each insertion. Yearly contracts for reading matter 25 cents per inch each insertion.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month, if desired. For changes oftener than above mentioned the extra composition must be paid for at regular rates.

All accounts collected monthly.

H. P. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH.
L. R. F. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION 1902.
Office—Frederick Street Acton, Ont.

VETERINARY

JOHN LAWLON VETERINARY SURGEON,
Acton - - Ontario.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College 1881.
Office—Authurs' Hotel, Mutland, Mill St.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street, in Perryman Block.

DENTAL.

DR. J. M. DELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON. Phone No. 10
Office at Residence, Corner Mill and Frederick streets.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

DR. L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST,
ORMSBY BLOCK (MORGETOWN)

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Work neatly and promptly done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

ROBERT MILLIGAN
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Peel and Halton.
Valuator, Real Estate Agent. Farm property for sale. Money to loan.
Office: Mill Street, Acton, Ont.
Orders for auction sales left at Free Press office will receive prompt attention.

R. J. KERR
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington, Halton, Peel and Dufferin, and the city of Guelph.
Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
Orders by letter to Elmira P. O. or Caledon telephone in residence in connection with the staff, where arrangements as to dates and advertising can be made. Orders left at FREE PRESS office, Acton, will receive immediate attention. Special attention to sales in Acton and vicinity.
FARMS TO SELL ON HAND.

J. B. CHEEVERS
BOOK BINDER
Queben St. East - - Guelph, Ont.
Books and Magazines bound in Handsome and Substantial Covers.
Names lettered in gold on Bibles, Hymn Books and other Books.
ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

The Old and Reliable Granite and Marble Dealers

WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 25 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machinists in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where other have to redo jaw suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or post inquiries by sending out ignorant agents to collect orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
Cor. Norfolk and Woolwich Sts., GUELPH

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
DOUBLE TRACK ALL THE WAY
TORONTO-CHICAGO
TORONTO-MONTREAL
Unexcelled Train Service
Highest Class of Equipment

WINTER TOURS TO CALIFORNIA
Florida and Sunny South
Fast Trains—Choice of Routes
Low Fares now in Effect

For full particulars consult G. T. R. Ticket agents or write
G. E. HOSKING,
Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

H. S. Holmes, Agent
Phone - - - - No. 15

Savage & Co.
Established 1840
JEWELLER - GUELPH

The old and Reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers

Savage & Co.
Guelph - Ont.

NOBLE'S
Flour and Feed Store
—FOR—

Bran	Shorts
Mixed Chop	Oat Chop
Gluten Meal	Molassine
Corn	Cracked Corn
Feed Flour	Corn Chop

Bibby's Calf Meal

ROBERT NOBLE, Ltd.
J. L. WARREN, Manager
Willow St. - Acton Ont.

Grain Chopping
Well Done and Quickly at only
5 cents per bag.
HARRIS & CO., Limited
ROCKWOOD - ONT

Waters Bros.
Guelph
HEADQUARTERS FOR
O. A. C. AND School Supplies FOR NATURE STUDY BOTANICAL ETOMOLOGICAL DRAWING PAINTING
41 Wyndham Street
Phone 550

EXCELSIOR BAKERY
George Statham
Church St. - - Acton
The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.
All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.
GEO. STATHAM
Acton - - Ontario

WHY DO IT?
Why upset your whole household with carpet lifting and beating operations when a Keystone Vacuum Sweeper, used occasionally, will remove more dust from your Carpet than many so-called carpet beatings. Do you believe it? Try a Keystone. "Free" for a demonstration. (The price is $5.50.) No carpet beating or dust raising or back breaking. The Keystone is a Carpet Sweeper and Carpet Cleaner combined. Let us send one to you. It will pay its way.
The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Our Headache Curing Record
Hundreds have been freed from persistent headaches by our scientifically fitted glasses.
When we undertake to cure headache we do so or refund the money.
ALL LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES
A. D. SAVAGE
OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 6376 - GUELPH

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA 1832
Farmers' Accounts
Farmers' Accounts are given special attention. Money loaned to responsible farmers. Cheque cheques cashed, notes collected or discounted.
Money deposited in our Savings Bank returns you interest at 3% and is ready when required.
Why not open a Savings Account as a reserve to pay on your mortgage or to buy new implements?
We invite you to use as your bank
The Bank of Nova Scotia
with which is united the
Metropolitan Bank
Capital - - - - - $ 6,500,000
Surplus - - - - - 13,000,000
Total Resources over - - 90,000,000
BRANCHES AT
Acton, Guelph, Norval, Milton and Streetsville
163

The Regal Shoe

We have numerous lines of excellent shoes in our well-assorted stock but for genuine comfort
The Regal Cushioned Sole Shoe
pleases our customers best. Come in and examine them.
Repairing promptly done. Rub her heels put on while you wait.
Kenney Bros.
Main St. Acton

D. ALEX. NIVEN
Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Surveys, Subdivisions, Plans, Reports, Descriptions, Blueprints, etc. Certificates for purchasers and mortgagees; Surveys for Architects, Builders and Municipal Councils; Drainage Reports, Estimates, etc.
MERCHANTS BANK BLDG.
GUELPH (Phone 1564) ONT.

Guelph Business College
GUELPH ONTARIO
WE GIVE expert instruction in all subjects certain to fit to a full graduating Business Course. These include Bookkeeping, Banking, Business Correspondence, Business Paper, Commercial Arithmetic, Rapid Calculation, Commercial Law, English Grammar and Composition, Penmanship, Spelling, Typewriting and Stenography.
OUR SPECIAL courses in French and German give an absolutely pure pronunciation and a practical command of either language for business purposes. These courses are of great practical value in view of the expansion, in the near future, of Canada's foreign trade.
WATCH NOW for one of the 6 courses and follow the same under most favorable conditions to a successful aim. Come direct to the College Office, 137 Upper Wellington Street, or address
Malcolm MacCormack, B. A., Prin

Poetry.

THE PRAYER OF A WEE SCOTCH LASSIE

Father hear thy children
As to thee they pray;
Bless our King and Country,
Guide us day by day.

Take, oh Heavenly Father,
In thy mighty hand
Those who serve our country,
Over sea and land.

Bless, dear Lord, our soldiers,
Keep them in thy care,
Make them brave and faithful,
Always, everywhere.

Bless our gallant sailors
Guarding us by sea,
May they, in all dangers
Put their trust in Thee.

Comfort all in sorrow;
Soon make war to cease,
Grant us, by thy mercy,
Victory and peace.

BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

We lose vigor through thinking continually the set of thoughts. New thought is new life.

Select Family Reading

FOR LUCK

The Story of a bit of Jewellery

MARY E. ALLEBRIGHT

"But you must have hope, and you must have faith;
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

BALDWIN DRUMMOND stood in one of the great windows of a Chicago hotel in the midst of the "city canons." He was turning over in his hand, with a half-tender, half-quizzical smile, a small bit of woman's jewelry, a green-enamel four-leaf clover with a diamond centre, the two words "For Luck," engraved in gold on the back.

"Will she understand," he asked himself, "what I mean by it, that it isn't just an ordinary wishing gift? Does 'luck' stand for the same thing with her as with me? I wonder. Luck! Taken by itself there isn't really any such thing. But what it ought to stand for is true."

He swung from the window to a desk, dashed down four lines of an old song, and added "For you—and me."

Then he folded the paper, tied it, with the little box, into a package addressed,

Miss Florence Vail,
Stone Cottage,
Marblehead,
Massachusetts,

and sent it on its romantic mission through the prosaic agency of bell-boy and registered mail.

"Now for Oregon and the big trees," with a toss of healthily abundant hair and a squaring of broad shoulders. "B. Drummond, you've got your chance; see what's in you. Don't whine to me about big risk and heavy responsibility. Get hold of every sizable force you know of, inside and out, and hang on to it. Go ahead and buy that lumber. Start your sawmill. Believe and dare. God's in Seattle as well as in Boston, and you can take your soul along with you. Success! It's out there, waiting, sitting on a log."

And with this energetic harangue to himself the author of it went down to breakfast, delivered his keys, and took the ten-thirty train for the far West.

Down at Marblehead, along the sea road, ancient waves were bombarding ancient rocks on the one side, and society summer life, with every newest fad and fancy, exploiting its triumphs and its heartaches on the other.

The Stone Cottage—modestly misleading name—with cool rooms and wide piazzas, with its refinements, conveniences and luxuries, was typical; so also was Miss Vail, favored guest of the establishment for the entire season.

The registered package postmarked "Chicago" found that young lady dressing for dinner on the evening of her birthday, August fifteenth. She was in a beautiful room with beautiful furnishings and the mirror in the dressing table told her that she was beautiful too. So she was in a happy and complacent mood—only—

Well, there was something wrong inside where she couldn't get at it—a certain teasing ambition in the very warp and woof of her, a restless challenge to some power, for more and better; a sense of elegant temporariness, a reaching not up, but out and around—no, she wasn't satisfied or altogether happy. That was a fact that was not to be borne. There was something absurd and anomalous in it. Find satisfaction and happiness she must and would!

She dropped down in her soft silk kimono and opened the box. The verses she glanced over, threw aside—and forgot. The pin she carefully examined, then compared with a gleaming diamond-set "swastika" pin which lay on the table. There was no doubt that Florence Vail was a good judge of money values.

"What a queer co-incidence," she commented as she placed them together on the pale blue silk. "Both for luck. Dear old Win, such a splendid fellow, but he's just that much behind Herbert Kerr when it comes to money. I wish the swastika was his."

She gazed at the clover-leaf a minute lingeringly, with something like affection and regret in her eyes. Then she glanced at the clock and jumped up hastily.

"I can't help it," she muttered. "I've only one life to live, and I must have money!"

So she put the four-leaf clover safely away in its box; and that night when Herbert Kerr took her out to dinner, the swastika sparkled from the folds of her filmy white dress, and said, "Yes," to him, while up in the Northwest the "splendid fellow," trusted agent of a wealthy lumber company, was invading the timber lands and working resolutely, intelligently, toward a great success, in his heart eternal hope, and an ideal image whose features bore a striking resemblance to those of Florence Vail.

* * *

On the last day but one of August, at the very top of a long hill in New Hampshire, on the stone doorstep of a weather-beaten farmhouse, stood Althea Stead, the pride and main support of her family. And yet to the casual observer she was only a slight, dark-haired girl, with style and a noticeably graceful figure. Casual observers seldom reach the truth.

"Yes, mother," she called clearly, "I must go back to-morrow, you know that. I've had a fine vacation, such weather. But vacations can't last always in this workaday world."

Then, as a pale, delicate-looking woman appeared in the doorway, she added:

"Don't you mind, mamsie, I'll get back a day or two at Christmas. It's ever so nice to be at home with you and father and Molly to flatter and wait upon me; but it won't do for long; it would soon spoil me. What am I well and strong and—business-like for? I'd like to know. Yes, to-morrow I take the two-fifteen train. Now I'm going down to watch for the mail."

On the bank outside the gate the clover had got into the grass. It had been cut often, but there was always a new growth springing up. The green slope looked inviting and Althea sat down on a flat stone near the rural free delivery box. But the postman did not come and soon the girl forgot to look for him. She was singing, out there alone, the four-leaf-clover song:

"But you must have hope, and you must have faith;
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

"I never found one yet," she said to herself, "and I never heard of any one in our family that did. Perhaps that accounts for—well, for a lot of things."

She turned and her eyes took in, in a comprehensive sweep, the low gray house with its decaying clapboard, the empty barn across the way, the small vegetable garden on one side, and the scanty growth of the fields on the other. Then they fell unpremeditatedly upon her own shapely, ringless hand which was propping itself against the bank. Some unspoken thought flashed across her face, and left a trail of pink behind it.

"Well it's never too late," she informed herself sturdily. "I'll try once more."

Down upon her knees for a long quarter of an hour, all for nothing. She found only ordinary three-leaf clovers mixed in with common grass blades. Things seemed to develop around this particular homestead along conservative lines. Althea herself was the only exceptional growth on the place.

The girl's patience gave out at last.

"No use; that ends it." She shook her rumpled skirts and stretched her long white arms above her head.

"To-morrow it's 'back to the mines.' But somehow I can't give up. I'll keep a little clover-bed in my heart, and see if I can't grow one sometime." Then she laughed at herself, and went in to supper.

Back to the hot, noisy city went Althea, to the city with its dust and smells and straggly returning crowds. Back to her family place in one of the "exclusive shops" of Boston, where a few wise and foreheaded shoppers were already making occasional advance calls. And as she entered early that first morning, on the floor close to the counter, and square in front of her own particular "least" her eyes caught a gleam and a sparkle.

She picked it up hardly believing her eyes, and held in her hand—a four-leaved clover. Green enamel with a diamond dew drop in the centre.

She turned it over, and read "For Luck" and her heart gave a sudden erratic plunge, and threatened to leave its appointed place altogether; then she walked straight up to Mr. Harlan, the manager and laid the pin in his hand.

"If luck comes it's got to come by a straight road," thought Althea.

"I was here first," she explained, "some customer must have dropped it last night."

The manager turned it over carelessly. He did not see the inscription; but he did see Althea's eyes, and he was a gentleman. Besides, he knew her to be a lady.

"We'd better hold it for a week," he said slowly. "If nobody claims it by that time, it's yours. You found it."

"I'll advertise it, once," said the girl resolutely. "Then, if nobody calls—"

All right," nodded Mr. Harlan with a slight lifting of the eyebrows; and with him the incident was closed.

But Althea's inner self during that next six days was a battle ground of half-superstitious hopes and fears. And the hopes won.

October! Glorious, up by the old New England farmhouse, where the riot and intensity of autumn color appealed dumbly to those who were hungry for warmth and beauty. Glorious, in the forests of Oregon, where all lofty and flourishing and world-inclusive. And glorious also in the city in the "feel" of the air, the suggestion of frost on the brick walls, in the long serious slant of the sunbeams, in the conscious gathering of power for the winter's work and experiences.

It was on an October day that Althea Stead and Baldwin Drummond clung to the straps of the same electric car as it crossed Copley. Naturally, as the car rounded the little curve near Trinity Church, and some force, centripetal or otherwise, brought the two squarely together, he saw her. Saw, too, a green-enamel, diamond-dewed, four-leaved clover nestled confidently at the base of a well-fitting collar. And, having seen with the real eyes which were somewhere inside his merry gray visible ones, he could never unsee again.

Althea herself was far from blind. Something poignant and phenomenal seemed burning right through the clover pin into her throat. What if she should find "For Luck" printed there on her white skin? She didn't much care. What she realized most was the look in the gray eyes; but the broad shoulders, the careless strength, the set of the head with its shock of fair hair, were all parts of her instantaneous photograph of a new and wonderful man.

They lost each other in the subway that day and several others for some occult necessity seemed to draw them together in the electrics on Copley Square. Gradually Drummond came to class with the sight of the golden dome, as far as certainty and permanence went, the daily appearance of a graceful, energetic figure in simple dress, with such accessories as soft, dark hair, long-lashed eyes of unexpected blue, and a mouth which was both determined and sensitive. Besides, there was always the four-leaved clover pin.

His pin he knew it was. It had been made to order, and he had insisted upon an original design. But how had it changed hands? Florence Vail, the girl whose image he had held in his heart for more than one summer, was a myth as far as he was concerned; he knew that too. But the real, aristocratic Miss Vail would hardly have given the pin to a girl of the humdrum world. How, then, had it come into her possession?

Strange how insistently this question recurred and puzzled him. It never entered his mind to ask her, or to make the slightest attempt to cross the barrier of conventionality. But if only the conductor or somebody would introduce him. What an absurd world it was anyway.

One day, one week, he did not see her. She was nowhere as far as he could discover. And that week something ailed Boston. The dome itself looked tarnished. The Common was dusty, the streets a labyrinth, business a hopeless muddle. It might have been more comfortable, to be sure, on a certain avenue in the Back Bay, but he never went there now. The spell of the swastika reigned there supreme.

Where was the dusky-haired girl with the blue eyes? That was the main concern in the universe. Suddenly he realized—no he had realized all the time—that her whereabouts was of first and uppermost interest to him. What right had she to vanish like that? Every bit of the man's energy of will and purpose, the lion in him, woke up and asserted itself. He would find her, of course. The only uncertain factor in the problem was the means to be employed. That he would take a little time to consider.

"Lost—Sometime last summer, a four-leaf-clover pin, with diamond centre. 'For Luck' engraved on the back. Finder please return to 40 Boylston Street, Room 504, and receive reward."

Althea Stead, flying cityward on the Boston express after a ten days' visit to her sick mother, gazed at the advertisement with dilating eyes. Could there be another pin like hers? It was hardly possible. Why had it never been advertised before? Must she give it up, surrender it, and with it all the romance and joy that she associated with it? For there was no question now that superstition had laid its grip on this sensible little New Englander. The significance of the charming field symbol had grown mightily with her since the day when it had fallen into her hand. And she could not deny, at least to herself, that there was something in the atmosphere of the Copley Square electrics that had fostered in her a great hope that in some way yet to be revealed good fortune had come at last to the house of Stead.

Althea threw down the paper, and gazed out of the window upon a blurred landscape. There was no doubt in her mind as to the course she should pursue. That was a foregone conclusion. She tried to tell herself that it wouldn't really make any difference, but herself wouldn't believe it. She unclasped the little green pin, and looked at it ruefully, lovingly. It was presumptious, after all, for her to wear a four-leaved clover. They didn't grow for her. Althea was deep in the valley of dejection.

"Four o'clock! Too late for the shop to-day, but not too late for—this business. I'll go right now and have it over."

Room 504, office of a certain lumber company, had but one occupant at four o'clock; and that was the junior partner, Mr. Baldwin Drummond. He was sitting at the big desk in the west window, writing a few business letters preparatory to going home. He noted idly that the golden dome was all alight with the reflection of the near to setting sun.

"Come in," he shouted, in response to a nervously resolute rap, then with an involuntary exclamation rose hastily and stood gazing. For there in the doorway, her eyes wide open in astonishment, stood—the clover girl! It was certainly she in the flesh, paler, he thought, than when he had last seen her; pale, however, only for a minute; the next she was rosy red.

"W—won't you come in?" stammered Drummond, blushing guiltily himself, as he offered her a chair.

Althea suddenly regained her self-possession.

"I saw this advertisement an hour ago," she said, holding out the newspaper; "and this seems to be the office whose number is given. Did you advertise for a clover pin?"

"I did," began the big fellow, heavily, when some good angel whispered in his ear,

"There is a tide in the affairs of man
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;"

and he took a sudden and desperate resolution.

"Will you forgive me and believe me if I tell you the truth?" he begged, with an anxious quaver in his voice which appealed for mercy. "I—I knew the pin, you know—as soon as I saw it; but—I did not know you, and I didn't know how to know you. Then—you disappeared, and I was afraid you wouldn't come back."

Dead silence on the part of Althea Stead, while a fitting vision of a grassy bank and an R. F. D. mail-box up in New Hampshire danced before her eyes.

"So," continued the shame-faced confession, "I advertised for the pin. I knew, if you saw it, you would come. And—it was for luck, you know."

Baldwin Drummond drew a long breath, and glanced slyly at the down-cast face of the young lady before him. What he saw seemed to fortify him for further valor.

"I—gave it to a girl last summer," he appealed, making a clean breast of it. "I was starting away on a business trip, a very important one. It meant success or failure for me, and I knew it.

"I thought she would care, and—well, I cared for us both. It wasn't for myself, you see, that I banked so much on it; but—the clover girl! It was certainly she in the flesh, paler, he thought, than when he had last seen her; pale, however, only for a minute; the next she was rosy red.

"W—won't you come in?" stammered Drummond, blushing guiltily himself, as he offered her a chair.

Althea suddenly regained her self-possession.

"I saw this advertisement an hour ago," she said, holding out the newspaper; "and this seems to be the office whose number is given. Did you advertise for a clover pin?"

"I did," began the big fellow, heavily, when some good angel whispered in his ear,

"There is a tide in the affairs of man
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;"

and he took a sudden and desperate resolution.

"Will you forgive me and believe me if I tell you the truth?" he begged, with an anxious quaver in his voice which appealed for mercy. "I—I knew the pin, you know—as soon as I saw it; but—I did not know you, and I didn't know how to know you. Then—you disappeared, and I was afraid you wouldn't come back."

Dead silence on the part of Althea Stead, while a fitting vision of a grassy bank and an R. F. D. mail-box up in New Hampshire danced before her eyes.

"So," continued the shame-faced confession, "I advertised for the pin. I knew, if you saw it, you would come. And—it was for luck, you know."

Baldwin Drummond drew a long breath, and glanced slyly at the down-cast face of the young lady before him. What he saw seemed to fortify him for further valor.

"I—gave it to a girl last summer," he appealed, making a clean breast of it. "I was starting away on a business trip, a very important one. It meant success or failure for me, and I knew it.

"I thought she would care, and—well, I cared for us both. It wasn't for myself, you see, that I banked so much on it; but—a man wants to succeed—"

A pause, then Althea spoke, with a brave assumption of friendly interest.

"Didn't she over care?"

"No," said Baldwin promptly; "she never cared, before or after. To be sure," and a shrewd smile showed itself for an instant, "she didn't realize the chances, or know about the outcome. It didn't seem to her worth while to find out. And somehow or other she had the misfortune to lose the clover pin."

"Yes," said Althea with down-dropped eyes. "She must have come up from somewhere on the shore last summer to do some shopping. I am in Whitemore's fancy store. I found the pin on the floor the first of September."

She rose, and held the bit of enamel toward him. A gleam of light glanced from the golden dome, and found the heart of the four-leaf clover.

Drummond took a step forward. The "do-or-die" expression was on his face, the look that with him always meant success and fulfilment.

"Please tell me your name," he said abruptly; and mechanically the young lady obeyed.

"Mine is Baldwin Drummond. Now we are introduced, aren't we? Please invite me to call."

Althea looked up, mirth and embarrassment contending her face.

"I live with an aunt of mine in three rooms and a kichenette," she said demurely. "I also live with my father and mother on a country road three miles out of Abbottsville, New Hampshire. If you should happen to be near either place, we shall be pleased to have you call."

Drummond did not laugh; he was too much in earnest for that. "I can give you references," he declared boyishly. "You can know all about me."

"Will you take your pin, Mr. Drummond?" and this time the girl's eyes were distinctly roguish. "My arm aches, holding it so long."

"O, please, Miss Stead, keep it! keep it; it's yours! Think what an omen if you should give it up. It might mean disaster to both of us. May I call Wednesday evening?" And, as he held the door for her, he answered to something brief and low-spoken. "Thank you, yes,—at eight-thirty."

He did call, not once, but many times, at Aunt Sarah Thorne's tiny apartment, where the cramped rooms seemed to expand and take on character and homeliness with the presence of their genial visitor. Often and often, too, through the months following there was an accidental meeting of these two business people in the "surface Elevated" cars on Copley Square.

But it was on the summit of a long New Hampshire hill, at the close of an August day following, that the real potency of the spell which had been weaving itself about them was revealed. On one side of the road a chauffeorless automobile had come to a full stop. On the other, close, by the clover bank and very near together, stood the daughter of the old gray homestead and the man who had come from the country of the big trees to find her. He had just opened a small velvet-covered box in which rested and gleamed a diamond solitaire.

"The clover pin brought me luck, sweetheart," he whispered, touching the green enamel at her throat. "But that's only the beginning. I have brought you something now which stands for happiness. Will you take it, Althea?"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Gleaned From the Free Press of Thursday, March 7th, 1895

The gentlemen who had charge of the erection of the new Knox Church were as follows: BUILDING COMMITTEE—Rev. J. W. Ras, Chairman; John Stalker, Treasurer; Dr. McKeague, Secretary; A. T. Mann, James McDonald, Chas. Davidson. These are the present officers of the church: PASTOR—Rev. J. W. Ras. ELDERS—Arch. Campbell, Peter Mann, John Cameron, Alexander Wallis, Lachlan McMillan, C. Moffat, D. Henderson, J. J. Lawson, Clerk. MANAGERS—Chas. Davidson, Chairman; A. T. Mann, John Moffat, J. A. Gordon, Graham McDonald, John Stalker, Robt. Kinnard, John Cameron, Jas. McDonald, Dr. McKeague, D. Henderson, Treasurer; J. V. Kannawin, Secretary. TRUSTEES—John Stalker, Alex. McDonald, Nassagaweya, Jas. E. Cobban. SABBATH SCHOOL—W. McPhail, Superintendent; J. V. Kannawin, Secretary; John Kennedy, Treasurer. LADIES' AID—Mrs. Arch. Campbell, President; Mrs. D. Henderson, Treasurer. V. P. S. C. E.—Miss Belle Peters, President. W. F. M. S.—Mrs. Rev. J. W. Ras; Mrs. W. D. Smith, Secretary; Mrs. A. McTavish, Treasurer. GENERAL MISSIONS—Rev. J. W. Ras, President; George Hynds, Secretary-Treasurer. THE CHOIR—A. T. Mann, Leader; Miss C. McPhail, Organist; Misses Alison Henderson, Lizzie Scott, Sarah McClure, Emma Watkins, Suey Sinclair, Belle Peters, Jennie McMillan; Messrs. R. R. Johnston, Thos. P. Watkins, J. J. Lawson. Total cost of church, not including work done by congregation—digging cellar, and providing rough stone and sand—$3,067; all of which has been provided for by bona-fide notes bearing interest at 6 per cent., of which two-thirds has already been paid.

Robt. Simpson's new seven-story building, corner Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto, was destroyed by fire. The four corners were destroyed. The steeple of Knox Church, west of Simpson's fell down, and fire even spread to St. Michael's Hospital and the Metropolitan Church, but was soon extinguished there. Loss, altogether, about a million. This is the third great fire in the business centre in two months.

DIED

FREEMAN—In Milton, on March 2nd, Dr. Clarkson Freeman, aged 88 years.

PEACOCK—In Milton, on February 25th, Solomon Peacock, aged 69 years, 8 months.

SWACKHAMMER—In Trafalgar, on March 6th, Annie May, daughter of T. Austin Swackhamer, of Hamon, in her 17th year.

Cheapest of All Oils.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil it is the cheapest of all preparations offered to the public. It is to be found in every drug store in Canada from coast to coast and all country merchants keep it for sale. So, being easily procurable and extremely moderate in price, no one should be without a bottle of it.

SONS OF BRITAIN

Sons of her who keeps her faith unbroken,
Her who gave you might of limb and nerve,
Her whose service—be it devoutly spoken—
Perfect freedom is, for all who serve.

Her who gave you dower of iron sinew,
Her who made you strong and swift and brave—
Gives her all the manhood that is in you:
'Tis the royal gift her own hands gave.

England's safety—England's dearer honor,
Both forbid that you should halt and wait,
Till the enemy is indeed upon her;
He who vaunts and taunts him at her gate.

Heed not overmuch when she is slandered;
Yours to guard her from a Bully's blow;
Yours to arm and rally to her standard;
Yours to rise and face the brutal foe.

Men of England—men of loyal Ireland—
Men of faithful Scotland, faithful Wales,
Forth and fight for motherland and sireland,
Fight for Right, that in the end prevails!

Then, though yonder battlefields be gory,
You shall make them great and splendid too,
And with laurel of eternal glory
She we love shall crown your deed and you.

—William Watson

PRAYER.

Communication with his Maker by prayer is the most exalted function in which man can be engaged because it exercises the highest functions of the soul with the intellect and the world. It is the channel of heaven's choicest blessings. It excludes no one. It embraces all in the circle of its benediction. It gives us access to our Heavenly Father at all times, in all places and under all circumstances. In a word, prayer renders us co-operators with our Creator in the moral government of the world.
—Cardinal Gibbons

REDUCED TO ABSURDITY

To be sure, there are newspaper correspondents who express themselves clearly and keep track of their comings; but those burlesque "Society Squibs," from the Worcester Spy, are little more ridiculous than the "personals," one may find in any paper that makes a specialty of gossip.

Mrs. Mary Wood's sidewalk, which was shovelled off last winter, is now being relaid.

Nathan Price, who was shot in the suburbs last Wednesday, is now able to get around.

Thomas Merrill's property is for sale. It consists of a cottage containing seven rooms and an acre of land.

Edward Jones has opened a shoe-store on Front Street. Mr. Jones guarantees that any one can have a fit in his store.

The firm of Smith & Thorndyke is once more carrying on business at the old stand. The concern now wants a man to sell on commission.

Mrs. Walter Barrell would like to hear of a good nurse for her child about thirty years of age and with good references. None other need apply.

John Bangs who will sail for Europe Saturday would like to find a purchaser for his valuable bulldog. The animal is no care as it will eat anything and is very fond of children.

A touching incident was noted at the Union Station yesterday when an aged couple bade each other good-by. The old lady kissed her husband fervently several times and he kissed her back.

The two prominent young medical students who have been stealing scalls from the Wachusett Boat House are warned that unless amends are made trouble will ensue, as the names of the thieves are known.

Dr. Franklin White has returned from a trip to Switzerland. Speaking of the robust health of its peasantry, the doctor says, "The strength of the Swiss woman is remarkable. It is nothing unusual for her to wash and iron and milk several cows in one day."

WHY WE LOVE HIM

A little girl was playing with her doll in a room where her mother was busily engaged in writing. When she had finished her writing, she said: "You can come now, Alice; I have done all I want to do this morning."

The child ran to her mother, saying: "I am so glad, for I wanted to love you so much."

"But I thought you were very happy with dolly?"

"Yes, mother, I was; but I soon got tired of loving her, for she cannot love me back."

"And is that why love me, because I can love you back?"

"That is one why, but not the first and best why."

"What is the first and best why?"

"Because you loved me when I was too little to love you back."

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she said: "We love Jesus because he first loved us and died for us."—Selected.

ONLY TOMMY KNEW

His name was Tommy, and he came home from school looking so down in the mouth that mother asked him severely what was the matter.

Out of his little trousers pocket he fished a note from the teacher, which said, "Tommy has been a very naughty boy. Please have a serious talk with him."

"What did you do?" asked mother.

"Nothing," sobbed Tommy. "She asked a question, and I was the only one who could answer it."

"H'm," murmured mother. "What was the question?"

"Who put the dead mouse in her desk drawer?" answered Tommy.—Lippincott's.

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.