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A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR ACTON BRANCH

Long, long ago in the Inland sea, On a little isle, in an old pine tree, Lived an old monkey, with whiskers gray, Who lived by himself to his dying day. He was known to the lalanders far

for the funny jokes and the tricks he tried na largo isle not far away . Dwelt a princess fair in great array. One day, however, quite ill was sho; And the servants asked what her wish

dome fish, some rice, or shop spiny tea! "There is but one thing," at last cried she. "Go get the monkey who lives in the tree. Homo monkey's liver would cure me. So the old see turtle was summered it

And his orders were: "No time to waste But go to the ape ju the pine tree there And bring him to our princess fair." No the turtle swam across the bay, And this the mockey heard him say: 'Vump outo my back from out the tree or princess fair hath need of thee. the is ill and bade me come to-day. That you some funny pranks may play

Ho the apa took a cone and combed his And manioused his nail with care; Then dropped from the limb to the tarties IO LASI A LIFETIME And they started at once on their home-

And drive the ovil spirit away

Who is tormenting her life to-day."

ward track. When the pair were nearly across the bay, The monkey heard the turtle say : "As we are safe from land," said he, "I'll tell you why I came for thee; The princess said that a liver stow Made from a happy old ape like you She believed would make her well

"Alas !" said the monkey, "sad to tell ; I would hope to make the princess well, But I won't be able, because, you see, left my liver back in my tree : But if we return in heate," said he, Wo can got the light from out the tree And bring it quick to the princess fair And will save her life, if we can got there

And keep her happy her whole life-tem

In time to make her a liver stow With persimmon seeds which I'll give So they swam back again across the sea And the mankey jumped into the tree And began to laugh, Just fit to kill ;

and he laughed and he cried, and he laugh-

od until The turtle asked in a wondering way : "What's the matter with you! Will you laugh all day !" And the monkey said : "Oh, can't you se That I'm nale again back in my troe? Go say to the princess you're sad to tell, But the monkey's at home, all safe and

Say I'm sale at home in my old pine tre But I wish in her boat shoul come me me And I'll play some pranks so she won't be So the turtle returned with bead a-droop,

And the liver stow was turtle soup.

THE COLONEL'S REFUGEE

 $\Box\Box$

MADEL I. UTUART

December murning. Miss Joyce Ramsay listened a moment absent minded. ly, then proceeded to butter her toest and drink ber coffee with great deliberation scanning, meanwhile the morning paper, propped against a vase of chrysanthem-

"Oh, these awful casualty lists," she sighed. "I'm starnally grateful that my this remark. "Ah. Sara," called Miss mirthless laugh, and hurried from the No wonder this talk of au 'Ogress." Joyco with a little laugh. "Come and tell me the news. I simply cannot wait moment longer. Six mouths must have made a few changes, even in Hammerston." Enter Sars Bent, tall, angular and most unbending, her thin grey hair parted and alicked tack into a defiant knot, in her koon, groy oyes a poculiar blending of

adoration and disapproval of the charming | amazement that it could not be done igure at the brookfast table. As Joyco gazed into the stern old she smiled touderly. Sara Bent was only mother she had ever known. Sarah had received her as a sacred legacy from protty, fair-haired Mrs. Ramsay along with the care of the household and of dreamy easy-golog Dr. Ramsay, who found no time

to spare for the upbringing of his motherless daughter. For many years Sara had manaded house, the doctor and Joyce with perfect success until the doctor's death, Joyce was twesty. Then that young lady had developed a strong will, brains and longing for a career. She had gone college and passed her examinations bril liantly, finally entering the literary firms

ment - a star of no mean order. She had inherited a comfortable fortunfrom her mother, which, together with he literary earnings, ranked her amongst the wealthy of Hammerston. Travel was he objef delight, and for months at a time "Oak Villa" was lofs to the care of Sara Bout and a small maid-of all-work, while Joyce roamed in various parte, known and unknown, gathering material for her below

od Wark.

It was from a prolonged expedition porthern wikls that she had returned the provious evening, to find everything in applypie order, and Bara awaiting her with open arms. The exquisitely appointed house seemed a vertible haven after the discomforts of the too simple life. Bo had nothing to do now but shut herself, boats and soul into the new book which was to rank as a best seller next year. True, Christmas was only two weeks off, but Christmas mattered very little to Joyce compared with the strendous foys of liter. ary labor.

eye," as she ontered the dining room, that merding, futuiture polish Juttle in hand. "Wooks and wooks in that there don," also muttered, "thinkin' of nothing but scrib bling and clackin' on that rattlin' typewriter, an' poor soldiers being shot to bits | opposite in what the 'Ogrees'- that's Mrs. an' children gwin' hangry at Christman time, an' her never turuln' a hand. holy us to save her from herself I. fire at the lack of her storn old eyes,

"It's nown yo're after, Alies Joy

Well, to begin with, the Northy's is burned out, lost everything they own, and no insurance-on the town, so to speak, and thom that proud.

"Mrs. James is dead, and three children goin' to the orphan asylum ; no money to "Bally Blake has got, consumption -

dyin' because she can't afford to take proper facel or go to a sanitarium." On rolled Sara on her avalanche of mis fortunes till Juyce put her fingers in ber cars and criedalmpluringly, !'Ob. Bars, stop, stop ! Tive one someting cheerful. I've heard nothing, not even war news, away off in the wilds, and now you deluge me with horrow at higms and abroad."

Then Sara played her last card, "Well, there is good nows, too. Col. Hampton is coming home." Miss Joyco toyed with her coffee cup, an expression of perfect indifference on her handsome face. Sheihad not buffeted the

world for almost forty years without learning colf-control. "Tired of "doing his bit," she auggest d sarcastically.

Sara's face was a study in righteous fury.

Sha fairly sputtored with rage, and turn ing, polished the sideboard viciously lose her temper at that moment meant to oso all. At length she managed to ejaculate, " Doin' his bit," did you may ! Well,

rather ! He's been all shot up, and pass ed, and left his good right arm in France. And now he's coming home with a refu The party of the p

refugee, Sara ! How old ! Imagine Dick Hampton with a refugee. A Belgian, "No," continued Sara, "the son of

Irish private who saved his life when he was lying helploss in the open, and lost his own in doin' of it. As soon as the colonel came to in the hospital in England he sent over to Ireland for the boy, Denny Fling, who hadn't a friend in the world, and now he's bringing him home to eddycate and

treat as his own." Joyce rose sharply. "I'm sorry we are such near neighbors, for the child will probably be a nuisance. If he destroys our flowers or disturbs me with bla noise there will be trouble. The colonel was foolish to saddle himself with such a burden." Sara show renewed signs of apoplection tendencies. "The pore lamb," she cried. "loft to a wall-meaning, blundering man, and a hard old skinflint like his housekeepor, Mrs. Brodie, to bring up, an' now you're ready to pounce on him. It's your self that should be taking in a refugee an' workin' for the boys in the trouches and the poor that's left behind. You'll be buried so deep beneath yourself that dyna-

yourself, Miss Joyce." And Sars fled from the room, muttering "Paulma! Pealms I" in a most irreligious tone. Joyce laughed. "Pasims" was Sam's favorite expression to cover a multitude of words which she would fain have uttered. but which her Presbyterian conscience forbada: That word, abo averred, soothed her more quickly than anything else.

Her mistress arose quickly and stepped o the window. The remarkable noise that she had beard as she sat down to breakfast was drawing nearer and nearer. It had resolved itself into bappipes, a band and vociferous cheering. The meaning of it hardly dawned on her till the long procossion foundful the corner. In the first carriage behind the band sat Col. Hampton, by his alde a beautiful child of nine or

As they passed the window the colenel glanced up, then turned quickly away; the expression on his sad, worn face-was house nort door the desolate loneliness of it disdain, or pity, or, or, !-Joyce could | the place struck Joyce like a chill. "l'on A poculiar anort from the hall greated hardly decide. Again sahe laughed her Denny," she murmured, "and poor Dick !

"And so the 'conquering hero' comes." toward the ivy-covered mansion in the poy. next garden. "And the useless drope will proceed to bury horself in her novel." But as the time went on she found to her She was utterly unable to concentrate. round, impish face in a frame of yellow curls would gaze up at her from odd ors, and an older face, dark-browed and

haunting, stared at her from the open pages of her reference books. Time and again in the days that follow ed she tried in vain, and retired, deleated "That little Irish angol has bewitched mo." she ground! "I never go to the window that I don't see that mon of curls thrust | She heard the colonel's gasp of amazement between the curtains opposite. I never take a sleigh drive that he isn't gazing at me from the fence post. But I will write

that story, despite a thousand colonels and their rolugeon. The day before Christmas proved ber Waterloo. In despair she tore up the typewritten pages of her story, closed her books, and fled down town, where also outered on an orgy of Christmas shopping. At toa-time she returned, exhausted, and propared to spend the avening before the sitting-room tire, with books and chocolates to while away the time.

"Exquae me, but your book's' upaide Joyco started in alarm, the thrilling rumence tumbling to the floor. The refugee stood at her ollow, his guiden curls red in the flickering firelight, his violat eyes wide and shining.

"I'm the (blonel's Denny," he explain od, sooing that Joyce was still speechless. The woman that looks cross and isn't cold me to come in here. I nade your advice on a very 'portant autient." Doony's accout was delicious. Joyed was interested in spite of horself, "Won't

you sit down," she inquired politely, "and tell me all about it; there on that rocker. or would you like to sit our my knee?" With amucing alacrity ho slule into he rms and suburied there ountentedly. knew yo didn't have eyes like me mother for nothin'-kind of purple blue, sparks all through 'om."

"Not angol," he corrected. tarta. But now we can have al tale comfortable chat. The coleant is buying

Joyce hugged him. "Ob.

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For out in the world we find Success begin's with a fellow's will :

If you think you're outdlassed, you are ! You've got to think his to rise. You're got to be aure of yourself before

Life's battles don't always go To the stronger or faster man; But soon or late the man who wins

Is the man who thinks he can. -Camp Nowa.

launched out into a vivid description of his neating with the colonel and their life up to the present moment.

"Hut I'm worried about the colonel," he concluded, with a sigh; "that worried How gottin' thinner and sadder every day, and I've found out the reason-it's the congregation. It was an able indictment Dream Lady.' That's what I came about, town the territory me that her !

"You're a bit of a dream yourself," he added suddenly, giving Joyce a sharp glance wid your rod lips and sparkly eyes and hair like dusk lit up wid a ghostly sunset. I de belave ye can halp me find her."

"A 'Dream Lady,' " mused Joyce, puz-"Tell me more." "Well, it was yesterday," continued Donny, "that'I found him sittle" wid his face hid in his hand before that there window over the garden. An' when he looked up his eyes had the awfullest look in them.

says, 'Colonel, darlip', tell yer Douny what's the matter. "An' he says, 'Oh, it's nothing, laddie. was just thinkin' about the "Dream Lady," She haunts me. I guess it's pet-

ting I want, Donny." ... "To think of the colonel being petted got me ! Why, the boys told me he was first out of those trenches, yelling like an Indian, an' leadin' his mon across the open. And I don't know how many Germans he did for, till at last one shot him down, an' me father carried him back and got shot just as he crawled over the parapet. But he lived to get the 'V.C.' The colonel mite won't disturb ve. Think shamp to petted, indade ! But maybe it's because ho left his arm over in France. He may feel kind o' helploss without it. Think yo

could help me to find her ? I want to get her for him for Christman" Joyce sat for a long time in silence, star ing into the fire. Then she sat up sudden ly. "I'm sure I can balp," also cried "The colonel and I are old friends, and think if I draw him out a little I could find out who she is and thousest would be easy.

Sit here, darling, and wait till I change my dress, and I'll go right over with you When she returned Donny gave a de shimmering old-rose silk; there were pearls around her white throat and a ros in her hair. Depny gazed in humble ador ation. "Well," he exclaimed, with more

force than elegance, "you knock the spots off any dream I over had !" As the two conspirators entered the

fire was burning half-heartedly on the old

fashloned hearth, and under Denny's coax she cried, sweeping a mocking curtsoy log it was soon roaring up the wide chim-"I bear him coming," declared Denny in a stage-whisper, rising hurrisdly from his knoss. "I'll run out and forage in the dining-room while you purhp the colonal Yo noo, the 'Ogross' believes it is not right to rise from the table feeling entistied, ac

> the colonel and me we have a private cache all our own. Good luck to ye. Miss Joyce stood a moment panio stricken, What mad thing was this she was doing on

the impulse of a whim? Bomeone had entered the dim-lit room steps were coming toward the hearth. and sprang up to confront him. At sight of the pale, deeply-lined face and great black eyes, with their express sion of infinite saduces, all her self-con-

"Oh, Dick," she cried, coming toward olm with hand outstretched, "ton yours ago you said you would nover again ask me to marry you -that I must make the first advances. Well, I'm advancing now, thek, Could you over love a soltish, cold hearted teature like tue T'

A great light flamed in the colonel's some bro eyes, but he glanced at his empty alcove. "A one-armed man, broken in scaleh ; not at all a suitable match for a cautiful and clever woman like you. Juyco's eyes were dim with toars.

don't, don't," she begged. "You are hero, Dick. I love you a thousand times nore with that empty sleave. We women of Canada owe everything to men like With a quick stride the colonel covered the distance between them. "Well, tliank gondoos, I have one arm left," he tried.

. Next moment a golden head popped in

at the library deer and withdrew in extreme "When, quick work !" Danny. "So sho was the 'Dream fady." after all. I thought so. Havon't caton cookies in her kitchen for the last two weeks for nothing." And he proceeded to execute an intricate Irish for at the fout of the staltway, shaking a vengulatilas tapard the room where Mrs. Brodle slept

"He, 'Ograve!' " he obuckled, "your timo bas como? "Hurrals for Isoland! Horrals for the has taught too to rely upon myself, to look Sars advanced gallantly to the charge. Christmas presents an' won't be bone till cylonel and the 'Dream Ludy !' Down forward and plan for the future, to most late, and the 'Ogress' iv saloop. So I'll with the Kaiser and the 'Ogress i' And people with oase, and to know the joy of

heavy alcop of those who indulge in a "wee

drap" before rettries.

If you think you're heaten, you are: If you think you dare not, you don't : If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't. If you think you'll lore, you're lost,

It's all in the state of mind.

You can ever win a prize.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Prec Press of Thursday, Mar. 4th, 1897 Roy. Mr. Howell's sormon oh "Dancing" on Sunday night was listened to by a large

of this pastime which has been vetoed by a number of the church courte About twenty of their Acton friends were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Johnson, second line, Erin, o

Monday night The first settlers' excursion to the North-West this season took two esteemed Actor families-that of Mourra. Joseph Anderson and John Ruddick

Never was the release of the spirit from the earthly tenement more joyously anticipated than in the case of Mrs. Adam Dickson who pescefully passed away or It made me'cry. So I bugged him and Monday, a little before midnight, in her 84th year. She had been unable to leave her room for over a year. She was a happy hope. Christian and her religion was a constant topic. She was an eye-witness to many of the events when Queen Victoria's Cornation ceremonies occurred. Mr. Dickson,

> The Council accepted the tender of John Watson for 80 peices of sound codar timber, 20ft. long, squaring 10x2 inches; and 6 poices 22ft long, for \$86. The next low-

> > FERRUARY SCHOOL REPORT

Miss McPhail's Room-Mahel Soper, Oliver Cook, George Arnold, Florence Soper, Josia Stephenson, Ida Iaird, Gortrude'Walters, May Worden, Edith Milla. Miss Pattorson's Room-Myrtle Mat thows, Howland Brown, Annia Campbell, Villie Taylor, Harold Nicklin, Ena Pearson, Hazol Mann, Tillio Bingham, Jennie Smith. Miss McNosley's Room-Myrtle Cook, Willie Ballentine, Malcolm McEachern, Earnest Crippe, Vida Folster, Elwin Porry

man, George Strassor, Charlie Matthews, Alphaus Bell, Irogo Mullin. fapporty-In . Toronto, on Friday, 10th Fohruary, 1897, to Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Maddock, a daughter.

Dickson -- In Acton, on March 1st, Isabella, widow of the late Adam Dickson, in her Hith year. Lewrs - In Toronto, on Feb, 20th, Nancy, beloved wife of David Plewes, formerly

of Brantford, in her 66th year.

PEAR IS INSTILLED INTO MANY CHILDREN Many of the nervous wrecks of the resent grown-up generation are the result of fear instilled into them when children. same thing to their own little ones.

article on this evil. "The healthy haby," she says, "is born without foar. . "Note how you may handle him, carry him around 'by his middle,' head, arms.

shoulder with no other protection but a hand laid lightly on his back. He shows no fear. He knows no fear. "Contrast this with the child who starte at avery sound and who will not stay in the

dark. He has been taught foar.

" 'He good, or I'll look you in the pantry." 'Look out, or the bogie man will get you." 'Stop crying or I'll call the polloeman'these and similar threats are responsible for the child's fear. You'd learn fear, too. if a great twenty five or thirty feet tall had your deatiny in his keeping and threatened you with noknown horrors. Four may ruin a child's nervous system for life and turn a manly, happy little lad into a oringing.

"Children should be taught caution and solf-rultimes, but never foer."

THE JOY OF ONE WHO CONQUERS

A girl who was away on vacation sen back to an office friend a pust card which she had written; "One wook more of bliss, then tilty works of torqueut." Her friend laughingly showed it to shother girl a the office, and the latter mentioned it at ome that night. Her father looked up

"I wouldn't want that girl in my office, to said. Heging the question in his daugh tor's face, he added : "I shouldn't expect to receive good service from a girl who disliked her work to that extent. She may be | Kellogg's Asthma Remody and it will fall good worker, and worth what she gots, hat I want in a pirl worker the spirit that glories in accomplishment." To a good many girls work is an avil t so undured through lifty weeks of the year.

scatton on all-tou short season of perfect happinous. But there is a better attitude. Work in store or office may be hard and tresome, but if it is accepted in the right sparse, it brings exercises that are developa business woman said to a friend: "My

CANADA By Gunnar E. O. Black, No. 212352 41st Battery, 11th Bdgo. C.F.A., Military Post Office, London, formerly of Acton. Four words there he in our old English

tongue, That make our hearts best fast and pulsas throb, Words that the poet oftentlines has sung.

Words that no paltry rhymater o'er can Mother is one, an angel from above : And home, beloved by men shall ever be

And bomoland, is the birthplace of the

On pleasure bout, or husiness, or war, There is one word that speaks of all c With meaning that it never held before The word was but a name when spoke at

- ----

IP YOU CAN'T SMILE In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitors nos a card learing this advice : "Never utter a discouraging word while in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your

if you can't smile, don't go in." "If you can't smile, don't go in." It is good advice for other than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of & kind amile ? It is a tonic to the discouraged, It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid; and it choors the aged who find life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth, is built in large part

by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us. Smiles are as indispensable to true auccess in life as money, mind and might. As ong as a man can smile, he is not beaten. Not in hospitals only, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly. sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God, and then turn the eyes to light; for the smile that beloe

GENTLE HINTS A man likes to repeat the smart things

highly esteemed, disd over eleven years | hereditary, The once lowly potate is getting so high in price that it will soon be refusing to associate with anybody but new laid eggs. The way prices keep going up makes one

> gravitation he had made it a little strong-Bacon - I see a preacher out west deliv

do you think of that ! Egipt - Why, I think the sermon was over the people's beads. A Chatham batcher found a \$20.00 gold sioco in a slaughtered stoor which con-

Ho-"I see another fellow has beed misaken for a deer and shot.' Sho-"Yes, and I know one who was nistaken for a dear and married." Two men were sentenced in a certain

sity to 60 days each for selling bad eggs. It would seem only justice that they should bear the yolk.

CALLINGS RIGHTLY PURSUED Garfield in an address to abody of atudents, urged them to enterno calling which did not give a chance for Intellectualgrowth. And this appeal should open our eyes to the fact that most callings rightly pursued. are educational institutions. Many a business man who impresses you by his good manners, his intollectual grasp of the questions that come up for consideration. has never been inside a school since he was twelve or fourteen. His business bas given him poise, and even polished his speech. If he has been somible enough to World," Kathleen E. Steacy writes a timely | read discriminately in his leisure hours, and improved such opportunities of culture as come through lectures and association with the intellectual, the man who got his education in the business world may compare favorably with the product of the university. But no worker will achieve this result who does not put inhiadaily work the

same ingredient Turner used to mixing his

It has been said that you never know a

"Your brother," she says (the letter was

addressed to Disraell's slater), "is no easily

pleased, so accommodating, so amusing and

so actively kind that I shall always reflect

upon the domestic part of our journey

with the greatest pleasure. Your brother

has behaved excellently, except when

there is a button, or rather buttons, to be put on his shirt; then he is violently but

SMALL GAIN Employer -- "Can you write aborthand ?"

hanco and it gains ground rapidly. But give it repeated treatments of Dr. J. D. back even faster. There is no half way measure about this remody. It goes right to work and drives asthms out. It resches the inmost breathing passages and leaves no place for the trouble to lurk. Have it

It Will Provout Ulcorated Threat - At the est symptoms of som throat, which pros

hindering, sail looks for other places, and

is the smile of heavenly kindled joy and

his children say because he thinks it to

wish that when Sir Issac Newton invented

red a sermon from an aeroplane. What

firms us in our opinion that there is money lu live atock.

Yet many mothers of to-day are doing the trained his mind, developed his judgment, In the ourrent issue of "Everywoman's and lags dangling, or place him over, your

celors, "Brains."

WHEN HE WAS BAD ... man till you travel with him, and certainly travelling has a tondoncy to bring out all the depravity innate in human nature. Out of this tost, bowever, Benjamin Disraeli emerged with flying colors. This is what was said of him by Mrs. Austen. who, with her husband, travelled with him when he was quite a young finau, as related in Mr. Monypenny's biography :

and this happens almost daily."

Applicant - "Oh, you, only it takes me A Foo to Asthma - Give Authma half o

by you for ready. uso.

ages obseration and inflamation, take speedlittle augus to it to make it palatable . It will allay the trestation and prevent the ulcoration and awolling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immus.

ment. After thu toen years of utice work. ful of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil. Add a

When men from Canada are oversear,

But Canada moans all to thuse w