The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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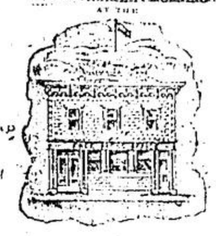

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All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Proprietor

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Sales conducted with satisfaction and upon reasonable terms.
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Surveys, Subdivisions, Plans, Reports, Descriptions, Blueprints, etc. Certificates for purchasers and mortgagees; Surveys for Architects, Builders and Municipal Councils; Drainage Reports, Estimates, etc.
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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Mausoleum work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only mechanics in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to hand law 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 the Ultimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or test customers by sending out lightning agents soliciting orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

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Established 1840
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Silverware in Tableware—Fine Variety
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Pandora Stoves and Ranges
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Small Stoves. Oil Stoves

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Full line of Clothing and Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions

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MONTREAL, TORONTO, DETROIT and CHICAGO

Unexcelled dining car service.

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If you have any guests at your home, are going out of town for a visit, or know of, any interesting news, let us hear from you. We always appreciate such favors. Phone 11.

General Hardware

Mill Supplies
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Agents for Yale and Peterboro Lock Co.
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The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 1012 GUELPH

Honestly

Haven't you been putting off just a little bit too long getting those glasses you need?

EVERYTHING RIGHT
OUR GUARANTEE

A. D. SAVAGE
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RIGHT AT THE POST OFFICE
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Acton Creamery

BRING YOUR CREAM TO US

Highest Cream Tests last week: Robt. Allen 40, J. L. Allen 35.

We are paying the highest Cash price for Live Poultry.

R. Rubinoff,
ACTON CREAMERY

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It may require some sacrifice for you to devote the time and money but what better "gift" than a practical business education can you ask for? Right now is the time to start on a specific course at the

GUELPH
BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH - ONTARIO

Winter term starts January 3rd, 1918. Get particulars for those enrolling now with a copy of this ad.

A. L. BOUCH, Prop., Principal

SHAW'S BUSINESS SCHOOL
Toronto, prepare for every known Canadian Commercial Diploma or Certificate. None too high for our grade of work. Free catalogue. Enter any time. W. H. Shaw, Pres., P. McIntosh, Prin. Head offices, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

CONSCRIPT
One of these Navy Blue Suits and Save
$$$$

Thursday I place on sale 15 only Suits of Vickermen's genuine all wool guaranteed colors in navy blue cloth. Your order taken for any one suit, made to your measure for $38.50.

This is the greatest value in the trade.

R. E. Nelson
MEN'S OUTFITTER
Guelph - Ontario

A SOLILOQUY

In Surrey's hilly country,
Where beauty spots more rare
Abound in splendid silence,
Halton boys are training there.

All the summer's golden hours,
Through sunshine, mist and rain,
They have marched o'er the hills,
And purple heathered plain.

Over Thursley's hilly common;
Where touches seam it's side,
A replica of Vimy Ridge,
Where Canadians fought and died.

There our boys have quickly learned,
The art of war to know;
And as the Very lights burned,
Their bombs to quickly throw.

Thro' forest paths and Gorseland
Where the "Devil's Jumps" are found.
They have won sham battles
With springing dash and bound.

They have route marches taken
O'er Hindhead's lofty crown,
Past Eashing's old and rustic bridge
Where the Wey flows gently down:

A land of scenic beauty,
Throughout the realm renowned,
By the pen of many a poet
And by the Artist's brush defined.

Through Godalming and Guildford,
Where St. Catherine's Chapel stands
Passing Fleet, Odiham and Alton
To Cowdray's beauteous lands.

Through hedge-lined roads to Petworth,
Where deer by hundreds roam,
Where English Lords for centuries,
Have called their palace "Home."

Then back to Witley village,
Whose church with ivy clad,
Has stood the centuries' ravages
And made the villagers glad.

With it's message of comfort,
To the many lonely ones,
Whose men are fighting bravely
'Gainst the fierce and hateful "Huns."

—A 13th Kiltie, Overseas.

Canada, My 'Ome

WILLIAM BANKS

ALBERT EDWARD TOWNSEND arrived in Canada from England with his wife, their four children, and a deep rooted belief in the superiority of all things English over everything else in the world. Because he did not fear work he had no difficulty in obtaining employment in the big saw-making establishment in Pleasantside; the only manufactory in the village. Here his very English accent and his height, five feet four inches, subjected him to a good deal of chaffing, even from a number of old countrymen who had not long preceded him as immigrants. There was less of fun in the chaffing as the days sped on, and Albert Edward persistently preached the excellence of English methods in the making and testing of saws. The climax was reached at the luncheon hour one day when Billy Henderson, who topped Albert Edward by several inches, and outweighed him by twenty pounds, interrupted the Englishman's eulogistic monologue with a sneering, "Dry up, you sawed-off broncho; you make me sick."

Laughter, in which Albert Edward did not join, greeted the remark. The Englishman's eyes narrowed as he asked of a fellow worker, "Wot does 'e mean?"

"Well, he ain't exactly throwing bouquets at you," was the answer.

"No," said Albert Edward quietly. He took off his coat and vest, and walked over to Billy Henderson, who grinned at him derisively.

"When you aye things to me, 'Enderson, aye 'em nicely," said Albert Edward.

"Go to blazes, you runt!" snapped Henderson.

Smack! The blow delivered by the Englishman's open hand on Henderson's cheek jarred and surprised the bigger man, who, however, pulled of his coat and squared up to his attacker.

As the men crowded excitedly around the antagonists a quiet Scot's voice said, "Five to one on th' wee un."

A chorus of laughter and jeers greeted the remark, but some of the scoffers took up the offer.

Albert Edward smiled broadly. "Put a fiver on I'm me, Scotty," he called gaily. "We'll settle it later."

"Doho," said Don McPherson, the Scot, quietly. "An' I'll help tae see fair play. Robertson, Hanley and Jephson, gie me a hand tae let th' fighters hae elbow room."

It was a hot fight, with all the skill and punch on one side, and it lasted just five minutes, at the end of which time Billy Henderson cried quits. His eyes were so swollen that he could hardly see, his cut lips were adding theirs to the stream of gore that was flowing from his nose, his body was sore and his breath almost gone. "I've had enough," he said, frankly, "and when I call you 'broncho' after this I'll smile. Will you shake hands, Albert Ed—I mean Bert—may I call you that?"

"You may, old top. 'Ere's me flipper, an' a bit of me 'eart goes wir it," said Albert Edward, hereafter to be known as Bert. "I'll show you 'ow to use yer 'ands proper, too. That's where yer weak." Even the betting losers among the onlookers cheered as the late combatants shook hands heartily.

Don McPherson, squaring up accounts with Bert later, had little to say about the fight, and about as much as to his winnings. But as he placed his share of the money carefully in a string-necked pouch he remarked dryly, "Artillery, A'm thinkin'?"

"Righ O! Black Watch?"

"Guid'dons."

"Good 'uns, too," said Bert warmly, and after a pause, "It's a wye we 'ave in th' army."

"An' th' lads whae followed us 'll see tae it aye bein' th' way," added McPherson.

In time Townsend became less assertive as to the merits of the old land, its customs and its workers. He occasionally admitted grudgingly, that in some things Canadian workmen were not "arf bad." Six years after the day of the fight he was a foreman in one of the departments at the saw-making plant, reliable, steady, and the proud possessor of a small but substantial house. His children were doing well at school, and developing a spirit of sturdy Canadianism, and the unfailing readiness of his wife to aid all the children and mothers of the neighborhood had won for her appreciation and respect, where once there had been laughter at and some mockery of her accent.

And then came the war.

Townsend swore five years off his age and enlisted in the company raised in Pleasantville as a contribution to the first Canadian contingent for overseas. He raged furiously at the decision to limit the size of the contingent, and reverted to some of his old-time criticisms of Canada and the Canadians.

"Don't run th' country down, Bert," said his wife. "It's a grand place and the people 'ave been good to us."

"Why shouldn't they?" shouted Bert angrily. "Don't we own 'em and th' country, too?"

"That's 'ardly the wye to put it," she answered. "Seems to me as 'ow they're doin' th' 'andsome."

"Ansome, me neck," retorted Bert. "They 'orter tyke ev'ry man as 'll 'list. They'll be arskin' f'r 'em soon. This ain't goin' to be no pic-nic."

"But th' old country don't want any more yet, Bert."

"Ow do we know? 'We got nothink to go on but wot th' pypers 'ore aye," was Bert's closing argument.

Neighbors commiserated with Mrs. Townsend; some even urged that she should seek to have Bert secure his discharge on the ground that there were scores of young unmarried men willing to enlist, but she would not admit that there was any good reason for considering their proposals. "It's me as knows some abaht th' wye 'e feels," she told them. "'E served 'is time in 'th' army, an' if he ain't tooken hoverseas 'e's li'ble to start a mootiny right 'ere."

To Bert she always showed a smiling face, but it did not deceive him.

"Don't tyke it too 'ard, old lydie," he would say. "Yor'll be all right; what wiv th' pay, an' th' patriotic fund, an' Bill"—their oldest boy—"will be a 'elp. It wouldn't be right f'r me to be outer this fight."

Bert's former military training, his willingness to use it to aid his comrades, his accent and his strange mixture of English and Canadian slang and phrases, made him a great favorite with the company, and especially with the native-born Canadians, to whom the discipline and drill were at times irksome.

The company, a unit in a county battalion, had its first experiences of camp life at Valcartier. These seemed like unhappy dreams to all the men as, within a few weeks, they sailed for England, confident that they would soon be in France and in the thick of the fighting. Instead, they were condemned to spend weary months in training on Salisbury Plains, a name indissolubly associated in the memory of all the first Canadian contingent men with the words "rain and mud."

Private Albert Edward Townsend, whose eyes had been suspiciously moist when he again stepped on English soil, was at first vehement in his explanations and excuses for the weather conditions. But soon even his buoyant spirits began to droop under the steady external soaking, for he was a temperate man and did not try to combat the moisture from the skies by imbibing too much moisture from bottles. He poked his head out of the tent, which he shared with several comrades, one morning when an unusually heavy rainfall was making more liquid still the already floating mud, and cried, "Lorluvme wot a climate!"

To the sarcastic shouts of, "It's English, it's English," from his Canadian pals in the tent, Bert answered good-humoredly, "It must 'ave changed since I uster live 'ere. Now, in Canada—"

"Three cheers for Canada," shouted his companions. Bert joined in heartily, and then went on, "Now, in Canada yer can generally bank on th' weather bein' fine for several dyes tergether. But this do beat me."

Thereafter he became an ardent and zealous apostle, and "Canada" was the burden of the message he preached to whoever would listen.

The regiment was one of the first from Canada to get into the firing line, with an English county regiment in close proximity. Bert was soon on familiar terms with many of the men, and to them he preached with burning enthusiasm the glory of his adopted country. He found eager audiences as a rule, but some scoffed at his glowing word-pictures of "th' land of hopportunity." To those his answers was usually, "Wye till yer see these 'ere Can-i-dian pals o' mine in real haction; yer'll never reet then till yer gets there yer'll wanter stay—if yer ain't afraid o' work."

St. Julien gave Bert and his Canadian pals the opportunity they sought, and truly the glory of that action shall never fade. Of the Pleasantside men forty were killed or wounded and Bert was among the latter; "Seriously," said the cable that brought the news.

Mrs. Townsend maintained a cheerful attitude. "'E ain't dead; that's one comfort," she said, "and as soon as 'e can do it 'e'll send me a line. So long as 'e can come back 'ere we'll not 'ave very much to 'oller abaht."

It was two months before she got a message direct from him, a cablegram, that read:

"Left hand a goner. Coming home soon. Sergeant Bert Townsend, V.C."

Then Mrs. Townsend wept for joy and pride in the achievements of her man, and grief for the hand that was a "goner."

That afternoon the manager of the saw plant, accompanied by the editor of the local weekly newspaper, each waving a copy of a metropolitan daily newspaper, rushed into the Townsend home.

"Have y' seen The Daily Express?" they demanded eagerly of Mrs. Townsend.

"No, sirs; but—"

"Bert! It's about him," shouted the manager.

"'Led remnants of regiment when all officers had fallen,'" the editor read.

"Despite serious wounds," the manager quoted.

"'Rescued several men, and insisted upon their wounds being attended to before his own were dressed,'" the editor was reading again.

"Awarded the Victoria Cross," shouted the manager.

"Pinned on his breast by the King himself," they chanted in unison.

"'E didn't tell me that part," said Mrs. Townsend, whose eyes were shining with delight. "I wonder if 'Er Majesty was there?"

She showed the visitors the cablegram, of which the editor took a copy. He also obtained from the family album a group photograph of Bert, Mrs. Townsend, and their children, and from the lady herself all the details he could think of asking regarding the winner of the V.C. The two men finally left, after telling Mrs. Townsend that the Reeve had already cabled congratulations to Bert in the name of the municipality, and that a public reception to the gallant soldier was being arranged, the manager adding that Bert should never want for employment.

Sergeant Albert Edward Townsend, V. C., came back to Pleasantside with his left arm in a sling and his face rather pale. Before the cheering crowds at the railway station he kissed his wife and children many times and cared not who say that his eyes were tear-dimmed and his lips trembling. In the park grounds, where the formal welcome took place, Bert was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold. He blushed furiously while the address was being read, and squirmed uneasily when the local member of parliament, the reeve, and other celebrities made speeches in eulogy of his valour and the honor he had brought to Pleasantside and Canada.

At last he was called upon to speak, and he had to stand for many minutes before the crowds tired of cheering him. When they were ready to listen some of them giggled and laughed as he began his address.

"Go to it," said Bert, laughingly. "ave a good laugh at me haccent. I don't care. I'm too old to be cured."

The crowds broke in with cheers here. Presently he was able to resume. There was deep sincerity in his thanks for the greeting they had accorded him, and very soon they began to understand that accent notwithstanding, here was a soldier and a man speaking straight from the heart.

"In th' city in th' old land where I was brought up, they did me proud after I got th' V. C.," he said. "Offered me a job on Hosey Street for life. It was temptin'. But dyo'r know why I didn't tyke it. I'll tell yer. It was th' hattainments an' joys I've realized 'ere. I syes to 'em, 'Thank ye, no. When this scrap started I came three thousand miles t' get into it, an' most on 'em as came on th' boat wot brought me was Can-i-dians. They dropped all they 'ad in a land where any man wot'll work 'as a grand chance, an' they 'iked across th' seas to fight for th' hold mother just out o' sentiment like. Since I've lived in' that land,' syes I, 'I've been able to buy a 'ouse o' me own, with enough land for vegertable garden, an' I couldn't have done that 'ere in a thousand years. An',' I syes, 'my kids'll be able to go through college if they wants, and asso-ciate with th' best in th' land if they keep strite, as me an' my missus knows they will. No,' I syes, 'there'll always be a warm spot in my 'eart for this 'ere city an' its people, an' for th' hold motherland. But I'm goin' back,' I syes, 'to where th' weather is one thing or t'other for a fairish length o' time together, back to a land where there's room an' a chance for all; back to Canada, my 'ome.'"

—Canadian Magazine.

DISCRIMINATING PRAISE

If you wish your opinions to count, get out of the way of using superlatives. "It pleases me very much to have Mary so enthusiastic over my singing," remarked an observant girl, "till one day I happened to stop at a confectioner's when she was trying a new sort of sundae, and she said the very same things about that sundae that she'd said about my music! It was 'perfectly wonderful,' 'delightful,' 'exquisite,' and a few more of that sort. Her good opinion never meant anything to me after that."

Unless praise is given with discrimination, it might as well not be given at all. Be generous with praise. Say all the nice things you can and say them heartily. But be discriminating in your approbation. To praise everything alike and always in the superlative degree, is a very sure way to make your approval worth nothing.

COMING TO PARTICULARS

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonymore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman with a slight curl of the lip, "but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the honor."

"What are these circumstances, Miss Grimshaw?" fiercely inquired the young man.

"Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonymore."

HE'LL GET EVEN

"You've had plenty of rain in your section."

"Yep. Hurt my crops, too."

"Will you lose much money?"

"No; I'll break about even by hauling autos out of mudholes."

THE BOY WHO WHISTLES A MARCH

The boy who goes down the street whistling a march puts a new spirit into the crowd. Dragging steps quicken. Tired pedestrians forget their weariness, and move on in unison, as if the lively melody had wrought a charm upon them. It is not such uphill work as people fancy to put good cheer and animation into the hearts about us. If you have thought there was no use in your trying to help the plodding world move forward more cheerily and hopefully, remember the boy who whistles a march and imitate his tactics.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, Dec. 9th, 1897

It is reported that Acton is to have another drug store. Mrs. Secord's block will be the location.

The hockey club was reorganized at a meeting on Monday evening. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a rink.

Last Friday while running a buzz planer in his planing mill Mr. John Cameron had the misfortune to amputate his right thumb at the first joint.

Verily these are times that try men's soles.

The annual Fireman's Concert held on Friday night was a financial success and gave our citizens an enjoyable evening. The programme was given by local talent and was interesting and varied. Among other items was a duet by Messrs. Gibbons and Mann, "The Acton Fire Brigade," which was very amusing.

A London, England, tourist agency has engaged 4,000 beds at the best hotels in Vancouver for its patrons en route for the Klondyke during the month of February.

There has been considerable talk about wide tires and good roads. The Council has prepared a by-law on the subject which will be introduced in the near future.

Mr. R. Agnew has three of his fat hogs at the Guelph Fat Stock show. They weigh 2,295 pounds.

MARRIED

BARBOUR-THOMPSON—At the residence of the bride's mother, on Wednesday Dec. 1st, by Rev. R. Fowlie, Mr. Wm. Barbour, to Maud, daughter of Mrs. George Thompson, all of Erin.

THE SECRET DRAWER

Grandmother Ponderby was one those sweet-faced, silvery haired old ladies who seems to have stepped straight out of the pages of some seventeenth century novel. She ruled by love, but unquestionably, in the old house of Lynbrook.

Nobody would ever have dreamed of disobeying or thwarting Grandmother Ponderby. Even "Squire" Ponderby hot headed and impetuous as he was, had never done that. One glance from grandmother, one wave of the uplifted finger, and the Squire was reduced to a condition of trembling obedience.

That was why the quarrel between Mildred, the old lady's granddaughter, and her fiance, Will Hurlbut, was made up so quickly. They had been engaged two years and were to be married at Christmas. But Will had been attentive to another girl—at least, so Mildred fancied—and harsh words left harsher feelings in their wake; and the end of it was that Mildred threw her ring at Will and Will clapped on his hat and slammed the door.

"Quarreled? Did you say you and Will had quarreled, Mildred?" exclaimed her grandmother that evening, when she had succeeded in forcing an explanation of her grandchild's tear-stained face and dejected spirits. "How can a girl quarrel with the man she is engaged to marry?"

"Because I have found out that he is false," sobbed Mildred unhappily. "He—he—he didn't love me; he has never cared for me at all."

"He cared for you enough to offer you his hand and name, Mildred," replied her grandmother. "And I presume that you had some knowledge of his nature and disposition before you accepted him?"

"I was deceived," said Mildred. "All girls may be deceived. We claim the right to act for ourselves nowadays. It isn't like it was when you were young and women had no power of initiative. Didn't you ever break an engagement, grandmamma?"

The old lady's cheeks had suddenly grown scarlet. "From the day I accepted Mr. Ponderby," she said, "my will was his will and his wishes were mine, and I placed the most implicit trust in him."

So the quarrel ended, because that evening, when Will came back in a penitent mood, Grandmamma Ponderby led him straight into Mildred's boudoir, and made Mildred put her hand in Will's and then wisely went out and left them together. And ten minutes later, when they appeared before her, as she sat in her chair, knitting, the faces of both were radiant.

The Ponderby homestead was one of those quaint, old-fashioned houses that are still to be found here and there, upon the very borders of our modern cities. It was full of little nooks and closets, and its attics were stacked with the accumulated debris of generations: old trunks, old furniture, old papers. A week before their marriage, Grandmother Ponderby, who had been rummaging in what she called her private store room, appeared before Mildred and Will, flushed and triumphant. In her arms she bore a heavy, old-fashioned writing desk.

"This is to be one of my wedding presents to you children," she said. "And don't turn up your noses at it, either of you, because my mother thought enough of it to give it to me when I was engaged."

Mildred had often seen the little desk, but instinctively she had refrained from tampering with it. She knew that her grandmother valued it highly—so highly that she had never allowed it to be used, but had kept it on the high shelf among her most cherished treasures. She had always suspected that some of grandmother's treasured relics were kept hidden in it.

But when she opened it it was empty, and only the faint odor of dead rose leaves betrayed the fact that it had contained anything but dust.

"We'll keep—what shall we keep in it, Will?" Mildred asked.

"Our love letters," responded Will promptly. "That is, if it is big enough. But isn't it strange, Millie, that a desk of this size should have such a very small interior? It almost looks as though it might contain a secret drawer."

"There does seem to be a lot of space underneath the drawer," said Mildred, fingering the edges of the desk. "Why, Will, it rings quite hollow. Just tap it and listen."

It certainly did ring hollow. And it did seem as though there were some second drawer under the first. But the cunningly arranged veneering gave no evidence of any opening. Will tapped and tapped in vain.

"I guess there isn't any secret drawer, Millie," and set the desk upon the table with a bang. And then a certain thing happened. The jar apparently set some long devised spring to working, for the whole front of the desk flew open, revealing a little, flat compartment immediately beneath the drawer.

A single sheet of yellow paper, covered with writing, lay there. Will looked at it and then snatched it up and began reading it.

"Will!" exclaimed Mildred reprovingly.

"Bob—I must read it," he exclaimed. "Look at this signature—it is that of my grandfather, Ebenezer Hurlbut. It may be some long-lost will.

But it was no will. It was a letter addressed to Grandmother Ponderby, and it ran as follows:

"My Dearest Own Elizabeth:

Your cruel words to me to-day, though they have sorely wounded me, cannot quench the passion for you that burns in my bosom. So, since you have said that this unhappy misunderstanding of ours must end our engagement, since you have forbid me to approach the shrine and altar of my devotion, I shall place this within your mother's writing desk, hoping that some impulse will draw you hither to open the little drawer you once showed me, and to find this outpouring of my soul. Elizabeth, you cannot mean that we must part for ever, that you will bestow your priceless self upon that dullard, Nat Enderby, for when your marriage bells ring out my life will become unbearable to me and I shall end this wretched existence without you, life will become impossible.

"Till time shall end, thine,
"Ebenezer Hurlbut.

"Jan. 24, 1857."

Will Hurlbut folded up the paper and looked at Mildred. Her eyes were moist and her lips were quivering.

"It must have lain there unnoticed those fifty years and more," she said. "We must not let her know, now."

"No," answered Will, and, tearing the paper into strips, he let them flutter slowly out the open window.

"Will," said Mildred presently, "do you remember the date of your grandfather's marriage?"

"It was in the spring of 1858, I think—it must have been, because my father was born that Christmas."

"And grandmother was married in the summer of 1857. It didn't last long, this desperate passion. Will? But, dearest, do you know what grandmother told me once—it was just after our stupid quarrel? That when she was young no girl ever dreamed of quarreling with the man she was engaged to marry."

Will laughed as he kissed her. "Oh, well, I guess that human nature was pretty much the same in those times as it is nowadays," he said. "But, Mildred, dearest—"

"Will?"

"Think how lucky it is for us she didn't marry your grandfather. Because that would have made us cousins—and marriage between cousins is impossible in this state."

—Frank Filson.

JOHNNY'S GARDEN

I'm going to have a garden, yes; but you need not suppose
That in it will be planted a tulip or a rose;
For I am going to purchase the plants that I like the best,
And here's a list of some of them; I've not thought up the rest.

I'm very fond of oyster stew and oysters broiled or fried,
And so I'll have an oyster plant, to keep me well supplied.
And as I just love omelets, and sometimes hen won't lay,
A thrifty eggplant I'll set out, and pick the eggs each day.

Then I'm very fond of pies, and they're kept out of reach,
So I'll have three large pie plants, an apple mince and peach.
And I shall have a rubber plant; and when there's rain or frost,
I'll just run out and pick a pair, for mine are always lost.

Another plant I want to buy—I've never seen it yet—
But seems to me it would be wise some candytuft to get.
And so, you see, I've thought up all the things that I like best;
And, as I said, I haven't yet decided on the rest.

—Youth's Companion.

GENTLE HITS

We cannot blame a man who leads a dog's life if he growls.

A woman never feels absolutely sure that her husband has loose habits until he comes home tight.

If a fat woman could see a moving picture of herself running to catch a street car, she would wait for the next car.

If our faults showed on the surface in the form of pimples many of us would look like we had the scarlet fever.

Women dress the way they do because they are different from men. The more that is seen of a man the less there is to admire in him.

It is none of our business. But it always makes us snicker when we hear a woman who is wearing a pair of shoes that cost $10 complaining about the high cost of living.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful liver—"

"You've quoted that wrong; it's 'cheerful giver.'"

"Oh, well, it amounts to the same thing; the man with a cheerful liver can't help being a cheerful giver."