Of the engines you may run; Nor the strenuous trip, that weakens Nor the "miles you've made," Nor the compling heat, or rain

Nor the winter's bitting cold; But worse than shocks, or even hard to the worry that makes you old.

You can take a brack and cheerfully Your trials, in day or night; ... You can drive whome, with a more Whenever Spur heart is right;

if the heart is tight, there is pur In the hardest tanks you do: Hut worry, you'll dud, makes the hardthat of simple tasks, for you.

It lan't the worry that's caused by th And the hardships of things you've Nor the open switch, or the yearning

That you know may be walting. Nor the burden of years, but haunting fears. Not the troubled that

litt those we borrow, cause most the sorrow And worry that makes us old.

Dorinda Finds a Grandmother

By Martha King Davis

KUKELKENKENKENKENK

before the fireplace. Homewhere in the house a clock slowly chimed twelve, and at its last stroke. a door closed wently.

Dorinda straightened. "Come Dad. I'm here in the library." Jumes Hayden stood for a moment Lyman. in the doorway. He felt a little thrill Always, niways, Dorinda brought to close, ill-smelling day-coach. Dorin- tiful young lady in evening gown. him that thrill. He smiled as he shook da knew now-why her father's eyes "I felt that I was sort of butting

Dorluda went to him and but her strong young arm about his nock; her one small thing." who laid her cheek urainst his lined!

Her futher did not answer. He put Her father spoke. -- down by the table. "Mother-not in yet?"

"No, she stayed on. She sent in home with the Honorable Reswell Dillingham and his mother. Dad." Porinds raised smouldering eyes, "I am hot going to marry the Honorable Roswett Dillingham!"

"Well-you don't have to marry him do you, Toots?"

James Hayden smiled. "Not-notiously, my dear. You'll not die of old uge right away. Who ways you look old?" time. You know this is my second kerosene lamps. The few people gath-season. If I don't get married this ered about the big stove eyed Dorinda

year it's 'Goodby, chance,' she says, curiously. As if I cared-" Ahe leaned over . A few moments, and her father came and put her hand on his. "I'd rather in, his face wreathed in smiles. "Of stay with you, Dad, always and for- all the luck!" he exclaimed. "Here's He patted her hand gently. "I'm Inclined to second the motion. But in a warm hearty class. Bld gazed

right man. Time enough; you're noth- snow crystate, to a pair of merry blue ing but a baby. I suppose I suppose eyes. this Dillingham has-money?" have said it. Dad. Money, blue blood ed at James Hayden. w give me, but what is the use of pre- likeness." tending? I-I'm desperately unhappy. "What?" gasped Dorinda.

fore the eighteenth; who wants to grandmother. If it hadn't have been announce it at a dinner she is giving for Keith, I'd never have known-" sive lad," the fittle old lady picked that night. Oh, if I only had some Hayden broke off abruptly. "He up her kultting. "But his impulses are child for whom you are not responplace to go! If I only had a relative came down to meet un uncle who usually right. When his father was slible, food of any description. You a-u grandmother!"

seen there before. "Dorinda," he said quietly, Tyou have a grandmother." "Oh, oh, please, Dad, don't loke that

purents died before I was born." "They did, but I never told you that your mother's mother was dead." silence. "No." she said finally, "no

And Mother would hover tell me u

thing about her life before she met you, though I've asked so many times But her mother-why, I Just took it for granted. Are you sure, Dad?" "Itouttively though I didn't know about her until a few years ago. You soe, when we were married mother gave me to understand that her out of the oven and insisted that I parents were dead. You said a mopretending. There ish't. You are old stopped before a long, low house, and troubled. "I've been talking long

enough now to decide things for your- Light from the small-paned windows welf, uninfluenced." .-He leaned an arm against the table and shaded his 'face with his hand The look in Dorinda's wide, troubled eyes made explanation difficult.

"Your mother came into my office av stenographer. Bhe was very beautiful and 'I fell in love with her at first realized that wealth and position hall. meant more to her than unything else in the world, liut-she gave me you Dorluda-I never can forget that. We have probably been as congental asmost couples. One day a young fellow from a little town in northern lived next door to the Lymans, habel's "Why, Kelthi We though parents. He told me of the death of steighbells and some one your grandfather. I had a talk with Didn't your uncle come?" Isabel that night. Seems she left home when she was sixteen, had pever writ-

ten or been back since. I guess the old man had been pretty hard with her, but her mother-well my entreation were useless. I dropped the matter then and there. I've never spoken to her about it since." Dorinda's hands, were clanched se

in a' low, stiffed voice "I've plways a sweet-faced, little, old lady, with, been the happlest two weeks I've over known Mother was solfish but "this- snow-white hair and faded, tired look- known." oh, Dad, I can't bear it! Haven't you ing, blue eyes. ever been to see grandmother?" "Why, yes, of course I have, Dorinda, I went right away, and I've been there young girl, then with a smothered cry, a bit graver and quieter and more a good many times since."

might have known! Tell mo strong, about her. My grandmother! And I've always wanted one so terribly!" She leaned forward with shining eyes. "You'll love her, kiddie. She's a been whirled on the wings of storm regular grandmother, but you'll have into the little town of Brandon, and it to go all the way. She's shy and had been a wonderful two weeks! Her | mother's land for a moment and smile reserved and proud-her life hasn't father had returned to the city a few reassuringly. Homehow, it didn't seem been a bed of roses, by any means. I days after their arrival. "Now you've a bit like her mother, that sweet,

so I got a neighbor and his wife to g there. It'," he smiled reminiscently 'It's u good place to visit." "Hut, Pad!" cried Dorinda in breaking votes. "Why haven't you told

me this before? Why haven't you taken me with you?" Her father put ble hand under he ohlu und looked deep into her eyes "I wanted to be absolutely were that you were a Hayden." There came the whire of a motor, murmur of volces, a morry "Goodulght, everyheaty."

leabel Hayden come into the room throwing aside her for wrap and pullhar at her played. "I declare, if my devoted family are not sitting up for me! You both look about as cheerful as a funeral. What's the blad hews?" Dorinda shivered. How pretty und misceful her mother was standing there in her black lace evening rown. No wonder her father, had fallen in love with her at first sight twenty

"Mother, Dad's told me about grand-The gloves alloped from her mother's fingers. "Jim!" she cried sharply. You thust have known that I would tell Dorinda, Isabel." "Oh, Mother, how could you?"

lambel Hayden flushed defiantl Your father has always had a pen chant for making mountains out mole hills, Dorinds. In the face what he has probably told you I can't expect to make you understand. . Jir doesn't understand." Her eyes Hash ed. "My father ground me under an iron heel, and my mother-she was ufraid to interfere. I stood it long as I could and then I got out. said I'd never set foot inside of that foreaken little town ugain and I meant

it. I never shall." "Mother! - I'lease don't way that Dad und I are going to see grandmother. I'lease, oh, please, come with Mrs. Hayden picked up her

do as you like, Dorinds," she said time!" coldly, "I stay here."

swirl of flying snowflakes. It had hans of fudge and molasses candy. commenced to snow early in the after-ORINDA, with utter disregard moon and now every passing tree and would have a fleeting thought of the of beaded Georgette, snuggled rall fence and stone wall was hidden Honorable Roswell Dillingham. The deeper in the big arm-chair under a wondrous blanket of gleam- comparison spoke not at all well for

whose destination would finally be across were photographs of Dorlinda. Brandon, the home of Grandmother A starry-eyed baby; an adorable, irof gladness at the sight of Dorinds. How disgusted she would be with this and so on, down the line, to the beau-

his head. "What? Not gone to bed were always so tired, his face so lined, in," said Keith apologetically, "but yet, snookums? Don't you know that, why he spent so many hours away when your father came und brought ull Cinderellas are supposed to vanish from home. "And yet," she thought these photographs and I'd studied to live now, and you-you'll never come at the magic midnight hour?" proudly, "I've never heard him speak them a while, I knew I'd made no to Brandon again." one. "Sometimes," she whispered, and Only a little time now and they would grandmother told me it was Jim May-

hor back in the big chair, and sat - "Mighty lot of anow up this way, kiddle. If we can't get a conveyance at the station-better have let me writ-

ten of our coming, Dorindu." "Oh, ho, Dad, that would have spoll- many hard things to hear all her ed all the fan." He shook his head doubtfully. "You won't call it fun if we have to walk

The train came to a Jerky stop. Brandon! Dorinda buttoned the colwhan him. Dadi" tragically, "do I look her must before her face as she followed her father down the car steps to the snow-covered platform.

"Here, Dorinda, you wait here, while I see about some kind of a rig." The small waiting-room smelled "Mother. Hhe fusses at me all the chokingly of coal gas and smoking

Keithe Yundan, Dorhula." The girl found her hand held firmly You just haven't happened to meet the up a long, fur overcoat with melting

"Miss Dorindat" Why, of course, I'd Dorinda nodded vehemently. "You have known you anywhere!" He smil--that's all Mother cares! Oh, for The last photograph was a splendid

Mother's pushing me to accept him be- . "Keith lives right beside, your about you."

"I'm not joking, my dear, it's quite I've only the open cutter-afraid you'll that one before the last-he did just quite so hard us it was."

down under a fur robe between the A little pucker came between the exhibitation, as the snow drifted under the book in her lap. "No, grandma," girl's eyes. There was a moment's her little fur turban and pelted her she breathed softly, "I don't mindchecks with loy dube.

It jolly? I-I'm not a bit sorry your uncle didn't come, Mr. Dundan." She was just taking a molasses cake sample it. I sampled it ull right!" They turned to at a guteway and

streamed across the pothway. "Better come in with us. Keith." "Ob-way-" "Please, Mr. Dundan!" Dorinda brischously held out her hund. "I would love to see Grandma Ly-

sight. Boon after we were married, I went softly through a harrow, dark and heaps better the maxt." He pulled

Dorinda glimpsed a softly lighted furniture and a big coal stove glowing I wish I could go to her!" warmly. - Heard a sweet, gentle volca, "Why. Kelth! We thought we heard steighbells and some one at the door.

"No-but some one else came." James Hayden went forward. "James! James! Look-Maggle-Amos James is here! 'In ull the snow-why, I don't understand-" But Dorinda couldn't wait another

"Grandmother!" she called. Grandmother!" and sha was in the tightly that all the blobd was forced centre of the warmly lighted room, into her finger-tips. "Oh," she cried with both arms outstretched. Blie saw

The small figure stood rigid, her gaze in the city. Home! A strange home riveted upon the radiant face of the with nurses and declors, and a father "Dorinda," she tottered forward and tired looking. Just a glimpse into The girl's emile was illuminating, was caught and held close in the her mother's room. Was /that her daughter.

It was two weeks since Dorinda had

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ferent expression in her eyes, a ques

tioning expression. It tore at Dor

One day she looked up and saw tha

her mother's eyes were filled with

teurs. "Dorinda, come here," who said. "Tell me about-your grandmother."

Wonderingly, Dorinda told a little

of her visit to Brandon. "And You

needn't feel ashumed of Grandmother.

she added a bit defluntly. "Hhe's not

moor or uneducated. Hhe's a perfect

"It was dear of you to come down

Dorluda's barrier had been-burned

uway. She wasn't ushamed of her

He looked at her miserably. "I sup-

bose your grandmother will come here

Dorinda bravely stopped scross the

He forgot that she was Jim Hay-

Jumes Hayden naused for a moment

in the doorway, then he tiploed noftly

away again, across the bull to his den.

He wank down in his big, easy-chair,

The tired look had guite some from his

eyes and in its place was the unile of

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from the terrible suffocating due to

authma is a grout thing but to be unfo-

guarded for the future is even greater.

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smoke or fumos from the remedy ure-

WHAY A MOTHER BHOULD KNOW

A few simple rules for feeding oldi-

If children are allowed to out when

overtired, indigestion results; Thireti-

ness ly often mistaken for hunger.

Four meals a day are needed until the

child is rive yours old. But see, also,

If the children refuse plain broad

and milk between meals give them

nothing. They are evidently not hun-

There is often too great variety of

to cut. If he is not hungry do not

Teach him to chow his food thor-

Keep the child luppy at meals

mugh und grow fat applies to chil-

Do not give children highly season-

ed food. This is avoided by taking out

the child's portion before seasoning

It is far Kotter to give the child his

meal apart from the family when you may take time to train bles in good

The value of milk oannot be over-

estimated; use of outmost, hominy and

cornmeal as the chief source of energy

is always wise. little-or no- most is

necessary until a child is six years

old; little or no migar is needed if the

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terest it tiraws.

the dish for the family.

eating habits.

that he drinks plenty of water. ,

fron are ou follows:

"Would you-care, Kelth?"

with Grandma. I told mother about

"file want's to see you."

mother any longer.

she usked sweetly.

great content.

Inda's heart strings.

nover forgive me!" .

only go to luabel."

Hut sometimes Dorinda came gendusty hour forgetting. His was anding in hor grandmother all those things which she had failed to find in her mother-tenderness, sweetness, u gentle timblity-qualities quite unknown to the arrogant Mrs. James

Dorlinda loved the quiet, homey, litle town, the old-fashloned - country house. His delighted to sit in the big spotless kitchen and pure apples wills Maggie rolled out flaky ple-crist; and, enveloped in a huge gingham unron, who beat eggs und bowls of thick, yellow cream, and lood delicious chocolate cakes.

"I do declare, Miss Dorinda," dalined Maggle, "your grandmother looks twenty yours younger since you came. I guess' you'll have to live with

the was-and it couldn't be denied that Keith Dundan was helping to a wild, sweet cry. "Bend for her. Dorinds, her chin cupped in her make it so. They went sleigh-riding. Dorinds, oh-send for her to come!"

hand, gazed out of the car window skuting, tohogganing; they popped into the gathering darkness and the corn over the kitchen fire and made Hometimes looking at Keith, Dorinda until Dorinda came down the stairs. the H. It. D. Dorinds and her father had changed They were in the sitting-room and from the fast moving Pullman express Keith was standing before the mantel. Jim Hayden's daughter! Jim Hay-

to this slow, crowded branch train, linginning at one end and extending den's daughter! resistable little, maiden of three; a you this morning," she added shyly, Dorinds thought of her mother, triffe serious and self-conscious at ten,

one unkind word to Mother, or deny mistake. You see, everyone knows the kind of man Jim Haydon is, and when the swallowed a lump in her throat, one day in a burst of confidence, your her voice caught with a little soh, be in Brandon. What would her den that laubel had married, I said don's daughter, forgot everything in "sometimes I wish I were a Cinder- grandmother be like? She felt a right off, "I don't believe he knows a the wonderful revelation of her lovely, quick thrill of excited anticipation. thing about the little old lady." Ho I nushed face. "Cure? Oh, Dorindal went to see him, and sure enough he had never heard of her." Dorinda turned her flushed face the window. It was a bitter moment, after a glance in there, he moved

> looked again at the array of photoa mile in this young blizzard. Ah, here graphs. "I've watched that look in your eyes, Dorinda, from the ten-yearold one, on through the Une. I knew that some day you'd make up to your lar of her fur coat dightly and held grandmother for all her years of un-

"Dear grandmother-sho's had so

"There was one picture," said thu girt, a bit tremulous under his. gaza, "the one before the last. I liked that one best of all. I wonder why Dad didn't bring that."

But Keith quickly changed the sub-

Not often dld Grandmother Lyman speak of Ysabel, but one day she looked long and thoughtfully at her mether, dear," she said softly; then with a little sigh: "Poor Isabel!" Dorinda throw back her head impatiently.""She had no right going off and leaving you us she did. How can

you speak kindly of hor?" "Ah, my dear, you are blaming her too severely. I blame myself. If only I had been more assertive. Isabel has not one happy memory of-Brandon." "But If It hadn't been for Kelth Dundan's hunting up Father, just gry. think, we might never have known't

"Keith has always been an impulhasn't arrived. Every for your disap- stricken with paralysis, he didn't hest- may seriously upset him. James Hayden started. The girl pointment, Keith, but it seems to tate a moment about leaving college and coming home to care for the old The tall young third did not take folks. Ah, you, Keith is a lad in a his eyes from Dorinda's glowing face, thousand. He's always been so inter-"Well I don't know about that Mr. | ested in those pictures of you. Dorinda. Hayden. I guess your lucky star and | Whenever your father sent a new one, mine are twing to-night. But, say- he'd always gaze and gaze at it. Now get some wet, but it ten't snowing like that one, and I finally gave it to him. You don't mind because I did. Dorinda soon found herself cuddled do you, granddaughter?" she usked

with thaid unxlety. Dorlada did not lift her eyes from "Very comfortable, Dad, dear. Inn't fast drawing to a close. Looking out

of the window one morning, she saw Keith running up the walk. At his "Nolther am I. I keep thinking how unexpected appearance, her heart gave glad the little lady will be to see you. a queer little back-sien, and a sudden proclous-knowledge brought the swift child has the proper fruits. color to her ahooks. :

"Keith-what on earth-7" He took her hand in both of his and tils usual morry, blue eyes were dark distance with your father, Dorinda. Your mother is ill-with pneumonia. He thinks you better come ut once." "Mother?" echoed Dorinda dazedly "Mother-Ill? . Why, I've never known

her to be really Ill. Not-not seriously, Keithr "Well, I don't know. Pneumonlayou never can tell. Had one minute out his watch. "You can make the ninethirty, Dorinda; Illi drive you down."
An hour later Dorinda was saying good-bye to her grandmother. The little old lady was tremulqualy tearful. "Isabel, Isabel," she nurmured. "How

"You are a saint, Grandmother." Dorinda held her close. "Yes, course, I'll comp ugain-just us soon nu I Can." During the short drive to the station, Keith was strangely silent. He stared straight ahoud; but all he saw was Dorinda's lovely troubled face. "Jim

Hayden's daughter-Jim Hayden's daughter!" he thought rebelliously. "How can he care for me?" thought Dorinda, bitterly, "A girl with a mother like mine." "You'll come back, Dorindar"

"Yes, Kelth, of course I will It's A few house, and Dorinda' was back herently and breathing such gusping. caught breatles?

Followed days and nights of nerve? tearing anxiety, then the crisis passed and Dorinda could go in and hold her didn't like the idea of her living blone I found your grandmother, don't forgot | white-faced woman. There was a difUSES FOR MINT

There are many trees for mint. You an weare mice with it, for instance. These posts cannot bear the smell of it, and will-never out any food if mint, olther fresh or dry, has been scattered near. If a bunch of the horis is hung 'In the pantry mice will never venture hulde. A strong decection of mint will opro chapped lands. Our forefuthers used it for making the tooth white, and it forms a constituent of many tooth pastes in use to-day. The ancients used mint to scent their baths and as smelling salts for fainting people. The red-current fully commonly used with mutton can be very well replaced with mint jelly. This is mude by simply steeping mint leaves in uple jelly or golatine, a handful heling enough to flavor half a pint, rendering it a dellelous green color. The liquid should be-strained through a jelly bay to remove all the little lills of leaf before being allowed to unt. When drying mint, do not use un oven or the oil will evaporate. A

PEOPLE.

It takes a great deal of some sort of ability to overbalance an inability to get along with people. Bome men, Inabel Hayden covered her face with It to true, have made themselves aucher hands. "Oh, don't, Dorinda!" she constut along the line of their onoried sharply. "I've been wicked- denver, who have never succeeded in hard-unforgiving. When I was so ill making friends, who have held their suddenly it came to me, what if I associates at arm's length and ruled should die with all those selfish, lying by fear rather than by affection. But years upon my soul. Forgive me, it takes very brilliant powers to win Dorinda, I've been a bad mother to out by these tuetles, and those same you, but to my mother-oh, she can brilliant powers working in combination with kindliness and good cheer, Dorinda put her arms about her could have achieved vastly more, mother's heaving shoulders. "Oh, my One-who loves you will always do

dear, my dear! Forgive your You do more for you than one who dislikes something place and instead of an-

UNABLE TO GET ALONG WITH

hotter method is to hang it in bunches

loosely tled, butil it has been dried by

"I hate the thought of going home," not know Grandmother. Her last words or fears you. A friend is a vastly the door. "You und your father can wighed the girl. "I'm having a glorious To me as I came away were, "If I could more valuable saget than an enemy. Instead of trusting to your ability. The woman threw out her hand with to overcome the influence of those you antugonise save your strength for It was Keith Dundan who brought tagonising, attract. You cannot use Grandma Lyman to the Hayden home. your powers in more than one way, and He walted in the long drawing-room | the force that is expended in resisting hostility, cannot be devoted to The girl's eyes were wet. "I just more constructive ands. Make friends opened the door and pushed Grand- and use their help to advance yourmother in," she said shakily, "and I self, instead of making enemies and came right away. Oh, Keith, I'm so | needing to fight against their resist-

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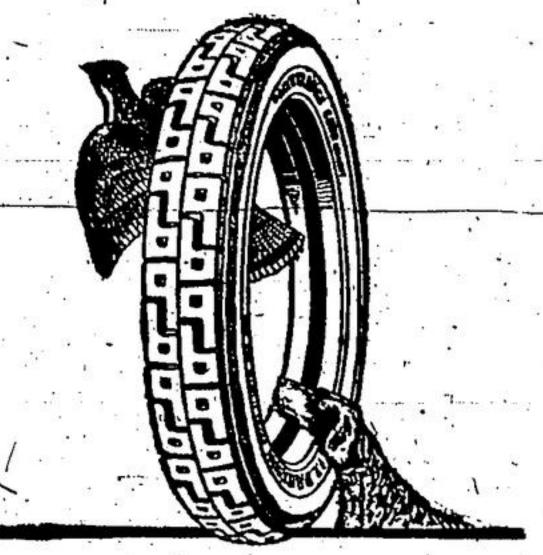
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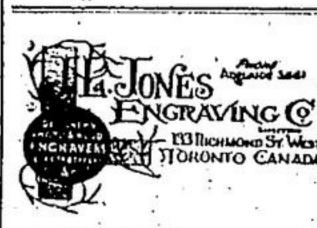
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