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The Shoe Man.

Insect Killers.

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Poetry.
A PILGRIM HOME.

Guide me, good Lord! scavenge has begun
to stray,
Before me lies the winding path un-
steadfast.

Justice with me, lest we should miss
the way,
And nightfall finds us far from home
and God.

Help me, good Lord! my life is at its
ebb,
The shadows lengthen, and the mist
drifts.

We faint beneath the burden and
the load,
But where Thine aid the pilgrim finds
the best.

Of love, of peace and cooling foun-
tains sweet.

Leave us not, Lord! life's eventide has
come,
The shadows lengthen, and the mist
drifts.

Ending our journey: let the lights of
home
shine out at last to gladden weary
eyes.

Able, good Lord! soon the eternal
rest
Shall be mine, forever the shades
of night!

And we, whom Thine hand has led beyond
the grave,
Shall rest with Thee in everlasting
light.

--S. S. STEEGER, in Wesleyan Maga-
zine.

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THE POLICEMAN.

"The oldest man I ever saw,"
Said Little Nan to me,
"He's the one who stands outside our
school,
When we're let out at three."
"He's dressed just as the soldiers are;
He wears a gold button, too,
And he stands up so proud and
straight,
"The way he stands up do."
"He always says, 'Come, little kids,
I'll take you 'cross street.' And
I guess 'cause I'm the little girl,
He always holds my hand."
"And all the time he says, 'Be a
good girl, and be a good girl.'
"Somehow he puts me on the head,
And says, 'Ho! little girl,
You ought to wait till Christmas comes
To get me that red top."
"And one time, when it rained, the
street
Was muddy, and I cried;
He picked me up and carried me
Right to the classroom."
"The oldest man I ever saw,"
Said Little Nan to me,
"He's the one who stands outside our
school,
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--Selected.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Humorous.

The Spotted Dog.

Justice in India.

The Letter Found in a Bottle.

He'd Been to Market.

The True Lady.

The Easy Way.

LIQUOR LAW BREAKING.

That the charges against James Johnson
for having his bar open during
prohibited hours was treated as a first
offense has awakened some uneasiness
among the old residents of Acton with
reference to the old-fashioned saloons,
selling wine again to prevail.
The Mercury is glad to be advised that it
is the intention of the authorities to
proceed to second and third offenses
of the law which are clearly
brought home to the parties concerned.
There is great difficulty, it is generally
acknowledged, in getting adequate
evidence of such infractions of the law,
and sometimes it is advisable, when
the evidence is not of the strongest,
to abstain from proceeding to a
first offense rather than have him
on a second offense charge with Mr.
Harrison's assistance. But the atti-
tude of the authorities is announced
that five or six of the hotels, at
least, the police say, have shut off
liquor on Sunday, and those who
hope that, before the end of the year,
further improvement will be made in
that direction.

The hotel men and brewery men
might as well understand right now
that the overwhelming sentiment of
the community is against this contin-
ued setting at naught of the law, and
that there are far more than the Pro-
hibition League determined to see that
Saturday night and Sunday selling
shall be stopped. Only a day or two
ago, one of the big manufacturing con-
cerns of the city found itself 30 men
short after pay day, nearly all of them
off through drink. Another was 42
hands short from the same reason.

We know that this prohibition does
not exist in our own establishments in
any town, but it is wiser at this time
than these manufacturers have ever
imagined, and it is no wonder that
financial and manufacturing interests
of the city, whose capital and plant
are devoted to the proper return
from employees being absent through
drink, are making their influence felt
against liquor law breaking. --Guelph
Mercury.

ROBBERY SPOILED THE YENNI.

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WHO IS TO BLAME?

The college presidents charge the
high schools with unsatisfactory
preparation; the high-school teachers
say the grammar-school teachers
are not fitted to do high school
work; the grammar-school teachers
say that the primary-school
teachers are not fitted to do
primary school work; and kinder-
gartners unfavorably slight over the
inefficiency of parents for the moral
and intellectual culture of their child-
ren. Parents, of course, report by
blaming teachers all along the line;
but as they do not appear to count for
much in most modern education, we
cannot but consider, the striking
feature of the sequence is that each
grade, from the ending to the begin-
ning of school life, incline to charge
on the next previous a good share of
their own ill success. A freshman class
is discovered to be weak in spelling,
uncertain in history, vague in litera-
ture, and forthwith the high school is
indicted for inefficiency; the high-
school boy begins with indignation
about the past and with apprehension
about the future, and the grammar-
school is scored for inability. Persons
who have no children to go through
the machine may look on in mild
wonder; but persons who have chil-
dren are not whimsical for being
scolded. Can it be that they are fairly
discovering to what the world
has already fitted to enter the high
school or the grammar-school? Or
for that matter, why not have the
youngsters been all ready for the
Sophomore year? Life is short; the
time schedules of education are long.
The world cannot stop for kinder-
gartens and primaries and second-
aries, much less for putting time into
them. Training, culture, develop-
ment--oh yes, certainly, they answer-
ed well for the days of the aboriginal;
today, we must get these, and get
them quick, and, moreover, in our
grasp for an education, we must pick
up and carry along more baggage than
ever. So, at every point, one roars in
the teeth of the teacher, saying that
the child must speedily get rid of the
baggage which is encumbering him,
and get it out of the way as fast as
possible. --Harper's Weekly.

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