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Doetry.

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The village cow's untethered, She's in the swamps below. And there six months she'll likely For summer's west or wos. When shadows full and all the west With gathered gold's aglow, The village archin on a fence

The milking-pail is ready I'pon the kitchen stoop, And an la every hoop. When avon time is falling. The welding in a row

They see the brush vibrating. They hear the willows crash : She knows for her is waiting A pice bran mash. O'er field and fan and forest She hears the untile llow. .

"Co, lines, cd l", some it is to equal The vobla's rare delight. And i has got a sequel-Bread and milk to-night. :The schoos come and go.

"Co, buts, col" the's salt and tex and sugar, She's modicine, I know ; She fills the baby's bottle And she buys the calico. From the youngust to the oldest

"Co, hour, co!"

She's worth her weight in gold-dust -The Khan

Belect Family Meading

FORTUNE'S CAP

DV OULIRLMA ZOLLINORIL

66 TON'T you never take nothing off of nobody, Ithamar, itively. "Thom that will take, has to." And she looked carnestly at her homely son, who was all the world to her. She was not an attractive woman Hor grizzled hair was drawn back tightly from her face and twisted into a knot about the size of a blekery-nut at the napo of har neck; her countenance was pale, and there was a defiant gloom in her eyes as she moved about

"I know," she continued. "And you mind me. Them that will take, has to. Don't you knuckle to nobady." The son Ithamar's face grow suller on he listened and felt his grievance

eyes he had, tow-colored bair, and freckled face. "I've had my aims," went on the mother, "and what has come of 'em ? You was named for Ithamar in the Bible because a chief place was reserved for him. I wanted a good place for my son. And your pa's dead, rascally lawyers. I've worked my fingers to the hone, and here we are.' dingy room, which was perfectly do so, because the larger boy, before clean, though it did not look so, as the

paint was dulled by much washing and sembled, in some places, entirely "I know you ain't," said bis mother.

"I was only afraid you would when ain't hore." "Why, where are you goln'?" neked

His mother made an evasive reply and that night she died. She he heart trouble, the doctors sald. A week later Ithamar drifted out of the town. Nobody wanted him there.

elther for work or play. He was too nor did they feel specially called upor to orders the spirit Ithamar dis played

often hungry that summer, for, true o his mother's teaching, he did not every one he met, and he had a surly answer for every question. And yet bursting with loneliness and grief.

Ithaniar had a heart that was almost niggy, overtook him and asked him to ride. Ithumar wished to refuse, but from ketohin' it from his pa if I can. he was so utterly spent that he could not. The man noticed the tremble in dinner and a job of work besides.

into the buggy.

out two June apples. "How'd you know?" asked Ithaniar ar, without a word of thanks, he too the fruit and began to eat it greedly

the doctor drow out the boy's story, in man, had a blind bellef in luck.

freshed. "Now is the time to help him, thought the doptor, "and I'll have t work on his superstition, since that is pll he has." Then aloud he sald, "Well, there's no need for you to

wondering eyes on the doctor. "That was give to ma with a sack of flour."

Ithamar listened with respect.

"In the first place," went on the doctor, "you must not tell anybody Adams. that it is for tune's cap."

"Course not," said Ithumar. "Guess I know better'n that. Somebody'd got it away 'nom me, if they knew." The doct r smiled. Ithamar was progressing. From having confidence, approve of having his only son pom in nobody, he had come so far as to | nielled, and did not wish to get into

trust the doctor. "Say, how d'you use it?" the boy asked, for his companion had lapsed | waited. into silence. "Well, whenever you speak to

man or woman you must take it off and hold it in your lland." "Will that give me fuck?" asked Ithamer, bourrly. "You," smiled the dector. "And

they, you must say 'thank you' in every place yet possibly can." Ithaniar looked grave. "I win't go nothin' to be thankful for, he declared at last. "Ma always said so, "She said them rascal lawyers took everything

but our breath." you had fortune's cap," observed the ling." doctor.

"That's so," admitted Ithamur, after, His cap was old and worn and solled some thought. "And if you say Mrs. Adams would not let him wear i 'thank you,' why, 'thank you' it is." "Thank you, my boy," said the doc- a new one, and the old one Ithanar or, kindly. "What you thankin' me for?" neked | was gone,

Ithamar, wonderingly. "For the pleasure that you gave me | his politeness, and everything went on by showing that you trust me." "Why that heats the Dutch !" cried

Ithamar. "Was that something to be thankful for ?" And now the buggy stopped and

Ithaniar got down. The doctor waited a moment, for Ithamar stood on the ground deep in thought. At length he looked up. "Is this a place to take off fortune's cap?" he asked. "Yes, I think it is," replied the doc-

Ithamar uncovered his head, and once more he thought. Then he lookod up again. "You've give me a ride," he said. "Thank you." "You are welcome, my boy," an

swored the good doctor, and his face "But I almost forgot to tell you," he added, "that you must always work, and do your best, too." Then he

touched up life horses and the boy was Ithamar now found a hard task or his hands. How was he to reconcile his mother's admonition, "Don't you never take nothing off of nobody," with the proper use of fortune's cap?

what the doctor sald togother." And | true light. so deciding, he drifted on. heart strangely light for thinking | me?" he asked himself. about fortune's cap in his possession, a corner as remote as possible from chair. the school building and yet on the grounds, a small boy was receiving a severe ponimelling from the hands of | could see. For Ithamar has had a larger one, while the small boy's weeping sister stood by, longing to day he put on fortune's cap." reacue her brother, but not daring to

he began, had taken the precaution to threaten her dreadfully as to what he would do if she made any outery or "Oh, help bim!" oried the little sister, forgotting the throats as Itha-

Ithawar's face growdark. He hated opprossion. "I will," he made answer. He was not a pretty eight when he sisters - Frances and Mary. One of its came out, but neither was the opprossor, for Ithamar had won the victory: "I'll show you next time !" threaten-

mar. "Show me your heals-that's day, a habit continued till the younger

The little brother and slater kept close to their deliverer, and around the | Until she was twelve years old her bend to the road all three came in sight of a comfortable farm-house. "That's where we live," said the sister. "Come in with us and tell how "knuckle." A scowl was ready for it was, or Benny'll be punished. Pa Frances learned not only torond but to

don't allow him to fight." At this moment around the corner of the house came the farmer in his He had strayed some twenty-five up to the children Ithamar, took so well was a Christian home. miles when a man, driving a good fortune's cap off his head and held it Sunday was observed with almost team and sented alone in a roomy in his hand, for he said to himself, "I Puritan strictness. want to have the luck to keep Benny

He had the luck, and was given his "This is fortune's cap, sure enough," thought Ithamar. And every night "Well, sir, I guess you're pretty he hid the cap under his bed. "There hungry," he said. And reaching his don't nobody get that cap," he said. hand into his cost booket be brought "Now for that there 'thank you' business. I might lose the cap spite of everything, if I forgot that.

The "thank you" business was a vory hard one, for comotimes Ithamar was "Oh, I'm a doctor," answered the cross. He worked and did his best, according to the doctor's final admon-Little by little, as the two rode along, Ition, and often he was extremely And be had soon found out and discovered that Ithamar, with that a perfunctory "thank you" was ing little mind. Frances asked he a slight knowledge of God and no falth | little better than none. Still he per mother

"Hope that cap laste till I get rich, nearing the doctor's home town, and he said, as he counted his first week's Ithannar looked much rested and ro. wages of fifty cents. "I've had my keep, too. Wish ms could see this fifty cents. Only takes two of em' to make her mother even drawing for hera pata dollar. That doctor's the best man I tern church. ever see. Only think of his tolling me about my having fortune's cap, when he might have grabbed it off my head dospair, my boy, as long as you have | and took it for himself; and he would, too, if he'd been one of them rescal

Now Ithamar's "thank yous" were sin't no great of a cap," he said. "It not lost on Mrs. Adams, the farmer's she said, "but would you mind assistwife. "That boy," she said, when "It's fortune's cap, all the same," in- [thumar had been there a month, sisted the dostor. "But it will do you "does more than that drilling lift no good if you don't know how, to use Hagan you gave a dollar a week to. ductor thinks I am tyfng to get about | pa send the gas bill to bim !" I want. Ithamar should have a dol- and helps me on again. He has done

"Times is tight," remarked Mr.

"There don't nobody trouble Benny now. That hig Mills boy late him slone," added Mrs. Adams. Now Mr. Adams, although he di not allow Bonny to fight, did not

a fuse with the Mills family, and Mis. Adams knew it. With confidence she

week, if you say so." "A dollar a wook !" erled Ithamar, when he was told. . "Oh, fliank you! "You're welcome, Ithorpur." "Two dollars hild up already, and more coming!" said Ithamur that night, as he bid his cap more carefully

That fall Ithaniar went to school. "He can as well annot," inslated Mre. Adams. "It's near, and he does

And now a grief befell thumar. any more. Hie made him a present of

He learned his lessons, he kept up learn the printer's trade.

But soon the men about the office began to guy him. No "devil," they said, had ever worn such a grimy cap an thut.

saw that he could nowhere wear the old cap any more. "If I carry it about me," he reasoned, "and use the new one the same

way, why shouldnt it work just the same ? "He tried it. "It does work," he said to himself joyfully.

o Ithamar as manners It was left for him to find out, from bits of copy in the printing-office, just their offect on a man's prosperity and happiness through life. And Ithamar was fully sixteen before he thoroughly under-"I ain't goin' back on ma," he finally stood. He was twenty one before he decided. "I'll put what she said and saw the doctor's kindly deed in its device.

"What good would preaching have

when he came to a country school- composing stick to a reporter's place. ground. It was the noon hour, and in from a reporter's place to the editor's "Ithamar," he mused, as he sat one day in his prosperity, "I wish mother

MISS WILLARD'S CHILDROOD. A peep at the home in which Miss Willard's early life was spent leaves no room for doubt as to where and how the character of the woman was form ed. It was in an atmosphere of love

learned her first lessons of life. There is nothing inall Miss Willard's pleasant expressions was the habit early formed, of nightly asking forgiveness for any word or act that might have been unsisterly, and thank-"I recken you will," answered Itha- ing each other for the kindness of the

The home life was almost exclusively the educator in Miss Willard's case mother was her only teacher, and even after that, school was limited. But the home was one where books were loved, and while she was still young

Better than all for the young girl shirt-sloeves; and just when he came | was the fact that the home she loved

Miss Willard tells of a Christmas that fell on a Sunday. In order that no secular matters might disturb the pence of the day of rest, the Ohristman presents were given on Saturday even ing, and then, with praiseworthy selfdonial, laid salde until Monday.

Fortunately for the other two young members of the household-Oliver and Mary-their presents included a Hun day book for each, while instead of the book Frances had a long desired but strictly work-day slate. That slate was a treasure, but-to-morrow was Sunday, and it was a treasure unavailable for more than twenty-four hours. A happy idea finally came into the long

watercourses straight and let th The plea was so natural, and so well sustained, that Francos had the slate.

OBLIGING.

Commercial travellers have some funny experiences. The other day a Toronto drummer on the northern Ithaniar suntched off his cap, looked lawyers. Wish't ma could see that branch of the G.T.R. was, according to parrot his own story, addressed by a woman sitting bahind him: "Pardon me, sir," ing me off at the next station? You

Not long ago a rich American died, Life's too short for any vain regeteaving an only son, a young man twenty. It was outlanded that if the young man gave blaself wholly to the care of his property, it would place him in a few years, at the ordinary rate of accumulation, among the rich-

"Ab," the public cried, "what a chance! Not one boy in millions has

A touching story is told in connec tion with the work of the Counters of Huntingdon among the collers in .the? many of these poor miners lad never heard the name of God &r Christ, the sent out preachers to hold meetings among them in the open air. Whitefield, Vonn, the Westeys were smong her helpere.

In a cable on her vistate there was a erlppled blind girl, named-Eliza Poul afd, wife heard of this great work, She was exirled to the castle, and asked tr

"Can I help ?" she inquired, humbly "I never have done anything for God." The servants would have driven her away, but the counters laterforred. "She le lame and blind, and scared at her own voice," they said.

plied the counters. "Carry her to the are employed, hasattracted a good deal meeting to-night at the mines." "Now," says the old chronicler, "Eliza, in her solitude, bud learned many hymns, and her voice was of that tone that it would wring the home of our own. Card clubs have heart of a beast. When she sang of someway a peculiar influence on folks. Christ upon the cross, the women cried | Maybe its different with older, steadler

of the preachers were as powerful as to old folks clubs. I never found anythe song of the poor cripple, lying on | body able to play a whole evening ber pallet. They carried her from one | through without getting mad. It's place to another, and many people were converted by her." It is said that when Lady Huntingdon told her of the souls she had influenced

"Who would have thought He would have chosen me?" she said A few weeks agon building in one of our cities fell suddonly. In it wore hungel. It len't healthy."-Presbyterlan. dreds of clorks and workmen, many of

street saw the crowd of victims at the windows in the apper stories. There was no way of excape. In moment it might be too late. climbad to the top of the pole of an electric light, taking a ladder with him fixed it securely at one end of the pole, and lowered the other end to the win-

"God wanted to give me a chance, reckon," he said, reverently. To every man and woman comes a chance. It may not be to accumulate above 'leventh floor, how for does ! money. They may nover know the respansibilities or the temptations which lie in a great fortune, but if they chaque they may share in the keen joy of making other human lives stronger and purer, or of bringing some of God's

lost children home to Him.

ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY. No class of scientific workers have to struggle harder with the ignerance of ly on his head, he rushed into battle. and harmony that existed between the | An engineer said recently that he had found it more profitable, as well as a strongly advise ye to gang-it wad day saving of time, not to combat the interesting "practical" theories which he sometimes encountered from volunteer superintendents of his work, but to success. dispose of them on grounds more roadily comprehensible than the scien-

"Not long ago," the engineer said in building a read I had to put stream underground for some little distance, and in dolug so I naturally used the least amount of material by straightening the course of the stream had a gang foreman who was much

roubled by this. " Now look here, he said, "taint ! the natur' o' water to run straight. Did you ever see a stream o' water in Don't water always go crooked if you loave it to itself?"

ought to lay down those drain-pipes a little algang, like a crooked rail fence? " !Jest a lestle that way, to hushor the natur' o' the water,' said he. " 'Porhaps so,' said I. 'Hut now sos here-there's a difficulty right of

about that."

" 'What is it?' " Huppose I grook this length o drain-pips this way; how do I know that the water wants to run that way right horo? Perhaps this is just the

"The foreman scratched his head "And he concluded that, insamuel as we could not always tell which was the water wanted to 'meander,' it

THE PARROT KNEW.

might after all he best to make our

water make the heat of them that !

could. If I had contradicted the man

and laughed at him, I should have

"Polly," she said, "Harold is spining lives of so many women and growing in a few minutes, and I want you to girle a burden. Hut you must get the be a good bird this time."

see, I am very large, and when I get young man, stays here till 12 o'clock on the wrapper around each box, Sold off I have to go backward, so the con- the next time he calls I'll have your by all medicine dealers or by mail at Wherenpon Polly was taken igno- from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

Let dead delight bury its dead, I say. And let us go upon our way forgetting

The love, and sorrows, of each yesterlidtween the swift sun's slaing and ite We have no time for useless tears or fretting.

Life is too short. Life is too short for any bitter feeling: Time is the best avenger if we wait. The years sped by, and on their wings bear healing.

We have no room for anything like . hufe. That thick and fast about our feet are stealing.

lafe le ton stinrt. life is too short for aught but high ondeavour,- . Too short for spite, but long enough for luve. And love lives on for over and for It links the worlds that circle on above. Tis God's first law, the universe's laver.

in his vost realm the radiant souls sight "Life is too short."

CONCERNING CARDS. The modern tendency in society towards excessive card-playing, especially where large or small money stakes ofadverse comment. "No, my wife and I don't go to card parties since we are matried," said a young husband : "we got enough of that before we had a amazing to watch young girls who are sweet and gentle as you please in every other place where you meet them -to see how flushed and spiteful they get at the card table. They will quarrel and accuse their friends of cheating. They forget all their manners and don't seem to be thinking of a thing but the chesp little prize they want to

HOW FAR DID IT 007 Above one of the elevators on the ground floor of the Empire building. at Roctor Streetund Broadway, there lan sign which reads : "No stop above

eleventh floor." Recently a rustle Jerseyman with ile wife was in the building looking for some way to get upstairs, and the

ign caught his aye.

"Look at that sign, will you, Mary?" "Yes, I see it, Henry," she replied, patiently, "what of it P" "Well, I don't know. Walt till I . ask the man." And he went up to the despatcher, "Say, mister," he inquired, "if the dern thing don't stop

WHAT IMPRESSED HIM. An old Lowlander had been persistontly asked by his son, who was doing very well in London, to pay him a visit. Having at length decided to comply, he spent a fortnight in the Metropolls and duly returned North to tell the tale. A pompous person invited him to his house soon after the old man's return, with a view to having some amusement at the latter's expense. "And what was it that impressed you in the great city?" asked the pompous gentleman. "Well, sir." quoth the old fellow, "the thing abune a' that impressed me maist was nly ain

yo a vast deal o' guld; sir !"

Attention to details is the secret of NERVOUS INDIGESTION A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams

Pink Pills

"I suffered so much from nervous

dyspensia that I feared I would become

usane," says Mrs. Alfred Austin, "I was prostrated with this trouble. I got so bad I could not eat a mouthful of food without it nearly choking me. was affected with such terrible feelings of dizziness and nauson that I had to leave the table sometimes with just two or three mouthfuls of food for a monl. My nerves were all unstrung and I grow so weak that I could not even sweep the floor. In fact my nerves affected me to such an extent that I feared to be left alone. I could not sleep at nights, and used to lie awake until I feared my reason would leave me. I was taking medicine constantly, but it did not do me a bit of good. I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on a former occasion with good results, and at last I determined to try again. I can say nothing better than that these pills have been a blessing to me, as they have made me a well woman. Every trace of the indigestion is gone, and my norves are as strong and sound as they were in girlhood. Now I can eat anything that is on the table, and I got sound refreshing sleep at nights. All this I owe to the faithful use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I shall never cease to

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gilthe voins with new rich red blood. That is why they strengthen the nerves and every organ in the body. That is why they oure all troubles due to bad blond or wonk shuttered nerves, such as anasmis, with its grinding, wearing backnoles, headsohes and sideaches, rhaumatism and neuralgia, heart palpitation, indigestion, St Vitus dance, par-'tial paralysis, kidney troubles, and those special allments that render the genuine pills with the full name. "Dr. 50 must a hox or six boxes for \$2.50 Brockville, Ont.

The Old Citizen's Work Charlle Sucy

ACTON - HAND - LAUNDRY Willow Street, Neur Post Office and Town Hall, I am a laundry man of long experience

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All ladies' and gentlemen's honing done

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to Charlin Sucy, and let him know when

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FOR SUMMER USE Hollywood Paint, Elephant Paint Brushes, Lad lers, Pails, Sponges,

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Old age is a matter of years.

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ters in Acton for Bread, Cakes, Pas-

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Connection for principal points in fanitoha and the West.

Sings "t'o, boss, co!" Inside and out 'tie ablning. . . ".

Hit on the fonces, calling : "Co, bous, cul".

A pleasant anthom, chortand -. .. O'er pasture field and commons and bassy hears the summons of

Her poople love her so.

ම පෙවෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙ

<u> මලෙදෙලෙදෙලෙදෙලෙදෙලෙදෙල</u> said Mrs. Hacksthorn, pos-

the kitchen with spiteful jerks.

against the world grow. Light blue we've lost what little we had through She glanesd spornfully around the

"I nin't a knucklin'," remonstrated

disnuranable. The people of the town did not feel themselves responsible for | what you'll show me," and he walked said good night to sarth. the misfortunes of mother and son.

So Ithamar drifted away. He was

the boy's hand us he helped himself up

Twenty minutes later they were

fortune's cap on your head." it over carefully, and then turned | doctor!"

"Woll," and Mr. Adams, after a while, "I guess he ban have a dollar

thur usual. "Why didn't I know this was fortune's cap before ma died ?"

"Well, but your mother didn't know | enough for blakeep night and morn

hid carefully away. Hot his happiness as usual, but he could not be antistied. Who knew how much better things might go if only he could wear his fortune's cap? In the apring he could stand it no longer. With his old fortune's cap upon his head, he ran away. He was sure that he had been wise. for he ran straight into a chance to

Ithamar was fourteen now, and heginning to be full of expedients. He

Now manners had never been taught

He had wandered for three days, his done a wild, stubborn heathen like Steadily on went Ithmuar. From a

good place reserved for him since the

study, and to put her thoughts into

"Might I have my how slate if I'l promise not to draw anything but meeting houses ?"

this at thron stations."

THE CHANCES.

est men of the country.

had such a chance!" English Black Country. Finding that This solomi truth the low mounds

see Lady Huntingdon.

"God calls His own messengers," re out and the men wept sore. No words | heads, -- I don't know, for I never went

for good, her poor, ugly face grew beautiful agan angel's.

whom were crushed beneath the falling mass. A colored boy who was on the

dow. Fifteen lives were saved by this "How did you come to think of it?" omcone asked him.

those about them than civil engineers. Every olderly man who has over workand of devotion to duty that the girl ed at amateur road-building thinks he knows more of the science than trainod engineers, and snorts with scorn at childhood, says a writer in Christian the grading, the underdraining, and And pressing his cap down more tight- Work, more heautiful than the love all the other scientific arrangements.

natur', big or little, that went straight? " Then, waid 4. "do you think we

spot where the water wants to run the other way. That would be likely to make trouble, wouldn't It P' 'Wal,' said he, 'I do' know but 'twould I hadn't thought o' that!

made an enemy and an opponent o

"Tion," squaked the parrot, "If that Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,"

Miss Clementing was feeding the

miniously out of the room.