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wanted and he will not fall you.

el 40c. quart.

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mocks. . TENTANTAL TOTAL TOTAL STATES The BOND HARDWARE Co.



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Poetry.

HIS PIRST ORATION.

"I'was the last day at school, and Theophilus Beach Was going to make on the platform a His mother had carefully taught him cach word.

And fifteen and twenty rehearests had beard. linginning, "Dear teacher, so kind and no pleasant. It told her the scholare had bought her a present.

The phrases were long, but Theophilias And backward, he boanted, was sure - to go through them. Ho'd Jearned when to bow and platform to Jeavet . . It came after saying, "This token ro-

Then, handing the boy, he gracefully go. I'm resume his own seat in the bost scholars' row. thought to Illimself frond Theo-Retail Phone 07. Limited; GUELPH philling Bleech. lot when it was time for the elegant

polis Berch.

So short was his breath and so shaky hla knees. Ille cheeks burning up and ble feet · ready to freeze. He thought with such terrible symptoms united. He'd cortainly die if he And what scomed to him most my terious of all,

loud thumped the heart of Thea-

The very first sentence he couldn't re-So, trombling and panting, he stalked And mot with a scowl his teacher's He snatched up the box as if he would

And shouted, as though in the school yard, "Here, take it !" Then, throwing it down far out of hor He ran to his sent, poor Theophilus Honch.

Belect Family Reading

-Adola Barney Wilson.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAR <u>ගි පෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙපෙවෙ</u>

Val Sallie Saturday was over and Mr. and Mrs. Vranklin were alone by themselves in the clean kitchen, sitting beside the stove, Mrs. Vranklin aroso, went Into her bedroom and brought out a bundle

"I want you to look at these things, Joromiah ?" who said, toildly. "What are they ?" said be. She spread them out on the floor.

"That is my best dress," she said. Those are my best shoes. That le the only bennet I've got in the world but my calloo sun-bonnet, and that is my Sunday abawl.". Blin uttered the words quietly and

"Well?" said Mr. Vranklin, still amoking

"Well?" she answered. He sald nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain and piled them on a chair. "You're a rich man," she said "Rich, for a farmer. You are sixty and I fifty years old. Our boys are

married. I haven't had any money to spend for five years. I'm a sight to behold. If I were a servant I should get wages and not have to beg. No, I don't beg, Jeromiah. Since you don't offer it yourself, I'm going to tell you that I want money. I want a hundred dollars to buy me some now ! clothes to feel decent and comfortable the kitchen mantel. No, the vases tute. Why, I'm out of flannel! My calico gowns are patched at the elbow. My show heels are twisted. I can't go to church any more, for I've turned grate! There, under the fringed my black allk twice and the back breadths upside down. I've washed my bonnet ribbons. Well, I've done ill I could rather than nek for what you didn't offer, and there's no need. You're well-to-do. I want to be

I oan. I must. There, now! It's my She had spoken her mind, and Mr Vranklin bad felt that a climax had arrived. He had "laid by" a large um. He was growing old and had no need to pinch, but the awful demand for a hundred deliars all in a lump was

decent and take a little comfort while

He had become used to Eva Maria's quiet way of monding her old clothes and asking for no money, and it had never occurred to him that she would come down upon him like this at some

He stared silently and puffed across

the stove the smoke of the cheap tobacco he burnt in a common corncab pipe. The old rag carnet was clean. The old chairs were mended with carpet bottoms. It was all tidy. but nothing was now. Nothing pretty but the scarlet gernolume in their big note on the window sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the furniture was his mother's, and she had belocd him make his fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot choose and flower roots, feeding the hands cheaply and well, weeding vegetables and even riding the moving machine, now and then-though not very lately. Conscionce told him that he ought to pull from his vest pocket the crisp hundred dollar note he had received that morning for some hay, at the lunding, and say : "Here, Rea Maria, why didn't you speak before?" But whon greed takes possession of the heart of man, it holds on like a leech. All he said, after the ellence had remained unbroken for some minutes,

"Well, Eva Maria, I'll think To some women there is no agony ike naking a husband for money.

reasonable, others will go with ragged shoes until the masculine ayes discover

the heart grows proud.

They want a love-gift, not alma, Generally they have to ask at last. The 1 ppy wife feels no such tribulations. "All that is mine is thine." has been said to ber by word and deed too often, but where doubt of love lies | then it was Hunday. That night Mrs.

in the misery of her shabblness to it seemed a fearful thing to do. She ittle guessed that she had frightened Joremiah almost out of bla senses. "A hundred dollars," he said to ilmself. "She must know what I've got about me. She must mean to have it., Pifty now, I'd give. But a

and give her fifty." He opened the door of the passage. crossed it and went into the parlor. It over ?" slie neked .. was a cold, neat place, kept sacred for ighted there that winter. It had ing that money. He felt that I been inconvenient to take it down that | wife had spoken the truth. ' She had summer, so fringed pink paper had a right to decent clothes. She who been arranged between the pollshed lind served him so well for so many hare and the rug drawn across the years. hearth. Photographs of several mem- "I've thought it over, Eva Maria, bers of the family hung by red cords he said, and arose and went to his from the wall, dotted muslin curtains desk, a queer, old-fashioned one buil with neatly fluted ruffles covered the green paper blinds. A dish of wax fruit, covered by a glass shade, ornamented the center-table, and the horsehalr furniture had been so little used in two generations that it looked

almost new. The vases on the mantel were old-fashioned blue ware, for which a china worshipper would have paid a great price. They had been brought from Canton by a saller grand-uncle, long since dead, though he lived to see ninety-nine years. Iletween the windows was a "column" looking glass in which Mr. Vranklin's grandmother had seen her girlish face in an immense white silk poke-

bonnet, still preserved in a "bandbox" A little moonlight stole through the and she looked at him in a peculiar to go to the hospital. lower panes of the room and made all | way. things quite plain to the owner's acoustomed eyes. He tried to think in a hurry, and, being a slow man, grow

very much confused. Eva Muria should have fifty dollars. but she had said she had a right to a hundred. If he gave her the bill in his pocket she would spand it. It was Haturday evening, he could not get it changed that night-no, not until Monday. If he locked it up, she would know and take it out, perhaps, and do as she pleased with it. She had declared her "right" to it. Eva Maria. humblest of the humble, mackest of

the mack, had spoken so! Could it "This comes of these here strongminded meetin's," said Mr. Vranklin. This was not logical, for Mrs. Vrank-

in had not attended one. "Women used to be bidable. They are kicking over the traces now. body-" colfloquized Mr. Vranklin, growing more and more ungrammatical with his wrath-"nobody ain't goin' to ride over mr. 'specially a wife of mine. I must hide the money until I

can change it. She might look into my pockets. She said she had a right to it, and she looked determined." At this moment he heard a movement in the kitchen. He believed it to be his wife about to come in search

of him, and tried to think faster. The vasse! Should be bide the note there?. No: there were still some asters in the garden, and Eva Maria might fill the vases with houquets, as als sometimes did on Sunday afterwould not do. The ingrain carpet was tacked down tight, the-Surely there was a step in the passage! The paped it might lie safely all night."

He drew his pocket-book from his bosom and stuffed It between two loose bricks at the back of the grate. The pink fringes of the paper concent ed it. All was safe, He crepked across the passage into the kitchen with a consciousness of great meannass in his hoart. Mrs. Vranklin. having executed her terrible intention, had taken flight to her bedroom where she sat in the cold with a little showl over her shoulders, trembling, He sald semething aloud about seeing Jones about those pigs, and fled the house, and the two held no more conversation until breakfast time next morning. _ Then_Mr. - Vranklin, with

unusual pisty, went to church, while his wife stayed home to cook dinner. at no one else being at hand to do it. Just as the beef was so for done that alse could open the oven doors, there came a knock upon the door, and opening it she saw upon the norch her consin Brown and the minister. Church was out, and Cousin Brown had brought the reverend gentleman ble friends to dine. Mrs. Vranklin received both hospitably, and hastened to usher them into the parjor. The vollow artemises shone bravely in the blg blue vases. Mr. Vranklin bad licen wise not to hide his money there,

"I'll light a fire," said the good voman. "It won't take a minute. It's the first fire of the season, or I'd have the grate flxed." Hhe tucked the paper down into the grate, the easiest way to be rid of it plied on wood and placed the scuttle ready. As she struck the match, she gave a little ory, and represed it instantly. The flower blazed up

but it was cold-very cold.

merrily and roured bobind the blow-When Mr. Vrankiln returned, the blower was down, and the two men. were warming their feet at a commet mans of red coal. He looked at his live Marin. Her

month, betrayed no emotion. "She don't know what she has While some are always oryings done," he said to bimeeff; but he "Givot gital" mover content, nacer

The ghost of that hundred dollars stared at blin from the embers. He could not talk, he could not compose blesself. Couch Brown opined he was not well. The minister remarked that "In the midst of life we are in death," and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It was not a gay dinner, but Vranklin missed her spouse from bla Eva Maria had nerved bereelf at last | bed. His went to look for him and found him poking in the ashes of the make the speech above recorded, but | dead fire with the tonge. He looked

> up with a vary red face, "I don't think these here confe kie be good," he said, confusedly. "Did you get up in the night to loo at them?" ohe asked.

He made no answer, and returned to hundred! I'll get the money changed | Next morning his wife again attack-"Have you thought that matter

Indeed he had, and it had occurred great occasions. It had a grate in it to him that Providence has propared but it was doubtful if a fire would be a special judgment for him, in destroy-

> in the house wall. When he returned he brought with him a blank check. "Get what you like, my dear," he said, "and got it nice. Fill the check up just as you please."

He had not called her "my dear" for years. She milled up at him very gently; tears were near her eyes. However she used the check to drass herself comfortably. It was the first time for many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping

At night he met her at the depot. landed with parcels, tired but smiling. He had not seen her so bright for

gether beside the stove as before. "You didn't scom to feel chearful

remarked. "What alled you?" "But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I burned the pocket book you hid in the grate. I didn't."

She put her hand into her work backet and drew it out intact, with "I was just in time," she said, "But understood at once when I saw ! sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the check, I should make herself useful in the hospital.

have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Jeremiah?" astonished. She aross and came to him and put her hands on his shoul-

"But I should never have enjoyed ! wearing thom," she said, "I should

The man looked ot her with a feeling that a strange revelation of feminine tears soon dried and the smiles rehuman nature had been unde to him, mained. but all he sald was : "Why, Eva Maria, I want to know

and he drew her down upon his knee and kissed her.

A GOOD AUDIENCE. The Rev. Lyman Beecher was once own; engaged to preach, by way of exchange lile horse into a shed, and wont in. As yet, there was no person in the durance.

ionse, and after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the alsle, and took a seat. vice, but there were no more hearers. Whother to preach to auch an audionce or not, was only a momentary question with particular emphasis on the acceswith Lyman Beecher. He felt that he sity of making a good appearance. had a duty toperform, and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one he said, "be careful that you are pre-

from the deak to speak to the "congre- it like a man." gation," but he had departed. So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but sat down amid a storm of choors. twenty years after, a very delightful travelling in Ohio, and on alighting ing a note to the clark, said, "Please

gentleman stopped up to him and cal- read as follows : ed him by name. "I do not remember you," said Docor Receiper. "I suppose not," said the stranger, that we spent-two-hours together in a would like a job as conductor on your house alone, once, in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister; "pray where was it?" "Do you reinomber presching twenty yours ago, in such a place, to a single

"I am the man, sir; and that sermon made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio." In telling the story Doctor Beecher

THE WRONG TOOL. with its high hose and close what the dictum that wery mun must men in charge.

carva bla own way.' " "The spade or shovel is a better. in:

"BANG HER WAY THROUGH." A quiet man, of moderate means, passing to and fro every day on like way to business, had often looked at r envy. It must give happiness, h thought, to command unlimited laxury and service! A day came when official duty made it uscossary for him to meet the lady of this grand home She scenned wearled and nervously restless, and before he left the house abs so far forgot berself as to exclaim discontentedly :

and I are too husy. I don't know that I should recognize him if I met him or the avenue, and I really don't know what I should do if I find to spend an evening at frome. I think I should go crazy. Hervante? Why, they wear a | Canada calle! Then lot the response be woman's himl out! They're, always pretending to be sick. . Luever believe a word they say. In fact, I've got no hardly believe what anybody mays.

"Happy?" she continued. "Bid you ver see anyone really happy? Nobody seems to he happy around me. Charities? O, yes," with a long sigh, "I suppose I give hundreds of dollars a year to the regular things in the way of charity. I'm sure I don't know hother they deserve it or not. lope you don't represent a poor family. Everybody is bagging, and I have to pay to get rid of them. You. suppose we go to London for the season. It'st so dull at home? Must

you go? Good-bye!" The conversation was simost monologue. The same day the good man called on another family. The iome consisted of one scantlly furnished room. In it was a wife and mother who for more than a year had supported her sick husband and four children by washing. Hard work, often continuing far into the night, had developed a weeping sinew on her | position open at the time for an office right wrist. But in upite of her suf-After tes that night they est to. fering, she continued to wash until her 'a week. His rise from that position

After an operation had been per-Sunday afternoon, Jereminh," she really became the sunlight of the hos-"I don't want to tell you," he an- pital. She had a fine, untrained to sak questions and thus get his inblassed averyone who heard it.

naked a nurse.

"There is a despondent patient in another ward who is very unhappy," He looked at her, half angry, half said the nurse. "Nothing we can do, mere accuracy. But mechanical accumind from herself and do her good." have hated them, I think. These that had hardly sung more than a few school concentrates his attention upon I bought to-day, with your free gift, I moments before the desponding we- the lesson, and questions the teacher shall love while there's a rag of them man's face brightened. Up and down till he gets a clear comprehension

learned to sing her way out of her racy is a habit of mind, and takes Traubles crowd sooner or later into rate," is a motto to commence with in for a country minister, and the day every life. It is not so much the one's earliest teens, if it is to win notice aved to be very cold and stormy. It difference in their character as the from others in the twentles. was mid-winter, and the snow was difference in the natures of those who piled in heaps all along the roads, some encounter them that makes life hear- brilliant of war correspondents, won to make passage difficult. Still the able or unbearable. Sing your way his success largely by the extreme acdoctor urged his horse through the through if you can! Even a little curacy of his descriptions, as well as

> FOLLOWING ADVICE. The president of one of the promi was making a stirring address to an "When you are looking for work,"

when all was over, he hastened down to the job, wherever it is, and ask for trolled and disciplined mind, ready for This advice was greeted with great applause, and the railway provident out brilliancy, "gets there," so the discovery came to light in connection looking young fellow walked into the far that combination will go when it with this service, Doctor Bescher was outer office of the orator, and hand, once starts, but it is bound to go far

from a stage in a pleasant village, a give this to the president." The note "I have paid \$20 for this suit of clother, 83.50 for a pair of boots and, fifty conts for a hair out and a shave.

THE WORK OF DRINK. A dozen or more strong, able work-"Yes' I do Indeed; and if you are men from Shawlungan Falls visited the man, I have been wishing to see Three Rivers last week to witness the St. Jean Daptiste colebration. . They got drunk, and going home on the train in the evening became so disorderly that Conductor Bigue had

He got the Job.

hlus, and he was so roughly handled would add, "I think that was shout as | that he had to jump from the train, satisfactory an audience as I ever had." | which was running at a good speed. The brakeman, on entering the car, was also solved. The engineer, on "Your honor," said the lawyer of learning the trouble, promptly backed | the dignity of the present age will sucthe man arrested for carrying a stilet- his train down to Three Hivers, where | good In spirit, in purpose, and in

to interfere. The gang turned upon

prayed on this world.

CANADA'S CALL

Loud we the voice of her deep booming Clear as the lift of her song birds in the brownstone house almost with Canada calls to her some and daugh-Lift high your standard of manhood

> to day. Here in the dawn of a great nation's Rings the clear voice of our country's

appeal, Calling for horons, who self-interest scorning. Do what they know and dare what they fool. "I mever you my hilvhand! Both he Not in the wealth of hor palties so pections. .

Not in her output of silver and gold. But in people, free, righteous and Lies ker supremust of treasures tu-

One that shall honor our glorious set us be all we would pray that our sone be. All that our hopes and traditions de-

Puro as the gold in the heart of her mountaint. Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea: Straight as the pine tree and clear as her fountains. Honest and fearless, face-forward

and free.

MIS REABON FOR RISING. The story is told of a large dry goods commission house in New York where a young man not thirty years of age, with neither influence nor a college education to begin with, was made partner after a dozen years' work for the firm. The senior partner was ask-

merits," was the reply. "He came into my office one morning, some twelve years ago, and told me that he had just finished school and was looking for a position. I happened to have a boy and started him in at five dollars steady and rapid, and was dusontirely

formed, she remained for further treat- an order or instructions he could be ment during convalescence. Then she | railed upon to carry them out, and do it correctly, too. He was not afraid voice, so sweet and cheery that it structions straight before undertaking the work in hand. In fact, I might "Why do you sing so constantly?" eay that he owes everything to the

means two things-first, concentrated quiet response. And she did try. She slon. That boy, who in his classes at the ward tears fell, and as the sweet of it, is bound to rise in his class voice continued smiles shone; but the studies. Not that that sort of scholer asks unnecessary questions ; as a matter of fact, he needs to ask very few. "Sond her again! Lot her sing to because his attention to what the us again !" the patients begged; and teacher says saves him the trouble. as long as she remained in the hospital | School is a very good place to begin to she sang her way through the suffer- practice accuracy. No young man can years to form thoroughly. "Be scou-

drifts, till he reached the church, put | cheerful faith is of more value to the | their wit and spirit. As a schoolboy he built up the habit of accuracy so well that when, after leaving cellege, he wrote some classical "Monologues" -studies of great characters among the unclents-his comrades in the office noticed that he rarely consulted the The hour came for opening the ser- ment railway corporations in America | books on his shelf, but wrote out of his own momory, and seldom needed to reandience of young mon, and dwelt frosh it. He distanced other journalists easily, because oditors could rely upon his quick and brilliant reports absolutely, whether he wrote on the Dreyfus case, in the French court-room man only could resp benefit; and no- sontable. If you have only \$21 in the at Hennes, or from a camp in the descordingly he went through all the ser- world, spend \$20 for a suit of clothes, ort with Kitchener. "He accurate," is vices, praying, singing, preaching, and \$3.50 for a pair of shoes, fifty cents for a rule of success, because concentrahenediction, with one hearer. And a hair out and a shave. Then walk up tion and comprehension mean a conits best efforts whenever opportunity comes round. Acouracy, even withslang phrase goes. Accuracy with bell-The very next morning a dapper. Hancy-well, no one can prophesy how

and achieve things worth the doing.

A woman was waiting for her sis-

lumped nervously. "You're mietakon, sir !" she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me."-

really here, which made the sudden

familiarity even more startling. She

To anyone correctly reading the signs of the times there are no betrograde movements. The march is ever onward. The caloon is rapidly becoming a relie of barbarism. It will disappear, and no effort to raise it to cold, composed, New England food, to, "my client merely misconstruct a quadron of police took nine of the effect, it untagonizes civilization, and it must die. No organization, no respeciability, no church, no bishop, no Happiness comes when a man realises | forces of the present, can give it new plement for the purpose," replied the that he binself could not have im- life or raise it to the level of the twen-

ed by a friend how it happened. "He is promoted parely on his own

husband's douth. Then she was obliged to the one he new occupies was to the fact that after having received

fact that he was always accurate in all "Because I must. Life is pretty | that he did. You may think I am hard, and unless I sing my way proaching a sort of sormon, but if through the day, I'm afraid I'll give | young mon entering business positions. whether high or low, would take for One day she asked her nurse if there | their motto the two words 'be' accuwere not some way by which she could rate,' and would live up to it, there need be no fear of the ultimate outcome of their undertakings." This seems to set a high value upon seems to cheer her. Possibly if you | racy is not the thing meant. Business were to sing to her, it might take her accuracy, like accuracy in scholarship. "I shall be glad to try." was the attention: second, clear comprehen-

ings of the inmates - for she had be accurate all of a sudden, for accu-

soul than years of melancholy en-

BLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.

ter in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife, and misled I have walked from Harlem, and I by a general resemblance in figure and clothing, stopped up behind her, and, taying his hand on her shoulder, ex-"Thank goodness, Emma, It's you." The name he used happened to be

Youth's Companion.

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

tieth contury .- Connecticut Officen.