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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1907.

HOW HAVE YOU DECIDED, MY

BOY?

Have you chosen the route you shall

You may march with the proud or go

You may find the world cold or be

You may whely create or destroy;

You may dawdle along through the

You may stray with the laxy in profit-

Or bravely sot forth to be worthy of

How have you decided, my Koy!

Have you holsted your banner, my

Have you made up your mind to be worthy of fruit.

stand for your rights and to darate

In the stress and the strife and th

You may little in dlamay at the end pl

You may feel that the earth is all har

Or the world may be fair and the skies

How have you decided; my boy?

Belect Jamily Hending

It is time you decided, my boy,

warmed by its cheer.

sulking in fear.

glatfoun days 1 --

what you most ?

ren and drear.

may clear !

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Manager, Winnipeg.

prior through the control of the con AUNT BINA'S QUILT BY MID. O. W. HOTE. Commence of the second of the UNE Blue Emerson had pleced the quitt from bits of calle given her by the women and girls in Eden that she liked. It was

the lone woman's "love quilt," with her sludes of affection deliberately outlined in tiny triangles. "I won't have any pieces in it that call up anybody that's stingy or stuckup or meddlesome or cruel," she said "I'll have it just as near like fresh al:

and sanshine as it can be, so when I'm sick (t'll seem like a nice bright ators. you -needn't have counted overy stitch," protested her sister Mrs. Billings, in whose home she had

her cozy room. "Anybody would think you were a astronomer counting stars, to see how particular you've been," added pretty Hetty Barton, for whose benefit the quilt was now exhibited; and she looked at the paper, covered with caballetic figuring, which was Aunt Hinn's actual record of stitches set.

"Well, stars or stitches, we like to see how many we've got, and counting is only a pastime. The minister says we can't think two things at the same time, but somehow I can count my etitches and have most profitable thoughts right along. I like the way I've disposed of my lights and darks. don't you?" Aunt Blue shook out the

great square complacently. "It is beautiful!" Hetty exclaimed "Why, you've got a plece of my light blue in the middle; and here is my pink, and there is my dark blue !" "You; that's because I -- " Aunt Bloa tend almost said "love you," but she

herself in that way. The young girl looked at her questioningly, then suddenly stooped and dropped a klas upon her forehead. "Don't be feelish, child," sold Aunt of the busy workers.

When the last minute triangle was finally set in its corner, Mrs. Hillings made a "quitting," to which every use. woman came who was invited, for it goodness as well as gowns-according

"She ought to know who amongst us is angelic, after being in our sickrooms and kitchons so many years."

In those days quiltings were supposed to be enligened by much goods, quilte to spare at your house, Anni but the women who gathered that Bina ?" afternoon, in the spring of 1803, were anxlous faces and had but one thome of conversation, the sacrifices that the overburdened nution seemed to be

preparing to ask from them. "They have opened a recruiting "Captain Pillshury's in charge. Hi furlough is almost up, but he means to get a company outlated before he goes quitt.

back," was the next bit of news. "I should think we were far enough out of the world to be let alone," sald Mrs. Hastinge, as she snapped the cord, wet in starch water, across the face quivering. "Nothing's too good triangles.

"That's crooked !" interrupted her neighbor, referring to the work; then she added, coming back to the toplan "But I don't wonder you feel so, with three grown sons to worry about." "We've no boys to spare, here in

Edon," added Mrs. Thurston, "but Massachusetts hasn't falled to do her part so far, so I've expected our time stores as were needed. would come," "Her John'll be one of the first to ullst, now you see I" whispered two

busy workers on the opposite side of boxes ready to ship in the early morn-And so it proved; for when at twilight the husbands and brothers came In to partake of Mrs. Billings' bounti-

ful supper, bringing the Boston papers and the news of the day, they gave | tatingly. the names of those who had culisted John Thurston's.

Join that company before it's filled ! but life mother uredn't know about dohn now," they said. So it was Northern Navigation Co, Rtenmers, but she understood the message that whispered to the room where she satt. passed from eye to eye. Hetty Harton understood, too, although she did not | chair to her kness, she buried her face | offender should answer to the name of raise her eyes from the line where she in Aunt Bina's lap. "Oh! oh!" she William Shakespeare, or John Rampwas setting small, even stitches. The sobbed, "you needn't think about don, or Bernard Shaw, we shall begin ale waves were full of gelices in '62, that, It has been two long weeks to suspect that the Bendigo axomen For full information apply to ticket and Helly did not need even John's since I heard from him. John wouldn't have struck a gold mine of new

brown braids. "There, there ! don't through Eden! Around the recruiting-office, where a large flag proudly give way. I guess John is all right." floated, on the store stope, at the postwasn't careless, like some of the boys. office, out on the country roads and Do you know his father and mother beside the fences, while horses stood are almost sick. They think heatill in the furrows, the men gathered to talk all at the boys who were golar to the war. The village paper printed a long list one week, and as it was come home; that's my faith. Why read with tear-dimmed eyes, the peowe've got to believe it, Hetty! If we

ple said, "It seems as though all Eden Then, one bright June morning, the aun shond upon a company of cager young soldiers in new blue suits with skining brase buttons. It fell mion the fathers and mothers and friends, brought there with one leg amputated who stood grouped near the long wagons which werd ready to take nitrae, a bright Uttle woman foolu "Company I" to the marcet railroad station. The white haired old pastor offered the last prayer, and with fluttoring flags, beating drums, huxuan and waving caps, the brave soldier-

mys were turneraway. A strange husb fell upon the small town. It had always been a staid and sober place; but now it seemed almost as though life had gone out of it. Hard work became a blessed necessity to old and young.

The girls fearned to drive horses that were not "ateady," to ride mow ing-machines, to help plan the farm work, to do "everything but sing bass," which they could not learn to do. But the real life of the place depended upon nows from the boys after all; and the coming of the old yellow stage twice each day quickered heart-throbs as did nothing else.

· Two years passed, and the suspens was not yet over. Some of the Eden boys had gone beyond the sound of bugle call, a few were in hospitals, but most of them were in action that dreadful spring of '61, when nows of battle after battle flashed over the

Eden was at its height of anxiety as the people gathered for worship to the white church one Sunday morning the hat of May. Hymns, Heripture reading and prayers were over, and the old pastor arage, but instead of beginning his sermon, he said :

"Late hat night word came the there is great need of everything for use on battle-fields and in hospitals. The sunitary commission lags us t send cotton and flannel garments socks, sheets, quilts, old cotton and linen-everything we can gather, at once. It would be cruel to keep you women, who can use needles, here with hands folded over your Bibles when the need is so great. You are invited to gather immediately at the home of Mre. Grow for work, and may

God's blessing go with you." There were children in that congregation who still remember how, with one impulse, all the women arose and reverently left the church; The law of Sabbath observance i

Eden was Puritanic, but those who would not cow on a missing button under ordinary circumstances were soon sented, needles in hand, wearing the exulted look which meets a great entergency. Mrs. Grow was president of the Soldiers' Aid, and her husband kept

the village store. This was opened was not in the liabit of expressing and necessary materials were taken from It. The only two sewingmuchines in the village were already there, and were soon clicking an Pageompaniment to the substand voices

A delegation, one of whom wa Aunt Bing, was sent out to gather whatever could be found ready for

"I'm glad to get out in the openale," for I am going to get well." was well understood by this time that said she. "It stiffes me to sit there like a funeral in Mrs. Grow's parlor. Aunt Blun's measurement - was Seems's If it would kill me to see the look in Mie' Hastinge's eyes since

Harry was shot." "They knew you could tall just old maid who counted all the stitches where to go for supplies," replied Mrs. Kent. "Wo must got alfrots and quilts and old linen. Have you any

"I'm sure sister has some, and -yes. I've got an extra blanket or two. Como lu."

While Brs. Hillings was collection her contributions. Aunt Blue was i her room upon her knees. When she entered the parlor again a few minutes later, she hore in her arms a pale of soft, white blankets-and her love-

they have never forgotten the woman "Bling Emerson!" exclaimed her sister. "You don't mean that you're going to sond that quilt P" "You, I am !" cried Aunt Bing, he for our boys. I won't send on old

things I don't want. They shall-have It was uncless to argue, nor in that hour of supremo devotion did any one cate to do so; but when it was known that Aunt Bina had sacrificed her treasure, it aroused a splendid rivalry which brought together just such

All day the good work went on and at night the men, weary of their enforced idleness, packed barrels and

Aunt Blue reached her room again at twilight, taking with her Hetty Barton. "You know I've sent my quilt to the soldiers ?" she said. hest-

"You, they told me so. I think it that afternoon, and the first one was, was so generous of you," Hetty replied, in an absent-minded way, as she "And probably Harry Thurston will twisted the plain gold ring on her "I had planned to give it to you;

> Hetty. There's nobady I like so well as you and John ; but now-" Hotty's eyes were full of dumb agony. Suddenly alipping from the

Then how the wat fever raged. Aunt Bina's tears fell upon the dure .- Persins.

THOROUGHWORT TEA.

A writer in The Healthy Home tells I live in a round little, oncer litt a doleful story to illustrate the wellknown fact that a considerable part of human diseases and cures, have their seat in the imagination of thepatients. John Simmone's wife was away from home on a visit, and he had been reading the evening paper. "Well, well," he said to himself, as he threw it down, "there seems to be an alarming provalence of diphtheria. Two child ren on this street died last night, and my throat is very sore! I believe it is

works since supper time." "Ldon't see how Allco could lunndat this horrid season," he went on. "I shall probably die of the grip, or diphtheria, or pitenmonia while show away ... Or she will, perhaps," Rusiness thiled him out, however

though the weather was had, and about ten o'clock ho returned hafen with parcels, including beel steak for breakfast, a package of throughwort, a paper of leather shoo lacings, and

On his way he passed the house of his afflicted neighbor, and as he saw the crape fluttering from the door-bell a sharp pain in the back and and some thing like a chill admonfshed his anew of his own condition. On getting home he repaired to th

kitchen. The faithful Bridget had left a kettle of holling water on th stove, and he made haste to concoct a dish of throughwort tea, of which he drank liberally and then went off to

In the morning he was perfectly well. As he sat down to his bee "Hridget, there's nothing like the oughwort tex for a lad cold. I took

good as new. "Well, then," said Bridget, "you drank a bowl of tay that would kill

wasn't quite'as sweet as a sugar-pellet. "Will yo plaze come down after bronkfast and take the rest of it. put it out of the way ?" said the girl. as she shut the door. When he had finished his beefste

and coffee, therefore, he went down Into the kitchen. The tin pall in which he had steeped the thoroughwort stood on the table, and certainly its contents did look remarkable. "That's not thoroughwort," exclain

"Then what else is it ?" said Bridget. "Where arothe packages [brought?" asked he, after another look at the black slimy mess. Bridget opened the closet and hand ed him three or four parcels, with

"Where are the cheestrings?" said

"Rolled, then, is it?" said Heldget. with logical indirectness: "an'

It was indeed so. Shoestring tea down his cheeks. The spell of despair had proved itself a sovereign remedy. Mr. Simmons throw the stuff out-of-

> "If Mrs. Simmons remains away much longer," said he. "I shall probably poison myself some night. wouldn't speak of it. Bridget." It is possible that Bridget never did speak of it, but somehow the story

Illl Nye when a young man once all ready for a follow to take." nade an engagement with a lady to "Yes. Take a seat in this chair and take her driving of a Hunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly

Mr. Nyo hired the mag and drove to the house. The lady let him walt nearv an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable out-

"Why," she exclaimed enceringly, "that horse may die of age any mo-

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "whenarrived, that horse was a prancing

The other day a man and a boy this she sits crouched, with her shoulcame into the shop to buy a hat. | ders huddled, he racek bent and that After a time the man was fitted to expression of patient resignation on one. Looking in the glass, he said to her face which is the sure forerunner the youngster, "How do I look in this of wrinkles.

"Like a thief," promptly responded sightly necks and figures robbed of the boy. The man angrily darted to- I their natural polar will be the result if ward him, but the boy fied from the | this ridioulous hendgear is not modified. shop pursued by the man .. The shop. A great majority of the men of the keeper thought it all very funny until present day want the women to keep their long absence, made him realize them. that he had been robbed. Then he

DOOR TO BUIT. For a tencher-Pointer.

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MR. TONGUE.

Whose walls are each one lined wit and overything that you over heard

have double doors to my little red An upper and also a lower. t has but one room; and that has But nothing the folks call a floor.

By me has at some time been said.

(To care for them's quits an expense May be seen any thee that the door chance to ope Two rows of a tiny white fonce;

nelde of my house-a very strange

quarrel I start, very often 'tis sall; · A peacemaker oft Lanttoo: An "unruly momber" they call me at

tell to the children the dearest of tolde: . They are sorry, they say, when I'm

But when I get fired, my floors have tirclose. And that, you see, stope all the fun. -Adelfort F. Caldwell.

Weddings have been the occasion of turned the sensible lass, "but it's a

solonner thing no' to get married." "it's the road we've a' to gang," in that state ?" "Please, your rover-

The Roy. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkunhoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school, Whon a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and like will was accepted on condition that it mot with the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly, the doctor waited upon the matron, and, stating his case, the good woman delighted at his proposal, passed the usual Hoottish compliment, Deed, ductor, ye're far owre gude for

por Janet."

"Do you give gas here?" asked a

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?" "It doos."

"You could break his law or black his eye and he wouldn't fool it ?" "He would know nothing about it."

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less." "I expect that's long enough. Got It

show me your tooth." "Tooth, nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his

Beauty encealists are trying to kill the women's so-called cartwheet hat which has reached onormous tent-like dimensions. The specialists say the wearers are crushed by these monstres-

To sit in a carriage in comfort a woman would be obliged to put the

Burk blon of benek

Craxy people never not together, de-

A LARGE ORDER.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant in London "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advortisement thereon. The other day a customor, in a great horry, ran into the rostnurant, ant at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the his pione-nex, ourled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of

A thing I don't like them to do.

MEDDING ANECDOTES,

much joy in the world, and are clustered With capital stories. "Jeanic, lassie," said an old Cameronian to hisdaughter, sho was asking permission to marry, 'mind ye, it's a soloun thing to get married." "I ken that, father," To-

said the short sighted old maid solemnly, mistaking a passing wedding party for a funeral procession. So also seemed to think the heroine of the following anecdote, and no mistake about it :- A clergyman, having three times refused to marry a man who had as often come before blm drunk. on the third occasion said to the woman - "Why do you bring him here once," said she, "he'll no' come when ne's solver,"

"Weel, weel," was the instant reoinder, "ye ken best; so we'll say nao mair about it." And he never did, although the social intercourse of the parties continued as before, and forty years after Dr. Wightman died an old bachelor, and the affances of his youth died an old maid. Ah, its a solomn thing marriage!

AT THE DENTIST'S

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake

"How long does he sleep ?"

cont and vest. "I want you to pull a

porous plaster off my back."-Tit-Bits. DOWN ON CARTWHEST HAT.

Ities, which are ruining their figures. feather of her hat out of one window. the bunch of flowers out of the other; and the bow of ribbon through a trapdoor in the roof. As she cannot do

Double chins, bent backs and un-

clares the superintendent of a large asylum for the insane, quoted in The New York Medical Times. "If one Inmate attacks an attendant, as sometimes happens, the others would look upon it as no affair of theirs, and simply watch it out. The moment we discover two or more inmates working together, we would know they were on the road to recovery. It is on this account that there are so few concertod mutinies in insane asyjums; so that the number of attendants does not have to be large.

for merely purgative powers, enters | furried waiter. The customer put on into their composition. Canada has the most extensive fish. | thunder: "bring me a fly, a landau, They have hope of victory who en- cries in the world; including 19,780 two victorias and a dog-cart. Got any

miles of sea const line.

Maine, tried in every way to arouse "I believe he wants to die." who said to the surgeon. "I can hardly persuade him to eat." "Probably he does," replied the weary eyed man. ."He had a magnifi-

cent physique, and such a fellow feels sundry other articles, that he cannot face life malmed in this fashion. I've often had such cases. If you can only get him past this first pliock-" The busy man burried away without

"Oh, but he always wrote! He

"There, theret" comforted Auni

didn't, how could we live through it!

Even-while they wept and talked

John was lying in one of the Washing-

ton hospitally. He had been terribly

wounded, and after many delays was

and his right arm disabled. His

"I believe John will live to

understood. A few nights later a lot of boxes arrived in response to the urgent cal for hospital supplies, and John's nuise eagerly claimed some of their precious contents. "I need blankets in my ward," she said, "and ob, here is a beautiful quilt! This will cheer my poor boys like a bouquet of flowers."

nishing his sentence, but the nu

objected when she carried away th quilt and placed it gently over her favorite patient. "Perhaps it will keep his oyes off the blank wall," she said to herself, with a sigh.

The nurse from Maine was one of

the best in the hospital, and no one

When the first morning light shone in through the long, narrow windows, the young soldier opened his eyes almost resenting the knowledge that he had slopt better than usual. As he looked languidly to see if his nurse had given him an extra blanket, he saw the new quilt, and at the same moment was conscious of a faint perfume of rose-leaves, perceptible even in that

vickening atmosphere. He closed his eyes and saw the bushes under the parlor windows at home, laden with great red roses, as they had been the morning he left Eden. He had started out that morn ing with a bud in his buttobhole, and another between his lips-"decked for the sacrifice," he thought, with a

With his left hand he pulled the

quilt nearer. It was made of many, many small triangles! "Mother's dress!" he murmured, placing his finger upon a brown bit with a tiny white apray in it. "Hetty!" and r wave of color rose to his pale face, as he carested a triangle of pink. For the first time since he was plac-

spasm of bitterness.

was broken. Life was sweet, after all. "Mother and Hetty won't mind if I am a poor one-legged fellow," he sob. doors. All the bitterness and rebellion melt ed out of his heart as he lay there mietly crying; and when his norse and in he greeted her with a smile

"This is Aunt Hinn's quilt !" said ho. "I don't know how it got here, but it Now, nurse, bring on your broth, "It's been better than medicine he delighted woman declared to th doctor. "He's given me his address and I've already written to bis mother

that transfigured his face.

and how hard it must have been to give it up. They're all brighter and and better for it. 'Why,' they say, 'do the folks at home think so much Nys. of us as that?' Years have passed since that day, and John and Hetty are alderly people now, with boys and girls growing up around them. John found that his brains could do botter service for blus than even physicial energy, and has become a successful and conscientions lawyer. In their busy, happy lives

whose encrifice ment so much to them, and when Memorial Day comes round and the veterans gather to decorate their comrades' graves, John and hat!" Hetty reserve the cholcost flowers of their garden for Aunt Bina's humble And the quilt? Through the thoughtfulness of the nurse from Maine, it was returned to the generous donor, who bestowed it, as she had intended.

homestand, you would find a soldier's cap and suit of faded blue, and very near it, carefully wrapped in tiesue paper, Aunt Bina's quilt.

ing Itself was noted in this column says the London Chronicle. A young man named George Washington was brought before the police court in Bendigo, Australia, and fined for applying his age to a tree belonging to King Edward VII., the ungistante audlingly expressing regret at his inability to forgive. . This week's mail records onother curlous conviction at Bondige for illegally outting down timber or Crown lands. This time the culprint's name was John Wosley. If the next

For a baby-Toy.

bowlful last night, and here I am as

"Why, of course," he replied,

ed Mr. Himmons

manner indicative of some offense. The first one was the package of there-

thought thim was snakes or worms. | wild-looking man, who rushed into a An' ve drank that ton? an' it cured yer | dentist's. ed upon that cot, great toars rolled dipthery !"

got abroad. THE LONG WAIT.

"And I've shown that quilt to all my boys, and told them about the dear and thought so much of hor 'leve nullt.'

> fit flatly refused to accompany Mr. goung steed." BUYING A HAT.

upon her young friends. If you had stopped laughing. the privilege of examining the contents of a certain chest in the Thurston

WHERE HISTORY IS REPEATED. Not long ago a case of blatory repeat

funoral care?" The waiter fled.