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Poetry.

A BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Mother's at the sea shore,
Sister's gone away;
Brother Bill is catching perch
Out there on the bay.
Everyone is happy,
Having world's of fun;
'Cepting dad, who never will
Get the dishes done.

Heaped up in the kitchen,
All the dishes stand;
All the common chins,
All the Haviland.
Mother's been away a month,
Dad has used them all;
Now he's eating off the plates
That decorate the wall.

Mother, mother, hurry,
Come back from the shore;
Dad can only find enough
Plates for two meals more.
He is speculating it
While you stay away;
Now he's eating breakfast food
From the large dish tray.

He will not wash the dishes,
He piles them in the sink;
If you could only see them now,
I wonder what you'd think.
Oh hurry, mother, hurry,
Come back to us to-day;
For father hasn't washed a dish
Since first you went away.

—Detroit Free Press.

Select Family Reading

The "Beacon's" Quarter Column

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

"I'M glad I found this house," said Katherine to herself, as she wiped her Saturday dishes. "I can read and write without folks wondering what I do in my room so much of the time."

This was a reminiscence of last term's boarding-place, when she had come to this little village to teach school. This term, Katherine had found that the Mansfields had, back of their home, a little, two-roomed house, in which they had lived while their present home was building. Katharine rented the little house, papered it with newspapers, and had set up housekeeping. She did not care whether the village people liked her seclusiveness or not. She had always kept aloof from them. They knew they were fortunate to get her. Teachers were scarce. Never had the scholars learned more.

Outside school, Katherine wanted her own time to study. When any of the neighbors ventured to call, on a Saturday, Katherine's frigidity made them uncomfortable.

To-day, having finished her dishes, Katherine sat down with her books. But, as she struggled with the difficult, two-rhymed limitations of a rondeau, what droning sound was this that reached her ears?

It was the voice of Sarah Anna Preston, studying her geography aloud on Katharine's front steps! Katharine always discouraged school children's accompanying her home, but Sarah Anna had formed an objectionable habit of studying aloud on Katherine's steps.

To day Katherine set her teeth as the drawling voice came through the open window.

"Draw the e-qua-tor!" read Sarah Anna from her geography. "Draw sev-er-al lines par-al-lel with the e-qua-tor. Such lines—"

Katherine sprang to the door and opened it.

"Sarah Anna!" she broke out, recklessly, "if you don't stop studying, I shall go crazy"

Sarah Anna lifted a startled face.

"Do go home!" said Katherine.

Sarah Anna rose. Her light hair, cut even with her ears, seemed a background for her amazed little face.

Katerine closed the door.

But the rhymes of the rondeau became mixed. She remembered a row of sweet-peas coming up under the window. Sarah Anna had planted them for "teacher."

Katherine was destined to interrupt. A young man had already stopped at Mrs. Mansfield's and asked for Katerine.

"She lives over there," Mrs. Mansfield said, indicating the little house. "But teacher keeps by herself mostly."

"Oh, I guess she'll see me!" said the young man. "I'm her cousin!"

He strode toward the little house and rapped. Katherine, book in hand, opened the door.

"Why, Juddy!" she cried. "To think of seeing you! Why, Juddy!" Juddy walked in, smiling. They talked eagerly for awhile.

"What are you doing up this way?" asked Katerine at last.

"Business," said Juddy. "I'm working on the Beacon, Uncle Ralph's paper, down at the county seat. The Beacon's a daily and a weekly both, you know. Weekly edition has little items, quarter column apiece, from all the little towns around here—Hillsdale, Peterboro. Correspondents send items about which man built a barn and which man sold a cow. It increases the paper's circulation. Katherine, I want you to write me a quarter column every week from this village."

"Why, Juddy!" exclaimed Katherine, "I don't know enough about these people! Why, I don't even know the names of some of them!"

"You taught here all last term, didn't you?" said Juddy.

"Yes," admitted Katherine, "but I don't want to know folks."

Juddy looked sober.

"Katherine," he said, "when I was inquiring the way here, a woman said, 'Teacher gives our children a piece of her brains every day for pay, but she's never given any of us a bit of her heart. Is that so, Katherine?"

Katherine colored.

"I didn't come up here to give away my heart," she said.

"Didn't you?" asked Juddy. "Did not our Master take any interest in people around him?"

Katherine wondered how much more sober Juddy would look if he knew that she did not go to church regularly, because she thought the old village minister was not very interesting.

Before Juddy left, he had persuaded Katherine to write the quarter column weekly.

"But I sha'n't direct it to the Beacon, Juddy," she said. "I'll address the letters to you, so nobody here will know who the correspondent is. Plenty of other folks send letters to the county seat, and your name's different from your uncle's."

The first week Katherine managed to fill her quarter column by putting in the names of the newly elected officers of the Ladies' Aid Society and a few other items of which she was cognizant. The second week, bereft of items, she sent Juddy a quarter column descriptive of scenery about town. Back came a note from Juddy:

"What are you sending us descriptions of scenery for? Write up folks!"

Katherine laughed.

"How much I care about folks here!" she said.

Suddenly she felt ashamed. How hard the spoken words sounded!

The next week an old carpenter, Mr. Wallace was much pleased at seeing in the Beacon items stating that he had repaired Mr. McAllister's barn and had done a good job.

"Whoever wrote that knows good underpinning," said old Mr. Wallace, with satisfaction, as, with a horny forefinger, he pointed out the paragraph to his little grandson.

The quarter column began to have reflex influence on Katherine. How was it possible, after writing, "George Butterfield cut his foot with an axe last week. Ho has the sympathy of his neighbors," to meet a Butterfield and not inquire after the patient? Yet Katherine was ashamed to remember that usually she would not have inquired. How much of suffering had she let go by her without caring?

After she had mentioned in the paper that Grandma Stowart had just finished her twenty-eighth quilt, it was impossible not to wish to run in just to see how grandma took it. The week's paper lay folded, notice upward, on the old lady's work-basket. The glory of fame had enveloped grandma all day.

"Did you see in the paper about my twenty-eight quilts?" asked the old lady, with innocent pride. "Just read it, teacher! I never had my name in the paper before in my life!"

Katherine read the three lines aloud.

"We're going to get another copy and send it to my sister out West," said Grandma Stewart's daughter, proudly. "You don't know what store she'll set by that notice!"

Katherine's smile suddenly grew a little tremulous. Grandma's happy old eyes, under the white cap, were like other old eyes of Katherine's memory.

Nobody suspected Katherine. She had so long shown her indifference that people did not readily attribute the kindly items to her. Folks said they supposed some guest at the big hotel further up the hills wrote the items.

On Sunday Katherine went to church. She did not suppose the old minister would be interesting, but she must mention him in her quarter column sometime.

The next week the minister was touched and pleased to see in the column that he had preached a "helpful" sermon.

Katherine had meant it when she wrote that adjective "helpful." She had gone home from that sermon to go down on her knees. It had not been an eloquent sermon, but it had shown her something about herself. After that she went to church every Sunday. Occasionally the old minister saw in the paper that his sermon had been "instructive" or "interesting." Katherine chose her adjectives as seemed best adapted. She did not know that the old minister's wife treasured those papers and sometimes cried happy tears over them.

Neither did Katherine know that, one Sunday, a woman said to her son, "Now, Eddie, you can't stay home from church any more. Don't you see teacher goes?"

And Eddie, who had been getting out of the way of going, saying that the minister wasn't smart enough for "teacher," got ready and followed Katherine to church.

Neither did Katherine know that, one day, a guest up at the "big hotel" in the hills, looking at the quarter column in the paper, saw that the old minister had preached a "deeply spiritual" sermon. And the guest said to himself, with a sigh, "I wonder if that old minister could help a soul like mine?"

The next Sunday the guest was in church, but Katherine did not know her columns had brought him.

But, week after week, Katherine wrote kindly items about these village folks. It became natural to see pleasant things about them.

"Teacher's different," people said, without yet knowing she wrote.

There was hardly a house in the village where some paper was not treasured.

At the end of the term, Katharine stood one night in her door and looked at the village. She was not coming back to these people next term. Who would write any heartening items for the old minister, who was tired? Who would praise bits of good work around the village?

"Why, I believe," Katherine murmured, "I do really believe I've given these people a bit of my heart!"

She turned to do her last packing. Mrs. Mansfield came in.

"Teacher," she said, "my boy stepped in here one day, week before last, and he saw your writing on the table, and he says the same things was in the paper afterwards. Oh, teacher, it's you that's been saying all these kind things in the paper about us! The children've found out it's you! Everybody'll know! Oh, teacher, the kind words you've said about our minister! We'll never forget you!"

And then Katherine realized that what she had written about the minister was to have an influence long after she was gone.

EXPENSIVE GOOD FORTUNE.

The following story of a "great find"—a five-dollar bill—and its greater consequences is reprinted from the New York World. It bears very plainly the marks of exaggeration, but there must be many readers of the Companion who will know by their own experience that it is based on one of the facts of human nature.

Paxton found a five-dollar bill on the sidewalk the other day, and if he should find another, it would probably bring him to the poorhouse.

"Hooray!" he said, as he jammed the bill into his vest pocket. "Now I'll get that derby hat I've wanted so long. I saw one yesterday that this bill will just pay for."

The bill did pay for the hat, but not for the two-dollar pair of gloves that went with it.

When he went home to dinner, he laid a two-pound box of Huyler's best candy on his wife's lap, and said, with a kiss such as he had not given her since the days of their honeymoon:

"Guess what I found to-day!"

"I couldn't, my dear."

"No, I don't suppose you could. Well, I found a five-dollar bill, and I thought I could afford to be a little extravagant on the strength of it. I paid two dollars for that candy, box included. Then I got two of the best seats for the theatre to-night, and couldn't we afford a little supper afterward? Bought me an elegant new white silk necktie and the cutest and neatest little pearl pin, and if you want a new pair of evening gloves, you may have them. It isn't every day I find a five-dollar bill."

"No, thank heaven, it isn't!" said his wife to herself, and she said it still more fervently when he added:

"I bought the loveliest bit of bric-a-brac at an auction sale I happened to run into. It was a big bargain at five dollars. I'd had to pay at least eight dollars for it at a regular sale. I found that five dollars just in time."

"How did you happen to buy that little sewing-chair you sent home to-day?"

"Oh, that? Well, I heard you say the other day that you wanted one when we could afford it, and when I saw that in a window to-day, with a card on it saying that it was only five-dollars, I thought if we couldn't afford it when I'd just found five dollars, we never could afford it, so I ran in and bought it."

And when he had bought ninety-three dollars and sixty-four cents' worth of things with that five dollars, his anxious wife brought him to a halt by saying one evening:

"Where did you find that five-dollar bill, George?"

"On K Street."

"Well, here's an advertisement in the evening paper stating that a poor widow lost five dollars on K Street Tuesday morning. I haven't a doubt that the bill you found was here, and the poor woman must have it back again."

And she got it, much to Paxton's disgust.

NOT "OBLIGED" TO ABSTAIN.

That stanch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of people who will tell youth that they are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side; that they know when they have had enough; that there is no danger of their becoming drunkards, and the like. Dr. Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged, but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid. Whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock, its passages are wide, its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say: 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged; but as for us, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go in safety, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish, and we feel better to go by the bridge."

TOO MUCH "PRECAUTION."

One swallow may not make a summer, but a few swallows may make a fall. Some time ago, says the Brooklyn Eagle, a German farmer was driving across a railroad track when a train struck his wagon, killed his horse, threw him out and badly bruised him. In the resulting suit for damages the plaintiff was on the witness stand, making out a good case, when the defendant's lawyer said:

"Did you take any precaution before you drove upon the track?"

The witness seemed reluctant to answer, but being pressed to do so, finally stammered out:

"Yah, I took yoost a leadle—yoost a couple of swallows, dat's all."

This started a new line of defence, and it turned out that the "couple of swallows" were the last in a pink flask that had been full when he started. He lost his case.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Notes Abridged from the Free Press of September 1st, 1887.

Died—In Streetsville, Wm. Barker, ex-M.P.P. for Halton, aged 78 years.

Died—In London, Aug. 30th, Margaret Murray, sister of Benj. Wallace, near Acton, aged 50 years.

Died—In Nassagaweya, Aug. 28th, Thos. Storey, aged 81 years.

Died—In Nassagaweya, Aug. 31st, Jane Cove, mother of Wm. Cove, aged 73 years.

Died—In Acton, at the home of her son, Mr. William Gurney, Margaret Griffith, aged 69 years.

E. Nicklin & Son begin purchasing grain next week.

Messrs. Moore & McGarvin will occupy about 400 feet space at Toronto exhibition with their trunks and valises.

Rev. R. Philips gave an appropriate address at a memorial service in connection with the death of little Clara Stephenson in the Methodist Sunday School on Sunday

The arrangement for uniformclosing by the merchants has been faithfully carried out this summer. Immediately on the ringing of the town hall bell at 8 p.m. the goods have been carried in and the stores closed.

Base ball on Friday at Georgetown: Acton 18, Georgetown 17. On Saturday in Acton, Acton 12, Norval 8.

The vetern Methodist divine, Rev. E. B. Hooper, D. D., of Brampton, preached educational sermons, in the Methodist Church, on Sunday. His morning text was, "What manner of a child shall this be?" Luke 1:66.

As aftermath from the induction service of J. W. Rae as pastor of Knox Church, a resume of the pastors of the church is given, viz: Rev. Peter Ferguson, of the Scotch Block, once a month, also occasional students, prior to a regular settled pastorate: Rev. John McLaughlin, 1851-62; Rev. Lachlan Cameron, 1862-75; Rev. D. B. Cameron, 1875-85. It develops that during the vacancy of about a year and three quarters prior to Rev. Mr. Rae's induction no less than forty-seven different preachers occupied the pulpit.

Council met on Monday evening. Members present, Reeve Fyfe, and Councillors Cameron, Lowry, Smith and Wallace.

On account of destruction of her property by fire in June, Mrs. S. A. Secord's taxes were reduced $8.00.

A by-law regulating the sale of meat was passed. License fees for resident, ratepaying butchers to be $10, all others, $30.

"Our own correspondent" at Crowsons Corners commends the excellent report last week of the Knox Church induction especially as published in a newspaper controlled by a member of another communion. Also expresses the greatest satisfaction felt over the news of the arrest for illegal whiskey selling of the notorious "Gallagher."

Messrs. James Brown, Thos. Easton and H. P. Moore visited Grimsby Park to hear Rev. Sam P. Jones, on Thursday.

Great dry goods sales are advertised by Henderson & McRae, Kelly Bros. and R. B. Jeomyn.

LIZZIE'S RETALIATION.

Mr. Lemuel Adams shuffled into his brother's barn and stood watching him at the grindstone, which was turning busily. The operator was rubbing his thumb along the edge of a butcher knife, and did not look up. Lemuel was the shiftless member of a thrifty family, "six foot one o' drawn-out laziness," his brother Oliver called him. Oliver knew from the walk that Lemuel was in trouble.

"What's wrong, Lem?"

"Oh, Lizzie's been gettin' cantankerous."

"'Count o' you staying away from home all day—on business?"

Oliver sympathized with Lizzie, his snappy little sister-in-law, who was only five foot high, but was large with spirit.

"I suppose you'd aid an' abet her in what she's been up to, Ollie."

"Depends on what she's been up to. She's been about up to your waist as long as I can remember. I suppose you think she ought to take some one of her size."

"That's just what the trouble's about," said Lemuel. "She's been nagging me about what she calls my carelessness in leaving things around."

"Trying to make a nice, tidy man o' you after eight years o' married life?"

"Well, I ain't so terrible untidy. But I used to lay my pipe down, and she always picked it up an' put it in the kitchen, so if I was in the sitting room I'd have to go out an' get it."

"I know. She told Mary how you got even with her by shying everything beyond beyond her reach."

"Yes, I just laid it up on the moulding o' the door wherever I happened to be. She couldn't reach it without a ladder, and I had it always just where I wanted it."

"Well, looks as if you had the best of it."

"So I did. But now d'ye know what she's done?"

"Put a ladder in every room?"

"No, sir; she's taken every lookin' glass in the house and hung it down low an' screwed it tight—so low down I can't see a thing in it higher'n my third vest button without I scrunge down fit to break my back."

"Looks as if she'd got even."

"Even! Now, who'd have thought there was any advantage on the side o' shortness?"

WAS HE BLISTERED?

Willie (to honored guest)—Have you got blisters on you, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones—No, Willie, I have no blisters; what made you think I had blisters?

Willie—Why, I heard pa say that your wife kept you in hot water all the time.

A SUMMARY.

Summer roses;
Summer girls;
Summer poses;
Summer curls;
Revelations
On the beach;
Wild flirtations
With a peach;
Bathers daily
Wade or float
Idlers gayly
Rock the boat.
Sunburn, freckles—
Just a few
Piquant speckles—
Peek-a-boo
Waists mysterious;
Moon and stars;
Swift, delirious
Motor cars;
'Tis the season
Just for rhyme
Without reason—
Summer time.

—Washington Star.

TOO GOOD A HOUSEKEEPER.

Modern hurry, rush and nervous strain are not perhaps so entirely modern as we sometimes think, although doubtless our pace and our complexity of living are greater than in the days of our ancestors. But there was a famous housekeeper of old Huntley who, had she lived to-day, would doubtless in middle life have found herself in a sanitarium under strict orders from the doctor to do nothing at all for several months or a year or two, and to move moderately ever afterward.

In her own day there were no sanitariums, and the doctor was avoided whenever possible. She died at fifty, leaving a family of twelve children, whose education was completed by three successive stepmothers, who perished in the attempt, after increasing the flock to seventeen.

She was known far and wide as what New England folk call "a driver," and some characteristic anecdotes of her methods still survive. She used to come into the room of her sleeping older daughters before daybreak on a bitter winter morning, the candle in her hand wavering as she shook with the cold, and call to them briskly between her chattering teeth:

"Up, girl, up! Only slugabeds laze between sheets after five. No more coddling cheeks in pillows; jump right up! Only think of it! To-day is Monday—washing day! and to-morrow's Tuesday, and next day's Wednesday—half the week gone and nothing done!"

Once, at midnight, her eldest girl was alarmed at hearing footsteps moving about downstairs after all the family were supposedly in bed, and fearing that her little brother was walking in his sleep, she ran down to investigate. She found her mother in bedgown and slippers up on a chair in the unlighted kitchen, clearing out the china cupboard. Close economy was necessary in so large a family, few lights were burned and none burned late, and the midnight worker explained that, having waked and noticed how brilliantly the moonlight was streaming into her room, she had arisen to do some chores she had not been able to do by daylight. "It was a shame to waste such a fine moon!"

Poor woman! Tradition declares that her housekeeping was incomparable; but what housekeeper would wish to emulate a perfection which could take no account of the glorious moon of midsummer save as a lamp to light the china closet?

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit upon; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my breakfast off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness the world can gather.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE POWER WITHIN YOURSELF.

Welcome the difficulties which prove to you the power within yourself. The one who has always had smooth sailing does not know whether the credit of his achievement is due to himself or the favoring winds. Many a young man who has had influential friends back of him is distrustful of his powers, and suspects that he would make a sorry figure if left to his own devices. One who has succeeded because of a happy combination of circumstances waits dolefully for a stroke of ill-luck to show the meagreness of his resources. But no such qualms trouble the one who has fought his own way up, has met and mastered difficulties. The obstacles he has encountered have proved to him that his success is ingrained. He knows that he can win because he has won.

GET RESULT.

People cannot judge you by your intentions. For that reason you will sometimes be misjudged. There is only one Eye that sees the good motive back of the blundering act, and excuses the failures because of the honest purpose. Your fellows have but one way of estimating you, and that is by results.

Everyone makes mistakes, but if we profit by them as we should, we shall reduce the number. Everybody fails sometimes; but no one has a right to fail all the time. It is a good thing to mean well, but the world has a right to expect us to do well. Get results!