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Poetry.

A WISE TOAD.

A knowing toad one summer's day
Unto a fly was heard to say:
"You're pretty sure to find me here
Before this store year after year."
"But," said the fly, "it seems to me
That you demolished soon will be
By people passing in and out.
And ground to dust without a doubt."
"Oh," smiled the toad, in all things pat,
"I never am afraid of that.
Amid the city's whir and din
To purchase here but few pass in.
The reason's plain, if you but think:
This merchant shunneth printer's ink."
—Printer's Ink.

Select Family Reading

The Text That Touched Timothy Canfield

BY ALONZO MACMILLAN

TIMOTHY Canfield looked round his room to see if he had everything he wanted, then ran lightly down the stairs, through the reception hall, bright with the winter sunshine, and into the sitting-room, where Dick, the canary, was pouring forth Sabbath praise to the best of his ability.

"How nice you look, Timothy!" said his mother, crossing the room, broom in hand.

"All because my mother knows how to pick out a necktie," said Timothy, sorting the books hurriedly on the table in search of one he wished. "You haven't seen that book of Dr. Wilson's? I thought I would drop it in at the parsonage as I went along."

"It is on your father's desk," said the mother, then added, "You take up your father's tray this morning, dear. I sometimes think that is the best part of Sunday morning for him, seeing you."

Timothy glanced hastily at the clock, with just a shade of annoyance, but his voice was cordial as he said, "All right, mother."

A little later the mother stood before the youth, a good head taller than herself, and with a smile held out the temptingly arranged, white-draped tray.

"Just hold on a minute, Tim," she said; and lifting a bright pair of scissors from the table, she crossed the room and slipped from the rose bush a blossom that had opened but an hour before.

"The best one on the bush," said the young man, a little ruefully.

"That's why I cut it," answered the mother, in an even tone.

The boy laughed. "You—always catch a fellow up when it comes to father."

The mother sighed. There was that in Timothy's voice that jarred her—a little lightness bordering on levity, as regarded the one upstairs bearing so bravely the severing of hopes once as bright as the rose she had just cut from the sturdy bush the Sabbath sun rested upon. But she only said quietly:

"I am glad you are early, Tim. It will give you a few moments with your father."

Timothy laughed. "But I am early, mother dear, for a purpose," he said, with emphasis, bending in his courteous way toward the little woman in front of him. "I want to get Dr. Wilson's book back to him, and then I want to see some of the young folks about the church supper. I am not just sure things are quite understood."

"Don't let your father feel you are in haste," said the mother.

But the youth had turned and was already across the hall leading to the upper hall. For just a moment the mother stood looking at the rosebush, not as beautiful now as before its main bloom was cut. But her thoughts were not with the shorn bush. They were back to the days when the parsonage, two streets away, meant home for the Canfields, and the one now upstairs went out each Sabbath morning to break the bread of life to his people. But a brave woman was the one standing beside the rosebush—only her Lord knew how brave, and perhaps the one upstairs, who was just as brave.

"I am glad to see you standing by the Sabbath service, Timothy," the father said, looking at the boy before he even glanced at the tray.

"Yes," answered Timothy, "I try to do my best. I don't want the church folks to feel we are all laid by."

Just as the mother had winced at Timothy's light tone, so the father winced, drawing his breath through his teeth in almost a whistle. But the next instant he recovered, and looking down at the tray, said:

"I am afraid, Tim, you robbed your mother's rosebush," and he lifted the rose.

"Oh, it's her doing," said the youth. "With her the best is always for you, father."

A beautiful love-light touched the sufferer's face as he looked down upon the rose and then off to the winter's sunshine.

"Tim," he said in a low voice and with a slight air of hesitation, "have you done all you can for your mother this morning? Sunday is a hard day for her, with so many running in later to inquire for their old pastor."

The one addressed flushed and said: "As far as I can judge, mother has made known all her needs."

A look of reproof came into the father's eyes now, and he said, almost sternly:

"Timothy, she who loves does not make known her needs. She leaves the finding out of them to others. You are very sure, my son, there's nothing more you can do for your mother?"

"Oh, don't worry, father; mother's always my best girl."

From the upper window the father watched the young man make his way out to the walk, greeted by early church-goers. Toward one and all, the father rejoiced to see, the manner of the youth was cordial and pleasing. But as he sat thus removed from the life that once had been his, there was in the heart of the watcher a prayer, not for himself asking for strength to bear still more bravely, but a prayer for the boy. And downstairs the mother, partaking of her belated breakfast mechanically, and wearied to the point of suffering from the vigils of the night, gave little heed to what was passing through her lips. She was not repining, but in her heart there was a great longing, and she, too, lifted a prayer, and her prayer was for the boy.

But the hearts of the two would have been gladdened had they seen the hearty recognition given to the lad by old and young that Sabbath morning, as the bell rang clear its call to worship. To be sure, many who approached the youth did so to inquire for their "beloved pastor." To them the Rev. Mr. Canfield was their "pastor," and the one in the parsonage, "Dr. Wilson." But this could hardly be otherwise, with the years and years of ministrations the older minister had given. To all inquiries Timothy gave careful attention. Each one who approached him was pleased, and left him with a sort of gladness welling up within. And Timothy was glad, too, yet down in his heart there was a feeling akin to insincerity, and when the bell struck its last note and he took his place in the pew, a sense of dissatisfaction was with him. Well attired, well established in business, respected, even beloved, a trusted church member, a leader of young people—why should this feeling of unrest be his?

The sermon Dr. Wilson preached that morning was an impressive one. It would have been a restless hearer who was not held by it. Timothy Canfield had been too well brought up not to be a good listener. He listened attentatively, even reverently. The text was, "In spirit and in truth." "Do I worship God in spirit and in truth?" Time and again was this thought pressed upon his hearers by the one bending above the reading desk.

"No weaving of rain-bow hued fantasies of selfish inclination, constitutes a walk with God. There must be a giving out of self, a yielding of love—not to be loved, but because we love. Oftentimes we worship we know not what. The heart feels the need of something higher, and in time yields to it. But the Father knows the true worshipper. There must be Jesus first, our brothers next, ourselves last."

Timothy listening thought of his mother in the lower room plucking the rose, and his father in the upper room receiving the rose, love linking the two, and love still stronger drawing the two ever upward, ever higher—always with the father and mother reaching up for something better. The youth's eyes smarted with hot tears, and then with swift vision he seemed to see those two loved ones with all their worldly hopes lying bruised, others filling their places, the home vacated, the work that meant life placed in other hands, yet not a murmur passing the lips of either. A cry went out from him for that love, for that wonderful self-abnegation that constitutes a walk with God in spirit and in truth. What was his self-centered life, with ever the thought of the opinion of others? Nothing but a mere form, a make-believe!

Timothy Canfield did not wait to speak to many as he passed out of the house of worship. He walked quickly and his head was slightly bowed, but he seemed to feel an earnest of better things to come, and he longed for the presence of the two who seemed to him nearer God than any other two he knew. Entering the kitchen, he found his mother just lifting the kettle of chicken cooked the day previous for the Sunday dinner. A quick step brought him to her, and his hand instead of hers lifted the kettle. The mother looked up quickly. Then a smile parted her lips, as she said:

"How like the father is the boy!"

Going upstairs, Timothy found his father asleep. The rose had been placed in a little vase on the stand close to him. His emaciated fingers clasped the vase. A well-worn Bible lay beside him on the coverlet.

"Surely they worship in spirit and in truth," said the young man, huskily, as, loosing the father's hand from the vase he laid it gently back upon the bed and took the heavy book from off the coverlet and placed it upon the stand nearby. Then drawing the curtain where the sun was a little too obtrusively shining in from the snowy world outside, he passed from the room. But it was another Timothy than the one who had left it earlier—a Timothy with tender, contrite heart instead of one with self filling each corner.

HORSE IN MODERN WARFARE.

The horse is one of the most important factors in modern warfare, and his education for this purpose is undertaken at great expense by every nation in the world.

In times of peace only two-thirds of the cavalry of the British Army is horsed. In times of war—such as during the Boer War—as many as 230,000 horses have been required at short notice. Germany would need about 1,000,000 horses for cavalry and artillery to put her colossal forces in the field, while France could manage with 750,000. Britain's bill for army horses is estimated at about $400,000 a year. France spends upwards of $500,000 annually, while Germany must pay at least $1,500,000 on this feature of military.

HOW TO TEST A DIAMOND.

"There are few persons," remarked a jeweller, "who are able to purchase a diamond on the strength of their own knowledge and observation and without placing implicit confidence in the man who sells the stone. It is a fact that even pawn-brokers have often been taken in by jewellery and precious stone fakers. Although it takes many years of actual observation and experience before one can become a diamond expert, there are a few simple tests which will considerably aid a buyer of diamonds. One test is to prick a needle hole through a card and look at the hole through the doubtful stone. If the latter is spurious two holes will be seen, but if it is a diamond only one hole will be visible. Every imitation stone which resembles a diamond gives forth a double reflection, while the diamond's reflection is single.

"This is a delicate test," says the San Francisco Chronicle, because it is difficult to see even a sharp and defined object through a diamond. The single refraction of the diamond also allows one to determine an uncertain stone. If the finger is placed behind it and viewed through the stone with a watchmaker's glass, the grain of the skin will be plainly seen if the stone is not a diamond. But if it is a diamond the grain of the skin will not be distinguished at all. A diamond in solid setting may be identified in the same manner. If genuine the setting at the back cannot be discerned, but if it is phony stone the setting will be seen.

"There is no acid which has any perceptible effect upon a genuine diamond. Hydrofluoric acid, if dropped on a stone made of glass, will corode it, but will not affect a diamond one way or the other. A trained eye can see the hardness in a diamond, whereas the imitations appear soft to the vision of the experts."

NEW RECIPES.

CABBAGE—The simplest and quickest methods of cooking cabbage are the best. Cabbage must be trimmed and well washed in cold, salted water, then cut into quarters and tied together again with a string before going into the saucepan, because the heart is more tender than the outside, and uniform softness is desired. Have plenty of boiling water with a heaping tablespoonful of salt to the half gallon of water. Let it be boiling when the cabbage is put in, and cook it with the lid off, and if it be fresh it will keep a good color. The time depends more upon the age than the size—from twenty to forty minutes.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Onions are chiefly employed as flavoring. Take two large onions and remove the outside skin carefully and neatly; cut the root and the stalk end even. Take all the centre out of the onions except three or four of the outer coats, taking care not to make a hole at the bottom; if a hole is accidentally made, it must be filled up with the bit that came out. Put four tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked meat into a bowl, add half a cupful of grated bread, one teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Fill the two onions with this stuffing and put on the lids. Place them in a small saucepan, pour in a cupful of stock or water, and stew the onions gently for one hour. Serve on a hot dish, with the gravy poured round them.

SANDWICHES.—The bread for making the sandwiches should be twenty-four hours old, or it will not slice smoothly. Trim the crusts off if you wish an especially appetising appearance, but don't forget to save the crusts to use for making bread-crumbs later. Cream the butter with a spoon before spreading the sandwiches, and don't put it on too thick. When the sandwiches are made, wrap them in paraffin paper, or in a napkin wrung out of hot water.—The July Delineator.

HINTS FOR BATHERS.

Much of the loss of life which occurs on the water during the holiday season might be avoided if greater care were exercised by those who take their recreation in or on the water, and to help that better state of affairs the English Life Saving Society has issued a list of "Don'ts" to be observed by holiday makers.

The most important of these injunctions are the following:

Don't bathe in quiet, secluded spots.

Don't swim out from shore in the sea or other tidal water unattended by a boat.

Don't bathe shortly after a hearty meal.

Don't bathe alone if subject to giddiness or faintness.

Don't take fright because you happen to fall into the water in your clothes. Clothes will float.

Don't take fright because taken with cramps. Keep calm and turn on the back, then rub and stretch the affected limb. If seized in the leg, turn up the toes, straighten the leg to stretch the muscles and apply friction by kicking the surface of the water. Leave the water as soon as possible.

Naturally, one of the most effectual courses to be taken, in avoiding fatal accidents by water is to acquire a thorough knowledge of swimming.

The society has advocated for long that swimming instruction should be part of the national education.

VILLAGE INCOME FROM GOLF.

The village of Brancaster, Eng., has made an arrangement with the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club under which it receives 4 per cent. on the club's gross income, with a guarantee of not less than £50 in any year, for the use of land which has been converted into links. This year's distribution has just been made, and the club paid over £63 1s., an increase of £8 12s. upon last year's contribution. The amount sufficed to give every householder in Brancaster 5s. and leave a balance in hand.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Bright Bits from Our Issue of Aug. 9th, 1888.

Dr. Lowry has put up a neat picket fence around his spacious grounds.

Mr. Adam Cook has rebuilt his capsized barn in the valley below the former site.

Mr. Wm. Campbell gave his left hand an ugly gash with an axe one day last week.

Messrs. Beardmore & Co. have added a fine new 30 horse power engine to their plant.

The Beardmore & Co's base ball team went up to Kennedy's crossing Saturday afternoon to teach the Crewson's Corners boys how to play ball. Score: Crewson's Corners, 27; Tanners, 14. "Nuff sed."

The new houses of Messrs. John Pletsch, Park Ave., Jas. Sharp, Young St., and Thos. Ebbage, west Bower Ave, are reported as being well progressed.

Mr. John Matthews the other evening in coming from the 10 p. m. train, the lights being out, stumbled on the sidewalk at Guelph St., and fell against a picket fence, injuring his side severely.

A bullet from one of the guns of a couple of local sportsman, who were out on the pond, the other evening, struck the bank between a couple of young fellows on shore. Those engaged in shooting should be careful.

Mr. A. L. Hemstreet, Lakeside Farm, shows a stalk of Egyptian white oats, 6½ inches from root to stem, with 600 grains.

Rev. Dr. Gifford's first quarterly meeting sermon, on "The Blood of Christ," was an excellent one. Miss Emma M. Moore sang a solo, "Not Ashamed of Christ," which was much appreciated.

Mr. Robt. Wallace lost five young cattle through eating some poisonous weed in a swamp. The rest of the herd were transferred to another field when the illness of the others was noticed and so have escaped.

"Blest be the Tie That Binds!" Arrangements are being made for a union Sunday School pic-nic in which the scholars, teachers and friends of the Methodist and the Presbyterian Schools may participate.

Within the past two weeks we have received unsolicited orders for job printing from Elora, Georgetown, Grimsby Park, Princeton, Seaforth, St. Thomas and Truro, N. S.

Referring to a sermon to Orangemen, by Rev. R. Phillips, the Chesley Enterprize says: "The discourse was not one of those wishy-washy namby-pamby aggregations of nonsensical flatteries common on such occasions, but brimful of facts and wholesome advice."

Mr. N. P. McLam, has been very ill the past week.

The Crescents, of Acton, and Young Canadians, of Richmond Hill, had the most interesting lacrosse game thus far of the season, on Saturday, here. The first goal was won by Richmond Hill, in 15 min; the second, third and fourth by Acton, in 3, 25 and 18 min., respectively. The fifth was hotly contested, and for some 15 minutes, victory seemed coming to Richmond Hill, but time was called to allow the visitors to take train for home. The game was well played throughout, a more gentlemanly lot of young fellows the Crescents never met on the field.

MARTIAN LIFE DYING.

A sadder interest attaches to such existence—that it is, cosmically speaking, soon to pass away. To our eventual descendants life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond the hope of study or recall. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last, for the process that brought it to its present pass must go on to the bitter end until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly, but surely, time will snuff it out. When the last ember is thus extinguished the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.—Professor Lowell, in Century.

VERY MUCH SO.

"That girl is a peach!" enthusiastic-remarked a spectator.

"Yes," said another, "and she is the apple of her father's eye."

"She and young Blake would make a fine pair," suggested a third.

"But," objected another in the group, "a fellow like Blake would find her something of a lemon in a garden of love."

The cynical bystander who had been listening butted in at this point.

"I don't know the young lady," he said dryly, "but she seems to be very fruitful in her resources."

GETTING AT FACTS.

Eddie stood out in front of his home, a large handsome building, when another little boy came along, and after looking admiringly at the house a few minutes, asked, "How much rent do you pay for that house?" "Why," was the reply, "we don't pay any rent."

"Huh, I know better—they wouldn't let you live in that big fine house for nuthin'!" was the confident rejoinder of the small boy, never dreaming that a family could own a house.—Delineator.

DRINK-PRODUCED CRIME.

The five "wettest" counties of West Virginia have 415 convicts; the other fifty counties, which include most of the no license territory, have but 41½. One-eleventh of the counties furnish one-half of the convicts. Such facts have an important bearing on the question of the amount of crime for which drink is directly responsible and should prove a weighty influence in leading order-loving communities to vote out the liquor traffic.

LIVIN' EASY.

De cohn am ripe in de golden fiel',
Ise a livin' easy;
It's a yaller an' it's a bumper yiel',
Ise a livin' easy;
De pig am a fattin' in de pen,
Ise got my eyes on a nice fat hen,
Ise de happiest of livin' men,
Ise a livin' easy.

De grapes am a hangin' on de vine,
Ise a livin' easy;
De punkin' in de cohnfiel' shine,
Ise a livin' easy;
De sweet partater's in de hill,
De peach pushervys am in de tin,
Dat's why I set and grin and grin,
Ise a livin' easy.

De sun am a-shinin' in de sky,
Ise a livin' easy;
Ise got some bacon fo' toh fry,
Ise a livin' easy;
De wintah time am comin' soon,
De fros' will a glissen in de moon
But dat don' worry dis heah coon,
Ise a livin' easy.
—Will Reed Dunroy.

THE ORIGIN OF MOVING PICTURES.

The beginning of moving pictures was in this wise: Sir John Herschell after dinner in 1826 asked his friend, Charles Babbage how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it to a mirror.

This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning on the dinner table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with the rotating coin both sides can be seen at once. Babbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Dr. Fitton, who immediately made a working model. On one side of a disc was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty birdcage; when the card revolved on a silk thread the bird appeard to be in the cage. This model showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effort. The eye retains the image of the object seen for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed. This model was called the thaumotrope.

Next came the zoetrope, or wheel of life. A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots, and within the cylinder was placed a band or drawings of dancing men. On the apparatus being slowly rotated the figures in the slots appeared to be in motion. The first systematic photographs taken at regular intervals of men and animals were made by Muybrige in 1877.

WHO IS IT.

A simple yet entertaining guessing game is styled Who Is It? Players sit in a circle and one of the number, to begin, is told to secretly choose another person in the company as the temporary subject of his thoughts. When a selection has been made the rest of the company begin to question the player who made the choice concerning its subject.

Any questions are allowable regarding the appearance, disposition, etc., of the person in mind, except concerning the name. These questions and their answers will create much fun when the name of the subject is revealed. Some player to his amusement is certain to find that he had been querying with regard to himself.

When one subject has been guessed the player next in line is asked to choose one, and the guessing continues as before.

A MID-SUMMER DRIVE.

A long drive after nightfall among some of our Canadian country roads at this season is fragrant as a voyage among the Spice Islands. Now it is the resinous odor of young pines that delight us; or, as we descend into the valleys, the cool and balmy breath of spruce and cedar enfolds us. The mild pervasive woodsy odor of wild raspberry bushes is particulary grateful. Then in the more open districts, the darkness is redolent with the rare fragrance of a sweet-brier bush, or a patch of white clover blossoms, or new mown hay, or the more homely harvest odors of ripening wheat and barley.—A. S. Stevenson, in Kingston Whig.

PRODUCTS OF NATURE.

Are the Most Nutritious, Delicious and Beneficial.

How quickly the human system rebels at nature's products which Providence did not design as a food or medicine, yet how many of our most nourishing and delicious foods and fruits, as well as our most healing medicines are enveloped in unwholesome coverings, and it is left for the ingenuity of man to prepare them for use.

For instance, the nourishing egg must be broken from its shell, the succulent oyster, or the crab, taken from its shell. Nuts, oranges and bananas are encased in most unwholesome shells or coverings. The roots and herbs of the field contain some of our most potent and healing medicants which must be extracted for use. Just so, the cod's liver contains well-known curative elements, unexcelled in the treatment of pulmony troubles.

For centuries people were obliged to swallow greasy cod liver oil and emulsions to get the benefit of these valuable curative elements. Physicians the world over recognized the uselessness of the oil, but how to separate the medicinal elements from the objectionable oil, has been the question.

After years of experimenting, two eminent French chemists have, by a scientific, extractive and concentrating process produced from fresh cods' livers all of the medicinal, healing and body building elements of cod liver oil, omitting the oil entirely, and these combined with peptonate-of-iron make Vinol, which is more potent than any other known Cod Liver preparation. As a body builder, and strength creator and for all pulmonary troubles it has no equal. Try Vinol on our guarantee. E. A. Robertson, Druggist Acton, Ont.