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THE WAY TO Muskoka

This Summer is by the Lake Shore Expresses of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Write for booklets describing Muskoka, the Magnetawan, and the best country in six provinces for the holiday maker and business man, opened up by the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System, to the Information Bureau, Head Office, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto

Poetry.

RECOMPENSE

Heave little woman, trudging along
Patiently day after day,
Weaving a garment of shining light
Out of the clouds of grey,
Bearing the burdens and wrongs
Like one of the saints of old,
Making the best of a dull, hard life,
With its misdeeds all untold.
Long have I watched her with wonder
And awe,
Fidelity, and sweet, and strong,
Doing the work that the Master sends,
Making of sorrow, songs,
Questioning never the wisdom that
Self-derivation complete,
Willingly treading the pathway of
Duties,
That leads to the Master's feet.
I am not the dull grey cotton gown,
That he faded and worn and old,
But the shining gleam of a garment
White.
That glitters in every fold,
Face out the brow that is worn and
lined,
From the anxious, tolling years,
The shadows of the past,
Giving beauty for ash and tatter,
Summer is waiting a fair, dear day,
Meet for such infinite grace,
Sorrow, or, as some have said,
Fruitful shall be
When the angel shall find her place,
Close to the Father, and hear Him say,
As He tenderly bids her come,
"Out of the valley of darkness and
gloom,
My child, thou art welcome home."
---K.

Select Family Reading

The Story of a Brave Man's Ordeal

WHAT about the danger?
Does the operation imperil
the life of the patient?
asked Castle, glancing keenly
at his friend.
Though he could have answered the
question off-hand, Dr. Ormond hesitated.
Should he say yes or no?
Once before Castle had lost a woman's
love through an act of quackery and
lantry, and he wondered whether it
would not be better to tell a lie now,
and so prevent him committing a
second foolishly suicidal deed.
"There is the danger of the anes-
thetic, of course. But from a surgical
point of view it cannot be regarded
even as a serious operation," said the
doctor, truthfully.
"And the similar cases of Gladys
and the woman you treated at the
hospital."
"They are identical."
"The operation on the woman's eyes
was quite a success?"
"Yes."
Castle sat low in his chair, gazing
across at the distant hills with an
unseeing stare, his chin sunk upon his
chest.
"What are you asking all those
questions?" inquired the doctor, looking
straight into his companion's tur-
bly scarred face.
"There can be but one reason," came
the reply, in a deep, tender, voice.
"You see what all this may mean for
Gladys."
"A successful operation would mean
that she would regain something to
the loss of which she had become re-
conciled." Then reaching out to him,
he softly demanded, "And what might
it mean for you?"
"Heaven knows!" ejaculated Castle,
and the hand on the table twitched in
response to his owner's agitation.
"Might it not shatter into dull grey
dust the golden future on which you
have built daily for months past?"
asked the brilliant young surgeon, in
hard, pitiless tones. "Why not leave
things as they are, Vic? Why not let
well enough alone?"
"Because there is a probability, on
your own confession, of making it still
better."
"May not the knowledge which would
come to Gladys after a successful
operation make for misery rather
than happiness?"
"But can I see very clearly, Phil, so very
ugly?" asked Castle, springing to his
feet and standing before his friend, a
picture of splendidly proportioned
manhood.
A love note between these two and a
nod was the only answer Dr. Ormond
could trust himself to give.
Castle sank again into his chair.
"It seems hard that a fellow should
have suffered so much, and that a
woman should have cared an iota," he
complained.
"It was well to know how little she
cared."
"Yes, but the price---the price I look
at me!"
"As he spoke he thrust his face for-
ward into the sunlight so that his
sweat showed up with brutal frankness.
The doctor could say nothing. They
dropped into silence again, the doctor
staring at the contemplation of the
far, blue hills.
"At times I've imagined, when look-
ing in the glass, that I am not so ugly
as I had feared. But the glance of the
fleeing stranger I met soon dispelled the
idea and convinced me that my opinion
was the outcome of familiarity, he
presently said, more in the manner of
one thinking aloud than speaking to
his friend.
"At last Ormond arose and went to
the back of Castle's chair. Leaning
over, he placed a hand on each of his
shoulders, so hard to give emphasis
to his words.
"Vic, old man, you remember the
lonely little girl she was when first you
made her acquaintance?" he said.
"Now I put it to you fairly, isn't
she a hundred times happier to-day
through your kindness?" he asked.
"I think she is happier," agreed
Castle.

ENCHANTMENT

Drew on the long, dark grass is wet,
ting, my frog, for the sun is set.
Was over a world of willow swank,
shirill with fun for the moon's sweet
sake?
Blue comes from a hill on fire,
Dance, oh, my heart's desire!
A small thing fled through the leaves
and grass
What do you say, little peering low?
Was it mouse or goblin, cricket or
fairy?
Just as the fairies all went away,
Or did they tell me so?
"Ever so long ago."
The fairies have all got into your
head!
Is that where they wait when I
thought them dead?
Frogs are not frogs, but little green
men?
Perhaps you're right, if so---why,
"Aren't you?"
Dance, oh, my heart's desire!
In the light of the low moon's fire!
---By George Wynn Parfitt.

ENCHANTMENT

Condensed from Columns of Free Press of October 4, 1908
In the Municipal Council at a special meeting held on Sept. 28, on motion of Councillors W. P. Brown and Wm. Lamond, Thos. T. Moore was appointed clerk pro tem of the Council.
On motion by the same Thos. Lamond was appointed collector of taxes for 1907.
In the Public School Board, on motion of A. E. Nicklin and Geo. Hynes, Miss Daisy Corrigan's resignation was accepted, and teachers for third and fourth departments at \$250 and \$255 respectively, to be advertised for.
The Secretary was instructed as per motion of Dr. Lowry and A. E. Nicklin, to advertise for 30 corps of beach and sand work, 4 ft. long.
Rev. Mr. Kay, student of Knox College, was inducted into the pastorate of Hallowell Church.
Holding your money or spending it at a distant centre is not consistent with good citizenship.
Mr. D. W. Campbell has removed with his family to Guelph. He has lived here for some ten years, and Acton never had a more honest and straightforward citizen.
There have been several fitful snow storms during the week.
Milton has very much sickness this year. It is claimed to be caused by a tannery whose refuse is allowed to run through the streets.
Rev. D. H. Gordon has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Georgetown and Acton.
Inspector Brothers and Chief Lawton raided the Basin House on Saturday night and found a keg of beer and other incidentals. The proprietor will have to explain their presence in Court.
Two workmen were injured at Acton yards on Thursday and Sunday respectively. In each case they were carrying cars.
Mr. T. James Moore has been engaged as teacher of Duffin School for 1908.
The family of Mr. W. T. Taiton have removed from Toronto and taken up their residence on West Flower Ave.
Councillor and Mrs. John Kenney have returned from their trip to the Old Country.
Hunt in Acton, on Oct. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCutcheon, a son.
BORN---At the Manse, St. George, to Rev. and Mrs. W. S. McFavish, a son.
BORN---In Essex, on Sept. 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hyde, a daughter.
MARRIAGE---On Sept. 30, by Rev. Dr. Ferrabee, Rev. Dr. S. P. Lowry, both of Nassagaweya.
MARRIAGE---On Sept. 3, at the residence of Mr. S. P. Pantou, Butte, Montana, Mr. J. D. Whipple, of Georgetown, Canada.
DIED---In Acton, on Oct. 1, Norval Simons, aged 22 years.

TAKE PLEASURE NOW! DON'T WAIT

Half the joy of life, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, comes from getting good out of things as we go along. Some of us are always putting off our enjoyment. A few minutes ago we were to take a rest, see a friend or read a book; but "after a while" never comes. The good time we are looking forward to lies far ahead of us. All life is spent in meaning to overtake it. It is never too late to get it out. Drudge and grow old, passing by with unseeing eye the happiness we might get out of every day.
Yes, every world, commonplace day has its wealth of enjoyment for us. If we only take the trouble to get it out. There are the friends we love, and who love us. If we stopped to think of it, this consciousness would gladden life.
There is the beauty of the earth. Did we only open our eyes to see it we should be made glad in spite of ourselves. There are some people who have lived on earth thirty or forty years who could scarcely tell you the color of their hair. From their own observation. They take it for granted it is blue because they hear so.
There are dozens of simple pleasures we might enjoy. Ten minutes every day with a fascinating book; an interesting play; a walk with our family or a congenial friend; fifteen minutes of bright, intellectual conversation with the home folks, or on some other subject than the sordid details of making ends meet; a few minutes in an art gallery; a look at our own family pictures---these are some of the little everyday happinesses we might take, and don't, not because we are poor, but because we haven't thought them worth while. We are too busy slinging at some big, expensive pleasure in the future.
Make up your mind, then, that the big pleasure will always slide you. We shall never enjoy life until we learn to enjoy the little happinesses of every commonplace day as it comes.

WE NEVER DRINK

On the stage, says Youth's Companion, were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Maine Regiment. While at the stagehouse in Lincoln, there came to the office a poor blind man---a man who slowly followed his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers, and said in the gentlest tone: "Hoys, I hear you belong to the Eighth Regiment. I have a son in that regiment."
"What is his name?"
"John."
"Oh, yes, we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him."
"Where is he now?"
"He is a prisoner."
For a moment the old man ventured not to reply, but at last, sadly and slowly, he said, "I feared as much. I have not heard from him for a long time."
They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money, nearly twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying: "If our whole company were here, we would give you a hundred dollars."
The old man replied: "Hoys, you must put it in my wallet, for I am blind."
But mark what now followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on the scene as I had, with a feeling of pride in our soldiers, said: "Hoys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company."
"No, sir; thank you; we never drink."
The scene was perfect; the first was noble and generous; the last was grand.
How many soldiers under the same temptation would have spoiled a singularly good deed in taking thanks for it out of a whiskey glass!

SOME SWEETS THAT MOTHER USED TO MAKE

Those who are on the lookout for new sweets might do worse than take a lesson from the dishes "mother used to make" and set forth as a novelty something that seems new just because it is old. I can vouch for the accuracy of the directions, says Christina Torning Herriek, in the Delineator.
"Pound-Cake---One pound of eggs, one pound each of flour, of sugar; half teaspoonful of yeast and nutmeg. Wash the salt out of the butter, and cream it with sugar. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately and very light. Work the apple into the creamed sugar and butter, stir in the yolks of the eggs and when well mixed add the sifted flour alternately with the whipped whites. Beat them in lightly, but do not stir them after they have been added. Make the batter for pound cake as stiff as it can be stirred. Bake in a steady oven in either brick or metal tin.
This is the genuine old-fashioned pound cake and is very rich. A simpler cake may be made by using only three-quarters of a pound of butter, but the other ingredients the same as the recipe gives.
Sweet-Potato Pie---Parbail a pound of good sweet potatoes, and when quite cold grate them. Cream half a cupful of white sugar, stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and grated nutmeg and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Whip in the grated potato, a cupful of milk and last, the beaten whites of four eggs. Bake in open pastry shells or in a pudding in a deep baking-dish with a crust. Put cold.
Gooseberry Tart---Pick over your gooseberries, "top and tail" them and put into a saucepan with enough water to cover them and sweeten to suit. If the gooseberries are green they will stand a great deal of sugar. Set them aside to cool and when cold pour into pastry shells. Cover with a thickness of puff-paste and bake well

THE STORY OF A BRAVE MAN'S ORDEAL

"You know she'll," was the emphatic rejoinder. "And as your wife she would be happier still."
"Perhaps."
"There's no 'perhaps' about it. Your kindness and tenderness would do more for her life more fully and lastingly, and it's a foregone conclusion. Why risk this certain happiness?"
"There is a chance of winning a greater."
"And a greater chance of losing it all," snapped the doctor. "Gladys is sentimental and imaginative. She may be treasuring a mental picture of you rivaling a Greek god for beauty. A girl of her temperament, blind as she is, would naturally give a free rein to her fancy. If you destroy this illusion, it's a thousand to one you involve her love in the ruin."
"You surmise as wide of the facts. She is a victim to ceaseless day-dreams. It has been so ever since she was a little child; her questions seldom touch on personal appearance; her curiosity seems centred instead of probing the dispositions of the people with whom she comes in contact."
Dr. Ormond then explained effectively encountered at every point. He could make no headway against the other. He stepped to the edge of the veranda and Castle joined him.
"Just beyond them were great tulip beds, a perfect sea of golden color backed by budding lilacs. Further on was an orchard above on a hill of pink and white blossoms rolling away into the distance over green grounds, across which moved cloud shadows of the possibility of this evening rain he had resolved to return home and await the course of events.
"Hullo, as I appear, dear," he said.
"In your way you forgive me when you know all."
"For a second or two he held her close, his lips on hers, then he resolutely turned and left her.
Outside he found Mrs. Revell and gave her a photo.
"It goes well, I want you to show this to Gladys before you let her send for me," he explained hurriedly.
She glanced down at it, and saw that it was a faithful likeness of Castle after his work. She bowed her head, her words seemed somehow inadequate, and the next moment he was gone, the door closing softly behind him.
He walked rapidly home and got out his car, pointing his nose towards the Revell's residence, then paced restlessly to and fro beside it.
The golden glow of the spring day was lost upon him. Pixed indolently on his mental vision was a darkened shadow. He was a disappointed girl, handaged across the eyes, and two grave surgeons in attendance.
He went to the house, but the sound of the clock slowly ticking away the seconds irritated him, and he pulled out his watch. Twenty-eight minutes past ten. At half-past the handages were removed, and then---ah! what then?
He started the engine, then walked round the car critically. Everything was in apple pie order.
Again he consulted his watch. Twenty-nine minutes to eleven. He fumbled awkwardly in putting it back. Gladys might be, at that very moment, examining the photo he had left for her.
He brushed his hand impatiently across his eyes and looked up the road. How much longer would this suspense last? He had turned once more to his car when the violent ringing of a bicycle bell struck rudely into his reflections. Starting up, he saw a girl pedalling towards him as though a hundred miles behind him. He pulled out his watch. "She can see I!" the girl shouted, long before she reached Castle. "Glad wants your photo, Vic!" she cried.
Castle's throat swelled chokingly, and the words came out in a hoarse gasp in his ears, but he was still doubtful.
"Has she seen my photo?" he asked.
"Yes. And isn't she silly? I think she's crying for you," was the breathless and slightly contemptuous answer.
"Look at my kiddy!" he exclaimed.
"Am I very ugly?"
"I don't know," indignantly replied she. "I was afraid when I saw you that, but like you better than anything else."
Castle kissed her and seated her in the car, tossed the bicycle in behind them and sprang in himself. Three minutes later Castle entered the hauntingly familiar door. He pulled out his watch. "Glad, you see, she can see I!" the girl shouted, long before she reached Castle. "Glad wants your photo, Vic!" she cried.
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"You surmise as wide of the facts. She is a victim to ceaseless day-dreams. It has been so ever since she was a little child; her questions seldom touch on personal appearance; her curiosity seems centred instead of probing the dispositions of the people with whom she comes in contact."
Dr. Ormond then explained effectively encountered at every point. He could make no headway against the other. He stepped to the edge of the veranda and Castle joined him.
"Just beyond them were great tulip beds, a perfect sea of golden color backed by budding lilacs. Further on was an orchard above on a hill of pink and white blossoms rolling away into the distance over green grounds, across which moved cloud shadows of the possibility of this evening rain he had resolved to return home and await the course of events.
"Hullo, as I appear, dear," he said.
"In your way you forgive me when you know all."
"For a second or two he held her close, his lips on hers, then he resolutely turned and left her.
Outside he found Mrs. Revell and gave her a photo.
"It goes well, I want you to show this to Gladys before you let her send for me," he explained hurriedly.
She glanced down at it, and saw that it was a faithful likeness of Castle after his work. She bowed her head, her words seemed somehow inadequate, and the next moment he was gone, the door closing softly behind him.
He walked rapidly home and got out his car, pointing his nose towards the Revell's residence, then paced restlessly to and fro beside it.
The golden glow of the spring day was lost upon him. Pixed indolently on his mental vision was a darkened shadow. He was a disappointed girl, handaged across the eyes, and two grave surgeons in attendance.
He went to the house, but the sound of the clock slowly ticking away the seconds irritated him, and he pulled out his watch. Twenty-eight minutes past ten. At half-past the handages were removed, and then---ah! what then?
He started the engine, then walked round the car critically. Everything was in apple pie order.
Again he consulted his watch. Twenty-nine minutes to eleven. He fumbled awkwardly in putting it back. Gladys might be, at that very moment, examining the photo he had left for her.
He brushed his hand impatiently across his eyes and looked up the road. How much longer would this suspense last? He had turned once more to his car when the violent ringing of a bicycle bell struck rudely into his reflections. Starting up, he saw a girl pedalling towards him as though a hundred miles behind him. He pulled out his watch. "She can see I!" the girl shouted, long before she reached Castle. "Glad wants your photo, Vic!" she cried.
Castle's throat swelled chokingly, and the words came out in a hoarse gasp in his ears, but he was still doubtful.
"Has she seen my photo?" he asked.
"Yes. And isn't she silly? I think she's crying for you," was the breathless and slightly contemptuous answer.
"Look at my kiddy!" he exclaimed.
"Am I very ugly?"
"I don't know," indignantly replied she. "I was afraid when I saw you that, but like you better than anything else."
Castle kissed her and seated her in the car, tossed the bicycle in behind them and sprang in himself. Three minutes later Castle entered the hauntingly familiar door. He pulled out his watch. "Glad, you see, she can see I!" the girl shouted, long before she reached Castle. "Glad wants your photo, Vic!" she cried.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE MAN'S ORDEAL

"You know she'll," was the emphatic rejoinder. "And as your wife she would be happier still."
"Perhaps."
"There's no 'perhaps' about it. Your kindness and tenderness would do more for her life more fully and lastingly, and it's a foregone conclusion. Why risk this certain happiness?"
"There is a chance of winning a greater."
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