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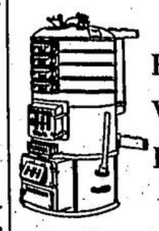
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Poetry.

THE HABIT BUILDER

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make,
As you gather you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist,
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Must untwine, are free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till that wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore,
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

—John Boyle O Reilly.

Select Family Reading

Uncle Jed First To Tom

YOUNG Thomas Vincent cracked the long leather lash of his driving-whip merrily over the oxen, and the slow beasts turned out of the middle of the road in obedience to his spoken command.

"Gee!"

The man driving a high top buggy in the opposite direction pulled up his horse when he came even with the ox-cart, and signalled to Tom that he wished to speak with him then and there.

"Hi, Tom!" he said.

"Whoa!" shouted Tom clearly to his big beasts of burden, and they stood quietly by the country roadside chewing their cuds.

"Tom, I'm lookin' for somebuddy to drive my team of cattle," announced Mr. Silas Hill abruptly. He sat in the middle of the buggy seat and was so sizable a man that he took up nearly all the available room.

"Where's Hill Jenkins?" asked Tom.

"Hill's gone over to Randall's Mill to drive the team that carts iron to Arlin'ton. They give him more money over there than I could afford to pay."

"Maybe Mr. Hawkins would know of some man for your job," suggested Tom. He was a sturdy lad, and the faded blue jeans he wore sat loosely on his well-knit figure.

"Jed Hawkins ain't goin' to think on suggestin' the one I'm lookin' for—which is yerself!"

The flattery was clever and subtle, but somehow it struck Tom disagreeably as he listened, and he shifted the heavy ox-whip he held from one hand to the other without making any comment.

"Jed Hawkins ain't payin' yer much of anythin', Tom; I kin easy guess that. An' I'm willin' to give yer a bit of money every month in return fer drivin' my cattle," continued Mr. Silas Hill persuasively.

"I ain't lookin' for any job!" said Tom.

"Maybe not; but I'm offerin' yer a good one fer the takin'!"

The boy shook his head.

"I'm well enough where I be, Mr. Hill," he said, as he raised his whip.

"It would be a good chance fer yer to come with me," argued the man persistently.

"I ain't never made any complaints of Uncle Jed Hawkins' livin'!" retorted Tom.

Thomas Vincent, ox-boy, was an orphan, and Uncle Jedidiah Hawkins was a relative of the lad's by courtesy only.

"Well, jest think it over, Tom!" admonished the man, as he slapped the reins over his sleek chestnut horse.

Tom shouted to the yoke of oxen in his charge, and cracked the leather lash encouragingly as they swung the heavy cart back into the center of the road, and the wide tires sank to their places in the deep wheel-ruts.

The boy walked along beside the lumbering oxen, thinking intently of the conversation which had just passed between Mr. Silas Hill and himself.

He could not think of denying to himself that the offer the man had made him was a tempting one, for he knew he could get just as much fun and satisfaction out of extra money as any other boy of sixteen. But he considered soberly how it had been with him during the past few years. Finally he put the idea of leaving Jedidiah Hawkins from him.

Left adrift by the death of his father and mother when only ten years old, at the mercy of whoever chanced along, Tom Vincent had found life no easy proposition until Jedidiah Hawkins had discovered the lad's misery and taken him to his own solitary house at the top of the long hill. There, in the years that had passed since, the man and boy had made a home for each other.

"Uncle Jed, I don't think Si Hill did the square thing to come at me that way!" declared Tom.

A big pine log burned on the brass andirons, and Tom Vincent raised a pair of honest black eyes to the one sitting on the opposite side of the brick hearth.

The oxen had long since reached home and been unyoked, and now were munching their hay in the stalls, while Tom told Mr. Jedidiah Hawkins of his meeting with Silas Hill on the Arlington road that afternoon.

"No," said Mr. Hawkins slowly. "I'm afraid Si missed the straight an' narrer way."

Tom's eyes flashed.

"I ain't giltin'!" he said.

"Don't make up your mind so fast an' sure, boy!" said Jedidiah. "They's somethin' for Jedidiah Hawkins to say i, here before you make up your mind for keeps. Sailors tell about rats leavin' a worn out ship when she's like to go down on the voyage. I'm gettin' to be the played-out ship."

The man spoke slowly and spread a pair of thin hands out to the blazing log. Tom no lied for the first time how transparent and blue they were, and his young heart swelled in his bosom.

"Well, I ain't the rats!" he said bluntly.

"Don't go on so fast an' sure, boy! Listen while I tell you how 'tis, an' then use the best sence you've got."

The man was silent a moment before speaking further of what was in his mind.

"I ain't never bin worth so much money as people hav' told for, Tom," he said at last. "An' luck ain't come my way much lately in anythin'. I've undertook. You know yourself how 'twas the cows died in the winter, an' the crops failed pretty much along of the drough last year."

"They ain't goin' to fail this year, Uncle Jed," declared Tom.

"That's left in God's hands. 'Neither is he that planteth anythin'; but God that giveth the increase.' About all I've got left now is the place here an' the yoke of cattle you drive."

Tom felt as if his heart would burst with the pity of it all. He had never once dreamed it could be like this! In his young strength the lad felt that he must instantly be up and doing to help Uncle Jed.

"Now, I kin git along alone without you if it ain't so pleasant; an' you're gittin' where you kin command a little wages over 'n above food an' clothes. I'm afraid if you stay long of me this summer, Tom, clothes'll hav' to be old ones till the crops begin to bring in somethin', an' food'll be mostly garden-sass!"

"I don't mind that," said Tom stoutly.

"Tho' won't be ham!"

But Tom did not smile at the allusion to his proverbial appetite for ham.

"An' if the crops fail agin this year, I don't see what the winter's goin' to be! Tom, I ain't blamin' you a particle if you take up with Si's offer of a job drivin' his cattle. He probably made the offer guessin' how 'twas with me," continued the man.

"Then he's all the meaner'n I thought before!" cried Tom hotly.

"Si's just lookin' out for himself, Tom, that's all. An' he thinks it's only fair for you to take up with a ship that ain't in a sinkin' state."

Tom jumped to his feet.

"Do you want to get rid of me, Uncle Jed? he demanded. "Do you want to get rid of me?"

"Do I want to get rid of you Tom! It's hard tellin' how I'd git on here alone without you, boy; but I don't want you to sink with the ship."

"We ain't goin' to sink, Uncle Jed!" returned Tom courageously. But his heart was fearful. Quickly there was flashed from Tom's heart a cry for help.

"Maybe so! Maybe not so! I've asked God to take care of that part, so I ain't thinkin' of myself. I don't want it to come down hard on you."

"Come down hard on a big hulkin' fellow like Tom Vincent? Was it fun for you to look out for the little Tom you first brought here? All the time I had the fever, an' like to died, it was you that took care of me an' paid the doctor! When I broke my leg last winter you done it all again! You didn't do all that for fun, Uncle Jed, and now if I kin do somethin' back it's only fair to stay."

Uncle Jed Hawkins laughed.

"Yes, yes!" he declared, but Tom saw that his eyes were very bright and the laugh shaky. "Yes, I done it all for pure fun."

"Nonsense!" the boy cried.

The man nodded.

"Yes," he repeated; "yes I done it all for pure pleasure."

"I don't see," said said Tom, puzzled.

"Why, Uncle Jed; how was it fun?"

"Why! It's jest that I love you, boy! said Uncle Jedidiah Hawkins.

Tom dropped back into his armchair. He had reckoned without the love.

"An' you think I don't care a straw about whatever happens to you, left here all alone, Uncle Jed? I ain't goin' with Silas Hill nohow! You an' me'll eat garden-sass together an' git along someway! I ain't ashamed that I love you, Uncle Jedidiah!" declared Tom.

"Boy, I want you to take an' do what's goin' to put you along right."

"Ain't I doin' what's right?" demanded Tom.

Uncle Jedidiah Hawkins did not answer.

"You ain't never told me, Uncle Jed, that God wants us to go around lookin' out for our own pocketbooks all the time!" Tom was waxing indignant, and his black eyes shot fire as he paced to and fro on the hearth.

"No!" returned Uncle Jed emphatically. "No! I ain't never told you that!"

"Then you won't think about askin' me to go any more, will you, Uncle Jedidiah? Because sometimes the money does tempt me to go, an' I ain't goin!" So long's you've got a yoke of oxen to drive an' kin use me I want to stay!"

Jedidiah Hawkins held out his work-worn hand.

"It's a fine thing you're doin' boy! God'll reward you somehow! I ain't sayin' another word!" he said brokenly.

Tom threw back his strong head.

"God'll help us through somehow, Uncle Jed."

Late one afternoon in the early autumn, Jedidiah Hawkins stood on the wide doorstone of his house and watched Tom Vincent drive the yoke of oxen up the long hill.

"Hello!" he cried, as the big beasts came to a halt in front of the doorstone.

"Hello, Uncle Jedidiah Hawkins!" returned Tom, pulling a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Mr. Saunders said the pumpkins I brought down to-day was extry good, an' so he gave me half a cent more a pound than he did last time," Tom explained, handing over the money.

Jedidiah Hawkins laughed happily; his thin hands were strong and brown now, and he had the look of a man who was experiencing prosperity.

"This old farm never see such a good year, Tom! It's the fat kine that's makin' up for the lean kine gone before," said the old man counting over the bills.

"God brought us through, Uncle Jed!"

"He showed you the way to stand by, boy," said Jedidiah.

Tom cracked the whip-lash over the oxen and started for the barn whistling. His blue jeans were no less faded than before, and his big straw hat had a torn rim, but Tom knew that upstairs in his closet there was a brand new suit of clothes and a store hat. For a good share of the year's prosperity had passed along to him.

Passing the open kitchen window he sniffed the air and laughed.

"Uncle Jedidiah Hawkins is cookin' ham for supper, you critters!" he said, as he loosened the oxen from the tip-cart and led them into the barn.

EFFECT OF CIGARETTE SMOKING

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, quietly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—New Zealand Outlook.

THREE ENDS OF A ROPE

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor, and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship.

"Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "If you can find three ends to that rope you shall have work."

The Irishman got hold of one end of of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said—

"That's one end, your Honor." Then he took hold of the other end, and showing it to the captain as before, said—"And that's two ends, your Honor."

Then taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying—

"And faith there's an end to the rope, your Honor!"

He was engaged.

NOT WORTH STEALING

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend.

"I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella!"

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

Directions to Prepare Simple Yet Remarkable Home Mixture

A well-known authority on Rheumatism gives the following valuable though simple and harmless prescription, which any one can easily prepare at home:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

He states that the ingredients can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy at small cost, and, being vegetable extraction, are harmless to take.

This pleasant mixture, if taken regularly for a few days, is said to overcome almost any case of Rheumatism. The pain and swelling, if any, diminishes with each dose, until permanent results are obtained, and without injuring the stomach. While there are many so-called Rheumatism remedies, patent medicines, etc., some of which do give relief, few really give permanent results, and the above will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by many sufferers here at this time.

Inquiry at the drug stores of this neighborhood elicits the information that these drugs are harmless and can be bought separately, or the druggists here will mix the prescription for our readers if asked to.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Few Items of Interest from our Issue of November 22nd, 1888

The young people of the Methodist Church have organized themselves into a society with the view to assisting in the advancement of the spiritual, social and financial interests of the church. There is a present membership of about 40. The officers elected are: Hon. Pres.—Rev. Dr. Gifford; President—John H. Cameron; Vice-Pres.—Miss Augusta Nicklin; Secretary—N. F. Moore; Treasurer—Miss Lottie E. Speight.

Mrs. Margaret Mann, widow of the late John Mann, died on the 19th inst. on the old homestead, lot 27, con. 3, Esquesing. Her maiden name was Kennedy. She was born in Inverness, Scotland, in 1802, being therefore 86 years of age. Her husband died seven years ago, aged 87. She had lived 56 years on the old homestead, to which she came from Scotland with husband and two children, and patiently endured the hardships and inconveniences peculiar to the lives of early settlers. She was a good wife and a kind mother.

A Glenwilliams girl, whose mind had been poisoned by novel reading, recently set fire to a closet in a house where she was employed in order to burn a sacque of a guest on whom she wished to have revenge. She was only 15 years of age.

An enjoyable evening was spent last week at the home of Mr. John Warren, being a reception by the members of the Baptist Church for the new minister, Rev. D. B. Gordon, and family, who recently arrived from Iowa. Mr. Warren gave an address of welcome, and Dr. Roe, of Georgetown, and Rev. R. B. Cook of the congregation here, gave short addresses. Friends from Georgetown and Miss Jessie Warren contributed musical and vocal selections and Miss Tena Gordon a recitation.

Miss Tena Moffat who has been for some time an employee in the valise department of J. E. McGarvin & Co., left on Tuesday for Miss McPherson's training home in Stratford, whence she will shortly leave for missionary work either in Winnipeg or London, Eng.

In connection with Knox Church lecture course Prof. Panton, of the O. A. C., Guelph, last week gave an instructive and interesting account of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. A vote of thanks moved by Col. Allan and Mr. G. Wells, was heartily accorded.

MARRIED—On Oct. 31st, by Rev. Wm. Bryers, assisted by Rev. W. Rigsby, at the Methodist Parsonage, Leamington, Mr. J. E. Bartle, of H. M. Customs, Niagara Falls, to Miss Ella Bryers, daughter of the officiating minister, and who formerly resided in Acton.

EASY MONEY

"Considerin' you're earning six dollars a week and haven't been at work long enough to save much, I'm kind o' wondering how yo managed to buy the Barlett boy's collection of stamps," Uncle Amos hinted. His shrewd blue eyes would have stricken terror to a restless conscience; but, being entirely satisfied with his own financiering, Bob, Uncle Amos' nephew, merely smiled and waved his hand.

"No trouble at all," he said. "Bartlett wasn't in any great hurry, and I might have put him off; but I don't know him very well, so I just borrowed eight dollars from Ben Fowle. As the boys say, it was easy money."

"Easy, hey?" The old man's tone was not agreeable. "Well, I won't dispute yo," he added, after a moment. "I always found it easier to get into trouble than it is to get out of it. And I'll tell ye right now that the surest way to land yourself in big trouble is to get in the habit of borrowin' from your friends.

"Yes, I said 'habit.' Yo glide into it natural-like, as ye do into any other. 'Let me have a dollar,' says you, and your friend hands over. It's so easy that, before you realize it, you're borrowin' to buy things you don't really want, and borrowin' because you think you'd feel more comfortable if you had some extra change in your pocket, and borrowin' for no reason but just because you've got used to it—runnin' up the meanest kind of debts!

"If you were a man in business, now, I wouldn't say a word against your going to a bank or another business man, if you had to, and payin' for a loan, man-fashion. But it isn't bad to go pesterin' your friends for money they maybe want to use themselves—and that's friendship, either. Just you get to doing it, like some folks I've known, and pretty soon your friends will dread the sight of yo!

"And suppose something happens so you can't pay back when you promised or they expected—then you'll be dreading the sight of your friends. You'll feel mean every time you meet 'em. You'll go sneakin' around a corner to avoid 'em. There'll be a strain on both sides, one that it'll take pretty strong friendship to stand. And if you don't lose your friends, you lose the best part of yourself, because the dodgin' and apologizin' will take all the stiffenin' out of your character."

"But what are you going to do, when you want something the worst kind, and haven't money enough to pay for it?" the youth inquired, as Uncle Amos stopped abruptly.

"Do without!" the old man answered. "Wait till you earn enough to get it. It'll be yours, then. If you borrow the money to buy it, it really belongs to the one you owe—and there'll be times when you'll feel as if you belonged to him, too!"

Every person has two educations; one which he receives from others, and one more important which he gives himself.

A BARGAIN

Belinda bought a bargain
Black net to make a dress;
Marked down from something fearful
To half the price, or less.

It only cost four dollars,
The lining cost fifteen,
And fifteen more for chiffon,
The silk and net between.

Then forty yards of ruching,
And thirteen pounds of jet,
Some lace, a little velvet
To brighten up the net.

Then twenty for the making—
It is a bargain gown—
It only cost four dollars,
Because it was marked down.
—Washington Post.

I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much; but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so, her wings struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so, her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose! but as she did so, her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat; but as she did so, her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep; but as she did so, his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so, her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen; but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

"A little explained,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured."

A SPECIAL OCCASION

"Elsie, when do you say 'Thank you?'" asked the teacher.

Elsie's face lighted up, for that was one thing she knew, and she confidently answered:

"When we have company."

IN THE COUNTRY OF MACS

A gentleman was traveling in the north of Scotland. When he reached his destination he discovered that he had left his waterproof in the compartment. He hurried as the train was leaving, and shouted:

"Is there a black mackintosh in here?"

One of the gentlemen replied: "No they are all Macgregors."

TEMPERANCE ITEMS

Many a man has ruined his eye-sight by sitting in a bar-room looking for work.

The Mail says, editorially, that "drinking at the open bar is rapidly becoming disreputable."

Wise Sweden! It closes the saloons on Saturday—pay day—and keeps the savings banks open till midnight.

The churches of Jesus Christ will never be able to get the audiences they ought to have nor the children into their schools who need to be taught, until the liquor traffic is abolished and the drink habit stopped.

Here is a pad with good sound p's in it: Prohibition prevents poverty; protects property; promotes peace; produces plenty; provides pleasure; procures progress; perpetuates prosperity; prophesies paradise. In view of its benefits why should any oppose it?

TOO WEAK TO WORK
Wm. Brosseau, of Waterloo, Quebec, Suffered from Indigestion. No Appetite, Headaches and Backache
MADE WELL BY VINOL
"Vinol is a wonderful medicine. I had no appetite; my digestion was bad; was suffering from headaches and backache; I was so weak that I had not been able to work for months when a friend advised me to take Vinol. After I had taken one bottle I noticed my health was improving. I continued its use and to-day am perfectly well. It is with pleasure that I recommend Vinol to all those who need a flesh, nerve or tissue builder." Wm. Brosseau, Waterloo, Quebec.
This is because Vinol is the best cod liver and iron tonic in the world. It creates a hearty appetite, strengthens the digestive organs, makes rich, red blood and replaces weakness with strength. The beneficial effect of Vinol in cases of weak-run-down conditions or for feeble old people is simply remarkable.
We invite all old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, convalescents, or those suffering from chronic colds, coughs or bronchitis in this vicinity to try Vinol on our offer to return their money if it does no good. We make this offer to show our faith in Vinol. E. A. Robertson, Druggist, Acton.