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Poetry.

THE CLOCK

He stands in a corner from morning till night,
A patient old thing with no feet,
His face is as solemn and round as a moon
And oh, so exceedingly neat.
From breakfast to supper,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

His hands are quite tidy; they grow on his face,
When I grow to be big I shall know
Why one is so long and the other so short
And one he moves fast, and one slow.
From breakfast to supper,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

At night when I'm sleeping, he keeps wide awake;
To see what the little mice do;
He watches the brownie creep in through the blind,
His little red shoes wet with dew.
From night-time to day-time,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

And when it comes morning I wish he would tell,
I ask him, but never a trace
Of the wonderful things which he saw in the night
Does he show in his sober old face,
From breakfast to supper,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.
—The April Delineator.

Select Family Reading

Fixing Things For Arthur

By Henry Harlingall

ARTHUR Lynwood looked longingly after Irma Shelby, and Dick, his small brother, glanced up shrewdly into his clean cut face.

"Mushy," he said shrewdly, "why don't you marry her?"

"You scamp!" began Arthur. Then he paused. Dick was only twelve, but more than once the busy little brain under the thatch of red hair had helped the big brother through a tight place.

"I wish I knew her, old chap," he went on in a different voice. "I'm not mushy, but—well, you know how it is yourself. I can't very well force myself on her, and when we have no women folks to call on her I don't see how we are going to make it.

"They certainly are hard folks to get next to," admitted Dick. "They've been here a month and two days now, and even gabby Mrs. Pitkin can't get in with them. I guess there isn't any chance for us, Art, just the three of us men."

Arthur smiled at the phrase "us men." But, after all, Dick was one of the three who had been very lonely in the big house since Mrs. Lynwood had answered the call of the great beyond. So with an affectionate pat on the back and a brisk "Never mind, old fellow," Arthur watched Dick turn into the schoolyard.

Dick swung around suddenly after Arthur and tugged at his coat sleeve. "Don't worry until I see what I can do for you," he commanded, then turned and sped back as the last bell was ringing.

The promise cheered Arthur oddly. Dick was fertile in invention and could be trusted to bring about even this coveted acquaintance if it could possibly be done.

The Shelbys had kept very much to themselves since they had come to town. Inquiring busybodies had been told by the maid that Mrs. Shelby was too ill to receive callers as yet.

She begged to be excused for a few weeks more, and the girl—Arthur had discovered that her name was Irma—had shared her mother's seclusion.

Despite his confidence in Dick, Arthur was rather surprised that evening when Miss Shelby came running out of the house as he passed. Evidently she had been watching for him, and Arthur paused uncertainly as he reached the gate.

"You are Mr. Lynwood?" she said, with questioning inflection.

"And you are Miss Shelby?" he returned. "I am at your service."

"It's about your brother—and my brother," she began in pretty embarrassment. "It seems that your brother made an entirely unprovoked attack upon mine after school this afternoon. Poor Robert was badly treated. He is not accustomed to mixing with boys—and he knows little about fighting. I understand that your brother promised him another thrashing to-morrow.

"I shall speak to Dick this evening," promised Arthur, but just as he gave the assurance Dick came tearing out of the Lynwood house, and Arthur called him across the street.

He came promptly, for Dick was not a boy to shirk responsibilities. He regarded Irma with mild amusement as Arthur repeated her statement.

"He started it," insisted Dick stoutly. "I guess no fellow's going to hear his brother called names. Your brother said mine was a dude and a pretty boy, and Art ain't that. It's different being just good looking."

"Never mind that," ordered Arthur hastily. "That is no excuse for you to hit him."

"That wasn't all," supplemented Dick. "He called you a big stiff and said that if you had any get up and get about you you'd get married and give me another mother to keep me from being lonely, and I told him that there wasn't anybody good enough for you, and he said anybody was good enough for you, and then I banned him a good one, and there was a fight. It wasn't much of a fight, though," he added, with contempt. "I had to chase him four blocks to get in one punch."

"Do you understand that you will be thrashed if you lay hands on young Shelby again?" demanded Arthur seriously.

"I'll lick him if he talks about you," declared Dick truculently. He then proceeded to address his remarks to Miss Shelby.

"Art's just the best ever," he explained. "Ever since mother died he's done everything for me, and I ain't going to have any boy call him names and say that any girl is good enough for him to marry. When he marries I want him to marry a top notcher like you."

The girl's face went crimson at the praise and the suggestion, but she smiled into the freckled face before she turned to Arthur.

"I shall see that Robert is punished if he repeats his offence," she promised, "and I don't blame such a loyal little hero worshipper for defending his big brother. I don't blame him one bit," she added, coloring again as she let her eyes rest for an instant on the grave, handsome face. "I shall be glad to see you should you care to be neighborly, Mr. Lynwood. Mother is improving, but she wishes to be stronger before she faces the influx of the kindly and the curious."

"I shall be glad to run in this evening if I may," was the quick response, and Arthur was too eager for an answer to observe the elaborate wink with which Dick favored him.

The girl gave assent promptly, and the big and the little brother bowed. Dick hung back at the Lynwood gate.

"I got something to do," he explained reproachfully. "You were late this evening. You always come home about five."

"A client came in at the last moment," explained Arthur. "Were you waiting to see me?"

"Only about an hour," answered Dick. "I figured she would lay for you at the gate, and I wanted to finish off the job. I'll be home in about an hour, Art."

He dashed off down the street and by a circuitous route reached the rear of the Shelby house, where the plump but somewhat cherubic Robert was playing by himself.

He started to run when Dick appeared on the scene, but the more active lad had his victim pinioned by the arms, while one mittened hand was clapped over the squirming one's mouth.

"I ain't going to hurt you—now," promised Dick. "I just want to talk to you. You told your sister that I punched you for nothing, didn't you?"

"That's just what you did," wailed Bob Shelby.

"That ain't so," corrected Dick. "I did punch you for something, but I ain't telling you what for. I told your sister that I licked you for calling my brother names, and if you ever dare say that it ain't so I'll get you in a corner where you can't run away and—you'll know how it feels to be in a dynamite explosion. I can do it, can't I?" he added fiercely, and the shrinking lad assured his lord and master that he certainly could.

"I don't want to have to do it," explained Dick. "You're so soft that if I beat you much you'll get out of shape, and you ain't got too much shape as it is. You'll make a fierce brother-in-law, skinny, but I suppose that I'll have to stand you, for I've been fixing things for Arthur and—well, I guess you go with the family."

AN ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine driver, as he plied his oil can about and under his machine. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings.

"There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slacken much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed, and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog had saved her.

"My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman! I just couldn't help it, I had a little girl of my own at home."—Selected.

HE SWALLOWED THE MUSTARD

Harry, aged three, seeing the mustard-pot on the table for the first time, teased for some of the unknown contents. His uncle, who was carving, to keep him quiet placed a liberal helping on his plate. The little fellow took it all into his mouth at once. In the endeavor to swallow it and not cry out, he stood on the rung of his chair with the tears rolling down his cheeks. His sister a year older, asked, "How did you like it, Harry?"

He replied, "Well, it made my nose nervous."—Delineator.

"MAKING GOOD"

Alice Eames walked into the library, an open letter in her hand.

"Tom has written to ask me to go to the Junior Prom at Hillsover, mother," she said, and there was a queer little catch in her voice.

Mrs. Eames looked up from her book. "How delightful, my dear!" she cried, enthusiastically. "You've looked forward so much to going, I know, and now you shall have the prettiest gown we can plan together."

"But I'm not going," answered the girl, and the little catch had turned into a genuine sob.

"Not going!" exclaimed Mrs. Eames, in astonishment. "Why, what is the matter? Tell me! I thought you and Tom were such good friends."

"We were, mother," cried Alice. "And it was something more, for at Christmas Tom told me he cared for me, and I promised—" her voice broke again. "But he's in with the swiftest set in college, Ted Lanham and Joe Grover and all those rich boys that were in prep school with him. I told him that he would have to break with them if he wanted me."

"What has he done now?" demanded her mother. "I had heard nothing."

"No, I didn't tell you," answered the girl. "I was so hurt that I couldn't. It was just the silliest sort of scrape, what dad would call sophomoric. A lot of his fraternity drove to Lebanon, and drank more than they should, and then had a general smash-up at one of the dance halls there. I heard something about it. I asked Tom, and he told me—straight. He never lies, you know. I was angry and disappointed, of course, and said so." Alice lifted her head proudly. "And that's all there is about it."

"Don't you think that you're a little hard on Tom, girlie? asked Mrs. Eames, wistfully. "Aren't you going to give him another chance?"

"Yes, mother," replied Alice, firmly, "but not the chance of the girl who sells her forgiveness just for the sake of a good time. He'd despise me if I was like that, and I'd despise myself, too. I'm going up-stairs to write him that I can't go!" And she walked out of the room, her head still nobly erect.

The letter, so hard to write, reached Tom as he sat in his uncle's study wrestling with the professor over an intricate bit of calculus, and his face dropped dolefully as he read it.

"When do you expect Miss Eames?" Professor Lee inquired, pleasantly.

For answer Tom held out the letter in silence; when his uncle had finished reading it, he said:

"It's all that fool Lebanon parade. No glad rags for mine this prom! Alice is great, I know, but she's the sort of girl that's dreadfully hard on a fellow."

"But that's just the kind of a woman a man wants," answered his uncle. "It's the woman who sets high standards almost out of our reach who makes us grow." The professor's eyes softened as he looked across his study to the picture of a woman who had at once made life hard and very, very beautiful for him. "'If Helen of Troy set the world at war, she made men heroes,'" he quoted, slowly. Then he added, with a quizzical glance at his nephew, "Tom, it's up to you!"

"You're dead right, Uncle Ned!" cried Tom, a new light of determination coming into his face. "It is up to me, and—I'm going to make good!"

THUD

It was the hour of lemonade, etc., at the Aero club.

"I haven't heard Flyte talking about his monoplane lately. Has he dropped it?" Guss inquired.

"No," said Bagg: "it dropped him."—Puck.

NEGLECTED SCALD CAUSED MONTHS OF AGONY

Spent Dollars in Vain but Zam-Buk Cured Her

Following we give the testimony of a lady who if she had known of Zam-Buk earlier would have been saved nine weeks of agony:

Mrs. Frederick Bryant, of 160, Railway Avenue, Stratford, Ont., says:—"I scalded my foot while preparing supper. Next day the skin came off and my foot was in a serious condition. I could not wear my shoe and had to lay up for nine weeks. During this time I used dozens of salves but none did any good, in fact the wound developed into a running sore. I got no rest day or night from the pain. At this point a supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and a few applications had immediate effect in soothing the pain and irritation. A small supply proved sufficient to heal the scald, although I had spent dollars in other remedies. New skin has now formed over the open sore.

"Zam-Buk is the most wonderful and effective remedy I have used, and I advise others to use it."

Zam-Buk is equally effective in curing burns. Mr. Geo. Gilmore, caretaker of the E. Clement's Block, Winnipeg, testifies as follows:—"I sustained a series of bad burns while attending to the large furnace which heats the buildings. One burn on my wrist was particularly bad and gave me great pain. I applied some Zam-Buk, and in forty-eight hours all that remained of the burn was a slight scar. Zam-Buk seemed to take the pain away like magic. It is a splendid balm to keep handy, its healing powers being simply marvellous."

There is nothing to equal Zam-Buk as a family balm. Its uses are so wide. It has been proved a sure cure for eczema, ring-worm, ulcers, abscesses, piles, bad leg, suppurating wounds, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, cold cracks, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well into the part affected it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., All druggists and stores sell at 50c. per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from Our Issue of March 28th, 1889

Dusty streets are on deck again.

Sap ran well the past week.

Mr. I. Francis is getting the materials on the ground for a fine brick residence on Willow St.

Toward the end of last week Rev. Dr. Gifford was taken ill and on Saturday it became evident that he would not be able to preach the following day. Rev. J. W. Rae of Knox Church was communicated with, and it was arranged that the Methodist Congregation attend the services of Knox Church in the morning, and that Mr. Rae preach in the Methodist Church in the evening. Knox Church was filled to the doors in the morning and in the evening the Methodist Church was filled both in galleries and auditorium.

Thirty years ago last Friday Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Akins were made husband and wife and took up their residence on lot 22, con. 6, Nassagaweya. At Mr. Akins' invitation about 125 neighbors and acquaintances met to celebrate their china wedding. The events of the past were revived. Recollections both sad and happy were recalled. Short addresses were given by Rev. W. Berks, Messrs. John Ramsey, D. Barbaree, Hugh Akins, Dr. Winn, Paul Kennedy, Wm. Plank, John McGregor, John Robertson, Abner Pickett, J. Easterbrook, Dakota, and John Fletcher. Mr. Akins responded to the kind things said, saying he and his wife were not yet tired of each other. The proceedings were closed with prayer.

Rev. G. R. Turk, Guelph, last Monday evening lectured in the Methodist Church, on, "The Leaders of the 19th Century," A hearty vote of thanks was moved by Rev's R. B. Cook and J. W. Rae. Mr. N. F. Moore, secretary of the Young People's Union, under whose auspices the lecture was given, gave a presentation address to the Trustees of the Church, conveying to them a beautiful walnut case gallery clock. Mr. W. H. Storey replied in fitting terms. Mr. W. P. Brown was chairman.

W. H. Harvey, of Guelph, bookkeeper for J. W. Lyon, was arrested for embezzling $200 from Mr. Lyon but was bailed out by Dr. Lett. Failing to appear at the time appointed for trial, his house was visited and it was found he had shot his wife and two daughters and had fled. He was later arrested in Toronto, whither he had gone sending word to his son there to meet him, but the son had left for Guelph on learning of the tragedy. It is believed he intended shooting the son and then himself, as he still had the revolver with him, purchased from Bond's the day of the murder.

Mr. John Farmer, of Florence, visited here last week. He met many former neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brown, and Jimmie, left last week to visit at Bismarck and other points.

Mrs. J. E. McGarvin, who has been visiting her sister in Stratford, was here yesterday preparing for removal to Berlin.

Prof. D. A. McGregor, has been appointed President of McMaster University, in place of Rev. Dr. Castle, who has resigned on account of continued illness.

SPEAK A CHEERFUL WORD

Did you ever go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed spread over the world? But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened. Even a child dropping into your house on an errand, has brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness" the world over, and those who live in palaces are not exempt, and good words to such hearts are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Even strangers we meet casually by the way, in the travelers' waiting room, are unconsciously influenced by the tone we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom the stranger in a strange land turns for advice and direction. Take it as a compliment, if some wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or train to take; your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust. It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing it. When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing friend, by writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

A MISTAKEN IRISHMAN

It is said to be a peculiarity of the island of Montserrat that the negroes speak with a rich Irish brogue. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that in the seventeenth century the colony was peopled almost entirely by the Irish. In "The Cradle of the Deep" Sir Frederick Treves gives the following incident illustrative of the care with which this dialect has been preserved. It is quoted from Ober.

An Irishman fresh from Donegal arrives at Montserrat, and leaning over the steamer's rail, addresses himself in the following terms to a coal-black negro who has come alongside with provisions:

"Say, Cuffee, phwat's the chance for a lad ashore?"

"Good, yer honor, if ye're not afraid of worruk. But me name's not Cuffee, an' please ye, it's Pat Mulvaney."

"Mulvaney? And do ye mane to say ye're Oirish?"

"Oi do."

"The saints defend us! An' how long have yez been out here?"

"A matter of tin year or so."

"Tin year! An' yez black as me hat. Save me soul, I took yez for a naygur."

THE SUNDAY LITTLE BOY

On Sabbath morning there are rows
All up and down the street
Of people in their Sunday clothes,
All orderly and neat.
The world is very sweet and still,
And no one makes a noise,
For Sam and Joe, and Tom and Will,
Are Sunday little boys.

Their hair is parted very straight,
Their faces shiny clean!
They have a very steady gait
A very sober mien.
They hold their chins up stern and stiff,
And think about their looks;
The Sunday boys all seem as if
They lived in story books.

Their hats are even on their head,
Their hands are by the side;
Their pockets spare and thin, instead
Of bulging full and wide,
There has been given every one
A hanky square and white,
To wipe his Sunday face upon
When Sunday skies are bright.

They do not whistle, do not play,
They do not sing or shout,
But manfully upon their way
Go treading strong and stout.
Oh! All the world is still and sweet,
And no one makes a noise,
When all the boys upon the street
Are Sunday little boys.
—Delineator.

THE NARROW PATH

There are occasional doubts in the minds of the elders of the Morse family as to the quickness of Bobby's wits, but there has never been any doubt that a lesson once learned by him, however slowly, is forever after remembered.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Bobby?" asked one of his sister's admirers, but Bobby hung back.

"I don't care to," he said, with terrible distinctness.

"Don't you like me?" asked the unwise visitor.

"No, I don't," replied Bobby, and then there was a shocked chorus from the family.

"Bobby," said his aunt, reproachfully, as she withdrew him from the public gaze, "why did you say such a rude thing to Mr. Brown?"

"Because, aunty," said her wriggling charge, "I got spanked last week for not telling the truth, and I shan't never take any risks again!"

WHO IS IT?

A simple yet entertaining guessing game is styled "Who Is It?" Players all 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.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For doing your level best.
For being kind to the poor.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For being generous to an enemy.
For being courteous to all.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being honest in business dealings.
For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.—Temperance Leader.

JESS SAID HER PRAYERS

One day three-year-old Baby Jess was visiting her grandmother, who was very devout. She asked Baby Jess if her mother had taught her to say her prayers.

Jess answered: "Yes, ma'am."

"Whom do you pray to dear, and ask to forgive your naughty ways?"

"Sometimes I pray to mother's knees and sometimes to the bed."

THE REAL THING

"And did you have a good run in Arizona?" asked the privileged friend.

"Well, I guess yes," replied the barn-storming portrayer of Hamlet. "Fifteen miles in one night with a mob behind you is going some, isn't it?"—Chicago News.

AFTER SICKNESS

Vinol Built Up Strength for a Bomanville, Ontario, Man After All Other Means Had Failed

"I was sick with pluro-pneumonia for twelve weeks, and after I got around I did not gain very fast, and I took nine bottles of Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, but the pains in my lungs were still there. I was in Jury & Lovell's drug store and they recommended Vinol, so I tried a bottle and before I had finished the first bottle the pains were all gone and I was getting stronger, and then I took another bottle, and now I am well, thanks to Vinol." John D. Graham, Bomanville, Ontario.

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 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. R. H. Nixon, Druggist, Acton.