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Poetry.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER

Doris wants a garden, now that spring is here,
And she will doubtless get it — for Doris is a dear—
A little bed, six feet by eight, with roses and sweet peas,
She says she's sure that I can work a plot like that with ease.
And I agree, because I find
To argue doesn't change her mind.

With pad and pencil she has planned
The little garden out,
Just where the mignonette will go and where the pansies sprout;
What sort of border we must have, and that geraniums
Will hold their bloom until it's time to pick chrysanthemums.
It's fun for Doris..... As for me
I've naught to do but just sit, co.

O'er catalogues we pore each night, selecting what we find
Will grow the best — and what the neighbor's children will not steal—
And every morning out we go into the old back yard
To choose a spot where digging soil won't be so awful hard;
For Doris says—bless her dear heart!
She knows that I will do my part.

But there's a thought that worries me through all these preparations,
For raising blooms and saving them from youthful depredations,
I'd like to ask her if I may—and yet I do not dare—
Plant something that is good to eat out in our garden fair.
Will she permit me one small spot
For raising onions? I fear not.
—Cincinnati Times-Star

Select Family Reading

The "Norseman"

by Ruby Helmer Martyn

"YOU'RE not going to the mainland alone?" demanded Nancy Beals.

"If I don't know salt water by this time, I'd better take to the tall timber for keeps!" declared Christopher, Nancy's brother.

"But Captain Simmons said—"

Christopher Beals interrupted Nancy scornfully.

"Captain Simmons is too old-fashioned altogether!"

It was with considerable spirit that Nancy completed her interrupted warning; she had spent the whole summer on this lovely island in the Bay with the Captain and his cheery wife, while Christopher was camping on the main coast, and Nancy felt that the backing of a summer's experience of the Bay was worth a good deal more in navigating its waters than Christopher's two days.

"The Captain said you were not safe to go out on the Bay without a guide, because you don't know exactly where the channel is."

Christopher laughed.

"I can sail a boat!" he said.

"It isn't the boat-sailing at all, it's the channel," argued Nancy.

But Christopher got into the gay little dory he had been drawing down the sandy beach to the water's edge when Nancy interrupted, and, taking up an oar, pushed out into the deeper water.

"Good-by, Nan!" he called back over the widening shoat of blue as he rowed away from the Island shore on which his sister stood; and Christopher's oar strokes were steady and strong, for the muscles of his well-developed arms were like iron.

The anxious warning which Nancy had given him seemed to Christopher altogether too cautious for his serious consideration; the idea that he was not capable of sailing the "Norseman" across the bay to the village on the mainland and returning intact struck the young man as so extremely unreasonable that it made him laugh to himself as he sent the gay, red-painted tender skimming toward the anchored sailboat in which he proposed to make the trip.

"If I can't sail over to Carver Village and back in this tub of a "Norseman" before Captain Simmons gets around to starting, blast-it, I'll give up!" he said as he stepped lightly from the dory into the trim little sailboat riding buoyantly at anchor.

It was the work of but a minute for Christopher Beals to get the "Norseman" into shape for the trip, and to the red dory to the buoy, that it might not drift away before his anticipated return from the mainland. With the "Norseman's" white sail filling in the wind, and his hand on the tiller, Christopher looked back to the Island shore he was leaving. A girlish figure stood outlined against the green line of bluff above the sandy beach, and a handkerchief fluttered out to him a message of good wishes for the bit of voyage.

"Nan's the sort to stand by a fellow like anything!" he said as he sent back a signal she understood.

The "Norseman's" bow cut lightly through the salt water; the swell of the little boat strove gallantly against the heavier, more forceful swell of the ocean itself; the white fore-and-aft sail filled gayly in the autumn breeze, and the young hand on the tiller was the hand of a lover of the sea.

Christopher Beals took long breaths of the fragrant morning air; his young blood thrilled through his veins with the beckoning of the wide sea; the blue sky above, the deeper reflected blue of the Bay, and the contrasting green of the hilly mainland called Christopher's mind to its height of contentment. At one side, low-running along the waterline, Christopher might have seen a barren sand, but he did not turn to look, and saw only the morning in its fresh beauty, with the ocean Bay at high tide.

"I'm going to mine my own boat the 'Norseman,' and sail her like a Viking master!" he laughed.

The ownership of a boat quite his personal property was almost a reality to Christopher. His father had promised that a season of proved seamanship on Christopher's part should be rewarded by the possession of a sailboat, and Christopher felt pretty certain that his weeks on the Maine coast had won the necessary respect.

Only the finishing of the compact remained when the father and son should meet again, and Christopher's sailor-heart was very happy at the thought.

Here and there a painted buoy rode lightly on the waves of the Bay, now and again a naked bush stuck high above the limeness, marking the channel course.

"Nan's so afraid I can't find their precious old channel!" scoffed Christopher as he skimmed along the pathway between buoys and bushes.

When his brief errands were completed in the village, Christopher went back to the wharf where he had tied up the "Norseman." A young man sat there with his feet dangling loosely over the water. In his hands was a fishpole, to testify to a quasi-occupation.

"Hello!" said the young fisher heartily.

"Hello!" said Christopher.

"You belong at the Island. I take it?"

"Yes," said Christopher.

"I shouldn't wonder if you was Nancy Beals' brother?"

Christopher acknowledged the relationship, and sat down on the wharf by the young fisherman, idly dangling his feet over the water.

"Ain't been here long, I take it."

"Came day before yesterday. I've been down on the Maine coast all summer."

"Tain't the equal of Carver Bay!" affirmed the fisher with positiveness.

"I think—"

But Christopher was not permitted to express his candid opinion.

"There isn't no place equal to Carver Bay! There ain't no place on earth better to sail in, nor fish in, nor yet to gun around."

"I like it," said Christopher heartily.

The fellow grinned appreciatively.

"My father's a sea captain, and he's been around the world eleven times, and he says there ain't but one Carver Bay that he knows about! I went with him last trip."

Christopher's admiration for the idle fisher went up several pegs.

"I don't know the Bay very well yet, but I'm going to have a boat of my own next summer, and I think of coming here with her."

The mention of a boat didn't seem to make the impression on his companion that Christopher had hoped for.

"I rather take it you'll know the Bay down fine if you start in by sailing on her alone said the fisher.

The sarcasm was potent. Christopher got quickly on to his feet and spoke defensively.

"I've sailed a boat as long as you have!" he cried.

The young fisher shifted his pole from one hand to the other, and knocked his heels gently against the wharf.

"You ain't sailed a boat on this Bay as long as I have, young fellow!" he said deliberately.

Without making reply, the nettled Christopher got into the "Norseman" and pushed off from the wharf. He would prove conclusively that he was no ignorant landlubber—to old-fashioned Captain Simmons, and wagging Nancy Beals, and would show them all he was not to be fooled with like this!

The out-going tide was laying bare a dark line along the shore as it ebbed away; here and there over the Bay the vivid blueness was transforming into a vague brownness which told to the initiated that here would presently show a bare flat rising from the midst of the shrinking waters like a desert island.

Christopher ran up the "Norseman's" fore-and-aft sail and headed her out into the channel. Deftly she took the curves in the winding course; carefully Christopher directed her from buoy to buoy; and each time he looked up, the green island of his destination was nearer the "Norseman's" bow.

"I'll have a boat to make before very long," laughed Christopher, as as the boat sped through the water.

But within a minute of that, Christopher Beals was sprawling somewhere in the bottom of the boat. He heard the sail straining at the mast, and had the presence of mind to hasten up and hit the restraining sheet loose before damage was possible. The sail flapped instantly before the wind, a useless, loosened piece of canvas.

Grabbing an oar from its fastening, Christopher tried to push off into deeper water, but the fast-ebbing tide was more powerful than he, and already the little "Norseman" was grounded from end to end. Christopher was not long in discovering the truth about this, and jumping out of the boat, hoping thereby to lighten the "Norseman" sufficiently to float her, but again the tide was ahead of him, and the boat was grounded all along the bottom.

"Stuck on a flat!" cried Christopher Beals with indignation.

It seemed as if eyes all around the Bay must be witness of his sorry plight; certainly the eyes of Nancy and that fishing youth could not be looking elsewhere than toward the grounded "Norseman" and himself.

"Stuck on a miserable mud flat!" he repeated bitterly.

The water had been well up to Christopher's knees when he jumped out, now it was scarcely to his ankles. He let down the flapping sail and reefed it close, with bitter thoughts of his own boasting. He looked toward the green Island, and saw plainly a white figure flitting down the cliff.

"Nandy!" he cried angrily to the wind and the waves.

The "Norseman" was heeling over on the flat. Christopher himself was standing upon the black mud, watching the water recede over the flat into its native depths. A bay seal popped its bare head out of the water at the edge but seeing a human creature and boat where it was wont to find solitude for basking, timidly and noiselessly disappeared beneath the waves.

A shrill whistle came echoing over the water from the mainland, and Christopher, looking, saw a lank figure on the wharf; he could feel that it was grinning with amusement as it gazed on him.

"Tend to your fishing!" he fumed, knowing it for the fishing youth.

"Hunger gripped Christopher, and the autumn sun burned with surprising heat over the desolate flat.

But worse than the physical discomfort of the situation was the mental anguish, that anguish of public disgrace following closely on the heels of unseemly boasting.

"The telegram!" he cried, clapping a hand on his pocket.

The yellow thing there crackled briskly as he pressed it, and Christo wondered if it, too, were laughing at his misery. The station master in the village had given it to Christopher for delivery to the Captain, with a stern admonition that it contained a message important for immediate delivery to the Island folk, an admonition which now increased the weight on Christopher's honest heart.

The young man chafed at the delay, but it was perfectly useless. He was on the hot, reeking, mud flat, his boat high and dry, and the ebbing tide running away over the brownness like some merry thing playing a prank at his boastful talk. Christopher laughed harshly as he computed time. Six hours the water would come creeping back and float the "Norseman." Six hours!

A boat came flying along the channel from the village, a blithe little cat-boat with a leg-o'-mutton sail. In his dismayed anger, Christopher Beals watched its graceful turnings toward himself somewhat as a stranded Crusoe looks upon a sail; but to Christopher help for himself was quite unasked and undesired—his truthful heart yearned to do penance on that black waste—but the important yellow thing in his pocket brooked no delay.

The gay thing came flitting on, then turned obliquely to the left and skimmed away before the wind.

"Getting wise, Christopher?"

The voice was merry with teasing; it was Nancy's voice.

"Studying the harbor, Nan?" returned Christopher, grimly.

Nancy, in the green dory, was resting on her oars in the channel as she talked; the little cat-boat was sailing mockingly away.

"Mrs. Simmons thought you might get hungry at noontime!" said Nancy.

Christopher ran to the edge of the flat and spoke sternly.

"Don't bring me stuff to eat out here! There plenty of sea-clams on this luxurious island of mine, so I can't actually starve. But I've an important telegram here for the Captain."

Nancy laughed.

"That's easy! Hand over the spoils, maroon!"

Christopher gritted his teeth, waded out to the green dory, which was Nancy's own, and passed over the telegram and some letters.

"Take your dinner, Christoper Beals, and don't be silly!" demanded Nancy, thrusting a box into his hands.

"Don't let anyone come this way until I get out of here, Nan," he begged briefly.

Nancy laughed as she rowed away, her wet oars shining in the sunlight as they glanced up from the water.

"I'm a great master of Vikings, I am! I'd make a smart man to run a ship, wouldn't I?" cried Christopher in disgust.

And something altogether like a choking was in his throat; for the brave now "Norseman" of the promise seemed quite without his reach.

But it could not be denied that Mrs. Simmons' hearty lunch was grateful, and, too, it took up a bit of the weary time of waiting. From his point of vantage Christopher studied the bay at low tide, and learned by heart the course of the winding channel to the village on the mainland. He saw the leg-o'-mutton sail tacking back to the wharf at noon-time, but none passed his way for many hours, and Christopher was grateful for the solitude.

Finally he saw the Captain putting out from the Island in a tender, and unreefing his big sail-boat. Passing Christopher presently, he gave merry greeting.

"Ship ahoy, there!"

Nancy, her hand on the tiller laughed over the expanse of water and mud as the boat sped by. When they had tied up at the village wharf, Christopher heard the afternoon train puffing into the station, and his brain leaped skilfully to conclusions.

"They've gone over to meet someone."

A moment later and he had a name.

"It's father they expect! He always telegraphs!"

But the water was coming back now; the tide had turned long since, and the channel was already full to the brim, flooding over on to the brown flats.

"If only I can get off before father sees me! If only the water will come in time!"

It was a cry of anguish to the waves, and the young man's sore heart was full of woe. He felt that the brave new "Norseman" he had felt so certain of possessing was quite impossible to him now, after his vain boasting and the subsequently greater error of judgment. But for the love which he bore to that coming father, Christopher longed to spare him the spectacle of a foolish, marooned son.

"It creeps so!" he cried.

For the rising sea seemed to creep back over the flat with torpedo-like steps where it had run so briskly away. Impatiently Christopher watched it, with one eye ever on that wharf at the village.

"They're coming!" he said finally, and gritted his teeth.

He could see the sail going up at the wharf, and knew it for the returning Captain. Nearer to the "Norseman" came the rising water; winding along the channel came the larger boat; the sea touched the "Norseman's" keel; the Captain's sail seemed to fly before the wind. The "Norseman" commenced to right herself in the bit of water, and Christopher got in.

"Boat ahoy!" called the Captain, and the words came faintly to Christopher over the expanse of water.

"Hello, sailor!" greeted another voice.

Hello, father!" said Christopher, and he knew his face was very red and foolish.

"I'll come aboard of you, "Norseman!" said Mr. Beals.

Christopher gritted his teeth and stammered: "I—I've—I'll follow you pretty soon!"

"He's been studying the bay a spell to-day," grinned the Captain as they skimmed away.

"I hope he'll recite the lesson well, Captain Simmons!" laughed Mr. Beals, not understanding yet.

The Captain grinned broader.

"I guess he won't forget it!" he said.

When the sun went down that evening, Mr. Beals and Christopher stood together on the Island beach; the bay was full of flickering beauty as it caught a multitude of reflections from the setting sun, and the shadowed hills of the mainland but accentuated the splendor of the sea and sky.

Christopher had finished telling the tale of his day's bitterness, and stood waiting for the man to speak.

"It must have been that fellow on the wharf who sent out the message that a 'leg-o'-mutton sail' was his, and he was going to be 'Friday himself' until he saw Nancy in the green dory."

Christopher flushed.

"He wasn't such a bad fellow, after all," he said.

"I gave Hoffman the order for your boat yesterday, Christopher. It's a splendid little boat, and I'm proud to have a boy good enough for it."

The boy swam before Christopher; in the face of his faults of to-day this was coming to him! But he must make sure.

"Do you quite understand that I was bull-headed to-day, father?" he asked.

The father smiled.

"I understand that you have had a splendid record all summer. And you had six hours to figure this out on the flat; righteous living is not to make no mistakes, for that is beyond you and me, but true living is to steer clear of the same mistake a second time."

Christopher laughed gently.

"I don't catch myself boasting again very soon, and I don't see myself sitting on a mud flat for six hours right away. Hurrah for my 'Norseman'!"

Nancy came down the cliff with a merry laugh on her lips; she heard Christopher's last words and spoke quickly:

"And hurrah for the Viking skipper!"

THE ACCOMMODATION FOOL

The man who jeopardizes his standing and the daily bread of his family by endorsing notes for "quasi" friends is worse than a fool. Charles Dickens being asked for advice by a young man in regard to a loan of five pounds that an acquaintance wished to procure, told him to take his money and drop it into the Thames. "Then," said Dickens, "you will only lose your money, but if you lend it to your friend you will lose both money and friend." I have seen men bring their families to absolute beggary because they had not backbone enough to say "no" when somebody asked them for an accommodation. A man failed recently, and in the crash brought down almost every personal friend he had. To-day he has to endure besides the shame of failure their execrations. Neither give nor take accommodation. If you are in a pinch consult your creditors. They are the men who are making money out of you and are the men to carry you if you need it. Don't go and put your hand in some friend's pocket and rob his wife and children of their bread and butter. The man who eschews this endorsing business has learned an important lesson on business success. "He that is surety for another shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretiship is sure."—"Solomon," in Baker and Confectioner.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves induces to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, anima functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

FEAR

I heard a sound of crying in the lane,
A bewildered, low crying:
And I said, "It is the tears of the brown rain
On the leaves within the lane!"

I heard a sudden sighing at the door,
A soft, persuasive sighing:
And I said, "The summer breeze has sighed before,
Gently, outside the door!"

Yet from the place I fled, nor came again,
With my heart beating, beating!
For I knew 'twas not the breeze nor the brown rain
At the door and in the lane!
—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in the Canadian Magazine.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Issue of Aug. 7th, 1890—First Number of Fourth Consecutive Year of "Twenty Years Ago"

Sunday Schools of Rockwood and vicinity united in a picnic and excursion to Burlington Beach on Tuesday. 202 tickets were sold.

At Belleville a man has been fined $20 and costs for running his steamer on Sunday. Wonder how that would apply to the row boats run on Sunday.?

Some of our citizens on the outskirts of the town have been losing eggs and chickens of late. Three young skunks were trapped on Monday night by Mr. Chas. Quittner in Mr. Adam Laing's barn. Thereby hangs a tale.

It is said, on good authority, that clusters of the fragrant sweet clover, which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its fragrant perfume, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect.

The law of the road has been amended that in turning out to the left to overtake another, the person so overtaken shall not be required to leave more than one half of the road free.

The corner stone of a new Methodist Church at Mimosa was laid last week by Mr. John Near, Recording Steward of the circuit. Rev. Dr. Hannon, District Chairman, presided, and addresses were given by President Mills, O. A. C.; W. G. Smith, Guelph; and Rev. H. G. Fair, pastor.

Last week, Nelson Lambert, a young man working for Mr. Beswick, 6th line, had his right arm broken and shoulder joint seriously injured by being thrown from a horse he was riding, which had only a halter rope to be guided by.

Of the colony of Actonians who went to Berlin with the trunk factory we learn that Mr. J. E. McCarvin, the founder, has retired and is now the proprietor of a drug business in Toronto. The firm is now composed of Messrs. R. Craine and W. McDonald; Messrs. J. Taylor and Chas. Falkner left last week for Detroit; Mr. W. H. Speight is now foreman of the trunk department; Mr. Clinton Falkner has been very ill but is recovering.

A successful pic-nic was held in the new park last week under the auspices of the Royal Templars of Temperance which was very enjoyable in many respects. A challenged football match was held between teams of temperance men inside and outside of membership in the order, which after nearly a half-hour's hard play was declared a draw. The teams were as follows:—

Royal Templars	Outside Temperance Men
W. Williams, Capt.	J. Lawson, Capt.
T. McPhail	R. Carroll
W. Lasby	C. C. Henderson
H. H. Worden	Jas. A. McMillan
D. Graham	G. Hayward
I. Francis	W. Stark
C. Jenner	R. Anderson
W. Carroll	J. Kelly
J. M. Warren	Jos. Anderson
W. Anderson	G. Statham
Dan Malloy	Anson Smith
A. E. Nicklin	D. Norris

The outside temperance men were attired in gay red shirts and black and blue trousers.

The Ladies of Acton May Now Have Beautiful Hair. E. J. Hassard Has the Article and Guarantees It to Grow Hair

E. J. Hassard backed up by the manufacturers of SALVIA, the Great Hair Grower, guarantees it to grow hair.

SALVIA destroys Dandruff in ten days.

The roots of the hair are so nourished and fed that a new crop of hair springs up, to the amazement and delight of the user. The hair made soft and fluffy. Like all American preparations SALVIA is daintily perfumed. It is hard to find an actress who does not use SALVIA continually.

Ladies of society and influence use no other.

SALVIA is a non-sticky preparation, and is the ladies' favorite. A large, generous bottle, 50c. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Canadian Distributors.

ONE THAT STICKS

Once in a while one is reminded that friendship like that of Damon and Pythias or David and Jonathan is not quite a myth even in this age of heedless selfishness. There are still people who do not measure life by the number of dollars that can be piled up in the "three score years and ten," or estimate men by the amount of use they can be made of in attaining this object. There is such a thing as pure disinterested friendship that seeks no other compensation than the weal of its object and no other satisfaction than a reciprocation of the regard. Many a man has realized the truth of Solomon's remark that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Notwithstanding the common saying, "blood is thicker than water," many a one has found in those outside his own family circle those who have been nearer to him than his own brethren. A true friend is a treasure beyond any comparison.—"Solomon," in Baker and Confectioner.