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Poetry.

ANOTHER PERIL

The doctors are knocking on kissing,
They call it a dangerous thing,
Insisting in words quite emphatic
That bliss of that sort has a sting;
That one in that way to another
The germs of disease may transmit,
If it is so fraught with disaster
We wonder if doctors have quit.

It may be the doctors have reason
For trying to banish the kiss
That's planted by some one impulsive
Right square on the lips of a miss,
But if they are really in earnest
In making this public attack
They have on their hands quite a contract
Before they can banish the smack.

It may be all wrong, this indulging
In thrilling exchanges of bliss,
But who is to blame, Mister Doctor,
Since nature invented the kiss?
It may be the means of transmitting
A bunch of diseases; but, say,
Who wouldn't be sick with the measles
If he could secure them that way?

We like to give heed to the doctor
And take to our heart his advice,
But till he can show us some figures
We'll have to put this ebook on ice,
For, though we may solemnly promise
No longer the kiss to apply,
Just where it appears to be needed
We'll get a few in on the sly.

Select Family Reading

THE GOLDEN KEY

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

"CORNELIA! Cornelia dear!"

The steady pound pound of a flat-iron ceased and a girl's cheerful voice answered the thin call. "What say, motherette? Want me to come in there?"

"No, you needn't come in. Which one are you on now, Cornelia?"

"Fifth. I'm swinging!"

"Well, don't forget about the seventh! You do just one more."

Cornelia's tender little smile lighted up her heated, tired face. Motherette thought she was going to begin at the seventh!

"Not if I can help it!" thought the girl. "But if she doesn't drop off and does come out and insist—anyway it's a different 'seventh'! That's a comfort!" For Cornelia had shuffled the sprinkled, tightly-rolled bundles about in the clothes basket, and motherette's "seventh," as she had arranged them, was hanging this minute on the clothes-horse, beautifully ironed! Cornelia glanced toward it with honest pride.

"If I'm not good for anything else in the world, I'm good for Patience Tredway's shirt-waists! Those trally vines up and down the front stand out in splendid shape, if I did stand 'em out!"

Motherette's "seventh" had been Patience Tredway's embroidered waist, because it would be the hardest one in the whole basket to iron. But it was ironed. Cornelia smiled. This little game of get-ahead-of-mother (which might better have been named save-mother) was played daily in the hot little kitchen by the slender girl at the ironing-board.

"Cornelia dear! I'm coming!" called the mother. "I'm putting on my shoes. I know you've got to the seventh by this time. I heard you go to the horse to hang up the sixth."

"Smart little motherette! But I wish you wouldn't come. Stay there and rest, like a dear, please!"

"I should think I'd 'stayed there' quiet long enough. I feel made over now. Cornelia Paine, you've been and ironed Patience Tredway's embroidered waist?" The small person in the doorway pointed dramatically. Reproach was in the small, wan face. Cornelia swept about and promptly enveloped the small person with her own bare arms.

"You're such a little motherette—just a blessed little! When you get tragic and reproachy, that way, I can't any more help hugging you than I can help—ironing 'Pat' Tredway's waists! Of course I ironed it! Suppose I was going to have you hearing on with all the precious strength you've got, to make this embroidery stand out?"

"Now we'll put the kettle on and both take tea!" and Cornelia laughed gayly. "I've been ironing shirt-waists on the strength of that tea this hour, so it's got to be strong!"

Cornelia, over her teacup, watched the small mother anxiously.

"Did you sleep last night, motherette? I meant to stay awake to see for myself."

"Sleep? Why shouldn't I, you foolish Cornelia Paine, are you still worrying over my old outgrown troubles?"

"No-o, not really. They are outgrown, aren't they?"

"Of course! What set you thinking about 'em, dear?"

"Oh, I guess it was seeing that poor Atwater mother. You know I told you how sick she is. Her face is nothing but a poor shadow-face. She has a nurse all the time and doctors and everything, but she just can't sleep. It's awful! I guess they're afraid she will go crazy if she doesn't stop soon."

"Did you say you saw her, Cornelia?"

"Yes, yesterday. It was sort of queer the way I did. I heard a little bell ring and ring when I was in the kitchen taking out my waists. There didn't seem to be a soul in the house to answer it, and I waited as long as I could stand it, and then, first I knew, I was up there answering that poor little bell! I was thankful I went. She wanted a drink of water, and the sun shone in on her poor face, and, oh, she wanted to go to sleep so terribly! I knew the minute I looked at her—I remembered your eyes, dear! Besides, she told me all about it."

"Well, dear?" said the mother.

"Well, I read her to sleep, motherette. That was all."

"The sing-song way—my way?"

"Yes, that way. I thought it would do no harm to try; it used to work with you. Oh, motherette, you can't think how I tried to put that little shadow-woman to sleep! But I was almost scared when I succeeded. Then I had an awful fear that somebody would come in or make a noise and spoil it all. I guess you'll laugh when I tell you what I did. I marched out into the orchard—on my tip-toes, of course—and commanded a lot of dressed-uppy, big-feeling girls to—shut their mouths! Anyway, not to speak another word—if that isn't shutting your mouth! I've never spoken to one of them in my life, but I never thought to be afraid of 'em. All I could think, of just then was that poor, dear woman I'd put to sleep—she'd got to stay asleep. So there I stood and ordered 'em about! Joke, wasn't it, motherette? Or it would have been, under other circumstances. And another joke—several of those girls had my shirt-waists on that minute! I didn't think of that till afterwards, though."

"What girls were they, dear? What were they doing out there in the orchard, anyway?"

"Holding some sort of a meeting—the rich girls, you know. Barbara Atwater was one of them—or had been a minute before. She was in the house just then."

Cornelia did not state what had called Barbara in; the remembrance of that young lady's joyous face when she had reported the sick mother's slumber, softened Cornelia's scorn over the forgetfulness that could make a daughter neglect a little shadow-mother. Barbara had been so happy—it was pleasanter to remember that than the scorn.

Cornelia had thought of other things besides shirt-waists afterwards. She had thought how sweet and cool and graceful those girls in the beautiful orchard had looked; the play of light and shadow among the thick meshes of foliage overhead had added beauty to the picture.

"They're lovely girls outside, anyway!" sighed Cornelia, as she washed the cups. "Inside, I suppose they're little aristocrats! They will never look at me again—that was my one chance!" She laughed a little bitterly.

A knock at the door interrupted the two. A messenger had brought a little, folded note for Cornelia. A note by a messenger! When had such a thing ever happened before!

Cornelia, in her amazement, relaxed her grip on the iron, and unfolded the paper. It was signed "Mary Clearwater." Who could Mary Clearwater be? Unless—Cornelia's quick glance had devoured the contents of the note. Yes, the nurse—Mrs. Atwater's! She remembered how the nurse had looked as she passed her at the door—she coming and Cornelia going. It had been the calm, serene face of a Mary Clearwater.

But the note was not quite clear. Cornelia read it again.

"Would it be possible for the magician who waved her wand over poor Mrs. Atwater and sent her to sleep to come and wave it again? It was better than all our drugs—the doctor was so pleased. But it needs doing over today, and we aren't any of us magicians.

"In haste, MARY CLEARWATER."

Cornelia extended the note. "Read it, mother," she said. But she was already taking off her apron.

"Tell them I'll be right over," she said to the messenger.

Cornelia was back within an hour. But she had promised to return in the afternoon.

"And I think I'll run over at her bedtime, mother, to see if I can help them. The doctor says if she can only get into the habit of sleeping—that's the kind of medicine that will cure her. He says she will probably sleep longer every time, and then, first they know, go to sleep of her own accord. Wouldn't that be beautiful, motherette?"

After her third wielding of her gentle wand, Cornelia went home, tired in body and heart—worn out with sympathy and the intensity of her desire to "help." Motherette had a cup of warm milk ready for her, and put her directly to bed. And directly she slept; no magic wand was needed.

She might have been asleep one hour or two—six—when something wakened her. She lay, refreshed and comfortable, and listened to the sound. It was rather a series of sounds, welded into a curious whole. And it appeared to come from the kitchen where she had left motherette reading. Motherette was in the sound! Cornelia raised herself on her elbow to listen better. Then, quite without warning, the door into her plain but exquisitely neat little bedroom swung open, and who was this coming in? Who were these? To the startled girl in the cot-bed there seemed an endless little procession of them. By the light of motherette's lamp, held high above her smiling face, Cornelia could see their faces.

They were upon her in an excited, laughing little mob. They were plying little, golden keys on her night-gown!

"Mine, mine! I want to pin her, too!" cried one of the voices, that of Cecile McLain, the doctor's daughter.

Patience Tredway's beautiful face bent over her.

"Welcome to the Friendlies!" Patience said.

"Welcome! Welcome!" all the rest chorused.

"You are taken in to the Friendly Society. This is the way we do it! We pin you to show that you are one of us now, from this time forth—don't you see? Explain to her, Pat. Tell her what your cousin wrote." This voice was Sue Morrow's, taking pity on Cornelia's bewilderment.

President Pat sat down on the side of the cot, and waved the rest away.

"Poor thing, we've scared you, haven't we? But we wanted to do it up nice with college-y, and your mother said we might. My cousin at college was taken into a society a while ago, and they did this way—surprised her in bed, you know, and pinned her. That's the way!"

Cornelia looked down at the little keys that spangled her like gold stars in motherette's unsteady light. Then her eyes sought the dim faces, one by one.

"But it isn't possible—you can't mean—"

"Possible! Possible!"

"We mean it!"

Then Cornelia laughed. Whatever this mysterious thing was that was happening, it was a beautiful thing—oh, a beautiful! She liked it! The faces all about her were friendly faces—motherette's face was suffused with a gentle joy—the little, golden keys shone bravely.

"One, two, six!" she counted the keys.

"I lost mine coming!" wailed somebody, ruefully.

"Six keys and I can't unlock it!" Cornelia laughed tremulously. "I guess I must be stupid not to understand yet."

But it was scarcely to be wondered at. For sixteen years Cornelia had been intimate only with motherette. She had never had girl friends or been "taken in" to the pleasant intimacies and mystic rites of girlhood. This was her first "pinning." Little wonder she could not understand at once. To be suddenly overwhelmed with Friendlies, like this—to be told she was one of them, from this time forth!

The thing Cornelia said next was a little startling.

"But—but I iron most o' your shirt-waists!" she said. "You must have forgotten that!"

President Pat smoothed the rumpled quilt beside her in a soothing way, though her hand was not quite steady.

"You iron 'em grandly!" she said. "And you do other grand things to—to our mothers. You've been a real Friendly right along. Girls, what she's got to do is to turn those keys and unlock the way for us to be the real kind of Friendlies! She's got to take us in!"

"Yes! yes!"

Under cover of the little uproar of their voices, Cornelia had a chance to wipe her eyes. The Beautiful Happening Thing filled her heart and came up into her throat.

"Now girls, we're going—we've tired her enough for one night." The president's voice was officially severe, and everyone rose immediately.

"But first the secretary will read the notice of the next meeting—go ahead Barby."

"The next meeting of the Friendly Society will be held at the home of the president, next Saturday p. m. at three o'clock sharp!" read the secretary, in the proper tone. "'P. S.'—where's that postscript? I wrote it on another piece o' paper? Never mind, I know it by heart. 'Every member is requested to bring proofs of some one friendly deed accomplished in the intervening time by—er—said member. Can't get in without it!'"

"'Except—except,' Barby," prompted the president; "you haven't said it all."

"Gracious, no, I forgot! 'Except any new member who may have been taken into the said society. She—Cornel—the new member is honorably excused on account of—of so many previous Friendly deeds.'" The secretary stopped short. "That is all, I think; I haven't forgotten anything else, have I, Pat?"

"Yes," President Pat replied, gravely. "You forgot to say that the next meeting is in the nature of a reception to the new member. Now adjourn, all o' you—quick!" And the laughing little mob was put to rout with official zeal. Motherette followed with the lamp.

"Oh!" breathed happy Cornelia, in the dark. She put up her hands and felt of the six little keys to help her believe.

The door opened softly.

"Cornelia?"

"Yes?"

"It's me—Barbara! I came back to tell you, dear, that I left her asleep. They let me go in and look, and her face was so rested! They told me how many times you'd been there today. I've been away all day."

Something infinitely soft and pleasant touched Cornelia's cheek in the shielding darkness.

"Cornelia?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Thank you, for—mother?"

Another bit of silence in the dark.

Then, "Cornelia?" again.

"Yes, Barby."

"I only wanted to say if—if you dream to-night you've got something on your head, it's—it's a halo! It belongs on!"

And the door opened a little, and shut again. Cornelia was once more alone with her new happiness.

HEART CULTURE

Heart culture! What a nameless grace there is in this term! for to have heart culture is better than to be born a king. Whenever we hear the expression, almost unconsciously we draw a mental picture of a tender smiling face; eyes quick to discern another's gladness or sorrow, a quick perception of what gives another pain, an instinctive knowledge of the art of giving pleasure—that, indeed, which the Apostle had in mind when he wrote: The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Dull must be that soul which cannot perceive the subtle grace, the refinement, the heart culture which these words represent; and which, as exemplified in the Christian's life, becomes the outward symbols, the visible presence, of the invisible God.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Limehouse Presbyterian Church is being repaired.

Mr. Jas. Anderson had about half an acre of oats burned from fire started by a locomotive on Tuesday.

Burglars entered an outside cellar of Mr. John Frank's at Sayers' Mill, Nassagaweya, Saturday night or Sunday morning and took half a pig, a large quantity of preserves and some butter.

Rev. A. E. Smith, Moorefield, will preach in the Methodist Church next Sunday. He was in charge of the church here in the absence of the pastor in 1870, when he ministered to the congregation with great acceptance.

At the recent examinations of Georgetown High School pupils, Thurtell Brown obtained third class teacher's and Chas. C. Henderson obtained junior matriculation certificates.

Mr. Arch. Campbell has returned from his Manitoba trip. He attended church on four Sabbaths and saw no copper coins on the collection plates.

A tug-of-war was pulled in the park on Saturday evening between teams from W. H. Storey & Son's and Beardmore & Co's, resulting after three pulls for the tannery men. A football match between teams representing the same firms followed and continued until dark neither scoring.

The Streets and Walks Committee have expended between $1200 and $1300 this year, but there are numerous improvements, and were spread to almost every part of the town. New sidewalks were built on Bower, Wilbur and Elgin Streets, and part of Mill. That to the cemetery was run as far as Ahern's hill; it is hoped that next year's Council will complete it to Fairview Avenue at least. Some people complain that the cost of the year's work is unreasonably high, but Councillors Smith and Kenney boldly assert that such work was never performed more economically.

A young woman who had left the employ of Mr. Alex. Lasby on account of the farm's heavy work came to work at the Glove Factory and boarded at Mr. John Laing's. Last Thursday, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Laing, she stayed from work, feigning illness, but left with clothing belonging to Mrs. Laing and each of the lady boarders, as well as $3.00 of Miss Ramshaw's. She left a note for Miss R. telling about the money but that it would be returned in a day or two, but her clothes were there, her trunk at Lasby's and her wash at the washerwoman's. She could not be located, no trunk was at Lasby's, her clothes were worthless and other delinquencies have since been discovered.

Rev. R. B. Cook preached on Sunday at Churchill for Rev. Mr. McCormack, who was at Newmarket.

Mr. James Matthews is agent for Dr. A. Wilford Hall's Treatment without medicine.

WHERE THEY RISE EARLY

Farmer Brown and Farmer Jones were near neighbors, and many a dispute took place as to who was the earlier riser. Both maintained that each excelled the other.

One day Farmer Brown determined to put the subject to the test. Rising very early one morning, about two o'clock, he proceeded to visit his friend. Great was his astonishment when he saw Mrs. Jones hanging out the clothes in the garden.

"Farmer Jones about?" he asked.

"Well," replied the lady, "he was the first part of the marnin', but I dunno where he be now."

HAVE YOU REMEMBERED IT

When packing for the country cottage, don't forget your box of Zam-Buk! Blisters, sunburn, scratches, insect stings, etc., if not immediately attended to, are likely to spoil your pleasure. Zam-Buk ensures you against trouble from these. Take Zam-Buk, instead of "taking chances!"

Zam-Buk is antiseptic; kills all poison in wounds, whether from barbed wire fence, or insect sting. Soothes aching feet and blistered hands; heals baby chafed places; cools those sunburn patches, and prevents freckles. No mother should be without it. Purely herbal in its composition, Zam-Buk is always superior to the ordinary ointments containing animal oils and fats, and mineral coloring matter. All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk, but avoid harmful substitutes.

BETTER THAN MONEY

Does wealth consist in money, houses, lands, bank stocks, railroad bonds, etc, alone?

We think not. The young man starting in life with no money, but with good digestion, good sleep, good health, and ability to work in some profitable employment, has what the aged capitalist would be willing to exchange all his millions for.

What compensation is money for sleepless nights and painful days, or the misconduct of dissipated children?

Which brings the greater happiness—the glitter, show, jealousies and fidelity of fashionable life, or the heartfelt friendships which prevail so largely in the homes of the industrious poor?

In how many of the palaces of our millionaires will you find greater happiness in the parlor than in the kitchen?

How many millionaires will tell you they are happier now than when they started in life without a dollar?

On the tops of mountains we find rock, and ice, and snow. It is down in the valley that we find the vineyards.

Let no man envy those richer than himself until, taking all things into account—age, health, home, friends—he is sure he would be willing to exchange.—Sel.

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES

When the evening shadows fall,
"Whippoorwill!"
Comes the soft, sonorous call,
"Whippoorwill!"
By the streamlet 'neath the moon,
Which the cowslips are in bloom,
Faintly sounds the harp-like thrill,
"Whippoorwill!" "Whippoorwill!"
Through the vale and by the mill,
"Whippoorwill!" Whippoorwill!
Whippoorwill!"

Like a tale the music tells,
"Whippoorwill!"
Through the woodland's swampy dells
"Whippoorwill!"
Where the blue bell droops its head
When the twilight sky is red
Softly comes the mournful trill,
"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!
Whippoorwill!"

Kindly thoughts those voices bring,
"Whippoorwill!"
Fondest memories round me cling,
"Whippoorwill!"
Pictures of our childhood's years,
While my eyes are filled with tears,
Thoughts of you my fancies fill,
"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!
Whippoorwill!"

—Wellington Mackenzie.

JYP

Jyp kept asking mother whether it was not time to go. And she kept saying, "No, not yet, dear."

But at last she said, "Well, I think you may start now. Your teacher will be there."

Jyp was very anxious not to be late. He was going to Sabbath School, and his teacher, Miss Adeline, had begged all the boys to learn the habit of coming in time. "You would not like to be late at day school," she had said. Don't you think you ought to be as particular about Sabbath School?"

This was the reason why Jyp was hurrying, but when he reached the house where the Boyds lived, Priscie Boyd was standing at the gate crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Jyp, slowing up for just one minute.

"I can't go to Sabbath School! I'm too late!" wailed Priscie. "Jack is sick and can't take me."

Jyp was sorry for her. He knew how it felt to like to go to Sabbath School; he hated to miss.

Priscie had an idea. She rubbed the tears out of her eyes to see what Jyp would think of it. "Mother would let me go with you," she hinted.

"Oh, I'm in a great hurry!" said Jyp, beginning to move on. "I can't wait for you."

"It won't take me long," urged Priscie. "I am all ready almost."

But Jyp walked along as if he did not hear her, and as if he did not hear her begin to cry again.

But he did hear, and it made him uncomfortable. "It is just like meanness," he told himself. "It seems as if it were better to be a teeny bit late than for Priscie not to go at all. I would rather think Miss Adeline would rather."

He was not very sure. He had not known this teacher long. She was very tall and a very straight young lady, and she had said a great deal about lateness.

A bird that was apparently waiting for Jyp on the fence post flew away when he came near. Jyp looked up after it and noticed how very bright and blue the sky was.

"Well, anyway," said he, stopping short, "God would rather! And mother would. And," turning suddenly around, "I would!"

He called to Priscie. "You go in and get ready! And hurry! I'll take you!"

She went in. Maybe she hurried, but it seemed to Gyp a long time before she came out again.

He started to tell her that he thought she was never coming. "But," he decided, "I won't. It isn't very polite and it isn't very pleasant. It can't change it now."

So he shut his mouth tight, and walked fast, and did not say anything.

But Priscie said a great deal, until she was so out of breath from their haste that it was more comfortable to stop.

"You are a lovely boy!" she said.

"Mother thinks you are." Mother thinks very likely you learned it at Sabbath School, because they teach every kind of goodness there. She wants me to pay attention and learn too."

A smile crept between Jyp's lips and mild their stiff line. He was glad that he had waited for Priscie. He would not be a bit surprised if Miss Adeline would be glad, too.

But the funny part of it all, and the delightful part of it was, that when he and Priscie got to Sabbath School they were not late at all!—Young Christian Soldier.

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