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Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### THE SONG OF THE WORLD

There's a song that the hammer is singing,
A ringing and wholesome song,
Of the day's bread won,
Of the day's work done,
Of a mould well cast
In the fiery blast—
And never one blow gone wrong.

There's a song that the engines are singing,
A deep and echoing song,
Of the whirling wheel
And the burnished steel,
From the lightest spring,
To the mightiest swing—
And never a stroke gone wrong.

There's a song that the sails are singing,
A humming and catching song,
Of the prow that braves
The ravening waves,
Of storms outsailed,
And of ports safe hailed—
And never the helm gone wrong.

There's a song that the world is singing,
A resonant, splendid song,
Of its work, work, work,
With never a shirk,
Of its battles won,
Of its labors done—
And of Right that masters Wrong!

## Select Family Reading

### THE CALL IN THE NIGHT

CHAVASSE rose from his bed at five o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of December with a strange clearness of vision in front of him, and a very definite purpose. There was no hardship in the hour of his awakening because it was a Calcutta morning, where they begin the day early. As he took his bath and figured out his plans for the day, he wondered whether the chances of his desire and purpose being fulfilled were favorable or the reverse. He would know before he returned from his ride, in which, in all probability, he would be joined by his chief. Chavasse made a good figure on horseback, where he was much admired by various ladies, who, had he been matrimonially inclined, might have tempted him from his bachelorhood. But he was now thirty-six, and was called in the circles where he moved "the hard nut." It was not a very appropriate title, for in reality he was not a hard man at all, though keen in business, sensible in social life, and loyal in his friendships. He was a man's man, however, and though one of the most eligible of his set in India, seemed wholly invulnerable to the charms of the other sex. His clean-cut, pleasant face, lit by a pair of singularly fine and steady grey eyes, wore rather a grave look as he rode out the familiar way to meet the man whose junior partner he was, and to whom he owed almost entirely the success of his life. The story of the friendship between these two men would fill a greater space than is here available, and might prove interesting enough, but all we are concerned with at present is a single episode in Chavasse's life, which happened in that particular month of December, and had its beginning in a dream. He met Deloraine where they always met, and they had a canter together, without any superfluous speech. It was when they were on the homeward journey that Chavasse put a vital question to his companion, an austere, thin, silent man of middle age, who was often misunderstood because he had not the whining power over people, possessed by his junior.

"Do you think, sir, that I might be given three months' leave of absence?"

"Sure, after Christmas, if you want it, boy," answered Deloraine without a moment's hesitation, though he was inwardly much surprised. Chavasse had now been five years out, and had never so much as hinted that he wished to go home.

"That would be too late, sir; I want it now, to begin to-morrow, in fact. I must sail on Saturday if it's to be any use."

"Had a cable?" enquired Deloraine, in his brusque way.

"No, nothing more definite than a call in the night," answered Chavasse steadily and quietly.

The elder man turned in his saddle, and looked rather quickly and keenly at his companion's face, but it was quite impassive.

"What are you talking about, Gilbert," he asked rather sharply.

"I'd rather not explain just now," replied Chavasse, evasively. "It will be easier when I come back. Somebody wants and needs me in England, and if I can be spared I'll go."

This announcement, made so quietly, and yet so fraught with mystery, astonished Deloraine, because it was altogether so foreign to the nature of the man who made it. Frank, fearless, above-board in all the relations of his life, the idea of any hidden currents where Chavasse was concerned never suggested itself. But Deloraine was not a talking man. He lived his own life austerely, and, in a sense, remotely, and he could respect more than most men, reticence in another.

"Very well, you can go, of course. There are three days before Saturday, plenty of time to make what arrangements are necessary. And when you are home you needn't hurry back, you know. We shall miss you, of course, and lose something by it as I daresay you know, but you've earned your leave if ever man did."

"Thank you, sir," replied Chavasse, and, in spite of himself, his eyes moistened. Deloraine observed it, and was still further surprised. He drew rein a moment and soothingly patting his horse's head, leaned forward toward his companion.

"I'm not a prying man, Chavasse, but if it's trouble, I'm with you, boy, through thick and thin."

Chavasse did not speak.

"May I ask one question? is it a woman?"

"Yes," answered Chavasse. "And I pray God that the time has come when I can bring her here."

It might have been supposed that after such an avowal full confidence would have followed, but it did not, and Chavasse departed on the Saturday, leaving his chief as much in the dark as ever. But their parting was one of extreme cordiality, and slightly emotional, which surprised a little and irritated them both. Chavasse had an uneventful but quite pleasant voyage, and arrived at Marseilles on the 18th of December.

Pursued by odd restlessness, a hunted feeling which bid fair to get on as fast as possible, he left the ship there, and took the overland mail. It was a dreary, wet night when he arrived in London, mistress of the cities of the world, which had treated him so ill and cheated him of so much. Yet so wondrous and potent in her spell that he was glad with a boyish gladness when his feet once more trod her miry streets. He had left London a poor man who had not disdained the shelter of the humblest lodging; he returned with a fat pocket-book and an accommodating cheque-book, of which he took full advantage. But he was not an extravagant man, therefore he sought out a somewhat old-fashioned hotel in one of the small streets off the Strand, where he had kept his first appointment with John Deloraine. Because of that probably, he cherished an affection for it. He enjoyed his English dinner, and, after it, over a cup of uncommonly good coffee, he studied the A. B. C. timetable.

Christmas fell on a Saturday that year, and it was now Thursday night. He found that in order to reach his destination before traffic was wholly disorganized by the great festival of Christendom, he had to start at half-past four in the morning. Accustomed to early rising in India, this was no hardship, though he found his drive to the station in the raw of the morning an uncommonly cold one.

The journey seemed long; in reality it occupied exactly eight hours and a half, and brought him to a certain little Devon village at lunch time. He was hungry then, because he had had to leave the mail train before lunch came on, and wait half an hour at an unspeakable junction for a local train. Therefore he enquired at the station whether there was an inn of any sort where he could obtain a decent meal. The porter looked doubtful.

"At the 'Hun and Chequder,' sir, just at the village green, not five minutes' walk. They'll cook you a chop there."

Chavasse liked the look of the old-world village, which somehow seemed familiar, though he now beheld it with the eyes of the flesh for the first time. The "Hun and Chequers" was a broad, two-storied house with an old-fashioned porch, and the coffee-room was comfortable enough. He found himself in luck, for a hot joint of prime English beef had just come out of the oven, and the baked potatoes surrounding it, with the accompaniment of a batter pudding, was the best food Chavasse had tasted for many a day. He found the landlady inclined to talk, and extremely anxious to learn his business.

"For the Hall, sir, p'raps," she suggested persuasively. "Ah, such trouble there now, and we're to lose our dear Miss Prissy. She's a-leavin' this very ev'nin', they say, and a cr'ool shame I do call it, but there-I forgits, sir, you can't possibly know our dear Miss Prissy."

"Tell me about her anyway," said Chavasse, in the careless way of the casual stranger. Mrs. Pendrowed prepared herself for talk.

"Well, you see, she's just Miss Prissy, an' she's been at the Hall all her days, a-sacrificin' of 'erself for folks that's been ungrateful, and weren't fit to lo her shoe-strings. First she looked after Miss Prayne, who was the most cantankerest cretur' that ever was borned, and she didn't leave her a single farthing, though she was her own sister's child. Then she stopped on to help Master Harold, till he got a wife what was delicate. So Miss Prissy kep' on, slavin' and killin' 'erself for 'em all, and never a word of thanks. Then Mrs. Prayne, she died, and still Miss Prissy stopped on to look after the children, and pretty dears she did make 'em, to be sure; an' kept Master Harold straight, too. Thus what does he do, but goes to marry again a terrible person, not a lady, and she was that unkind to the pore childer that Miss Prissy had to stop on again jes' to keep 'em from help' too cruelly used. And now it's Master Harold himself that 'as died, an' Madam, they do say, as she has put Miss Prissy to the door, and that not a penny has been left to 'er that has worked her fingers to the bone for 'em all. But for Miss Prissy, then'd 'ardly be a stick or stone left of the old Hall; she've kep' the place together."

"She must be a most wonderful person," said the stranger, quietly.

"That she do, sir; yo' wouldn't believe an' it's this very night she's to leave, an' Christmas to-morrow, an' 'er not a place to go to. Master Harold was buried yesterday, sir. An' they do say as 'aw-Miss Prissy 'ad a lover once, in Miss Prayne's time, an' that she thought he was 'er duty to stay wi' the old lady. Ah! but its a wicked world."

The stranger agreed that it was, paid his reckoning, and went his way. His face was set in a grim determination, following the directions given, he found his way to the gates of Pentavon Hall. It was close to the village, and though the avenue through the beeches was a quarter of a mile long, he quickly covered it. The fine old house made an imposing and beautiful picture, but he had no eyes for it, his sole concern was with one woman under its roof. His enquiry for her by the servant who answered his summons, was courteously received, and he was at once shown into the library. A lady was there, not the one he sought, a tall, commanding figure in widow's weeds, who rose with a faint gesture of surprise. She was about to say that a caller for Miss Prayne ought not to have been shown there, but something in Chavasse's look and mein deterred her. She bowed coldly to him as she passed out, saying she would send Miss Prayne to him. Chavasse, however, in answer to her query, declined to give his name.

Chavasse stood still quite near the door, and, after about five minutes she came in. She had grown old, and there were some grey threads in the soft brown of her hair, but her face had lost none of its sweetness. He never forgot the look on it at the moment, the half-tremulous joy, the utter bewilderment. He did not speak, it was not time for speech. His hour had come.

"So I have my laurels at last, Priscilla," he said as he put his strong arms about her. "I've come to gather up the fragments and take them away."

He spoke lightly, but there was a very deep undercurrent in his voice.

"Oh, Gilbert," she said, and her voice broke most pitifully, "God must have sent you. But—but are you sure? Look at me well. I'm old and tired; I've given myself—"

"Yes, to an ungrateful, selfish, howling pack, my darling, but we shan't speak about that. You're mine now. Go and get your hat and come away."

"Where?"

"That's my business, my lady! Am I not to be trusted, even at the eleventh hour?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I'm coming now, but I only want to ask one thing. How did you know the time had come, that I needed you so desperately?"

"It was the 3rd of December, in the night. Have you anything to connect with that?"

She was silent a moment, clinging to him, hiding her face.

"Yes, on that night I was on my knees asking God to bring you. It was the end of all things, and I knew that I had made a mistake. But are you sure, even now, Gilbert? It is just the fragments, as you say."

"They're mine, anyway, all mine, aren't they, Priscilla?"

She did not say him nay. Within the hour they had left the house together, he a strong man rejoicing in his strength, she tired and sad, and very, very thankful to creep into the shelter of his love.—British Weekly.

### PROPER DIET FOR CHILDREN

After the beginning of the third year meat may be given once every day — scraped beef, beefsteak, lamb chops (broiled, never fried); roast beef and lamb, and the white meat of chicken. Beef and lamb should never be overcooked, rather a trifle rare; chicken, however, should always be well cooked.

Milk. This must continue the standby. A quart a day is not too much. If not perfectly digested in its unmodified state, it may be prepared in the following way: To six ounces of milk add one ounce of cream and three ounces of water.

Eggs. One soft-boiled, coddled or poached egg may be given every day, but it is often wiser to give every other day, especially before the age of five years. Eggs are a very valuable form of food, and is it unfortunate to create in children a dislike for them, and this frequently happens when they are used every day for long periods.

Broth. These are valuable as stimulating foods. They are made more nutritious by the addition of cream or milk and then thickened by arrowroot or corn starch.

Cereals, always well cooked, may be eaten twice a day, morning and evening. Oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, cornmeal mush, farina, etc., give opportunity for pleasant variation. Cream or rich milk, but little, if any, sugar should be eaten with these.

Candy in small quantities, of undoubted purity, may sometimes take the place of dessert, or a lump or two of sugar may be allowed at the close of a meal, dinner preferably, even when a simple dessert has been included.—Jean Williams, M. D., in Woman's Home Companion.

### AFRAID TO GO HOME IN THE DARK

The authorities of the village of Jocketa, in Saxony, with 215 inhabitants, recently installed electric light in the streets. The light is cut off at 11 p. m., when it is supposed everybody is in bed.

The authorities, however, discovered a number of club men who were "afraid to go home in the dark," and who kicked about having the lights extinguished at 11. To meet their demands the authorities have attached penny-in-the-slot devices to the light poles.

A tired club man going home in the dark after 11 can now fumble his way to an electric light pole, drop a penny in the slot and light his way home. If he lives far from his club two successive pennies will do the trick.

### HE WANTED TO KNOW

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday School class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions.

A little hand went up, and he asked; "Well my boy?"

"Can I ask?" said the boy.

"Certainly," said the Bishop; "what is it."

"Well," asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

**A Few Notes From Our Issue of October 22rd, 1890**

Mr. David Milly is building a house on Queen Street in Cook's Survey.

It is reported that Mr. A. E. Nicklin shot a deer the first day the party from Acton were in the hunt.

An anthem was sung by the ladies of the choir in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening in which the four parts, soprano, alto, tenor and bass were exceedingly well rendered.

Mr. L. P. Snyder writes that although in a recent issue of the Free Press a sentence was published said to be the shortest containing all the letters of the alphabet:—"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite small size"—17 letters, he sends one much shorter, which he asks to have beaten:—"J. H. Graw, pack in my box five dozen quilts."—32 letters.

Dr. Halstead, finding Acton rather healthy for three doctors, has decided to move to Kimberly, in Grey County, after a residence here of a little over a year. He will make his home with his daughter, who recently removed to that place.

In the Municipal Council a resolution was passed accepting an offer of the Hall Electric Light Co., of Toronto, for eight or more arc electric lights at 15 cents per light for 300 nights from dark till midnight.

After the passing of the Finance Committee's report business was interrupted by the entrance of J. A. Frazer, of Milton, who is somewhat of a dog fancier, anxious to show Reeve Storey a fine ten month's old Danish pup he had brought up for him. After the members of the Council had individually passed words of admiration the query was made "What do you call him?"

"Well," said Mr. Frazer, "I have one stipulation to make on that point before I part with him. He must be christened 'Oliver Mowat.'"

Reeve Storey (in dismay)—"Is he a Grit? What do you call him now?"

Mr. Frazer—"The boys have been calling him 'Johnny.'"

The Reeve—"Oh! John A. That'll do. Here, John A., old fellow, come here, sir."

With orders to tie him up in the new barn at Sunderland Villa, Mr. F. departed and the important business of the municipality was resumed.

A writer, well qualified to do so, referring in a lengthy letter to the funeral of Dr. Winn, Nassagaweya, gives a touching account of the inner Christian experience and outward manifestations of its power in the life of this much beloved physician. One who did not obtrude his religious confessions, but who distinctly said he was a changed man through the power of Christ, his faith in whom was tenderly dwelt on by Rev. Mr. Blair at the funeral.

Married—At Guelph, on Sept. 3rd, by Rev. J. C. Smith, B. D., William H. Crawford to Hessie Brownlee, both of Nassagaweya.

Died—In Acton, on Oct. 19th, Margaret, widow of the late James Campbell, aged 57 years.

Died—In Nassagaweya, on Oct. 16th, Elizabeth McLean, wife of Peter Sayers, aged 40 years and 9 months.

### MOTHER'S VISIT

An old fashioned woman from the country recently packed some fried chicken, bread and doughnuts in a market basket and went to see her daughter, who lived in a big city. She was scandalized when the family stayed up till 11 o'clock and decided that she wouldn't tell pa about it when she wrote home next day. "He might think we have fallen into evil ways," she said to herself as she was going off to sleep.

She awoke at her usual time, 4 o'clock, and the house seemed strangely quiet. Town folks do get lazy," she thought, and they "probably don't get up till 5." She dressed and went downstairs and watched the clock until 5. Not a sound. Then she waited till 6, and at 7, between hunger and alarm, she was almost crazed. "They've been murdered in their beds!" she yelled at 8 o'clock from the front steps. And soon the house was filled with people rushing in to see what had happened.

The family were surprised and indignant when police, market gardeners, newsboys, etc., rushed into their bedrooms and woke them up. And this explains why the old fashioned woman came home that day. "I never expected" she sobbed to pa, "that any one would talk to her ma as Jane talked to me."

### HAWAII'S BIG VOLCANO

Hawaii possesses one of the greatest natural wonders of the present day world—a live volcano as high as Vesuvius and twice its diameter.

Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, stands thirty miles from the sea in a mountain range in which are three dead volcanoes and one partially alive. This last, called Mauna Loa, from time to time sends streams of lava down its slopes. In 1881 three streams burst forth from the sides of this mountain, and one of them came within three-quarters of a mile of Hilo, the chief city of the island. There have been several outbreaks of Kilauea in the last hundred years. In 1840 there was a brilliant eruption of lava, the light of which, it was said, could be seen a hundred miles away, while at a distance of forty miles one could read print at midnight.

Where the lava flowed through the forest it has left curious relics in lava arches, bridges and great vases. Those vases were formed by the lava piling itself about some lofty tree trunk, burning away the wood within and killing the upper part of the tree. In the course of time seeds were deposited in the open top, filled with decaying bark, until now there is a gigantic lava vase, holding ferns and flowers and vines.—Exchange.

### AWAKENING

Was it last night we said good-bye,
Or do I dream, dear friend,
And count these endless years as days?
Memory knows no place, no time—
Only the parting of the ways.

Then anguished stars and listless wind,
Sighed my litanied thoughts to you,
Tired, patient heart, which frets
For days and dreams that were not true.

—Margaret O'Grady, in the Canadian Magazine.

### COULDN'T FOOL THE BOY

A physician was annoyed by a small newsboy, who would run into his office and yell "Evening papers?" in a way to startle the patients. Thinking to break him of the habit the doctor stretched a wire across the room, arranging it so that a skeleton hanging in a closet would slide out by pulling a string.

The next day, when the boy appeared in his usual noisy way, the skeleton danced out in front of him, shaking its bones in a most terrifying manner. The boy gave one yell and disappeared down the stairs. Thinking that the trick might have been rather too severe the doctor went down to the street to reassure the boy, whom he found hiding behind a tree. He called to him to come back, but the boy shook his head.

"No, you don't," he yelled. "I know you if you have got your clothes on."

### THE MILENNIUM HAD COME

An English lord was travelling through this country with a small party of friends. At a farmhouse the owner invited the party in to supper. The good housewife, while preparing the table, discovering she was entertaining nobility, was nearly overcome with surprise and elation.

All seated at the table, scarcely a moment's peace did she grant her distinguished guest in her endeavor to serve and please him. It was "My Lord, will you have some of this?" and "My Lord, do try this." "Take a piece of this, my Lord," until the meal was nearly finished.

The little four-year-old son of the family, heretofore unnoticed, during a moment of supreme quiet saw his lordship trying to reach the pickle-dish, which was just out of his reach, and turning to his mother said:

"Say, Ma, God wants a pickle."

### "FOLLOW THE LEADER"

A young curate was asked to take a Sunday School class of girls of eighteen or nineteen years each, which had formerly been taught by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose and said:

"Young ladies, I introduce to you Mr. Chase, who will in future be your teacher. I would like you to tell him what your former teacher did each Sunday so that he can go on in the same way. What did she always do first?"

And thou a miss of sixteen said: "Kiss us."

### THE HARD ROAD OF WOMAN

A little maid of seven numbers asked her mother, says Lippincott's Magazine:

"Mamma, If I get married when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

The mother answered with a smile:

"Why, yes, dear, if you get married you will have a husband like papa."

The little brow clouded. Then she asked:

"If I don't get married will I be an old maid like aunt Nellie?"

"Yes, dear, you would be an old maid," answered the mother, laughing at this rather complex question; "but whatever put such thoughts in that little head?"

But the child didn't laugh; she only looked grave, and said dejectedly:

"Well, no matter which way we may go, it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it?"

### IDENTIFIED

A question in a recent examination on the "Merchant of Venice," in the Evansville High School, was:

"Give three reasons why Shylock hated Antonio."

One little girl wrote as one of her reasons:

"Shylock hated Antonio because he was a Republican."

The teacher was puzzled. Where could the child have gotten that idea? Then she remembered that Shylock once said of Antonio, "How like a fawning publican he looks!"

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 feeblest 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 despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being attenuated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal 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.