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Editor and Proprietor.

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—ON—
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Poetry.

NEARER TO THEE.

Tidy were singing, sweetly singing,
And the song melodiously
On the evening air was ringing,
"Nearer, O my God, to Thee!"
In my eyes the tear-drops glistened,
As it stirred the twilight dim;
And I wondered as I listened
If it brought them nearer Him.

Were they like the wanderer, weary,
Song and life in sweet accord,
Resting in the darkness dreary
In that nearness to the Lord?
Had his Spirit ever sought them,
To be slighted or denied?
Had that dear song ever brought them
Closer to the Saviour's side?

I have heard its music often,
Felt its meaning deep and sweet,
And my weary heart would soften,
Singing at my Master's feet,
"Nearer thee!—O precious feeling!—
Nearer Thee in gain and loss;
Nearer thee when I am kneeling
In the shadow of thy cross!

Nearer thee when love descending
Falls in blessing on my head;
Nearer Thee when I am bending
Over the graves that hide my dead!
Nearer thee in joy, in sorrow,
'Tis the same where'er I roam;
Nearer Thee to-day, to-morrow,
O my King, my Christ, my home?"

—Frank L. Stanton.

Select Family Reading

Moving Life Pictures

By Mary E. Albright

SHE was just a bright, wide-awake college girl, who had come with her violin, in vacation, to spend a day in a little Connecticut town. And yet, she was something more than that; for not all bright collegians have a lithe, athletic figure, gleaming, fluffy, "Roman gold" hair, and an arm that can handle a bow with tender precision of a true lover of the violin.

City-bred she was; well-dressed and popular, with an air which proclaimed her a "born leader." And there was something else about her which does not show so plainly from the outside—and that was a rare and loving heart.

How pleasant the old home looked that day, when the girl came into it! How she admired it all, in its quiet and quaint homelikeness! How she exclaimed at the cool, shaded dooryard, and the long line of leafy maples down the village street!

She followed her guide about, and made the acquaintance of the orchard, and the garden, and the stone-walled pasture land, and then, at last, she was brought back and ushered into the presence of a wonderful man, grandfather of her friend and host.

Ninety-six years old! Uncertain of step, deaf, almost blind, yet a man still of unmistakable intelligence and dignity. He put out his hand, which touched the girl's hair, shoulder, arm, then rested upon the violin. Then a smile passed over his face.

"Got a fiddle?" he exclaimed. "Well, well!—quite a while since I heard that kind of music. Can you play it? Well, well! Just give me a tune, won't you? Oh, yes, I can hear it—nothing at all the matter with my hearing, when it comes to a fiddle. Play away, my girl, play away!"

And so she stood up in the quiet little parlor, tuned her violin, and played her best, unaccompanied, for the old man. He listened, his head at first resting upon the hand which grasped his cane. But as she played on, he straightened himself, and a strange excitement began to appear in his intent face and his broad, bent shoulders. Finally he rose and felt his way with his stick out of the room.

The girl turned her head, hesitated, then, with a true instinct, played on steadily. Her friend nodded, and raised her hand with a meaning gesture. Back came the old man slowly, cautiously, and holding tight in one stiffened hand—a fine old 'cello!

With a little help he managed to seat himself and get the instrument into position; then as the violin continued, he touched the strings with the bow, hesitatingly, delicately, until he was accompanying the sweet, high melody with harmonious chords.

Soon everybody in the house was at the parlor door. The college girl drew her bow untiringly, thrilled by the rapt, delighted face of her companion. The fair colors of the setting sun streamed through the west window upon them both. And so they played on, seventy years between them, but drawn together by the immortal love of music in their souls.

"Oh, for a photograph!" sighed one who saw them. A photograph we cannot have; but there are pictures of the heart which, though not developed by ordinary process, are clear-cut and faileless. Among these, the one of that summer afternoon will hold an honored place.

* * *

They were standing together at a city terminus, from the hub of which, trolley line spokes went off in half a dozen directions. Easy enough to see at a glance that they were high-school girls glad of a vacation; that one was well-to-do and fretful, the other poor and happy; that something was in the wind for them both.

I stood there too, as I couldn't help hearing.

"Fan, will you tell me what you are getting at? There's no automobile here, or sign of any. I might have known you were getting off one your absurdities. But you've no business to prevaricate. You certainly told me you had an auto, and asked me to ride in it."

"Well,"—unflinchingly—"it hasn't got here yet. It comes right along this track. You wait till you see it! It's a beauty, with all the improvements, and a splendid chauffeur. Glad to see you have a veil—and sweater."

"Frances Hadley! Your automobile is nothing but an electric car! If I ever heard—"

"Well, isn't that an automobile? And it's mine just as soon as I pay my fare. It doesn't make any difference if a few other people ride in it, too—you and I couldn't fill a touring car of this size, could we? Here it comes. Lots of room. Which seat would you prefer, Katharine?"

The girls climbed in, about the middle of the car, and as it was my automobile, too, I followed without hesitation or apology.

"All aboard!"—we are off. Slowly at first, with considerable noise and some lurches; then insensibly we glided into smoother ways. When the car reached a wide, beautiful avenue, where the track stretched away into far distances, between green grass strips and tree rows, the talking was resumed, and the words were blown back over the girl's shoulders as follows:

Frances: "I wouldn't exchange this auto for the other kind, under the present circumstances, for the world. This has so many advantages. No horrible gasoline-benzine tar odors, for instance. A good, human, kindly 'clang' instead of the unearthly shrieks that suggest the wail of a lost soul! You needn't look shocked Katharine—listen to that!"—as a red machine rushed past us with a whirl of dust and a blood-curdling warning. "Isn't it the nearest to that of anything you know? Then, my tires never explode, and—"

Katherine: "Oh, Fan, you comical girl! If you aren't the most ingenious talker! There's some reason in what you say, though, and—well, this is lovely."

A pause, during which we drew in whiffs of cool, fresh air, gazed at beautiful lawns and residences admiringly, as we rolled smoothly by, and finally emerged, at a bend in the road, upon a suburban track which commanded scenery as fair as one could wish to see.

Most of the other passengers left us here, but I had cast in my solitary lot that afternoon with Fannie and Katherine, and we remained.

Katherine: "You do know the ropes, my dear, and—Fan—I believe you'd find something to do and enjoy in the Desert of Sahara!"

Frances, soberly: "Why, yes, of course, if I found myself there. I should think a camel's howdah might be quite novel, and—not bad! But Kath—dear, honestly,—isn't enjoying what you can have, more sensible than suffering over what you can't? There's always something out of reach, you know, for everybody. Enjoyment's only—only—relative!"

"Fannie Hadley!" Katherine turned, grasped her friend's shoulder, and gazed earnestly at her. "You are a regular Socrates! Come to think of it, that's true, though I never saw it just as I do now. In other words a trolley-car is just as good as an automobile to travel in, when you are in pursuit of happiness! Oh, look at delightful little grove,—with a path—how romantic!"

Just here the "chauffeur" announced, "End of the route!" I looked at my watch. One hour to my appointment in the city. I paid my fare and started on my return trip, leaving Frances and Katherine to the forest shades.

CONQUER YOUR HANDICAP

There is no need to remain mediocre because you were not exceptionally endowed at birth. Ex-president Roosevelt has a physique which is the wonder and envy of his intimates, and he is capable of an amount of hard work every day which most people would find impossible as an occasional "spurt." Yet he began with the handicap of physical delicacy, and educated his body along with his brain, developing vigor and the power of endurance till he was far in advance of those who in the beginning had the advantage of him.

What this one man did with his body, is inspiring to more than those who, like him, started life with the handicap of physical delicacy. For the mind is just as able to overcome its handicaps. Persistent study, and the hard thinking that brings the sweat, will go far to conquer the mental lethargy which is natural to some people. Spiritual limitations, like selfishness, can be overcome in the same way. Don't fancy you must go through life at a disadvantage because you started that way. Instead of resigning yourself to your handicaps, conquer them.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea. If 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 feblest 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 tranquillizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, coursed 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.

ROBERT'S BOG

"Father, may I have five cents for a lead-pencil?" asked Robert, as he throw his cap on his bed and gathered up his school-books.

"Again?" asked his father in some surprise. "I think that is the fourth time this week."

"Yes, but I lose them. I don't know where they go," declared Robert, warming to his subject. "I can't keep a ball, either."

His father reached slowly down into his pocket and drew out his hand empty. "I find that is so with my money," he said, quietly. "I have very hard work to keep my small change. I haven't a nickel this morning."

Robert was silent with surprise. No money! "But, father—" he began.

"You will have to learn to keep track of your belongings. I have decided to keep track of my pennies, and I can't throw them away."

Robert knew it was useless to argue, and he turned and ran back to his room. They heard him running over things and hurriedly searching. He was not a boy to whine.

That evening the subject of pencils was not resumed, but as Robert sat by the fire, he broke out suddenly, "Father, I wish that marshy land down there by the tennis-court could be filled in. Sometimes we lose our balls over the net, and it's too wet to get them. Couldn't you have the men fill in the place with gravel or something and sod it over?

His father laid down his paper and drew up near Robert's side of the fire. "Gravel or something," he said, "costs money and the land would not yield anything but grass after that. Do you think it is right to throw away anything so valuable?"

"Throw away?" asked Robert.

"Yes, throw away property just as you throw away your lead pencils and your balls. How would you like to have me show you the fun there is in saving something?

"I'd like it—if it is fun," laughed Robert.

"I think it would be. Now I will give you all that marshy place to use as you like. You can plant it with cranberry vines—just as the men are doing down on the big bog. You can do the work yourself, except for a little preparing of the land. All I will charge you for that labor is the lead-pencils you use between now and the time your money comes in from your crop. Every time I give you money for a pencil we will set it down, and at the time you sell your cranberries we will subtract the amount."

Robert thought a moment. "When will the crop be ready?"

"Three years from now—the full crop."

"Whew!" Robert shook his head. "That means work," he said, doubtfully.

"Yes, but it means a lot of fun in learning how to value the results of labor. Try it.

Robert decided to take his father's offer, and as the next day was Saturday, he worked with the man who prepared the strip of land ready for the vines. It was the fall of the year, just the time to begin. He was eager for the next Saturday to come, when he was to begin to set out his vines. These he obtained from his father's land. The vines were set out one foot apart and in squares of one foot. It was hard work, but Robert was not a boy to turn back from a task, and when it was done and the even rows laid out before him he was proud of his work. It was strange how pleasant it was to think about the crop that would come to him, and how easy it was to keep track of his pencils, and how easy it was to go without the taffy or the whistle and buy his own pencils when he had whittled them down to the smallest point.

The next year there were a few cranberries—just a few quarts that he sold to his mother, but which more than paid for any pencils furnished by his father.

He spent some time during the next year keeping the little bog in order, but as he was a whole year older, he did not mind the work.

On the third year the crop in the bogs was better than for all previous years, and Robert watched every cranberry, as it were, with jealous eye. When September came and it was time to gather them, the little bog yielded three barrels of ripe red berries! Robert sold these with his father's crop at twelve dollars a barrel, and from the money thus earned he had to subtract but seventy-five cents for lead pencils. He had learned three things—to be careful of his belongings, to work for an object patiently, and to consider his father in the spending of money.

EVERY YEAR COUNTS

The figures collected go to show that the longer you stay in school and are faithful the greater is the earning capacity. Out of sixteen hundred young men, it was found that all those who left the day-school below the fourth book had been working an average of five and one half years, and were earning an average of $186.52 a year. Those who left after the third or fourth year in high-school, had been at work two and fourteen-one-hundredths years, and were earning $562.66. The high-school boys were earning more after two years' experience, than those who had dropped out after five years of employment.

Rheumatism Cured by Fig Pills

Not often do you hear of a 25c. preparation being sold with a guarantee to cure you. An absolute guarantee goes with every box of FIG PILLS. They will cure Rheumatism, Backache, Bladder Trouble, Frequent Urinating, Burning Sensation, Painful Stitches, Sluggish Liver, and all Stomach Trouble. If not, your money back. At all druggists.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From Our Issue of Thursday, December 18th, 1890

General regret is felt at the removal of Miss Kate Lawson to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Her departure is keenly felt in Knox Church Sabbath School, where she has been primary teacher for three years. On Monday evening Mr. G. Hynds, on behalf of the class, presented Miss Lawson with a handsome Teacher's bible, expressing his great satisfaction at her services as his assistant in the class. Although surprised she stated her appreciation, and said the time spent had been pleasant and profitable, and would never be forgotten.

Mr. W. H. Storey has announced his intention of retiring from civic service at the end of the present year. Mr. Storey was Acton's first Reeve in 1873, associated with Messrs. John Speight, Asa Hall, C. T. Hill and Dr. N. McCarvin, and has been Reeve ever since, excepting some four years. There has been great improvements since 1873, when Acton's population was 900, up to the present at 1100 to 1500, and with them Mr. Storey has been very intimately connected.

Mr. John Warren announces himself a candidate for the first Deputy Reeveship in Esquesing.

Mrs. Vestal and daughter have returned to Rockwood.

Mrs. J. M. Fortiley and son are visiting at the paternal home.

Mr. Wm. Stephenson, of Guelph, paid a flying visit to Balsam Home last week.

Mr. P. C. Maddock left on Monday for London, where he has secured a good position.

Messrs. J. L. Warren and H. P. Moore attended the County Convention of the Royal Templars of Temperance at Oakville.

KAISER'S MAXIMS.

In the workroom of Emperor William of Germany are these precepts and maxims, so arranged that he always has them before him while he is sitting at his desk:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and people, and take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practice this is indeed a happy, free and proud one; his life will always be beautiful. He who is mistrusting, wrings others and harms himself.

It is our duty to believe every one to be good as long as we have not the proof to the contrary; the world is so large, and we ourselves so small, that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, hurts us, who can tell if that is not necessary to the welfare of creation?

In everything of this world, whether dead or alive, lives the mighty wise will of the Almighty and all-knowing Creator; we little people only look the reason to comprehend it.

As everything is, so has it to be in this world, and however it may be, should always seem good to the mind of the creature.

IT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING

A young man walking along the city streets with a companion, suddenly broke off his conversation and turned aside to settle a dispute between two newsboys. His friend waited, surprised, amused, half irritated. "What was that for?" he demanded, when the other came back.

The first man stared. "Didn't you see? The bigger one had his heel on the nickel the little fellow had dropped. I gave him a talking to about honesty and fair play."

The listener laughed. "You must find life interesting," he remarked, rather scornfully, "if you go out of your way every time you see someone being imposed on."

"I don't say that I do it every time," said the other, "it isn't always possible. But I do find life interesting, and that is one of the things that help to make it so."

If you keep your eyes open, you will discover that the people most likely to be bored are those who go through life taking it for granted that it is not their business to interfere, when they see an injustice done. The sense of responsibility to all those about us, which makes us ready to go out of our way to remedy a wrong when we see it, is one of the things that make life well worth living.

THE STORK AND THE EAGLE

"A West Philadelphia teacher was talking about wild animals and birds to a class of little girls," said Secretary Dick of the Board of Education, in relating some of the amusing incidents that happen in the public schools. "She had told them about the carnivorous animals and beasts of the jungle and began asking questions about birds of prey.

"'Can anyone in the class tell me,' she asked, 'what bird it is that is so strong that it can fly down out of the sky and carry off a small child with ease?'

There was a moment's pause, and then a little girl in the rear of the rear of the classroom frantically raised her hand. 'I know,' fairly shouted the bright pupil, under stress of great excitement, 'it's the stork; 'cause one of 'em brought a baby to our house last night!'"

SAVE ONE FOR ME

"My task in life," said the pastor of one of our churches, complacently, "consists in saving young men."

Whereupon one of our young matrons, with a soulful longing, replied, "Have a good one for me."

DADDY'S LITTLE TOMBOY-GIRL

Poor little Kate
Swings on the gate,
Lonesome and feeling blue;
Girls passing by
Hear Katie cry,
"Please let me play with you!"
Girls turn to go,
They answer "No!
You're a tomboy-girl, that's why!"
With heart so sad
She tells her dad:
He says, "Dearie, don't you sigh!
Chorus:
"You will always be daddy's best girlie,
You will always be daddy's best chum,
We were pals in the days of old, dear,
We'll be pals in the years to come.
You've never had a mother to guide you,
To put your dear hair in a curl,
And there's not another girlie in the world like you,
Daddy's little tomboy-girl!"

"Katie don't cry,
I'll tell you why
Girls call you tomboy, dear;
No chums you've had,
Only your dad,
No other playmate near.
Were mamma here,
Your life to cheer,
Your heart would know not but joy;
But don't be sad,
For you old dad
Is proud of his dear tomboy."
Chorus:

SPARKLES

The case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat drily, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."—Pittsburg Observer.

Eleanor, aged six, had been going to school only a few weeks. She had learned to raise her hand if she wanted anything. One day she put this into effect when she was sent to the chicken-house to get the eggs.

Just as she reached the chicken-house door her mother heard her say, "All you chickens that have laid an egg, raise your hands."

She—You see, we were discussing whether two could live as cheaply as one, and—well, we both had the same chair—and papa came in.

He—And did you decide the question?

She—No; but we agreed after papa left that two could feed as cheap as one, any way.

A carping old Scotch woman said to her pastor one day:

"Dear me, mainsters mak' muckle adae about their hard work. But what's two bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I cud dae it mysel."

"Well, Janet," said the minister, "let's hear ye."

"Gaun awn wi' a text, then," quoth she.

He repeated with emphasis:

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly.

"What's that ye say sir? Dae ye intend anything personal?"

"Stop, stop!" broke in the pastor. "You wud never dae for a meenister."

"An' what for no?" asked she sharply.

"Because, Janet you come awer soon tae the application!"

WHEN YOU ACKNOWLEDGE A FAULT

Some young people seem to labor under the mistaken assumption that to say frankly, "Oh, yes; I know I've got a horrid temper," is all that can be said of them. Frankness in owning up is admirable only when it is a forerunner of a determined effort to correct what is wrong.

THE GOLDEN AGE

Are we mistaken in thinking the Golden Age is back in a misty past? May it be true that this hurrying twentieth century, conquering the air, as the generations before it conquered the sea, making history of achievements which, for thousands of years, have been day dreams—is it possible that this splendid, victorious century has practically everything necessary to make it the Golden Age.

There are wealth, wisdom, new discoveries, old aspirations, moving side by side. If all were concentrated to the service of humanity, if each individual worker could lose sight of the unit self, in his ambition for the larger good, the deserts of human life would blossom like the rose, lion and lamb would lie side by side, rich and poor would be equal in point of fact as well as in theory, and the Golden Age would have come again to earth.

ZAM-BUK CURES PILES

Maritime Magistrate's Case

Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N. S., a Justice of the Peace for the county, and a Deacon in the Baptist Church in Berwick, says: "I have used Zam-Buk for piles and found it a splendid remedy. It cured me."

Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I have received from the use of Zam-Buk. Last summer I had a fever, which left me with piles. I started to use Zam-Buk, and found it gave me relief, so I continued with it. After using three or four boxes it effected a complete cure."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions, and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell it at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every package before buying.