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Poetry.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Doubtless its lines to see.

It is full of the brightest pictures
Of dream and story and rhyme,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow;

Some of them keep the secrets
That made the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and nestle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the wonderful things to be
In the wonderful year-book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

A thought most strange and solemn
Is borne upon my mind,
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what we may upon it,
The record there will stay
Till the books of time are opened
In the Court of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write
Shall rise to shame our faces,
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?

And should we not remember
To dread no thought of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

A New Year's Gift

By Martha Graham

THE four Wilsons were delighted. They were actually going to sit up until after twelve o'clock "to see the old year go round the corner," as Tim said.

Molly was beginning to be sleepy, but declared they would not go to bed again that year.

So the whole family gathered round the fire to await the ringing of the bell; for every church tower was to give out the signal that the new year had come.

"The old year is going fast," said Father Wilson, glancing at the clock. "We must take one good long look at it before it leaves us."

"I wonder how many kind actions it contains," said Uncle Jack.

"Or how many of the other kind," put in Tim, slily.

Every one was silent for a few moments, looking into the fire and thinking of the deeds done in the old year that was soon to pass away.

"Won't you tell us a story, Uncle Jack?" asked sleepy Molly.

"O, yes—do, Uncle Jack!" cried Ethel.

"A New Year story," put in Frank.

"And a really true story without any make-ups, Uncle Jack," added Tim.

"Oh, yes, one we've never heard before!" cried Molly, who was now wide awake.

"Well, well," cried Uncle Jack. "This is rather hard on a fellow; it must be new, it must be true and it must be a New Year's tale. Well, let me think. Yes, I do believe I remember one that meets all the requirements. It's about New Year's, and it's new, for I never told it before and—"

"Is it really true?" asked Tim.

"A really truly fact," said Uncle Jack. "So here goes."

The Wilson family settled themselves comfortably and Uncle Jack commenced:

"Well, once upon a time there lived two beautiful Princesses with their brothers, two brave and handsome Princes, in a grand castle by the edge of a deep forest, in the land of Father Time."

"That sounds very like a fairy tale," whispered Molly, but the rest all said "Hush!"

"Father Time," went on Uncle Jack, "lived far away in the dark green forest above the castle, and once a year he came down to visit his subjects and see how they were getting along. The Princes and Princesses were very fond of old Father Time, for he was a kind man, and always brought them a beautiful present when he came. He always enjoyed his visits to the castle, too, for he loved his four young subjects very much. But fact always made him feel a little sad when he left. He noticed that in spite of all their wealth and all their comforts and beautiful surroundings, these four young people were often quarrelsome and unhappy.

"What were their names, Uncle Jack, please?" asked Molly.

"Their names? Well, let me see, I almost forget. Oh, yes, one Princess, the eldest, was called Golden Hair, and the younger's name was Bright Eyes."

Ethel and Molly glanced at Uncle Jack suspiciously. They had heard those names before.

"And the names of the Princes?" asked Tim, his eyes twinkling.

"The eldest one was Prince Dark Locks."

Frank smoothed his black curls and winked at his father knowingly.

"The other Prince's name was Fleet Foot," went on Uncle Jack unconcernedly.

Tim gave a little chuckle and the story was continued.

"Well, upon one of Father Time's visits, he found the family in the midst of a quarrel. Not a very big one, you know, but it was a very sad thing, indeed, to see, because they were brothers and sisters, you know.

"Father Time had heard the angry words in his tower up in the forest, and as it was the season for his visit, he came down from the green wood slowly and sadly.

"The four occupants of the castle ran to meet him. As usual he carried a present for each, and, after their greetings, he presented them. The gifts were four closed boxes, and, as he delivered one to each, he said, 'My children, I wish you to keep these presents for a year, and return them to me at the end of that time.' And, so saying, old Father Time picked up his scythe and walked away into the great forest.

"As soon as he was gone the four subjects opened their boxes and inside each was a most beautiful ribbon. They were exactly alike, and were divided into twelve equal parts. The first three parts were beautifully white and pure, and the centre parts were bright blue, green, red yellow and all the colors of the rainbow, shading at last into brown and then into pure white again at the ends.

"'How lovely!' cried they all.

"'It seems a pity to write upon them,' said Princess Bright Eyes. 'They are so beautiful.'

"'There is a space for each month,' said Prince Fleet Foot. 'We will have them full when Father Time returns.'

Just then a poor beggar woman came past and stopped at the steps of the palace to beg for bread.

"Princess Golden Hair, who was very generous, stepped quickly to the woman's side and handed her a piece of money. The old woman walked away muttering blessings.

"'Why, Golden Hair!' cried the others when she returned to them, 'you have performed the first act since we received the ribbons. You must write it down.'

"'I am sorry to spoil it,' said Golden Hair, 'but we must obey Father Time,' so saying she took the little golden pencil that hung to the ribbon and wrote upon the white band of ribbon.

"The Princes and Princesses cried out in astonishment when they saw the effect of the writing, for so far from soiling the ribbon the words gleamed out in golden brightness, making it look more beautiful than ever.

"'Why!' cried Prince Black Locks. 'The writing improves it. I must put something on my ribbon. What shall I do?' He looked around and saw his faithful dog Hector lying on the palace steps and going forward he kicked the poor brute so that it sprang away howling.

"'There!' cried the Prince, coming back to his sisters and brothers laughing. 'I have a deed to write upon my ribbon,' and he seized the golden pen. But oh, what a difference there was between this writing and Golden Hair's!

"The Prince gave a cry of disappointment as he saw the letters stain the pure white surface with thick black marks.

"'Oh, brother, I'm so sorry!' cried Prince Bright Eyes. 'Was your pencil a poor one?'

"But Prince Dark Locks understood that it was the unkind deed and not the pencil that had stained his beautiful present.

"'No,' he said; 'I see now why Father Time gave us these. Golden Hair's kind deed shines like gold, while my cruel act, though I was only in fun, spoiled my ribbon.'

"'Let us try to see that we do only kind deeds,' said Princess Bright Eyes softly, and our pre ents will be still more beautiful when Father Time returns.'

"And so they set out to perform only unselfish actions. It was very hard at first, sometimes a dark stain on the ribbon showed where an angry word had been spoken, or an unkind act had been done. But it was wonderful how the ribbons called their attention to their actions. The Princes would not have believed that they quarrelled so often, nor would the Princesses have realized how selfish they were at times, had they not been forced to take notice of every action.

"And soon that castle became one of the happiest spots in all Father Time's kingdom; the bright letters were written some days when never a dark stain came to mar its glory.

"And when old Father Time came sweeping down from the Greenwood upon his next visit, there were not four happier hearts in all his realm than those owned by his four subjects who went out to meet him upon that New Year's day, each holding up the record of a whole year's successful struggles against angry words, unkind thoughts and actions.

"Father Time took the four ribbons in his hands and smiling—"

Ding dong! Ding dong! came pouring from the church tower across the street.

"New Year!" cried Tom.

Everyone jumped up and ran to the windows. Frank throw up the sash, and the clanging of the bells came in on the frosty air and flooded the room.

Away up the streets the chimes from another church were pealing out that grand New Year's hymn—

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!"

And the whole world seemed full of the joy of the New Year.

At last the music died away; Frank closed the window, and they all went back to the fire.

"Happy New Year," everyone was saying to everyone else.

"The old year is gone," said Father Wilson, pointing to the clock.

"Why, so it has," explained Uncle Jack, "and here comes Father Time with his four ribbons for the Princes and Princesses.

"Oh, I just thought you meant us all the time!" cried Molly.

"Oh, oh; so he did," cried Ethel. "The ribbon is the New Year, isn't it Uncle Jack?"

"That's what it is," said Uncle Jack "If we are all spared in health, we shall meet next New Year's Eve, and examine them.'

"And let us hope they will have a great many golden words on them," said the girls.

"And no black ones," said the boys.

ARE YOU READY FOR THE NEW YEAR?

—1911—are you ready for it? It means a great deal to say that we are ready for a new year. We have had months in which to get accustomed to the old one, and now we must adjust ourselves to the needs of a new one. How many times have we written "1910"? Are we now prepared to pass beyond it, and enter upon 1911?

Are we ready for the work of the new year? We should be looking forward to it with interested and hopeful expectancy. A whole long year! What wonderful things are hidden in its days for all of us? Let us not look back over other years with the wish that we could live in them again. So many of us think backward. We say, "That was the very happiest year of my life." Each year in itself was good, but each succeeding year should hold more for us than the years preceding; not because it is richer in material benefits, perhaps, but because we have an added capacity for appreciating what it holds. It is not fair to 1911, which is just opening up before us, to greet it with the wish that it were 1909, or 1905, or any other year. Be glad that it is 1911, and make it the Banner Year. We must be ready for the new year in the light of what it is to mean to us.

We must also be ready for the new year in the light of what we want to make it mean to others, through us. We may think that if we succeed in making it the best year for us individually we will have gotten enough out of it, and that no more could be expected. But we cannot dispose of this other phase of the question in that way. In the first place, we cannot make it the best year for ourselves if we do not help to make it the best year for someone else. And in the second place, if we turn our attention to the needs of others first, we will find that our own case can take care of itself, and will need little assistance from us. So in preparing to make the New Year the Banner Year it is absolutely essential that we include others in our plans.

1911 is ours for whatever we choose to make it. Into it, to a very large extent, we can put whomever we desire. The days can be filled to overflowing with things which will rebound to our own pleasure and profit, or they can be permitted to slip by, availing us little. Shall we spend them in dreaming or doing? 1911 is here. Are we ready for it?

GLEANINGS

All that are touched by the whisky traffic in any way are damaged by it. When it is buried finally—as it must be—there should not be one sincere mourner in the whole world.

Astonishment that they hesitated for so long a time in the discharge of a duty so clear will take the place of every other emotion when the sin of drunkard-making shall be banished by the people who have the ordinary instinct of self-preservation. That good time is coming.

Smote by truth fall ancient error;
Reared by power and propped by wrong;
And earth wondering, when they perish,
That they stood the test so long.

A New York brewer said, "The Church people can drive us out of business when they try, and we know it. Our hope is in working after they grow tired, and continuing to work 365 days in the year."

"I JUST KEEP STILL"

"How is it, Rob," asked one boy of another, "that you never get into scraps like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie promptly. "When a boy says a hard thing to me, I just keep still."

Many a man whose life has had in it a great deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow has mastered that of "keeping still." If a hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result will be. It doesn't matter so much what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine times out of ten that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had "freed your mind" in return.

"Just keeping still" is one of the things that save time, trouble, wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again that the way to "keep out of scraps" is to keep still.—M. H. N., in the Christian.

MAKES HAIR GROW

Mr. Hazard has an invigorator that will grow hair, or money back.

The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of.

If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling, it cannot be long before the spot appears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling out is SALVIA, the Great American Hair Grower, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed. A large bottle for 50c.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From a New Year's Day Budget. Found in Our Issue of last January, 1891

Mr. W. Selwood has sold, through Mr. W. Hamstreet, his two cottages at the foot of Church Street to Mr. Adam Cook for $850.

On Sunday morning Rev. G. B. Cooke thanked his congregation for the Christmas gift of $21 they had sent him.

The pupils of Lorne School presented their teacher, Mr. A. F. McKenzie, with an address and gold pen at the close of the school last week.

At the close of Dublin School last week the scholars were given a treat by their parents and friends in the form of a Christmas tea. About fifty healthy scholars were present. Mr. T. James Moore, the popular teacher, was the moving spirit in the arrangement.

Dr. Springer has disposed of his practice to Dr. Uren, from near St. Marys. Many friends will regret Dr. Springer's departure. Dr. Uren comes highly recommended and intends to settle permanently. He is of a very genial disposition, is a married man, and will be kindly received by the public generally.

Court Olive Branch, I. O. F. officers:—Thos. Ebbage, C. R.; Dougald McArthur, V. C. R.; Mitchell Gobban, R. S.; C. C. Speight, F. S.; Wm. Ramsay, Treas.; John E. Wright, Chap.; Graham Lawson, S. W.; Jas. Plant, J. W.; John Ramsay, S. B.; Jas. Martin, J. B.; W. H. Lowry, P. C. R., Physician; Thos. C. Moore, C. D. H. C. R.

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The Christmas Tree Entertainment in connection with the Methodist Sunday School was well attended on Christmas night, and the following programme was carried out:—Six choruses by the school. Recitations—"A Christmas Gift," Edith Nicklin; "A Gentle Reminder," Bessie Clark; "A Dear Little Schemer," Flora McNabb; "Johnnie's Letter," Harry Loveys; "The Downfall of Poland," Eva McKeown; "A Christmas Problem," Percy Gifford; "A Letter to Santa Claus," Lottie Ebbage; "Santa Claus on the Train," Willie Gurney; "Widow Gray," Lizzie McLam; "Selfish Little Tommy," Norval Moorehead; "Who Made the Speech," Eva Matthews; "Grandma's Mistake," Annie Swackhamer; "The Night Before Christmas," Lawrence Williams; "Santa Claus and the Dolls," Florence Campbell; "Santa's Gift," Bertha Williams; "Little Tot's Advice," Jane Gurney; "The Month for me," Fred Storey. Solo and chorus—"Rock-a-By-Baby," five little girls. Solo and Duet—"Beautiful Angels," Daisy Nicklin and May Moore. Duetts—"All Night," Hettie Speight and Annie Campbell; "Santa's on the Way," Annie Bingham and Florence Campbell. Rev. Dr. Gifford presided, and Mr. N. F. Moore presented the Secretary's report. Santa Claus in his North Pole costume received a hearty welcome shortly after nine o'clock.

At the Disciples' Entertainment and Christmas Tree on Monday evening the church was crowded to the doors. Mr. Hugh Black was chairman, and addresses were given by Revs. Dr. Gifford, G. B. Cooke, J. W. Rae, and Messrs. D. Munroe, H. P. Moore and D. Henderson. Recitations were given by:—Willie Gurney, Jennie Sutton, "Happy New Year," Maud Ryder; "The Man Behind the Plow," Lewis Orr; "Only a Boy," Frank McIntosh; "What Bessie Wanted Done," Jennie Kennedy; "Grandma," Mabel Soper; "Dolly's Troubles," Ella Anderson; "Golden Rod," Jennie Ramsay; Helping Hands," May Ryder; "Neighborly Neighbors," Maggie Ramsay. Numerous choruses were given well by the school under the supervision of Mr. George Williams.

At the municipal nominations Dr. W. H. Lowry was elected Reeve by acclamation, and Messrs. Jas. Anderson, Isaac Francis, John Harvey, Geo. Havill, John Kenney, A. E. Nicklin, J. B. Pearson, W. E. Smith and Wm. Williams were nominated for councillors. Messrs. Williams and Kenney have retired.

At the School Trustee nominations Messrs. W. H. Denny, Thos. H. Harding, Donald McDonald, James McLam, A. E. Nicklin, C. C. Speight, W. H. Storey and Robt. Wallace were nominated, Mr. Nicklin retiring

Mr. R. W. Brennan, who has been teaching at Bannockburn for three years, was presented on closing day with a beautiful furnished writing desk and an address, signed on behalf of the school by W. Sommerville and W. Kennedy. Mr. Brennan replied in fitting terms.

At Leslie's School closing a grand entertainment was given in the evening, gotten up by Mr. Arbuckle, teacher. Mr. H. Gibbons and Reid Bros. sang very acceptably; Messrs. Cann, Lamb and Leishman, with their violins accompanied by mouth-organ selections by Messrs. Anderson, Swackhamer, and Peirce, gave tone to the entertainment. Readings, dialogues and recitations were also given. Reeve Kirkwood was chairman.

DIED—In Nelson, on Dec. 23rd, Mrs. Mary Van Norman, aged 90 years, 11 months.

DIED—In Esquesing, on Dec. 21st, Mrs. Margaret Shortreed, aged 69 years.

DIED—In Kincardine, on Dec. 17th, George Williams, formerly of Rockwood, aged 83 years.

The sun never sees the shadows it makes. A great soul arouses envy and hatred, and beholds them not.

THE PASSING YEAR

The sobbing wind, the lowering sky,
The trembling, withered leaf,
Now mourn the summer days gone by—
All nature's robed in grief.

The leafless trees, so long and cold,
Are bending to the blast;
No more for them the flame and gold,
Their day of splendor's passed.

And as I watch the falling rain
O'er city, sea and wold,
A thought steals o'er me fraught with pain—
The year is growing old.

Thus, year by year, the flowers fade
As seasons come and go;
A few short months of tribute paid,
Then comes the winter's snow.

But Hope foretells that coming spring,
With grateful sun and showers,
To saddened earth again will bring
Its former wealth of flowers.

As life draws near its autumn days,
Each season shorter seems;
We're borne along o'er stormy ways,
Leaving our cherished dreams.

And when one year has reached its close
And we have gone to sleep
With loved ones in sweet repose,
No one for us shall weep.

For God is Father over all;
He gave us life and breath;
Through Him, when passed beyond recall,
We'll triumph over death.

—Rabin's Horn.

DOUBLED JOYS

"She's clever and all that I'll admit, and she's as pretty as a picture, but somehow she takes all the flavor out of things anyone else has or does."

The girl in question was pretty, with a delightful way all her own of telling a story. The five other girls who shared the table in the big boarding-house dining-room all agreed on these two points; but as the one girl friend confided in the other, the atmosphere that she sometimes created, thoughtlessly it might have been, for her "table friends," did not exactly harmonize with the loveliness of her face.

The girl at the foot of the table who gloried in her pretty gowns, lost much of her delight in her new mauve waist when the "pretty girl's" opinion, volunteered the day after the first appearance of the dainty waist was, "I can't abide mauve, can you? It was certainly made for old ladies. I have a dream of a mauve scarf that's been lying in my box for years—until I'm ancient enough to wear it." And the next time the girl at the end of the table wore her mauve waist she wondered if she looked very old.

When the little girl at the left corner of the table was brimming over with joy in anticipation of her very dearest cousin's wedding, the cousin whom everyone loved and admired, the "pretty girl" marred the pleasure by an unpleasant recollection.

"Oh, yes! That's the girl, isn't it, Mildred, who was suspended from boarding school the year we were there together? She led them all a pretty dance, I can tell you."

The cousin's schoolgirl pranks had long been forgotten in the sweet womanly development of which, perhaps that sharp lesson had been the real beginning. But at the reference, Mildred's own pretty face flushed with something other than delight, as she silently finished her dinner.

Don't be the one who "takes the flavor" out of things for another girl. Rather double her joy by being joyful with her.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

It amounts to little to turn over a new leaf if the same old self is to soil and blot the snowy page. To begin over again with the same purposes, the same degree of determination, and the same tendency to self-indulgence, is to repeat the former failures. Only when we are new creatures, with transformed aspirations and aims, can we turn a fresh page in life's volume, and write upon it a worthy record.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

If the money expended on whiskey and kindred evils by this country was put into missions, Christianity would conquer the world in a decade.

Here is a pod with good sound peas in it: Prohibition prevents poverty, protects property, promotes peace, produces plenty, provides pleasure, procures progress, perpetuates prosperity, prophesies paradise.

The local option and prohibition movement in this country is the revolt of human nature against the deadliest foe of humanity. Those who are predicting a reaction in this movement have another surprise coming to them, we trust. The more prohibition is studied and tested, the more it will prevail. The reactionary prophets are destined to become more and more lonesome.

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 Dyspepsia to whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves dispenses to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, 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.