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Poetry.

COMMONWEALTH

Give thanks, my soul, for the things that are free:
The blue of the sky, the shade of the tree,
And the unowned leagues of the shining sea.

Be grateful, my heart, for every man's gold:
Sun-colored blossoms that never are sold.

For the little joys sometimes say a grace:
The scent of a rose, the frost fairy's lace,
Or the sound of the rain in a quiet place.

Be glad of what cannot be bought or beguiled:
The trust of the tameless, the fearless, the wild.
The song of a bird and the faith of a child.

For prairie and mountain, wind-swept and high,
For betiding beauty of earth and sky
Say a benediction o'er you pass by.

Give thanks, my soul, for the things that are free:
The joy of life and the spring-ecstasy,
The dreams that have been, the dreams that will be.

—Virna Sheard, in Canadian Magazine.

Select Family Reading

"Consider The Lillies"

By David Lyall

PHILIP Giffard had a nagging wife. What that means to a man it is not for the uninitiated to say. Let the great multitude of the afflicted bear record. The sharp edge of Alice Giffard's tongue had taken the edge off most of the joys of her husband's life, and had accentuated its griefs. They had not been many nor poignant; his way had wound through the dead level of common things for over fifty years. To Giffard destiny had been neither conspicuously kind nor actively cruel. It had simply passed him by. But the day came at fifty-five when it dealt him a poignant stroke. There are men to whom fifty rings the death knell so far as earthly hopes are concerned, to whom grey hairs, slightly stooping shoulders, decline of the vivid forces of life, mean the end of most things that men prize. When it happens (and that is very often) that they occupy subordinate positions, they live in terror of the day when the sentence shall be read, when they will step down, perhaps with a quarter's salary in lieu of notice to make way for younger men.

It was on the eighteenth day of October, in a certain year not so long ago, when this happened to Philip Giffard. He could not complain of any hardship; he had occupied a fairly responsible position in a business house, where he had earned the confidence of his employers. They had frankly told him so, regretting the necessity which caused them to dispense with his services. But in these keen and cutting times what are men to do with their sons if they do not make room for them in the business houses of their fathers? And it is the day of the young blood.

Giffard accepted his dismissal as he accepted most things, quietly, and without fuss, and went home to tell his wife. His attitude toward life had always been quiet and moderately cheerful. His wife was a disappointed woman, as is inevitable when the surplus of mental and bodily activity is on the side of the wife. Giffard was a dreamer rather than a doer, a man who liked books and quiet walks, and pottering in his garden; he was without ambition and asked very little from life. His chief desire was peace and that had been constantly denied him, first and last. His wife had married him because he was a man of good family, and she believed he had expectations, though he had assured her that he himself had none. She was a common creature, unredeemed by that sweet kindliness that makes gold in the lowliest places. And as the years went by, and she realized that she was and never would be anything but the wife of a shabbily paid city clerk, the small drop of human kindness in her breast turned to gall. She did not make the best but the worst of every situation, and even the children, of whom she had three, failed to sweeten her lot. Naturally the children loved their father best. Indeed he was an extraordinarily lovable man, and his patience knew no limit. But his heart was alone and cut off, and, save for the love of the children, he had long since wished his life was over.

Yet he did not linger on the way home on that unforgetable day. He was a simple, direct man, who never shirked a duty, or walked around an obligation because it happened to be disagreeable. He was an hour earlier than usual. There had been an extraordinary meeting of the small, limited liability company where he was engaged, and they had arrived at several momentous decisions regarding the future management of the business. It had been practically reconstructed, and Giffard had been left out of the scheme, that was all.

The Giffards had two sons and one daughter. The eldest son had emigrated; the daughter was a secretary and typist to a Government official, and the youngest son was being educated at Clifton, through the kindness of a relative of Giffard's, who loved him dearly and took this delicate and valuable method of proving his affection. He had promised that if the lad's school career justified it, he should be sent to Oxford. This was one of the chiefest joys of Giffard's life.

He found his wife in the family sitting room darning muslin curtains long since past their best. She was a splendid housewife, though her activities disipated much of the comfort of her home. It was the sort of house where the male portion of the household is instructed to leave its boots upon the mat. Giffard forgot the rule that day, and though it was raining, he simply walked straight into the room and made his announcement.

"It has happened, Alice. I don't go back to Throgmorton after Christmas."

She let her white sewing fall on her lap, and turned her quick, restless eye on her husband's face. His was anxious and careworn; here rosy and round with scarcely a line upon it. She had retained much of the prettiness which had distinguished her as a girl.

"Then it's the workhouse, Phil. What have I done to deserve it, and what have you done to prevent it? You've seen this coming for ages and done nothing. Yet I suppose you call yourself a Christian man."

"I'll find something, Alice. Don't worry," he said quietly, and began to walk restlessly to and fro across the room.

"Worry! In heaven's name how am I to stop worrying? Where is our food and shelter to come from? I suppose we shall have to leave this house, poor and mean as it is, and go to some slum."

"Not quite so bad as that, Alice," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "Anyhow, nothing is urgent till next June. Nine months is a long time. Something will turn up. I shall see that it does. God will not desert us altogether, Alice. He never has done yet."

"Fudge! Heaven helps them that help themselves. The best thing I can do is to look for boarders. The heavy end of things will fall on Cynthia and me, of course. I do think its a hard world for women, yet they refuse them the vote! I know who ought to have the vote taken away. If the true story of most lives could be written, Phil, the world would open its eyes."

"Indeed it would," said Giffard more readily than he usually agreed to his wife's assertions.

"What did you say when they kicked you out?" she asked with that horrible candour on which she prided herself.

"I thanked them for their consideration of me in the past. I could not do less, Alice. They have treated me well, and have no fault with me now. It is simply the fault of the system under which we live."

"Fudge! Some men rise superior to systems; in fact they make them. If only I had married that sort! I should not have my nose to the grindstone now when a woman has a right to look for a little rest."

"I can't imagine you resting," said Giffard involuntarily.

"No, because there can't be two drones in one hive," she snapped back. "It's sickening that this should have happened just now. It will not help Cynthia's prospects. I've heard—not from her, of course, she's close like you—that there's somebody after her, somebody much higher up in the scale. We must keep this quiet as long as we can, for Cynthia's sake."

Giffard did not look deeply interested; he was accustomed to these flights of his wife's imagination, and had learned not to attach much significance to them.

"I'll go and meet Cynthia. I think she's very late, isn't she? Surely she'll come by the six-eighteen."

The Giffards lived in a small suburban house on the edge of Dulwich Park, on the Crystal Palace side, and Cynthia travelled to her office on the Thames Embankment every day. Her hours were a little uncertain, and father and daughter had seldom the privilege of travelling together.

"Didn't they say anything about a bonus or present of any kind after all these years' service?" asked his wife as he turned to leave the room.

"No, nothing."

"Shows how much they think you're worth, Phil," she said with a mirthless laugh. "I should not have worked at Throgmorton Street for twenty-seven years without leaving a mark of some kind. Either they would have been the better or the worse for me."

Not a word of sympathy or wifely compassion or comradeship; only blame dipped in gall! Giffard slipped gladly from the house at length, and was relieved to find himself under the kindly stars. He did not minimize the situation, nor fail to blame himself for the non-possession of the qualities which in other men make such poignant hours impossible. But in his secret heart there was no fear. He had a boly of holies there, a shrine where the torch of faith burned undimmed. A deeply religious man, he communed much with the Unseen, and knew in Whom he believed. As he walked toward the station, the familiar walk his feet had trod these many years, words upon words fraught with deepest comfort rose up:

"Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin."

"I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

"Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

Of these words of blessed assurance, even Alice of the sharp tongue could not rob him. At the end of the long avenue of small houses, all as like as peas in a pod, he encountered the mail man, whistling cheerfully, with his bundle of letters held close under the twinkle of his little lantern.

"Good-evening, Traill," said Giffard pleasantly. "I hope your little boy is better."

"Yes, sir, thank you," answered the man. "There's something here for you, sir, I think. The Canadian mail came in last night, a day earlier. They're beating the record every time now, wi' them Mauretanias an' things. Hope it's as safe as it oughter be."

Giffard waited with an air of pleasurable anticipation. Their boy Walter, a regular home correspondent had fallen away of late, and four weeks had elapsed since they had had a letter. But Giffard had not worried over much. He had a large faith, and nothing would ever make him believe that his child would be deliberately careless or neglectful, the conclusion to which his wife had immediately leaped. He felt with joy, as his fingers closed over it, that it was a thick letter which meant much news. He hastened his steps, so that he might reach the station quickly, and have time to glance over it before the train came in. It was a very long letter, full of much interesting information, written from Nelson, British Columbia, where Walter Giffard was engaged as a mining engineer.

There was only one paragraph in it which immediately concerns the episode of this little tale:

"I've been reproaching myself about not writing, but I've been at Victoria for the last week, waiting to see Mr. Murgatroyd, our chief owner. He's out from England, visiting one of his daughters, who is married to Judge Norison. He sent for me after he had seen Vandaleur, who went down to Quebec to meet him. But I'll tell you all that passed later on. What I want to get out quickly is that I've got Vandaleur's place. It was most awfully good of him to speak up for me, and, of course, it's an uncommon bit of good luck to come to a chap just twenty-seven, and with nobody to help him. I owe a lot of it to you, dad, though you'll be the last to admit it. You taught me the real values of life, and what are the things that matter, and you were right every time. The long and the short of it is, that I've got the place, fifteen hundred a year, a house and lots of new country chances thrown in, so you needn't do another stroke. Just pack up and come out here and I'll look after you. How you'd glory in the climate, and in everything. It would give you a new lease of life. And whether you come or don't come, I'll be able to relieve you and mother from sordid cares, and help with Jimmy too. How's Cynthia and why has she forgotten a poor beggar who never did her any harm?"

A train thundered in, but Giffard was unconscious of it, till someone touched his arm, and Cynthia's well-loved voice spoke.

"Old man, what are you doing here, and what has happened to make you look like that? Has the ship come in at last?"

Giffard rose, and his voice was full of a solemn gladness.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," he murmured, and Cynthia pushed her hand through his arm and drew him away.

"Come on, old dear. Come down from the clouds, whatever it is; why, it's Ted's writing!"

Giffard told her the good news as they walked, and her lissom figure seemed to attain another inch of height, through sheer family joy and pride.

"But, of course, everybody knew it was in Ted. I'm so glad it happened to-day, dad, after the other thing. You will never become one of the superfluous ones. Are you convinced now, or are you not?"

Her affectionate eyes, in which dwelt such winsome depths, never left his face, and her strong young hand touched his arm, with a more than usual tenderness.

"The Giffard star, long in abeyance, is about into the ascendant," she said whimsically. "I'm late, daddy, an hour behind time. Have you the curiosity to inquire why?"

"Yes, that is why I am here, my darling."

"Well, I've been sitting a mortal hour past office hours, discussing my future, and I'm not going back any more to the Embankment."

Giffard stood still with a very genuine dismay on his face.

"Cynthia, have you, too, been put upon the shelf?"

She nodded gally.

"He's coming to-morrow, daddy. He would have come long ago, only I wouldn't let him, till I was quite sure of myself."

"Who is coming?"

"Colonel Mansergh."

"Coming to ask for you, my dear, is he? My pretty girl, my darling."

The street was quite quiet, and he took her in his arms, but presently she pushed him off with a little air of tender defiance.

"Daddy, do behave and remember where you are. And oh, do you think I will need tell mother to-night? She—will ask so many questions. Perhaps as Ted's letter has come that will do for to-night."

"She is your mother, darling, and has a right to know," said Giffard, always loyal.

"Yes, but—just to-night I want to be quiet," said the girl with a little falter in her voice. "It won't bear talking of just at first; you know that. To-morrow I will tell, quite early in the morning, before he comes." She clung to his arm again, and they walked on in silence. Soon Cynthia knew that her father had forgotten her. "Consider the lilies." The words beat in an exquisite cadence on his happy heart. All that Mrs. Giffard said when the boy's letter, so full and brimming with tender love and consideration, was put into her hands was this:

"It sounds all right but of course it's Canada. Probably if he had stopped in England, as I wished, he would have done quite as well, and it would have been better for all of us."

She glanced reproachfully at her husband, but he had found sanctuary. "Consider the lilies" were the words engraved upon his face.—The British Weekly.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday, May 25th, 1892

Excavations are being made for Mr. John Warren's new residence on Mill Street.

Rev. J. Edge preached an impressive sermon to young men on Sunday evening. Another to young women was promised for a future date.

In the last census bulletin of the Dominion the population of Halton is given as 21,082, and the religious preferences are: Baptists, 608; Roman Catholics, 1,144; Church of England, 4,044; Methodists, 8,723; Presbyterians, 6,575; all others, 888.

While plowing on his farm a couple of miles from Speyside, in Nassagaweya, Mr. Stephen Coxe turned up a complete skeleton the other day. He was unable to tell how long the bones have been there, but the field has been plowed before and nothing was seen of them. Dr. Freeman will examine them. None of the bones were broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tushingham, and Mrs. Geo. Tushingham Toronto, visited friends here during the week.

Mr. W. P. Brown and Miss Bertie, of Toronto, spent the Queen's Birthday here.

Mr. Edward Forbes and Miss Addie Soper, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Soper have returned from a pleasant trip to Proton and Egremont Townships.

BORN

MANN—In Erin, on May 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. John Mann, a son.

MARRIED

LAING-LAURIE—At the home of the bride's mother, on May 18th, by Rev. J. W. Robinson, Mr. Robert Laing, Nassagaweya, to Miss Hannah Laurie, of Campbellville.

DIED

SMITH—In Acton, on May 8th, Mona Annette, only daughter of W. R. and Nettie Smith, aged two years and four months.

COMPANIONS BY THE WAY

Just as an experiment, see how far you can walk in five minutes. It will convince you that a lot of your hurrying is needless.

Many of us let slip a thousand opportunities by waiting for inspiration, forgetting that idleness is not inspiring. "Inspiration comes to him who works."

Don't be afraid to give compliments. Over delicacy in this respect is a social handicap and a cause of much needless lack of popularity, with consequent depression and timidity.

If you are in the habit of looking at your watch every few minutes to see what speed you are making, better discard the watch. You will save ever so much strain, and actually suffer no loss of time.

Is it wise for sensitive natures to expose themselves to tragical plays and harrowing novels? They pay for the experience by suffering a ghastly nervous exhaustion out of all proportion to the temporary thrill.

Are you one of the people who hop up nervously when the train is nearing the station and stand until it stops? You think you are saving a lot of time whereas in reality a car empties itself in three quarters of a minute.

You have heard of "the total depravity of inanimate objects." They are not depraved. We blame them for our own folly—as when we pile dishes in reckless heaps that are doomed to tip over, or pour hot sauce into cut glass, or go into a dark room without trying to remember where the furnitureis.

Why are people so aware of their sensitiveness to the color of furniture and wall paper, and so blind to the effect of the color of artificial light on the feelings. Really, a mellow light and an agreeable lampshade go far toward making the evening restful and cheerful and cosy. Crude illumination is irritating.

The quickest way to cure "blues" is to identify them. If you look back a little and discover that your woe has no reasonable cause, and that you just feel like feeling so, you know that the condition is physical. That knowledge puts you on the road to recovery; for the physical condition begins to improve as soon as you find there is nothing worse the matter.—Woman's Home Companion.

LOOK PLEASANT

Many a man gets in the habit of carrying his troubles in his face. The eyes tell, the droop of the lip speaks it, the bowed head declares it, the very grip of the hand feels it and the footfall is full of it. He has run up the flag at half mast and he carries it everywhere, so that his whole world is compelled to know his sorrow. Is this natural? Possibly. Is it wise? Probably not. Is it fair? Surely not. Is it a sign of weakness? Undoubtedly it is. Is there a better way? Surely there is. First, a man must make up his mind to expect his share of trouble and perhaps a little more. Then he should make up his mind to bear his trouble manfully, i. e., with patience, with courage, and with hope. The world has enough trouble of its own; let us not add to its burden. It should be the aim of every Christian man and women to become strong, and when strength is won, to use that strength in bearing the burdens of others. Every sorrow mastered, every burden borne inside instead of outside makes us stronger and leaves the world brighter. Learn to smile, get in the habit of it; learn to sing, make it also a habit, and you will be surprised how much brighter it makes the world not only to others, but to yourself. The smile and the song lessen the burden and light the way.

REWARD FOR HONESTY

A female servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which she carried to the owner. "You may keep it for your honesty," he said. A short time after he missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of the girl if she had seen it. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir!"

A CHARMING HOSTESS

Dame Nature's a generous hostess,
Her board is spread with the best,
And none she sends away empty
Who even one day is her guest.

Her house you'll find in the country,
Her minstrels are birds and brooks,
Earth and sky are her pictures,
And all over her home are books.

With sweet, enrapturing music
She welcomes each newcomer;
We all have an invitation—
Let's visit her this summer!

—EMMA C. DOWD.

ROAST HIM

"If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat." If his credit is suffering put in a good word for him. If you have a chance to send a little trade his way turn it over to him. If it lies your power to save him from loss, warn him. Do it for your own sake tho' he be the meanest pimp that disgraces the name of man. Make up your mind that one of the biggest things you have to fight against is that mean, small self that is trying to pull you down to the level of the Devil.

There is a story told of a parsimonious fellow who became converted and joined the church. He was a farmer and in the country districts the preacher is often paid in kind. One morning the minister called, and at the conclusion of his visit the farmer went to the smokehouse and got out one of his best hams. On his way back "the old man" asserted itself and he began to argue with himself that a smaller ham would have done the preacher just as well. He put down the ham and started back to the smokehouse for another and put it alongside the first. "You are not surely going to give the preacher these two beautiful hams?" said his tempter. He promptly walked back and got a third, and when he felt another protest arising he turned and, addressing himself audibly to the adversary of his soul, he said: "You mean old devil, if you don't leave me alone I will empty that smokehouse and put the contents in the preacher's buggy." He had peace.

He won that victory that is spoken of by the Wise Man as greater than that of the man who takes a city. "Go and do thou likewise." Get square with that pin-headed adviser that is always trying to get you to "do up" your neighbor. If you want genuine fun just try "overcoming evil with good." Talk of coals of fire! Most men would rather be prodded with a red hot poker that have the man they have wronged go out of his way to return good for evil. The next time you are tempted to roast your rival in print or with your tongue try the other tack, and as a matter of mere philosophical fact note the results.

A SURE CURE

A friend of mine who had always suffered terribly from fear of storms was determined that her children should not be afraid. She would express delight and make her children believe that she revled in thunder and lightning, wind and rain. And now—she hardly knows how it came about—she is really no longer afraid, and watches the fiercest manifestations of nature with inward calm. She might have reasoned with herself always and never conquered her fear. It was acting fearlessly that made her so.

In adjustment to life there is no more useful philosophy for women than to direct our primary effort to right acting rather than to conquering our emotions. Temperament and environment tend to make us care too much about how we feel and too prone to dwell on our inner states. A man goes to his work and forgets his mood. A woman stays at home and wrestles with hers. Often in spite of good intention she makes it worse. If instead of this vain struggle with a spiritual condition the will is directed to doing something the state of mind is conquered.

If instead of saying, "I must not get the blues: I have no reason to complain; I must be cheerful," and so on, we say, "I need the sun: I am going for a walk," and go, the victory is won. Once out of doors the heavy oppressive sense disappears of itself; little things that seemed large assume their true relation. We are happy again. We have given nature a chance. The earth, the sun the air heal and soothe, and the healthy, cheerful bodily action and environment restore the cheerfulness of spirit which was unmoved by argument. Great sorrows and serious ills are subject to the same laws as lesser troubles. Always the best cure for abnormal thought and subnormal feeling is healthy action, absorbing occupation. —Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, in Philadelphia Bulletin.

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, how ever, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid 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 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. North rop & 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.