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You are invited to inspect them for yourself.
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Poetry.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY

With dawn the Sunday beauty steals
Across the Summer hills,
And peace, unto the world unknown,
The sacred silence fills.
In sighing breeze and singing bird,
Lord of the morn, Thy voice is heard.

The hands from week day labor free
Find time to gather flowers,
And hearts let fall their burdens all,
While playing 'neath the bowers.
Know ye how sweet are prayers that rise,
From blossoming sod to vaulted skies.

Softly the sweet-toned Sabbath bells,
Send out their peal on peal,
Until a host of worshippers
By sacred altars kneel.
The breath of roses fills the air,
Sweet incense of the house of prayer.

The city has its towering spires,
Its temples, rich and grand,
But sweetly steal, o'er country ways,
The Sabbaths of the land.
My heart with tender longing fills,
For Sabbaths 'mid my native hills.

O fields aglow with clover blooms;
O hills of rustling corn,
My thoughts winge back its way to you
With every Sabbath morn.
Yet near and far and everywhere,
Lord of the Sabbath, Thou art there.

—C. Jennie Swaine.

Select Family Reading

The Girl at Ino Crossing

By Harriet Wheeler

"I WISH I had a dog to send along with you," said Mrs. Banwell, handing the girl her lantern and lunch basket. "A railroad station, a quarter of a mile from everybody, isn't a safe place for a nineteen-year-old girl to spend a night like this alone. It's a man's job."

"I am not night agent and telegraph operator at Ino Crossing for the fun of it," retorted Frances. "I am drawing a man's pay, sixty dollars a month, and I must render a man's service."

"You plucky girl," laughed Mrs. Manwell, "you are doing a man's work all right, but a girl in a fog like this with a storm threatening, worries me."

"I have had a proxy winter thus far, and I'm father's Frankie, and he is sick," continued the girl with her voice breaking, "and this winter's work has paid over half the mortgage on our farm; two hundred dollars more and I'm going home to be father's boy on the farm, Mrs. Banwell."

"I'll hail that day, Frankie, and mind and lock up tight, and don't let any tramp into the waiting room, no matter what storm howls."

"I won't, Mrs. Banwell, and here is my sword of defence," tapping her belt. "I can use what's there, on occasion."

The path led into the road which ran straight to the station, a quarter of a mile ahead. Ino Crossing was one of many wayside stations of the main branch of the Q. M. & D. railroad. It overlooked the "Chain of Lakes," that was one of the summer travellers' most favorite spots. But now the cutting north wind congealed the fog into tiny icicles which stung Frances' face like frozen needles. She entered her dingy, little office exhausted, bolted the door behind her, lighted her lamp and sank into a chair beside the rusty coal stove.

The dreary loneliness of her surroundings oppressed her. Tears filled her eyes as she read the letter received from her mother that day which said:

"Your father suffers much from his old trouble and asks, 'when is Frankie coming home?'"

"Two months more of struggle," she murmured, "and the mortgage is paid. Dear God, save father for his little girl."

The clock striking seven roused her. "The express is due in five minutes."

She threw the lantern over her arm, unlocked the door and hurried out. A fine snow was falling, but she cut through it and lighted the lamps which illuminated Ino Crossing. The roar of the express pierced the storm. Frances signalled with her lantern and the engineer's shrill whistle returned the salute. The express messenger swung off and darted into the office carrying a box under his arm.

"Come in, Frances," he said, and closed the door behind them.

"My girl," he said, in a guarded tone, "this box holds five thousand dollars. It's to pay off the last mortgage on the farm. The season's work closed to-night and the paymaster's car will be along in the morning, but the Company thought the money had better come out on the express. Will you keep it over night?"

Frances knelt down and opened the safe concealed behind the table while the messenger deposited the box. She locked the safe and slipped the key inside the neck of her dress.

"No one but myself knows about the money," explained the messenger as he opened the door. "Good luck to you," and he boarded the car as the train moved on.

Frances bolted the door, shook the snow from her hat and coat and hung them on their peg. Then she filled the coal stoves, examined the locks on the windows and doors and returned to the chair in her cosy office. She opened a book resting on her desk and soon was absorbed in the story. At midnight she opened her lunch basket, warmed her coffee on the stove and sipped it slowly as she listened to the storm howling outside. After the lunch was finished she advanced to the door to see that it was indeed securely fastened. She was startled by hearing a man's voice having close to the door.

"Open the door to the waiting room. I am a stranger and have lost my way."

"It is out of hours for opening the waiting room," replied Frances, "you can find lodging at the house a quarter of a mile down the road: a lantern swings over the front door."

"I want to catch the first train. You surely would not keep a dog out in a storm like this, and the station house is for the accommodation of the travelling public."

Frances hesitated. Surely the man could not spend the night in the storm. He was, she judged from the tone of voice used, courteous. But what brought him to Ino Crossing after midnight. She thought of the box and her words to Mrs. Banwell. "I am drawing a man's pay, I must render a man's service."

"I follow instructions. No one is admitted until train time," she said.

There was an angry exclamation from the one without. Very different sounded the voice from the tone used previously. There was a pause, then without warning came a heavy blow on the door.

Frances trembled. A cold perspiration started, but she would not faint. Her life depended on swift, resolute action. The blows were coming now with precision. Frances rushed to the telegraph and called the nearest station five miles away.

"Ino Crossing, help," flashed the wire. "Engine coming," was the answer.

Frances returned to the waiting room.

"Oh, God!" she prayed, "help me keep strong."

Five minutes passed and Frances' trained ear caught the whistle of an engine above the storm.

The blows ceased and Frances heard an iron crowbar fall upon the platform. Another moment and the voice of the engineer called to her.

"Ho there, Frances."

"Yes," answered the girl, springing up.

"Open the door."

Frances swung open the door, and the engineer and two brakemen stood before her.

"There, Clip," he said, turning to his men, "run that fellow down if you can. I'm pretty sure I know who it is."

"We will trail the rascal," said the men, starting down the track."

The engineer pushed Frances into a chair. "You are as white as a ghost, sit down."

"But I didn't faint," laughed Frances, the tears starting to her eyes.

"And it's just as well you didn't," answered the other.

"It must be the money they're after, Joe, and there's an extra amount to-night," Frances said, "but how did he know about it?"

"Can't say," said Joe. It'll count with the company on your side that you didn't lose your head."

The engineer took out his watch. "It's getting late," he cried. "Those men ought to be here. I've got to get back and clear the line for the freight."

"Hurry back," cried Frances, rising and pushing the man toward the door.

"I hate to leave you, but you won't be troubled again to-night."

"No," and Frances lifted the lantern and stood in the doorway while Joe Gotferson boarded the engine. She bolted the door as the whistle sounded. Restless and weary she threw herself into the chair at her table. A message was passing over the line. Without realizing what she was doing Frances took the message. It was an order to the station beyond her from the train dispatcher's office.

"Have freight No. 25 pass Express at Ino Crossing."

"Oh," cried Frances, "and Joe Gotferson's in charge there and not back yet!" Like a flash she awakened to the terrible situation.

"There will be a terrible wreck! I must stop it!" She called the next station to hold the freight.

"Too late, freight on the way to Ino Crossing," came the answer.

A wail fell from Frances' lips. Then she reached and took a cape from a nail near, and rushed out lantern in hand, and threw open the switch. The express engine sounded as it swept round the curve. Frances sped down the track to meet it, signalling with her lantern to take the switch. The engineer acknowledged the order with three short whistles.

The girl turned and flew up the track, signalling the oncoming train to "Stop! Stop!"

Breathless, terror-striken by the roar of the two trains, Frances staggered onto the platform. She had done her best. Another minute would decide the fate of that line of sleepers. The express swept swiftly up the switch and on came the freight quivering as the hands of its master strove to bring it into submission.

When it stopped scarcely a foot of space separated the two trains from the jaws of death.

A procession of trainmen headed by the conductor, filed up the platform and surrounding the white-faced girl, standing lantern in hand,

"There's a mistake somewhere," said the conductor.

"Yes," said the girl. "I saw it and did my best——"

"And saved the train," said a strong voice near," and other voices cried, "Saved the train."

"I ignored orders," explained Frances. "I may have forfeited my place," she drew a long breath.

They crowded around the conductor. He held a short conversation with Frances, and then went to the telegraph. "The way is clear," he said coming out. "All aboard. We'll see you through." He waved his hand and dozens of hands were waved too, as the passengers went back to the car.

Frances was sleeping with the sunlight flooding her room when Mrs. Banwell hastily entered. "Frances," she cried, shaking the girl. "You are to catch the half past one train. Headquarter's summons."

The girl was on her feet. "Oh, Mrs. Banwell, I'm afraid—but I did my best."

"Don't be afraid," said the other reassuringly."

Hours later Frances was seated in the superintendent's office. The roar of the city traffic was around her. She trembled when the superintendent entered.

"Oh, so here is the girl from Ino Crossing. Do you know what you did last night?"

"I intercepted the train despatcher's order, sir."

"And what about the burglary?"

"I summoned help, sir, to save my life and the Company's money."

"And what do you think the Company is going to do about it?"

"I am afraid I shall be sent home, sir."

"Just what I am going to do. Your burglar was caught this morning. He is one of the crooks we have been looking for for some time. Here is a check. We will relieve you for a week. Get rested.

Tears filled Frances' eyes as she took the five hundred dollar check. She staggered to her feet but, before she could command her voice to speak, the Superintendent said kindly, "A cab is at the door. Here is the porter. The latter picked up Frances' handbag."

"Why should this be mine? I only did my duty," she said, lifting her eyes to the one now looking gravely down upon her."

"And you did it well," said the other. He extended his hand, "you are a brave young woman."

Frances chose the last seat in the car, closed her eyes and rested her head against the window.

"Five hundred dollars," she said. "The mortgage is paid and father and mother shall go to the Hot Springs. Oh—how good it is when one can stand at his post without flinching."

TALK TO YOUR HORSES

Talk to your horse and teach him to obey your voice as well as the reins. This may prove valuable if, as sometimes happens, the lines break or become unbuckled, besides the horse likes the sociability of it. He easily learns a dozen or more words, but be careful to use them only for exactly what you mean. For instance, "whoa" means to stop at once and stand perfectly still, "get up" to go straight ahead and at once, "back" to step backward, "easy" or "steady" to slow up.

These words the horse readily learns and takes kindly to. "Walk" means to change at once to a walk, and "all right," spoken in a calm, reassuring tone, means "don't be afraid—that won't hurt you," and it is wonderful to see what a calming effect it has. Speak firmly, but not sharply, to the horses, for they are nervous creatures. Talking to your horse will make him more intelligent and more friendly—Spirit of the West.

THE GIFTS OF PERSEVERANCE

When we speak of the gift of perseverance, we misuse the word nine times out of ten. Perseverance is not a gift in the majority of cases. It is an achievement. There are very few people with the natural talent for sticking to a hard task till its completion. That quality has to be learned, just as we have to learn to walk and talk. We come into the world with a vocal apparatus but speech is not a gift. It has to be learned. The child a few hours old has feet and limbs, with the necessary muscles for using them, but walking is not a gift. Months and years of development are necessary before it reaches perfection. Don't assume that other people of your acquaintance have been endowed with the gift of perseverance, while it has been left out of your equipment. Everyone possesses the raw material but of which perseverance can be manufactured. No one possesses more.

SOMETHING WORSE

One would think that almost anything is preferable to a soaked bed in the rainy open. The chaplain of the Fifty-Second Massachusetts Volunteers did not, find it so, as the major of the regiment relates in an article on "Up the Tache with Banks." A bridge had been built, and the Union troops were supposedly taking rest, camping beside the bayou.

The chaplain and the sergeant-major were sleeping, or trying to sleep, under the same blankets. The sergeant-major was soon fast asleep. Down came the rain. The soldiers woke and tried to shift to the shelter of the trees, but there was little room. The water came down in torrents. If one drew up his rubber blanket the rain fell on his feet; if he pushed it down it soaked his hair.

The chaplain finally got up to look for a better place. The major drowsed on. Presently, the chaplain returned.

"I've found a nice dry spot. You'd better come."

"Where is it?" was the sleepy response.

"In a pig-pen. Nice dry shelf in a pig-pen. I'm going there. You'd better come."

Although the major ached in every bone he had his doubts as to there being room for two, so he replied:

"Guess I'll stay here," and covering his upper ear with a tin plate to keep out the rain, he went off to sleep again.

In about half an hour he was disturbed by someone getting in under his blanket.

"Who is it?" he grumbled.

"I," said the chaplain. "I've come back."

"Why didn't you stay?"

The chaplain uttered one word; that was sufficient to explanation.

"Flea!" he ejaculated wrathfully.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday, July 21st, 1892

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were the hottest days of the season.

Norman McMurchy, son of Mr. D. McMurchy, Erin, was injured by being thrown from a hay rake, the horse becoming frightened, working in a new stumpy field, and rushing off to the barn.

Rev. C. A. Cook, of Bloomfield, N. J., holidaying here, addressed the Epworth League on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Peter Lee, one of our oldest residents, died last week. He came direct from County Meath, Ireland, when about 25 years of age, to lot 21, below Acton. Shortly after, in 1832, he married Miss Mary Gibbons who shared his lot for ten years and died leaving Mr. Lee with three children. Some three years later he married his second wife, Miss O'Connor, who died a couple of years ago. He has been living in Acton for eight or nine years Miss Julia, daughter, caring affectionately for her aged parents.

A mass meeting and Sunday School pic-nic is to be held in the park on August 19th, a central association having been formed for uniting all Sunday Schools in the vicinity who care to co-operate. Rev. G. B. Cooke is President: Revs. Biggs and Rae, Vice-Presidents; H. P. Moore, Secretary and the Executive these with the Superintendents of all local and neighboring schools uniting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Williams, of Waters, Mich., have been visiting at Mr. John Williams'.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash, of Paris, and Mrs. Davidson, of Dundas, have been visiting Mrs. Abram Matthews.

Rev. W. S. McTavish, B. D., St. George, one of the rising young men of the ministry, has been visiting at his old home in Nassagaweya.

The friends here of Miss Julia K. Cleveland will hide their surprise and extend their congratulations over her marriage. Her trip to the west was a rose encsemfully carried out.

The municipal rate has been struck at 15 mills.

BORN

REYNER—At Hamilton, on July 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Snyder, a daughter.

MARRIED

BALLOW-CLEVELAND—At St. Paul, Minn., on July 20th, Mr. Albert E. Ballow, to Miss Julia K. Cleveland, late teacher Acton Public School.

OTTON-WHITE—On July 21st, at Hamilton, by the Rev. James MacAllister, Rev. S. H. Otton, of Lion's Head, late of Hazelwood church, to Miss Annie Stella White, of Harrisburg.

CLARKE-ROSE—In Toronto, on July 20th, by Rev. A. Cunningham, Guelph, father of the bride, Mr. Frederick G. Clarke, of A. E. Clarke & Co., to Emma L., daughter of the late Rev. Dr. S. D. Rose.

DIED

LEE—In Acton, on July 20th, Peter Lee, aged 85 years.

SNYDER—In Acton, on July 21st, Fanny Gadsby, wife of George G. Smyth, aged 69 years.

ENTHUSIASM WILL COME IN THEIR TURN

There is more hope for almost every person in the world than for the thorough lazy. Wrongdoers repent, backslide and reform. The mistakes discover that they are wrong and start over again from a fresh standpoint. But the youth who reaches his majority and has not conquered laziness, has an old man of the sea on his back, from whose clutches he may never free himself.

Laziness turns endowment into a mockery. What is genius worth without industry? Laziness silences the voice of aspiration. What is the use of ambition if achievement is too much trouble? Even self-improvement is too much of an undertaking for a lazy man.

There is just one cure for laziness and that is work: not hard work merely, but enthusiastic work. Refuse yourself to allow all that is sublimest in yourself, all that is inspiring in life, to be the victim of this deadening, paralyzing weakness. Work! Work persistently till you can begin to work enthusiastically and joyfully. That will come in time. The lazy person who is not ready to make every sacrifice to conquer his besetting weakness is of all the world the most hopeless.

RESPONSIBILITY AND CHARACTER

Responsibilities are one of the chief factors in character making. It is as impossible to develop strength without responsibility, as it is to develop muscle without exercise.

Some people like to have others decide for them. It sounds very sweet and tractable when they say, "Oh, I'll do just as you think best. I'll be perfectly satisfied with your decision." But unluckily in this deferring to the judgment of others, they are losing the power to exercise their own wills. And in evading these responsibilities, so small as hardly to be worthy the name, they are learning to shirk responsibility.

Make up your mind for yourself. Listen to advice, weigh good counsel, but do not hand the right of judgment over to another. Accept responsibilities, even when kind friends would be ready to relieve you of your burden, for it is by decision, and by shouldering responsibilities as they come, that character is fashioned.

YOUR SHARE

The older brothers and sisters in a family have almost as much to do with moulding the characters of the younger, as the parents themselves. If the older brother smokes, the younger is pretty sure to try cigarettes on the sly. Profanity from the lips of the older brother is echoed by the younger, more often than not. And the follies or faults of an older sister are reflected by the little daughter of the family, with the faithfulness of a mirror.

Children's Day is suggestive of what the church is trying to do for the children. But it only helps to emphasize the fact that church and state together are powerless to counteract the influence of the home, the influence in which your older brothers and sisters have to big a share.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS

Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue:
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries,
And her friends, they are few, oh so few!
And her dolls they are nothing but sawdust and clothes;
Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,
And everything's criss-cross — the world is askew,
I wouldn't be little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Now true,
I wouldn't be little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay:
She isn't a shirk,
For she smiles at her work
And romps when it comes time for play.
Her dolls they are princesses, blue-eyed and fair:
She makes them a throne from a rickety chair;
And everything happens the jolliest way.
I'd sooner be Little Miss busy-all-day,
And stay
As happy as she is, at work or at play,
I say.

—Exchange.

STILL AN ARGUMENT

The character of the temperance appeal has changed entirely since John B. Gough first electrified audiences and brought thousands of drinking men forward to sign the pledge. The old appeal was to the emotions. That of to-day is to the intellect. Once the the temperance worker talked of the broken-hearted mothers, the helpless wives, the forlorn little children, all of whom owed their misery to liquor. Now he brings forth the testimony of scientists to prove the wrong the drinking man commits against his physical constitution, and shows by irrefutable figures the economic handicap of the liquor traffic the community.

But because the methods of appeal have changed, it is not to be imagined that the old argument has lost weight. If the anguish of the heart-broken mother, who sees her sacrifice and her prayers set at naught by the power of alcohol, is not pictured in public as it once was, her grief is no less real, her tears no less despairing. And the worker who, by showing the supreme folly of intemperance through statistics which no man can refute, wins young people to the prohibition ranks is more often than not kept loyal to his work by the memory of some broken-hearted mother. With all the new arrows in the quiver, the old shaft is still doing execution.

HAVE A SURPLUS

Every banking institution must have a surplus of money held in reserve against a possible crisis. If all its funds were used in the business operations of every day, it is quite certain that the first emergency would send it to the wall. And the same principle holds in the life of an individual. If you only know as much as is required by the exigency of your daily duties, you will fall when the unusual presents itself. And it must be remembered that emergency is only another name for opportunity, and success is dependent on having something in reserve to meet the out-of-the-way demands.

NOT LICENSED

If once a man keeps a dog and takes out a license, the authorities regard him liable to pay the tax for the rest of his natural life. Consequently, it is no unusual circumstance for a householder who, at some remote time was the owner of a dog, to receive early in the year a somewhat curt note from the local excise officer, reminding him that he has not renewed his permit. A friend of mine once received an official communication requesting his early attention to the effect that his dog license "had expired." But the authorities were rather taken aback when the addressed simply wrote across the face of the communication, "So has the dog," and returned it.

HEALTHY FOR A DOCTOR

Two young physicians were exchanging news for the first time since their graduation from the medical school. "I was surprised when I heard you'd settled at Reech Hill," said one to the other, laughing. "I've always heard it spoken of as such a healthy suburb. I wondered if you'd find any patients there." "My dear man," said his classmate earnestly, "it is a healthy suburb, but it is also the stronghold of football, every family has an automobile, and there never was such a place before for giving children's parties. I'm doing splendidly, thank you."

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 those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves induces 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.