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All accounts collected monthly.

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Editor and Propriator.

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BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS
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GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH - ONT.

That Was Months Ago, but that boy is still on the job, holding successfully his well-paid position. His responsibility has increased, as has also his salary, for he is frequently in charge of that office. In short, where others failed he has made good and achieved success.

His Own Explanation, in a courteous letter to Principal MacCormack, is given in the words: "Thanks to your careful training." His happy experience is that of many others who have obtained for SUCCESS, large, honorable and permanent.

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"BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME"

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W. WILLIAMS
"The Home of Good Shoes"
Mill Street Acton,

Poetry.

SILENT SYMPATHY

How sweet the silent sympathy
A blessed few bestow,
When with the deepest grief and pain,
We struggle here below.

The help that comes when needed most
The silent, tender kiss—
O, more than words we value them,
And more than words we miss.

We do not need a trumpet-blast,
To make us understand
The meaning of a tearful eye,
The pressure of a hand.

Job's friends showed more of faithful love,
Those seven silent days,
Than when they talked so learnedly,
Of all Jehovah's ways.

Thanks for the silent sympathy,
A gifted few can bring;
That comes like balm of Gilead,
That is so rare a thing.

—By Clara B. Heath.

Select Family Reading

TIMOTHY TRUSTY

By Rose E. Wakefield

WHEN the youngest child in the Morgan family was baptised Timothy, some folks laughingly affirmed that it was cruel to compel a boy to wear such a homely, old-fashioned name. However the lad's grandfather was roundly pleased, and when his small grandson was old enough to understand, he staunchly recommended the name, which for seventy odd years he had proudly worn. "It is a good name, lad," he said with emphasis. "The Bible Timothy was charged to keep that which was committed to his trust, and you know how splendidly faithful he was. Then your old grandfather may not have gathered much of riches in his lifetime, but he has tried to do credit to his name, and folks say they can trust him."

Young Timothy Morgan harkened to these wise words, and in his boyish heart he resolved that he, too, would magnify his name.

When he was just sixteen the family dictum was, that for stern financial reasons, this boy should leave school and get into his life work, and the choice of an occupation at once became a matter of concern. When suggestions, many and varied had been offered, Timothy said quietly:

"I think I'll learn to be a machinist," and then and there he displayed an evening paper, containing an advertisement from the neighboring city, for apprentices in a machine shop. A family caucus was at once held, and in two weeks' time, Timothy found himself a duly engaged employee in a bustling city factory.

His work from the start was very much to his liking, but he was not very long discovering that some of his surroundings were far from congenial. It so happened that honor and integrity in this corner of the business world were not what this village boy had fondly pictured them to be. His comrades in the workshop had a fashion of always beginning to put away their tools at least ten minutes before the six o'clock whistle blew. They said they needed the extra moments "to fix up," and Timothy offered no complaint, except that he steadfastly adhered to the old-fashioned idea that as he was paid to work from seven-thirty a. m. to six p. m., he had a right to observe those hours closely. Nor could he at all agree that when the foreman was absent he was free to join in all sorts of fun and frolic. The fact that the other boys most vigorously resented what they called his straight-laced ways, moved him not a whit. He continued as steadily as ever, to pursue success as he saw it. On Sabbath he enjoyed his Bible Class and Church services, and on week days it was a case of reading-room or gymnasium with never an hour or a dime for cigarets or down-town theaters. Just once a week did he invest in a genuine feast of freshly roasted peanuts, and then it was noticed that he always shared up in a most decent fashion. This fact, coupled with the knowledge that whenever he entered the lists at any athletic meet, there were few who could successfully match him, served to make his lot a trifle more bearable.

As it was, however, Timothy Morgan had plenty of jeering to stand from his work companions. They sneered at his firm adherence to the old adage that "A penny saved is a penny earned," and even when, in stout defense of his creed, he quietly showed his little bank savings book, they were only half won over to his manner of living. Now, of course, all this was by no means easy to bear. For a whole year he struggled like the real stalwart that he was, to keep his straight, steady, honest young feet, and sometimes he wondered whether the price of a clean, trustworthy life was not exceedingly high. But one bright October day something happened that forever chased away every shred of a doubt.

Down at the great city depot a very alert, businesslike man stepped from the Chicago train, and after consulting a directory, he made straight for a certain factory. There for a long time he was closeted with one of the partners, and as this gentleman turned him out, he said pleasantly: "Yes, sir, we call him 'Timothy Trusty' round here, and you will understand that we value that kind of an employe but of course we won't stand in the boy's way if you can give him a real lift."

A little later this strange gentleman was questioning a plain, motherly boardinghouse-keeper, and she fairly beamed as she told her story.

"But I can give you the minister's address," she said, "and they will tell you over at the church on Green street what a fine, trusty chap he is."

And sure enough they did tell. The Rev. Mr. Porter declared that he had always trusted the honest, faithful lad, and the teacher of the young men's Bible Class affirmed that it was pretty safe to reckon upon any boy away from home who could resist the lure of baseball matches and park recreation and steadfastly chose to spend a quiet, helpful Sabbath.

After many hours of close inquiry it was Timothy's turn to be interviewed by the stranger.

"You never saw me, boy," he said, but you must have heard of your Uncle David. I left home twenty years ago, and now for a long time I have been busy managing the biggest machine shop in the West. I need a young fellow whom I can thoroughly trust, and when I heard that I had a nephew in New York, I thought I would investigate him."

Timothy looked his surprise, but said never a word, and Uncle David went on: "Now, Timothy, I have been in New York only one day, but I have discovered that you neither smoke nor drink, that you have a bank account, that you spend your Sabbath decently, and that in your work you can be absolutely trusted, I may as well tell you that while I am not a very religious man myself, I know the points of a likely employee, and had you failed in any one of these places, you would not have done for my business. As it is your employers agree to release you, and if you think well of my offer, I will first of all give you nine months in a good business college, pay your fees for that time in the Y. M. C. A., and then place you in my business, where you can earn steady and sure promotion."

Timothy almost gasped, but of course he went, and the years have brought him money, position and influence. Better than all, however, is the fact that never for one hour has he laid aside the splendid name of "Timothy Trusty."

EVERY LIFE WE TOUCH

Every life we touch, says the Sunday School Times, leaves something of itself in us. Every book we read puts some mark on our character. Every temptation makes us either stronger, if we resist it, or wounds and hurts us if we yield to it. Every sorrow that befalls us makes us better or spoils our beauty. The effect of these experiences upon us is not accidental, but depends upon the way we receive them. God's purpose in all our life is our edification, to use one of Paul's suggestive words. This up-building is not all wrought in church services or in acts of worship. Christ is building men all the while—in love-filled homes in places of labor, in daily companionships and associations, as well as at communion tables or prayer meetings. We say that all the business of a carpenter is to make the things that a carpenter usually makes. But God's purpose for the carpenter is the making of a man. The work of a farmer, we say, is to till the soil and reap harvests. But the thought of God in the farmer's work, what he looks for as the real outcome, is a beautiful life. If this result is not reached the farmer's life is not successful, however prosperous he may be as a farmer. We say that a man's circumstances make him; but at the center of all the circumstances the final determining factor is the man himself. Whether the harsh knocks you experience through the years make a man of you or wreck your life depends upon the way you meet them. It is you, not your circumstances, that will determine the outcome of your life.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE

Said President John Quincy Adams on a public occasion: "There are two prayers I like to say. The first is the Lord's Prayer, and because the Lord taught it; and the other is what seems to be a child's prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and I like to say that because it suits me. I have been repeating it every night for many years past. I say it yet and I expect to say it my last night on earth if I am conscious,"

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

All this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

How familiar these words! We all learned them in childhood. They were taught us at mother's knee. With closed eyes, upturned face, and folded hands we repeated them. They formed our first prayer. O the simplicity of that childlike trust! We prayed, we slept. God's good angel stood guard throughout the night watches. We believed that our prayers were answered. Long years ago that dear mother passed away. We, grown to manhood and womanhood, followed the precious dust to it's last resting place, but the spirit returned to God who gave it. But all through the years there has remained the memory of the prayer mother taught: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

A year ago a well-known Methodist pastor of Vermont was taken to the hospital at Troy, N. Y., for a critical surgical operation. Before the anaesthetic was administered, the Christian surgeon said: "Dr. W——, have you anything to say before we begin?" Taken by surprise, the clergyman, knowing not what to answer, closed his eyes and repeated the prayer learned at his mother's knee: "Now I lay me down to sleep." There followed the anxious hours of "sleep," but, as in childhood days, God the Keeper was faithful, and with the morning's dawn there was light and hope.

May we, with John Quincy Adams, not be ashamed of the mother's prayer, but use it even on our last night on earth.—Christian Intelligencer.

"DARE TO BE A DANIEL"

"You're afraid, Dan Miller, you're just afraid to do it," taunted Jim Wilson. Dan pressed his lips together to keep the angry words from coming out.

"I'll dare you to smoke a cigarette, Dan Miller," continued his tormentor. Dan's face grew white. Some of the boys laughed and Ned Tenney sang out provokingly: "Dare to be a Daniel, dare to smoke a cig."

Dan's black eyes snapped. He was very proud of his name and greatly admired the old Hebrew hero who had borne it thousands of years ago. Before he could speak the words plainly Dan's mother had taught him the old gospel song, "Dare to be a Daniel," and now, reminded of its words, he turned fiercely upon the boys.

"Keep your dare to yourself, Jim Wilson. My father says no manly boy ever dares anybody. Anyway, I wouldn't touch one of your old cigarettes. I want to be of some account when I grow up and everybody with sense knows that boys who smoke cigarettes make little 'two by four' fellows, with no strength of body or brains, either. I've got a dare of my own that's a lot bigger than yours, Jim Wilson; and I just will dare to be a Daniel and 'dare to stand alone,' so there." Dan walked away trying to make believe he didn't care and didn't hear Jim's jeering words: "Good little Danny. Go home with his little dare."

But that wasn't the hardest part of it. For the next week Dan found himself quite alone by the boys with whom he had been accustomed to play and he didn't like it. But there was one way he could have a good time by himself, and that was to take his fishing rod and line out to the end of Burton's pier, for Dan was a born fisherman, having lived all his life by the side of Lobster Bay.

He sat on the pier fishing one afternoon a week later, thinking to himself: "I guess Daniel the First must have had a pretty lonesome time of it. I suppose it isn't right, but it seems to me a real live boy is more fun for company than 'just a purpose true,' like the song says." A minute later he heard a boy's voice on the beach below say sharply:

"Now, you youngsters stay right here and play, and don't you go any nearer the water. Hear me? If you do you know what will happen. I've got to go over with the boys to tend to some business."

Leaning over the edge of the pier, Dan could see Jim Wilson's two little brothers playing on the sands, and Jim himself, followed by a crowd of boys, hurrying down the beach.

Hours later, as Dan was on his way home with a fine string of fish for supper, he was stopped by Jim Wilson's mother.

"Have you seen my Jim, Dan?" she asked anxiously. "I left the babies with him and here it is almost dark and I can't find either the babies or Jim."

"I shouldn't wonder if I could find them, Mrs. Wilson, said Dan. "Just follow me." And throwing his string of fish in the Wilson's yard, he hurried down to the bay, Mrs. Wilson following as fast as she could go.

The tide had been coming in for the last hour, and the water had entirely covered the beach where the little ones had been playing. Some distance out was a rock so high that as yet it was not covered. An hour ago it would have been easy enough for the children to have reached it on the dry sand. Dan peered fearfully seaward, and saw crouched upon this bit of rock two little forms. He looked about eagerly for help, but not a man was in sight. A rowboat had been pulled up on the beach just out of reach of the waves, and before Mrs. Wilson had reached the beach he had pushed it out into the water and was pulling at the oars with all the strength of his young arms. Dan never could remember the rest very well; it was much like a dream when he tried to—the two little frightened children on the rock the angry boisterous waves that tried to turn his boat about and drive it landward, the noisy roaring water that drowned his voice when he called to the babies, the aching arms that seemed ready to snap from the strain of pulling against the tide, the last frantic effort of pulling the little ones into the boat, and then a blank until Dan found himself safe in his own bed, with his mother bending over him. Fisherman Pete told the rest of the story. Aroused by Mrs. Wilson's cry for help, he and his partner had rowed out and rescued Dan and the children. Dan had reached the rock not a minute too soon, for the next wave would have carried the little ones with it.

It was many days before Dan could return to school. The morning he went back the teacher said: "Scholars, there is just one piece in our song book I think we ought to sing in honor of one of our number of whom we are very proud. Who can guess what that piece is?"

Jim Wilson was the first one on his feet. "I know. It's No. 25, and it fits him just right."

Then the scholars sang with smiling faces all turned toward Dan:

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true,
Dare to make it known.

COULDN'T TRUST THE OFFICIALS

"Pat," said the squire, "I want you to go to the railway station and find out what time the next train leaves for London."

"Yes, sorr."

After an absence of two hours he returned.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the squire, "what a time you've been."

"Well, ye see, yer Honor," replied Pat, "I had to wait. I could not trust them station fellows, they'd say anything, so I stuck right and seen the train start with my own eyes."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday, August 15th, 1892

Negotiations are on the way for the extension of the Bell Telephone Co.'s lines to Aberfoyle, Morriston, Schaw, Arkell, Eden Mills and Rockwood.

Eighty-four years ago last Saturday, August 15th, the first white baby was born on the spot where the thrifty town of Berlin now stands. The late Isaac Eby was born one year after his parents came from Pennsylvania with the U. E. Loyalists.

To-morrow has been proclaimed Civic Holiday to correspond with the mammoth Sunday School gathering arranged to be held in the park.

Mr. Joseph Haw, of Speyside, who has been doing a butchering business there, lost his life by being thrown from his waggon on Tuesday. His horses became frightened and ran into a clump of trees, where he was caught under the chin by a limb with the result above mentioned. He only lived about a day. He came last fall from Bayaville, Muskoka.

Knox Church—old building—was filled on Thursday evening, the occasion being a farewell to Dr. Lowry and family on their removal to Guelph. Tea was served and after social intercourse a beautiful illuminated address was presented. The Dr., his wife and mother were all gratefully remembered. Mrs. Dr. Lowry was presented by the ladies with a beautiful gold watch and chain, and Mrs. Lowry, Sr., one of the oldest Sunday School teachers, with a Bagster Bible and an elegant rocking chair, finished in old oak and beautifully upholstered. Revs. G. R. Cooke, and R. B. Cook and Mr. D. Henderson, Mr. John Warren, Mr. T. T. Moore and Mr. John Burns, Rockwood, spoke in appreciative terms of the guests of the evening. Rev. J. Edge and H. P. Moore had been invited but were unable to attend. Dr. Lowry gratefully responded to the kind expressions conveyed.

Miss Annie Boomer, Schomberg, is visiting at Mrs. John Speight's.

Mrs. John Laing, Sundridge, is visiting at Mr. Adam Laing's.

Miss Edith Wright returned home from Penetang on Monday.

Mrs. Dr. Cooke, Chicago, is visiting her son, the rector, at St. Alban's parsonage.

DIED

DOYLE—At her home in Erin, Elizabeth H. Stewart, wife of John Doyle, aged 86 years.

WAS READY FOR HIM

A story is told on a notable circuit rider. He was very fond of ham. Conference was coming on, and he was assigned to the home of a friend who was a physician. When the physician learned that he was to entertain him, he said to his wife: "You know Dr. Blank is very fond of ham. Be sure to have plenty of ham." When they entered the dining room for supper, a large ham was on the table, and several broad, thick slices had been cut ready for Dr. Blank. He maintained his reputation; in fact, he ate so much that, after he had gone to church the physician said to his wife: "I may be called out so I am going to prepare some medicine for Dr. Blank and leave it with you. He will hear from that ham before morning; and when he does, if I am not here, give him the medicine. It will relieve him." However, the physician did not have to leave. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he heard some one in the hall as though hunting for his door. "There he is," he said to his wife as he rose from the bed. "I knew that ham would get him." Taking the medicine, he went to the door. There stood Dr. Blank.

"I am ready for you," said the physician. "Take this and it will relieve you."

"Take what?" asked Dr. Blank.

"This medicine."

"What for? I won't want any medicine."

"You don't? Well, what do you want?" asked the physician in surprise.

"Why, if it is convenient, I would like to have some more of that ham."—Christian Advocate.

HAVE YOU A BAD SORE?

If so, remember these facts—Zam-Buk is by far the most widely used Balm in Canada! Why has it become so popular? Because it heals sores, cures skin disease, and does what it is claimed to do. Why not let it heal your sore?

Remember that Zam-Buk is altogether different to the ordinary ointments. Most of these consist of animal fats. Zam-Buk contains no trace of any animal fat, or any mineral matter. It is absolutely herbal.

Remember that Zam-Buk is at the same time healing, soothing, and antiseptic. Kills poison instantly, and all harmful germs. It is suitable alike for recent injuries and diseases and for chronic sores, ulcers, etc. Test how different and superior Zam-Buk really is. All druggists and stores at 50c. box. Use also Zam-Buk Soap. Relieves sunburn and prevents freckles. Best for baby's bath. 25c. tablet.

JOHNNY CAKE

We have waited long for enlightenment as to why Johnny cake was so named, and at last it has come. A woman lecturer at the National Corn Exposition in Chicago says that the term is a moderation of journey cake and the latter was invented by the Indians. "Johnny cake, as the Indians used to make it, was really a mixture of corn meal, water and salt. It was boiled and then baked. It was so easily made and it tasted so good and probably lasted so well that the Indians before undertaking long marches, used to make a lot of it. So they got into the habit of calling it 'journey cake.' When the white people moved into America and became friends with the Indians, they heard about 'journey cake' but must have become mixed on the name, as they dubbed it 'Johnny cake' and let it go at that."

BE GLAD

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so
What we've missed of joy and calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.
For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had
Let us fold away our tears,
And put by our foolish fears,
And, through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

MEMORY MARVELS

Physicians and phsychologists are trying to determine why it is that memories to-day are not as good as they were 100 years ago. It is generally conceded that the reason is that people of to-day have so many artificial aids that they do not need to remember. With newspapers being issued every hour, with the telephone and telegraph at every elbow, with fast mails hourly, with public libraries in almost every city it is no longer necessary to tax the memory.

Feats of memory, while not as numerous as they used to be, can still be found. As late as 1905, a young woman in North Carolina, memorized the entire new testament to win a prize, and her young sister, a girl of eleven, memorized and recited almost 800 verses.

Dr. Macklin used to tell a story of a man proud of his great mental retentiveness. He offered to give any proof of it desired, and was asked to read a newspaper, and then repeat every word of it from memory. The host held the paper while the man repeated it verbatim and every word in its proper place.

The surprise of the host, however, was even greater and his skepticism taxed beyond bounds when the visitor to show how easy the feat had been, offered to repeat the words backward. And he did it. Beginning at the end of the last word of the first column, he went to the beginning of the first word of the first column without an error. Dr. Macklin fails to give this prodigy's name.

Mozart memorized the music of the Miserere after hearing it twice only; and it is among musicians to-day that memory is most used as an every day accomplishment. Hundreds of pianists and others can play for hours, or even days, from memory. Many orchestra conductors can dispense with the scores.

THE COOL STRANGER

Business was brisk in the village store when the stranger entered.

"Any of you drive up in a trap?" he asked casually.

"Yes, I did," said Farmer Turnups disinterestedly. "Why?"

"Gray horse and an old lady inside?"

"Yes, that's right. But—"

"Can she manage him all right?" said the stranger.

"I should think so," replied Turnups. "Why, my wife's druv that horse ever since he was a three-year-old!"

"That's all right, then," said the stranger. "I merely asked because that gray has just gone down the street like a mad bull, and the old lady's hanging on to the back of the trap screaming 'murder!' Still, if she can manage him there's nothing to get excited about. How's the price of taters down your way?"

MAKING WORK EASIER

Erastus Johnson, the only negro man in Wobrook-in-the-Hills, has thought out many of the secrets of easing the toll that he knows best and is ever ready to impart them to others.

"When they comes to me for advice," he said recently to one of the summer campers, "I alwus tell 'em it depends on what their perfession is. If they've arrived at the dignity o' sawin' wood I alwus tell 'em to saw the biggest foot. If they ask why, an' they mostly does, I say, 'So's you'll only have the little sticks to saw when you gets tuckered out.' An' I'll tell ye now," concluded Erastus graciously, quite as if the camper had asked for pointers on a back yard job, "it's jes' the same with pills'. Put the big sticks to the bottom. It's mighty bilious exercise a-liftin' 'em to the top."—Youth's Companion.

Nearly every one imagines he is getting more than his share of hard knocks.

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 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 tranquilising 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. 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.