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Poetry.

SIGNS OF MAY

May day and June day,
Spring and summer weather,
Going to rain, going to clear,
Trying both together.
Flowers are coming; no, they're not,
Whilst the air is chilly;
First it's cold, then it's hot,
Isn't weather silly?
S'pose the little violets think
Spring is rather funny,
So they hide themselves away,
Even where it is sunny.
S'pose the the trees must think it's time
To begin their growing,
See the little swelling buds?
See how plain they're showing?
S'pose they know they're going to make
Peaches, apples, cherries,
Even vines and bushes know
When to start their berries.
Only little girls like me
Don't know all about it.
Maybe, though, the reason is
We can do without it.
Winter-tired and summer-time
We keep on a-growing,
So, you see, we needn't be
Like the flowers and like the trees,
And the birds and bumble-bee—
Always wise and knowing.

—St. Nicholas.

Select Family Reading

Tommy the Trailer

OGDEN URBAN ROBISON

WHEN, on a Saturday afternoon at the end of July, Cashier Henderson, of the Harmer Packing Company, had emerged from his sanctum and with rapid strides had made his way up and down the aisles between the forty flat-topped desks, tossing a semi-monthly pay envelope to each worker in turn, he came to an abrupt halt before the last young man, seated in the far corner of the bright airy western office.

"Your half month's pay, Richards—twenty dollars," he said in a voice a trifle sterner than usual. "But it is my duty to inform you that your services will not be required after to-night," and he turned away his head and walked briskly back to his office.

Had the man tossed a loaded bomb instead of an envelope on the desk before him, Tom Richards could not have been struck more suddenly dumb with astonishment than he was. For at least five minutes he sat almost as rigid as so much marble, staring out of large blue-gray eyes straight at the opposite wall. Finally the "snap" came. His muscles relaxed. He felt limp all over, and he realized that there were many pairs of eyes fastened upon him.

"Fired!" he hoarsely whispered to himself in despair. "Fired and disgraced!

Then, eighteen years of age though he was, hot tears gushed forth, ran down his flushed cheeks and dropped upon his recapitulation sheet on which he had been working the whole day.

With some people to be "fired" is of such common occurrence that they rather pride themselves on it. We have seen young men—and young ladies, too—who gloried in their "temper" and would "take no word from anyone, not even the boss," and who "couldn't have stayed another minute anyhow."

But Tom Richards, as we have already seen, was not a fellow of that stamp. Disappointment, humiliation, chagrin were written all over him as he, for the remaining two hours of that afternoon leaned over his desk and accomplished—absolutely nothing.

Yet, during that interval, his usually sluggish brain was working faster than it had worked for many a day. Though heretofore the young man had dealt only with what his eyes fell upon—results, effects—he was now perforce, sadly meditating upon a probable cause.

"Why is it?" he soliloquized from time to time. "Why am I not wanted? During the three months I've been here I've always come on time and I've never left till five. I've worked without shirking. I've done everything I was told to do, and I thought I was getting on all right."

Finally he reached a conclusion.

"There has been some spite work,' he muttered, as he left his desk and reached for his hat hanging on a nearby hook. "And I'm going to find out about it."

Three minutes later he was sitting in Manager Stewart's office, awaiting for an opportunity to speak with the big, dark man, who at that time was deeply engrossed in his records.

Meanwhile he was allowing his mind to run headlong in the "spite" channel. Dick Summers, one of his former classmates, was, Tom felt sure, at the head of it all. Since Dick had got his position with the Harmer Packing Company at sixteen a week he had "felt his oats" in a remarkable degree and had looked with contempt upon any and every one receiving smaller pay than his own, and especially upon Tom, whom he had always been successful in keeping under his thumb. The truth was, Tom believed Dick jealous because he had managed to secure a situation with the same firm, even at a smaller wage, and that Dick, with a naturally mean disposition, had been doing some underhand work to oust him from his place.

As a result of these cogitations his face was gradually taking on a more sombre hue; moreover, it was visibly lengthening and by the time the manager had finished his work for the day and was apparently ready to listen, it assumed almost of salt barrel dimensions.

"Why are you dismissed?" repeated Stewart somewhat leisurely for him as he turned in his chair and leaned his elbow on the desk. "Have you yourself the slightest suspicion as to the cause?"

"No, sir," answered Tom cringing slightly under the man's steady gaze, "unless it's because—"

"Because what?"

"Because of spite work," returned the young man so quickly that it surprised even himself.

Stewart let loose a big hearse laugh.

"No, Richards," he said, and his heavy-

SURELY SOME OF THEM WILL LAND BIG FISH ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

soled oxfords clicked together as he spoke. "You are mistaken, my lad. There is no spite work. Spite work doesn't go with this firm. No, the cause lies wholly in yourself."

"In myself?"

"Yes, in yourself. We've watched you very carefully from the first hour you began work here, and we've come to the conclusion that your a trailer."

"A trailer?" inquired Tom in amazement, "What do you mean?"

"I mean a T-R-A-I-L-E-R, trailer. Perhaps as you go along home you'll understand me better."

"And can't I come back on Monday."

"No!" returned Mr. Stewart decisively, "Don't you know when you are discharged?"

Tom's cheeks in spite of himself were now flushing with anger. He had hardly believed himself capable of playing "spunk."

"Yes, I know when I'm discharged," he said with considerable firmness; "but you have almost intimated that you would give me time to think over what you meant by a 'trailer.' It's not fair, Mr. Stewart, to discharge me without a clearer explanation than you have given me; and besides I need work. I've a mother and younger brother to help support."

"I know you have," said the manager, now arising from his chair and approaching Tom, whom he patted a couple of times on the shoulder. "You've a sister, too, I happen to know; and if you had one half of the stuff in you that that little girl has you'd be staying right on here."

"Haven't I done everything that you told me to do?" retorted Tom now thoroughly aroused.

"Yes, you have, after a fashion—but no more. That's just the trouble with you, Richards; you've been a trailer. But say, you've got some spunk I see. I'm really surprised. Perhaps there is something in you after all. Go home and think hard between now and Monday. If you don't know what a trailer is by that time come in here and I'll tell you. If you satisfy me that you mean business and would like to make yourself valuable to this firm we'll perhaps give you another chance. But I tell you frankly, up to this minute I believed there was no use. Good night."

Tom was not cognizant of the fact that while he had been discharged because he was "trailer" he had in that interview displayed two qualities that had never before been brought out in him, namely, persistence and a real desire to work. And the truth was that he stood higher in the estimation of Stewart when he left the office than when he entered it.

It might be said that Tom belonged to a certain class of humanity which, as Agnes Deans Cameron says, is "like matches; no virtue comes out of them until they have been rubbed up against a hard place."

Yet, withal, he was a "trailer" whatever that was; and "trailers," were certainly not in demand by the Harmer Packing Company. Trailer, trailer—the appellation was still a puzzle to him.

He was glum enough as he slowly shuffled along down Fourth Avenue in the direction of home. In fact so glum was he and so absorbed in his melancholy thoughts that he did not see his sister, Mamie, approaching on the opposite side of the street.

She was a dainty-looking young miss of sixteen or thereabouts and her bright, winsome young face was aglow with health and action. Evidently she had left the confectionery where she was working and had come to meet her brother.

"Hello, Tommy. Come over!" she called out in clear tones.

He recognized the voice and without looking up, started on a lope across the thoroughfare.

"Look out, Tom," screamed the girl, just in time to avert what undoubtedly would have been another fatal accident, for the young man startled by the shrill shriek, stopped dead still just as a small but powerful motor car, towing a second, a huge one in its wake dashed past not two feet in front of him.

"Oh, Tommy, what a sleepy boy!" exclaimed Mamie all of a tremble. "You might have been hurled to your death but for—"

"Yes, but for you," interjected her brother, as he stepped alongside and took her arm within his own; whereupon the two set off leisurely toward their cottage home but a few blocks away.

When they had gone only a short distance, however, Tom came up with a jerk and said he:

"Mamie, it is always you who gets me out of trouble, and I want to tell you it's some trouble with me to-night." And the arm that was in use dropped to his side.

"What is it, Tommy boy?" she asked playfully. "Have you been fired?"

"Yes, Mamie, fired," and his jaws came together with a click. "But how did you know it."

"I was only feeling, brother. I really never thought of such a thing," she answered, clinging tightly to the limp arm and at the same time bending forward to gaze up into his face. "Surely you have not been dismissed?"

The girl's round, blue eyes were already welling up with tears of sympathy.

"Why, Tom?"

"Because I'm a 'trailer.'"

"A trailer! Who said so?"

"Yes, a trailer, and that's all I know about it. The boss said so."

"And what's a trailer?" inquired his sister, disgustedly.

"Well, come to think of it, that big car that was being towed along behind that small one just a few minutes ago would be called a 'trailer.' But what has that to do with me? I can't see that I'm like a disabled car."

Mamie, young as she was, knew all her brother's weakness. Moreover she was quick to perceive the similarity, figuratively speaking, between him and the trailer he had mentioned, and in a moment it flashed upon her that the Harmer Packing Company had dismissed him just because he was like the powerless cars. Nevertheless, she did not want to "add insult to injury," as he would term it, and for a time she was silent. But finally she spoke up in sympathetic tones:

"You I think I understand just what kind of men that company wants."

"Do you?" asked her brother earnestly, "Well, tell me."

"Well, since this has come up, I remember reading just a few days ago an article by Orison Swett Marden upon that very thing; and no doubt Mr. Stewart has been reading it, too. That's why he used the name. You know a 'trailer' has, as he says, no motor, no power generator; or if it has, does not use them. It depends for its progress altogether upon other cars that have power, that have the 'go' in them."

But here Tom gave vent to something akin to a groan.

"Stop, Mamie, I understand!" he exclaimed. "I've tumbled at last. It pretty nearly took a house to fall on me before I got wise. But thank God I understand. It was a good thing for me after all, those cars came along when they did. They got close enough to Tom Richards to drive all his scattered brains into one corner. I see now what I lack to make me valuable. I've always done what I was told to do; I've put in full time and I've kept busy. But I've been working simply for my ten dollars a week, and I suppose I haven't been earning one cent more for the firm than I was paid. And yet I ought to, for why should a company hire a lot of men if they cannot make anything on their labor? I've often wondered why some of the men are getting twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. I see now. They are earning more, much more than that. They are interested in the welfare of the business. They are always on the lookout for something new, something valuable. They've got the 'go,' the power generator in them; while I'm only a 'trailer.' I go where I'm pulled and no farther. I'm a dead-head, a leaner."

"Oh, not so bad as all of that, Tommy," affectionately put in the girl at his side just as they reached home.

"Yes, as bad as all that," he went on. "But, thank God, I've found it out. I believe it's not too late. I can hold that job yet. I was pretty mad at Stewart when I left that office, but I see now he's all right; and it was pretty kind of him after all to leave hole for me to crawl back into. I'll go out there on Monday—no I'll go to his home to-night and I'll tell him I've found out the meaning of a 'trailer.' If he takes me back, I'll bet you my hat he doesn't get another chance to fire me on that ground."

Mamie squeezed his arm unmercifully and said in a ripling voice:

"Tommy, you're the dearest, bravest brother that ever lived. 'Play the game,' as Ramfield Carew says, and you'll win out. You're going to be reinstated and I know it."

Tom found the manager at home when he called at eight o'clock. Moreover he appreciated the fact that he was being treated with more than usual civility as he was shown into the library and asked to seat himself in a comfortable chair.

"Mr. Stewart," he began, "sooner than I had hoped I have found out what a 'trailer' is, and I've come to tell you."

"Yes?" returned the big man, with a slight smile. "I'm glad that you are interested."

"Interested?" responded Tom. "Well, I ought to be interested, for I was almost knocked down by a car towing one of those 'trailers' as I went home to-night, and that incident together with a bright little sister's suggestion, has helped me solve this thing. She told me about Marden's article in the Business World and I took the trouble to read it. I understand it, and it's the truth. I've been a 'trailer' all right. But I believe, from henceforth, if you give me the chance, I can make good with you."

Stewart was now looking straight down into the earnest young face, and he said in emphatic accents:

"Young men with initiative, with 'go' in them, young men who are willing to earn twice what they're getting, young men who can be made superintendents and managers of our hundred or more branches or in other words 'leaders' not 'trailers'—that's the kind of men we want. Of course there will always be 'trailers' and they may catch on the tail end of some firms, but the Harmer Packing Company does not want them.

"But I'm glad you came in, young man. This evening when you came to my office I was surprised at your persistence and sincerity, and I was somehow forced to believe that perhaps you needed most of all a good waking up. I guess you've had it. Come back on Monday, and I believe you'll become more valuable to us. And let me tell you when you do you'll receive a fatter pay envelope."

Richards was now all a-quiver with emotion.

"Thank you, Mr. Stewart," he said, with great ardency. "I will try to be, if not a leaner, at least one of you pullers. This much I promise you, you shall not have occasion to again class me among the trailers!"

"Good-night," returned the manager in really genial tones, and Tom Richards walked away with a lighter heart, a firmer purpose, and a broader and more alert mind.

The days and weeks sped away. I have said sped not dragged, for the young man from the time of his reinstatement, became not only diligent but intensely interested in the business. His allotted tasks he did in the very best and quickest manner possible. But he did much more than that, for it was soon observed that he was questioning those about him; he was making it his business to become competent to fill the shoes of the man above him; he was using the brain power that the Creator had given him; to express it tersely, he was giving strong evidence of becoming a leader instead of a 'trailer.'"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, May 24th, 1894

R. J. Morrow, who removed last week to Preston, walked from Acton to Georgetown on Thursday in one hour and seventeen minutes. He says, "Beat it, who can."

Improvements to the extent of about $1,000 are expected to be made at St. Joseph's Church.

The rain storm which lasted from Thursday of last week until Tuesday morning of this week, with almost continuous fall of rain has never been paralleled in the memory of any of our residents.

The Board of Managers and Elders of Knox Church will present an unanimous opinion favoring the erection of a new church to the congregation on Monday evening.

A great deal of interest is manifest in the proposed reunion of the pupils of the late Robert Little in July. Letters of approval have been received from Revs. C. A. Cook, of Bloomfield, N. J., and T. Albert Moore, Dunsville, Ont., and Mr. R. N. Thurtell, Teeswater.

Mr. L. Campbell has gone to a situation in Huntsville.

Mrs. John Williams and children left on Saturday to spend a couple of weeks with friends at Wiarton.

Mr. Donald Campbell, of Manitoba, visited his father, Mr. Arch. Campbell.

OBITUARY—The following officers were installed in the Good Templars' Lodge by Miss Campbell, Lodge Deputy: Past Templar—J. H. Millar; Chief Templar—John Campbell; Vice-Templar—Miss E. Swackhamer; Chaplain—Miss F. Baldick; Marshall—Chas. Kennedy; Fin. Sec.—Miss J. Brydon; Rec. Sec.—Miss J. Aiken; Treasurer—Miss M. McTavish; Guard—David McCutcheon; Sentinel—Fred McLean. There is a membership of about fifty. .....Ronald Sinclair is now the possessor of a splendid safety.

BORN

MEMORYNEY—At Aylmer, on May 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Memorney, a son.

MARRIED

GREYANG-MAGEE—In Rockwood, at the house of the bride's mother, on May 23rd, by Rev. D. Strachan, Mr. Thomas Greyang, of Guelph, to Miss Kate Magee, daughter of the late Edward Magee.

KENNEDY-PRINCE—At Shelburne, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Dr. McCaul, Mr. James Kennedy, son of Mr. Moses Kennedy, formerly of Acton, to Jessie, eldest daughter of R. Prince.

DIED

GOODALL—At Chatham, on May 12th, Clara May, youngest daughter of James Goodall, formerly of Acton, aged 18 years, 9 months.

THE ELUSIVE CONGRESSMEN

Jeremiah Donovan, a member of the U. S. Congress from Connecticut, is a wily politician, to say the least of it.

One morning, says an exchange, a covey of Connecticut young women who were in Washington at a big suffrage conclave, dropped into Donovan's office to learn what he was willing to do for the Cause.

"What is the attitude of you ladies in regard to fish?" was the Congressman's irreverent question.

"Fish?"

"Yes, I see by the morning papers that fish have gone up $2 a barrel. What are you going to do about it?"

"It's the first we'd heard of it."

"Why, my dear young women," said Donovan, in pained tone, "do you mean to tell me that when so important an article of diet as fish goes up in price you don't know about it? And you're not going to bring the matter up at you're meeting? Is that the way you're going to look after things when you have the ballot?"

And with a sad shake of his head he walked out the door and left them.

A SIMPLE REMEDY

The readiness of some people to send for a man to do those little things about the house which the smallest amount of enterprise or ingenuity would enable them to do for themselves is illustrated by an incident reported in the Chicago Tribune, of a family named Chuckster.

They had bought some new gas-burners with mantels. For a week or two the light was satisfactory; then it grew dim and dimmer until Mrs. Chuckster sent for the gas-fitter.

"It grows worse all the time," she explained.

"When was it put in?" asked the man.

"About a month ago."

"Ah, yes; I see."

Then he lifted the chimney off, took it out to the kitchen, washed it with soap and water, and the light turned as brightly as ever.

"Fifty cents," said the man.

WISH AND OTHERWISH

Unfortunately the sweetness of victory never lasts as long as the bitterness of defeat.

Fame proves that a man has to be dead and buried, without being buried in oblivion.

Perhaps money used to go farther than it does now, but it didn't go so fast.

The fellow who was born tired should look out for punctures.

The greatest paradox would be a girl who blushes for her own cheek.

Don't judge by appearance. The jollier doesn't always have the most fun.

Mighty few people get nervous prostration from their efforts in trying to make the world better.

It is never too late to mend, but it is just as well if you don't have to.

GETTING ON WITH OTHERS

If you cannot get along with other people, look for some weakness in yourself as an explanation. If you quarrel with your brothers and sisters, fail to agree with your fellow members in the Endeavor Society, and are on bad terms with half your classmates, do not lay the blame on other people, for it is clear that you are the one at fault. But whatever it costs, you should conquer that weakness. One who cannot "get on" with the people with whom he associates, is not very likely to get on in the world.—Endeavor World.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the only one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD

Most of our successful men began life without a dollar. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world:

Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.

Work. The world is not going to pay you for nothing. Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is only talent of hard work.

Enter into that business or trade which you like best, and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.

Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer your difficulties.

Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work.

Don't try to begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top sometime.

Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero."

Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time, if you have to lose dinner to do it.

Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket.

Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

Spend less than you earn. Do not run in debt. Watch the little leaks and you can live on your salary.

Make all the money you can honestly, do all the good you can with it while you live, and be your own executor.—Selected.

SAVINGS OF CHILDREN

A six year-old was seated in a barber's chair.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

"I don't see what's the use of my being vaccinated again," said Tommy baring his arm reluctantly for the doctor.

"The human body changes every seven years, Tommy," replied his mother. "You are 11 years old now. You were in your fourth year when you were vaccinated first and it has run out."

"Well, I was baptized when I was a baby. Has that run out, too?"

Mr. Wilkins had learned that his 5-year old Harry had been begging pretzels from the next door neighbor, Mr. Yeaser. "Now, Harry," said Mr. Wilkins, "if you ask Mr. Yeaser for pretzels any more I shall have to punish you."

The next day Harry was playing in the back yard, and, looking through the fence, caught sight of his friendly neighbor.

"Hello, Mr. Yeaser, what's new?" shouted the small boy.

"Nothing, Harry boy," was the reply, "Nothing new that I know of."

"Well, Mr. Yeaser," said the young diplomat, "suppose we talk about pretzels."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Greece has 235,050 acres in vineyards.

Cotton is the chief crop of southern India.

A private bank in Madoc, Ont., failed with a shortage of $100,000.

In the United States there is an auto for every 100.

New Zealand's railways in 1913 yielded a profit of $6,183,033.

China, in 1913, exported 82,214 packages of firecrackers.

Austria will shortly spend $120,000,000 for new railway lines.

It is rumored that the Ontario Provincial elections will be held in July.

A memorial window to Lord Strathcona will be placed in Westminster Abbey.

GRIT A WORD OF CONQUEST

Grit sounds like a word which has come up from among the people. It seems to belong with a setting of the jaw and a squaring of the shoulders. But if plebian in its origin, it is royal in its achievement. You cannot find a difficulty for which it is not equal. It has been more than a match for lowly birth, lack of education, ill health, crippled limbs and unattractive personality. It has made the poor rich, the sick strong, the ignorant wise, the diffident at ease. It is a word of conquest. Make it your ally.

All Night with Asthma.—Everyone knows how attacks of asthma often keep their victim awake the whole night long. Morning finds him wholly unfitted for a day of business, and yet, business must still be carried through. All this night suffering and lack of rest can be avoided by the prompt use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which positively does drive away the attacks.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.