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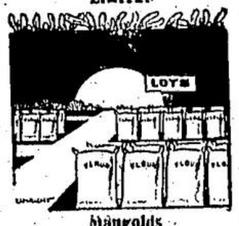

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J. L. WARREN
MANAGER

Poetry.

THE MASTER OF MY BOAT

I owned a little boat a while ago
And sailed a morning sea without a fear,
And whither any breeze might fairly blow
I'd steer the little craft afar and near.
Mine was the boat
And mine the air,
And mine the sea,
Not mine a care.

My boat became my place of nightly toil,
I sailed at sunset to the fishing ground;
At morn the boat freighted with the spoil
That my all-conquering work and skill
had found
Mine was the boat,
And mine the toil,
And mine the skill,
And power to get.

One day there passed along the silent shore,
While I my net was casting in the sea,
A man who spoke as never man before:
I followed him—new life began in me.
Mine was the boat,
But his the voice,
And his the call,
Yet mine the choice.

Ah, 'twas a fearful night out on the lake,
And all my skill availed not at the helm,
Till him asleep I wakened crying "Take,
Take thou command, lest waters overwhelm!"
His was the boat,
And his the sea,
And his the peace
O'er all and me.

Once from his boat he taught the curious throng,
Then bade me let down nets out in the sea;
I murmured, but obeyed, nor was it long
Before the catch amazed and humbled me.
His was the boat,
And his the skill,
And his the catch
And his my will.

—Bible Review Monthly.

Select Family Reading

The Boy Ahead

Annie Hamilton Donnell

ENOCH turned in his comfortable bed at that sound downstairs on the front porch; it was the swishing sound of the morning paper flung against the door. A boy's clear whistle accompanied it—anyway Sid Murray had noised to whistle at the top of his voice. It was bad enough to go around banging his old papers up against front doors and waking folks up. That he himself might properly be out of bed at six o'clock on a spring morning did not appear to have occurred to Enoch.

He puffed up his pillow and prepared to take another nap. But Sid Murray had spoiled it all, worse luck. Instead of sleep came a steady little procession of thoughts that Enock did not want to think.

"He gets up at half past three to carry papers round. One of the fellows at school says he does. And he studies late nights, too—has to because he works in a store from time school lets out till the stores shut up."

That was one of the uninvited thoughts. Another one came slipping in on its heels.

"He's going to get the Dunn scholarship, certain sure—I'm getting behind."

Enoch had planned to get that scholarship, not for the need, but for the honor of it. Of course he could go to college without it, as far as that went, but he always had taken all the honors at school and he wasn't going to be cheated out of this one in his last year at high school by any newsboy at Minty's Hollow. That is, he had not intended to be "cheated out," though now—now it looked bad. Enock kicked his feet angrily under the soft covers of his bed. A boy that brought his father's papers and groceries and whose mother washed his mother's clothes—

"What did he have to butt into the class for last year, anyway. Why couldn't he and his mothers and brothers and sisters have stayed where they lived before. And if they didn't stay why did he have to go and set himself up to be the head o' the class."

Enoch flung himself out of bed and began to dress. Pretty mean business, driving a fellow up and making him study geometry on an empty stomach or else get beaten by a newsie.

"Enoch, dear," called mother from her room across the hall, "You're up, aren't you? Well, I wish that you would bring me up the paper before you go off anywhere. I'd like to glance just at the headlines while I'm dressing. Drop it outside my door, dear."

Enock opened the front door and gingerly picked up the paper. He hated to touch it; he felt just cross enough at that moment to kick it across the porch and down the steps. There seemed to be a headline that glared blankly up at Enoch with: "Stuart Newsboy Leads his Class at High School. Gets up at Three O'clock to Carry Papers to Support the Family."

Sidney Murray was about this luxurious-housed and nourished boy's age, although his stunted little body bore evidence of Nature's revolt at imposing a man's responsibilities upon a child. As the two boys sat together in class, Enock's head quite towered above the little "newsie's." But Enoch's nimble brains—that was what was troubling Enoch this early morning. He was afraid, oh, very much afraid that his brains did not tower above Sid Murray's.

It was a new and extremely unpleasant experience to the boy who had led his class right up to this year to shake in his shoes at the prospect of taking second place—second to a fellow who distributed papers in the early morning. And lugged people's potatoes and onions up to their bank doors, as soon as school was out.

Enoch was not really a snob. He could have pitched ball for Syd Murray to catch, or gone in swimming with him, or raced him on his wheel—it was letting him brain boat that galled Enoch. Somehow the early paper and onions and potatoes came in there and made the humiliation of defeat just too bad to be borne. If it were King Spencer now instead of Sid Murray, or any of the other fellows that lived on decent streets, in decent houses.

"But a washerwoman's kid in Minty's Hollow—well sir, you don't do it. I'm going to stay right where I am at the head."

With which ultimatum Enoch buckled down to his geometry. The problems were original ones, and for two days one of them had defied the entire class. It was that particular problem that he must solve before half past eight o'clock—by hook or by crook, whether or no.

He ate his breakfast with that problem on the end of his fork—everything he ate tasted of it. His glass of creamy milk was flavored with Prob. IV., page 189. But at half past eight o'clock Prob. IV was still unsolved. Enoch went to school without bidding his mother good-bye on account of that problem; he had room for nothing else in his mind.

"Dear boy, I'm afraid he is working too hard at school," his mother thought, watching him stride away with the open book in his hand. A boy that worked too hard to stop to say good-by to his mother—she shook her head doubtingly.

Sid Murray neatly combed and garbed, walked down street just ahead of Enoch, and something in the confident swing of his shoulders was suspicious—Sid Murray walked as if he'd got the answer to that problem in geometry. Prob. IV., page 189 was worked out in the back of his head. Enoch groaned and then grew unaccountably angry. He had wrestled so hard himself with that tough old nut and never even cracked it.

Suddenly the boy ahead turned round and nodded friendly.

"Got Problem Four?" he asked. "I have! Yessir, it came to me all in a wink while I was on my round—at the corner of Bruce and Washington. I know the exact spot. You see, everything depended on proving line AC equal line DE and I couldn't do it to save me, till all in that 'wink' I saw how—easy as eating pie, too. You look here, I'll show you—"

"Thanks, but I've got to speak to King Spencer," returned Enoch stiffly, "and its nearly bell-time."

He was not going to be shown by any snip of a newsboy who thought he knew everything—he'd stay in at intermission and dig out his own reason for line AC being equal to line DE. He'd make 'em equal. It was lucky that geometry came after intermission.

But the elusive, tantalizing little reason why still hovered just out of Enoch's reach when the class met, and so one more link in the chain of his enmity toward Syd Murray was forged. It was getting to be quite a long chain; Enoch felt the evil clank of it in his heart.

The beautiful earrush of spring took possession of the world. It was no time for anything evil to grow, in that splendid germinating of sweet and wondrous life. The very air was friendly. Scents of many bonfires along the streets and in the tiny gardens stung the nostrils of passers-by pleasantly. All the world seemed to be burning up its winter accumulations of rubbish, to make things clean for spring.

Enoch, on his way to school next day, came upon an excited group of lower-class boys. He was not much acquainted with any of them nor particularly interested in their excitements. Not until he caught a name uttered by one of the shrill voices. At that same instant Enoch halted. He had just been uttering it himself in his own thoughts.

"Sid Murray's an awful smart feller—now he'll have to drop out o' his class, right when he's up to the tip-top."

Enoch winced at that 'tip-top.' But why would Sid Murray be obliged to drop out of school? The shrill voices went on and enlightened him.

"It was his papers done the business." Lower-class boys are not always attentive to the difference between their past participles and their past tenses. "Strapped onto him that way he couldn't stop to get 'em off—they got afire first thing."

"Reg'larly blazed! I guess he's most burnt up."

"Yes that's what they said—those that went to the hospital with him. But maybe he'll live."

Maybe he would—live. To the boy who was listening came a surge of horror, making him sick and faint. Most burnt up—hospital—why, just a little while ago Sid Murray was flinging the morning paper against the front door and was going down street whistling. Enock remembered the very tune. Suddenly he roused himself and sprang into the knot of under-class boys.

"What's happened to Sid Murray—quick?" he demanded. How'd he get afire."

It was a jumble of words that he could scarcely control his lips to speak at all.

"Ain't you heard? And him your friend."

Sid Murray his—friend—oh yes—yes—yes. And the smartest fellow in the class—

"Quick—why don't you go ahead and tell me."

"Well, he got himself afire putting a little kid out—that's what happened to Sid Murray. He's a hero that's what he is—yessir." Something like a sob was in the high boyish voice. Another voice broke in excitedly:

"The little kid was playing around a bonfire—it wasn't more'n seven o'clock—Sid was distributin' newspapers and he heard her screaming."

"They say he jist leaped instead o' running." Wrapped himself right round her—yessir."

"Oh, the girl's all right—she'll get well. But Sid—you see his bunch of papers caught afore he could unstrap 'em—"

Enoch waited for no more. Fear caught at his throat—strangled him. He saw the stunted little figure of the boy he had thought he hated so bitterly wrapped in dreadful, searing flames—right this minute how poor Sid must be suffering. And he had 'just leaped' instead of waiting to run—oh, good for Sid—good for Sid.

Without conscious will-power he turned out of his course to the high school and hurried toward the hospital. The geometry under his arm, with its "Probs" IV—V—VI, that no one but Sid could solve, slipped to the pavement unnoticed by him.

At the great doors a gentle, unexcited nurse informed him that the burned patient was as comfortable as they could possibly make him.

"He was so brave," she said admiringly. "You never saw such a little lion-heart. I'd like to have his case. Is he a relative of yours?"

Enoch's anxious eyes were suddenly suffused. "He's my classmate and—and my friend," he said. Sid was his friend—he had forgotten all past annoyance and unworthy jealousies. "He's the smartest boy in my school—oh you don't—you don't think he's awfully burned."

"Awfully burned," she nodded gravely. "but the doctors hope for the best." It was the old heartbreaking makeshift at comfort that is all that can be given so many times. "Of course they will have to resort to skin-grafting if the burns do not heal, and I don't see how they can heal," the young nurse added. She was a very young nurse and talked more freely than her more seasoned sisters. This anxious, handsome boyish face appealed to her pity.

"I know what skin-grafting is," Enoch said slowly. "I've read about it. It's snipping little places off from one place and patching them on to another—isn't it?"

"She nodded. "Only in this poor boy's case it would have to be a great many little pieces 'snipped off' from somebody else. But of course the doctors can't really tell yet."

Enoch went away slowly. His heart was very heavy for poor Sid Murray. His poor mother—his poor little sisters and brothers—but most of all his poor self. By some curious chain of thoughts the remembrance of his recent dislike and envy of Syd gave Enoch a guilty feeling. It was as if he had helped bring on this cruel fate. Anyway if he hadn't disliked and envied. If it were only within his power to let Sid know how much he didn't hate him now, but admired and pitied him. A very little thing that he might do occurred to him on his way home from school and he hurried on to consult with his mother about it. As the result of that earnest consolation, Enoch got up very early next morning and went down to the newspaper distributing office and asked for Sid Murray's papers.

"I'll carry 'em around if you'll just give me a list of the places," he said. But he was too late. Half a dozen other pitying admirers of the burned boy had applied before him for the same privilege. It was to be in another and harder way that Enoch's service was to be rendered.

There was no longer any danger of Enoch's being out-distanced in the race for honors at school. He held his place at the head of the class unduputed. But again and again his mind wandered from Prob. XI—Prob XII—to that sad little problem of life or death that was being solved at the grim House of Pain. Though he went there day after day it was long before they could give him the answer to the problem. On the day on which he heard it he did not appear at his home after school as usual. A messenger carried a note to his mother. For a long time after she read it she sat very still with a curious soft shining in her face. Then she too went away to the House of Pain.

"Dear mother," the note said, "I waited till afterward so not to scare you. They've taken seven strips already and I'm to stay here till to-morrow and then they'll take some more. There, I haven't told you strips of What? Just like me. I mean of skin to patch up poor Sid's awfullest burns that would never in the world heal. I asked father at the office and he said I could, and we thought you'd better not know beforehand—not till now anyway. I'm all right. The folks here are fine. Say, mother, Sid is the grandest fellow you ever heard of. Isn't it splendid he'll get well? Here's something funny I've thought of—If he catches up with the class (Sid could if anybody could, and I believe he will) why, there'll be some strips of me at the head, anyhow!"

SAYINGS OF PROMINENT MEN

CANADA'S CENTURY.—The 19th Century belonged to the United States; the 20th Century belongs to Canada.—SIR WILFRID LAURIER, OTTAWA.

BUSINESS MEN.—Men would be bigger business men if they spent their brains on something that has nothing to do with themselves.—WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES.

LAYS DR. PITHLADO.—The world is better because such a man as C. B. Pithlado lived in it, and Canada's national life is the richer on account of his labors.—HON. W. DENNIS, HALIFAX, N. S.

A GIFTED SON OF CANADA.—A great son of Nova Scotia, of Canada, and of the Empire, is Sir Charles Tupper. He stands apart from the political arena. As an outstanding figure of the empire, we are proud to bow the knee to him and proud to have a common citizenship with this distinguished statesman.—H. J. LOGAN, AMHERST, N. S.

IN GOD'S OWN HOUSE.—No church was ever kiddlier to her children than the Church of England. But beautiful as are the fields, the prairies and the mountains in which they love to roam on the Sabbath day, let them remember first to worship God in His own house in the morning, and then, if they will, they can go out into the open.—ARCHBISHOP MATHESON, WINNIPEG.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER—Those of us to whom Providence has been kind should remember that each must be his brother's keeper, and that all must feel their obligation to the less fortunate in the steels and press of our eager, modern life. I ask justice for the weak, for their sake, and for the sake of our children's children. When I plead the cause of the crippled brakeman, or the over-worked girl; when I protest against the unfair profits of unscrupulous and conscienceless men or against greedy exploitation of the helpless by the beneficiaries of privilege, I am not only fighting for the weak, but also for the strong. The sons of all of us will pay in the future if we do not do justice to the present. If the fathers cause others to eat bitter bread the teeth of their sons shall be set on edge.—T. ROOSEVELT, EX-PRESIDENT UNITED STATES.

THE FIRST QUESTION

"Your society started out to decide a number of questions of great scientific importance." "Yes, we arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed by the prismatic transmutation of light waves and kindred topics." "And have you done so?" "No. We've only been in session a week. We haven't yet decided the question of who's boss."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, June 1st, 1894

Mr. W. H. Storey has improved the appearance of his premises by removing a number of trees in front of the residence.

The latter part of May has had much rain, and cold weather accompanying it.

Ladies' Aid, Methodist Church, officers: President—Mrs. H. P. Moore; Vice-President—Mrs. A. Stephenson; Secretary—Mrs. Jas. McLean; Treasurer—Mrs. J. Francis.

An operation was performed on Flossie, daughter of Joseph Holmes, when a cyste tumor, the size of an egg, was removed from her neck. The little child is doing remarkably well now. Mr. John Harvey was also operated upon. Drs. McKeague and Lowry were in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Johnston were visited in their home on Friday evening, by the members of Knox Church choir, who wished to express to the newly-married couple their high esteem. Mr. Johnston as bass singer in the choir, was presented with a beautiful ebony wood mantle clock and a nicely worded address. After a sumptuous repast prepared by Mrs. Johnston, a pleasant evening was spent in a social way.

Thos. Kennedy, of Parry Sound, and J. A. Matthews, of Orangeville, have added their approval to those already received from others, touching the proposed reunion of the Robert Little pupils.

Last Sunday on the fifth anniversary of Rev. G. B. Cocks's pastorate, he referred to the various blessings attending the ministration, and deplored the loss of so many faithful members by removal, and also deplored the carelessness of some on the holy Sabbath, who absent themselves so frequently from the church services.

Messrs. J. L. Warren, John L. Walter and Harry Grindall are the delegates to the Baptist Churches Association at Guelph.

In the revised list of stations of Methodist ministers, at the Conference in Goderich, Rev. Joseph Edge appears for Goderich, and Rev. J. E. Howell, late of Goderich, for Acton. Rev. James McAllister was elected President.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS FOR MAY

Miss McPhail's room—Clara Cobban, Mabel Rae, Frank Matthews, Eva Perryman, Edith Nicklin, Roderick McDonald, Bennett Clark, Minnie Arthurs, Harry Loveys.

Miss Peters' room—Robie Smyth, Joseph Bingham, George Oram, Nelson Ryder, George Charler, Wesley Bingham, Edna Swackhamer, Mabel Soper, Daniel Lawson.

Miss Nelson's room—George Bailey, Rose Cooke, Ethel Mills, Florence Soper, Mina Ruddick, George Hynds, Annie Brennan, Howland Brown, Ethel Coleman, Pearl Stewart, Annie McCann, Jennie Harding, Myrtle Matthews, Hilton Jeans.

Principal Moore's room was not examined owing to the near approach of the entrance examinations.

LOWER SCHOOL

Annie Townsend, Bertie Gamble, Alice Brown, Mina Gamble, Artie Swackhamer, Frances Townsend, Alice Snyder, James McDonald, Clinton Swackhamer, Nellie Brown, Hattie Lasby, Dolly McDonald, Robt. Kingsbury. Miss Jessie McDonald, Teacher.

BORN

BELL—In Acton, on June 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bell, a son.

PETERS—In Acton, on May 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peiliner, a daughter.

McTAVISH—In Nassagaweya, on June 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. Angus McTavish, a daughter.

DIED

HEARTSAKER—In Milton, on May 30th, Mrs. eldest daughter of Geo. A. Heartsaker, aged 11 years, 8 months.

KID-GLOVE AND COAL-OIL MAN

Mr. Frank Thompson, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who died a few weeks ago, was known as one of the foremost of living railway managers. There was no part of the business with which he was not familiar, from the control of its great moneyed interests to the fitting of a screw into an engine.

A wealthy man once brought his son to him, saying, "My son has gone through college. Can you make a place for him where he will succeed?"

Mr. Thompson was silent a moment, and then said, "That depends on whether he wants to take a kid-glove or a coal-oil course."

"What do you mean?"

"If he takes a kid-glove course, he goes in as a clerk, to perform a certain amount of daily writing, for which he will be paid a salary. In the other course he goes into the shops, and learns the whole business, from the lowest drudgery up. When he has finished, he will know his trade, a valuable one, but his hands will be stained with coal-oil."

Mr. Thompson himself, when a boy, chose the "coal-oil course." He worked four years in the car-shops at Altoona, barely earning his living, but learning the mechanical details of the business.

Thomas Scott, the famous railway manager, was a friend of the young man, but gave him no help, leaving him to work his own way. At the end of the four years he sent for him, and gave him a responsible position on the Pennsylvania Railway.

The Civil War broke out that year. Colonel Scott was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, the government believing that his experience in the railway work would have taught him how to handle in transportation great bodies of troops. A problem of peculiar difficulty of this kind arose.

"I know of but one man who can manage this business," said Colonel Scott to Cabinet. "He is not here."

"Send for him then," said Mr. Stanton.

The next evening Frank Thompson, then only twenty years of age, appeared.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. Stanton, somewhat sneeringly, "that we have waited twenty four hours for this red-headed stripling?"

"He will do the work," replied Scott, quietly. And he did it.

Mr. Thompson was probably peculiarly qualified by nature for his especial business; but there is a strong prejudice among American boys against work which involves manual labor, and preference for clerical duties is being more refined.

It is a fatal mistake. Great prizes now await the thoroughly equipped, practical man in work which lies outside of mere book learning, and the boy is wise who grapples with his bare hands and tries to win them.

SOMETHING TO DO

There's enough for you children to do in the house
To keep you as busy as any old mouse;
There are errands to run,
Little tasks to be done,
That will do much to lighten dear mother's hard work.
So, children, don't shirk,
But do what you can,
You'll be glad when you grow
To be woman or man.

There's enough for the children to do all about;
If you try, you will very soon find some work out,
There are chickens to feed,
Little tasks without end,
You will find you can work if you just make a start.
So, children, be smart,
And do all you can,
You'll be glad when you've grown
To a woman, or man.

There's enough for the children to do anywhere,
So hurry around and do each a full share,
And just see how bright
You will all feel at night
If you think you have done what is honest and fair.
So, children, take care
To do what you can,
You'll be glad when you've grown
To a woman, or man.

And, children, whatever you do, do it well,
People always, in looking over, can tell
If you hurry it through
Whatever you do,
Not caring at all if it's done ill or well.
So what ever you do,
Do the best that you can,
You'll be glad when you've grown
To a woman or man.

MEN SATURDAY MORNING

Perhaps nowhere do tragedy and comedy alike knock more ceaselessly at the door than in the lives of settlement-workers. At the last Mother's Congress in Washington the quiet little woman who is at the head of the Remington settlement in Buffalo told some of the experience in the matter of baths.

The first baths administered were wholly involuntary. Soon after Miss Remington had made her home in the great tenement with its one thousand Italians, she was sitting at her desk one day when she was startled by feeling something cold run down the back of her neck. It was water; the lady above was house-cleaning in strict accordance with the popular method of flinging pailfuls of water upon the floor, shoveling up what she could, and tossing it out of the window—the rest being a free gift to the unfortunate householder beneath her.

Although great pains and great patience have been used to introduce better ways, the involuntary shower-baths have only decreased in number. Even three years' work has not been able wholly to abolish them.

The other baths were quite a different matter. Miss Remington had had a wonderful tub, with hot and cold water, put into the house, for use in connection with the nursery and kindergarten work. The boys of the settlement knew of this, and clamored for baths. Their longing was wholly commendable, but there was no reason why it should not be made to serve a double end. Schools was irksome to them—a prison to be avoided by every conceivable ingenuity. Miss Remington promised that every boy who was present at school the whole week should have a bath Saturday morning.

Saturday morning came—and the boys! Miss Remington gave one glance down into the swarming court, and then glided herself for work. Single baths were evidently out of question. Three at a time she took the boys, selecting, she said, those whose dirt was about the same shade, put them into the tub and left them soaking while she prepared the next batch. At noon the district nurse came in, and stood staring at the splashed and grimy woman who greeted her.

"What have you being doing to youre self?" she exclaimed.

"Giving baths," was the concise reply.

"You look as if you needed one yourself," was the nurse's comment.

"I've given eight," Miss Remington replied, "and look out that window. All those are waiting. And it's Saturday, and there's the Mothers' Meeting and the Band of Hope and—"

"I will give baths for you this afternoon," the nurse replied, promptly. As nearly as they could count, one hundred and forty baths were given that Saturday.

That was the boys' day—the girls' was Thursday, for they were trusted to go to go to school Friday "to show the teacher how nice and clean you are." As for the kindergartners—their turn was not forgotten. It was one of them that looked up with an eager request one morning.

"Teacher, can't I bring grandma to have a bath? She hasn't been washed all over since she left Italy!"

STORY OF KIPLING

Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trees by the driver of the local 'bus, Rudyard Kipling, the poet, wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the 'bus-owner, who is also landlord of an inn. The landlord sold the letter for ten shillings in cash. A second and stronger letter followed, and this also found a purchaser, this time at £1, as befitted its increased violence. Boniface again said nothing. To him next day entered Mr. Kipling, briskly wrathful.

"Why didn't I answer your letters, sir? Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one. They pay a deal better than 'bus-driving!"

Its Virtue Cannot be described.—No one can explain the subtle power that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses. The originator was himself surprised by the wonderful qualities that his compound possessed. That he was the benefactor of humanity is shown by the myriads that rise in praise of this Oil. So familiar is everyone with it that it is prized as a household medicine everywhere.

Certain morbid conditions must exist in the stomach and intestines to encourage worms, and they will exist as long as these morbid conditions permit them to. To be rid of them and spare the child suffering, use Miller's Worm Powders. They will correct the digestive irregularities by destroying the worms, conditions favorable to worms will disappear, and the child will have no more suffering from that cause.