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All accounts collected monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Propietor.

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ALL WORK PROMPTLY EXECUTED

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WE are manufacturers and direct importers of all kinds of Monumental and Headstone work. We sell direct to our customers at wholesale prices, thus saving our customers 40 per cent. We have the best appliances and the only machines in the Dominion who can operate pneumatic tools properly. We can give references from hundreds of our customers in Toronto and other places, where others have to stand law suits in order to collect. We have the largest and best stock of Granite in the Dominion, or more than any three dealers in the West. We are legitimate dealers and employ no agents, and do not annoy or pester employers by sending out ignorant agents to collect orders—we employ mechanics only and defy competition.

HAMILTON & SONS
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SPRING
Millinery Opening
MISS MURRAY
Has opened her Spring Millinery Display in the rooms recently occupied by Misses Hawthorne & Morton, next to Hynds' Jewellery Store, Mill Street, Acton.
A fine assortment of the latest creations of Millinery will be displayed.

Savage & Co.
Established 1849
JEWELLER - GUELPH

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Opposite Baptist Church

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LOOK US UP
In our NEW STORE
33 Lower Wyndham St., Guelph

We are always glad to see you and show our stock of musical instruments including
BELL ART PIANOS

C. W. Kelly & Son
133 Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

ONLY
A Few Days More!
Waters Bros.
STOCK must be cleared out immediately

Pictures
Artists' Supplies
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Fancy Goods

Kelly's Old Stand
152 Wyndham St.
GUELPH - ONT.

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George Statham
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The bakery business of T. Statham & Son in Acton, which has been conducted for the past thirty years, has been purchased by George Statham and will be conducted in the same first-class manner as in the past.

All kinds of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Wedding Cakes and Christmas Cakes will be supplied to the satisfaction of all customers.

GEO. STATHAM
Acton - Ontario

WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR ORDER FOR
Plymouth Twine
Plymouth Rope

Gold Medal (650 ft.) 14c. per lb.
Silver Sheaf (600 ft.) 11½c. per lb.
Green Sheaf (550 ft.) 9½c. per lb.
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Plymouth Rope 20c. per lb.

On twine, a reduction of ½c. per lb. for Cash on Delivery.

When you buy "Plymouth" you get the best.

The BOND HARDWARE Co.
Limited
Phone 10-12 Ten-Twelve) GUELPH

Guelph Business College
GUELPH - ONTARIO

SUMMER TERM begins June 1, and continues without interruption to the end of August. You can enter now with every advantage. Bright young men and women are now wanted to train for well-paid positions. The calls for our trained graduates are frequent and urgent. We can positively promise you a good position if you take our superior course business training. Learn to do by doing. Ours is a real "Actual Business Course." If you master it you will receive a desirable appointment at a good salary.

COME DIRECT to the College Office, 137 Upper Wyndham Street or write today for full particulars.

Malcolm MacCormack, B.A. Prin.

SAVE YOUR EYES

The proper skill, equipment and experience necessary to make good glasses is only found at exclusive optician's. $3.50 to $5.00 will purchase a pair of SAVAGE QUALITY GLASSES including a thorough examination of your eyes and guarantee of satisfaction.

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OPTOMETRIST & MFG. OPTICIAN
"Right at the Post Office"
Phone 637x - GUELPH

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ELLIOTT
Business College
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TORONTO, ONTARIO
Does not ask for a better reputation than it already possesses. We get positions for many students each year. Catalogue free.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal
744 Yonge St. Yonge and Charles Sts.

A Successful Business Career

Successful business men recognize as the foundation of their career the early formation of the thrift habit. The accumulation of a competence should be commenced during boyhood. There is little difficulty in sustaining the effort after a beginning has been made. Lasting success in life is not attained, however, until a sound depository is found for one's money.

The Bank of
Nova Scotia

PAID-UP CAPITAL - $ 8,500,000
RESERVE FUND - - $ 9,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES over $200,000,000

BRANCHES AT
Acton, Guelph, Norval, Milton and Streetsville

D. ALEX. NIVEN
Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Surveys, Subdivisions, Plans, Reports, Descriptions, Blueprints, etc. Certificates for purchasers and mortgagees; Surveys for Architects, Builders and Municipal Councils; Drainage Reports, Estimates, etc.
MERCHANTS BANK BLDG.
GUELPH (Phone 1064) ONT.

BECAUSE
The other fellow didn't make a success of repairing your watch or clock
DON'T THINK
It cannot be done. Let us have a look at it. We know how.

FOSTER
The Watch Specialist
GEORGETOWN - ONT.

Poetry.

THE COMMON SOLDIERS

Nigh the banks of Aisne, where foeman fell
And reeking death stood sentinel,
On the clotted ground a Prussian lay,
With sibling life, at ebb of day.
A stole a mien his face had worn,
Though coat was rent and breast was torn;
But dry lips, scorched by burning pain,
Flung out at last o'er ghastly plain
A cry of thirst that must find slake:
"A drink, a drink, for Lord Christ'sasake!"

A stricken dragoon—no more he'd ride—
Crawled from a trench to the Prussian's side.
Then heaven saw—would kings had seen!—
A Teuton drink from a French canteen.
And heavens watched—would kings might know!—
A foeman clasped the hand of foe
And heard him say, ere came the end
Upon them both: "I thank you, friend!"

—John W. Frazer.

BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

A GENTLEMAN

The mark of a man of the world is absence of pretention. He does not make a speech, he takes a low business tone, avoids all brag, promises not at all, performs much.—Emerson.

Select Family Reading

WATCHING AND READY

HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

"I'M not going to sweep out an office all my life," Timothy told his mother. "There's lots of chances and I'm watching for one coming my way."

Mrs. Drake did not reply immediately. The average mother would have praised her boy's resolute spirit and stopped there. But Mrs. Drake was not an average mother.

"Watching's good," she remarked after a little. "It's good but it's not enough."

"What more do you want?" Timothy questioned a little wonderingly.

"Readiness," said Mrs. Drake, and put a stop to the conversation by carrying the supper dishes into the kitchen.

She checked the conversation but she did not put a stop to Timothy's reflections. He leaned his chin upon his hands and thought hard. Timothy was a reasonable young fellow. His mother's terse answer made an impression that he could not shake off.

"She's in the right of it," thought Timothy. "The president of a railroad died the other day and that meant a chance for somebody. But it wasn't me because I wasn't ready for it. I'm not ready for anything very big."

He rubbed his chin discontentedly, taking stock of his accomplishments. And meantime, Mrs. Drake finished her dishes and returned to find Timothy still thinking.

"Mother," said Timothy, as she settled herself by her mending basket, "mother, what would you say to my taking a course in stenography at the night school?"

"I should say," replied Mrs. Drake with great promptness, "that you were showing the sense to be expected of your mother's son."

Timothy thought a little longer. "I'm going to do it," he said at last. And then, as if to encourage himself, he repeated in a stronger voice, "Yes, I'm going to do it."

To tell the truth, he needed all the encouragement he could get from his own plucky soul and from his mother's unqualified approval. Night school is a serious proposition to a boy of seventeen, with all a boy's instinctive hunger for good times. Timothy was at the office at half past eight in the morning, and got away at five except in the rush seasons when he was likely to be detained from half an hour to an hour longer. Night school meant that he must hurry home, eat a hasty supper and then start on the hardest intellectual work of his life. And this was not for once merely but for week after week, month after month. Timothy was no idler, but the prospect of this hard and unremitting work did not attract him. He found it necessary to use considerable philosophy in keeping up his spirits.

"Watching for chances don't amount to anything unless you're ready for the chances. It's like watching wild ducks flying so far above your head that a shot won't reach 'em. If I get ready, my watching's going to do some good."

It was in the early fall that Timothy and his mother held this conversation. And through the following winter he worked with grim persistence. There was considerable of the Spartan mother in Mrs. Drake, but times she grew a little anxious. "Don't overdue it, Timmy," she said. "Wearing yourself out ain't getting ready for anything but the grave."

"I'm not going to wear myself out,' muttered Timothy, "but I'm going to beat this into my head or die trying."

Stenography had proved so much harder than he had expected. Those mysterious curves and angles still perplexed him. The typewriter had the effect of making his fingers seem big and clumsy, so that it appeared next to impossible to touch one key without striking two. Moreover, his efforts had revealed a serious lack in his educational equipment. Timothy could not spell.

"It doesn't matter how good a stenographer you are," his teacher told him sharply, "nor how much speed you get at the machine, if you're going to write 'd-e-e-r-s-u-r,' no business man would take you as a gift." This was an exaggeration, for Timothy's weakness in spelling was not quite so appalling as this speech would indicate. But Timothy saw the point.

"There's only twenty-six letters in the alphabet," he said, "and even if they do mix 'emselves up considerable, I guess I can get 'em straightened out."

His next purchase was a spelling book of a size he could carry in his pocket, and on his way down to work in the morning, when most people were reading the details of the latest murder, Timothy was murmuring to himself "T-o-b-o-g-g-a-n, toboggan," and other combinations of the aforesaid twenty-six characters. When he was home and neither sleeping nor eating, his mother took the spelling book in hand and put him through his paces.

"When it came summer, she begged him to take a vacation. "You're losing flesh," she said bluntly. "And you're at an age when you ought to be filling out. You've worked too hard. Not that it ain't a good fault," she added with a pride she could not conceal. "Among the mothers she knew there were few whose sons caused them just the form of anxiety she was feeling at that moment.

"Timothy was not willing to stop "I am getting the better of it," he announced triumphantly. "All this time it's been knocking me out and tripping me up till I couldn't tell my head from my heels And now I'm getting just where I can land a blow every now and then. This is not any time to stop."

Mrs. Drake saw the point. Perhaps it was from her that Timothy got his ability along that line. And though she was still secretly anxious, she said no more.

In July, Miss Maude, one of the stenographers took a vacation and in August Miss Amy went. It was during the latter's absence that Mr. Driscoll came into the office one morning scowling. Timothy took a look at him and straightened up. Mr. Driscoll look made him feel prepared for anything up to immediate dismissal.

But Timothy was responsible for Mr. Driscoll's expression of countenance. On the threshold of his private office he paused and turned. "When is that girl likely to be down?"

"Miss Maude, sir?"

"Yes, Miss Maude." He snapped out the name with a wry face, as if he disliked the flavor.

"I think she'll be here inside of fifteen minutes, sir," said Timothy with a glance at the clock.

The fifteen minutes went by. Half an hour passed. Mr. Driscoll opened the door and stood on the threshold scowling.

"Nine-five and that girl not here yet? Pretty morning to tell a cock and bull story about a tie-up on the line when I'm short-handed. These vacations are a nuisance."

An audacious thought entered Timothy's head. All at once he flushed so hotly that his crop of freckles seemed swallowed up in the conflagration. Even Mr. Driscoll, absorbed in his worries, looked at him in surprise.

"Eh, well? What have you got in your head?"

"Did—did you want Miss Maude to take a letter?" stammered Timothy.

"Not at all, just wanted to ask if my necktie was tied properly," responded Mr. Driscoll with heavy sarcasm.

"I was going to say," explained Timothy with elaborate carelessness, "that if you wanted a letter written I'd take it for you."

"Eh?"

Timothy repeated his offer.

"What's this? Trying to be funny, young man?" Mr. Driscoll was asking to quarrel with somebody. This seemed to be an excellent opportunity.

"No, sir. It isn't a joke. I've studied shorthand," Timothy fainted after a glance at his employer's incredulous face.

Mr. Driscoll pulled his mustache. But there was nothing to be gained by sparing Timothy's offer. The business man was conscious of a little stirring of curiosity. He wanted to see what the boy could do.

"Well," he said gruffly as Timothy waited, "get a notebook and come along."

It was one thing to take down the newspaper editorials, as his mother read them to him and quite another to enter Mr. Driscoll's private office to take dictation. Timothy realized the difference to a heart which throbbed so wildly that it seemed impossible to keep it within bounds, to a buzzing in his brain which bade fair to drown his employer's voice, to a frightened foreboding which told him that he was going to fail. With a tremendous effort he steadied himself.

"I was watching," he said, thoughtfully, "and I was ready. And now I'm not going to let myself be scared into failure."

"Mr. Thomas D. Daggett," dictated Mr. Driscoll loudly. "410 Wynecott Building, Philadelphia. Dear sir: Regarding your inquiry—"

"If you please, sir," interrupted Timothy, "not quite so fast to start with." A pallor had replaced his ruddy color. His jaw was grimly set. For the chance had come to show what he could do, the chance for which he had been watching and he did not mean that it should go for nothing.

Mr. Driscoll glanced at the boy's absorbed face and slackened his speed as requested. By the end of the long, important letter, he was rattling on as fast as ever, but by this time Timothy was master of himself and it did not matter.

"Well?" Mr. Driscoll leaned back and stroked his chin. "Got it all right?"

"Yes, sir." He noticed with a little surprise the ring of confidence in the boy's voice.

"Hm! We'll see. Let me have it as soon as possible."

Timothy obeyed with elation. The worst was over. The machine, even though it belonged to Mr. Driscoll, was no more formidable than the machines in the business college. His pulse had come back to normal, and his hand was steady. In as short a time as Mr. Driscoll could have anticipated the letter was ready. Timothy was proud of himself and with good reason. Mr. Driscoll read the letter through, grunted and signed his name.

"When did you pick this up?"

"I didn't," Timothy laughed. "I dug it up—at night school this winter. It's not the kind of thing you can 'pick up.'" His employer glanced comprehendingly at the hollows in Timothy's cheeks, and nodded.

At noon Miss Maude appeared, white and shaking. There had been a collision between her street car and an automobile. She had fainted and since then had been recuperating at the hospital. And when Timothy told his mother at supper of the day's happenings he added a little regretfully. "It was a chance to show Mr. Driscoll what I could do, but that's all. Miss Maude's back and Miss Amy is coming next week."

"One chance at a time is enough," said Mrs. Drake consolingly.

As it happened the other chance was not long in coming. For Miss Amy on her visit home renewed an acquaintance with an old friend and lost interest in a business career. In November she left Mr. Driscoll's office, promising to send everybody a piece of wedding cake. And Timothy was promoted to the vacancy.

"I'm not going to stop with being a stenographer," Timothy said to his mother. "Better chances will be coming my way.

And when they come, they'll find me watching and ready."

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, ACTON

Rev. Father Traynor, who has been the esteemed and energetic pastor for the past four-and-a-half years, has been promoted to the charge of the Kenilworth Parish. Rev. Father Flahaven, late of Hamilton, is Rev. Father Traynor's successor.

CHURCHES VS. LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Expressions of Opinion at Church Courts During the Month

PRESENT DUTY TO CLOSE ALL BARS

The following interesting characterizations of the liquor traffic by various church courts and their leading officers, made at the annual gatherings this month, are certainly striking:

Anglican Synod, Toronto: "In view of the danger occasioned to the Empire by the ravages of this deadly and insidious foe to our race, this Synod most earnestly advocates and approves of the policy of total prohibition of the liquor traffic during the time of the war and instructs the committee on temperance and moral and social reform to take all steps in their power in conjunction with other religious bodies to procure legislation in order to achieve this result."

Toronto Methodist Conference adopted a resolution calling upon the Government of Ontario to cancel all licenses for the retail sale of intoxicating liquors at least during the war.

Rev. Dr. Hartridge, retired Moderator, at the Presbyterian General Assembly "And then there is the curse of intemperance in our land. Even though we may not be prepared to assert that prohibition will necessarily usher in the millenium, we must surely feel that these stern days call for total abstinence from some things and temperance in all things. What Russia has done with her vodka and France with her absinthe, we in Canada can do with the saloons that imperil our youth and lead some of them to an untimely grave. All that is needed is the united effort not of a narrow bigotry, but of a national self-respect and an energetic Christian sentiment to sweep this curse away."

London Methodist Conference: "The Central Commission may mean much but your Committee calls attention to the fact that the Methodist Church did not ask for a Central Commission or for another dry holiday but "a dry Ontario" every day, and the appointment of a Commission is far from satisfying us, or, in the words of a recent press article is "spiking our guns." Until the Central Commission spells prohibition, we will cry mightily unto God and a Book of Remembrance will be written and in that cry the iniquitous three-fifths clause will be remembered."

Rev. Dr. Chown, Superintendent Methodist Church, at Toronto Methodist Conference: "Stripped of every rag of respectability the liquor trade in Ontario continues to flourish and the Government covers it with a mantle of protection and asks us to perpetuate it. We will have nothing to do with a license under a commission or without a commission. We are out to annihilate the trade. Nothing else will do."

Rev. Mr. Armitage, at the Anglican Synod, Toronto: "It is the Church that is on trial and not the liquor traffic."

Mr. Mark Breslin, at the Anglican Synod, Toronto: "Some things you cannot regulate. The only means is abolition. If ever there was a curse that cannot be regulated it is the liquor traffic. Abolition for the length of the war is good but for all time is better."

Toronto W. C. T. U.: "We deplore the continuation of the open bar-rooms with their deleterious influence. In view of the action of other Nations, we had hoped that the Government of this Province would take more drastic measures entirely to prohibit the sale of alcoholic liquor during the war. Be it, therefore, resolved that we urge upon the local unions to continue every effort to agitate and educate public opinion on the question."

BOYS AS THEY MAY

Jerome K. Jerome is one of his unconsciously sentimental but consciously clever essays remarks:

It is amusing to see boys eat, when you have not got to pay for it. Their idea of a square meal is a pound and a half of roast beef with five or six good sized potatoes (scarcely once prefered, as being more substantial,) plenty of greens, and four thick slices of Yorkshire pudding, followed by a couple of currant dumplings, a few green apples, a pen'orth of nuts, half a dozen jumbles and a bottle of ginger beer. After that they play at horses. How they must despise us men, who require to sit quiet for a couple of hours after dining off a spoonful of clear soup and the wing of a chicken.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press on Thursday, July 11th, 1895

Chatham, Ont., was laid out as a town by order of Governor Simcoe, in 1793. On July 1st, 1895 it became a city. It has a population of 10,000.

All the plots in the front section of the cemetery having been disposed of the Council has been laying out, with the supervision of Mr. Jas. Warren, D. L. S., Walkerton, two or three acres to the north west of the entrance.

Permanent pavements are now being put down in many of the smaller towns. It has been found that under a fair share frontage tax that the cost to the municipality is not much greater than in keeping wooden walks in repair. It might pay the Acton Council to look into the merits of this pavement.

The Ronald Fire Engine, of Brussels, was given tests on Thursday afternoon and evening. Large gatherings were present to witness the exhibitions which were given from Henderson's pond and the dam at "Fairy Lake," respectively. In the former case when everything was in readiness a good stream was playing on Storey's factory in 65 minutes. The Waterous Co., of Brantford, promise to make an exhibition test as soon as possible.

Rev. J. D. Kestle opened his ministry on the Rockwood circuit on Sunday. Rev. R. J. McIntyre also preached first sermons at the Brick and other points on Everton circuit, creating favorable impressions.

Mr. John Murray, a resident of Rockwood for over thirty years, died on Sunday evening last, at the age of 65 years.

Last September, the barns of Messrs. Robertson Bros., and Geo. Mulholland were within a few minutes of each other destroyed by lightning with their contents. Last Wednesday two fine new structures were raised upon the old sites. The Robertson barn was raised by Contractor Crippand his man with the aid of four men and the proprietors, by means of block and tackle in less than a day and a half. Mr. Mulholland's barn was raised by the old-fashioned plan, about 150 men being present. Mr. Matthew Sims, Eramosa, was framer.

A dozen verses, of lengthy metre, composed by a fellow-employee, and signed "W. T.," are published in commemoration of the intrepidity of Mr. Duncan McDonald in climbing the bell-rope of St. Joseph's Church, to a point from which he could dash water on the incipient fire caused by lightning in the tower a week or so ago. The last four stanzas read:

"He springs for the bell-rope ascends with celerity,
Hand over hand—How the angels must gaze!
Up, up lion-heart: was ever dexterity
More grandly directed, more worthy of praise?

O that we might emulate Duncan McDonald
In facing the fire-flood so fierce and so free;
What need of a fire-engine, Waterous or Ronald,
Were all as intrepid and plucky as he?

How we would delight to envelop in glory
Our hero so worthy with noblest to tread,
To have his name honored in song and in story,
That for ages to come his fair fame might be spread.

O had we the influence with impulse commensurate,
The opulent status of the grandest of birth—
Wed withold no endeavor his worth to compensate
In death make his tomb with the illustrious of earth.

LOSS FIVE TIMES THE REVENUE

To the Editor:

I recently expressed the opinion that if we were rid of the liquor traffic our taxes could be reduced 25 per cent. That was calculated from figures taken from the United States, especially California, Indiana and Kansas. In California a comparison between twelve wet and twelve dry towns of about the same size showed that the average tax rate in the twelve dry towns was 1.07 per hundred dollars, while the average tax rate in the twelve wet towns is .40 per hundred dollars higher than in the dry towns.

In Indiana statistics gathered by ex-Governor Hanley showed that of six licensed cities with an approximate estimate of 100,000,000 dollars the average city tax rate was $1.85 on the hundred dollars worth of property. In the six prohibition cities with about the same assessment value the tax rate was .90 cents on the hundred dollars worth of property. These figures show that the tax rate in the wet cities is about double that of the dry cities of about the same size. Kansas City saved $50,000 on two items, Police and Criminal Justice, the very first year.

But let us take as an example of what might be done right at home in our fair city of Hamilton, not one of the worst by any means, and this is how it figures out. The cost of crime and poverty is $258,255. Such reliable men as Gladstone, Sir Oliver Mowat and many judges have often told us that three-fourths of all the poverty and crime is due to drink. Three-fourths of $258,255 is $214,652. That being the case we have the immense sum of $214,652 as the cost to the city of the liquor traffic. That is about 13 per cent. of our tax rate, raised by a levy of $2.10 on every hundred dollars worth of property. That is only what lies on the surface, there is loss in many other ways which cannot be calculated, but judging by the experience of many American towns might easily increase the saving to or beyond the amount of my estimate.

Out of all this expenditure, loss and injury to business, we drag as from a garbage heap $41,000 in license fees, leaving a net loss of $173,652. In view of these facts is it not the height of folly thus to cut off the revenue at its source by making men so poor that they cannot help to pay their share of the taxes.

H. Arnott, M.D., M.C.P.S.

Fresh Supplies in Demand.—Wherever Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has been introduced increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes this excellent Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter in what latitude it may be found its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be carried without fear of breakage.

THE CHEERY TRANSFER

If you are on the gloomy line,
Get a transfer.
If you're inclined to fret and pine,
Get a transfer.
Get off the track of doubt and gloom
Get on the sunshine train, there's room—
Get a transfer.

If you're on the worry train
Get a transfer.
You must not stay there and complain,
Get a transfer.
The cheerful cars are passing through
And there's lots of room for you—
Get a transfer.

If you're on the grouchy track,
Get a transfer,
Just take a happy special back—
Get a transfer.
Jump on the train and pull the rope
That lands you at the station Hope—
Get a transfer.

FORGET THEE!

"Forget thee?" If to dream by night and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild,
a poet's heart can pay;
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour;
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting" thou indeed shalt be forgot!

* * * * * *

Keep, if thou will, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me,
Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love.
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not
Forget me, then, but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

—John Moultrie.

A DAUNTLESS SPIRIT

Dr. Erickson was an upright, hard-working young man; he held the respect and good will of the community in which he lived. When it was known that he had gone hopelessly blind, sympathy poured in from every quarter, with offers of substantial aid. People did not see how he could meet his responsibilities alone, how the mother and invalid sister whom he had always supported would be taken care of.

"This calamity," they said, "has come on you through no fault of your own, and we feel that society really owes you the help we offer."

But Erickson, thanking them, replied: "No! Taking help from you would be equivalent to giving up and acknowledging myself helpless—which I am not. In fact, I'm as good a man as ever except for the loss of this one sense. I have two feet, two hands and two perfectly good ears; I can talk still, and smell. Wait and let me see what I can do with these powers."

Erickson was a musician in a small way, and had some experience in the manufacture and handling of pianos. His idea was to perfect himself in the lines of piano tuning and salesmanship so that he would be a valuable man in spite of his deficiency.

On the surface the plan seemed simple and practical enough, but when put to the test of execution its difficulties loomed immense. There was the traveling from house to house and from town to town—alone, of course, for a traveling companion would be expensive and cut down the profits. There was the necessity too for a pleasing, well-groomed appearance. It is not easy for a blind man to look after personal appearance. Not easy, either, for him to maintain that convincing self-assurance of manner which is another characteristic of a successful salesman. Everything was so strange, so disconcerting! He felt like an infant learning to respond to a new world. Every step forward was an experiment charged with possible mishap.

Oh, it was hard, hard! Many a man in a similar position would have given up six times over. But Erickson had in him what many a man does not have—what is better than eyesight—a spirit that could not be daunted.

"My difficulties are no greater than the common run; they are simply mine"—he would say. "Just give me time, and I'll get the best of them."

Every day Erickson became a better workman, saver of his environment and himself. Weeks passed by, months, finally years. To-day he is employed by a large music house in the State of New Mexico, and is one of the most valued men on the force.

One morning he was seen walking up and down the platform at El Paso, listening with impatience to every footstep. The boy whom he had asked to guide him across the tracks and up into the town was not at hand, and he had important business to attend to.

"Where do the trains stand, on the tracks?" he finally asked of a freight man. He gave careful attention to the man's reply. "Oh, no, there's no danger!" for the man remonstrated.

"I see. I can manage."

Exact and confident he followed the directions that had been given him. An engine not ten feet from him belched out a cloud of steam, but he passed it calmly. On the sidewalk beyond he quickened his pace and made his way to the house of his engagement without asking another question.

The dauntless spirit is a rare gift. But it is one that every one should and can possess. "Take unto you the whole armor of God," says Paul to the Ephesians, "that you may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all, to stand."

NOT UNANIMOUS

Hix—Women are auspicious creatures!

Wix—My experience is to the contrary. For instance, there's my wife: she's a woman and trusts me, while my grocer, who is a man, didn't.