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DON'T THINK

It cannot be done. Let us have a look at it. We know how.

FOSTER

The Watch Specialist
GEO. TOWNSON GUELPH, ONT.

Poetry.

THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT O' HAPPINESS AROUND

When the line of your horizon has gloomy
sort of look,
When the sky you thought was blue
Has a blackish, sorry hue,
Find a quiet, peaceful sound—hear the
laughter of the brook:
There's an awful lot o' happiness a-
round.

Select Family Reading

"UNTIL DEATH DO US PART"

How a Private Was Recalled
By HELENIC LINDWELL

Mrs. Fairbanks pushed aside a screen and revealed a small safe.

The light from the shaded library fell upon her bare shoulders as she bent toward it, resting her hand on the black metal.

"My husband?" the woman returned, so lightly that an ugly shadow seemed to cross her face.

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every hour that he was free he spent in her company.

The silent man at the head of the household, with his strange indifference, had remained a mystery to Crawford. Both and would be might be, but some way—Mrs. Fairbanks reached over and touched his sleeve.

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A MOTHER'S SORROW AND HER CONSOLATION

We send on its way this message of a mother who, believing it may comfort others who must bear a like burden of grief. It is from a mother who has given back to the Father her baby boy, her only child, and is in reply to a message of sympathy from a friend:

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THE BOY WHO MEANT TO

He meant to get up early when the air was crisp and cool. And now the lawn and clip the hedge before he went to school. But he was tired and sleepy when he woke in break of day. He had another thing to do, and slipped in dress of awe.

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GOLDEN WEATHER.

Of the whole year, I think I love
The best that time we used to
call
The little summer of all mists,
About the middle of the fall,
Because there fell the golden
days
Of that gold year beside the
sea
When first I had you at heart's
will
And you had your whole will
of me.

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