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

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Poetry.

MOTHER TO MOTHERS

You say you love your son too well
To bid him go to fight;—
To face the German shot and shell
Where Wrong is throttling Right?

Think you those mothers who have sent
Their sons to face the foe.
Felt not their souls with anguish rent
E'en while they bade them "Go!"

O Blind to Duty's finger-post,
And Deaf to Duty's call,
Let Fear bestir you, lest the host
Barbarian on us fall.

Here in our peaceful, sheltered Land,
Shuttering homes, and—Worse!—
Too late, ah, then, to make a stand;
Huns heed not prayer nor curse!

"Be British!" Heed your Country's call,
Act not the Alien's part!
God keep your Boy, whate'er befal;
And His Peace keep your heart!

—"Mater Militis."

Select Family Reading

FIVE MINUTES

By WILLIAM SANFORD

"SUE, I'm engaged!"

Rob Norton spoke the words with a wild, boyish enthusiasm. He stood in the doorway of the library, hat in hand, his eyes on the face of the girl by the window. "The back door was open, I just slipped in," he explained, in half apology; "cut through—so anxious to tell you I couldn't wait to go 'way round to the front door."

The girl did not answer for a moment. His intrusion seemed not to surprise her. It was as though he had the right to come and go as he pleased. She bent her head a little closer toward her work—as though to gain time. Then suddenly she gave a little cry as of pain. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I've pricked my finger. How it hurts! You came in so sudden, Rob. What was it you said? Engaged? Really, Rob?" she turned her face, with its small, delicate features toward him. It was quite white.

"Sue!" he was at her side in an instant. "You're sick. The old needle went deeper than you thought. Let me get you some hot water in a cup. That will draw out the inflammation—somebody told me so."

She began to laugh. "Really, Rob, no—it not so bad, after all. My dreadful carelessness—not you. Rob, who's the girl?"

He looked at her closely, but her eyes were laughing, and he became a little less enthusiastic, but rattled on: "Alice Winthrop—only met her a month ago—down at Cambridge. Awful jolly girl—love at first sight, I guess. She said 'yes' last night, I wanted you to be the first to know."

She laughed very gayly. "Well, you did steal a march on us all," she said. "Won't the crowd be surprised! But you might have waited until after the Gardners' dance. You promised to take me to that you know. Now I suppose it will be—Alice, did you say?"

Of a sudden she bent her head. "Perhaps you had better get me some hot water in a cup, after all," she said, very quietly. "I think—er—it's beginning to swell."

He dashed out into the kitchen with alacrity, and was back in a few moments, yet the interval was long enough for her to regain her self-control. She smiled as he came in. One hand was gripping the side of the chair.

"Sue, does it hurt awfully? It must have gone 'way to the bone!"

The girl put her finger into the water. "Tell me about her, Rob; everything. Is she pretty—rich? Tell me everything. You know you have always told me everything."

He was watching the cup very seriously. "Oh, she's just awfully jolly and nice," he answered. "You've got the middle finger in the water, Sue. I thought it was the little one."

"That just shows how observing you are about me," she remarked with a laugh. Rob. You won't need me for a 'guardian' any more—me with my whole two years more than you. Well, I relinquish the honor." She bowed with mock solemnity, then laughed, as she met his serious face. "What a face! As serious as an old man's! I guess if I were engaged I would not draw a face like that!"

Rob jumped up suddenly. "I'm going, Sue," he spoke the words hurried. "Can't stay any longer. I'll see you again, of course. Glad it made you feel so jolly, Sue." He disappeared as quickly as he had come.

An awful stillness followed. The girl looked at her finger and smiled faintly. "Dear old Rob, dear old pal! No, the pain isn't there." She spoke the words to herself in dull, expressionless tones. "I'm glad I stood it until you were gone. I was afraid I would just drop. How dark it is getting—and cold!" She shivered. "I wonder if I shall live on—and on. You always called me your 'guardian,' ever since we were little tots, and now—now you won't need me any—" Something seemed to give way within her and she felt herself swaying—swaying—then * * * Surely it was Rob's voice; his arms about her. Yes—it was a dream. But she would not awaken. Better die than ever awaken again.

Sue, dear little girl, I just had to come back and find out for sure. There isn't any Alice. I was just joking. I just told you to see if you cared. But you don't—not that way—that's the horror of it. I'm just going to hold you, though. It's the finger that made you sick. You were just about ready to faint when I came in, I guess. Sue, sweetheart, isn't there any chance for me?"

No, it wasn't a dream. She was in the same room. It was really, Rob. Slowly she opened her eyes and looked into his. The dizziness passed from her, and she straightened up and smiled. "Yes, it was awfully lucky you came back, Rob," she said.

"Sue!" he cried passionately, "why don't you answer? I love you—love you—love you. I'm just crazy about you. I always have been."

She closed her eyes again. She was in no hurry to answer. The sweetness of life was pulsing back into her veins. He would never know the agony of those minutes. She opened her eyes, sweet and clear, and gazed into his—filled with a deep anxiety.

"Kiss the hurt finger, dear," she said, "and make it well."

THE LITTLE FELT SHOES

"But it's so little to do." Eva looked down at the bits of white felt and the blue floss with keen dissatisfaction. It seemed to her that the little shoes were an illustration of what she was always doing, hoping for big things, and being content, perforce, with little ones. Between her aspiration and her achievement, a gulf so dishearteningly wide!

For a moment Eva was prompted to sweep the dainty material into her workbag, and tuck the workbag into the darkest corner of the trunk. For a moment that mood had its way, then her native good sense came to her aid.

"Just because I can't find that child a good home, and make sure that she get an education, and all that, I don't know as that's any reason why I shouldn't do what I can. These little booties aren't much, but as long as they represent my best I ought to be satisfied."

She went down to the beach with the workbag on her arm, and the piece of felt in her workbag. She found a chair which commanded a good view of the beach and of the ocean, and settled herself comfortably, her attention was divided between her work, and the white-crested waves, and the antics of the bathers.

"What charming little shoes," a voice said in Eva's ear. "I never saw anything so dainty. You're making them for a baby brother or sister, I suppose."

Eva turned. A lady dressed in black and with a face peculiarly sad beneath its superficial vivacity, leaned toward her with a flattering air of interest.

Eva returned her smile. "Why, no. I'm unlucky enough to be the youngest in the family."

"Indeed. I wondered when I saw you so busy this lovely morning if by any possibility you made them for sale."

"Why, no. I never have. The fact is," continued Eva, feeling as if some explanation were due the stranger's interest, "the fact is, that I'm making them for an unfortunate little baby I happen to know about. It isn't very much to do to show my sympathy," she added, almost shamefacedly, "but it's all I can do."

"Dear me. Do tell me about it. It doesn't seem quite fair, does it," said the lady with her sad smile, "that misfortune should come to a baby."

"Well, I don't suppose it would mean as much to anybody else, but the baby's father and mother lived in the same block with us for several years. And when the baby was born two months ago, you would have said it was the luckiest baby in the world. They weren't rich folks, you know, but he had a good salary, and they had such a dear little home."

"Yes, and then what happened?"

"Why, Mrs. Trent died when the baby was a month old. It was absolutely unexpected. And two weeks later the father was killed by the electric cars. He walked right on the track in front of the car. He had seemed in a sort of daze ever since his wife's death. And now it looks as if the baby will have to go to an orphanage. There aren't any close relatives, and there isn't going to be much of any money, when things are settled up." She looked down at the little felt shoes in her hand, and the tears came suddenly to her eyes. "They're almost ridiculous," she said, "but it seems as if I must do something."

The two talked for some time, and Eva told more of herself than she had any idea of. When they parted, the lady in black had taken the pattern of the felt shoes.

Two years later they met almost in the same place. The lady who had worn black was now dressed in shimmering gray, and the sadness had vanished in a beautiful sunny radiance. "Oh," she cried, putting out her hand as Eva approached. "I know you. You're the girl who was making shoes for the baby."

"Yes, and I remember you perfectly. You were so interested in that baby. It happened just as I was afraid it would. They took it to an orphan asylum in the western part of the state. It did seem such a pity."

The lady's face did not reflect the distress of Eva's. "Maria," she called, turning, "Maria!"

A smiling nurse maid, all in snowy white, appeared, leading by the hand a toddling child who regarded the world serenely from a pair of sea-blue eyes. "This is my little Alice," the lady said tenderly. "My Alice, and the baby for whom you made the shoes."

Eva gasped.

"Yes, my dear. Your words haunted me. I had lost a little one and I was very unhappy. But I kept thinking about the child that had lost father and mother, before she could know either, and my heart yearned over her. And finally I wrote to find what had become of her, and learned where she had been taken. When I went to see her, my experience was just the opposite of Cesar's. I came, I saw, and I was conquered. She has been the light of our home for a year and a half, thanks to you, dear girl."

It was so like a fairy tale that not for some time did Eva realize the connection of the little shoes with the solution that had settled two puzzles, that of a childless home, and that of a homeless child. Then with a little throb of gratitude, she understood that the greater things she had hoped for had been possible because she had done the little thing within her power.

NOT TOO HAND

Mr. Littlecrest—"Doctor, what did you tell me was your special treatment for sleeplessness?"

Medico—"We strike at the cause or origin of the trouble."

Mr. Littlecrest—"You don't say so! Well, you will find the baby in the other room duly don't strike at him too hard."

A NARROW LIFE

"Her home is in a little country town, you know," said the city girl patronizingly. "And so, of course, she has had a very narrow life."

That speech expresses the sincere opinion of a great many people. They have an idea that city residence necessarily broadens one out, that country life is of necessity narrowing, and that life on the farm is the most limited and curtailed of all. Nothing could be further from truth. Indeed the girl quoted above, the member of a small and arrogantly exclusive set, whose life was a round of gayeties, whose interests seldom get beyond the point of enjoying herself was as good a representative as could be found of a narrow existence.

The girl to whom she referred so patronizingly lived in a small town it is true, but the town did not represent the limit of her interest. She was fond of reading. She read ten books to her city friend's one, and books of a very superior sort to the other's favorites. She had travelled a little and made the most of that little. She knew more about the cities she had visited and their various points of interest, than many of their residents could have told to save their lives. She never had gone abroad, but she was more familiar with French history and Italian art and the geography of Europe in general, than many a favored young person who acknowledges to "running across" every summer.

This country girl is German by descent. She learned to speak German in the home of her grandmother, studied it in school, and now carries on a correspondence in that language with a cousin several times removed whose home is in Berlin. She is the president of a little circle of girls who are supporting an orphan girl in a mission school in India. And in addition she can be depended on to lend a hand in any good work undertaken in her community.

It would not take a prejudiced person long to decide which of these lives is narrower, the one selfish and frivolous, with hardly an interest beyond herself and her own enjoyment, makes a poor showing beside this other girl whose interests reach up and out, and whose kindly helpfulness extends half way around the world. To live in a small town or in an isolated farmhouse, does not make the life narrow, unless the heart is satisfied with a cramped horizon.

FORTY DOLLARS WORTH OF TEMPER

Whoever wishes to hear a solemn, almost tearful oration on the evils of losing one's temper should apply to a certain scientific gentleman in Washington, of whom the Star tells a tragic story.

He had a negro servant who exasperated him by his stupidity. One day, when he was more stupid than usual the angry master of the house threw a book at his head. The negro ducked and the book flew out of the window.

"Now go and pick that book up!" ordered the master.

The negro started to obey, but a passer-by had saved him the trouble, and had walked off with the book. The scientist thereupon began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume on mathematics, which he had purchased in London, and paid fifty dollars for it.

"The next time I feel that it is absolutely necessary to throw things," he exclaimed, in his sorrow, "I'll choose something less expensive."

But his troubles were not over. The weeks went by and Time the great healer, had begun to assuage his grief, when, strolling into a second hand book shop, he perceived to his great delight a copy of the book he had lost. He asked the price.

"Well," said the dealer, reflectively, "I guess we can let you have it for forty dollars. It's a pretty rare book, and I dare say I could get seventy-five for it by holding on a while."

The man of science pulled out his wallet and produced the money, delighted at the opportunity of replacing his lost treasure. When he reached home he sat down at the table to gloat over his find, and a card dropped out of the leaves. The card was his own, and further examination showed that he had bought back his own property.

"Forty dollars' worth of temper! Huh, I think I shall mend my ways," he was overheard to say. His daughter, who tells the story with glee, declares that the negro servant is positively worried over the sunny disposition of her father. He fears that the worthy man must be ill.

THE PEOPLE ON WHOM YOU CAN DEPEND

"One of the things which amazes me most in my observation of people," said a woman whose wide interests have brought her in contact with a great variety of human kind, "is the small percentage who can be depended on. It does not matter whether you are engaging a woman to do washing, or securing the co-operation of some society girl in a charitable project. You can never feel certain that the one who makes such ready promises will 'deliver the goods' till the crucial moment arrives."

There is hardly a more serious charge to be brought against young people than this of being undependable. A desire to do thoughtless obliging prompts to the giving of easy promises, which seemingly rest as lightly on the hearts of the giver as if they were not promises at all. It is incredible how many people pledge themselves to aid with this thing or that, to be present on some occasion, to give something, to help somewhere, and then when the time arrives serenely present any excuse which happens to occur to them for failing to carry out their agreement.

It is the people who cannot be depended on who block the wheels of progress, upset the calculations of real workers, and break down the dependable people who are perforce obliged to attempt not only their own work, but that of the unreliable, besides. "He's not remarkable in any way but one," said a business man recommending one of his workers, "but you can always rely on him." And that peculiarity secured the youth the advancement he wanted. In the long run, reliability outweighs brilliancy. There is nothing the business and the social and the religious world needs quite as much as people who can be depended on.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Our Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, August 29th, 1895

Dr. A. S. Elliott, son of Mr. J. T. Elliott, one of Esquesing's prominent farmers, has commenced the practice of his profession in Acton.

A large cortege followed the remain of Mrs. George Cook, of Esquesing, mother of Mr. Adam Cook, to Limehouse Cemetery yesterday. She was 71 years of age.

Mr. John H. Burns, formerly of Acton, was accidentally killed at Hamilton on Tuesday, by being struck by a Hamilton and Dundas train. He was an early resident of Acton, and married a daughter of the late Mr. Abram Matthews. With nine other young men he went to the Cariboo gold fields in 1862. He returned here about 1875, but removed to Hamilton with his son five years ago.

Mrs. Francis Dempsey, for over seventy years a resident of this community, died last week. About eighty years ago her father removed to Esquesing and settled on lot 32, con. 4, giving the family name to what has since been known as "Swackhamer's Hill." Since the death of husband and some 17 years ago, she has resided at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Edward Matthews. Owing to the long distance from her family, only Mr. Chris. Dempsey, of St. Thomas, and Mr. Alfred Walker, of Waterford, were able to be at the funeral. Her son Mr. Jacob Dempsey, of Pasadena, spent a week with her previous to her death, but was obliged to return home.

In the Municipal Council, Coun. Williams' asked that the caretaker of the Hall be empowered to secure printed cards prohibiting the use of tobacco in the Council Chamber, corridors and auditorium. The request was granted. The question of defining fire limits for the town was also mooted in Council.

Rev. J. W. Rae has returned, and on Sunday night preached a powerful sermon on "Hidden Sins," appealing especially to he hold for the right. Pointed reference was made to prevalent gambling in town and the much evil arising therefrom.

WHO CARRIES THE BURDEN

To the Editor:

We spend about one hundred million dollars in drink every year and about the same amount in food and clothing. If the money spent in liquor were spent in food and clothing, it would give employment to about eight times as many workmen and we would hear nothing about men being out of employment. It would require about seven million dollars worth of raw material, and so farmers, merchants and all classes would share in the benefit.

Of course we receive a large revenue from the liquor traffic but it has been shown that it costs five times as much as we receive in revenue to pay for the poverty, crime, child desertion, insanity, and so on, caused by drink. Who pays for all this? The working man of course, who produces all wealth. He has to pay his taxes, even when the rich man often evades a large portion. The working man carries on his back all non-producers and of course those who have to be cared for by the State are non-producers. Thus the working man is paying to support the bar-room, even although he is a total abstainer.

We hear a great deal about personal liberty, but in this country there is no such thing as absolute liberty. A man may not not wear his wife's clothes, spit on the side-walk, or even kill himself. If he succeeds in killing himself, Billy Sunday says he will go to hell, and if he fails he will be sent jail. We have very stringent laws against the use of certain drugs that are not nearly as harmful, and if a majority of people decide that the bar-room dispenses poison the bar-room will have to go.

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

SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY

A lady who had engaged a new servant was inclined at first to be very well satisfied with her acquisition, for the girl seemed willing and anxious to please. At the end of the month, however, that lady's advertisement again appeared in the column headed, "Help Wanted."

"Ellen was a very well-meaning girl," said Ellen's late employer. "And at first I thought I was very lucky in finding a servant so anxious to suit. She questioned me as to all the details of her work. Should she put the spoons at the right or left or above the plate, in setting the table? Did I want my coffee to boil or not? Did I prefer the muffins sweetened or without sugar? It seemed to me that in course of time I would have everything done to my satisfaction.

But all too soon I found that Ellen's questions were merely a device to save herself the necessity of acting on her own responsibility. After she had been with me long enough to have learned my ways, the questions came as thick and fast ever. No matter how trivial a question was, I was to decide it. My efforts to encourage her to use her own judgment were unavailing. And now I am advertising for another girl in hopes that I may discover someone who if less obliging and anxious to please, will be capable of deciding a few matters for herself."

The attitude of this housekeeper is not exceptional. Along with other qualities that employers pay for, is the ability to decide questions.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Robert Louis Stevenson knew a Welsh blacksmith who at twenty-five could neither read nor write, at which time he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance but he left the kitchen another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine daydreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy, only one in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length with entire delight read "Robinson Crusoe."—The Atlantic.

HELPFULNESS

"Come, little left Hand
Said good little Right,
"I want you to help me
With all your might.

Said little Right Hand,
"Yes, I will help you,
But you must remember,
I'll need your help, too."

So little Right Hand
And busy Left, too,
Just helped each other
The whole day through.

For one couldn't do
Without help, you see;
And this is a lesson
To you and to me.

For each girl and boy
Should belong to a band
Of Help-One-Another,
Like Left and Right Hand.—Ex.

CIDER TIME.

Cider barrels nigh the woodshed,
A-frothin' at the bung;
Boys with straws absorbin' liquid—
I wisht that I was young.
Layin' flat upon a barrel
Suckin' juice today,
And you, old chum, was pumpin' with me—

Cool and sweet as clover honey—
Luscious, limpid juice—
Pints or quarts as free as water—
Can't you feel it ooze
And kind o' trickle down your gullet
Same as long ago?
Ain't it fun to think about it
Just as if 'twas so?
—Jabe Smith in Rural Farmer.

THE PARSON AS A PACEMAKER

Rev. Elijah Kellogg did not confine his good works to the composition of "Sparagus" and the preparation of capital books for boys. He was foremost in practical benevolence, and never so happy as when helping out his neighbors. One Sunday morning, just before the sermon, he made this announcement:

"The Widow Jones' grass is getting pretty long. I shall be there with my scythe, rake and pitchfork at four o'clock to-morrow morning, and I hope every male member of my congregation will be there, too."

In answer to this broad hint the Widow Jones' field was well filled the next morning. Among the volunteers was a Captain Griggs, who stood six feet two in his stockings, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.

"Parson," said he, "look out for me. I'm goin' to cut you corners this mornin'."

Mr. Kellogg was a small man, weighing barely one hundred and thirty pounds, but he was an old hand with the scythe, and before long the captain lay under a tree knocked out by his pacemaker. And the "parson" used to tell the story with great glee, always concluding with:

"He didn't cut any corner that morning.'

MENDED PROOF

He had a couple of good-sized German carp on a string in one hand and a fishing-pole under his arm.

"What kind of fish are them?" asked a man next to him on the back platform.

"Carp," he said, regarding his catch with anything but pride, "and they ain't worth the bait they swallowed."

"What are you taking them home for then?" asked the other.

The man with the mud fish eyed the questioner for a moment. "How the——am I going to make them believe I caught anything if I haven't the goods to show 'em?" he demanded.

FROM MANY LANDS

There is one place in the world which has probably not yet heard of the war. This is the British island of Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic, the Secretary to the British Postmaster General recently stating that the island has not received a mail since the outbrnk of hostilities. The island is independent on chance communications from the Cape of Good Hope, 1,500 miles away. The inhabitants number about eighty, and are mainly descendants of shipwrecked sailors. They are of mixed origin—English, Scotch, Irish, American, Dutch, Italian, Asiatic and Negro.

THE ONLY WAY

Little Jack was full of mischief, and during his first year at school hardly a day passed that he was not sent to stand in the corner. The schoolroom being burnt down a new one was immediately begun. Jackie went to his father, who was a school inspector:—"Don't you think you could get the builder to build a round schoolhouse this time, dad?" he asked. "Why, sonnie?" his father asked in astonishment, "Because," the little rogue answered, "I'm getting very tired of standing in the corners."

TOOK HER BREATH AWAY

A very talkative little girl, who had been chattering away like a magpie all morning, suddenly became silent when a lady, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, called on her mother. Wishing to be amiable, the visitor said to the chatterbox:

"Have you lost your tongue, my dear?"

"Oh, no, ma'am,' was the reply; "only my breath."—New York Tribune.

JIM'S MEASUREMENT

"Here, Jim," the old man's master said, "take this footrule and measure that marble seat in the garden for me. Jim said on his return:—"The seat is the length of the rule, sir, with three fingers over, and this piece of string, and the breadth of my hand and arm from here to there, barrin' a thumb."

Miller's Worm Powders will eradicate the worm evil that bears so heavily on children and is believed to cause many fatalities. They are an acceptable medicine to children and can be fully relied upon to clear the food channels thoroughly of these destructive parasites and restore the inflamed and painful surfaces to healthfulness. They are an excellent remedy for these evils.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.