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J. L. McElderry, Managing Dir.

onen a cloud hide all the blue Of the morning sky from you? If you'd see some peeping through Simply smile that cloud away, If you'll just look up and umile, In a very little while— Why, before you've gone a mile-it wil be a happy day.

You have lost the song you had And are "blue" instead of glad-Whatsonver makes you sad, Simply mille it right away. Emile as oft you have before, And your voice again shall soar In a happy song once morn,

O, no many of the things Undesired that fortune brings May be unde to spread their wing May be quickly smiled away: For the power of the light Of the mille puts care to flight, Makes the dreary pathway bright

By lashel McKinney

Perfection Stove will give 8 hours invalid. At the very thought of her Can you hear me?" glowing heat on one gullon of Electro- red, perspiring and lugubrious face.

By using Oil Heaters you will be hand into the bowl on the chair beside able to conserve your coal and will ber and ecooped some of the cool water dail, two miles cast near the Ashmore swearing at every breath. The redalso prevent you lighting your furnace so carly in the season

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SMILE IT AWAY

And 'twill boig, happy day.

And the day a happy day. -James Howe, in Music Teacher

A DIFFERENT **AFTERNOON**

alde her, Dennie settled her- trucks and trains. self in the least uncomfortable position Dennie never quite knew how she in the big willow chair and tried to reached the back stairway. Twirling prepare for the blankness of a long the handle of the telephone flercely. four hours alone. Of course there was she grasped the receiver awkwardly in four hours alone. Of course there was and grasped the received and waited for a rethe cook, Susan Mears; but at present her right hand and waited for a reWe'd better best to indicated, Susan was in the kitchen, the wire already cut? Seconds seemed remain there. Dennie was glad to hear swered, "Number, pleaso?" her moving round in the big, emptyfeeling house, but at close range she to waste a word, steaded her voice. verandah. Meanwhile a succession of in the charge, Rev. J. W. H. Milne, really mattered, and thought not at was not likely to be a comfort to an "Central," she said, "get the sheriff. poppings sounded as if the machine who has been paster there, has re- all."

listened to Susan Mear's incoherent you hear?"

and diamayed responses to a telephone was saying, "I'll be right over if I know. of these remerks was addressed to the rolled a cigarette, stuck it between his telephone and what part to the air, but lips and strolled off in the direction of the next moment Susan came charging the back pasture. in from the back hallway. "O Mins

She stayed not for another word of less air of a machine at rest. Dennie - . - GUELPH explanation, but heaved her red ging- know all about driving three or four ham) bulk out the side door, heisted different kinds of automobiles, but she of a rushing car. Under the hallway her green cotton umbrella and dis- was not sure of the anatomy of a resounded heavy footsteps and heavy appeared. Poor thing, her little house motor truck. Still, if she had not been words: "Hey, there, come out of that was at least three quarters of a mile reduced to half her able-bodied self, you coward!" Rollo dashed himself away, "cross-lots," and a mile and a she would certainly have run away against the door, and his growling half by the read! What would be left with the machine and made off for threats reverberated in the narrow

home? Dennie wondered, "How still it was, now that the clatter in her mind the scene in the back pasin the kitchen had ceased! The clock ture. Little silky-nosed Bluebell was shouts, whirring engines, the poculiar in the dining-room struck two. It not afraid of anyone; and her mother. looked so hot outdoors that Dennie while keeping a wary eye on- the was glad that she had decided to spend strangers, was probably at this methe afternoon by the living-room win- ment rubbing her head against Doog's footsteps that shock the house, then dow instead of on the screened veran- arm, begging for sugar. Then an idea blackness and silence. dah. The dog, Rollo Boy, had chosen came to Dennie, and she really looked the veranda, and he lay there panting, at the motor truck. He had wanted to go to the fair as But there was no time to lose in much as she did, Dennie felt sure; but staring. Seizing the back of a chair when Uncle Whitney had said post- for support, she painfully hopped and ing. Doctor Merriweather was shut-

read the "dandy" book that her coustn the verandah.

From far down the road she heard uneven circles in the air. motor car of some sort coming rapidly said to herecif, and, laying the refor everyone ought to be going in the closed her hand vigorously; then she do." than to say, "These forty things I opposite direction-towards the fair, tried again. Better; and she must dabble in." Human intellect never Moreover, this part of the road from risk it anyway. She pulled the trig- expands itself widely in all directions town was deep in mud from the thun- ger. der shower last night; it must be a The quick, sharp crack ended in a great singer; a great singer is never very reckless driver that would drive loud explosion. The front tire nearest a great writer; a great writer is not over the road at the breakneck pace her was flat, and something seemed to often a great inventor; a good black-

to the floor, peoped from behind the nearly as she could judge. Her hand rule are so few that it is wiser to recurtains. The heavy machine lumber- was quite steady now. ed pask it was a ramshackle motor Dennie just managed to aqueeze in Therefore, young man or young truck, wabbling in the muddy driveway through the screen door when the tall woman, it is best to say, "This one In it stood two men-a tail, thin man two, appeared at a distance. Sure time for anything else if you attain in khaki and a red-faced fellow in a enough, Doog, assisted by the man in perfection in any of the higher ocupablue suit; on the seat was a short, fat blue, was hauling the colt alone. ing at the muddy roads and at her men had not seen her, but she knew "masters of none." They are someuncle, and something in his voice and they must have heard the shots, and times useful in cases of slight enerfigure seemed familiar to her. Her that they would look for the person kency, but, when great skill is required heart began to beat fast.

Dennie, and also crouched lower by the ylndow, peering out into a strange, misty world that suddenly seemed to grow dark. In a moment she gathered her with together, recalled to hernelf by a sharp pain in her ankle, which nha must have twisted recklessly against the baseboard. She under-

stood the whole situation in a finali. The men had come to steal Bluebell, farling liluebell, Peggy's own pister, who had just learned to graze benide her mother in the back pasture without spreading her little forelege apart to reach the grans. The thieves had thought that the whole fanily had gone to the fair. It was they, probably, that had called Human Mears on the telephone; her house was not on fire at all, Poult McDougall know tho way; and the red-faced man in blue, who looked prosperous, would take the colt off with him. Yen, probably they were planning to catch the three-fifty train at Ashmora. Would the tall man

in khaki find her watching, and kill her and Rollo Boy with his platol? Rollo was darking and growling again; but the man did not come to the house. Instead, he walked slowly along the lawn outside, looking up intently. He seemed to be studying something overhead; as he passed Denie's window, she shut her eyes for a few seconds in an instinctive fear that her gaze would drow his attention. He went on down the lawn nlong the driveway, still looking up, and suddenly Dennie realized what he

the telephone wire! Somehow with that thought the longer she could count on herself; and been out of her came back in a heart- | name? ening flood. A kind of flerce indigna-ITH her bandaged ankle prop- tion burned in her. They should not was saying. Bomebody's got him hid. ped up before her and her have Bluebell-not even for a day, to Thought you was so sure they was all bandaged arm propped up be- frighten and torment with motor gone!"

"What's the matter?" came the reply, peered out, the truck was still motion-Dennie dipped her unbandaged right in a tone no longer bored 'The Randall place, Whitney Ran- frenzy, running from side to side and road-quick! Three men are trying to faced man, now rodder, was struggling It was with mingled feelings, there- steal a colt. I'm all alone here. I'm with Bluebell in the body of the truck. fore, that ten minutes later Dennie Densmore Montgomery, his nicco. Do and the tall man in khaki was bran-

There was no answer. The wire was cut. How much of the meanage the out," he was saying. "Don't be a "Yes, Otheavens, preserve us," Busan operator had heard Dennie could not coward, Doog! It's only three o'clock don't drop dead of sunstroke! We're She crept to the kitchen window. sinners and afflicted! Oh, that it The tall man in khaki was coming up who did the damage. I guess two can the driveway again. He stopped be-Dennie could not be sure what part side the motor truck for a moment,

The motor truck stood not thirty Dennie," she cried, "my house is on feet from the side porch, headed toward the road, with that solid, hopeof her belongings when she reached town. As it was, she stared stupidly at stairway. Then came a pounding on

tively, "No, sir! Lie down!" he had shufiled back to the living room and ting up his medicine case. She was stalked out and collapsed under the got the drawer of the dock open, lying on the couch in the living room, perch swing as if he had never thought There lay the sturdy little revolver, and Art was hevering anxiously in cold-looking and determined—the very the doorway. Other people were hov-Every human being in Coles County sight of it was invigorating just now- ering, too. An loed cloth was laid on had gone to the fair except one six- She and Art had been practicing with her head; and then she remembered teen-year-old girl with a sprained it only last week, shooting at a mark "Did he kill Rollo Boy?" she inquirankie and a broken arm-of that fact under Uncle Whitney's supervision, ed in what seemed to be some one Depute became increasingly certain, and she was not sure how many cart- else's voice. It was her own fault, too. She should ridges were left. Yes, it was loaded.

"Art" had left with her; but all she She had to consume a precious minopplid think of was the all-important ute or two in getting the screen door execut, more exciting than any in the open without letting Rollo Boy get tory, that was soot to happen not through; and when she stood on the subsided. Dounte gave a sigh of relief. three miles away. She was perfectly step outside, she almost expected to She smiled at Uncle Whitney as he Whitney's Peggy would win the grand belli round the corner of the barn. nie would not be there to see. How her usually steady hand wavered; the muzzle of the revolver was making

the rattling chug! chug! of a heavy "Come, now, this won't do," she nearer. That was strange, she thought volver on the step, she opened and

be happening inside the machine. She smith 'is seldem' a good carpenter. The car slowed down and turned fired again. Bang! The other tire. Those who achieve marked success are in at the gate. Dennie felt a little Then she fired directly into the most nearly always those who Bay. This disturbed and, slipping from the chair vulnerable part of the machine, as one thing I do." The exceptions to this

and rattling like a dozen old stoven man in khaki, followed by the other thing I do well.". There will be no driver, the heard the fat man swear- Dennie was muconably sure that the . "Jacks of all trades," are truly who had fired them. What should she they are helpless. Somebody has writ-Rollo Boy had scrambled to his feet do new? She had saved a few cart- ten with forceful truth that "No one and was barking explosively. When ridges, but she had no plan of action, ever succeeded in that limitiess field the truck had jelted to a stop almost and she had to act at once. All the of anything. Something is the fountat the side door, Donnie thought that windows were unlocked and the doors dation of every success. Those who he was going straight through the signding open. She began to feel sick boast that they can "do anything" wire notting and, vines to investigate with fear again and weak with pain, usually do nothing well. the intruder. Evidently the thin man As she stumbled into the living room. Did you ever see a combination in khaki thought so, to; for he pulled clutching the revolver, she managed knife-canopener, glass-cutter, tackout a revolver and started for the ver- to snatch up some pleces of ice from hammer, button-hole-cutter, kindling. tem, is according to a recent calcula- hated German war indemnity of two andah. But the fat driver growled at the bowl on the chair, put one into her splitter, stove-lid lifter, pencil sharp- tion of Prof. W. F. A. Ellison, forty- billion francy levied against them. The him and called out to the dog, "Hi, dry mouth and press the others to her oner, and shoe-buttoner—that did any nine thousand times us bright as the same spirit of national thrift built lioy, hi, there! Shet up! Don't yer forchead. She stargered into the back of these things to perfection? I think sun. Its diameter is one hundred and up France for the extreme test to-day not yer friends when they comes to fallway, got the stair door open and not. And did you ever see a man who thirty-four times that of the sun; it is —a test that is being tried by fire. Dennis recognized him now. It was down. It would never do to faint. | tailor, barber, shoemaker | engineer, face; and two million four hundred ing true. The line is holding. The

Poult McDougall, generally known as Rollo Boy had not followed her in, expenter, muson, music-teacher, and und twenty thousand times larger in blood of the farmers is flowing equally "Doog," who had worked for her uncly as she had hoped that he would do, but minister, by turns, who was eminently volume. The distance of it from us, as well through the veins of France's hat summer. She remembered that he was so well trained that, excited an successful in any of these lines of according to the same authority, is daughters of the soil and so the she had disliked him intensely and he was, he came at her weak call, work? I think not that she had always wanted to keep When she felt his tongue on her hand. The young man or the young woman years. Demple pressed her nose to the felt that his luty was elsewhere.

ONLY ONE EASY PLACE

A young man asked Henry Ward Beecher to find him an easy berth. He replied: "If you wish an easy berth, do not be an editor. Donnot try the law. Do not think of the ministry. Avoid schoolkeeping. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, merchandise. Abhor politics. Do not practice medicine. Be not a farmer or mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor. Don't work. Don't study. Don't think. None of these are easy. O, my friend, you have come into a hard world. I know of but one easy place in it, and that is the grave."-Selected.

"Where'q that dog?" a hard voice

The voice was thick as well as hard Dennie had felt certain all along that the three were half drunk. "Aw, it won't start!" she heard Mc-

the upper hall. Feeling a little safet, Presbyterian Church, where they or-Dannie, afraid to speak very loud of she crept back to a window over the dained and inducted Rev. Mr. Gregory hard, done too much of nothing that were coming to life. But when she cently accepted a church in Ottawa. less. Doog was working over it in a

dishing his pistol. "Whoever's done it's afraid to come or so-we got lots of time. I'm goin' in. You keep a-workin' while I find out play at the shootin' game. Would you give up now you got her right here? He started furiously for the door.

round the stair well, clutching the revolver, poering down at Rollo Boy. walting and listening. Away down the road began the purr it for perhaps three minutes, seeing the door that seemed likely to burst the panels; then a tumult outsidebray of the horn on Uncle Wh.tney's car,-no one else had a horn exactly are little things so important?" like it -then a shot, yelps retreating

Dennie shrank back from the window:

The next sound that Dennie heard was a cheerful voice saying, "There you are! She'll be all right now." She opened her eyes. It was eyen-

He glowed with admiration. -Somebody remonstrated, and Art took her hand.

"Well" she remarked whimsleally.

JACKS OF ALL TRADES

at one time. A great artist is rarely a gard it as a rule without exceptions.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

courage and resourcefulness that had had the telephone girl got that mes- From the Issue of the Free Press of Thursday, September 29, 1838

The prohibition plebiscite vote to The new ten-inch newer pipe on Mill Street is being completed this wook. Bt Joseph's Reading Circle was re-opened last Sunday In St. Joseph's Church with an attendance of about forty young people. The interest of your real self, and the court would much appreciated by the members. By this time Dennie had manage! At two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and Dennie preferred that she should hours, but at last a bored voice an- to lock the door to the front part of the Toronto Presbytery met at Boston ed.

MARRIED LAWSON-MCPHAIL-At the residence Miss Jennie McPhail, both late of doctor naked.

ARNOLD-SMITH-At Cooke's Church Parsonage, Toronto, on September 14, were alone." Frank Arnold, to Mary Ann, daughter of Alex. F. Smith, Acton. SYMON-McPHERSON-At the residence of the bride's parents, on Sep-tember 28, by Rev. H. A. Macpher-

son, James Symon, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Arch. McPherson, Eaq. Esquesing. SCOTT-At his father's home, thir she lay on the floor by the railing

line, Enquesing, on September 24, John, son of James Scott, aged yearn. REARDMORE-On Friday, September 23 at Chudleigh, Toronto, Elizabeth, widow of the late George T. Beard.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

more, Paq, in her 71st year.

corner of the library, were discussing the talk the principal of the school had given that morning in chapel. "He exaggerater," said one. "Why "That is what I may," ustd another, "He would take all the fun out of life

by such strictness. I can't see any harm in lots of things he would call into it, and dig-dig for your life!" wrong." "And even if they are wrong! I an't be so terrible to do a little thing

that isn't perfectly right once in a while." "I'm afraid the old fellow to a good ceal of a fory. He thinks we're living in the time of Moses and the Ten you. Let not your heart be troubled." Commandments." There was a laugh at this, and the boys separated. The next day the

principal called them all into his study, anxious look. The lines about her "Unintentionally I overheard your talk mouth softened as she came across yesterday," he said. "I was in the passage after masage deeply undertising on lower ones. Everyone had volver and the cartridge case and and darted to her side. "And they got said, Perhaps you are right. Perhaps been so sorry for her. She tried to made her way as fast an abe could to every one of them, and Peggy did win I exaggerated the seriousness of a the prize, and father says you are to wrong action and its results. If I'm have. Bluebell to be yours forever!" wrong about it, I'm ready to be convincud.

his pocketbook on my deak. He tatel Soon or late, to all that sow, it down here when he took out some The time of harvest shall be given; Whitney's Peggy would win the grand bent found for not yet in eight. She "I didn't find it such a stupid after- is a curiously absentminded man, and papers and forgot to put it back. He The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall ;

the chances are he will never remem- If not on earth, at last in heaven. ber where he left it. "I have looked into the book and and it contains a hundred dollars in new bills. Now judge to rich, and he doesn't need the money. You boys take ofty dollars and I will take the other afty. You can have a good time with

little bils I owe, and no one will be the wiser." The principal took out the money calinly, counted out fifty dollars, and held the bills out to one of the boys; but the boy started in terror. "But that is stealing!" he cried.

find it out, and the judge will never ed with it house, mansion, palace, are miss the money. Where is the harm? cold, heartless terms.-Dr. Guthrie. Besides, it is old-fogylah to be too particular about an occasional piece of wrong-doing.". The boy looked at the principal moment and exchanged glances with his friends. Then he said gravely: "We have had our leason, air. We

shall nover forget it." "I thought so. Theory is one thing and practice, you soo, is quite mother." said the principal as he put the bills back into the pocketbook. "And the

chart to sail by even to-day."

A GIANT BUN Canopus, the glant of the solar syn- sible for the Republic to pay off that sank on the lowest step with her head was a combination doctor, blacksmith, eighteen thousand times larger in sur- Thanks be, French heroism is prov-

out of range of his unpleasant stare, she roused herself, pulled him inside who dabbles a little in this and a little "Suppose," says Professor Ellison. Canada is reapling her harvests of the stair door and turned the key. Then in that, and flatters himself or herself "that, instead of being at this ener- increased returns and money is being "He can't git out," Doog added, and she slowly dragged herself up the on being able to do so many things, is mous distance, it were placed in the made as never before. Our farmers the three, men started off toward the steep stairway. Rollo Boy sat at the simply dissipating energy here and centre of the solar system, in lieu of are carning the gratitude of all in their bottom and whimpered. He evidently there that ought to be concentrated on the sun? It would then occupy eighty- aplendid efforts at production. That some one thing. If God has seen fit to five hundredthe f the space lying with- they will carry into their savings and Dennie pressed her nose to the felt that his fully was elsewhere.

Some one thing. If God has seen fit to five hundredthis f the space lying withthey will carry into their savings and
lings. The men, had dealted at the barnof the stairway, she heard the rough unable to do anything great, then do from the earth, would subtend an darkness and lower prices will be the barn lot toward the back pasture. She shuddered at them. Perhaps it duty is the same in the small as in leas to say, no life could exist on earth chill blast where there is

If all the lade and familes should re member for a day To do their errands and their tasks as should hang their hats and jackets up and put away their toys. Should remember that the garden the place to make noise-Why, what a very pleanant world for

mothers this would bel How very happy mother faces should uon! For children don't remember, an overybody known; But if the children should, why-just

forgotful in a day; throw them, all away; the tales to tell: make the bruises well-Why, what a very dreary world for children this would bef low very many melancholy little folk we'd seet

THE PRESCRIPTION

"Child, I know what's the matter Then I'm in for typhold fover-or something?" asked the woman wearily. "Typhold!" he exclaimed. "Just

The woman nat up, and a red spot appeared on oither cheek "I mean it," the doctor continued frankly. "The murder would be that juridiction."

She flushed. "I really want to know," she insisted. "It isn't as if f

"I am sick of it," said the woman. "Show me a vay out of it if you can," "Away back in tome_out-of-the-way corner you have tucked an old book. that was your mothers-the wiscat

t holds the cure for discontent." "The flible!" she exclaimed. "I have read it soma." "How do you suppose I'd have carned my living," the doctor naked, "If I'd read my books some'? You have got to work for anything that is worth

"But, doctor, tell me more. I know "There it is," he said quietly, "and you've got to get it for yourself. But I tell you I could never have cared for the sick-sick in mind and body-for forty years and kept sane unless I'd had something to tie to. That book has been my ment and drink. Get As soon as the door shut behind him the woman walked to the bookcase, rouched behind a pile of books and hold up a little, worn volume. She

turned the pages slowly, searching. "l'eace I give unto you," she read "Not as the world giveth, give I unto

NOBLE SAYINGS Start some kind word on its travels

grow.

should be silent concerning it; he who your share, and I can pay one or two receives it should proclain it -- Seneca.

> Tis industry supports us all. -John Gay.

The saving farmer is a national

The same was abundantly true after 1870 in France when the frugal, thrifty

four hundred and eighty-nine light national strength bends but does not

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JUST SUPPOSE

f all the children's mothers turned f, instead of taking care of toys, they Forgot to bake the cookies and forgot Forgot to king the aching bumps and

For mothers all remember, an everybody known; But if the mothers shouldn't-why, just suppose.

F. C. Fernald, in Over Sea and Land

with you." The old doctor's kindly eyen twinkled. "You have a malady that's very common these days." plain discontent, I call it. You're tired of life, and you show it. Why? You have a home, husband, friends. Tragody has never touched you. Yet if you, go on, in six months' time you will be up for murder in the second degreo!" ,

"Just what do you-mean?" she ask

"I know that's true," she admitted "But what can I do?" "Do you really want to know, or are of the bride's mother. Berlin, on you fishing for a little compressise September 25, Georgo Lawson, to that will be pleasantly exciting?" the

> The doctor nodded. "I know-your husband is in the same boat. Business cares and the high prices-it is a hard row to hoe these days."

> book over written. Study it! Put uside all other reading for awhile. It won't hurt you," he said dryly, "and

> while. Dig down into it like the miner and find your own gold."

She sank into her chair, still reading. Darkness came, and also reached gropingly for light. Her face had lost its

"Now, Judgo Holt was in here this There is no telling where the good it

Rule your passions, or they will rule

In every rank, or great or small

THE FRENCH FARMERS SAVED

asset. Canadian progress to-day in all lines attests magnificently to the splendid qualities of thrift that have marked the farmers in all the procrops and animal produce have been Ten Commandments are a pretty good tion to make use in an economical way of all the wonderful gifts of Providence in this good land of ours.

yard gate for a conference; then the Voices outside the house-of first low your best in the humble occupation angle of about seventy degrees of arc. equally praiseworthy. He is well adthin man in khaki spun round on his and cautious, then loud, astonished you must choose, remembering that Thus, when its lower limb was on our vised who saves his extra dollar until heel and strode back toward the house, and angry. The menigrew more and God's way of measuring success is not horizon, its upper would be within he sees which way the winds of towhile the two others struck out across more furious, swearing and shouting. man's way, and that the principle of twenty degrees of the zentth. Need- morrow will blow. Adversity blows of

"Burely it in but no one will ever tions cluster thich around it: compar-THE DAY