

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1920.

## A CURE FOR GLOOMY DAYS

When days are dark and gloomy,  
And things seem all askew,  
Just think of all the blustery  
Just think of all things cheerful.  
And just think of all things  
And hunt up things to laugh about.  
To help the day along.

Make those about you cheerful;  
With merry words and smile;  
The more you do the better;  
Forget them for a while;  
the manufacturing industry;  
And the city of gloomy days;  
And almost gone are you.  
It's cloud will have passed away.

—Excellence.

## A LOVING QUARREL

With his hat on his head in token  
of his bad mood, he started for church,  
Mr. Elton Pearson had paced the floor  
for five minutes.

"Can't you get along little faster,  
mother?" he demanded.

"There's plenty of time," came a  
voice from another room.

"I can't have you have nothing  
for dinner on my birthday you know."

"It's always been true whenever I've  
said it," replied Mrs. Pearson.

"Here it is twenty minutes past  
noon and you still have nothing."

"That clock is fast. You always  
keep me fast."

"It's a warm morning," when want  
to wear clothes, and I don't like to hurry the horses."

"Well, play on the horses, and don't  
hurry me," she replied.

Elton waited while the disengaged  
clock ticked away for more than a minute.

"Mother, I believe he's deliberately  
just to spite me!" he declared at last;

the charge was met by a sharp retort.

"I'll go out and get him!"

"He was very deliberate come  
along!" He was very deliberate come  
along, and he found needlessly  
with the clock, but at last he noted  
him in the carillon.

"Well, I'm off!" he called.

"Well, good-by," came the reply.

Elton turned, Elton jerked the  
reins, and the horses moved off.

"Well, it serves her right!"

Elton, feeling a justification stayed  
with him, for a few moments on the  
road leading to the village. Then, at  
that point he knew well enough that  
it was abominable pride that kept him  
on the road.

"Well, I haven't got a packed lunch,  
kitchen utensils, etc., and I am  
surely, owing that if that should  
happen, to the case he must go back,  
possibly fearing that the pockets  
he found it empty. Elton, however,  
he brought out the handkerchief, all smoothly folded and fragrant  
with the smell of perfume. Mabel had looked  
out for that. Her eyes fell on the coat  
above, which he now remembered  
had torn accidentally while getting  
out of the carriage last Sunday. It  
was mended, and indeed the you  
could hardly tell that the piece had  
been. That was mother again. She  
always got things done; and there  
were always things for her to do.  
Perhaps that was why she sometimes  
kept him waiting.

"After all, when had she ever really  
"got" a girl round in time? Elton  
was now driving more slowly. In fact  
he had put on his coat, and was  
turn round. But just then the Min-  
ister drove past.

"Good morning!" Where is Mrs.  
Pearson?" called out Mrs. Miller.  
"She is sick," he said.

The question was embarrassing,  
but he managed to answer it. "No,  
she isn't well but didn't seem to  
be quite up to her usual self."

"Glad it's nothing serious," said Mrs.  
Miller as they drove past.

To Elton it did seem serious, for he  
had fully contemplated returning to church  
without his wife. It was a moment  
and the ride to church had  
long been out of the luxuries of life;  
but, now, in order to approach  
it, he wanted to get up to date  
things up. Without her, Elton were  
only whitewashed, and even the hol-  
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The old horse was having an easy  
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