

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1920

MUSIC THAT CARRIES

"I've talked with the men who world has blessed; And I've talked with the men who have failed." "I've talked with the men who strove with zest." "And I've talked with the men who would tell all this is the tale my soul would tell." "As I drifts over the barrier bar; The sound of a laugh don't carry well, But the hit of a laugh rings far." "The men who were most the grumblers' who; The blabber's who; The sound of a song rang far and wide." "And they hearkened to that instead. It was sweet music, that they told me were sweet music, that they told me." "On the ride the Chorus sang The sound of a laugh don't carry well, But the hit of a laugh rings far." "If you would be heard at all my lad, Keep a laugh in your heart and throat." "And those who are deaf to 'thead' and 'cheer' alert to the cheerful note, Keep on the cord of laughter's hell." "Keen laugh from the human that the sounds of a laugh don't carry well, But the hit of a laugh rings far." —Strickland Gilligan.

MRS. LACY'S
"PREACHER"

"GOD, the sweet voice continued, "I know that." Conference had been held, and I would really like to take my part in the works. Do you think, Mr. Laird, that there would be one ministered in all the number that is ministered with your brother? I took up his shoes for the Conference week in a poor washerwoman's home! You see, our garden is just at its prime; it's an excellent garden, but here we must; and if I do say it, I know as good a garden as any need want. So the creature, comfort would not be lacking. This would be willing to take us, our poor plain men, and maybe some good might come to us all."

"Well," Mr. Laird began slowly, "perhaps—"

"No," interrupted the gentle voice again, "I'm afraid that you do not have any real preacher. They should have the best the town affords, so they may go back home and work with fresh thoughts, they should not be lacking in any way. There is trouble or perplexity. They have enough of that at home. I only thought, looking at him wistfully, that maybe the world would be better off without some one who would not mind a humble home for a few days; the contract would make his own more comfortable house more attractive. But now, I was foolish to think of it. Well, however, send some vegtables to some one who is entertaining and hasn't the chance to get such things as his garden affords. I can't tell you what I mean by that." And Mrs. Lacy turned away to save Mr. Laird the necessity of excuses, but her heart was gone with distress, and her eyes were filled with tears, earning little woman, and the idea of tantalizing a minister once more had entered her soul with a force so strong that it would not be stifled. If she could not be married, and if she longed to be done? Blis could not do it all and keep the house tidy and cook her meal, who knew. Tired? Why, of course, who tire? I am tired, said a Canadian who would have been in his Lord's service didn't amount to much. Somehow the idea of taking a ministerial clung to her in spite of Mr. Laird's very evident desire to do what she was home, who called her husband, lying at lazy length in the sun. "Tim, dear, are you the minister, come to confess your next week-end may well be a week-end of misery that will not be places enough and I may take one to relieve the congestion?" She said this with a smile, but her eyes were full of excuse for drinking was the idea that he had conception of the lungs or heart or brain, and that whisky was the sole remedy. "Won't you?" she entreated. "Just open the cool boxes and put up a little shed for me, so that I can keep the smell of smoke from the house? We must be ready to take care if one should come and visit, inadmissibly, and it would be nice for me, anyhow. 'Would keep the house cooler in summer, you know.'"

"Well?" drawled the half-sleep man, "believe it will. Your nice things are convenient to work with, and I'll be gin now."

Suiting the action of word, he went to work with such a will that by night a small room was built, and a wash basin, a wash bench, made, purposefully for the shed, was ready for service. Every half hour husband drove was like the horse of a chariot a coming. Mr. Laird's face was a picture of unutterable disappointment; but she kept observing at work, saying to herself: "I'll tell God; he'll know best."

"What do you think?" Mr. Laird said with a smile. "I'll tell God; Mrs. Lacy came and asked to take a preacher. I'd not have a preacher, I'd not have a minister, but I'll tell God."

"Not to be thought off," Rev. Henry Mason, a highly qualified minister. "Mrs. Lacy is a nice woman, but I fear she could not make it pleasant for a minister on account of her husband. She does not realize all that it involves."

For Mrs. Lacy, the layman, the minister between her and Mr. Laird and the convening of Conference were and one to her. "I'll do my work just the best I can," she said, "but I don't know how I'll be serving God, even if I can't do a share in Conference's doings." And she stiffed her sighs and used the shed, "just to be used to it in case a minister came all the while feeding on pleasure."

This had caught her hope of entertaining and did not have such hard luck. She had been working hard, being at least half sober all week past, being so, made himself so useful in carrying water, emptying tubs, and gathering vegetables, that his wife, though she was not a good cook, under the great tree that shaded their cottage, her hands busy with knitting and her heart at ease. It was the day of the conference, and no one had written to her, on the off hand God had willed it so.

The Reception Committee was as signing plates, amid much laughter and merriment, when Mr. Mason and his wife, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. George, cordially welcomed. I will send you to the home of our other laundress. She is a member of the church and asked to take a minister to sandwich her wash, her tubs and linings. Any-

PURE BRED HORSES FOR CANADA



(1) C. P. O. S. Montcalm arriving at Montreal, having on board horses and ponies for the Prince of Wales' Black Ranch near Calgary, Alta.
(2) Dartmoor pony and her foal belonging to the Prince of Wales, about to leave the hold of the C. O. P. S. Montcalm. Captain Landon, of the Montcalm and Professor W. L. Carlyle are seen watching their late passengers leave the ship.

HOW IT HAPPENED

Alert and cheerful, Julia Dorsey answered the manager's summons. She is a thoroughly competent young business woman, and a first bright count herself fortunate to carry on her pay roll. She knew that she was far more intelligent and ten times more efficient than the girls in the store. That was why the girls' names to Mr. Delaney's office, at which many girls turned white, kindled her eyes with excitement; and that was why she was so conspicuously given the greatest shock of her life.

Mr. Delaney had before him the report of Miss Dorsey. "I have the right name," he began, "what do you think?" Miss Dorsey agreed. "I told Miss Jenkins that it wouldn't be unkindly to let you buy it. I suppose we'll have to give the head wear as it is a special."

In spite of her careful self-control, this comical report from Canada, that the Miss Delaney was going to make her a buyer? Of course she had always looked forward to becoming a woman refined and cultured. A sense of my own loss of those qualities came over me with a force that I had never felt before. You understand in talking about this, that I have given up all my old ways, and above all, I think, my dear wife's pleasure in the society to which she had been accustomed to belong.

What did you say?" Miss Dorsey, he began, "that you had three girls to break in; that makes a difference always?"

"There were three new girls in the shop, but that did not distract me from getting the hat buying. I suppose it could not help making a record."

Miss Delaney made no comment. He was still studying the report.

"How about this large item of exchange?" he asked.

"That was due to one of the new girls."

"But it's your department. You are responsible."

"It's too much to expect me to be responsible for lack of brains!" Julia Dorsey retorted.

Mr. Delaney young about then and looked straight into her angry eyes.

"Miss Dorsey, I am having to do something that I greatly regret. I am sorry that you are leaving us."

"I also see that the department is whole had fallen below its usual record."

"Yes, you know we had three girls to break in; that makes a difference always."

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