

THE GREAT ARTIST

Does God keep his colors in the clouds
To paint the ocean's blue?
Where does he find the verdant green,
Or the flower's pastel hue?
Where does he mix the rich, deep tones
Of the moon's crimson blush?
How does he tint the evening sky—
When did he get the brush?
To paint that ball of living fire
In the midst of a white flame,
And where did he get the universe
To form Nature's picture frame?
We stand in awe of the wondrous power
Of the Great Artist above;
Viewing the works of His mighty hand
With reverence and love.

Marion M. Hammond,
Acton, June 13, 1921.

KEEP YOUR ENGAGEMENTS

When the writer was a young man about to leave home for the first time he was invited to spend the evening with an old gentleman noted for his kindly interest in the young, and especially the young fellows who were far from home in the great world to begin the battle of life. Few of the young people of our town ever left it without a kindly farewell and a word of advice from Uncle Ezra Traylor. A part of his good advice to me was given in these words:

"This is one thing, my boy, that I would urge you to do: Keep your engagements to life. Do this at the sacrifice of any personal pleasure or at any inconvenience to yourself. The habit of keeping every engagement must be made in your mind as a young person can form. Mind your boy, keep your engagements."

I have had many years of varied experience with life since this kindly old man gave me this bit of good advice and I know that he spoke truly in all that he said. I know that the following of his advice to the very best of my ability has been of great benefit to me and I know of many instances in which it has been of benefit to others. I was for eighteen years in the employ of a man who made a kind of a hobby of keeping his engagements, and he was very successful in his business as well as in his private life. He was very generous in his nature and all of his many employees did the same. His idea of keeping an engagement included being on time to the minute when it came to one's work, and he had a right to insist on this. He was a small, keen-eyed man and I remember how sharply he looked at me when I entered his office for the first time. He asked me a number of questions in a very direct way, and then he said:

"Keep your engagements, do you, young man?"
"I try to," I said.
"You'd better. I could not have in my employ anyone careless about keeping an engagement. I discharged a promising young man not long ago when he failed to keep an appointment with me, and all the excuse he had to offer was that he was at a big ball game and stayed longer than he should to see how the game would come out. A young fellow who would fall to keep an appointment for no better reason than that he is not to be depended upon, indifference in regard to keeping one's engagements often leads to his failure in all of his other things. No matter how unimportant the engagement is, keep it to the minute if you have agreed to do so."

After the lapse of all the years since those words were spoken to me I thought of them the other day when I overheard a young man say to a chum,
"The way my boss made me today because I was late getting to his office at a certain time. You would have thought that the success of his whole business depended upon me" being there right on the stroke of ten o'clock."

Did you say that you would be there at ten?"
"Yes, I did; but I was on the street when a fire broke out and I walked to see the result. Any fellow would have done that, wouldn't he?"
"Well, not if he had the right idea about keeping his engagements," was the reply.

Any employer has a right to demand that his employees give him every minute of the time for which he pays them, and he also has a right to protest vigorously if they fail to keep engagements with him. It is a failing that may develop into a great obstacle to one's success in life—Paul Craghton.

CRISP COMMENT
A fashion expert says women have forgotten how to sit gracefully. That comes from standing up for their rights.—Detroit Free Press.

This is the time for the really thrifty to lay in next winter's coal, start to their Christmas shopping and begin to save for next year's income tax.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Dry" majority in Ontario grows sparer, showing that large numbers of people would rather eat than drink the words to J. Harleycorn. "I do desire we may be better strangers."—Toronto Telegram.

It's so hard for a man to make love to a woman ethically, when he's so lousy and so dangerous, when he's not—Helen Rowland.

Mr. Compers says Labor faces a year of "solemn portent." Which, being translated, means "hard work."—Charleston News and Courier.

"Never argue with a fool," says Luke McLaughlin. "Four advice. How are we to know he is a fool until he disagrees with us?"—Toronto Herald.

According to the boat Paris authorities skiffs are longer this spring and so we guess it's time we had our eyes tested again.—Grand Rapids Press.

Los Angeles, it is understood, intends to have future earthquakes recorded as real estate transfers.—Louis Island City Star.

A PROUD MOTHER
The following story came from a child in Walter. He has two cats and a dog. Prince, who certainly seems to carry on a kind of conversation together. The cat has had three kittens, and to-day she went to the dog and took him to her box, where he stood with his ears pricked up while the cat had her eyes fixed attentively on the kittens. Then she looked up at him as if to ask, "Well, how do you like them?" Prince wagged his tail and barked his approval while the cat marched side by side sedately out of the room.

RESPECT YOUR INDIVIDUALITY.
The more successful you are as a copyist, the less successful you will be along other lines. If you are looking for people who can originate, who are capable of turning their backs on tradition and blaring a trail into the untried. Respect your individuality, for in it is contained the germ of achievement.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK



Strawberries! They're here; lots of them and fine, and best of all, they're cheaper than for years. Do you know, it was my old noodle wonder if the seasons are changing when I saw strawberries, grown right here in Acton, ripe and ready for sale on June 3. Why, when I was a young fellow, and the Son of Temperance Strawberry Eater—always on the first of July—right from the first Dominion Day of 1887—were held, they always had the first strawberries as the prime attraction for that annual event. And, bless you, I remember more than one year, back in those early days when the committee was very fearful that the strawberries would not be ripe in time. On those occasions when berries were late it was sometimes found to be necessary to send to Oakville for them. But for sixty years back Acton has always had strawberries, more were grown in the earlier years here than lately, though most permanent residents still have a patch back in the garden for home use.

Speaking of strawberries in those early days, I think Mr. E. H. Snyder was the champion grower in these parts. I remember, back in the sixties, one bright July day, Mrs. Snyder brought a quantity of berries down town, and showed them at Millburn's drug store. The quart basket was filled with exactly a baker's dozen of fine ripe, luscious berries. Tom Millburn opened his eyes like saucers when he saw them. Dr. McFarlin smiled and Jim Matthews and Charlie Hymon wanted to corral them at once for their supper. "Just then," W. H. Horey came out of his saddlery shop and spied the berries. "Why, Mattie," he said, "this is prime. Hamal was just bringing for strawberries for supper; bring them right in." And W. H. was won over by them and the family enjoyed them, and they eat him just eight cents a box. Those fine berries were grown in the boy's garden on the farm now owned by Councillor Jeremiah Bell and his brother-in-law, Alf Horey. Mr. Snyder was a very successful gardener and excelled not only in small fruits but in vegetables as well.

Speaking of strawberries in June, here's the way James Whitcomb Riley, the "papa-rhymers" poet, whose productions are always popular, once wrote in his strawberry-tune in June:
"Tell you what I like the best—
"Long about knee-deep in June,
"About the time strawberry mella,
"On the Vile—some afternoon
"Like to see 'em get out and rest,
"And not work at nothin' else!"

Orchard's where I'd rather be—
"Needn't fence it in for me!
"See the whole sky overhead,
"And the whole earth underneath—
"Borne up a man can breathe
"Like he ort, and kind of has
"Brought up to you, and the family
"Hrrow out length ways on the
"grass
"Where the shadows thick and soft
"As the livers on the
"Mother fixes in the dirt
"Allus when they's company."

See a sort of lakin' there—
"Flaxy 'at you peer and peer
"Through the waxy leaves above,
"Like a feller 'at's in love
"And don't know it ner don't keert
"Everthing you hear and see
"Got some sort of interest—
"Maybe find a bluebird's nest.
"Tucked up there conveniently
"For the boy 'at's up to be
"Up some other apple-tree!
"Watch the swaller's shootin' past
"Nout as your back, I guess
"For the bob-white raise and white
"Where some other's white is."

Watch a shudder down below,
"And look up to find the crew—
"Ef a hawk—away up there,
"Tumble round in some your head
"Hear the old hen squawk and squeak
"Over ever chick she's got,
"Buddles-like—and she knows where
"That-ah hawk is, well as you!—
"You see bet yer life she do!—
"Wasting 'im like a glass,
"Waiting till he make a saut!

Does'wood's slight to express
"My opinion 's none 'nore or less;
"Yit 'ill hear 'em 'nore or less;
"Ringspoke sitting down to his,
"Wooded off the longness;
"Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
"In them ballad clothes o' his,
"Sings 'em round the neck o' his,
"Like he quered the premiss!
"Sun out in the fields kin siss
"But fit on your back, I guess
"In the shade's where they is!

That's 'at what I'd like to do
"Biddly for a year or two!
"Plague of 'em 'n't somepin' in
"Work at kind o' gress 'n't!
"My conviction's long about
"Here in June especially!
"Under some old apple-tree,
"Yes 'erests' through and through
"I could git along without
"Nothin' else at all to do
"Only 'at's what you see!
"Wus a gittin' there like me,
"And June was eternally!

Lay out there and try to see
"Jee' how laxy you kin be!
"Tumble round in some your head
"In the clover-bloom, er pull
"Yer straw hat aroat yer eyes
"And peek through it at the sky,
"Thinkin' of old times 'at's dead.
"Maybe, smilin' back at you
"In-helwit's beautiful
"Clouds o' gold and white and blue
"Month a man can rally love—
"June, you know, I'm talkin' of!
"Circles o' gold and white and blue
"April's altogether too
"Drash for me! and May—I see
"Thomazine's promise—
"Little bits o' sunbrite and
"Green around the limber-laid—
"A few blossoms, and a few
"Chickens, and a couple o' two,
"Drap asleep, and it turns in
"Fore daylight and snows ag'in!
"But when June comes—clear my throat
"With wild honey! Bunch my hair
"In the dirt and hold my coat
"Whoop out loud and throw my
"hat!
"June wants me, and I'm to spare!
"Spread them shoulders anywhere,
"I'll git down and waller there,
"And obseged to you at that!

EVIL'S CHANGE OF NAME

One of the most wonderful sentences ever written, containing more food for thought than many a volume, was preached by Robert Louis Stevenson when he said, "Evil was called Youth till he was old and then he was called Habit."

The people who excuse the wrongdoing of youth make a serious mistake in not a necessary crop and it is no exception to the rule that as one grows, so he reaps. Evil and youth are not synonymous, and to wage ever the wrongdoing of the young as a natural expansion of life and good spirit, is to carry leniency to the point of folly.

Evil was called Youth till he was old and then he was called Habit. Youthful wrongdoing is not inevitably outlawed. The habits which wreck lives are often formed in the early years. The faults we excuse on the score that boys will be boys, crop up later in life, mending and terrible. Evil habits that can be mastered only by vigorous effort, and which are not able to do it, have their roots in the early years.

Do not underestimate the evil which belongs to the early years. For by and by, you will face it again in habit, strongly entrenched in the fastnesses of the nature.

AUNTIE COMES TO TOWN
"I tell you that I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy who was conducting her. "I ain't a girl—to pay my good money for a pigsty with a newly foltin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from Hamilton—"
"Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum. Go in. This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

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Over the river under the hill
Another village loth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Vibes that gleam from the amethyst door,
Mian that curl on the lakeland shore;
And in the fields no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of amethyst or mill,
The houses are thatched with grasses
And the chimneys are of mud and sweep,
Over it sailing shadowy
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain crags low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

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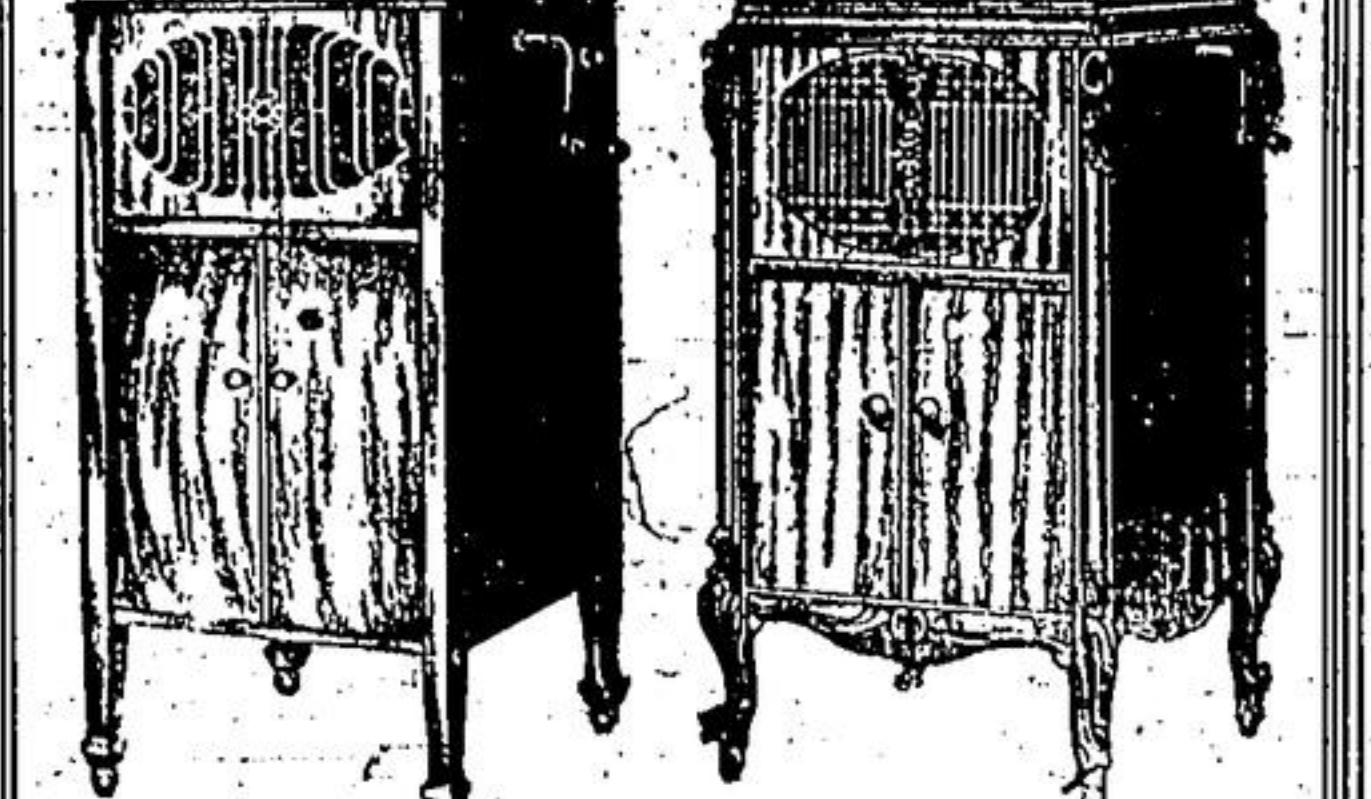
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