

A VANISHED FRIEND

Around the corner I have a friend In this great city with no end, Yet days go by and weeks rush on, Before I know it a year has gone, And I never see my old friend's face For life is a swift and terrible race, But he knows I like him just as well As in the days when I rang his bell And he rang mine.

We were younger then: Now we are busy, tired men— Tired with trying a foolish game, Tired with trying to make a name. To-morrow, I say, I will call on Jim, Just to show that I'm thinking of him. But to-morrow comes and to-morrow goes, And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner is miles away, "Here is a telegram, sir," "Jim died today." And that's what we get (and deserve) in the end, Around the corner a vanished friend.



An Elder Brother's

Friendly Talk

WITH THE YOUNGER FOLK

OBSERVATION EXPERIENCE BROTHERLY HINTS A HIT OF HUMOR

TIME

In last week's article we had a little talk about "Life," what it is and the responsibilities and possibilities. Time is the stuff that life is made of. If any of you doubt it, just consider for a moment how much men get for their time. A day laborer is fortunate these days if he gets \$2.00 or \$3.00 a day for his services; a carpenter or brick-layer gets from 75c to \$1.00 an hour; a good bank manager in the city is paid \$20.00 per day or more, while the President of a leading railway gets \$50,000 per year and upward.

One who wastes time is throwing away what values, and one who has no money to match its great value degrades time to the level of his own littleness. If one's time is not valuable, it is because his life has little value. Time, you will see, is therefore an indication and a measure of personal values. In order to save time, one must use it. Every hour we have lost is so much character and advantage lost, and on the other hand, every moment we now employ usefully is so much time wisely put out at interest.

He who trifles with time is trifling with priceless treasures. The use of time prevents idleness. Something is planned ahead for every day and hour.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night— Forenoon and, what? Forenoon and, what? The empty song repeats itself. Yes, that is life; Make this forenoon sublime. This afternoon a psalm. This night a prayer. And time is conquered. And thy crown is won."

THE EVENINGS

That little fringe of time that lengthens out the day and introduces the night, which we call evening, is a field in which the battle of life is largely fought, directly and decisively. Between the hours of work, and the hours of sleep, after the last regular meal has been eaten, youths and maidens, men and women accelerate their destiny, whether upward or downward.

In many cases this is all the time they can call their own, and for the first time in the day they have the privilege of choosing what they will do. That power of choice involves responsibility, and the question becomes a vital, and therefore a worthy one. Oh, these evening hours, young friends. Into the secret plea of the will they walk asking you: "What will you do with me?"

Temptations are ripe and brazen at that time. Most of you have already come to realize this. The cover of darkness gives them confidence. "The bounds of hell are verily unleased, and they dog your footsteps. There are so many things depending upon your evenings. In view of all this it is not idle talk to assert that to young people your evenings furnish to many the real field of life's battle.

To a startling extent usefulness, happiness, character itself depend upon how the time is spent in the evenings. Intelligent thoughts should therefore surely be given as to how the evenings are spent. Young men, young women, your elder brother earnestly solicits that you pay heed to the nobleness of your minds to impel you to seriously consider how you may attain improvement. You are too strong to be defeated, save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to eat and sleep and have fun. Prepare yourselves to endure toil and hardship. Nothing can hinder you in your determination to succeed. Let nothing discourage you. If you have but little time improve that little.

Labor faithfully, labor fearlessly, and look to God who giveth wisdom and upbraideth not, and you shall reap a harvest more valuable than gold or jewels.

A TICK AT A TIME

In the rush and hurry of things it is well to remember that after all, we cannot hasten the clock. It goes on, a tick at a time, with seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years; but it is all a tick at a time. How one may climb, what things he may accomplish if this fact is but appreciated. We do things by leaps and jumps—and hope to "arrive" in a rush and whirl, but it is only a tick at a time. And so eternity is made, and life gets its eternal setting.

"Little by little, sure and slow, We fashion our future of bliss or woe, As present passes away." Our feet are climbing the stairway to night. Up to the realm of endless lights, Or gliding down and into the night. Little by little, and day by day."

SOME BETH PARKERISMS

I don't put a pile of stone by folks telling me how religious they be. Let me have a horse deal with a fellow, and a week later I'll tell you about how much religion he's got.

If you could bottle good wholesome laughs, they'd take the place of a good many medicines. There ain't no theology nor science that could make a child happier than 'is believing in Santa Claus.

You know folks, I've often thought about half the fun of living is setting down with your memories. When you sing the old songs in the twilight, other years and places seem to come back to you.

If you don't think the devil is hard to resist, just try resisting him sometime. There's lots of good religion in an open fire. Perhaps it ain't the hallelujah kind, but it's reliable.

The feller who does a lot of boasting about his ancestors, kinds of admits there ain't much about himself worth talking about.

The surest way to get your money's worth is to give it to help somebody else.

Did you ever hear about the three little fella's sleeping in a bed? One of them says: "If two of us should get up there'd be more room for me."

A crop of kindness is about the only crop I know about you can sow the whole year round and always reap a good harvest.

When a girl's grown up she's apt to give up reading fairy-stories and start telling her own. The only difference is she calls them ailments.

It ain't a very good idea to leave your religion in the rack with the hymn book. It's a heap safer rule to take it home with you.

Don't get so brim full of religion that you ain't got no room left for a hearty laugh. When a father laughs at his boy, the chances are he ain't laughing at the boy, but at himself some twenty years ago.

PITZDEUSEN'S SPRING POEM

The spring has come again With its gentle showers of rain, And the wobbler's sweet wetland, Death boy, death boy— And I wish it would wamah, Death boy.

I do adaw the spwing, When the bid's begin to sing, I think it just the thing, Death boy, death boy— New life it seems to bring, Death boy.

In the wintah, doncher know, There's a lot of beauty snow, And the mercury's down low, Death boy, death boy— And your baggy trousers blow, Death boy.

And in summer-time it's hot, "Blessio breezer?" simply not, You cawn't find a decent spot, Death boy, death boy— And your collars gone to pot, Death boy.

Autumn tints are well enough, But the scowthaw's sometime wough, And the leaves are swooping off, Death boy, death boy— Awfiah all, the spwing's the stuff, Death boy.

—Bengough.

HUMOROUS

THE ORIGINAL PARROT STORY

Mr. Travers, who stammers enough to make a story interesting, went into a bird store in Toronto to buy a parrot. "I-I-I have you got a-a-all kinds of b-b-birds?" asked Mr. T. "Yes, sir: all kinds," said the bird fancier, politely. "I w-w-want to b-by a p-p-parrot," hesitated Mr. T. "Well, here's a beauty. See what glittering plumage!" "I-I-I is he a g-g-good t-talker?" stuttered Travers. "If he can't talk better than you can I'll give him to you!" exclaimed the bird store man. Mr. Travers bought the parrot.

"How much do you charge for weighing hogs?" asked a visitor to the Guelph market the other day. "Oh, just get on. I'll weigh you for nothing," was the bland reply.

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of the second class the other day. "I have," exclaimed a bright scholar. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," answered the lad.

AN ELDER BROTHER.

A Real Asthma Relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has never been advertised by extravagant statements. Its claims are conservative indeed, when judged by the benefits which it performs. Expect real relief and permanent benefits when you buy this remedy and you will not have cause for disappointment. It gives permanent relief in many cases where other so-called remedies have utterly failed.

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"NOT ALL WOOL"

The other day, in a whole page advertisement of a city department store, one item was headed rather unexpectedly, "Not All Wool." The statement under that heading was even more surprising, for this was the announcement made. The previous day the firm had advertised certain garments as all wool and then had found that this statement was not true of a few of them. Now they were inviting all purchasers of the garments in question to return them if they wished to do so and receive their money back. There was probably money lost in this transaction, but it prevented a loss of reputation which these merchants considered more valuable.

Red Rose Orange Pekoe

matches such delicacies as Spring Lamb, Asparagus, New Peas, etc.

RED ROSE TEA "is GOOD TEA" 2 CHOICE BLENDS - Red Label & Orange Pekoe

Do You Buy Advertised Goods?

Of course you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. How about foods? Your breakfast fruits, cereals and bacon are all advertised. Probably that is how you first came to know of them--through advertising. Probably the shoes you are wearing, or the dress or suit you have on, are equally well-known advertised makes, and you are proud of them.

In the home. On the floor are rugs and linoleums--the better wearing kinds are extensively advertised. What about the kitchen? Aluminum ware, hot water heaters, electric stove, dish and clothes washers, cooking utensils of all kinds--practically everything you use is advertised. You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

Advertising is one form of insurance. It gives you a feeling of perfect confidence and safety when you ask for an advertised brand, for you know that you will get the quality and service you expect. The name is the guarantee.

The more you read advertising the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.

The Acton Free Press

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