

House For Sale

The House known as the Marston house, on Connell St. This house has been remodeled and put in first-class condition—contains eight sleeping rooms—has all modern improvements, hot water heat, large lot of land, for further particulars, apply to George R. Mavor, Woodstock. 371f

For Sale

FOR SALE—Black horse, weighs 1350 lbs. Nice, kind driving horse. Apply to Thomas C. Wallace, Grafton. 4612

FOR SALE.—Four lots of land fronting on Main street between the residences of Geo. McPhail and J. N. W. Winslow, also two lots of land fronting on Union street next to E. Hagermans. Apply to Mrs. G. W. VANWART.

FOR SALE—Invalid's Wheel Chair, never used, will sell at a big discount. Call on, or address Mrs. W. A. Brackett, Broadway. 39

Wanted

WANTED—Teacher male, or female, to finish present term in the advanced department of the Jacksonville Superior School. Apply to J. F. Harper, Secretary of Trustees. 44tf

HOGS WANTED—Highest market price paid for hogs. If you have any to sell it will pay you to call on R. S. PHILLIPS, King Street. 30tf

Lost

LOST—Gray Sky Terrier answering to the name of Jock. Finder will be rewarded. A. MARION RANKINE. 47

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Sermon From Shakespeare

Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson, Co. Ltd.)
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.
—Merchant of Venice, Act 1., Sc. 1.
In the famous passage in "As You Like It" on the seven ages of man, the melancholy Jaques closes with the words:

"Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness and mere oblivion, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

A somewhat doleful point of view with regard to life! If that is what man must come to, life is scarcely worth the living. But this is not Shakespeare's attitude; that greatest of philosophers on existence held a very different view. The words of a weeping cynic of his creation are not his words. Such may be the deplorable condition of a man at the end of life but it is not necessary. A joyful, buoyant spirit generally keeps the faculties bright and keen till the end of life. Tennyson crossed the bar with a smile on his face. Let any man look about him, and he will see many old men with young hearts, old men whose spirits have refused to age with their bodies. Their faculties are still bright. They are sinking suns it is true, but the sinking sun may be gloriously beautiful.

Gratiano, in the "Merchant of Venice," was a somewhat coarse philosopher, a man given to babbling, but there was much wisdom in his advice to let old age come on with mirth and laughter. Healthy mirth is the sunshine of life, laughter is the music of existence. Old wrinkles and grey hairs are bound to come to those who live the allotted three score and ten years or over, but they are suggestive of the grave only when accompanied by a gloomy spirit. When a number of weeping philosophers are together pessimistically moralizing, to enter their society is like entering a damp building or tomb. A buoyant spirit comes among them with mirth and laughter. What a change! The pessimists become optimists; the very room in which they are seems to grow warmer. They are men who are able by their smiles and the spirit of mirth that twinkles in their eyes to warm large audiences.

So much is buoyancy of spirit valued by mankind that a light heart may be said to cover a multitude of sins. Why is it that the learned and unlearned, the righteous and unrighteous, have all shown a fondness for that immoral old reprobate, Sir John Falstaff? He was the "prince of humorists," as Professor R. G. Moulton calls him; therein lies the secret. He has for three hundred years made men laugh. His mirth is contagious, there was never any unmannerly sadness about "old Jack."

Shakespeare frequently refers to the tonic influence of mirth. "A light heart lives long" are excellent words to have in mind. A gloomy spirit congeals the blood; a happy disposition warms the heart, and moreover warms every other heart with which it comes into contact. Plants deprived of the sunlight grow pale and wilt; men who know not mirth have a living death. A buoyant spirit strengthens legs and shortens miles. There was much philosophy in the song of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale":

"A merry heart goes on all day, Your sad tires in a mile-a"
Sailors pulling on ropes sing merrily. Why? Labor is lightened by song. The reaper in the field forgets the slow-footed hours when song shortens his work-day, and, as when Wordsworth heard the Highland girl

sing at her work, the passer-by may have his life permanently brightened and be able to say with the poet,

"The music in my heart I bore Long after it was heard no more."

A happy song gives courage and lays ghosts; buoyant music has won many battles. Mirth and sadness, joy and anger have a powerful physical effect on humanity. How forcibly is this expressed in the line,

"Unquiet meals make ill digestion."

Wrangling and gloomy looks take away the appetite: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." The inspired Shakespeare and the inspired writer of the Book of Proverbs have stated the same truth in different terms. Unless the mind and heart are at ease the most sumptuous repast will be disappointing, whereas the happy heart will be content with a crust! The weeping philosopher who "hears men's tales and smiles not," how he is shunned!

There is no reason why any man with life should "sit like his grand sire cut in alabaster" or allow his face to take on "a tartness" that would "sour ripe grapes." When trouble comes, smile! it will banish tears. When visited with loss of fortune, smile! it will enable you to face the battle of life once more. When the mind is fagged and depressed, smile! it is an excellent stimulant. When the neaves are on edge and the body languid, smile! it is a splendid tonic. It is not necessary to go through existence babbling and boisterously laughing, but the ideal life is one in which the wisdom of years is combined with a boyish lightness of heart.

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SEEK "THE SILENCE"

By Cara Reese

All truly great souls seek "the silence." When the sulky fit comes on and the feminine partner of your joys and sorrows "won't speak," you should be careful and tread the carpet as though on storage eggs.

All great souls seek "the silence." A few little souls get in now and then, but it is not at all likely that the one of whom you complain belongs to the shrivelled up persimmon type. Never try to make either a big soul or a little soul "speak" when it is determined not to. Only dogs are forced to "speak" and are disciplined for not so doing. Your whole policy is wrong; "the silence" is the most beneficial of remedies. It begins, as a wag in a current magazine says, with the "jellywish" stage. If it can manfully, or womanfully, swim up through the lukewarm vapors to the ultimate progress, lo, behold, you have a yogi in your midst! But rest assured that no woman has yet remained in "the silence" long enough to transcend that which is of the earth, earthy, or, in other words, an eye on the rest of the house and the bossing of things. Be patient and your partner will emerge from the gelatine and soft soap.

Just about the time you clumsily break one of the good teacups, or crunch a chair from its legs, or put your foot through the curtains the "silence" will break and the probabilities are that you will need ear muffs? The "silence" is a foreign element to all real womankind. You need only to wait awhile and to get into mischief or do damage of some sort and the "silence" is scattered, there is a beating of fins and a gasping for fresh air and the real things.

A woman does not stay "great." This is where the trouble lies in all the cults and doctrines. She goes into the trance, but just about the time you think she is blinded to faults and misdemeanors, or to crudeness and deception, that is the time you may look for an awaking. About the time you imagine that she has stopped "speaking" for good, that is the time you need ear protection. And about the time that you imagine there is peace and quiet in suffrage movements or in club agitation, that is the time you are more likely to be shaken from your boots and routed from position.

The "silence" means a great soul—while it lasts. And take courage, for the yogi of your fireside will never be of womankind. No woman has ever been evolved to a plane beyond wishing: of hunger for bread, and finding

bread there without a hand in the kneading, figuratively. If not in reality, no woman is there who might require hat, clothing and tramping and have these come running and filled perfectly without her skill in selection or bargaining. No woman is there who might enjoy the gratification of a sufficiency of all good merely in the inert sense and, without stirring tongue or foot. Be patient, man, for "silence" will end. No woman is a success as a yogi.

Esquimaux Beliefs

Esquimaux believe that earth and air are filled with spirits. The one drags men into the earth by the feet, from which they never emerge; the other strikes men dead, leaving no mark. They often stop and listen and say that Tuna of the wind is passing by, imagining that the air is full of voices.

Wife (who is very fond of her first baby): "The landlord was here to-day. I gave him the five pounds and showed him the baby."

Husband (who was kept awake last night): "It would have been much better if you'd give him the baby and showed him the five pounds."

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LUCAS COUNTY.
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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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