

**Fifty Years the Standard**  
**DR. PRICE'S**  
**CREAM BAKING POWDER**  
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**The Way he Should go.**

"I always knew you were too strict with that boy an' I told you so. But you wouldn't listen to me. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' That's what you used to fling at me. It sounds good an' may be in the Bible, but it's not true. Look at my George an' then at your Rob an' you can see it's not true. I never bothered George with religion or kept him in nights, or refused him the sight of a drop of liquor. He went to Sunday school when he wanted to an' stayed at home when he didn't. If his father or I felt like a sail on Sunday we took it an' took him with us. Yet there isn't a likelier fellow in this town, if I do say it, who shouldn't, while your Rob gets fonder an' fonder of drink every year. I'm sure I live in fear that he'll disgrace the whole of us some day. I tell you this being so mighty particular doesn't pay, specially this stuffing youngsters with religion an' temperance. George has taken a notion of late to go to church, though it's all along of that pretty Letty Stevens, but I'll be bound your Rob hasn't darkened the church doors in a twelve-month. Nice girls are not after him."

"I did the best I could for my boy, Martha."  
 "I s'pose you did, accordin' to your light. I'm not saying you didn't. You've meant well. But when a woman comes to my house talking this religious an' temperance nonsense—as I told you about that woman yesterday—why I just shut her up quick. I tell her she doesn't know what she's talking about, an' point her to facts—to them two boys for instance—almost grown men this day. There's little need of words while there's flesh an' blood examples before us. But there, this won't do my work an, Sam waiting for his supper. Good-by, come an' see us soon. I hope you'll be feeling better before long," and Morse hurried away.

Mrs. Smalley tried to busy herself about the sitting room after her sister-in-law's departure. She pushed the rocking-chair a trifle back, straightened the table cover, took up a late paper and refolded it. But all the time her hands and lips trembled and her eyes could not see for the tears that dimmed them, and presently she flung herself across the couch and sobbed bitterly.

"I've tried so hard," she whispered, as if to some unseen listener. "You know I've tried to be faithful, to bring him up for Thee. Oh, I've tried, and you yourself have said it—it's written in your Book—'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' I've counted on that promise, I've counted on you, and yet—and yet my boy has gone so wrong; what Martha says seems true. I've trusted him to you and you have—" How could she utter the awful words her heart repeated?—"You've failed me."

It was dark and the lamp unlighted when someone entered

the room where the woman still lay. She recognized the step and sat up.

"Where are you, Mother?" asked a voice.

"Here," she replied, a quaver of joy in her tremulous tone; for Rob was sober.

"Alone, and in the dark?" He sat down beside her. "Why! you are shivering! What's the matter with you, Mother?"

"Nothing, only—" Down went the head again, this time against Rob's coat sleeve.

"I've never seen you like this before. What has happened, Mother? Can't you tell me?" he begged tenderly.

"Nothing, only—Martha says the Bible's not true and—I've—I've got—nothing—else. O Rob I've tried to bring you up right, haven't I?"

"You have that," answered her son gravely. "You're not to blame for what I am. I s'pose Aunt Martha has been rubbing it in, poor little woman, because your son's a sinner?"

"No, no, only—the Bible says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' and—"

"But I'm not old yet," interrupted Rob, trying to speak lightly. "Don't give me up, Mother."

"Never," cried the mother, "but—but Martha says the Bible isn't true, for there's her George—so different from you—with no training to speak of, and yet he never—never—"

"Gets drunk, as I do," finished Rob grimly, "though that's not his fault, as I heard him say not an hour ago. He has tried to drink often enough, but the stuff makes him sick. There are things he can do however, Mother, that your son can't. We are different, you are right there, I've always known we differed, but I never knew how widely until tonight. I've been down in Gorman's saloon with George and Si Johnson and a very slick gentleman that George has picked up somewhere, a man looking for a couple of fools—or tools. George introduced him to Si and myself as two likely fellows, and he took us in for a drink. George didn't take liquor, but he took cigarets, and then helped this precious gentleman unfold as nice a piece of deviltry as I've ever heard."

"There's a pile in it for the right men," said the stranger, "and of course I'm always behind my agents to pay office charges, advertising, and so forth. There isn't a chance in a thousand of being discovered, and at the first scent of danger you can easily pull out or go elsewhere. Meanwhile, your pockets are lined. I've seldom known so rich a chance for money making."

"Or villainy," I could not help saying, and you should have seen how he looked at me.

"Don't be alarmed, Demmins, laughed George. 'Rob doesn't mean anything. It's not himself, but his Puritanical bringing up, that's objecting to your little scheme. It's bound to be heard from. He's a good fellow all right, but he always has about so much conscience to swallow before he can really venture on a worldly undertaking. Just wet up his whistle while we're talking matters over, and he'll see it as the rest of us do before long."

"Drinks were brought, but I did not taste mine. Something in George's tone and manner nettled me. His sneer at my bringing up did not set well. I made up my mind to know what I was about and not be catspaw to anyone, so I resisted all their urging, as well as my own desire to drink. I haven't touched a drop of strong drink tonight, Mother."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Smalley tremulously, clasping his arm.

George kept talking. I

imagine he thought I had taken offense and would get over my huff presently. 'Rob and I are cousins, Demmins,' he said. 'His mother and my father were own brother and sister, but his mother was pious while my father was not. My mother often says Rob is one of the children trained up in the way he should go and that's why he avoids that way now he has got up. No offense meant, Rob,' he added. I fancy he saw my eyes flash just then. 'Aunt Anna's all right, only you know as well as I do that her son doesn't live up to her teachings.'

"Suppose we drink to all good mothers," suggested Demmins, and Si lifted his glass, as did the stranger, while George took a soda, I left mine untasted. Demmins looked worried.

"I thought I was among friends and could speak freely in this company," he said.

"So you can," George guaranteed. 'Rob's only a bit squeamish. When he sees this thing as it is he'll have no objection to our little deal. It's something I shouldn't hesitate to take hold of personally and Rob knows I have a good deal more at stake than he has, I stand much higher in this community than he does.'

"What he said was true enough, Mother, but something rose hot within me as I listened to him, and I started for the door. 'As God is my helper, this is the last time you will be able to say what you have said of me tonight, George!' I cried as I turned the knob. 'You say I have been brought up in the way I should go. Well, from this hour I will go that way.' So here I am, Mother. Show me the way."

Mrs. Smalley's arms went about her boy's neck. "The Bible is true," she cried as she clung there. "Martha was wrong, the Bible is true and I'll never doubt God again since He has given me my boy."

Trial Catarrh treatment are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by all dealers.

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- Mrs. Henry Gagnon.
- Mrs. Alex Minnick.

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- Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
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