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Poetry.

THIS CANADA OF OURS. Do ye know the mountain meadow Where the sunshine lingers long; Where the robin rears its neetling And pours forth its low love-song? Where the grizzly roams in spring-time; And the bighorn sports in play; And the brilliant purple aster Flings its petals to the day?

Do ye know the brown reef stretching Where the kelp sea-serpents twist; And the blue-white bergs from Greenland Sail so ghostly through the mist? Where the elder drake is mating; And the curlow calleth clear; And the winds from dusk to dawning Seem a dirge sung o'or a bler?

Do you know the flaming forest In the dead of winter's night; And the shifting, sinuous signals Of the nimbus northern light? When the shadows of the spruces Fill with formless, fearful things, And the horned owl of the woodland Saileth by on whisper-winge?

Do you know the prairie panting In the torrid noonday heat; When the air is full of fragrance From the roses at your feet? Where the cattle in the foot-bills Wade knee-deep in grain and grass; And the wiry wheat is nodding As the sights of summer pass? Do ye know the wondrous west-strand With its flords and headlands bold; And its wealth of mine and metal; And its forests dense and old? Where the salmon in the tideway Swim in never-ending throng; And the wavelet to the beaches Croons a sleepy, slumber song? Say ye so! your foot has trodden In the depth of arctic winter Ye have watched the flashes play; On the marge of either ocean Ye have heard the sea-fowl cry;

And the glamor of the forest Must be o'er ye till ye die! Then stand firmly in the vanguard Of the hopeful, patriot band; For your soul has learned the legend Of this fair Canadian land. And the scenes your memory conjures Are the gifts of heavenly powers That would have you know the meaning Of "This Canada of Ours." Chas. A. Bramble, in Canadian Magazine

Relect Family Reading.

Two Flats and

An Accidental.

THE suggestion that brought it all about came from me, I believe. Suggestions of any sort usually came from me rather than Margery, for I have in my veins the adventurous blood of staunch New England ancestry, who had burned witches and fought Indians and later pursued a relentless traffic in wooden nutmegs with the same high courage and fine disregard of consequences, while Margery is of Dutch descent and inclined to be cautious, if not a little pig-headed,

as I often told her. But no one could help loving her, in spite of her little touch of Dutch obstinacy, least of all myself, for of all the provoking little women that were ever created for the express purpose of charming and tormenting their fellow men Margery was the most deliciously dear, and I loved her so well I could forgive her anything-that is, anything but the way she treated Jack

Beasely.

something to move even a bearded Turk to pity. For a whole year she had kept him dangling after her as abjectly as a dancing doll at the end of a string, and yet, as far as we could see, he had made no progress whatever in her wayward affections. We had been talking things over, Jack, Ned and I, in Margery's absence (I never dared mention Jack to Margery for fear of still further exciting that famous obstinacy of hers), and even Ned, the most hopeful of mortals, had to admit that Jack's

chances looked blue. Ned, be it known, was the daring youth who had undertaken to guide my New England enterprise, and the screen toppled over with a crash, I ther virtues, (too numerous to mention) through life's pilgrimage. He and Jack were partners in a law office, and occupied the flat on the top floor, where they indulged in certain mysterious rites they called light house keeping, while Margery and I taught

music and Delsarte and practiced the modest virtres of hospitality in the flat Nothing, therefore, could have been more fit, suitable and otherwise to be desired than to have Margery and Jack fall i love with each other, even as Ned and

had done. Jack was willing enough, poor boy, but Margery balked. It was too pro-As I said before, we three had been talking over is the day before while Margery was absent, teaching the luckless children of a rich scap manufacturer to

play Wagner on the piano and had all agreed that the situation looked hopeless. Jack had been in the depths of despair because the tenor of the choir for which Margery played the organ had called three times that week, and though I don't believe she cared a pin for the tenor, I had never known naughty Margery to appear more wilfully regardless of Jack's feelings. We had parted, therefore, gloomily enough, after a fruitless conference, and had relieved my mind by being especially cross to Margery all day, though must own she didn's seem to mind it

It was an awful day, raining cate and doge, and the afternoon I got tired being gross all by myself and proposed that we should shampoo our hair and dry it on the parlor radiator, the only one in the flat large enough for the purpose. Of course Margery objected. Visitors might come, she said, and then who would let them in? I scouted the idea of visitors on such a day, unless, I observed with sarosem, she was expecting the tenor again. She didn't notice this stab, so I proceeded

to say that as the radiator was in the corner we could pull our big Japanese screen up in front off it; and secure in our hiding place, let our entire visiting acquaintance, including messenger boys and duns, knock at the door until they got tired, and

Accordingly it wasn't long before we were snugly enroomeed in a pile of sofa nunciation lurking in the air, for at a pillows on the parlor floor, wrapped in our later period in the service the vicar read bath robes and with our wet looks stream- ont, "I publish the manns of barriage," ing out behind us across the parlor radia- | oto. tor, over which we had stretched a steamer

but soon got talking girl fashion and were deep in a discussion of Amos Judd when

there came a lond knock at the door. "Great Scott !" I exclaimed in a stage whisper, the rosy advantages of my plan suddenly fading in the cold light of reality. "There, I told you so!" oried Margery ungenerously, sitting up abruptly so that her hair fell all about her in a great shining coppery shower.

"Sh-shut up!" I whispered, reaching out under the screen with an agitated stockinged toe for the bedroom slipper I had carelesely kicked off a moment before. Again the knock came, this time more mperative.

"What in heaven's name shall we do?"

asped Margery. "Keep still," I said, sotto voice. home. Let's come in and wait for them." I vowed vengeance on myself for forgetting to look the door, and Margery gave me one of those "I told you so" glances

which mean so much.

Then came the reply in Jack's bass tones. All right, maybe its not the proper thing, but we might as well risk it." beard the door close as our visitors entered and took possession of our apartment. It was too ridiculous. I'd have had to laugh if our lives had been at stake, and in spite of the imminent danger of discovery in this mortifying plight I stflued all of a cofs pillow that would go into my mouth

and shook till my sides sched. Chancing to glance up from behind a corner of the cushion I was trying to awallow, I caught her listening with etrained attention to something that was being said on the other side of the screen, with every bit of color gone out of her face and a look in her eyes I'd never seen there before. "Yes," Jack was saying, "if they don't horry I'll have to go without saying good-

bye. My train leaves at 7 and I've lots to Ned lighted his pipe before he replied. Dear Ned, I believe he will smoke in neaven if Peter doesn't take the precaution o search him before he lets him io.

"I guess it'll surprise them some," he emarked at last. "Especially when they hear that you are never coming back." I nudged Margery violently at this, but she didn't look at me-the minx-and then Jack went on dolefully.

"Oh they won't care very much, I'm afraid?" "Of course they will," protested Ned, "and I will anyway. Must you go, old

"Well, it's this way, Ned. As long as hoped that Margery might care for me wouldn't give in to my uncle's proposition that I should marry his ward, Miss Wilson. and become his heir, but now that I'm satisfied I have no chance with the girl love, I might as well marry the other one and please the old man, I suppose. I'll be miserable anyway." And Jack heaved such a sigh that the big paper screen almost swayed.

her hair had fallen over her face, and I could only see one little hand clinched flercely as if she had a pain somewhere. I reached dumbly over to take the little hand, but she shook me off, so I fell to listening again. "Well it's not so bad as it might be,"

I gave a horsified look at Margery, but

Ned was saying encouragingly. I hear Miss Wilson is a beauty." The dance she led that poor fellow was "She je," said Jack, with enthusiaem. "And then think of the money, my boy. Most any fellow would sny7 you." "I suppose so," said Jack, drearily. "But I'm afraid I'll bave to go without

seeing the girls. Time's up. Will you say goodby to the girls for me, Ned ?" Tell Margery-" Here Jack choked, and I was so busy catching a large, warm tear that was chasing toward the end of my nose that forgot to look at Margery, when to my amazement, a little figure in a gray bath robe, with a cloud of coppery hair flying after it, bounded right over me, and as

heard Margery's voice cry "Oh, no, Jank, you musn't go! I-1 love you, Jack !" I had a confused vision of Jack seizing he little figure in his arms, and then started to run. I don't look so pretty with my hair wet as Margery does. But somehow when I got to the door I met Ned, and as I looked up wrathfully something I

saw in his eye mode me stop short. "Ned Tacker," I exclaimed, "You knew we were there all the time !" "Well," he said, not a whit ashamed "if you will leave the ventilating shaft

"You wretch !" I oried, and then some thing else struck me. "And the uncle, " gasped, "and the beautiful Miss Wilson"-"Are about as real," said Master Ned "as a rainbow."-Edgar Temple Field in Obicago Herald. AGE OF ANIMALS.

According to some naturalists the length of life of animals is as follows: The Rabbit lives from six to seven years The Squirrel from seven to eight years. The Fox from fourteen to fifteen years The Cat from fifteen to seventeen years. The Dog from sixteen to eighteen years. The Bear and Wolf, eighteen to twenty

The Rhinoceros from twenty to twenty-The Horse from twenty-two to twenty-

The Hen from twenty-five to twenty-The Porpoise from twenty-eight to thirty The Camel and Cow one hundred years. The Tortoise one hundred and ten years. The Eagle one hundred and twenty

THE BOOT OF DUKERONOMY." A nervous curate the other day announce ed from the reading desk : "Here beginneth the second chapter of the duke of Booteronomy." His viewr looked severely at our customers as to style, then depart, blissfully unaware of our him, and the young man blushed, coughed and repeated, "The boot of Dukeronomy." There must have been germs of mispro-

The Elephant four hundred years.

The Whale one thousand years.

The curate beamed with satisfaction, in rug. We were armed with a novel apiece, spite of the solemnity of the occasion.

WHISKEY AND BOOKS.

Writing in the November "Canadian Magazine," Robert Barr says: The bald truth is that Canada has the flame its stomach rather than inform its it is taken into consideration; especially is actually hold that Canada is an intellectual want to go to certain places to which stupidity to its'lack of intelligence. This the pet becomes the darling, and in the sounds somewhat tautological, but a per- secret of one's soul one is not sorry of its son may lack intelligence and still not existence. In this indulgence of our pet be stupid. Commercially, nothing pays a pains we deceive ourselves and sometimes country better than lavishly to subsidize an | those who love us. One woman had pneu-Sir Walter Scott a hundred million dollars | very convenient ailment, and one that does | Then the door handle turned, and we for his uncomparable Waverley Novels. | not interfere with walking, driving, or heard Ned's voice saying, "There's nobody. His works have made Scotland the dearest riding, as "outdoor air is advisable in district in the world in which a traveller | pulmonary affections." Neither does it | Love's passing shade is all of love we see.

> country, rolling in wealth. for laurel wreaths: he wrote entirely and there are times when disinclination to solely for cash. He began his Waverley attend a dull social function or a dry Novels to support his lavish expenditure business meeting causes "a warning stricon Abbotsford. I doubt if he had any idea | ture deep down in that weak lung." And how good the books were. I think it was the owner of this pet pain adds in all a cappy precaution of Scott when he sincerity, "I cannot afford to take liberties refused to put his name on them, fearing with that lung, you know." And her they were bad, and that he might jeopard | equally sincere husband always rejoins, ise his slready well-won reputation as a feelingly: "No, indeed, you caunct, and poet; yet whether they were good or bad must not!" So easily may one deceive he resolved to write them if they would herself and those to whom one is dear ! and the Waverley novels would have been

unwritten. One of the first recorded utterances of

You see, he does not say that it would be forget it it as much as possible, and to keep well to collect these ballads in case they others from guessing that it exists. I will might be lost to the world, or that their | make the best of the life that God has left publication would give deserved fame to to me to enjoy. Let us not speak of the ancient writes, but that the book would | matter again." sell for four or five shillings. It is the four or five shillings that the average literary

continue in the business. What chance has Canada, then, o raising a Sir Welter Scott? I maintain that she has very little chance, because she won't pay the money, and money is the root of all literature. The new Bir Walter is probably tramping the streets of Toronto to-day, looking vainly for something to do. But Toronto will recognize him when he comes back from New York or London, and will give him a dinner when he doesn't

IRISH WIT. In a recent discussion of the different kinds of natural wit, several instances were adduced from Dr. Ormon Cooper's collection of Irish retorts and jokes, to prove that their fun usually lay in the moonsolous misuse of words. "What is Mr. Dennis doing now,

"He's drivin' the mail coach, zir." "Himself ?" "No, zorr. He's got an an antidote." The doctor, returning to the neighbourhood after several .years' absence, was

asked: "Did your honor get married beyant?" "No," he replied. "Ocht, an' ye had the good luck, doother dear, not to get implicated wid a family !" was the cordial congratulation. A miserly old man limping with

gout was adjured by a begger, "Ocht With education, the still steady wit becomes conscious. The Dean of Royal Chapel in Dublin lately applied for an injunction against a drinking house, and was the chief witness on behalf of the temperance society. The counsel for the grog shop pounced on him.

in that public house?" "It was, sir." "An', Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal, did yez take anything there?" "I did, sir, was the astonishing answer "Aha! An' Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal, an' Mr. President of the Temperance Society, what did yez take in that

"An Mr. Dane, was it you yourself was

public house?" "I took a chair, sir. I also took some ootes, and here they are," was the crushing An Englishman, present at the dis quesion insisted that the most prossio of his countrymen were liable to break out into a joke, and a good one, and cited the

Marquis of Hartington, now Duke of Devonabire, who is noted as being a sensible, but dull and tedious speaker. Lady Harcourt, once seated beside him at dinner, said : "I am sure you would like to hang my husband !" "No; but I should like to suspend him

for a while," he said quickly.

AN ARTFUL TRICK. Some years ago a travelling French doctor was in the habit of employing an ingenious artifice. When he went to town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer a reward of five hondred france to whomsoever should bring it

titles and academic bonors of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow; he must be very rich, for he offers five hundred france for finding his dog."

The dog was never found, but patients

The crier took care to mention all the

ARTFUL WAGER.

A man with one eye laid a wager with another person-who had two eyes-that he, the one-eyed person, could see more than the other. The wager was accepted. 'You have lost," said the first; "I can see the two eyes in your face, and you see only

one in mine."

OUR PET PAIN.

Each one of us has her special weakness or cause of complaint; almost every one has a pet pain. Not that she loves her money, but would rather spend it on pain, but she unconsciously makes of it whicky than on books. It prefers to in- a consetted, judniged pet. In making plans brain. And yet there are people who it useful as an excuse when one does not country. The trouble is that it adds expediency-prehaps duty-points. Then author. A Sir Walter Scott would bring | monia ten years ago, and ever since then a millions into Canada every year. Scot- so-called weak lung has been her favorite land could well have afforded to bestow on | and much-indelged complaint. It is a can live, and have transformed it from a prevent the enjoyment of the opera, or poverty-stricken land into a tourist-trodden other amusements, as "recreation keeps up the spirite, and, through them, improves Now Sir Walter Scott was not writing the general physical condition." Sull

It was the expression on Margery's face bring in money. He continued his output It is right and proper that we should that recalled me to myself at last. of novels afterwards to pay his debts, guard our weak points and take care to incurred in a disastrous commercial spec- strengthen them. But is surely a mistake | magic lantern entertainment, at which the ulation, the object of which had been to to bring them into prominence, and call wonders of the microscope were to be exmake money. If Sir Walter had though attention to the flaws in our physical hibited. The various curiosities seemed to he could make more money by planting make-up. Complaint becomes a matter of please the good woman very well, till the trees or raising stock he would undoubtedly | habit, and a habit that, once formed clings | animalculae contained in a drop of water have turned his attention to those pursuits, to one with a tensoity worthy of a better came to be shown.

Sir Walter Scott's, touching upon books, of. Health is beauty; disease is decay. magnified to the size of twelve feet, that I can find, was made to Ballantyne | One sweet, brave woman recognized this appeared on the sheet, fighting with their just a hundred years ago, where he says: | fact when shafound that she had an ail- usual ferocity. "I think I could, with little trouble, put ment, never suspected by others, and which together sundry selections of them (Border | was absolutely incurable. "I know it must Ballade) as might make a neat little kill me some time," she said to one who volume that would sell for four or five loved her. "Nothing can change it; talking of it can do no good. I shall try to

She never mentioned it afterwards, but took life joyously, and met death smilingly. man is after and must have, if he is to Her pain was a secret between God and herself .- Harper's Batar.

THE COST OF ONE DRINK. Some men are so made that the mere taste of liquor will kindle in them a raging thirst for more. A doctor and his friend were once

talking together in front of a saloon when a master mechanic, a man of amiable and excellent character, a first-class workman, full of business, with an interesting family, respected by everybody, and bidden fair to be one of the leading men of the city, came up to him and laughingly said : "Well, I have just done what I never did before in

"Ab, what was that?" "Why, Mr .- has owed me a bill work for 'a long time, and I donned him for the money till I was tired, but a minute ago I caught him out here and asked him for the money. 'Well,' said he, Larry?" was asked of a Connemara ·l'll pay it to you if you'll step in here and get a drink with me.' 'No,' said I, 'I The publisher reports that 3,000 copies never drink-never drank in my life." 'Well,' he replied, 'do as you please; if you won't drink with me, I won't pay you your bill-that's all !' But I told him I lack of faith in its selling qualities. Uncould not do that. However, finding that he would not pay the bill, rather than lose the money, I just went in and got a drink."

And he laughed at the strange occurrence as be concluded." As soon as he had finished the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him and in a most now, of yer heart wor but as tinder as yer impressive tone said : "Sir, that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips,

and the worst bill that ever you col-And terribly did time verify that prodiction. In less than twelve months he was a confirmed, disgraced sot, a vagabond in society, a curse to those who loved him, a loathing and a shame wherever he went.

At last, he died a horrible death in an infirmary from a disease produced solely by intoxication .- Chester County Times.

ONLY ONCE A YEAR. man whose colentific studies have tended than those young men are of not going to exaggerate a natural disposition to there?" mental abstraction. The professor's friends, who are also his strong admirers, understand his peculiarity and overlook in him what might not be excused in a commonplace person. A lady is very fond of telling this incident. She was at a reception given at the professor's house. The occasion had been made delightful by the professor and his accomplished wife and daughters. Towards the close of the evening the lady, who had greatly enjoyed

the affair, approached the bost and asked him, with much enthusiasm : "How often do you have these delightfol reunions, professor ?"

No polite prevarication delayed the "Thank goodness, madam, but once a IT DID NOT FEASE HER.

A freekle-faced girl stopped at the post office and yelled out : "Anything for the Murphys?" "No. there is not." "Anything for Jane Murphy?" ".Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?" "Anything for Tom Murphy ?" "Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No. not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?" "No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul profits. These imitations are deceptions, Murphy, nor for any Murphy-dead, living, and wherever used they cause announborn, native or foreign, civilized or un- ill temper and loss of money and civilized, savage or barbarous, franchised materials. The colors or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. | dull, and they cannot No; there is positively nothing for any of ordinary soap. the Marphys, either individually, jointly

if there is anything for Clarence Murphy." | smount of trouble.

LOVE'S SHADOW. Standing in sunny gardon-peace one day, I heard a lisping voice, and looking down, Baw, childwise-lifted, pleading face And over of brown Of my sweet baby daughter, May "Tiss me," she said, and balanced tiptoe in her birdlike grace.

The bonnet tumbling from her golden head. stooped, with sudden rapture wild, To kiss my child, When with a little sobbing start of dread,

'O papa! 'co put out my sun !" she cried. "And I's af'aid!" Ab, true I to kiss my little maid, I needs had flung my shadow over her; And, lo! the earth, the flow'rs, the heaven

darkened were, and her child-soul was torified ! So God, sometimes-aye, very oft!-Stooping to kiss his child, his precious one, With tenderness so swift and soft, Shuts out with face divine the earthly sun, And seems to shadow whom he loves. At me, We are so blind uuto bis way!

Like baby May, O gracious Father! pity these our ways, Our childish ways and thoughts ! here at thy

Like Labes we stand, Loving thee with a love not yet complete, So essity offended, sensitive, Yet unto three, like child's love, very sweet, The pearl of all that we can give

letter, perhaps, our love should not be wise.

Thou seest us through and through .

With thy so pitiful and touder eyes, And smilest, as we do On children, loving them the more For sweet allowances made o'er and o'er.

-James Buckham, in Harper's Bazar.

Into thy hand.

DIDN'T LIKE THE RISK. An old countryman took his wife to a

Then appeared to poor Janet not so After all, to be discussed in any way is a pleasant a sight as the others. She sat matter to be deploced not to be made much | patiently, however, till the "water tigers"

Janet now rose in great trepidation, and

oried to her husband : "For mercy's sake, come awa', John !" "Bit still, woman," said John, "and see

wad break out o' the water !"

"See the show! bless us, man! what

would come of us if the awfu'-like brutes

A MATTER OF FACT HERO. At a north-country station, in the early nours of Whit Monday, a little child, owing to the insane rush of a crowd of half-tipsy trippers, was pushed over in front of an out-going train. Quick as a flash, a working-man jumped into the four-foot, threw the child onto the platform, and sorambled up himself, but scarcely quick enough, as the engine in passing rolled him over on the platform. Several people hastened to his succor, but he rose uninjured, and with a face expressive of extreme concern drew out of his coat pocket a colored handkerchief containing his day's victuals, which he cursorily examined, and then racfully exclaimed: "Confound it just my luck!" "What is the matter ?" "Why. I've broken two eggs and a rhubarb pie, and it's all mixed up in my ten and sugar What a blooming mess !"

NEW LITERATURE. The extraordinary sale of "No. 5 John Street," in Great Britain, has had duplication in relative proportion in Canada. have been sold in two weeks. The first Canadian edition of the book was 5,000 copies, evidence that Mr. Brigge had no doubtedly this is one of the great books of this year of remarkable books. Crockett's "Kit Kennedy" has also scored a record, over 2,500 copies have been sol i within two weeks. With three books such as "David Harum," "Kit Kennedy" and "No. 5 John Street," the William Brigge house, Toronto, surely have fared well in the distribution of the plums .- Canadian

Bookseller.

THE SKIPPER'S REBUKE. The skipper of a sailing vessel had as passengers an estimable but not very ourageous minister and two careless young men given to little but mischief.

A severe storm came up, and although they were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object. "Bee here, sir," said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, "do you want me to A certain professor is well known as a think you're more afraid of going to beaven

A NEW WAY.

"So she gave you the mitten?" asked

"Yes," said the major, "but her hand was inside of it."-Philadelphia Press. DIAMOND DYES ARE HOME PROTEC-

TORS.

Imitation Dyes are Vile

Deceptions. The thousands of women in our Canadian cities, towns and farming districts stand in need of the protection afforded by the nover-failing Diamond Dyes. These marvellous coloring agents have been before the public for over twenty years, and have always been true to name and promises made. The magnificent colors and shades produced by Diamond Dyes are everywhere

and soap. The plain and simple directions on every package of the Diamond. Dyes enable a child to use them with perfect success. There are imitations of Diamond Dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of long

extolled, and the colors have in every case

proved fast under the action of sunlight

To insure perfect protection and security severally, now and forever, one and ladies abould ask for the Diamond Dyes and take the trouble to see that the name

The girl looked at the postmaster in | "Dismond" is on each package. A little autonishment, and said : "Please to look care in this direction will save a vast