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Poetry

GOING HOME

I'm going back to Guelph when the harvest fields are brown,
And autumn shows flowers around my little Irish town.
When the gossamer is shining, where the sweetest blossoms bloom,
I'll take the road across the hills I've trod so long ago;
The far I am beyond the sea, but yearning voices call;
"Will you not come back to Guelph, and your own sweet home?"
I've seen the hopes of childhood stifled by the hand of time,
I've seen the smile of innocence become the frown of grief,
I've seen the wrong rise high and strong, I've seen the fair betrayed,
Until the falling heart fell low, the leaves become afraid—
But still the cry comes out to me, the hoarse, hoarse cry,
"Come home, my boy, the highlands of my ancient Donegal."
Sure I think I see them often when the night is on the town,
The houses of old Donegal, and the homes of Guelph—
There's a light in Jimmy Lynch's house, a light in Jimmie's house,
I often watch the shadow for 'twas my watch in being,
And often in the darkness 'tis myself that I see,
For I cannot but be dreaming of the folk in Donegal.

—Patrick MacGill.

Select Family Reading

The Pitcher

BY MELBAERTH KAMI.

"I'll pitch," said Murray Wood. "Wouldn't mind doing it myself," drawled Tom Garrison.

"I was in the box through half a dozen games last summer," remarked Jack Eaton. "Perhaps you wasn't a number one team. But we made out to have fun, all right."

Ted Dunn settled his hands more comfortably under his curly head. "Flop on my academy nine in the spring. Pitched the last five innings of our big game—that's 'D'."

"If there anybody present," inquired Bubble Caldwell, "who doesn't want to pitch this game? I'll go hands up!"

"Four pairs of hands flourished wildly," a friend of us won't be disappointed," grinned Bubble.

"I'll make 'em a journey, your candidate for the position of pitcher?" "Who to send 'em out, that's the question."

"What's the use of this talk?" demanded Murray Wood. "I'm going to pitch. I'm pitcher of our team at home, regular, too. That's more than the rest of 'em can say."

A new voice took its turn in the talk. "O, come now, Wood, with three other fellows wanting that position, and none of them new at the business, you can't expect to gobble it down at the first try."

"All in favor of putting in Murray Wood here and now as pitcher of this nine say aye," continued Tom Garrison.

"Nobody spoke."

"No."

"That's a about."

Murray started up, his eyes flashing. The boy turned to him pulled him down. "Keep cool," he muttered, "keep cool. Do you want to spoil all your chances?"

Bubble produced a ball from his pocket and tossed it to Tom Garrison. "Try 'em out on that," he suggested.

"Seeing that none of us ever saw any other of us till two weeks ago, it's the fairest way," said Tom. "You, Bubble, and the rest of you there who don't want to pitch, wake up and act as judges. We'll have a twirling match." The nine boys uprooted themselves from the grass under a big maple tree and ran to a neighboring field. They were summer visitors in Southfield; with mothers and sisters, younger brothers, aunts and cousins, they boarded in the pleasant white house that bordered the one street of the little village.

"Who's going to pitch for the home team?" asked Jack Eaton, pausing on the top board of the fence.

"Hilly Styles," answered Tom Garrison. "Lane told me. He's captain, you know. He claims Styles is a bit of a wonder."

"Hill!" cried Bubble. "It's likely he'll be. Tell me what he's up to, Tom Garrison."

"That's all right, Bubble," Ted Dunn put in, "but remember those fellows have the advantage of us anyhow. They're used to playing together. Every one of us comes from a separate place."

"We've till Saturday to learn each others' tricks," said Jack hopefully.

A bat appeared also a mitt and a cap. The judge sometimes took a turn catching and at bat. Murray Wood was offered first chance to show his skill, an opportunity he suitably refused; Tom Garrison led off. He put a fair proportion of the balls over the improvised plate. Jack Eaton displayed a pretty incurve and managed a drop, but he proved uncertain. Ted Dunn alternated swift and slow balls with a curve now and then for variety. More of his balls went home than that of the other two.

Ted handed over the ball to Murray and he swallowed his pride and stood up. He did better than Tom Garrison but his performance fell short of Ted Dunn's standards.

The judge ordered in a cleanup of chokocherries to deliberate. "Dig it, he hit," they declared, five minutes later.

Jack clapped Ted on the back. "Good for you, he did, he did."

ONE BY ONE

One by one the days go by,
One by one our darling die,
Bedding hopes and waning day,
One by one they fade away.

One by one the seasons pass,
One by one the flowers and grass,
Twig by twig the birdies build
Drop by drop the brooks are filled,
One by one are battles fought,
One by one are good deeds wrought,
Kingdoms, heroes, deeds and all,
One by one they rise and fall.

One by one come smiles and tears,
Hopes and sorrows, joy and fears,
One by one our lives are told,
High by step we near the fold.

—Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch.

WITHOUT FLOURISH OF TRUMPET

Miss Darrow paused in her work and looked for a moment out of the school basement window. Across the street floating banners and flaring posters on the exhibition hall announced the opening of the largest bazaar of the season. She sighed as she watched the handsomely dressed women alighting from their carriages and making their way through the curious crowd about the doors into the building.

The work she and the other members of the School Children's Aid Society were doing seemed rather a prosaic and dull affair in contrast to the gala and glitter of the bazaar, where fancy costumes, elaborate decorations and gay music made the scene appear more of a fashionable social event than a labor of charity.

"Oh! oh!" she cried.

"What is it?" asked a friend who was tying bundles here.

"I thought for an instant that a little boy was going to be run over by an automobile, but a policeman snatched him away just in time. It gave me a dreadful fright," said Miss Darrow, turning from the window and beginning again to work at the comfortable little dresses and suits with which the society clothed the poor children of the great city who otherwise would not have been able to attend school.

Thoroughly engrossed she did not notice the entrance of a policeman and a small ragged boy until she heard some one say:

"Ask Miss Darrow; she is the president."

The officer touched his helmet respectfully as Miss Darrow stepped to meet the pair between \$40,000 and \$50,000 annually in cash for live stock shipped here.

The largest plate glass store fronts in the Dominion, excepting Morgan's in Montreal, have been set in the timber bridge at St. R. H. Holter & Co.'s store, Guelph, 1212-1214, inches, they were so high that they could not be carried by G.T.R. through St. Ann's, and came by C.P.R. They were made in Lanesboro, England.

Messrs. J. B. Kelly, and Bobb, Nicklin, of Brandon, have a model of a new separator, run by one endless rope, with eighteen feet of lighter, and which has another belt. It can be run on any angle from the engine to the rope guide on a swivel. Mr. Nicklin is going to introduce manufacturers in Chicago and Ontario. Well done, Bob!

Mr. Samuel Oregon's barn, lot 30, con. 3, Kria, was destroyed by lightning on Friday and also eight or nine pigs, all the summer's meat, and a binder, buggy and harness.

On Saturday all the buildings except the house on Hugh Campbell's farm, in Nasasagawa, were burned by lightning and damage was also done to the steeple of Campbell's Presbyterian Church. The storm was something terrible while it lasted.

Rev. H. B. Cook and Messrs. John Walters and Peter Mann, Jr., were delegates to the Baptist Association at Osheshtam last week.

Miss Emma M. Moore, of the Toronto General Hospital, is spending a couple of weeks' vacation at her home here.

Mr. Jeremiah Fletcher, of Darbyville, died last week, aged 77 years. He was a pioneer of Nasasagawa. He was a devoted Christian, connected with Ebenezer Methodist Church.

DEMONSTRATED

That baggage-handlers on the railroads are justly called "baggage-smashers" is the obvious inference from a story printed in the Washington Star. On Washington one day a distinguished French visitor to this country pointed out to one of these men a rather frail gripack.

"Is that strong enough?" he asked, "to go in the baggage-car?"

"I'll see," said the man. He lifted the grip high above his head and threw it on the platform with all his might.

"That," he said, "is what she'll get in Philadelphia."

He took it up again and banged it against the side of a car four or five times.

"That is what she will get in Chicago," he went on.

He tossed it high in the air, and on its descent jumped on it. This broke the lock open, so that the contents were scattered over the platform.

"And that's what she'll get in Sioux City," he concluded.

"You'd better take her in the Pullman with you, boss," he added graciously. "If you're going further than Sioux City."

"THE FAMILY ENJOYED IT TOO."

When the minister, who was a bachelor, had been helped to the car, he looked across the table at Rhoda, staring at her with round, wondering eyes.

"I don't often have such a good supper as this, my dear," he said, in his best proprietorial tone, and Rhoda's face dimpled.

"We don't always," she said in her clear little voice. "I'm awful glad you came."

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