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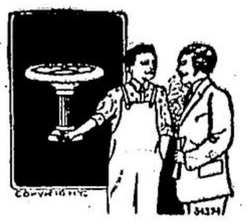

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Poetry.

MY DOG

My dog loves me and I sometimes think
I am not so bad, though the world may wink;
For a dog sometimes can seem so wise
When he looks at you with his honest eyes;
So frank, so true, and so free from guile
That you trust your friend of the merry smile;
My dog loves me! And I always feel
That his is love that is firm and real!

My dog is a big, black, shaggy beast,
With an appetite for his daily feast;
He does most everything but talk
When we take our way for the country walk;
He licks my hand and he wags his tail
As we climb the hill and we skim the dale,
And when I rest by the road and dream
He watches there with his eyes agleam!

I love my dog, for he seems to me
From all that is false in life so free!
You know, so often the friends we hold
As our firmest friends, with a chain of gold
That links them unto us, rain or shine,
Sometimes forget. But this dog of mine
In fair or foul or the good or ill,
Is my faithful, the old follower still!

Select Family Reading

They Were Pals

BY CATHARINE COOPE.

THEY had always been "just pals" even from school days, when Jimmy had invariably let Caroline carry home her own books. In fact, many times Caroline had carried Jimmie's that he might skip off untrammelled to a game of ball in the field or to hunt birds' eggs.

It is true that Jimmy always made offer of duplicate eggs to Caroline but no unless he had two of the species.

Naturally enough as they grew up together each relied upon the other as an ever-ready counsels. They had attended all the youthful dances together simply because Caroline's parents would not permit her to go with a stranger, and Jimmy had been quite content. Caroline was so easy to entertain and her program was swiftly filled without trouble on his part. Altogether any other girl would have bored Jimmy because he was not a boy given to flattery and cajolery.

"I don't have to tell you every time we dance together, that you are the best of the lot," he often remarked with frank admiration. "I hope the fellow you hook up to some day will appreciate you."

"We will have to try and fall in love about the same time, Jimmie, laughed Caroline, "otherwise we will miss each other fearfully."

"I think I would be one of those lost souls," he promptly informed her.

Later, when Jimmy had been accepted by a large firm of interior decorators it was to Caroline he invariably turned with his newest designs and ideas.

"How is that?" he would exclaim with eager longing for praise.

What Caroline lacked in creative art she possessed doubly in an appreciative sense—a correct estimate of values, of color. Jimmy sometimes scoffed at and sometimes accepted her suggestions.

"If I marry a man wealthy enough to permit it I will give you the contract for my house, Jim," she told him after having admired a particularly wonderful scheme of coloring for a breakfast room.

"Find the man, Caroline—it may bring me fame and fortune."

"Perhaps he is waiting out west for me," laughed Caroline. "If he should he I will shorten my visit and return here to give you the contract."

"You might telegraph it," laughed Jimmy and drew a long sigh. "By Jove! it will be lonesome this summer."

"Perhaps loneliness for you may drag me back, too," Caroline told him, and looked at her big handsome comrade with laughter-loving eyes; "you are a treat to the vision," she added, maybe you will let me kiss you good-bye this time when I go."

"Just try me," laughed Jimmy.

It had been no idle threat with Caroline for when she left for the west and her train was all but puffing away from New York she stood on tiptoes and kissed Jimmy goodbye.

"I hope you will find that wealthy husband!" he called out as she waved her hand.

"I will turn into a searchlight," she called back.

Jimmy turned back into the New York that was so undeniably lonely without Caroline. There were few girls that he cared for since she had filled all feminine interest for him. He plunged into work, and days slipped into weeks and weeks into two months.

It was then that Caroline's letter came in which she wrote of the thing they had joked about as having come true. Jimmy scanned the pages a second time.

"Jimmie, I want you to select a pretty six-room apartment. It must overlook something green, either the drive or some of the parks. Decorate it throughout in your own taste, but—make every room lovely. I am very, very much in love, Jimmy boy, and you must do your best. Could you possibly have it done in five weeks? I can hardly wait to see you—there is so much to talk about. Always yours, Caroline.

A frown gathered and remained between Jimmy's fine eyes. It was hard to realize that a third person had come into the friendship of years. Who was he and what would he be like—this man to whom his wonderful Caroline had given her heart? Jimmy knew that it was going to be difficult to look with any kind of favor on the man who undoubtedly was taking away his comrade from him. The beauty of unshared intimacy was no longer possible. Jimmy's frown grew to a scowl.

A week later he wrote a letter telling her that he had taken an apartment overlooking Morningside Park, and was busy doing all that she had asked. Jimmy entirely forgot to congratulate Caroline, and the girl smiled rather wistfully when she realized the omission.

"I wish you might love as deeply as I do," she wrote back; "the world grows so wonderfully big and bright—then."

Jimmy kept that letter. It was the first time he had ever kept a letter of Caroline's. Perhaps he had never before noticed that her letters exhaled a soft fragrance.

That day Jimmy made some splendid designs and rejoiced that the work on Caroline's apartment was nearing completion. He had found it more difficult than he had supposed it would be to decorate a home for Caroline and another man.

A few days later when he met her at the station Jimmy looked swiftly into her eyes when she put slim fingers that trembled into his.

"Does love do all those things to you?" he asked with a laugh that was not the Jimmy laugh. "The laughter has gone from your eyes, and your smile is wistful. Who is the man?" he said with an attempt at mockery. "I would like to condole with him."

"You are not so cheerful yourself, Jimmy," she returned, and essayed a Caroline smile.

"I am not supposed to be in love," he told her quickly. "The world has not grown wonderfully big and bright—to me."

Caroline glanced wistfully into Jimmy's eyes, but remained silent until the taxicab stopped and she and Jimmy stood together within the daintily furnished apartment that was his masterpiece.

"Perhaps you have never questioned yourself about being in love, Jimmy," Caroline said, and her voice was deep and true. "I did not know that I was until I questioned myself thoroughly and—"

Her fingers had twined about his arm Jimmie turned rather white.

"Don't!" he said swiftly, "it is too late for me to question myself—I love you, Caroline.

The girl laughed softly and slipped into his arms.

"I know it!" she cried joyfully. "Now let's look at our house!" and when Jimmy let her speak again she added:

"You might have known there would never be any man but you in my life."

BEING A "GOOD FELLOW"

Some years ago one of the popular illustrators drew for a magazine a picture entitled, "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow." It showed a club; good-looking young men, whose faces were flushed with wine, stood with lifted glasses, and sang their toast to one who stood at the end of the table. He was evidently greatly gratified. He looked as if he thought it supremely worth while to have his masculine friends, late in the evening, so demonstrative over his social qualities.

But there was another side to the picture. It showed the home of the "good fellow," where his young wife sat waiting for him. His house jacket was laid over a chair. His slippers stood ready before the fire. He had planned to spend the evening at home, and had not been strong enough to do it. Meanwhile the young wife had waited, watching the big clock count the hours. Now it was past midnight. It was not the first time that it had happened, nor the second; it would not be the last by any means.

It was not simply the disappointment, the loneliness that made the young wife lay her head on the table, sobbing. She wept because she knew that she had married a weakling. She saw that it meant so much to him to be regarded as a "jolly good fellow" that he gave up other things infinitely greater. She had learned that his good-fellowship had in it selfishness and weakness.

It is pleasant to be called a "good fellow," but it is a shameful thing if we gain it through another's needless suffering, or at the cost of our own self-respect and manhood!

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

An army major, who has just died, told a story which brought a guilty man to justice.

A soldier missed several small belongings while in barracks, and nobody could trace the thief. It was decided therefore, to have what was called an ordeal by touch.

It was explained to the soldiers that the mess-room cat had been placed under a dish and that it would mew when the thief touched the dish. The lights were lowered and themen walked past the dish.

When the lights were turned up the hands of the men were examined. Every man who had touched the dish had had his fingers blackened by soot, which had been secretly placed upon it. Only one man had failed to soil his hands. He had been afraid to run the risk. His belongings were searched and the stolen articles were found in his possession. Of course the story that the cat would mew was a trick. The point was to discover which man had a guilty conscience.

THE GIFT

He was a shy young man, but on his way home from the city he managed to screw up his courage sufficiently and purchased a small gift for the lady of his heart. This, he hoped, would pave the way to the popping of the great question. That night he called at her house, and found her alone. Producing a small, square box from his pocket he said nervously:

"I have ventured to bring you a small present, Miss Finn, but I'm afraid that perhaps it will not fit your finger. Will you try it on?"

"Oh, dear!" said the girl, blushing most becomingly, "this is quite unexpected. Why, I never dreamed that you really cared enough—"

Poor fool! Instead of grasping the opportunity in both hands, he opened the box and produced a thimble! Then the thermometer dropped about ten degrees.

JOKING WITH PAT

An Irishman with a very thick head of hair was one day the centre of a ring of English farmers, who were endeavoring to crack jokes at his expense. "Why," said one of them, "you've got a head of hair like a stack of hay." "Ah," returned Pat, ruffled, "that's just what myself was thinking. That accounts for my having so many necks around me."

THE LAYMAN'S CALL TO PREACH

The world is to be saved by the preaching of the gospel, but never can be saved by professional preaching alone. The Lord has great need of consecrated, earnest men, trained in the schools and fitted by nature and by education for the public proclamation of the truth, but these men alone never can save the world. If the world is really to be saved it must be done in very large measure by the men whose call to preach is a call like that of the man whom Jesus healed, a call to go to their own homes and their own friends, and to tell these friends what great things the Lord hath done for them.

The New Testament knows very little difference between clergy and laity. That distinction has grown out of the exigencies that have accompanied the progress of the church as an organization. From the beginning, the Apostles gave themselve to the Word of God and to prayer, leaving the secular concerns of the church to be ministered by other men, and from the beginning also there was a recognition of diversified gifts so that one man shall be called to serve God in one manner and another in another; but it never was the will of Christ that any whole group of Christian men should think their whole duty done when they had hired a professional minister to do their preaching and their praying while they themselves sit back in the pews to be entertained and to think of the sermon as primarily provided for their enjoyment.

D. L. Moody never asked for ordination. He did not have the training or equipment which made him feel that it was right for him to be an ordained minister. He did his monumental work as a consecrated layman, called to a special task, and God wonderfully blessed him in that work. It is not only a needless thing, but it can be a very harmful thing for us to ordain each man who has a manifest gift for service. We ought to keep in the laity some of our most conspicuously successful Christian workers in order that men may have constantly before their thought the truth that God calls them and often calls them to preach as truly as he calls the men who are ordained to the Christian ministry.

This is a time when more choice young men ought to be entering the ministry. There is a loud call for consecrated, well trained men in the pulpit, but loud as is this call, important as is this field of work, there is one even louder and that is for men who have no call to the ministry to recognize that this is just as truly a call to preach the gospel, to tell their friends and their neighbors how great things the Lord hath done for them.

Some of the greatest achievements in our whole enterprise of Christianity have been wrought in just this way, and some of the largest triumphs of the cross of Christ in the world are still to be accomplished by those who hear this call of God and begin their work among their friends.—Advance.

IN TIME OF PAIN

SURE REMEDY FOR CRAMPS

People often have cramps in their limbs after perspiring freely. The remedy I give never failed me. Take a bunch of sulphur matches, moisten them and rub in the palm of the hand. The cramps will leave in a few seconds.—Mrs. M. B., Grand Forks, B. C.

EMERGENCY CORNER

I have nothing in my house I think handier than my emergency corner. Tack a bag made out of cretonne on back of pantry door. Fill with nice clean sanitary cloths, pieces of old sheets or anything soft, also a ball of fine twine. Have a shelf in same corner with medicines, such as turpentine, peroxide of hydrogen and vaseline. There is nothing better for a bruised or smashed finger than turpentine. Soak the finger in the turpentine for half an hour then bind with cloth wet with same. It will not get sore and there is no danger of blood poison. I have tried.—Mrs. Alice Graybill.

FOR CROUP

Take powdered alum and sugar equal parts, place small quantity in back of child's mouth. This will make him throw up the phlegm and thus relieve choking instantly.

TOOTHACHE OR FACE ACHE

This can be much relieved by holding hot water in the mouth till it becomes cool, then taking a fresh mouthful keeping it up as long as possible. When there is a hollow in the tooth, put a couple of drops of pure carbolic acid, creosote, or oil of wintergreen on a piece of cotton wool and push it firmly into the hole, taking care not to touch the gums.

SOME CRISP TOASTS

A rather cynical toast runs thus: "Woman—she requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself."

A gallant young man in the same festive circumstances, referred to one member of the sex he eulogized as "a delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and molasses stand appalled."

At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple, one guest, in the speech of the evening, wished them "unspeakable bliss."

A writer of comedies was giving a banquet in honour of his latest work, at which a jovial guest gave the toast: "The author's very good health; may he live to be as old as his jokes."

At another gathering were toasted "The Bench and the Bar! If it were not for the bar, there would be little use for the bench."

As pithy was the following toast, proposed at a shoemakers' dinner: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot."

HIS ONLY CHANCE

The sergeant-instructor of volunteers was growing irate. He had been all day at the ranges endeavoring to get his company through their class firing, and there was one young fellow who was such a poor shot that he would have been unable to hit the proverbial haystack.

He attempted to "get on" the target at 600 yards and failed. He missed at 700, 500, 300, and even 200 yards' range.

Taking the volunteer up to within 100 yards of the butts, the sergeant inquired if he thought he could score there, and the man blazed away and ignominiously failed.

"Fix bayonet and charge," said the sergeant "it's your only chance!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, March 15th, 1894

Wesley Campbell is building a new front to the house recently bought from David Mills, on Queen Street.

A fine new metal sign has been erected on the east wall of the Canada Glove Works. It can be read with ease from the railway trains.

The members of the new Fire Company were called out for the first time on a "fire" call on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a blazing chimney on A. E. Wright's house, Mill Street. The fire was put out without the aid of the company, although the ladders were placed ready. Under Chief Cameron's command the boys did very well. The improved bell on the town hall bell is a success.

The Globe has interviewed Mr. Daniel Holmes, Grand Trunk conductor, whose son, Mr. H. S. Holmes is agent at Acton. In May next Mr. Holmes will complete his 40th year of railway service. He began on the Northern, remaining two years; then seven years with the Buffalo, Brantford & Lake Huron; then the Great Western. His present run is Suspension Bridge to London. He never injured a passenger and never had more than one accident, which was due to an operator's mistake. Fully two million miles he is estimated to have travelled.

Nearly $10,000 was paid at Rockwood station for hop poles during the winter.

Mr. Joshua Norrish, of Nassagaweya, had an operation for cataract on his eyes, performed by Dr. Ochs, of Hespeler.

Mr. N. F. Moore has given up farming and returned to town.

DIED

LEBKE—In Brampton, on March 11th, Minna Lebke, aged 11 years, 9 months.

McMILLAN—In Erin, on March 13th, Jane McMillan, aged 81 years.

THE FIRST MINER'S LAMP

January 9th, 1816, saw in the deeps of the Hebburn coal mine near Newcastle, a little drama in which there were but two actors, the one a clergyman, the other a miner. The latter was busily picking out the coal by the light of a steel-mill when he saw approaching him a light. The miner knew the gassy nature of the pit, and shouted "Put out the light" but no notice was taken even when prayers took the place of oaths. The newcomer was the Rev. John Hodgson, rector of Jarrow, and he had in his hand the first Davy safety lamp, now safely housed in the Museum of Practical Geology, London. Sir Humphrey Davy, when urged to patent it, replied: "It might undoubtedly enable me to put four horses in my carriage, but could it avail me to have it said that Humphrey drives his carriage and four bought at the expense of miners' lives?"

A RULE FOR CHOLLY

"What past have you—aw—we served for me, Miss Coacham?" asked young Sapleigh of the fair manager of the amateur theatricals.

"Why, really, Mr. Sapleigh," she replied, "I'm afraid I've overlooked you, and all parts have been assigned. Oh, by the way, there is still the part of the heroine's father. I think that would about fit you."

"The part is weally of little—aw—consequence, doncher know, just so I'm one of the—aw—actahs," said Sapleigh. "What am I—aw—supposed to do in the pawt?"

"Well," answered the managress," as the heroine is supposed to be an orphan, I'm afraid it will be necessary that you should remain dead."

HE "PLAYED SAFE"

"It is remarkable," said Mr. Grumler, "how mean some people are. I had with me on a fishing trip two friends, who evidently were familiar with my reputation as an angler.

"Before starting one of them made the following suggestion: "We will agree that the first one that catches a fish must treat the crowd."

"I assented to this, and we started. Now, don't you know, those two fellows both had a bite and were too mean to pull them up."

"I suppose you lost, then?" remarked the friend.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Grumler, "I didn't have any bait on my hook!"

BOTH HAD IT

A small boy had been given a penny with a hole in it. Handing it to a still smaller companion he said:

"Jimmie, I dare you to go into that store and buy something with this penny."

"Jimmy was quite willing. Entering boldly he said:

"I want a doughnut." And taking it he lustily presented the penny.

"Here," said the clerk, "this penny has a hole in it."

"So has the doughnut," announced Jimmy triumphantly.

PADDY AND THE LORD

A story is told of Lord Clonmell and an Irishman who met each other once in a New York hotel. On being asked what part of Ireland he came from Paddy replied:

"Well, as a matter of fact, at one time I was one of your discontented tenants."

Lord Clonmell glanced at him in surprise.

"Yes," continued Pat, thoughtfully, "I was. But here are you and I drinking together, while in Ireland I could never get close enough to you to hit you with a shotgun."

FORCE OF HABIT

They were a rough-looking lot that jury, but they were the best material that could be collected in the district, which was notorious for its lawlessness.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the crier of the court, "you will now take your accustomed places."

The first man looked up with a start, and then dejectedly led the way into the prisoners' dock.

ON THE SPOT

"Do you think it's true that every man has his price?" asked the heiress.

"I'm sure I don't know," he answered thoughtfully; "but, if you want a bargain, you needn't look any farther."

TWO

One is a woman that wandered
Through the fields of honey and sin,
And came to the house of care and carouse
Where they lock the mistaken in.
The other it watching the outcast
And fearing the System's ban.
The one is the fallen woman—
The other, the rising man.

The rising man is a bluecoat,
And the whole of his manhood shrinks
When taking the toll from a fallen soul,
But he rises or else he sinks.
So they meet and they pity each other,
While they talk of Life's sorry plan.
The one is the fallen woman—
The other, the rising man.

—By William F. Kirk.

A FORTUNATE FINDING

"This here housecleaning is the worst nuisance since the seventeen-year locusts. It's six weeks before a man can find so much as a collar button."

The impatient speech was not characteristic. To those who knew the equitable disposition of John MacGregor it was suggestive of overtaxed nerves. His daughter, Felicia, looked at him in great amazement.

"Why pa, what is it. Have you lost anything in particular."

"It's particular enough." John MacGregor drew out his handkerchief, mopping his brow. "It is Henderson's note for six hundred dollars. Of course it's around here somewhere, but it ain't where I put it. Housecleaning is worse than the ten plagues of Egypt, rolled up into one."

The desultory search begun that morning was continued with increasing care for days and weeks. It was taken for granted that the paper would be found. Mrs. MacGregor, a worn-looking little woman had met her husband's enquiry with a baffled shake of the head.

"Don't remember any such looking paper, John. But I know it's somewhere. I don't ever destroy anything without looking to see just what it is, and I know it ain't never been burnt up or anything like it. All we've got to do is keep on looking till we find it."

Apparently this was easier said than done. As the days passed without success, Felicia devoted more and more of her time to the search. She fingered over the files of receipted bills, some of them yellow with age but cautiously retained, till the words swam before her eyes. She emptied drawers in the old-fashioned mahogany chests, returning the articles one by one, in he hope of discovering the missing paper slipped in between bundles of old letters, or temporarily collapsed by faded photographs. Found any sign of it, Felicia?' her father would ask, his face hopeful for the instant, and then falling into shadows as she mutely shook her head.

The weeks rounded out a month, and the paper was not found. The search had become an obsession in the MacGregor family. Day after day Mr. MacGregor went over the same explanations, not that the searchers needed any new incentive, but that he found a curious relief in the bare statement of the case.

"It wouldn't matter if 'twas another man. There's some who don't need a paper with their name to it to bind 'em. If they knew they had the money and I know it, that would be enough. But Abe Henderson's a slippery customer. Fortunately the note was finally found, and the "slippery customer" satisfied. Too bad that every man's word is not as good as his bond.

AN OLD JOKE BUT A GOOD ONE

The young lawyer didn't like the minister, and so he thought to corner him.

"Now, Doctor," he asked, "suppose the parsons and the devil should have a lawsuit, which party do you think would win?"

"The devil unquestionably," replied the minister.

"Ah!" chuckled the young lawyer. "And will you tell me why?"

"Because he would have all the lawyers on his side."

HIS BROTHER

The millionaire railway king had a brother who was hard of hearing while he himself was known as having a very prominent nose. Once when dining at a friend's house he sat between two young ladies. They persisted in talking to him very loudly, much to his annoyance, but, wise man, he said nothing.

"Did you ever," remarked one of them to the other in an ordinary tone during a lull in the conversation, "see such a nose?"

"Pardon me, ladies," broke in the millionaire, "it is my brother who is deaf."

HE OBJECTED

"What are those fellows doing?" asked the boy as he approached the schoolhouse.

"Putting in an electric switch," was the reply.

"Well, I quit right here," said the boy. "I won't stand for any school where they do the licking by electricity."

HIS ANSWER

Miss Wilkins was instructing her small charges.

"Name one thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago," she said.

Ralph Franklin, an only child, who was seated in the front row, promptly rose and answered:

"Me."

Choked for Air.—Some little irritant becomes lodged in the bronchial tubes, others gather, and the awful choking of asthma results. Nothing offers quite such quick and positive relief as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. The healing, soothing smoke or vapor penetrates, clears the passages and gives untold relief. Usually it completely cures. It has behind it years of success. It is the sure remedy for every sufferer.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.