

Anthem.

(Life.)

Soprano—Behold my new hat.  
 Quartet—Her new hat, her new hat, her new hat.  
 Alto—It is a fright, a fright, a fright!  
 Soprano—It is a joy unto the sight.  
 Bass—You are a peach in your new hat.  
 Tenor—I've got my own thoughts as to that.  
 Alto—O thank you, thank you, thank you.  
 Soprano—It cost me more than any here.  
 Alto—That's very queer; that's very queer.  
 Quartet—O hear, O hear, O hear!  
 Alto—I priced it myself.  
 When it lay on the shelf,  
 And I know, and I know  
 That the price was quite low—  
 Much lower than mine, indeed.  
 Soprano—Indeed! INDEED!  
 Alto—Yes, yes, indeed!  
 Soprano—You hateful old thing!  
 Alto—It's the style of last spring.  
 Bass—Hush, hush!  
 Tenor—Tush, tush!  
 Soprano—O very well, then I'll resign  
 If her hat is as nice as mine.  
 Alto—Alas, I grieve to see you go—  
 But my hat was the highest, though.  
 Quartet—Now all is joy; now all is peace!  
 Ring out ye bells and glad the air!  
 Alto—Such hats as yours are five apiece!  
 Soprano—It's no such thing at all. So there!  
 Bass—Hush, hush!  
 Tenor—Tush, tush!  
 Quartet—And now let stillness sooth the air  
 While silver bells in gladness ring;  
 Our hearts are free from hate or care—  
 Soprano and Alto—I think you are a hateful  
 thing!  
 Quartet (Crescendo)  
 As it was in the beginning,  
 Is now and ever shall be,  
 World without end!

TEDDYBOY.

BY A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

Miss Wainwright, a troubled look in her wide gray eyes, came slowly down the lawn, and, stepping into the row-boat pushed off. She wanted to be alone—to think.

This afternoon as she had swung lazily in her hammock across the water had come a bark from a dog—a bark strangely resembling that of the lost Teddyboy, and Miss Wainwright had been conscious of a vague disquietude.

It was two months now since the sad day when Teddyboy had disappeared—Teddyboy, with his silky coat, tiny paws and adoring brown eyes. The shrill little bark had evoked that dear memory, and mingled with the thoughts of Teddyboy had stolen in persistent thoughts of his donor, Teddy Mathewson. She had not seen him since their quarrel six months ago—a quarrel originating over the question as to whether Teddyboy's blessed ears should be droopy and soft or snappy and short. But a very pretty difference can arise from a very small cause. It was fortunate that they had discovered their lack of congeniality in time, mused the girl.

As Miss Wainwright neared the yachts that rested in the harbor like great white birds, again the bark rang out, and, the girl started. Could it be possible? Pulling in closer, she glanced around, while the bark changed to a crescendo of joy. There at the head of the companionway on the first yacht stood Teddyboy himself, his small body alive with wriggles of excitement, afraid to descend, beseeching that she come to him. Her own Teddyboy! Without stopping to think, Miss Wainwright hastily flung the painter around a stanchion, then sped up the steps. In a second the little dog was upon her, and the girl, between laughter and tears, had caught him close.

With Teddyboy in her arms, Miss Wainwright hesitated. Should she simply take the dog and go? To be sure it was her dog, but still that hardly seemed a square thing to do. And then suddenly she went white. Down the deck toward her walked Teddy Matheson. The man was the first to speak.

"May I ask to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" he asked conventionally.

Miss Wainwright, all confusion, clutched Teddyboy closer.

"I—I did not know that you were here. I thought you still in Europe," she stammered. "I—I came for Teddyboy"—gathering courage as she proceeded. "I saw him on the deck. He was stolen from me some weeks ago."

The man's face cleared a trifle. She had not sold the dog, then. He had been imagining that any reminder of the giver had become distasteful to her.

"I brought him back from a man in the street," he said. "Of course I recognized Teddyboy. But I fancied that you had disposed of him. I have grown fond of the little fellow."

Teddyboy in Miss Wainwright's arms was making frantic efforts to reach his master. "And you see he cares for me, too," he added, with a smile. Miss Wainwright turned away.

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"Give me my dog and let me go!" she cried sharply.

"Pardon me, my dog," declared Mathewson calmly. "Shall he choose?" But the girl, reaching the companionway, uttered a little cry. No boat was to be seen. Mathewson stepped to the rail.

"The current there is very strong," he commented. "Probably the knot that you tied was insufficient."

Miss Wainwright's eyes blazed. "Kindly have me sent ashore at once," she cried.

The man shook his head.

"I am very sorry," he remarked cheerfully, "but the boat is already ashore. It went in some time ago to bring out people for tea. Mrs. Marshall wished to see the yacht. There they come now."

Miss Wainwright's annoyance deepened. "Mrs. Marshall," she exclaimed, "for tea."

Was there ever such a hateful predicament? The worst gossip in Easterly on her way to the yacht, and she, Sibyl Wainwright, unchaperoned and helpless, on board. Mathewson suppressed a smile.

"Would you care to hide?" he suggested civilly.

"Hide!" repeated Miss Wainwright, with contemptuous scorn. It was quite in her conception of him that he should make such a proposition. Mathewson, intently studying the bit of ear vouchsafed him and noting the dejected poise of the slender figure, felt his mouth tighten. A curious light leaped to his eyes.

"I'll do it," he murmured. "It is a big chance, but"—The next moment he was welcoming his guests. As Mrs. Marshall extended a plump hand he bowed low.

"I want you to meet Miss Wainwright," he said distinctly. "In fact, the little tea today is given for her. Our engagement is not yet announced, but I wished you to be among the first to learn of it."

Miss Wainwright, the color flooding to her temples, bent to put Teddyboy on the deck. When she lifted her head to receive Mrs. Marshall's felicitations and warm handclasp her smile was quite natural.

"I am indeed greatly to be congratulated," she said composedly. "See what a dear little dog I have just gained."

Mathewson bit his lip. He had not known exactly what he had expected, but it was certainly not this. The girl with calm self control took up her role of hostess, insisting that the older woman should make the tea, quietly ordering a fresh supply of anything lacking. Mathewson watched her, a dull ache at his heart. How sweet, how womanly, she was! His audacious announcement to Mrs. Marshall had been the fruit of an impulse, actuated by such varied and complex motives that he himself could not entirely disentangle his reasons for it.

He had never dreamed of finding her at Easterly, much less on his own boat. But, seeing her now, gracious, tactful, dispensing his hospitality to his guests, the empty mockery of it all, the bitterness of this travesty upon his longings, brought a tightening to his throat. Why had he not been able to keep her in those old days? When Mrs. Marshall rose he contrived that Miss Wainwright should be the last to leave. As she moved toward the gangway Mathewson interposed.

"You must forgive me," he began unsteadily. "I—I meant well. But I was probably wrong! I usually am. The yacht

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 3, 1905.

is only here for the day. I was leaving tomorrow in any case. You can then deny the engagement—break it—what you will. You know well how I feel."

Miss Wainwright lifted clear eyes. "And Teddyboy?" she questioned. "Oh, Teddyboy is yours—take him," responded the man wearily. "You were right. His ears would look better short. Had he not been too old I should have had it done when I bought him back." The girl started forward.

"No, no," she cried impulsively. "The long, floppy ones are much nicer. I—I should have hated you if you had cut them. And I—I—we both love him—and—and if it had not been for his bark this afternoon—I we—Oh, Teddy!" as Mathewson sprang to her side.

"Are you people never coming?" called a voice from the boat. "If you are engaged please remember that the rest of us are mere prosaic mortals and must get home to dinner." Mathewson, his face aglow with suppressed excitement, leaned over the rail.

"Just a second till I get my cap," he answered jubilantly. "I am coming ashore with you after all. That's it. Steady now, Sibyl—these steps are steep—and for heaven's sake don't drop Teddyboy!"

Swollen Heads—Shrunken Minds.

A young man, inheriting a vast fortune, got the mistaken notion that a great inheritance makes a great man. In three years he ran his course and is now serving as a point to many a mortal tale. Those who were fawning and flattering a few months ago are now tittering and pointing as he passes by. And, if the young man has any brains left, he is probably in the most pitiable state of humiliation.

It is an every-day occurrence. The office boy who does not know how to take a raise of fifty cents a week is just as good an illustration as this very conspicuous young man. And the moral of his disgrace will be missed entirely if every man, however obscure, does not take it home to himself.

Not always does "swollen head" result in disaster. Most of the very worst penalties in this world are penalties of missing great benefits one might easily have received had he conducted himself with honesty, simplicity and modesty.

She Sang.

Director Conrad tells a story of the embarrassment evinced by a young woman at a reception given Madame Melba in Philadelphia last year. It appears that the young woman in question was an ardent admirer of the songstress, and that to mutual friends she had previously expressed her intense desire to meet the celebrity. When, however, her turn came to be presented to Melba, the young woman was so completely overcome that she lost her self possession entirely. Blushing deeply, and twisting about the rings on her fingers, she managed to gasp:

"You—er—you—er—sing, I be-believe."—Harper's Weekly.

Piles

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Columbus.

A school teacher was trying to impress upon his pupil's mind that Columbus discovered America in 1492, so he said, "Now, John, to make you remember the date when Columbus discovered America, I will make it in a rhyme so you won't forget it: 'Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492.' Now, can you remember that, John?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

The next morning when he came to school his teacher said, "John when did Columbus discover America?"

"Columbus sailed the dark blue sea in 1493."

Treason.

He—I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world so sweet as my little sweetheart? She—What's that? How dare you think of another girl? I shan't speak to you for a week.

Balloonist—What have you got as ballast to throw overboard when we want to lighten the balloon?

Assistant—A keg of beer. Sure, we can drink it when we want to lighten the balloon instead of throwin' it overboard, an' nawthin' ull be wasted!"—Cleveland Leader.

"I want to complain of the flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed severely. "What was the matter with it, ma'am?" asked the grocer. It was tough. My husband simply wouldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."—Philadelphia Press.

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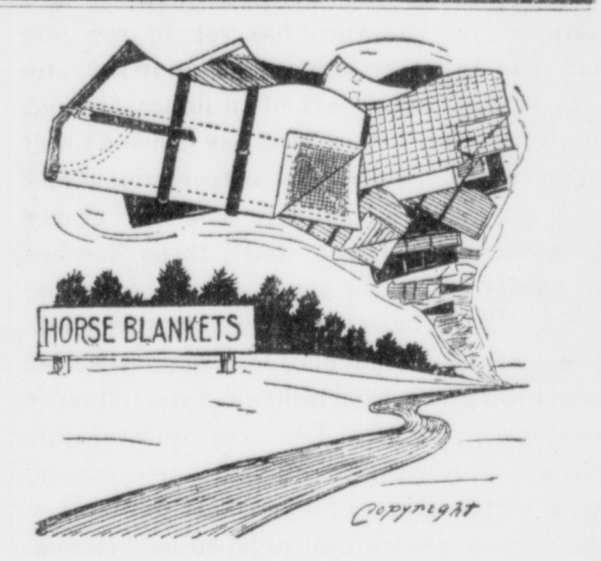
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