

THE DOG ENJOYED IT.

A STRANGE STORY BY GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Concerning Not a Dog with a Tin Can, but a Boy with a Can Dancing a Can-Can, while "The Little Dog Laughed to See Such Sport"—Hermetically Sealed.

What a subtle thing humour is, and how exquisitely a very small matter will sometimes tickle the funny spot, in one's brain! I saw such a funny thing the other day, just when I was not looking for it, and if it amuses others one half as much as it amused me, it will be well worth describing.

It was a very hot morning, and I was sitting in my sanctum, wishing there was a breeze somewhere, and idly masticating the end of my pen, while I wondered what I should write about, and gazed out of the windows in search of an inspiration. It came sooner than I expected, and took the form of a small boy who sidled around a curve, leading one of the cheap tricycles so much affected by the small boy of lower middle class society, and followed by a dog of purest mongrel breed.

The procession halted immediately opposite my window, so I was able to observe its movements. The sunshine was very bright, and the way it flashed upon some of the accoutrements of the cavalcade immediately caught my eye and reminded me very distinctly of Sir Lancelot, that time he rode down to the city of Camelot, when—

He rode between the barley sheaves, The sun came dazling thro' the leaves, And flamed upon the brazen greaves Of bold Sir Lancelot.

Of course this bold rider of the perilous tricycle was not dressed in brazen greaves like Queen Guinevere's good looking but treacherous lover; but curiously enough one of his feet was cased in armour, and it was the glitter of this boot of mail which had attracted my attention. Somehow or other, with all a small boy's foolish persistence in an evil cause, that youth had managed to force his foot into a tomato can fully up to the instep, and I suppose nothing but the heel of the boot prevented him from getting his entire foot in. He had evidently grown tired of his unusual adornment when I caught sight of him, and retired to a secluded spot to rid himself of it in private. But the task was not by any means so easy as he thought, and after a few aimless kicks which were utterly barren of result, he rested his tricycle against the fence and settled down to what proved to be one of the most serious tasks of his life. The dog realized that something was wrong, and he settled down also, well out of his master's reach, and watched the programme which followed with the absorbed interest of an author attending the "first night" of his own play.

How that boy did work! First he danced around on one foot grasping the tomato can with both hands, and pulling till he was purple in the face; but it wouldn't stir. Then he sat down to rest, and think the matter over coolly. Mature reflection decided him to try the plan of unlacing his boot, but the can was forced so high upon the foot, that it covered more than half the lacing, so his efforts were fruitless.

He was getting pretty badly frightened now and the situation had become serious, so he took a hurried survey of the surrounding windows to see if he was observed, and then backed up against a small tree, and kicked backwards in the faint hope of dislodging his metallic shoe. But the root was stout, and the can firm, so he only hurt his heel and seemed to fasten the can more firmly than ever.

Things were getting desperate now—and I was very much excited myself! Two or three other small boys who happened to be passing had joined the original show, and were liberal in giving awe-struck advice. One of them hunted up a good stone, while another hailed a few friends he saw in the distance, and invited them to participate in the ceremonies. The leading actor in the drama accepted the stone, sat down on the sidewalk, moistened his hands liberally, and rained blows from that stone on the tomato can, which covered it with as many dinges as a hammered brass tea-tray, but did not loosen it one inch. The spectators expectorated on their hands and took turns in pulling lustily, while the dog stopped panting in order to bestow closer attention on the tragedy being enacted before his eyes. But the jagged edges of the tin seemed to have taken a firm hold on his boot and—

"Physicians was in vain." I am sure that boy would have thrown himself on the cold ground, and howled for very anguish of spirit had he been alone, but the presence of spectators of his own sex deprived him of even this poor consolation; so he rested for a few minutes and then slowly and mournfully gathered himself together and tried to mount his bicycle in order to leave the scene of disaster as quickly as possible. But once more he was disappointed, the can refused to fit on the pedals and the last I saw of him he was limping dejectedly around the corner dragging his useless machine after him, and followed by the dog, who carried his tail at half-mast and held up one hind leg as he walked, in delicate sympathy with his master's misfortune; and supported on each side by a squad of small boys, eager to witness the final act of the play.

I confess I should have liked to witness

it myself, for I have been wondering ever since whether that boy had to get a plumber or a blacksmith to unshoe him, or whether he still eats, sleeps and has his being with one foot hermetically sealed in a tomato can. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

SELF-SACRIFICE IN SLUMS.

Teaching Little Acts of Charity by "The Least of These."

"You may talk about the easy-going generosity of 'professionals,' the 'lightly earned, lightly spent' of the so-called Bohemian world; but if you want to discover the most surprising instances of true open-heartedness, I would recommend you to prosecute your search amongst the very poor of London.

"One way and another, I've seen many years' service in the East End," continued the authority who recently made the above assertion to the writer, "and the examples I mention are but picked at random from scores of others that I could furnish.

"An incident that was related to me not half-an-hour ago will well serve to start with. Learning that a certain ruffianly fellow living in a court near by had been sentenced to three months' hard labor for some crime or other, I, knowing that he had a wife and three little children dependent upon him, ventured to inquire what would become of them during his period of incarceration in prison.

"Oh, I dunno," replied the woman of whom the question was asked. "Same as last time 'e was in gaol, I s'pose. I took one o' the kids and two others 'elped the ole woman."

"And subsequent inquiry proved that on a previous occasion when the father had been locked up, his wife and children lived on the charity of their poverty-stricken but generous neighbors until his release.

"You'd be surprised, too, to learn how many of these almost penniless beings, on coming into 'a bit o' luck,' no matter how trivial it may be, remember some less fortunate fellow-creature, and voluntarily divide their treasure with them."

"I have known a man to whom half-an-ounce of tobacco had been presented walk half-a-mile in order to bestow a pipel on a friend to whom a smoke was an equally rare luxury; and not long since, meeting an aged woman I knew hobbling along an alley some distance from her squalid home I asked her where she was going.

"Well, my dear," said she, as she drew a public-house can from under her tattered shawl, 'I've 'ad 'arf-a-pint o' beer give me, an' I'm takin' a sip down to Mother Barnes.' "And it you'll believe me, walking behind her, I noted how she administered three other sips to acquaintances encountered on the way, so you may reckon how much of the half-pint she had in the end left over for herself.

"And it is amongst the women folk that the most startling instances of generosity and self-denial are to be found. One woman well known to me, who only by slaving day and night managed to make both ends barely meet, used to every morning regularly draw to the spot whereon he solicited alms the little roughly-made truck of a crippled lad, and as certainly bring him back again in the evening.

"But it was one day early last month that I witnessed an act of eccentric generosity that brought more fully home to me the fact of how deep lies this feeling of good fellowship in the hearts of the poorest of the poor.

"Seeing a fair-sized crowd gathered at a certain street corner, I stopped to ascertain the cause of its collecting; speedily to discover that a woman 'drunk and disorderly' was being taken to the police-station.

"Just as the policeman was walking her off, a woman standing by gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it's Jenny!" she cried. 'Poor thing! she can't be locked up with no 'at on.' And suiting the action to the word, she unaid the strings of her own bonnet and tied them round the other's chin.

"When I tell you that of some dozen other women looking on, not one was as ready to boast of other head-covering than that afforded by their shawls, you can form your own opinion of the value of that apparently trivial act of charity."

The Prince and the Admiral.

The following story of the days when the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was a young midship in the Royal Navy is not well known.

H. R. H. had been somewhat refractory, and the Admiral, on board whose ship the Prince was, who was also in command of the ship, had no alternative but to allot him some task as punishment. The squadron was cruising off the coast of Spain at the time, and the young Prince was ordered to go ashore and dig and bring off to the ship a boat-load of sand.

Two boats were prepared for starting. The royal officer, in the most wrathful of moods, took his seat in one of them, and towing the other, rowed to the shore and there began his work.

A few hours had passed since the Prince's departure when the Admiral received word that a craft was to be seen carrying the Royal Standard. With the utmost rapidity all necessary orders were given, flags were run up, men were stationed at the guns, the Marines formed in line, and the officers on deck commanded to receive royalty.

The Admiral soon arrayed himself in honour of the occasion, and ascended from his cabin in the full glory of sword, gold lace, cocked hat, and all his other paraphernalia. He strutted to the state stairs, and saw alongside no royal barge, but a gig towing another gig heaped up with sand, and bearing in its midst the Royal Standard.

The roguish royal midship, before setting out to accomplish his task, had secreted the flag under his uniform with the settled purpose in view of taking a "rise" out of his superior officer, the Admiral. He compelled him to go through quite a series of performances, and then, thinking himself fully avenged, came on board; but the history has not recorded the after results.

WISER AND WEAKER. When men compare the people of today, physically, with those of the past they say the present generation is weaker. When they compare achievements the conclusion is that the present generation is wiser. And so they say each generation grows wiser and weaker than the last. If you are weak and run down try that great nerve and brain invigorator Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It will build you up and make you stronger. Sold in all drug stores, fifty cents a bottle, six bottles \$2.50.

A CORNWALL MIRACLE.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Only One of Many Similar Cases—How the Restoration to Health was Brought About—A Plain Recital of Facts.

(From the Cornwall Standard.)

There is no longer reason to seek far for proof of the miraculous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We have heard of numerous marvellous cures following the use of this wonderful medicine, and have been successful in obtaining the facts for publication in one of them. Mr. Andrew Bowen, an employee of the Canada Cotton Mill, was taken ill about three years ago, and compelled to give up his position and cease work entirely. He was suffering from rheumatism which was followed by a complication of diseases, and in a few months became a helpless cripple. His wife became thoroughly worn out through waiting on him and in a short time also became an invalid and their plight was most pitiable indeed. They secured the best medical advice within their reach, spending a large amount of money in medicines which failed to give them any permanent relief. This went on for nearly three years and during that period they suffered untold agonies.

The above is summarised from the statements made by Mr. and Mrs. Bowen to the Standard representative. We will give the remainder of the story in Mr. Bowen's own words. He said:

"We were both terribly run down and completely discouraged at seeing dollar after dollar go for medicine that did not seem to do us any good. We had about given up all hope of ever getting well again when my attention was called to a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had nearly lost all faith in medicines, and had made up my mind that my wife and myself were past human aid and would have to endure our suffering. We were repeatedly urged by friends to try the Pink Pills, and at last consented. After taking a couple of boxes we did not see any noticeable benefit and were about to give them up, but were urged to persevere with them and did so. When my wife had taken the fifth box she began to feel a decided improvement in her health and I decided to keep on taking them. The seventh box marked the turning point in my case, and I have continued to improve ever since, and to-day, as you see, we are both enjoying excellent health, almost as good as we ever did. Many times I have thought we would never have been well again and I cannot tell you how glad I am that we tried Dr. Williams' great medicine. I am now able to do a good day's work without feeling the least bit tired, and my wife can perform her household duties without an effort. I consider that I have received hundreds of dollars value for the few dollars I spent on Pink Pills. We always keep them in the house now, although we do not need to use them, but think it safer to have them on hand in case they should be required."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of the grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, auricular erysipela, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists, direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

ART OF PHILOLOGY.

What the Professor Taught us while Waiting for the Car.

We were just turning the corner when a boy thrust a bill into the professor's hand. "Grand Matinee," it stated, going on to specify as to time, place and prices.

"Matinee," repeated the professor. "Isn't it queer," he went on reflectively, "how the American people will tolerate a flat contradiction like that? Why, it means a performance in the morning, really taken from the French, you know, the French for morning being matin, from which matinee, is derived, namely, evening. But 'Matinee Saturday afternoon'! I never see the word but I think of the original meaning and admire the tact of the fellow who introduced the word upon his bills knowing that the foreign sound of the word would attract, and the paradox would pass unnoticed."

"It is interesting," said I, to know how the word originated. Are there not many other words that have a history?"

"Oh, yes," said he. "The English language being made up, as it is, almost entirely of words from other languages; it contains many fossil remains, so to speak. It is surprising to note how many words with a spiritual significance or abstract meaning are made up of other words taken from the Greek and Latin and formally applied to material things."

"For example?" said I.

"Well, take the word sincere, for instance. It means, literally, without wax, Latin, sine, without, and cere, wax. There is a metaphor, not to say a high compliment included in the word sincere. How? Well, the Roman women used to bring their honey to the city to market, and some of it was in cere (without wax), the pure, unadulterated article. A man of upright character came to be spoken of as sincere. As is the case with all words containing metaphor it was not long after the word had been coined till the comparison was lost sight of. Take the word stubborn, where the derivation is much plainer. Very few, probably, think of the original meaning—like a stub or stump. There is a theme for a short discourse in the word attention—literally a stretching to or toward, as, when one gives attention the mind is stretched, as it were, to the subject under consideration. That with which the mind is compared is, presumably, the string of a bow. If continually stretched it loses its elasticity. So, too, does the mind."

"The word family is a relic of barbar-

ism, it being a significant fact that it is plainly allied to the Latin word, famulus, slave.

"Yes, I agree with you in thinking that all this is interesting and essential in giving a perfect understanding of the language. I think it is Ruskin who says, 'You might read all the books in the British Museum if you could live long enough and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are forevermore in some measure, an educated person.'

"But I perceive that I have started out upon a homily upon words which I do not in the least intend to pursue. Ah! here 's our car," said the professor, as the electric came whizzing by on the down grade.

Pomposity Rebuked.

It was at one of the big, fashionable churches. The haughty usher looked rather disdainfully at the shabby-looking little man who stepped toward him, and without bestowing a second glance, raised an imperious finger, motioned forward, and started pompously toward the amen corner.

The whole congregation noticed the pompous usher as he strode down the aisle, and a number thought his action rather strange. When he reached a poor, undesirable seat, almost around a corner, the usher turned and motioned again, but the little man wasn't there.

The usher looked a bit fooled as he glanced over the congregation, and he turned clear around again to see if the little man wasn't behind him. And he wasn't. He had slipped into a rear seat at the moment the pompous usher began his forward march.

Bicycles in Church.

Some churches invite the attendance of bicyclers by preparing a receptacle where their wheels may be kept during the service, and announcing the same from the pulpit, which is a good idea, as they could not well roll them down the aisles and stand them against the pew doors or hand them over to the sexton for safekeeping. The cyclers are a numerous and expanding body, and they are to a great extent young and in the fullest need of the instruction and guidance which the church offers them. Nothing could be more suitable, therefore, than this mode of invitation to them, and as this provision for the care of their bicycles has come to stay, and promises to be almost universally employed, a modification of church architecture may take place to make room for them.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST.

- Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

AFTER SICKNESS to tone up the system, bring back a healthy appetite, physicians recommend the use of CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.

Prepared only by K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal. Beware of imitations.

For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

VIN MARIANI,

The original French Coca Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

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Strengthens entire system; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

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The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigor, health and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race. EMILE ZOLA.

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the soap's purity and benefits.

Advertisement for Hawker's Catarrh Cure, including a recipe for a health drink and a list of brands for Pelee Island Wine.

Large advertisement for 'The New Yost' typewriter, featuring a detailed illustration of the machine and extensive testimonials from users.