

HIS FIRST CRIME

The rain beat in heavy torrents on Frank Lisle's thinly-covered back and ran in rivulets down his hat brim, the cold icy rain of winter.

"What a night," he thought, with a shudder; and to go home empty-handed to my hungry wife and babies! I cannot! I dare not!"

He looked up the long, lighted street, full of its gay shops where such abundant stores reposed so temptingly, and shuddered as any honest man might shudder who thought of stealing, for the first time in his life. "Stealing!" It is a hard word, but when wife and children starve hard words and thoughts will come.

Stealing! That was all he did contemplate at first, but when a portly, well-dressed old gentleman came hurriedly by, the desperate man thought of more than that—robbery!

Yes; and quick as a flash his strong, sinewy arm uprose as he passed a dark alley, and the old gentleman lay white and still at his feet without a cry or murmur.

With trembling fingers Frank Lisle searched his pockets, quickly thrust into his own their contents, and then gently drew the senseless out to where it would be found, and silently sped away.

There was abundance in Frank Lisle's home for many days, and his invalid wife smiled, and got almost well, thinking of the nice situation her husband had obtained, for he was gone every day—not working, but searching for work and finding none, except now and then a small job.

His brain and heart were troubled; he was restless with sorrow and remorse until at last he could stand it no longer, and he cried out in his heaviness:

"I will not be a villain! I cannot! my gentle mother's teachings, my innocent wife's trust, shall keep me from it. I cannot find employment, but I can go to that old gentleman I robbed and confess, and then even if put in jail, I can breathe more freely."

From the papers in the purse he had known all along who his victim was—a rich old merchant who lived in a palatial home in the suburbs.

One day, when the spring-time air and brightness made all earth so beautiful, he went to this grand home and asked for its master.

The servant looked at him in contemptuous amazement, and said bluntly:

"What does the likes of you want with the master?"

"It's a matter of life and death!" exclaimed Frank Lisle, fiercely, "and I must see him."

"A matter of life and death, eh?" said the voice, near them, of the old gentleman himself, who unperceived had approached. "Well, my man, go in, and we will have a talk, if it is that important."

With firm tread but beating heart Frank followed him to the study.

"Well, out with it! What's to pay?"

"I have a confession to make, and with lowered eyes and feverish cheeks he told him all. At its close the color left his face, and his sad questioning eyes looked at the man who had heard him so calmly.

"Starving!" the old gentleman repeated—"starving! I never was hungry in my life; don't know how a person would feel to be starving; not very comfortable, I suppose."

"Oh, if you only knew my temptations, sir!" with a sudden catch in his unsteady voice.

"I can only imagine them. Well, well; I suppose I ought to hand you over to the police, but I won't. I'll try some other punishment. How much of my money have you used?"

"About fifty dollars, sir; I tried to use it as carefully as possible. I have twenty-five left; here it is."

"Nay, you can keep the money, man, and I'll tell you how, not as a thief or robber, but as an honest man. I've need of a steady man about my grounds, here, and you can come and work it all out at a dollar and a half a day until you are all out of debt; then if I find you really capable, I will not turn you adrift."

They were men, both of them mad in the image of God; and surely the tears that coursed down Frank Leslie's cheeks, and choked his thanks back, were not unmanly any more than the dimness that suddenly befell the gold-rimmed spectacles of the elder, and caused him to remove them and wipe them with his handkerchief, and blow his nose vigorously—repeating softly as to himself the while:

"Starving! starving! and I don't even know what it is to be hungry."

EX-M.P.P. DEAD.

Girouard of Kent, was a Free School Supporter in the House.

Moncton, June 9.—Antoine Girouard died at Cape Bauld Tuesday, of congestion of the lungs, aged 75 years.

From 1870 to 1874 he represented Kent county in the provincial legislature as a supporter of the late Judge King, and in later years was appointed Sheriff of Kent county.

Early in life he was engaged in shipbuilding. He leaves a widow, three sons, and four daughters.

LEGISLATORS' AGES.

Physical Age of the Men Who Sit at Toronto and Make Laws for the People of Ontario.

Speaking of young men in politics, the Conservatives have eight under 40 sitting in the Ontario Legislature, and the Liberals only one. Ed. A. Dunlop is the most youthful, being only 27. Dr. Currie, Liberal, comes next, at 34. Macdunn, of West Elgin, is 35, Hugh Clark 36, Dr. Nesbitt 37, Ganey, Carnegie Downey, Lucas 38. Next to Dunlop, the most youthful appearing member is Lucas. They call him the "boy wonder," because he is beardless and talks wisdom like a Socrates. Kidd of Carleton, is 39. Donald Sutherland and C. M. Bowman, the Liberal whip, just get into the forty section, claiming the even four decades. Hanna comes in at 41. Dr. James is 42, Thompson, McKay, Hislop are 43. The Provincial Secretary is 44. Others of the age are Little of Cardwell, Graham, Gross, Kribs and Tucker. The 45 boys are Powell, Guibord, Carr, and if you add one year to this you get the age of Hendrie, Michaud, Smyth of Algoma, Beck, Brower and Eilber. Then Jamieson is 47, and in company with him are Hon. Frank Latchford, Dr. Routledge, Dr. Reame and Duff. Those who began life 48 years ago all chose surnames beginning with "P"; Pettypiece, Pyne, J. J. Preston of Durham, and T. H. Preston of Brant. St. John feels like a boy of 19 at 49, and so does Fox. Sam Clarke has been just half a century cracking jokes, and Auld and D. C. Cameron of Fort William, likewise saw the light fifty years ago. Cameron of West Huron, is not above fifty, but his exact age is withheld for strategic reasons. Another who is too young to admit his years is McCart of Cornwall. His neighbor McLeod, the "man from Glengarry," is only 51, and so is Valentine Stock. Hon. E. J. Davis is no more than 52, but looks several years older than Lackner. Pearce is 53, and the Minister of Education, Hon. Richard Harcourt, John Brown and F. E. A. Evanturel are all 54. Quite a number came into the world 55 years ago—Morrison, Reid, Russell, Connee and Penne. The last named has been running the Kingston Whig for 40 years, so he must have started serving in the public at 15. Taylor figures in the 56 list, as do also Foy, Crawford, Truax, Dickenson and Burt, Joynt, Matheson, Lee and Carscallen of Hamilton, are 58. Dr. Willoughby and Richardson are quite well at 59, thank you, while Mr. Whitney is only 60. Dr. Jessop, T. G. Carscallen, Caldwell, Dr. Barr are also of that age. The Attorney-General is 61, and along with him are Holmes, Hoyle and Murphy. Premier Ross has been 62 years with us, while the Speaker is as old. Hon. John Dryden, Pardo and Barber claim to be 63, Gallagher and Davidson are 64. At 66 Little of Norfolk looks like a boy, and at 67 Anderson and Beatty have not yet passed the period of usefulness. The oldest man in the House rejoices in the somewhat odd name of Smith—John Smith of Peel. He is a mere 72. From 27 to 72 is a long stretch in the life of a man. These are the extremes of age in the Parliament of Ontario.

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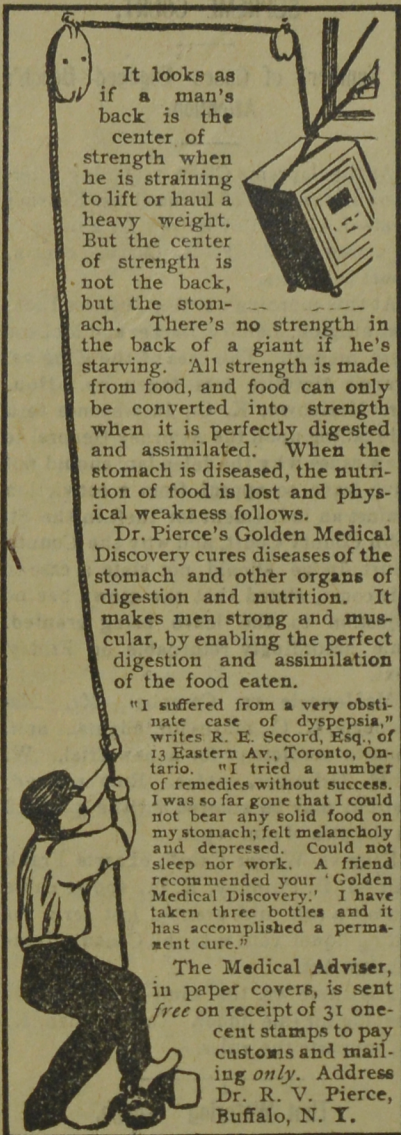
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CANADA.

The following poem was read by William Wilfrid Campbell of Ottawa at recent at homes of the Canadian Clubs of Ottawa and Toronto:

Are there none to speak and save?
Canada, my own, my own.
From Western peaks to Eastern waves
Canada, my own, my own.
Art there none to lift and save,
Must you sink in heliot grave,
Crushed in gyve of thief and knave?
Canada, my own, my own.
Are there none to wake the dead?
O, people unto grossness wed?
Canada, my own, my own.
Must this cursed trade go on,
Franchise but a bartered pawn,
Freedom, thought, and honor gone?
Heaven strike or send a holier dawn
To Canada, my own, my own.

Must the hideous tale be told?
Canada, my own, my own.
Men like puppets bought and sold,
Freeman's rights for place and gold?
Canada, my own, my own.
Must this hideous lie go on?
Are we but degenerate spawn
Or a greater people gone?
Canada, my own, my own.

Canada, my own, my own.
Lie in the dust and make your moan,
Dishonored by those very ones
Who should have been your truest sons.
Like ship on surfs that overwhelm
By some false captain at the helm,
Canada, my own, my own.
Creep in the dust and make your moan,
To childish superstitions doomed,
Or in material greed entombed
Your people sleep through sordid years
Of modern doubts and deeds and fears.
Lie in the dust and make your moan,
Poor Canada, my own, my own.

O' wherefore wonder when our life
Is all the shrunken party strife,
When every question of the hour
Betrayed to greed of party power.
When every voice for truth is stifled,
Save that which party spake or willed,
With pandering pulpits, venal press,
God send redress, God send redress,
To this poor human wilderness.
A people for high dreamings meant,
But damned by too much government.

O dream in vain your future power,
And build in vain your heart's high tower!
O Canada, my own, my own.
When you have sold the olden truth
That greatness which inspired thy youth,
And bartered for a sordid gleam
The light of all your highest dream,
With all the gross material strife
Of godless money-hungry life,
O Canada, my own, my own.
Your children, they have dragged you
down
And trampled all your old renown,
As some base harlot of the town,
O Canada, my own, my own.

O splendid dream of plain and lake,
When will you from this curse awake,
And with new-kindled honor take
Your place with those who guide the helm
Of Britain's mighty peopled realm?
When will you, raised to that regard
Of self, above the market yard
Of life's low levels, hold your share
In Britain's mighty world-wide care?
O Canada, my own, my own.

O wide thy lands and wide thy sky,
Canada, my own, my own,
But wider yet the living lie
That we have lived, my own, my own!
Let us arise from our old graves
Of self and ill, as o'er the waves
God's dawn from night, to that which
saves.

Canada, my own, my own.
Rise and strike the shackles free
That bind us lip and heart and knee,
And be what God dreamed we should be,
Canada, my own, my own.
Loved Canada, my own.
—W. Wilfrid Campbell.
Ottawa, March, 1904.

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