

The Caniff

# THE CANADIAN HOME

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### PURE GOLD

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### HUNTER.

BY F. P. CHAPLIN.

SOMETIMES he has called "Busy-tred," but that was after his character for philanthropy became known, and he began to be famous as a searcher for lost ones. If poets could have known our old friend surely many pleasant rhymes would have commemorated his brave deeds. As a puppy, he was externally, far from attractive; a ridge of coarse hair stood making us laugh at his grotesque appearance, but he had a thoughtful, serious air, and an eye of unusual depth and power. Some of the neighbors severally criticised the wisdom of Rob's purchase, but he had a way of his own, and without a struggle, gave in exchange his best knife and last year's sled. Before night a rough but comfortable kennel received the pet. Rob spent the evening "getting acquainted," and the most amicable relations were immediately established.

He lived with us some months before his "mission" declared itself. We had observed his good temper, and his tenderness and patience with children, but never dreamed of such out-reaching sympathies as his after-life developed. It commenced, as far as we knew, by his coming in late one balmy September evening with a small black dog as ugly-looking and scrawny as can well be imagined. Hunter was a powerful creature, possessing "breadth and swing" quite fearful for strangers to look upon, and he carried his guest as cats do their kittens and laid them gently down upon the floor of his straw-carpeted house; and there he watched and tended him some days with paternal solicitude. Bits were carried across the yard and the invalid was caressed like a sick baby. It attracted so much attention in the neighborhood that Hunter began to be respected!

While Lilliput (for that was the name Rob gave Hunter's pet) was quite well, a new home was found for him, but the two often visited each other and exchanged in their own fashion, the greetings of the season!

One morning Hunter, and indeed the whole family were aroused by shrill barks outside the gate Rob espied Lilliput, who in remembrance of kindness shown him had come in a time of need to ask for aid. How he told the story remains a mystery, but presently the two dogs trotted down a long green lane, Sob following cautiously. What he saw should surely be chronicled, if it was not "intelligence," I should be glad to have some philosopher name the word that can explain it.

A poor, tried mother-dog lay by the roadside, not many days old, were in their dumb, blind fashion crawling over her, wondering no doubt what had happened that she no longer fondled them. A hedge, upon which a few broken rails lay loosely piled, partially shielded them, and peeping through, Rob saw the two friends in evident consultation over the case. Perceiving that she could not be moved, they did the next best thing, provided food until she did, apparently exhausted by excessive pain. Rob thinks she had received a heavy blow. When in a few hours she ceased to breathe Hunter took one puppy, carrying it tenderly, as he had Lilliput, but did not in this case leave the moaning baby in his kennel; no, indeed, the masters' lap was chosen, a gentle-eyed loving woman, whose face he had read aright, and learned to trust. As soon as Rob's mother began to pet the fuzzy little

hing, Hunter knew that all was right, and was off in a twinkling for the other. Beside it Lilliput still watched: this one was also taken and commended by Hunter's great human eyes to better care than he could give.

After an absence of two days, Rob's brave friend surprised us all by bringing in a lovely Maltese kitten, and the creature whose nature it was to wage war upon his kind, seemed to regard him with decided affection, looking up into his great, speaking eyes as much as to say, "Pray, don't leave me among strangers!" But she never lacked friends, and became a great pet with us all.

But Hunter's grandest feat was when he saved an emigrant woman and baby from starvation. Neither of these could he bring home as he had the dog and cat; thinking it over, (as he must have done,) and recognizing the impossibility of accomplishing his purpose after his usual fashion, he planned another, and deliberately tore a piece from the woman's dress. As she afterwards told us, she cried out with fear, supposing he was about to devour them both, but suddenly looking into his wonderful eyes, she felt assured that he would not harm them. With the scrap of calico, the wise old fellow trotted home and laid it on his mistress' lap, barking most solemnly and walking rapidly back and forth between her and the door. Bob was called, and was at once satisfied that Hunter had come upon a case of suffering, and was soon ready with a basket of comforts to follow where the dog might lead. The next step seems the strangest of all; up to this moment Hunter had manifested no desire for food or rest, and now as Rob stood, basket in hand, and whistled for his missionary pioneer, the creature lay stretched upon the piazza, puffing and panting as if greatly exhausted; this bro't us in a measure to our senses, but not wholly, until Uncle Bailey, who is well versed in Canine ways, read out the whole story.

"Why, Rob," said his father, "don't go on foot, take the buggy, my boy—Hunter is half breathless—he has run a long way, and see, this is a scrap from some woman's dress, you may be sure he has had his own notions bringing this along."

It was a study well worth attention to note the satisfaction with which the dog watched the harnessing of Whiteface into the low, light carriage—he actually hurried then, and started with a bone in his mouth, leading the way down the Felway road. After a time he accepted an invitation to ride, and sat beside his master solemnly surveying the prospect until Blount woods were in sight, when he jumped out, and barking cheerily ran to a corner of the highway, where was a sort of rude hut, such as woodcutters arrange for temporary convenience. Here Rob found the poor woman and her moaning baby.

Hunter has a longer record of "lives saved" than this. He seems to have devoted himself to such deeds of kindness, being off now much of the time, returning to rest and be refreshed, and sometimes lovingly bringing his burdens with him.

You may be sure he is highly respected in town; indeed his friends are arranging to purchase for his shaggy neck, a medal which shall at once connect him with the "National Humane Society." No one deserves it better.

### THE HOSPITALITY WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

"DO you ever thoroughly enjoy receiving company?" said a lady to us not long ago. "For my part, I am so occupied with the fear that my guests will not be sufficiently entertained that I have no time to enjoy them." Most American housekeepers will confess to something of this feeling. Even in our best appointed households there is not that absence of care in the department of the lady of the house which is seen in French or English drawing-rooms. Her thoughts cannot help wandering to the kitchen, even in the most animated conversation. She knows full well that after those endeavors which have made her somewhat weary to be quite at her best in looks or manner, there may be a failure in serving the repast. It is curious to see what a different

woman she is after supper, if all has gone well. For the time she is safe, and exuberant with a sense of relief. When our guests are staying with us for a day or a week, matters are somewhat better, because much is not attempted; but still there is often an unnaturalness and constraint which makes itself felt, even though the most scrupulous politeness. Much of this is no doubt owing to our unsatisfactory and precarious domestic service. Arthur Hugh Clough said, "The only way to live comfortably in America is to live rudely and simply; and while we should not like to agree to his statement seriously, there are moments of despair, it must be acknowledged, in which we feel the force of it. But there is a deeper reason than this for our discomfort, and happily it is one which lies in our power to remedy. Somehow or other the idea has become chronic with us, that we must entertain our visitors more according to their style of living than our own. If a friend comes who has no larger a *menage* than we, it is all very well; we make no special effort, and are thoroughly and simply hospitable. But let a distinguished foreigner or an "American prince" visit us, and everything is changed. We have an indistinct idea of what he is accustomed to at home, and nothing short of that will content us. We put ourselves to torture to devise how to entertain him worthily, forgetting that what is unusual is always obviously so, and that he will detect the thin veneering of style, and either pity or sneer at us, according to his nature.

"I pray you, O excellent wife," says Emerson, "not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, in your looks, in your accent and behaviour, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things."

### THE BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG.

It would be impossible, with mere words alone, to convey any adequate idea of the action of this new-born child of the Arctic forests. Think of a solid lump of ice, a third of a mile deep, and more than half a mile in lateral diameter, hurled, like a mere toy, away into the water, and set to rolling to and fro by the impetus of the act as it were Nature's merest foot-ball; now down one side, until the huge bulk was nearly capsized; then back again; then down the other side once more with the same unresisting force, and so on, up and down and up, swashing to and fro for hours before it comes finally to rest. Picture this, and you will have an image of power not to be seen by the action of any other force upon the earth. The disturbance of the water was inconceivably fine. Waves of enormous magnitude were rolled no with great violence against glacier, covering it with spray; billows came tearing down the fiord, their progress marked by the crackling, and crumbling ice, which was everywhere in a state of wildest agitation for the space of several miles. Over the smaller icebergs the water broke completely, as if a tempest was piling up the seas, and heaving them fiercely against the shore. Then, to add still further to the commotion thus occasioned, the great wallowing iceberg, which was the cause of it all, was dropping fragments from its sides with each oscillation, the reports of the rupture reaching the ear above the general din and clamour. Other bergs were set in motion by the waves; and these also dropped pieces from their sides; and at last, as it were the grand finale of the piece—the clash of cymbals and the big bass drum of Nature's grand orchestra, the monstrous berg near the middle of the fiord split in two; and above the sound of breaking waters, and falling ice, this last disruption filled the air with a peal

that rang among the bergs and crags, and echoing from hill to hill, died away only in the void beyond the mountain tops; while to the noisy tune, the icebergs of the fiord danced their wild, ungainly dance upon the waters. It was many hours before this state of wild unrest was succeeded by the calm which had preceded the commencement of it; and when, at length, the iceberg that had been born came quietly to rest and the other icebergs had ceased their dance upon the troubled sea, and the waves had ceased their lashing, it seemed to me that, in beholding the birth of an iceberg, I had beheld one of the most sublime exhibitions of the great forces of Nature. It was in truth, a convulsion.—from Dr. Hay's *Land of Desolation*.

### A PUZZLE.

A village sketch, in which thirty-five authors are buried, is given in *Once a Week*:

Close by the clover field in green arrayed,  
That skirts the moor edged in with pleasant shade  
Of orchard, were awake at spring's behest  
The birds their sweet, new tones, the trees  
Fair dressed  
In blossoms pink and white; or later still,  
When one sees lambs disporting on the hill  
Or later, sweet as sugar ricks of hay  
The cow perceives and tempted is to stray  
The donkey burns to snatch a mouthful sweet  
And Dick ensures to Tom a jolly treat  
In tumbling 'mongst the grass, till their rude  
foe,  
The farmer, comes, who, odd enough, won't  
know  
Why boys with leatfrog art his tricks should  
spoil  
Alas! he'll eye them soon, and then they'll  
cease to smile.  
Where the long rays across the pathway fall,  
John's cottage stands—a place well know to  
all.  
A somewhat crabbed man is John, whose age  
The thoughts of long past eras must engage:  
Long since he's taken sides with ancient  
ways,  
And odd and dry denies to moderns praise.  
His hens to neat-made fowl-pen take their  
way,  
On foot each night to roost when tired with  
day,  
His dog, as out he helps defiance loud,  
To scamp belligerent 'mongst the schoolboy  
crowd,  
Disturbs the song old smiths, across the  
way,  
Hum everlastingly throughout the day.  
The parson, as his pen serenely glides  
Swift o'er the paper, a moment bides  
Annoyed, 'That monster never seems to tire!  
Then thinking, 'A, why need I aspire,  
And to waste elegance of style on boors?  
(John's one who never comes within church  
doors.)  
My words worth much that me great labour  
cost,  
Now all erratic to the winds are tossed,  
And every line I add is only lost.

In these doggerel lines the names of thirty-five celebrated men are to be found principally poets. None of them are living authors. Here is the puzzle: 1, Fielding; 2, Moore; 3, Keats; 4, Newton; 5, White (Kirke); 6, Lamb; 7, Garrick; 8, Cowper; 9, Burns; 10, Dickens; 11, Defoe; 12, Hood; 13, Garth; 14, Shelley; 15, Gray; 16, Scott; 17, Crabbe; 18, Erasmus; 19, Akenside; 20, Dryden; 21, Shenstone; 22, Foote; 23, Southey; 24, Campbell; 25, Goldsmith; 26, Hume; 27, Spenser; 28, Swift; 29, Sterne; 30, Gay; 31, Steele; 32, Johnson; 33, Wordsworth; 34, Waller; 35, Addison.

### I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE, L. L. D.

My days pass pleasantly away,  
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,  
I feel no symptoms of decay,  
I have no cause to mourn nor weep;  
My foes are impotent and shy,  
And yet, of late, I often sigh—  
I'm growing old!  
My growing talk of olden times,  
My growing thirst for early news,  
My growing apathy to rhymes,  
My growing love of easy shoes,  
My growing hate of crowds and noise,  
My growing fear of taking cold,  
All whisper, in the plainest voice,  
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,  
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,  
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,  
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,  
I'm growing careless of my dress,  
I'm growing frugal of my gold,  
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—  
I'm growing old.

I see it in My changing taste,  
I see it in my Changing hair,  
I see it in my my growing waist,  
I see it in my growing heir;  
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,  
As plain as truth was ever told  
That 'even in my vaunted youth'  
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years, who rapid flight  
My sombre mus: too sadly sings;  
Thanks for the gleams of golden light  
That tint the darkness of their wings,  
The light that beams from out the sky,  
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,  
Where all are blest, and none may sigh—  
I'm growing old!

### AFRAID OF A LAUGH.

"PLEASE, Aunt Eleanor, I can't do it," said Norman Hale, "the boys would laugh and tease me so; indeed I cannot."

"So my little nephew is afraid of a laugh, is he?" asked Mrs. Place, looking quietly at the boy by her side; "he is going to be like the weather vane, is he? turning with every shade of public opinion, afraid to do what is right and proper, because, forsooth, some of his companions may raise a laugh at his expense."

Norman did not reply, and his aunt continued: "Let me tell you a story of two boys I knew years ago. I will call them Moses and Giles, lest you should recognise the men before my story is begun. One of their playmates had received a box of valuable presents, and in imitation of his elders, thought he would treat all his young friends. His father furnished him with a decanter of reduced alcohol (just right for boys, he said), a bowl of sugar, several glasses and spoons. This boy, whose name was Silas, arranged them nicely on a table, feeling quite proud of the display, and invited all in the village to come and take a drink. A large number soon flocked around him, quite elated at the prospect before them—free drinks and plenty of sugar.

"Sitting at my open window, I heard Moses and Giles conversing. Neither relished the idea much, but Moses said it would look odd not to go through the motions. 'We needn't taste only the tiniest drop, you know' while Giles thought best to abstain from any appearance of evil and not go near temptation. 'But everybody will laugh at us, and say we're terribly afraid of becoming drunkards,' said Moses. 'Let them laugh, then,' replied Giles. 'If I never taste, I know I shall never be one. For my part, when I know a thing is right, I mean to do it, be the consequences what they may.' Poor Moses could not follow Giles's example, for he was not one to stay away while dozens were going.

"I don't know that the villagers perceived any immediate ill effects of Silas's treat, but Moses and Giles are now men, and which, Norman, do you think you would prefer to be?"

"I don't know," replied Norman, "I don't know who they are."

"Very well, I can tell you, then. You remember the man who lectured to us so earnestly and eloquently the other evening?"

"Of course I do; papa said he was the richest man in Buford, and he was the benevolent too, though I don't see how that can be. But who is the other?"

"Well, the other man is poor drunken Mills, who is often seen staggering through the street."

"Oh I know him, some of the boys were hooting him yesterday, and he threatened to chastise them. I could not help pitying him."

"Yes, he is truly an object of pity, and has been so from his childhood, for like a little boy I know now, he dared not do what was right lest he should be laughed at."

"Oh! auntie, I won't be afraid of a laugh any longer, but will go right about getting signers to the temperance pledge, and perhaps I will win a commission one of these days."—*Young People's Helper*.