

Selections.

WHO SERVES HIS COUNTRY BEST?

Who serves his country best?
Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray,
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:

That is a better way.

Who serves his country best?
Not he who guides her senates in debate,
And makes the laws which are her prop
and stay;
Not he who wears the poet's purple vest,
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:

There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; the law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone.

There is this better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, any doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read:

This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly litting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man each giving to the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:

There is no better way.

—ECHO.

DROP IN.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Written after reading the notice of the opening of a new and splendid public-house.

Drop in! our doors will be open,
Invitingly, all through the day,
And after the shadows have fallen,
The gaslight will show you the way.
You, doubtless, have noticed our sign-post—

A model, they say, of its kind,
And everything else in accordance
Within our apartments you'll find.
Drop in on your way to the office,
Ye business men, portly and grey;
Forget for a moment that matter
Which must be disposed of to day;
Come, look through our splendid apart-
ments,

And try our delectable drink,
Be sure you have tested its merits,
And then let us know what you think.
This "testing" will give you a headache,
Your brain will be clogged with the beer,
And that business matter of import
Somehow will not be at all clear.
You'll blunder, maybe, in your figures,
And throw a few thousand away,
No matter—it's what you contribute
In honour of Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in as you come up from dinner,
Young labourer, manly and strong;
We are proud of our splendid apart-
ments,

Look in as you're passing along.
We will give you a taste of our "nectar"
That will bring you again on the morrow,
We will sow the first seed in the furrow
That shall grow to a harvest of sorrow.
To-day you are steady and honest,
And you hoard what you earn with a view

Of settling down in the autumn
With somebody "tender and true";
But we'll waken a thirst that has slum-
bered,

It shall use up the earnings of years,
While the hopes and the dreams of a
lifetime

Go down in an ocean of tears.
Home, happiness, honor and money
Are all that we ask you to pay—
Are all that we wish you to give us
In honor of Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in as you come from the market,
Young countryman, give us a call;
That money just placed in your pocket
We know very well is your all.

'Twas earned by the sweat of the fore
head—

Now spend it in pleasure and ease,
Just enter our palace of splendours—
There's everything here that will please.
Bad habits are formed in an hour,
The lesson of vice is soon learned;
Once find the path pleasant and easy,
And we'll have the money you've earned.
You mean it to pay off the mortgage,
And free the farm wholly from debt,
And give the old people a homestead
With less of work, worry, and fret.
Find happiness once in our presence—
Think this an agreeable resort,
And the payments that now are made
promptly

Will soon become tardy and short;
The debts will increase, and the homo-
stead

At last will be taken away,
And the old folks left helpless and home-
less.

But then—this is Opening Day!
Drop in!

Drop in as you're passing, young husband!
The woman who stands at the gate,
Impatient to give you a greeting—
Don't think about her—she can wait.
No matter about the warm supper
That smokes in the oven for you,
All ready to put on the table,
Set with silver and china for two
Drop into our palace a moment
And taste of this liquor and that,
And we'll send you home late in the
evening

With a very large brick in your hat.
The sweet little wife will be sobbing,
Alone with her terror and grief,
And your staggering step in the entry
Will not give her joy or relief;
A supper that's spoiled in the oven—
A cloud overhanging and gray,
A heart that is wounded and bleeding,
Your tributes to Opening Day.
Drop in!

Drop in from the highway and hedges,
Irrespective of station or wealth;
We will lay aside social distinctions,
And drink "to your very good health."
Like the well-to-do, plethoric spider,
Who puts on no airs with the fly,
Albeit his palace is princely,
His station exalted and high,
We, too, are inclined to be cordial
To poor little insects that roam;
Like him, we would show you our par-
lours,

And have you feel wholly at home.
'Tis the birthplace of sin and of sorrow,
Here good names are battered away
For those of the idler and drunkard,
And this is our Opening Day!
Drop in!

— From the Good Templars Watchword

TEDDY'S SWEETHEART.

By EMMA A. McCracken.

"Teddy's got a sweetheart! Look at
the poety flower!" said a group of
workmen one morning, as a stalwart
young fellow came up with a flower on
the lapel of his rough, well-worn work-
ing coat.

"Got a sweetheart, Teddy?"
"Yes boys, I have a little sweet
heart," said Teddy, and a flush came
over his manly face.

"Well, she must be a stunner for it—a
geranium, and white, too. Hooray
for Teddy's sweetheart! She's worth a
treat. Come on, Teddy! Let's go and
drink her health! There's plenty of
time before we go to work."

Teddy looked down at the flower and
hesitated, while the flush deepened in
his face. "No, boys," he said, "I can't
go and wear the pretty flower. The
hands that placed it there were in-
nocent. I am going to keep it clean."

"Oh, she's a temperance, is she,
Teddy? a white rib'n'—and that's
your white rib'n'? Well, maybe there's
more of us 'ud be better off if we had
white ribbons too."

Teddy's companion workman was a
quarrelsome fellow, and during the
forenoon they had some hot words
together.

"Wait till noon and we'll have a
settlement," said the man.

"All right," said Teddy, "I am ready
to settle and pay all that's due."

When the men had gathered for
lunch, the fellow came up blustering
and renewed the quarrel.

"Are you ready for that settlement?"
said he, as he removed his coat.

The other men looked up eagerly, for

they knew that a fight with Teddy in it
meant something fine.

"All ready," said Teddy, but as
he started to take off his coat, he saw
the white flower still gleaming on it,
and his hands dropped.

"I can't do it. I couldn't put on
that pretty flower again if I should
fight. You may call me a coward if
you want to," he said as he walked
away.

Every morning Teddy came to his
work wearing a fresh flower.

The workmen became so accustomed
to it that they stopped teasing him.

To him it became a talisman against
evil, for when he was tempted to do
wrong, he would look down and see it
shining, and would say to himself, "No,
no, Teddy, you must keep the flower
pure, and keep yourself always fit to
wear it, for the sake of the giver."

One morning Teddy did not come to
the work. "What's the matter with
Teddy?" said the workmen, for he was
a great favorite on account of his manly
qualities, and sure to be missed.

"Maybe his sweetheart's gone back
on him," said one.

"More likely they've gone on an
excursion out where the flowers grow.
She must be uncommon fond of them.
He'll be here to-morrow," said another.

But when to-morrow came he was not
there, nor the third morning, and the
men said, "It's not like Teddy to take
a lay-off like this. There must be
something wrong," and two of them
volunteered to go to the house during
the noon hour to find out what was the
matter.

As they came up to the cottage, they
halted, for there was crape on the door.

"Do you think it can be Teddy?"
said one, with a frightened look.

"No. Don't you see it's white, and
with a white ribbon too? It must be a
child."

While they waited, Teddy came to
the door. "Come in, boys! You're
welcome!"

"We're sorry for you, Teddy, and
so'll all the men be. Right sorry. Who
is it?"

He led them into the parlour and
showed them the face of the dead.

It is Teddy's sweetheart boys my own
little sister, a wee girlie only three
years old. I had always called her
sweetheart, and when you boys joked
me, I let it go at that. I couldn't have
loved her better if she had been my
own real sweetheart." His voice
trembled and broke. "You'll forgive
me, boys, for the sake of what the
flower has done for me. There it is,"
and he pointed to a large geranium
plant, full of white blossom.

"I saw it in a shop window one day
and brought it home for her. It was
like a playfellow to her, for she talked
to it, and fondled it as if it were human.
Every morning when I started to work

she brought me a blossom, and tried to
pin it on my coat with her little
dimpled hands, saying, 'This is for you,
brother. You must wear it all day and
keep it clean.' You, boys, know I tried
to keep it clean, and how it has kept
me clean, and made a better man of
me. Though the little hands are still
now, and will never bring me another
flower, I think I shall always see it in
its olden place on my coat, and be the
better for the memory of it. Here are
two blossoms, boys. I know she would
want me to give them to you. Pin
them on your coats and keep them
clean. Good bye!"

When they laid the wee form beneath
the green sward, where it made only a
rippie surface, they placed at the head
the beautiful geranium plant, and over
the folded hands they laid a wreath of
glimmering white geranium blossoms,
and on the card was written:—

"For Teddy's sweetheart from his
fellow-workmen"—Temperance League
Journal.

THE TRADE AS REFORMER

Sir Wilfred Lawson and his temper-
ance friends have found, says the
Leeds Mercury, an unexpected ally
in the chairman of the Leeds City
Brewery Company, who declared at the
annual dinner of the shareholders on
Monday, that "our licensing law was
simply a farce." Temperance reform
ought to be a much easier task than it
is generally supposed to be, when pro-
hibitionists and brewers are able to
agree in condemning our present licens-
ing system as farcical.

BACK AGAIN

THE FAMOUS

"BLACK KNIGHT"



REV. J. H. HECTOR

will return to
Ontario (D.V.) in
December for a
short lecture
tour and is now
open for engage-
ments.

Applications for
terms and dates
should be made at
once to

F. S. SPENCE,
52 Confederation Life Bldg.,
TORONTO, CAN.

Read the following specimen
extracts from newspaper opinions
of this MARVELLOUS MAN.

CANADIAN.

His speech was irresistible in its
earnestness and pathos. — *Toronto
Globe*.

A powerful address, full of humor
and sanctified common sense. — *London
Advertiser*.

A veritable outburst of true-spirited,
natural eloquence, born of a devoted
patriotism. — *Charlottetown Guardian*.

Succeeded without any apparent
difficulty in keeping his audience in
rours of laughter. — *Toronto World*.

The large assemblage was inspired,
amused, thrilled and caused to weep
almost in unison. — *Montreal Witness*.

ENGLISH.

The embodiment of all that is best in
his race—humorous, solemn, eloquent
and pathetic. — *South Wales Argus*.

His inimitable drollery, mixed with
the truest wisdom, completely took
the gathering by storm. — *Christian
World*.

Such an amount of hearty, healthy,
wit-provoked laughter we have never
heard before in one and a half hours—
Methodist Times.

A sparkling speaker, full of fire and
dramatic action, and carries his audi-
ence along in a very tornado of elo-
quence. — *Templar Watchword*.