

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

[No. 39.

Home Rule.

The farmer sat in his old arm-chair,
Rosy and fair,
"Kate, I declare,"
He said to his wife who was knitting
near,
"We need not fear
The hard times here,
Though the leaf of life is yellow and sere.

"I am the king, thou art the queen,
Of this fair scene;
Our love is green
As when thou wert a village maid,
And I, a blade,
In love—afraid
My fondest hopes would be delayed.

"Now, whether the days be
dim or fine,
In rain and shine,
Here—thine and mine—
Are cattle grazing upon the
hill,
Taking their fill,
And sheep so still,
Like many ruled by a single
will.

"These barnyard fowls, our
subjects all,
They heed the call,
Both great and small,
When we scatter for them
the grain,
'Tis not in vain
We live and reign
In this our happy, fair
domain,

"Unvexed with shifting
stocks and shares,
And the affairs
Of speculation in mart and
street,
In this retreat
Sweet Peace can meet
Plenty, that's crowned with
braided wheat."
And bulls and bears
—Vick's Magazine.

him to a table, and ripped him up as though he had been a senseless object. The suffering creature groaned and howled in his agony, and just before dying raised his head and licked the hand of his savage tormentor."

"What a mighty drama is unfolded in the development of the Russian empire! The whole world watches it with absorbing interest. But there is a tragedy in progress in the empire. A Russian journal says that the lower classes in the tsar's domains have one-third less to eat than their grandparents had. The lack of proper nourishment in uncounted homes is a shadow which dims the splendours of imperialism."

A NOBLE DOG.

Among the heroic deeds performed at the wreck of the City of Chester, some years ago, there is one which should not go unrecorded.

Captain Wallace had a large, finely built Irish setter dog named Jerry. Amid the general confusion which reigned aboard the doomed vessel Jerry didn't get much attention. He ran up and down the deck among the frightened people looking for his friends, and being unable to find them, remained on board and, according to the testimony of First Mate McCallum, was the last living being on the deck.

He was drawn under by the suction when the vessel sank, but came up again and began swimming about among the

ROB'S RECORD.

Rob is now seven years old and feels himself very big and important. He thrusts his hands down into his trousers' pockets and struts about trying to act as much like a man as possible. Sometimes grandma speaks before company of Rob's looks and ways when he was like Benny.

"Why, grandma!" he exclaims, "I was never like Benny. He has to be propped up in bed by a big pillow, and can do nothing but crow and clap his hands."

"And he can straighten back, open his little throat and scream, when he feels that the world is abusing him, just as you used to."

Then Rob becomes quite indignant, but he cools down when he remembers that his papa has a very curious thing in the house, or rather two of them, which have made it impossible ever for him to outgrow his "record," as his papa calls it. The first of these record-makers is a camera, and the second is a phonograph.

When Rob was a little boy one of the first things his papa did was to snap the kodak on him, and there in the picture he appears, just as he first came into the world, a little red, squirming, naked baby.

One of the next things Rob's papa did was to have his phonograph up into the bed-room, attach a large horn to it, and when baby Rob had one of his "colicky spells," as the nurse called his more violent crying fits, to have her hold him up close to the large end of the horn so that the phonograph would record upon the wax cylinder all his pitiful wails and sharp little screams.

About once in six months the kodak and the phonograph were brought into use, and there is a picture of baby Rob as he appeared after his clothes had been "shortened," another showing him just as he looked in his first attempt at walking; another in kilts; and still another in trousers, but wearing his long baby ringlets; and still another after he had been shorn and appeared, as his father said, a little "bullet-headed boy." There are also phonograph records of Rob's first "goo-goo," his earliest attempt at saying "mamma" and "dada," a tinkling baby laugh or two, his first sentence, his first success in whistling, his first school declamation, and some songs of his.

Of course Rob is very proud to show off the later ones, but he feels rather ashamed of his baby doings, especially the crying.

When his papa needs to "take his self-conceit down a little," all that is necessary to humble his pride is to say, "Come, Rob, we'll go to the phonograph, put on the baby records and let you hear yourself cry."

After all, it is no disgrace to have been a baby, and don't you think Rob's record will be interesting to his children and grandchildren?—J. F. Cowan, in Youth's Companion.

A MERITED REBUKE.

An able lawyer of indolent habits was once ridiculing the activity of a possibly weaker brother, when the judge who was hearing the case coolly interposed the somewhat sarcastic remark, "An engine of one cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still."



AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Either the girl in the picture does not mind the attention this long-legged animal is giving her, or else has purposely placed her hat so that the creature can get at it, for she does not seem to care how much of her hat is destroyed. The animal is called a giraffe, and it has noticed the flowers on the girl's bonnet, which it very evidently thinks are real ones. So it has stretched its long neck over the bars of its cage, and has curled its long tongue round the stalk, and is just going to pull the flower off altogether. The girl's companion is drawing her attention to this, but she is probably too late, for whatever happens, the giraffe is sure to have a good long pull at it before he leaves go again.

people in the water. He came to a woman floating about helpless and almost gone, and the noble animal caught her dress in his teeth and began swimming for the life-boats.

When McCallum, the mate, was picked up by the Oceanic, which came to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew, he directed the boat to the dog, and both woman and animal were taken into the boat and saved, though they were well-nigh exhausted.

The dog found a friend in McCallum and remained with him, and when the mate went to the morgue to announce that he was not dead, Jerry followed at his heels as if he knew what a brave part he had played, and wanted to be seen in the company of the man who launched the first lifeboat.

WHAT ANIMALS HAVE DONE.

In a recent address, Dr. Bergh, the friend of dumb animals, showed that the connection of animals with the affairs of mankind had been a remarkable one. He said: "The protest of Balaam's ass prevented the commission of the greatest crime against heaven, and the cackling of geese saved Rome. When the armies of James II. and William were confronting one another, the noise made by a wren picking up some crumbs from the top of a drum awoke the sleeping drummer, and thus saved the army of William. Scott tells us that the most splendid event in the history of Scotland, namely, the ascent of Bruce to the throne, was owing to a simple spider, and one of the greatest naval victories of England resulted from the crowing of a cock. A St. Bernard dog, named Barry, during twelve years of service on the mountains saved the lives of forty travellers. Greyfriars' Bobby lay upon the grave of his master nine years, and his unparalleled devotion has been perpetuated by a monument, erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A young man once rowed out into the middle of the river with a dog, and then threw him overboard. The faithful animal clung to the boat, but was driven off by his cruel master, until at length, during his efforts, he lost his own balance and fell into the stream. Did the dog desert him? No; he seized him by his clothes and held him above water till succour arrived. One of those cruel enthusiasts known as dissectors of living animals being once in need of a subject actually took his own dog, which had been for years in his family, confined