

## The Inglenook.

### Fred and Carlo.

BY FAY STUART.

Little Fred Keith had no brother nor sister to play with, and when company came he was very selfish with his playthings.

One day his father brought home a beautiful collie. "Now, Fred," he said, "Carlo is to be your pet, but you must treat him kindly and not be selfish."

They had grand frolics when they went for a walk together. If Fred threw a stick into the pond Carlo would always swim out and bring it back.

One bright morning in July Fred went out into the pasture to pick berries. He carried two small pails, in one of which mother had packed a nice luncheon. Carlo trotted along carrying the empty pail in his mouth.

The blueberries hung in clusters on the low bushes but the sun was hot, and before one pail was filled Fred decided that it was surely dinner time. He sat down in the shade of a tall laurel bush and began to eat a sandwich. Carlo smelled the meat and begged for a piece, but though his big brown eyes were wistful, and he held up both paws, Fred took no notice.

"I'm real hungry and I want it all myself. You can catch a squirrel," he said at last.

The second sandwich was half gone, and Carlo's eyes looked sad. "Carlo has been chasing a rabbit all the morning; p'rhaps he is as hungry as I am. I guess maybe he can have this ham and cake, and I'll eat the pie."

Carlo barked a joyous "Thank you!" and, somehow, Fred's pie tasted twice as good as usual. Then they ran down to the spring and drank some of the clear water.

When both pails were full they started for home. Faithful Carlo carried one pail so carefully that not a berry was spilled.

The next afternoon Fred took Carlo for a walk in the fields. Grandfather's barn, where he kept his salt hay, stood all by itself in the pasture, and near by was an old cellar. Fred went to the edge to look over, a stone loosened, and he fell in. He tried for a long while to climb out, but each time he fell back.

Carlo ran round the edge, barking; then he jumped in. Fred was glad that he did not leave him alone. He called for help until he was tired. The sun went down with all his might, but the only answer was an echo from the old barn. By and by he lay down beside Carlo and cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke the moon was shining brightly. He remembered a ginger snap that was in his pocket. "I'll give Carlo half, the dear doggy!" he thought. Out came the cookie, and his little blank book with it. Fred shouted with delight as he emptied his pocket. It was full like all boys' pockets, and sure enough! there was a stubby pencil and some string.

He tore a page from the book and wrote: "Dear Mother—I'm in the old cellar and can't get out. Fred."

He tied the paper round Carlo's neck. Then he piled up all the rocks until he could reach high enough to help Carlo out. "Go home, quickly, Carlo," he said, and the dog leaped away.

Lanterns were flashing into dark corners, and all the neighbors were hunting for Fred. Mrs. Keith ran to the door when she heard Carlo's bark. How she did hug him after she had read the note!

"Mother," exclaimed Fred after he had eaten supper and finished telling the story of his adventure, "I'm glad that I gave Carlo some dinner yesterday. If he had not helped me I'd be in the old cellar now."

"Yes," said his mother, "Carlo is a true friend. I should be very sorry if my little boy were selfish to such a good dog."—The Morning Star.

### Filling in the Chinks.

"Oh, I just fill in the chinks." The girl laughed as she said it, but her mother added quickly:

"The chinks are everything. You haven't the slightest idea what a help she is and what a load it lifts from my shoulders, this 'filling in of the chinks' as she calls it."

The busy woman spoke warmly as she smiled happily at her daughter.

"You see, when she was through school, there didn't seem to be anything definite for her to do. Her father and I wanted her at home, for a while at least, before she undertook to go out into the world."

"Our one servant does all the heavy work, of course, and I am kept pretty busy with the children, and so she looked around and noticed the little things that should be done to keep a home neat and orderly, and which a servant never does and I have very little time for. The leftovers, I always called them—oh, but it is such a comfort to have them done."

"And what are they?" I asked of the girl, as she sat pulling out the edges of a lace mat and miking it look fresh and fluffy.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "There are so many of them, and such little things, you know."

She spoke almost apologetically.

"Let me see. Well, I began in the parlor, of course. All girls do at first. There were some little silver vases that were seldom shined. I kept those bright, and the silver on the afternoon tea-table. You have no idea how much it tarnishes. And the little cups always dusted, and the doilies fresh and clean, and the tidies also. Really, that is a work by itself, and in other never used to have time. Then the picture moulding. The brass hooks that hold the picture cord was never dusted. I kept those clean."

"Then in the bedrooms. I look out that there are fresh towels on the bureau and stand, and that the hair receivers are not jammed full."

"It is really too funny the way I found them packed when I first began. And the soap dishes clean and fresh soap when it is needed, and dusters in their bags, and waste baskets emptied, oh, yes, and buttons sewed on to the shoes. I believe I sew on a half-dozen every day."

"I go over the house daily, in the morning right after the children are sent to school."

"I begin by picking up the things they

have dropped, and putting them in their proper places."

"Then I go into the library, sharpen the pencils that need it: fill the ink well; see that the pens in the penholders are good, the blotting pad not too old, the waste basket empty; and then I go through the other rooms, and, if you'll believe me, I always find something to be done, something aside from the regular work of clearing up, sweeping, or bed making, these belong to the girl to do."

"You see, I only do the little things that get left for the general cleaning, or neglected altogether."

"It is very pleasant, and helps—at least mother says that it does."

"Yes," said the mother, "and no one else knows what a difference it does make in having those chinks filled."—Good Housekeeping.

### The Burial of the Year.

BY REV. ELISHA SAFFORD.

I heard the mournful knell of chimes out pealing  
From lofty belfry and cathedral tower,  
And through each crystal note went sadly stealing

The anguish of the old year's dying hour.

Methought the world lay lapped in dreamless shadow,  
When from the earth there welled a tearful song  
That over orphaned hill and wood and meadow  
In sobbing misereres rolled along.

I saw the ghosts of years long, long since vanished,  
Come forth from mould'ring tombs to greet the dead;

And spectral centuries, into dim realms banished,  
Stand mutely at the grave with bowed head.

And godless empires old in song and story  
From misty ages came to grace his bier;  
And even Time, grim-visaged, stern and hoary,  
Shed on his pall the tribute of a tear!

The angels came with harps all stringless,  
Broken,  
And, as o'er earth the sad procession swept,  
A world bereaved of life and sound and motion  
Upraised its voice and all creation wept.

Thus under silent skies and stars they laid him,  
With gentle hands they turned the frozen sod,  
And in his winding shroud of snow arrayed him,  
To sleep for aye beneath the eye of God!

We note in the Victorian paper, that Bishop Orth is in Ottawa, looking after the interests of the Roman Catholic Church amongst the Indians on the Pacific Coast. The Catholics claim that all the Indians on the West Coast belong to them, because twenty five years ago a trip of a few weeks was made, visiting each tribe and baptizing many children. On these grounds they claim that the Protestant Churches ought to respect their rights, by withdrawing from that whole region. Protestants do not so understand Christ.—F. M. Tidings.

"Any thing new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in the police station.

"Yes," said the sergeant.

"What is it?" said the reporter, whipping out his note-book.

"That paint you are leaning against."

A "BOER," as all have learned since the Boer war, is the ancient name for farmer. A "neighbor" means "nigh-boor," a near farmer, the man whose acres touch yours.