

THE HOME SICK PUP.

Ye puppe Last night all night I lay awake,
is sad. In a sad and weary mood;
My heart was sad for the old times' sake,
And the tears my pillow bedewed.
What was the cause of my tear-stained eyes
That were wet till the sun was up?
I listened all night to the plaintive cries,
The cries of a home-sick pup.

I have been The poor little chap was shut in a shed,
there myself. Oh, lonely and sad was he;
And his mournful cries would stir the dead,
His mother—oh, where was she?
He wept all night with a tearful eye,
The little chap never let up;
And I thought of the days long past when I
Felt just like that home-sick pup.

I sympathise I remember the time in by gone years,
with ye puppe. When first I started to roam;
I lay all night with the starting tears,
And longed for a breath of home.
And so when I heard the orphan's cries
I knew he was tasting the cup,
So I stole to the shed to sympathise
With that poor little home-sick pup.

On the I got a letter the other day from a man in
Dead, Hamilton who wished he was dead. He
said that though he was a perfect stranger
to me he admired me very much, and red my writings when
ever he got the chance. He wound up by saying that he
wished he was dead. I don't know what he meant by this
except it was a broad hint for me to go up to Hamilton
and kill him. This ambition to be dead is a characteristic of
too many people in this country. Your blood would run cold
with horror if you know how many people every hour of the day
most earnestly wish and pray that they were dead. Your wife
wished she was dead when you came home head first last night,
and you yourself wished you were dead when you woke up this
morning. No live man should wish he was dead. What good
is a man after he is dead—only a bill of expense and a trouble
to his friends. People who wish they were dead never die, but
worry to death better people than they are.

The graveyards are full of people who lost their health
taking care of people who wished they were dead. You can
rest assured that the man who wishes he was dead is no good
on top of the earth. This is on the dead.

Bob Dandy. There are some papers in this town who
make a great fuss over the news-boys, not
from any missionary motive, I'll be bound, but for purely
business reasons. The chief fakir, and he is mean enough
to steal buckwheat from a blind game cock, is fast develop-
ing into a local preacher. He has got all the symptoms,
indigestion, impertinence and a whine, and I expect him to
stop me on the street some day and ask me if I'm a follower
of the Lord. The movement in its self is a good one and
the glory of it is being reaped by everybody but the one who
inaugurated the movement. I speak of Bob Dandy. There is
not a news-boy in the city but knows Bob Dandy, and for the
past ten years he has been working steadily and faithfully for his
little friends and now when the association is formed, which he
ever had in his mind's eye, we don't hear a word about Bob
Dandy. Men who don't know a solitary news-boy in the city by
name are wearing the laurels that Bob Dandy earned by good
hard missionary work. Ask the boys if they know Bob Dandy
and they will tell you he is the best friend they ever had.

The Girl who
Giggles in
the Choir.

Some years ago I wrote verses entitled "The
girl who giggles in the choir," and those
verses are travelling around yet. It was
generally admitted, however, that there was
a great deal more truth than poetry in them as they dealt
rather rudely with a privileged class. I say it avowedly, a
privileged class. A class who appear to think that they,
because they sit in the choir, have a license to grin, giggle,
snicker, snuffle, sneer, whisper smirk and make a holy show of
themselves generally.

The way I came to write those verses was this: I had a dear
little sweetheart as pretty as a peach, with a face like a Johnny
Jumpup peeping up at you from the grass. She pounded on a
type-writer for a living and the newspaper hog who employed
her gave her four dollars (\$4.00) a week for her services. Never-
theless she was a perfect little lady—and my grandmother
approved of her very much. Indeed when grandmother brought
me down my dinner when the whistles blew for noon, she always
had a piece of pie or a dough nut concealed about her person
which she fed to the little type-writer girl in the secret recesses
of the gun room. They became great friends, but they would
cease speaking and look absently out of the window when I came
upon them suddenly. Now this little girl, I will call her Birdie,
for convenience, sang in a choir. Now she couldn't sing—none
of them can—she had a cracked china, brie-a-brac, egg beater
sort of a voice with a buzz in it as if it leaked some where, and
this accomplishment gained her admission to a big mixed choir.
In an evil moment I brought grandmother to that church.
Birdie sat away up on a high seat behind the preacher, very
much in evidence. She was very much dressed, and all thro'
the service or whatever they call it she kept up an animated
conversation behind her fan with a lanky galoot who sang bass.
He wore a low necked dress in order to show his Adam's apple
which was as big as a hen's nest and looked like a tumor.
When he sang it moved up and down his neck like a doomed cat
in a bran bag, and he had a voice like a fog-horn. She wasn't the
dear little Birdie of the working days. Surely this girl with the
smirk and grin, the loud ribbons and the picture hat, the con-
spicuous rings and locket, the manifold bangs and crinps was
not the Birdie, the sweet, flower-faced Birdie of the week before.
Surely this ill-bred hussy in the choir, who scowled down on the
congregation as if they were inferior cattle, and blossomed into
a smile when the yahoo with the Adam's apple gabbed some-
thing into her ear, was not my Birdie! No, a thousand times
no! And that is why my grandmother is still keeping house for
me, and that is why no little Khan or Khanette carries me my
dinner pail when the whistle blows.

These painful memories were awakened in my mind on read-
ing the account of the snubbing that General Booth gave a gang
of gigglers in the choir gallery of Wesley church, Hamilton,
some days ago. He said he was not accustomed to such exhibi-
tion of vulgarity and low breeding in the slums of London, or
the purlieus of Glasgow or Belfast. To borrow a mixed choir
expression, he gave it to them in the neck. The ministerial
association of this city should get General Booth to come here
right away. A giggling alto, a smirking soprano, a grinning
tenor and a yahoo basso, detract from the dignity of the preacher,
distract attention from his discourse, lend a vaudeville and
variety show air to the proceedings and gives one the impression
that the next act will be a skirt dance a la Carmenita. Not
that the choir should be blamed for all this, for the preachers
themselves have borrowed largely from Barry Sullivan and Tony
Pastor, and the ministerial clown and pantaloon, and the evan-
gelical contortionist and mountebank are not unknown to the
pulpit.

Academy of Music, the grand old actress Ada Gray to-night