# POET'S EMERGENCY.

(CHILDRES'S STORT.)

It was a happy moment for Abner Bassott when the committee asked him to write a poem for the dedication of the new schoolhouse. Even the fact that searcely a week was allowed for the undertaking did not deter him from accepting the proposition.

"That's all right, he said, contidently. "Il he on hand."
He hastened away from the postonice as soon as the arrangements were completed, his dreamy face radiant with delight. He was in a fever impatience to tell the wonderful news to Martha, he had formed the habit of carrying overything to her

and with doiling. The was a cloud inputiones to that he wonderful news to Martha, he had formed the habit of carrying overything to her feeling certain that the sister who was me untiring, devoted companion would understand, and rejoice or sorrow as the occasion required.

There were only these two in the home nest new, and they held staunch by to each other. If you had hinted to him that he leaned on her judgment he would have scorned the suggestion. He, a man and a poot—she, only a girt; the idea was absurd!

It seemed an interminable time to him before he reached the little, weather-beaten old house at the foot of the hill, with its orchard straggling back of it up the slope, and the young garden at its side showing bravely in spring attire.

Martha was in the kitchen getting

spring attire.

Martha was in the kitchen getting suppor, but she paused in her work as he entered tempestuously, and then the latened to his rapid sentences, her face growing luminous with de-

as he entered tempestuously, and then is he istened to his rapid sentences, her face growing luminous with delight.

O Abner!" she interposed, breathlessly, what is the poetry to be about?"

"About the children and school and life generally. They left it to me."

"Do you think you can do it?"

"Think! I know I can."

Martha turned back to her cake, all her doubts swopt aside by that cheery assertion. Her trust and pride in her brother were immeasurable.

Portersville, on the whole, shared those feeling: it was a special glory to the little village to have so wonderful a being as a poet a familiar figure in its streets. Some neighboring towns could point out certain architectural successes in the shape of church, bank or soldiers' monument, with a warrantable degree of pride, but such landwork faded into insignificance when compared with this youth who could make up little poems in his head that set people's pulses tingling, or brought tears to their eyes.

At least that was Portersville's verdict, and best of all hone was her very own—simple and country-bred, its his fellows.

A few of his neighbors, however, did not fall under his spell; they disapproved strongly of his aimless wanderings in woods and fields, when duty so clearly domanded his presence at home. Nor did Martha's argument that at such times he was waiting for inspiration serve to avert their consure. "Waiting for inspiration is just an excuse for being lazy," Widow Green remarked. "I should think ideas would be as likely to ome if he turned his attention to doing something." But such a combined exertion of muscle and brain was not in Abner's scope.

But such a combined exertion of muscle and brain was not in Abner's scope.

Happily for him, Martha was not postically inclined; had that been the case, the household of Bassott must have suffered indeed. There was nothing suggestive of poetry about her except her youth, —sho was barely eighteen,—but the responsibilities imposed upon her made her appear much loder.

She represented the prose of life an every day little sentence, devoid of ornament, that stood as a humble foot note to her brother's more splendid page, and lovingly explained many obscure passages, though neither was aware of that service.

"Abner's always had this gift," she would say, "though no one knew if for years. He never said anything about it, but when he was fourteen mother found some of his verses clied? Oh I that want the word for it—she was so happy and proud; her only regret was that father hadn't lived to know the glory Abner would be to the name. I remember she said to me, though I was only ten years old, 'We mustn't put any hindrance in the way of his gonius, dear. We must manage without tilm, and let him have all the time for his poetry and studies."

and studies."

"Just before she died, two years ago." Martha's voice always trembled here, "she asked me to be sure and help him as much as I could—poets aren't very practical, I guess; there's always something childlike about them, even when they're grown up. So I promised, and I've never had cause to regret it. Why, he sold one poem to a magazine!" gret it.

a magazine!"
Doep in her honest heart she meant what she said, but she was only human, and many times she rebelled against the dreamy, idle ways which irritated her quicker nature. Living with a genius has its drawbacks as well as its advantages; there are even cocasions whon the former outbalance the latter.

the latter.

There was nothing but contentment in her soul that night as they talked over the importance of the coming dedication; and the next few days were happy ones for her. She tiploed about her work in order not to disturb the inert figure on the porch. She concocted dainty dishes to tempt his

appette, and kept every annoyance at bay. But her efforts were unavailing; a dark conviction sottled gradually upon her—the por was congless! Each morning she studied his face for some encouragement, and she lay awake threugh the long hours of the night listening to him as he noved about his recom. There was a vague feeling of apprehension in the air that affected her in spite of her implied belief of his abilities, he had never been so long over any composition, and none had ever moved him so deeply. His face was haggard, his eyes burned strangely.

"Do give it up," she bleaded once, breaking in upon his solitide.

He was counting abstractedly upon list fingers, and started at the sound of her vice.

of her voice.
"It'll make you sick, Abner. Please

give it up."

He flashed an angry glance in her

Ho flashed an angry glance in her direction.

"I wish you'd be more considerate, and leave me alone," he exclatined, petulantly; "you've frightened away two rhymes."

pecunanty; you to inglitened away two thynnes."

Martha choked down the lump in her throat and returned to the kitchen.

"It's hardest for him, poor boy!" she murmured. "Suppose the committee had asked me to make a now-fangled cake, and hadn't given any recipe, and I only knew I must use butter and sugar and eggs, and so on. I guess the mixing would have bothered me, and after all it mightn't have turned out to their taste! It's pretty much the same with this poetry, and yet people think it just bubbles right up.

She paused in dismay: her figure of

She paused in dismay; her figure of speech had suggested an idea that filled her with nervous dread. What if the spring of Abner's fancy had gone dry? In that event it would be useless to cast down the buckets—they would only come up empty! And Portersville—what would Portersville—av?

would only come up empty: And Portersville—what would Portersville say?

The horror of the situation be numbed her faculties, but in proportion as her spirits sank her brother's rose. The night before the auspicious Thursday he strolled out on the porch, whistling light-heartedly. Martha looked up from the doorstep, where she was resting after an unusually trying day, when everything had gone at cross-purposes. There was a mute question in her eyes.

"Yes," said Abner, "the poem's done. Do you want to hear it?"
The delight on her upturned face was his only answer. He took a paper from his pooket and opened it difficulty; he seemed ill at ease, though it was nothing new for him to submit his werses at first-haud to this gentlest of critics.

It was a simple poem, but in many

verses at next-hand to this generate or crities.

It was a simple poem, but in many respects a good one. There was something helpful in the idea that life is a school where the lessons are set by a gracious Master, who knows the capability of each scholar. Judged by certain standards the verses might not have passed muster, but the girl's loving sense detected no flaw in metre or rhyme. Some of the lines struck a vibrant chord in her breast.

"Why, Abner." she cried, softly; "why, Abner."

"Voll, what's your honest opinion?"

Martha rose and went to his side. She put her hand shyly on his arm; the touch was like a caress. "It's beautiful—beautiful You'vo never written like that before!"

beautiful—beautiful! You've nover written like that before!"

"Oh, come now," he interrupted, roughly, "you always say that—the last one's always the best with you. Well, I'm glad it's off my mind, any way. I guess I'll no for a walk."

He lounged down the little path and out into the road; on one hand the village lights twinkled in friendly invitation, on the other the lonely downs beckoned mysteriously. Martha, watching him, saw the momentary healtation; then she smiled to herself as he turned his back on the village and strode away.

She could comprehend that at such

as he turned his back on the village and strode away.

She could comprehend that at such a time the voice of nature would be most in tune with his mood. She often felt a longing to take her troubles or pleasures to the great mother, and there find relief and understanding; but her duties seldom allowed her that form of self indulgence.

She stood for a while where he had left her, thinking proudly of his achievement, her whole being aglow with thankfulness. She had been so fearful of failure for him, and instead he had succeeded beyond her fondest dreams. He had never done so well—she could say that now, when he was not by to laugh at her criticism. It was very quiet out there in the soft darkness. Occasionally a whippoorwill on the hilliade sent out its wailing cry, but otherwisr the silence was unbroken. A faint fragrance came from the orchard, where the blossoms lay like snow upon the trees. A night-bird flew by: its discordant note jarred on the girl's happy thoughts; she turned and went into the house.

Many things were crying for her attention, amonget them the brushing

the house.

Many things were crying for her attention, amonget them the brushing of Abner's best suit for the morrow. She was not unprepared for the disorder the lamp revealed in his room. The table by the window was strewn with papers scribbled over with fine handwriting; down either side of the pages were little columns of words, like those in a spelling-book. Whe poet had made his own rhyming decitionary as necessity required, but his

methods did not seem ridiculous to the

methods did not seem transmoothing with deft fingers, humming grily as she moved about. As she finished her work a bit of yellowish paper on the floor, stirred by the breeze from the open window, fluttered to her feet. She teoped and ploked it up. It was a newspaper clipping, old and crumpled.

plod.

On one side was some shipping intelligence, on the other a little poom. She looked at the verses carelessly at first, but something familiar in the lines riveted her glance in spite of corself. The next moment she gave a sharp ory the color surged into her face, then it receded, leaving her as pale as death. There was a strange buzzing in her care; thereom wentround

pale as death. Three was a strange buzzing in her care; the room wentround and round—she put out her hand and clung to the table to keep from falling.

"O Abner!" she said, below her broath.
Everything was wrapped in a mist—the sweet, damp air from the sleeping gardon chilled her. She shivered slightly, she felt so bruised and unlike herself. There was a dull ache in her heart for which she could not account; it seemed to her that something head gone out of her life—that something beautiful and holy lay dead in the little room.

it seemed to her that something had gone out of her life—that something beautiful and holy lay dead in the little room.

By degrees she realized what had happened. Abner, her brother, was a thief! Ile had stolen another's work and called it hie own!

It was hard to believe, and yet the little peam in her han? was a silent winess of his guilt. On the moment winess of his guilt. On the sealing two high particular was a silent wines of his guilt. On the sealing two high guilt. On the sealing to he know it was stealing to take another's idea; as much so, in lact,—though not so pacishable.—as to be a bank. What was wrong in he other.

Then her mood changed, and in her great love for him she began to make excuses. After all, perhaps, it wasn't so wrong; she was overfanciful and tired, and exaggerated what he had done; he had really tried hard, and it was such a temptation! His head had been turned a little by the honor conferred upon him. She stirred nervously. Honor? All to gain a little applause he had sacrificed the honor of his sou!

He would never forfeit the sweets of public approval, for which he had been willing to pay so high a price. And she could not denounce him; she seel placed upon her lips. She stretched out her hands with a little sob.

"O mother! mother!" she cried, "I'm gled you are nothere to know this—and it's the first time in my life I've been willing to be without you."

She leaned forward and extinguished the light, then she groped her way

This said you are not here to know this - and it's the first time in my life I've been willing to be without you."

She leaned forward and extinguished the light, then she groped her way to her own room.

The schoolhouse was crowded to overflowing the next day; all Porters ville was there to honor the dedication. The opening hymn had been aung, the short address had been given, and then short address had been given, and then short address had been given, and then short address had been given, and the short address had been given be greater a short address had been given be considered momentarily to the corner where he caught a glimpse of Martha's face; its pallor and expression of suffering struck him like an unexpected blow. He wondered if it were possible that she was working to suffering struck him like an unexpected blow. He wondered if it were possible that she was working to hard; he had been so absorbed in his own plats that he had not thought of her. How faithful she was!

A deep flush burnt in his thin ohesis; he aquared his shoulders resolutely, then he glanced at the paper in his hands for a moment before he raised his head.

"I'd like to say a fow words," he began, in a voice which was oddly broken; "I won't keep you very long. When the committee asked me for a poem I don't think there was a prouder man in all Portersville than I was—no, nor a happier one. I felt sure I could do what was wanted, but when I set to work the ideas wouldn't come. I could mak: the words rhyme fast could be hot there was a try heart in what I wrote.

"Well, I was discouraged, though I wen on trying. I didn't want to fail you and the time aligned he rail."

onough, but there was a say mean what I woote.

"Well, I was discouraged, though I went on trying. I didn't want to fail you, and the time slipped by, and I had nothing to show for it. And then, just when I was ready to give up, somolines came to me, and—oh, I hope you will understand—they were not my own lines; it was a little poem I had found one day among my father's papers in tine attio. It was printed in in a newsraper years ago, and was annoymo." I liked it so much that I cut it out and kept it with my own things; and I suppose, reading it over as often as I did, the words got into my memory.

oten as I did, the words got into my memory.

"I put the thought out of my mind and tried to go on with my writing; but somehow I couldn't look at a tree or a flower without seeing those verses large and clear as if they were written in letters of fire, and the sky held them all day and all night. Finally I—I—made some changes in the poon to suit this occasion, I told myself that nobody would ever be the wiser——."

There was a little stir—half of disapproval, half of pity—in the attentive audience. Abour cleared his throat.

"Oh! I knew it was wrong, but I could not help it. I silenced my conscience with the argument that there is nothing new under the sun. It seemed to me that I couldn't write

the poetry you had asked for, you would turn from me in contempt, and never care for my little verses again: and I wasn't strong enough to bear that thought. I meant to deceive you, but you see I couldn't do it, after all.

"Thore's been a continual struggle going on within me, one minute I felt I'd do anything rather than have your seemed nothing compared to the less of my own self respect and honesty. And those better feelings conquered I That's why I've come to you to day, the first one in the schoolhouse to have 'unprepared written against his name. I'd wauted to have the perfect mark, but thank God! I couldn't take it for what was not my own. No, please don't elap like that—it hutts me. Let me read this old poem to you, and then you may applaud, for it's worth your praise."

Martha Bassett's heart gave a great throb of joy as the faith in her brother, which had died overnight, thrilled into now life. She leaned her head against the wall and sobbed softly. And that night she said, among many other thangs, to be thoust and brave as you were than to be a great poot. "Nouth's Companion."



#### The Twin Bar WITH ITS Twin Benefits

Greater

If you wish your Linen White as Snow

Sunlight Soap will make it so.

Books for For evers 12 Wrappers sent to LEVER BROS., Ltd., 32 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

THESE TINS ..

are found everywhere.
They're on the pantry
shelves of nearly every
housewife, and in every
procery. They contain

Pure Gold

BAKING POWDER The purest and best



# Excelsior Life

Insurance Company of Ontario

HEAD OFFICE -- Cor. Adelaide and Victoria SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - - \$354,900.00

Jesuse most attractive and liberal Policies.
Poremost in desirable features.
Yeancide for good, reliable Arents.
E. MARSHALL, Secretary
E. F. CLARKE, Manag. Director

## WESTERN Assurance Company INCORPORATED 1851.

000,000,88 - - SA,000,000,

Fire and Marine. Hear Office, Toronto, Ont. PRESIDENT: VICE-PRESIDENT

DIRECTOR

Han. S. C. Wood.

Geo. Molturrich, her.

E. H. Sladic, Bec.

E. H. Sladic, Bec.

C. C. Forers, Secretary,

SOLICITORS.

Mesers, McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Creeiman. Lacurances effected at the lowest current rates to Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against one or damage by fire. On Hull, Carpo, and Freight against the perits of laland Navigation. On compt Clutch with the Maritime Provinces, b)

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

### THE TEMPERANCE AND General Lite Assurance Co

OFFERS THE
Best Plans and Rates
And the Most
Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable.

For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company or to H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.

HON. G. W. KOSS, President,

HEAD OFFICE: "Globe" Building, corr Jordan and Melinda streets, Toronte,



# THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LTD BREWERS AND MALTSTERS.

QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter.

and Porter are known all over the Dominion See that all the Corl's have our Brand on

RORT DAVIES.

WM. ROSS.

THE HOME

# SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000.

Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto.

DIRECTORS
HON, SIR FRANE SMITH, BERMFOR, Preldent
EUGENE O'REEFE, Vice-Prendent,
KIELY, JOHN FOY, EDWARD
SOLIGITOR: TAMES J. FOY, Q.O. WM. T. RIELY,

ndest. EDWARD STOCK.

Deposits Received from 20c. upwards, and interest \*s ourrent rates allowed thoreon.

Monoy loaned in small and large sums as reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of renayment, on Morigages on Real Estate, and on the Golisteral Security of Bank and other Hooks, and Government and Municipal Debentures.

Morigages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purched, No Valuation Fee obstacted for inspecting property.

No Valuation Fee charged for inspect Office Hours—2 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sain days—9 if JAMES MASON. . .



JAS. J. O'HEARN,

PAINTING

Glasing, Kaleozaining and Paper Hanging. Shop, 161 Queen Street West, Opposite Occode fix

TINGLEY & STEWART MFS. CO. RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS

Corporate and Lodge Feals of Every Description. 10 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

**GAS**< STOVES

RICE LEWIS & SON.

COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

**BOECKH'S BRUSHES** BROOMS.

### MONUMENTS D. McINTOSH & SONS,

CRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS

Workmauship bost. Prices low. Celtic and other Crosses a Specialty. Show norm and office, 24 Yover St. Works, Yover St., Dank Park, typ St Michael's Cemetery, Tel. 4249

#### FOR SALE.

A SECOND HAND HORIZONTAL Engine, of six-horse power. Also a seventeen horse jower horizontal tubular Boiler. Both in good condition and ready for use. The Engine and Holler will be sold together or separately. Address Box 2523, Fost Office, Toronto.



WEDDING CAKES

ARE AS GOOD AS THE BEST MEN AND THE BEST MEN AND THE BEST MEN AND THE SHIP THEM BY EXPRESS TO ALL PIRES OF THE DOMINION SAFE ARRIVAL QUARANTEED,

THE HARRY WEUE CO. LTD
TORONTO
THE LANGEST CATERING ESTABLISHMENT AND WE
COLC MANUFACTORY IN GAMES

# The Reliance System

Annuity Re-Payments.

560 per month-or #1500 per gras-paid for 61 reas will theresize return to shareholder.
#13 per year for 10 pears.
#15 per year for 10 pears.
#16 per year for 10 pears.
#17 per year for 10 pears.
#18 per year for 10 pears.
#18 per year for 10 pears.
#19 per year for the pear year for 10 pears.
#19 per year for year fo

The Reliance Loan and Savings Co. OF ONTARIO
66 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

... INVESTMENT ...

- THE York County Loan & Savings

Co. of Toronto Offers until further notice, its

6 Per Cen. Coupon Stock.

Certificates with Coupons attached, Dividends payable semi-annually. Certificates redeemable after three years at par. This Company's funds are loaned only on first mortgages.

..TELEPHONE 2596.

P.J. Brown. M.D. Cor. Queen St. East and Carlaw Ave.

Office hours-10 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. TELEPHONE 5087 DR. JAS. LOFTUS.

DENTIST.

r. Queen and Bathuret etc. . . F. B. GULLETT & SONS.

Monumental and Architectural Sculptors best area of Monuments, Tombs, Mausobiese Tableta, Attare, Baptismal Fonts, Urosses, Ha stones and Scrolls. All kinds of Cemetery W. Mubbs and Knousto Tiling, Etc. For 21 years For, of Church and Lombard streets. Now

740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south Endertukers.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER,

146 TING ST. HAST,

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer

859 YONGE STREET.