

Selections.

UP OVER TIM DOOLEY'S SALOON.

Ye'd hev said that me Pat wor the broth of a bye,
Hed yez heard him a whistlin' a tune,
Ez wid light, springin' step to his Kate
he come home,
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

An' when babby come, it was proud
that Pat wor,
An' hed she but cried for the moon,
It's me Pat wud hev got it be hook or
be crook.
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

Great wor the dependance Pat placed
on hisself,
But he wor a waverin' gossoon.
He'd a well-mannin' heart but the
tempter wor near,
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

It's meself hat did plade, an' Father
Toole prayed,
But won't he wor drunk asa loon,
When wid falterin' steps the byes
brought him home,
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

He wint to the cradle and tuk up our
choild,
Hoarsely mumlin' a lullaby tune,
But his hold was unsteady, she slipped
from his arrums,
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

Thru our babe was unharrumed, but
me Pat turned loike death,
And man niver wor sobered so soon,
Sure we moved out last week, and
there's two rooms fur rint,
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.
—Marie More Marsh in Warner's
Magazine.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

"Sowing and Reaping."
"To every seed his own body."
Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash;
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
When you cannot know,
Yet in summer and in shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weed will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and bye;
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed, now!
And not the briars and weeds, now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home;
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall surely bear fruit to-morrow.
—Springtide.

ONLY A WOMAN SLAIN.

It was only a woman slain
By the drunken, frenzied hand
Of one who had pledged to protect her
By love's divine command.
It was only an item of news
(Who cares for a woman slain?)
And the world goes on unheeding
Another's sorrow or pain.

It was only a home destroyed,
And children outcast and lost.
Yet pause for a moment and think
What this sinful traffic cost.
Three thousand women are slain
Each year in this Christian land,
And the gallows claims its due
By justice's stern demand.

Pause as the days go by.
There's a hundred thousand lives
Given each year on this altar of sin—
A human sacrifice.
And the land is sad with broken hearts,
The nation stands in dishonor,
History records with shame
This stain that rests upon her.

Oh, Lord, hast thou forsaken,
Thou who art strong to save?
Oh, touch men's hearts with pity
And make them true and brave—
Brave to fight thy battle
Until the right they win
And bear thy cross triumphantly
In every strife with sin!
—War Cry.

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

"It seems to me, Steele," said old
Captain Garrick, "that you ought to
occupy some better place at Golds-
worth's Bank than that of a mere
night-watchman. A man of your
education—your advantages. Why,
any lout could do the work as well."

Steele Garrick winced a little.
"Not quite uncle," said he. "It's a
responsible place. A man needs to
have all his eyes and ears about him.
And, moreover, situations in London
don't grow, like blackberries on the
bushes, to be gathered at will."

"Humph!" commented Captain
Garrick. "So it seems."

"And perhaps," hopefully added
Steele, "they'll do better by me by-
and-bye."

"Let us hope so," curtly remarked
the old man.

"My dear," to Mrs. Garrick, a blue-
eyed, delicate-looking young woman,
who was sitting silently by, wrapped
in a plaided shawl, "the grapes are
ripening beautifully in the vinery.
Go you out and gather a few bunches."

"Thank you, uncle," said the young
wife, quietly gliding out into the
autumn sunshine, where great yellow
dahlias yet glowed, and white and
purple petunias straggled over the
edges of the garden border. And no
sooner had she disappeared than
Captain Garrick turned abruptly to
his nephew.

"Steele," said he, "I hope you
haven't drifted back into the old evil
habit of drinking since you married
that sweet little delicate woman."

"Certainly not, sir," Steele answered,
flushing a little.

"Do you indulge yourself in the
use of liquor at all?" sternly catechised
the old man.

"A glass now and then, sir," unwill-
ingly admitted Steele. "Nothing
more upon my honor."

"Then stop it," said Captain Garrick.
"Stop it! I see now the clue of your
non-advancement in business—the
mystery which you idiotically call
ill-luck. If you haven't manhood
enough to stop it for your own sake,
then do so for that of your wife. No,"
—holding up a wrinkled finger—"we
won't discuss the question. Catherine
is coming in from the vinery. Only
remember what I have said to you."

Mrs. Steele Garrick was delighted
with the grapes, the pears, the dazzling
autumn flowers, with which the
captain loaded her, when she went
home to town again from his delightful
little house at Hampton.

"Isn't he kind, Steele?" she said,
brightly.

"In his way—yes," the young man
admitted, evasively. "But he is
inclined to be dictatorial. He wants to
limit the whole world to the measure
of his own narrow ideas."

Mrs. Garrick looked wonderingly
into her husband's face, but he said no
more.

Tea was over in the little flat consist-
ing of three bird-cage-like rooms,
which constituted Catherine Garrick's
home in northern London, and she
was arranging the flowers in water,
when Steele rose up and reached down
his hat, as if to leave the room.

"Oh, Steele," she cried, "you are
not going yet, it isn't nine o'clock."
"No," he answered: "but I have to
stop on the way to the bank."

"Where, Steele?"
"Oh, on business," stooping for a
cigar he had dropped.

Catherine came close to him with
brimming eyes, and laid two little
appealing hands on his arm.

"Steele," she said, "don't!"
"Don't what, child?" he retorted, a
little impatiently.

"Don't go to that horrid 'King's
Head.' Don't meet Wilkins and Dyer,
and all those men there. Oh, Steele,
Steele! you think I don't know, but I
do! I smell the baneful thing in your
breath; I detect it in your wry face
before you open your lips to speak
to me."

"Kitty, don't be a goose," said
Garrick, petulantly. "You are as bad
as the old fool down at Hampton, who
wants all the world to go in leading-
strings. If you wish a man to be sick
of his home, the surest way is to be
preaching to him all the while. There,
give me a kiss and say good-night."

Catherine mutely allowed him to
kiss her, but her heart was too full for
speech; and when he had gone she
had no more heart to touch the pansies
and the asters and the round-globed
dahlias which Uncle Garrick had given
her. Let them fade! What did it
matter? What did anything matter
now?

The yellow autumn faded into winter.
The snows came, and still the armour of
ice folded the great city in its frozen
clasp. Melancholy winds moaned
down the chimney of the little flat at
Islington, and it seemed to Catherine
Garrick as if her own life was becoming
attuned to their sorrowful refrain.

"Steele is growing so much worse,"
she said to herself. "He does not
know it, but his very face is different.
His eyes are less bright; his cheek
wears that unhealthy flush. Oh, I
wonder if others notice it as I do."

It had turned ten o'clock one chill,
snowy night, and Mrs. Garrick was
sitting up to finish a shirt for her
husband, when she heard a slow,
uncertain step on the stairs.

"Steele's step," she said, springing
to her feet, "and he should have
started for the bank by this time."

The door was pushed open, and
Steele Garrick came in, with an aimless
sort of step.

"Don't be worried, Kate," said he.
"I met some friends. Some friends,
that's all. Jolly fellows, all. But I'm
all right. Don't be fretting the whole
time, Kate."

"Steele!" she cried, grasping his
arm. "Do you know what time it is?"

He looked mistily up at the clock, and
then he started, roused into a real
panic.

"The old rattle-trap is wrong!" he
cried out. "It—it is never past ten
o'clock!"

"It is!" she exclaimed, hurriedly
putting on her bonnet and the thick
fur coat which kind old Uncle Garrick
had sent her for Christmas.

"Come, Steele, come! We haven't
a moment to lose!"

"What are you going along for!"
he demanded, sullenly, as he allowed
her to lead him out of the door.

"Because I should grow wild staying
here alone," she answered. "Don't
oppose me, Steele, I must see you safe
there."

He made no further objection, but
permitted her to walk by his side as
far as the bank. The day-watchman
grumbled a bit, but a few earnest
words from Mrs. Garrick silenced him.
And when they were alone in the
great vaulted hall, with its stone
pavement and echoing roof, Steele
looked at her angrily.

"Have you made me ridiculous
enough now?" he muttered, trying to
separate the words which had an
awkward tendency to run into a long
monosyllable. "Will you go now!"

"It's all right, Steele!"
"Of course it's all right. Why—
why shouldn't it be?" he retorted,
letting himself subside into one of the
wooden seats for customers along the
wall.

"You won't go to sleep dear?"
"Never was wider awake in my life,"
he retorted.

And Catherine crept away, her slight
form vanishing like a shadow into the
black gloom beyond.

While Steele Garrick, with a
prodigious yawn, began to feel in his
pockets for the little flat flask, without
which, alas! he seldom now com-
menced his night's work.

"I'll rest a bit," he thought, as the
burning draught coursed down his
throat like a scalding stream. "Time
enough to go on my rounds when—
when I've rested a bit."

"But how did it happen?" said
Steele Garrick. "It all seems like a
blank to me. I don't remember it at
all."

"That, the doctor says, was on
account of the blow on your head,"
explained Mr. Goldworth, senior—a
smiling, ruddy-complexioned, doubled-
chinned old man, who sat beside the
sofa on which Garrick lay. "The
outside electric alarm had been
disconnected by some clever scamp.
You contrived to strike the inside
button before they dropped you. I
don't see how on earth you managed it.
Your courage and presence of mind
must have been something marvellous.
But no matter how the alarm was
sounded—all that signifies to us is
that it came in time. Garrick, you
have done your duty. You have
earned your promotion. You shall
come into the bank as our day messenger
as soon as you recover from this."

"And the burglars? They are—"

"In safe custody, every one of them,
thanks to your energy and promptness."

Not until old Mr. Goldworth had
bustled cheerfully off did Steele

Garrick venture to look at the pale
young wife who sat at her needle-work
at the foot of the sofa.

"Kitty," said he, "it was you."
"Yes, it was I, Steele," she answered,
with a shudder. "I gave the alarm
before I ran to your assistance, alas,
too late! The masked men came up
behind you—oh, good heaven!" clasping
her hands over her eyes, "shall I ever
forget that moment!"

"When was it?" he breathed.

"It must have been a little after
midnight," said Catherine. "I had
been sitting in the shadow of the big
stone pillars, for I knew you were
asleep. She spoke the last word under
her breath."

"My little heroine—my guardian
angel," Steele whispered. "Come
close to me. Let me feel your hand in
mine. From what depths of disgrace
and degradation have you not saved
me, dear one! And here and now I
swear, as I hope for heaven, never
again to touch the cursed drink."

"Thank God!" was all that she said.

Uncle Garrick himself came up to
congratulate his nephew on the
successful escape of the bank's safes
from the gang of resolute burglars who
had menaced them.

"It's all in the papers," "I never
was so proud of you in all my life,
Steele."

And when he died of apoplexy the
next spring, it was found that the
old Garrick place at Hampton, with its
meadow and sunny garden and all, was
left, jointly, to "Steele Garrick and
Catherine his wife, beloved nephew
and niece of the testator."

"I may thank you, Kitty, for all this,"
said the confidential bank messenger.
And Catherine answered, fervently:

"Do not thank me, Steele. Thank
heaven, which has been so merciful
to us." *The G. T. Watchword.*

A GOOD RECORD.

The Charlottetown Guardian boasts of
Prince Edward Island as being the
happier province of the Dominion for
good conduct. This claim is based
upon the "Dominion Criminal Statis-
tics for 1905." This blue book shows
the total number of convictions for
serious offences proportionately to the
population in Prince Edward Island to
be much below that of the remainder
of the Dominion. The same is true re-
garding the special offence of drunken-
ness. Neither of these facts is to be
wondered at when we remember that
Prince Edward Island has got the
Scott Act in force in every part of the
Province.

We notice also from the Charlot-
teton reports of the same paper, that
offenders against the Scott Act in that
city are having a very hard time, the
authorities evidently being vigorously
determined on a fair and thorough en-
forcement of the law.

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