

ployed! Would not you, were you standing in his place, think that, from among all the boys you used to work with, at least one might have written you? And what would you think of a bunch that didn't drop you a line now and then.

It's rather late in the day to be considering this, if you have not done so before, but not too late. There is still opportunity for you. See that you grasp it at once and your letters will be appreciated. Any postal clerk can write a letter. It may be that your pen doesn't flow as easily as you might wish, but you can write, you can tell the boys how things are going, in your office, in your branch of the association, and in your city or town. It's just a little bit of good that the smallest of us can do and, if we fail, we miss our opportunity. Of course, as in everything else, there is a second side, even to this matter. When those boys who are away come home once more you as a member of the association will need their support and interest in association matters. Many of them will have been away some years, away from the post office in which they are part of the staff, away from their regular fellow workers, and away from their associations. And yet we expect or will expect them to take the same interest in these things upon their return, as they did previously. This can only be assured by the one means. Don't lose their interest and then try and get it back upon their return. Keep their interest while they are away; don't allow it to slacken, write to them. If those members of our association who are away are written to regularly and are constantly informed of our business and our actions, we can reasonably expect that they will retain a lot of the interest that they previously had, but not otherwise.

Here, then, is an opportunity which none can say is not fitted for him. Hold it ere it passes by. Make it a regular rule and don't depart from it to write at least one of the boys from your office once a week. Start now and keep it up.

ONLY A DAD.

Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the ships and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all,
To smooth the way for his children small.
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen:
Only a dad, but the best of them.

—Edgar Guest.

JOHN MORRIS.

Byron Nicholson, D. Litt, Ottawa.

John Morris, d'you mind what the day of
of the year is?

'Tis the day when they held the militia
review,

And tonight is the night of the dance
that came after,

'Tis the night, John, do you mind, John?
That I first danced with you.

We had step'd but one set, John, you were
bashfull as yet, John;

But I felt that you lov'd me, and felt
you'd be true.

And there's many were wanting to see
me safe home, John;

But I waited, but I waited,
But I waited for you.

'Tis the long set of life that we're part-
ners in now, John;

And I hope I keep step (as I try, John,
to do),

And I hope at its end, we shall pass out
together,

Arm-in-arm, through the door, John,
Going home, I and you.

But if that cannot be, John, leave first
passage to me, John

For I shant mind the darkness, as you're
coming too,

And you'll feel for my hand, as you pass
through the door, John;

I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting,
I'll be waiting for you.

ANOTHER WAR SCARE

Mother—"Why didn't you take
your bath?"

Tommy—"I thought there might
be some mines in the water."—New
York Sun.