

EVERY MAN SHOULD LOVE A DOG

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

Probably with an eye to the Nosh's mark bazar in aid of our Dumb Friends League, a number of dogs have been distinguishing themselves recently. At Bridge and a dog drew attention, through its barking, to a corpse lying in an empty house. On the railway near Cambridge a dog guarded the body of its dead master, which lay on the line in the four feet, and even allowed itself to be run over, rather than desert its charge. Near Bolton a passing dog dragged a drowning boy to land. At Hackney a collie rushed at a police sergeant who was crossing the bridge at half-past 5 in the morning, and having, by its dismal howls, attracted his attention, tried to lead him towards the River Lea. When the sergeant disregarded this hint, the collie returned and howled up into his face more pitifully than ever, till the officer was at last induced to follow the collie to the towpath at Hemerton bridge, where lay a man's coat and pipe and a piece of soap. It is supposed that the man fell into the water while washing the dog.

Some years ago a young Frenchman named Breconet rowed out into the Seine with the intention of drowning his dog. He flung the poor brute in, and when it attempted to climb up the side of the boat, struck at it savagely with an oar. He struck at it so savagely that he overbalanced himself and fell into the river, where, as he could not swim, while the boat floated swiftly out of reach, he must have been drowned but for his dog, which held him till help came, so saving a life nearly lost in an attempt to destroy its own.

Zola, in an interesting paper, "Why I Love My Dog," analyzes his extraordinarily strong affection for his dog, and his analysis reminds me of this divine plea of Fuller's for kindness to those dumb creatures, whose dumbness is the oratory of pity to a conscientious man. "For me," writes Zola, "when I question myself, I believe that my love for animals comes from the fact that they cannot speak, explain their needs, or describe their sorrows. A creature who suffers and has no means to make us understand how and why it suffers is not frightful. Is it not agonizing? So much does this dumb suffering trouble me that I find myself rising in the night to assure myself that my cat has had her cup of milk."

The little dog which inspired Zola's passionate plea for kindness to animals first found its way to the novelist's heart thus: "I had a little dog, a griffin of the smallest kind, whose name was Puffin. One day, I saw him dog show at Cours la Reine. I saw him in a cage with a large cat as companion. He regarded me with eyes so full of sadness that I asked the attendant to let him out of his cage for a little while. As soon as he was on the ground, he commenced to walk like a little toy."

AS IN THE LONG AGO.

Grown weary of his reading, Kent Harding glanced across the deck. There a slender, girlish figure, leaning idly over the rails, caught his attention. Although the veil of her yachting cap was down, and it was possible to distinguish only the vague outline of her profile, something in the graceful pose of her head, in the tip of the shell-like ear, and in the lustrous brown hair that gleamed in the red shawl of the setting sun, made him think of a girl whom he had known in the long ago.

"By Jove! I wonder if it could be," he speculated, looking at her sharply and blinking through the smoke from his pipe.

Just then she raised her veil and turned. Harding saw that she was, in fact, the self-same girl. She knew him instantly as he knew her, and they shook hands heartily as became old friends.

"Of course, when we get back to New York you will come and see me," continued Vittoria, after they had talked of many things. "You know, when brother married I issued my declaration of independence. It's a dear little box of a house in Greenwich village. The principle upon which I made my choice—a woman against the world." She smiled as she spoke, and her teeth gleamed prettily in the dusk.

"Sounds more terrifying than it really is," she went on, without giving him a chance to throw in. "For the bachelor maid has only to acknowledge to 30 and the world tosses up the sponge at once; it doesn't care to continue a fight after it's ceased to be interesting."

But Harding had put his beloved pipe in one corner of his mouth and was going through a deliberate pantomime of counting on his fingers. "Nine-and-twenty," he corrected.

Vittoria colored slightly and stammered nonchalantly on the arm of her steamer chair. "What an appalling memory!" said she.

Whereupon they both laughed and a little silence fell.

"Nine years," observed Harding suddenly. He had been stretched out lazily in his chair, his hands beneath his curly head, his gray eyes staring straight into the glory of the western heavens. "It's a long time, isn't it, if one hasn't accomplished—"

of tenderness and undiscovered charm. Shortly afterward Harding took his leave. The twilight was fast coming on, and Vittoria sat for a long time looking at the rail again. She was looking into the long ago.

Now there was once a girl and she was barely seventeen—oh, sentimental to be sure! And he was a nice boy home from college on his senior vacation. She had cared for him, for he was a nice boy and had such many, fondest gray eyes, and she had loved him, day after day, and stood alone in the old-fashioned garden he had kissed her—oh, how unforgettable! And she had loved him, day after day, and stood alone in the old-fashioned garden he had kissed her—oh, how unforgettable!

And the next day they had walked over to the village, where he got her a toothless little ring set with blue stones, "because blue means true love," said he. Just a boy-and-girl affair. And the next day the boy had been whisked off on a confidential tour and had contemplated the University Settlement. Finally, however, he had compromised with parental authority by marrying a girl of his own rank.

Football as a species for love-sickness. Vittoria laughed softly at the remembrance. But it had not been so long, three years later, they had met again. She saw that the episode with the sunflower and holyrood background was already too remote to occasion even momentary embarrassment. The knowledge that he had forgotten her hurt him little. Yes, if one must be honest, nine years ago it really had hurt a good deal.

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NEW EMPRESS OCEAN STEAMER

Launching of Latest C. P. R. Atlantic Liner.

THE SHIP IS A LEVIATHAN

Distinguished Men Present Speak of Railway Enterprise and Wish It Success.

The passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Robert Kerr, has just received from Glasgow, Scotland, details regarding the successful launching at the Fairfield shipbuilding yards upon the Clyde, of the first of the new passenger steamships which the company intends adding to its Atlantic fleet next season. The new liner is called the Empress of Britain, and will make her first trip from Liverpool to Montreal when navigation opens on the River St. Lawrence next spring. The Empress of Ireland, a sister ship, is now receiving its finishing touches in the Fairfield yards, and will be launched in January. She will make her first trip from Liverpool to Montreal in June next.

The Empress of Britain is the largest vessel ever launched from the Fairfield yards, has a displacement of 20,000 tons and ranks as one of the largest leviathans upon the North Atlantic. The ceremony of launching was performed by Mrs. Arthur Piers, the wife of the manager of the Canadian Pacific steamship lines, who struck the blow which started the huge vessel down the ways with an ivory mallet.

In the beginning of the last century a dog at East Barnet, which had saved a mouse from a fox, was almost presented by the gratitude of the bird. She would never if she could help it, leave his side for a moment, night or day. When he went into the village she accompanied him, using her wings to keep up his pace. She watched with him in the yard while the rest of the flock were in the field, and flew at everyone he barked at. In wet weather she would share his kennel, and when he had to take to it personally in his last illness two years ago, she was with him to the end. After the beginning of this strange friendship she never could be induced to quit it, day or night, even to feed. Indeed, she would have starved to death if food had not been placed for her beside the kennel, which she guarded so faithfully that only those who came to attend to the dog dare approach it. When, however, after the dog's death, the mouse tried to share the kennel with its successor, she was killed by him as an intruder.

AT THE LUNCHEON. In proposing the health of the Canadian Pacific Railway and wishing success to the new ship at a luncheon which followed the ceremony of launching, Sir William Pearce said that the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Company in establishing the last splendid link in their chain of communication between England and the Orient had done a great deal, not only to increase the prosperity of Canada, but also to promote the interests of the British Empire.

Mr. Arthur Piers, manager of the Canadian Pacific Company in London, replying on its behalf, referred to the conviction which was expressed in many quarters, twenty years ago, when the transatlantic railway across Canada was completed, that the enterprise would earn enough to pay for the axle grease used in the operation of the railway. The company had grown to be one of the largest corporations in the world. It had established an all-British route from London to the Orient and Australia under a single management. Its success had been a tribute to the foresight, intelligence and untiring energy of the president of the company, to which much of the success which had attended the enterprise was due.

Admiral Sir Digby Morant proposed the health of Mrs. Piers, and presented her with the ivory mallet, incased in a silver casket, with which the new ship had been launched. Mr. Arthur Piers, responding to the toast, dealt at some length with the gradual evolution of the present Canadian Pacific route from England to the far east. The company had taken great chances in extending the scope of its operations, and the success which had attended those operations was simply an indication of the rapid increase which had taken place in the greatest colony and the far east.

Pilgrims of the Night. About no hymn writer have there been greater differences of opinion than about Frederick William Faber (Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, June 28, 1826—London, June 1893). The conclusion of the whole matter is seen, however, in the growing popularity of his work. This gifted Catholic has given to all Christians a number of beautiful and popular hymns. "The Pilgrims of the Night" appeared in 1854. It is the best known of Faber's hymns in the United States, and in England his "Paradise" holds first place. The former has been fortunate in that some beautiful melodies, notably "Vox Angelica" by J. B. Dykes, have been composed especially for it. It is also sometimes sung to the Swiss tune, "Oberland."

Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-bent shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Refrain: Angels of Jesus, angels of light, Sing ye welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring, The music of the gospel leads us home."

Far, far away, like bells at evening peal, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and darkness hide no more; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing out your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. —Frederick William Faber.

Cured of Drunkenness

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Is Insurance Too Costly?

In connection with the question, "Does insurance cost too much?" an interesting case is brought to light by the Equitable Life of Iowa, which announces in the negative. One R. P. Clarkson, in 1888, took out a \$5,000 ordinary life policy at age 48, for an annual premium of \$213.90. It was on the annual dividend basis. The policy became a claim after eighteen years. Of the annual premium, the mortality and the reserve consumed \$163.85, leaving \$50.05 for the loading. The total allowance for expenses for 18 years aggregated \$900.90. The dividends apportioned to this policy were \$966.21—\$51 more than the allowance for expenses. In other words, the Equitable of Iowa carried this risk for 18 years at less than the net premium—mortality and reserve. Another case is this: Since its organization the Mutual Life of New York has received from policyholders \$1,012,017,759, and has returned to them and now holds for their benefit \$1,067,018,396. In other words, the Mutual Life has accumulated for its policyholders, over and above what it has received from them in excess of ninety-four millions of dollars. Truth be told, it is indeed strange that such a case is not half as sensational. Doubtless both these cases will escape the attention of the daily press.—Insurance World, Pittsburgh.

All Thin, Pale Women

Can Learn the Cause of Their Nervous, Used-up Condition.

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