

DOGS THAT WEAR SHOES.

In Alaska, even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying when in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolf-like teeth, and eats them up. Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell at from 15 to 40 pounds, sterling each, as much as an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw 200 pounds each on a sledge, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stepping at a word. But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they won't get under the blanket with him. They are human, too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.

THEY WENT AWAY.

(By F. H. Sweet.)

One autumn day they went away
The woodchuck and the bobolink,
And left behind a season gray,
And naked trees to creak and sway;
And they went to where do you think?
Why, woodchuck turned a somersault
Into his winter's home,
And bobolink went off down south,
To rice fields at some river's mouth,
To sing and chirp and roam,—
A winter carnival to keep,
While woodchuck lay curled up asleep.

AN INDIAN STORY.

There was once a little Indian girl, the daughter of a chief. Her name was Bright Eyes. She tells it herself.

"I was a little bit of a thing when I was out with my father. He could not speak English, nor read, nor write, and this story shows that a man can be good without any book-learning. It was evening. The tents had been pitched for the night, the campfire made, and mother and the other women were cooking supper over it.

"I was playing near my father when an Indian boy, a playmate, came up and gave me a little bird which he had found.

"I was very much pleased. I tried to feed it and make it drink. After I had played with it a long time my father said to me, 'My daughter, bring your bird to me.' When I took it to him he held it in his hand a moment, smoothed its feathers gently, and then said, 'Daughter, I will tell you what you might do with your bird. Take it carefully in your hand, out yonder, where the long grass is. Put it down on the ground, and say as you put it down, God, I give you back your little bird. Have pity on me, as I have pity on your bird.'

"I said, 'Does it belong to God?'

"He said: 'Yes; and He will be pleased if you do not hurt it, but give it back to Him to care for.'

"I felt his words, and I did just as he bade me, saying the little prayer he had told me to say."

GARIBALDI AND THE LAMBS.

Cowards are cruel; brave men have tender hearts. He who is unkind to the feeblest creature is unfit to rule or to lead.

A characteristic anecdote of Garibaldi is related in a "Life" of that courageous general, recently published. "One evening, in 1861, he was met by a Sardinian shepherd, who was lamenting the loss of one of his lambs. Garibaldi at once proposed to his staff that the mountains should be explored for the little vagrant, but after an unavailing search the soldiers retired to rest. Not so the general, however; for the next morning Garibaldi, who was accustomed always to be the first man awake in the camp, was found by his attendant in bed and fast asleep. On being aroused he opened his eyes in some alarm, and instantly inquired whether the rest of the house were awake or not. He was relieved on receiving an answer in the negative, and stretching his arm under the counterpane, he brought to light a tiny lamb, which he handed to his friend urging him to take it with all speed, and without being observed, to the disconsolate shepherd. The friend had just time to remark that by the side of the bed was a saucer, in the bottom of which remained a few drops of milk.

This was the act of a hero. He whose name sent a thrill to thousands of brave hearts, could traverse the lonely hills in the darkness to find a poor lost lamb, and bring it home to rest in his own bosom.

And does not this remind us of a mightier and braver One, the Captain of our salvation, who, though the holiest of the pious and the mightiest of the holy, strong to redeem and victorious to deliver, could yet tread the gloomy pathways of this weary world to seek lost wanderers from the heavenly fold, and bring back the straying sheep that had wandered in the wilderness.—Select.

THE CROWNING OF THE YEAR.

The fields are still; where once the wheat
and corn
Layched in the gladness of the summer
noon,
And waving saluting banners to the morn
And whispered softly in a twilight
croon—
There now, the barren stubble meets the
eye,
And there the end of harvest days is
told;
But granaries are heaped both wide and
high,
As crucibles that catch the finer gold.
So sun and rain have wrought their yearly
task,
Have given of their bitter and their
sweet;
The earth, that yields us freely when we
ask,
Has left her summer fruitage at our feet,
And now the trees and fields have earned
their rest,
And we may read the message that is
sent;
When we have done our all, and done our
best,
We, too, may fold our arms and be content.

When the demands of industry take away the day of rest from the laborer the laborer's burdens will be multiplied. Instead of having one-seventh of his time for himself, his home and his higher improvement, he will have no time which he can call his own.

To keep on doing right in the face of apparent failure is the test of faith. There are thousands who are equal to it and other thousands who become discouraged and fail. The saved man is not necessarily the one who begins well, but the one who endures.

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

Nothing so demoralizes an infant and enslaves the parents as to take a cross or wakeful baby from the bed and walk him up and down the floor during the night. The baby cries because it is not well—generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested and its skin hot and feverish. Relieve this and baby will sleep soundly all night, growing stronger and better every day. Just what mothers need to keep baby healthy and make him sleep soundly is Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles and thus promote natural health-giving sleep. Mrs. Wm. Holmes, Dacre, Ont., says: "My baby was troubled with sour stomach and was constipated most of the time, and was always cross and restless. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and found them a complete success and would not now be without them." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT COMES WITH TROUBLE.

It is true that troubles never come singly, but in a better sense than is usually meant by that phrase. No consignment of trouble is ever sent to us by itself. By the same messenger there comes a consignment of special strength to bear that trouble,—and the strength-package is always a little larger than the trouble-package. For every ounce of trouble there is offered a little more than an ounce of new strength. The trouble may be of good gospel measure, pressed down and running over; but the accompanying measure of strength is always in excess. The heavenly Father does the weighing, and he makes no mistake. What a simple matter, after all, this makes of burden-bearing! We cannot be overcome, if we but use the comforting, sustaining help that the Father so freely offers. It is his responsibility, not ours, to see us through. And he knows no defeat.—Sunday School Times.

The time to help one is when he needs it. Had Peter been half as anxious to reach the cross as he was to reach the sepulchre, Jesus would have died less alone.

In the achievements of mind and heart God has inseparably joined To Will and To Do, and for this union there is no divorce.

— THE —
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