

Altogether, Tom's thoughts were gloomy, but he kept bravely on, and at last had the satisfaction of tying the last bag, and starting faithful Dobbin toward home.

The long expected uncle had just arrived as Bobbin plodded up the lane.

Tom could see Joe shake hands, and then jump to get the satchel and umbrella from the carriage.

Really the bright, manly-looking fellow, in his best clothes, was so attractive that Tom felt sure the choice was made already.

"Ready-made boys don't grow on every bush, but it looks as though you had the one I want right here," said Mr. Timothy Ball quietly to his brother.

"Wait till you've seen the other one," was the answer.

"Where's Tea?" he asked, turning to Joe. "Why, there he is now!" he exclaimed, without waiting for an answer. "How is this, Joe? Why are you here with your clothes changed, and Tom only just coming home?"

"I thought you'd want me here to meet Uncle Timothy," said Joe, his face flashing a little under the steady gaze of the two men.

"Did you do your share of the work?" asked his father sternly.

"I worked till six o'clock," came the rather defiant answer.

"Come, James, don't be hard on the boy; let us see what the other fellow is like."

And, suiting the action to the word, Uncle Timothy disappeared around the corner of the house.

Tom had just finished scrubbing head and hands and feet at the pump in the yard, and now, in spite of bare feet and overalls, it was a bright, healthy, good-natured looking boy who came to speak to his uncle.

"Well, young man, why weren't you here with your brother to meet me? This is a cool welcome for an uncle who comes once in fifteen years."

"I know it, uncle," said Tom, giving his hand. "I was dreadfully sorry not to come up sooner, but I've only just finished my work."

"And you never leave your work until it is finished?" Uncle Tom asked, with a quizzical smile.

"Oh, yes! I might if 'twas my own work," laughed Tom.

"Yes," said his uncle, "I see."

A week later, when Uncle Timothy started for his Western home, Tom was the boy who went with him.

"You see, Joe," he explained, the night before they left, "I want a boy who will look after my interests, one who is willing to work overtime, if need be. The surest way to advance number one in this world is to forget all about him. Look out for your father, Joe, and perhaps your turn will come yet."

"Father," asked Joe one day a week later, "what did you mean about that special potato you wanted us to look for?"

"Oh!" laughed Mr. Ball, "the last one was the one I wanted, and Tom found it."

THE WANTON CALF.

A calf, full of play and wantonness, seeing an Ox at the plough, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry poor drudge are you," said he, "to bear that heavy yoke upon your neck, and with a

plough at your tail all day, to go turning up the ground for a master. You are a wretched poor slave, and know no better or you would not do it. See what a happy life I lead; I go just where I please—sometimes in the cool shade, sometimes in the warm sunshine; and whenever I like I drink at the clear and running brook." The Ox, not at all moved by the address, went on quietly and calmly with his work, and in the evening when unyoked and going to take his rest, he saw the Calf, hung with garlands of flowers, being led off for sacrifice by the priests. He pitied him, but could not help saying as he passed, "Now friend, whose condition is the better, yours or mine?"

SADIE'S PROOFS IN THE ROUGH.

(Continued from last week.)

"Mamma had gone out to the store, and she asked me to look after Harold while she was gone. I had planned to go over to May Sibley's to play croquet that afternoon, but of course that had to be given up. Harold was dreadful hard to take care of that day somehow. He would keep getting into all sorts of mischief, and when I wanted him to play with his toys on the floor he would throw them all away. And I got angry and cross at him. I went to another part of the room and began to play alone. Harold crept up, as you see there, on tiptoe behind me, and put his arms round my neck and tried to kiss me."

"You do not look as if you appreciated your little brother's flag of truce," was the smiling comment. "It is really a truthful photograph of you both, only, as you say, you do not look very pleasant. Harold's sweet little face has a very coaxing, winning expression on it. I think that if you had looked up and seen it you could not have resisted its appeal very long."

"No, if I had looked at him I couldn't have helped hugging and squeezing the darling, although he loves to tease me so much," Sadie owned; "but I felt too cross to be ready to 'make up' just then."

They went on looking at the rest of the proofs, Aunt Millie thoroughly enjoying and being amused by the various poses and expressions, grave and gay, of the children, just as the camera had taken them.

When they had all been put back in the envelope the lady sat with it in her hands looking into the cheerful fire blazing on the hearth with a tender light playing about her eyes and mouth as she mused over the thought that the negatives had brought to her mind.

"Why do you smile, auntie?" queried the little maid. "What are you thinking about now?"

"I was thinking, dear, of how you and Harold had gone about the last few days, unconscious that Uncle Merton's camera was making such a record of your ways and looks, and that it is something, dearie, as it may be for us in life. There is a queer little machine' in our brain that answers the same purpose as Uncle Merton's kodak, and which photographs scenes, faces, and even words on our memory, to be recalled and scanned again at our will," replied her aunt. "It is taking impressions continually of our lives

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