moved to smile at anything.'

on the vowel o is heartfelt, the one

who laughs on i is frivolous, the one

who laughs on the broad sound of a

a misanthrope.

play of emotion.

over the face.

greatest allurement.

the fair riddle.

the smile itself."

their dislikes.

sincere, the one who laughs on e

a giggler, the one who laughs on u

Sarcastic smiles turn the lips down-

cheek, creeping up and down with the

the reminiscent smile, but is generally accompanied by an unturned head and

genre, although it evinces more viva-

city both in the lip and eye, and the

In hearty amusement the lips open perceptibly, the teeth show, the mouth

The coquette shows her teeth when

she smiles. Her lips assume whatever

position she has found to be most be-

coming to her face and to bespeak the

The mischief parts her line and

shows amusement, scorn, pity, triumph,

uppermost at the moment, her eye

Some smiles tell sorrows. There are women whose keen sufferings no one

save a discriminating observer knows,

and he only when she smiles. In a

portrait gallery one here and there

omes upon a face with such a smile.

The face speaks of intimate grief.

Analyzed, it is found to betray that

grief through the penetratingly pathetic quality of the smile on the

SEEK INDIVIDUALITY IN SMILES.

A rare, distinctive smile is a marked

addition to a personality and a face.

Such a smile is that celebrated feature

of Leonardo da Vinci's feminine por-

wonderful smile has made a charming

sphinx of her face, tempting famous

men of the pen to essay a solution of

In Walter Savage Landor's book of

maginary conversations, Dante says

that "a smile is ever the most beauti-

ful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without the dew? The tear is

rendered by that smile precious above

It was the heroine of "The Toilers

of the Sea," simple and innocent, whe

divine to have a smile which, none

know how, has the power to lighten

which all the living drag behind

A BACHELOR GIRL'S IDEAS

they do well to make their gifts ex-

Many men regard life as an alternate

Matchmaking is left to the women be-

cause men know too much about men to

Diplomats have merely to manage men,

be willing to take any chances.

notably Monna Lisa, whose

or whatever other state of feeling

eping tally with a twinkle.

and is almost motionless.

The pensive smile is somewhat like

The happy smile belongs to the same

face like a shadow of the past.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1902. New Year's Eve and a host of old recollections and new thoughts come thronging to one's mind; recollections of the year that is ending, thoughts for the year that is to come; recollections of the good and the evil; of the new friends you have made; of the old ones you may have lost; of the "good times" you have had; of the sorrows that have come to you, many of them, alas! through your own foolishness, and you begin to make New Year's Resolutions.

Talk as the comic papers will of the New Year's Resolves that are made on the 1st of January and broken on the 2nd; that does not alter the fact that regularly every 1st of Sanuary you continue to make good who are required to believe things beresolutions, and I really think that, even if one never carries out the resolves, it does one good to make them.

one of us made during the last year?

Mistakes that have cost us dear, perhaps; mistakes that have lost us haps; mistakes that have lost us dear, perhaps; mistakes that have lost us haps; mistakes that have lost us haps and series are series and series and series and series are series friends or something that we or they and say:
"Lead me to the light. For the scales have valued more than we knew until-we lost it. Mistakes are always warring creeds. ghastly, even when they are not as of heaven. God's forget-me-nots are in costly as the one which has saddened all London during the last week, and sighing heavily in retrospection, you sighing heavily in retrospection, you have no wisdom, no authority. The world has made me ignorant. I cannot teach has made me ignorant. determine to learn from your experiences and not to make the same mis-

Somehow or other you feel quite sad over those mistakes; you think of all the time you have wasted, the opportunities you have let slip, and perhaps your cheeks burn over some foolishness you have been guilty of, but with the resolve you so bravely make and which you will, of course, so bravely keep, you feel a little better and you begin to think of the good times you have had.

That was an awfully jolly dance you were at last New Year's night. You remember it distinctly and you certainly did have a good time. That was the night you met that nice Mr. Brown who was so good to you afterwards, and you go off into a train of thought on the subject of the "nice Mr. Brown" which lasts for some

think of that visit to Detroit. What fun you had, how many nice people you met, what good plays you saw, and all the rest of it, and so on, all through the host of good times that come to every girl's life in a whole long

A long year, did I say? How short

a space it seems to the business girl, the busy housewife, the tired nurse! For them no host of good times but the remembrance of duty well done, yet not so well as they could have wished; of days all too short for the work to be compressed into them; of nights of deep and heavy slumber when tired out by the day's work. For these the New Year means not a succession of more pleasures, but possibly the assumption of new duties, to add to the already overburdened day; for these the new year means not good resolves to do more work, for that they could not do, but resolves to do that work more thoroughly and more

To all, however, the new year brings hope. Somehow, it means a fresh start to all of us, and each of us determines to turn over a new leaf; to conquer that seemingly ineradicable fault which has downed us again and again, but which we determine to master this time, or die in the attempt. No more jealousy, or selfishness, or bad temper, or laziness, or whatever the particular fault is, for us. No, the new year is to blot out all that. What ! models of virtue we all are on New Year's Day! Will it last? We can accompaniment of her eloquent smiles. only hope that it will.

THE STAGE-STRUCK GIRL.

If there is one young American girl at | guage of love." this particular moment who has not down in her heart of hearts a firm belief that che would make an actress, I would like to have her hold up her pretty hand. She may work in a factory or guide her automobile down Fifth avenue in the five o'clock dress parade; she may clean the windows and scrub the floor of office buildings, or hold in her wee fingers the right to a million dollars. But if she is under twenty, she sees the footlights becken her, and in imagination feels herself on the stage.

stage-struck girl is an especially designed instrument for the destruction of domestic harmony. Few parents suspect what is coming until the moment when the bomb of intention is really when the bomb of intention is really hurled into the home camp. Then there are protests, tears, expostulations and reproaches, and other useless and foolish things which are erroneously supposed to be useful in the training of the young.

"A daughter of mine on the stage Never!" says the father.

"You know you never could even speak a piece in school." remarks mother.

a piece in school," remarks mother, weepingly.
"Well, I'd just like to see you try any "Well, I'd just like to see you try any "I'd

such foolishness," says big brother. "I'd go after you myself and bring you home— if father didn't." Then they all subside and think the matter settled, but the girl takes it for a part of her necessary drill in a possible future portrayal of "The Lovely It was in one of his massy nevels"

Then why not use an interdal remeable the which corrects the acidity of the blood, on which rheumatism depends, and cures the disease? This medicine has done more for the rheumatic than any other medicine in the world.

and plans.
The situation is so apt to develop in any household that it is worth while talking a little about it here. I am disposed to believe a good deal in the rights of individuals, even young individuals, to their dividuals, even young individuals, to their own way when it comes to choosing a vocation. Many a man who is a bad and false preacher would have made a good and possibly an honest carpenter if his ambitious mother had not coaxed him to the ministry. And many a silent, round-shouldered and discouraged dressmaker might have painted a great picture or lifted the souls of the faint on the wings of song if her father had not stubbornly

refused to give her an opportunity to study art or music. There is too much parental interference in the affairs of life. The rights and the limitations of parenthood are not very well defined. But I am inclined to think the rights are averywrized and the limitathe rights are overworked and the limita tions forgotten. I question very much whether anyone to whom God has intrusted the care of a child has received a certificate of full power over it. Of course, parents have the privilege and duty of directing and guiding the new soul over the rough and dangerous places of life. But I competing trapple to hear of life. But I sometimes tremble to hear the harsh tones of authority employed toward those free, untrammeled spirits cause they are set down as facts by someone who has been so long in the world that his sight is dim to heavenly world that his sight is dim to heavenly realities, and his ears too full of earth sounds to catch the unending melody of the stars. Children hear and see many things that we are deaf and blind to. We

of prejudice are on my eyes, and I can hear only the confusing clamor of old,

you as much as you can teach me. only lift you over the rocks against which I was hurt so grievously. And crush the thorns that wait your little feet. That s my part. Lead on."
And I should say when the girl wants

to choose the stage for a profession she should be left to work the matter out for herself as far as possible. If she has tasent she may make a success. If she has no talent the ranks will close against her of themselves, she will not have to be hurt and buffeted and taunted by the home folks. Most girls outgrow the wild desire for a career of that sort if they are not opposed too vigorously. We gird ourselves for conflicts. If I am told I shall not do a thing upon which I have set my heart, I am pretty sure to prove my informant mistaken. If it is undeniably so with us—and it is—why should we look for a different style of disposition in younger people. Opposition is the stimulant of desire. A wish that is unchallenged becomes of small account, and there is a great deal of good, hard sense in the plan of letting things work out in their own way in the sweet, hope-filled period we call "after a while." suspecting alliance. Hamlet cried in indignation at his gullty mother: most pernicious woman! O, villain, smiling, damned villain! My tablesmeet it is I set it down, that one may smile and smile and be a villain!"

The smiles that are evoked by the schemer merely as a means of conquest become as unattractive and repellant as the ever smooth words of the honeyed flatterer. A Frenchman who has made a study sense in the plan of letting things out in their own way in the sweet, filled period we call "after a while. of smiles and laughter says that the

LOVE IS THE SOURCE

Love is the source of all supreme de-light; Love is the bitter fountain of despair. Who follows love shall stand upon the height;
Yet through the darkest depths love, too, leads there.

Courage needs he who would with bold love fare; Let him set forth with all his strength Yet in his heart this song to banish care: "Love is the source of all supreme de-light."

And he must sing this song, both day and night, Though he be led down shadowy pathways where
Black waters moan, through valleys
struck with blight;
"Love is the bitter fountain of despair."

Let him be brave, and bravely let him head meets one squarely. Who shares the worst, the best deserves to share; Whate'er betide, and feel no coward fright; gapes slightly. There is animation all Who follows love shall stand upon the

Ah, sweet is peace to those who faced the fight. the light,

And bright the crown those faithful ones shall wear

Who whispered when the shadows veiled night: through the darkest depths, love,

height.

To hearts that best know love, his dark is fair, His sorrow gladness, and his wrong is All joys lie waiting on his winding stair; all paths of love, lead to the -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE ARROGANT WOMAN

The charming, unaffected woman of wealth is not a myth, despite the cynical observations constantly passed by those outside the golden roped arena. But of a certain type it may be said that no ogress queen of fabled lore was ever more unyieldingly autocratic, more careless of the comfort and happiness of others, especially those outside her gilded

set, than she. One of this type acknowledges no laws save a code of her own formation; her will recognizes no higher court of adjudishe is uncompromisingly trary and exacting in all her relations with persons less favored by Dame Fortune than herself. When associating with those enjoying the same financial advantages as herself she is all sweetness, all graciousness, but her charms have a way of vanishing within a sort of cold storage attachment the moment she comes in contact with those not in her little circle. Yet some indulgence should be accordeven to the most pronounced specimen

ed, even to the most pronounced specimen of this class. The narrow lives lived by many famous dames of diamonds and dollars should always be considered. It must be dismally laborious to bear the strain of slaughtering time through the maddening, whirliging chase for pleasure, that must continue long after the overthat must continue long after the ever-taxed, jaded palate has lost its cravings and its sense of appreciation has become deadened.

To unearth novelties when all the known merry-go-rounds have exhausted their fascinations, to plan surprises for other jaded palates by the score; to other jaded palates by the score; to spring at the proper moment a sensation that will make a ripple of excitement among the blase; to tickle faces that have become marbelized (or sometimes only kalsomined) by satiety—these must be in the nature of herculean labors.

Small wonder it is, then, that more than one haughty dame grows still haughtier, more heartless, as the years fly by. For there is nothing so wearisome, so deadening, as satiety. It robs enjoyment of all relish, all heartiness. It numbes all spontaneity

numbs all spontaneity. SLAVE TO CONVENTION. Often (though not always, let us be

few faces that can afford to smile;

a smile is sometimes bewitching, in

ing, the smiles of woman are welcomed,

Beauty making or not beauty mak-

"The world was sad-the garden was

a wild; and Man, the hermit, sighed

till Woman smiled," was romantic old

Thomas Campbell's idea of the power

of alluring femininity's laughing lips.

the smile from beauty won, O, what were man? A world without a sun."

CHARMS AND TERRORS.

ing charms to the smiling face of a

haunts the lovelorn wooer still, linger-

ing in his memory as a precious ves-

tige of his hours with her during the

restless interim of his separation from

The amiable woman glorifies her

The talkative woman renders her

The woman in love tells her passion

to the man of her heart with the fond

smiles which illumine her face when

The happy woman reveals her joy-

ous contentment in her smiling ex-pression, which is as characteristic of

her face as is the peace characteristic

The scornful woman steeps her smiles

The mischievous woman has a mis-

The coquette does her heart-to-heart

the equality of the sexes,'

warfare with smiles. "People may talk

Henry Ward Beecher said; "they are

not equal. The silent smile of woman

The politic woman carries her schemes by the irresistible spell she

easts through her cunningly devised

smiles, calculated with a nicety appre-

ciable only by one who understands

her, to ensnare and subdue those who

Aches and Pains.

You know by experience that the aches and pains of rheumatism are not per-manently, but only temporarily, relieved

Then why not use an internal remedy-

greeting him, for "Smiles are the lan-

sweet thought with her tender smiles.

words more charming through

All the world is with him in accord-

The bright smile of the sweetheart

More than this, he asks:

general vapid, often a contortion.

loved, dreaded.

pleasing woman.

in scorn.

about

chievous smile.

will vanquish ten men.'

ov external remedies.

thankful for that) the woman of fashion is the slave of conventionalities that will not countenance the reception, even in her own home, of anyone whose habitat is beyond the glittering glory of the bilious golden belt.

She is a slave in the pursuit of such goodly raiment as shall dazzle the eyes of even the elect.

Think of the heart-burnings that must result! Think how they must unbalance the pulse of the mental organism that can be devoted to such ideals!

To live, move and have their being within a tiny circle, from the inner edge of which look out the same old faces, always wearing the same old smiles. To hear, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, the same week, from month to month, the same old round of small talk.

Sometimes the ultra-end sive woman imagines she is made of afferent clay from ordinary, every-day sinners. She may be—for which the ordinary sinners

How can a woman with the ultra-exclusive mania possess a large invoice of ideas? While she sees and knows her own narrow world, she knows nothing of the real world. At every entertainment where she is a guest she sees only the same pitiful handful of humanity, and her mind is more easer to not gorgeous her mind is more eager to not gorgeous apparel than to imbibe new ideas. She suffers an incurable ennui, which she sees reflected in the faces of all those about her, and her one thought of the horrible concentrates itself on the awfulness of appearing a second time in the

Did you ever stand in a shop and listen to one of these arrogant exponents of fashion giving an order? Her supercili ous hauteur is pathetically absurd. In New York, where snobbery is cultivated as a fine art, the various specimens on exhibition from time to time are as pitifully amusing as those beggars who exhibit deformities to attract attention.

To come in contact with women suposed to be the best types of womanassociation with culture and the advantages that only large wealth often deals a rude shock to the uninitiated.

The woman who is cold of heart ex-

presses her coldness in her smiling.

The smile that plays about her lips is

not warm or heartfelt. It is a smile

of the intellect, appreciating a situa-

tion, not of the heart welling with

MANY VARIETIES OF SMILES.

out end. As many sorts and conditions

of smiles as there are sorts and condi-

tions of women, as there are char-

acters, intellects, and hearts, as there

are moods and whims and states of

or the want of a smile on the face.

Much character goes into the smile

There are certain sunlit, buoyant,

itself on the face in a perpetual smile.

Such a woman never opens her lips

to speak without a smile breaking im-

She smiles to her interlocutors, she

smiles to the children, she smiles at

Women of exceptional character

The haughty woman smiles with con-

descension, her lips parting with the

hauteur she feels, frequently turning

the corners of the mouth downward as

whom the smile is addressed feels with

superior to the vulgar crowd the lady

THOSE WHO SMILE TOO MUCH.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

Norse Wracked and Insomnicus

Hamilton's Mandrake Pills Cure Consti-

keenness never before known how

in the scornful smile. The

before him regards herself.

given to oversmiling, recalling

sometimes smile rarely, the smile

sweeping like a wave of rare light

mediately to accompany her words.

There are smiles and smiles with-

can further her interests.

overflowing emotion.

the things she sees.

across their face.

the way.'

that the Earl of Beaconsfield put it oppose her will and to Inspire to

down as his opinion that "There are supreme effort in her behalf those who

being.

SEVERE BACKACHE A WOMAN'S SMILES AND HEADACHE.

A Hamilton Lady thanks Dr. Pitcher for Pain Relieved and Health

Restored. If women would only consider what

an important part of their organism the kidneys are, how necessary that these little filters and purifiers of the blood be kept active and healthy, they would suffer fewer pains and aches. Dr. ing my seat to women; more Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are a specially adapted remedy for the kidney ailments of women. They cure backache, weak or sore back, pain in the loins, or over the bladder, swelling of the feet and legs, puffiness under the eyes, constipation and liver trouble, severe headache, urinary troubles of warm hearts whose loving cheer writes whatever nature, and all kidney derangements.



Frivolous women frequently are Pope said of his doubtful heroes, that Mrs. E. Berryman, whose picture appears above, and who resides at 1291/2 as shallow streams run dimpling all Bay Street North, Hamilton, Ont., expressed her thanks for the benefits de-Opposite to this character is the rived from Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidcold, taciturn, reticent woman who, like Brutus, "seldom smiles, and smiles ney Tablets in the following terms:-"For some time I was greatly troubled in such a sort as if she mocked herself with headaches, so bad that often in the mornings I could hardly raise my head Everything goes wrong, head feels heavy and dull, mind is tilled with strange forebodings, stomach is out of kilter. You need a good tonic like Ferrozone to bring back your lost appetite and digestion, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. Ferrozone is a wonderful invigorant and strengthener that will banish gloomy depression and quickly restore you to a healthy, vigorous condition of mind and body. Nothing is so good for the sick, weary and debilitated as Ferrozone. Price, 50c per box, at druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston. from the pillow. I also suffered a good deal from backache, and at times took dizzy spells. I had only used half a box of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets before I found them helping me. In all I have taken three boxes, and I feel splendid. The Tablets are certainly a good remedy.

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Teblets are 50c. a bottle, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Cut.

Vicious hearts are sometimes concealed by smiling faces, the smiles No other woman is justified in knowing

serving to mask dark designs or to lure some unwary instrument into un-The world of fashlon works hard to e haust all the pleasure of a thing before the rest of the world becomes aware of O, villain, existence. If respectability could be relieved of a monotony it would no longer be re-

when a girl begins to treat a man especially well he may be sure it is because of some other man.

Men are safe in calling themselves the stronger sex, for most women are too weak to contradict them.

A man loves a woman because she seems different from every other woman he has known, without reflecting that she too may have known those women. vowels used in laughter are indicative she, too, may have known those women of character. The person who laughs

> Daring indiscretions of speech and co Daring indiscretions of speech and conduct are the only sure signs of perfect respectability nowadays.
>
> It is only with some girls that chaperons are necessary, and they are the girls who don't have them.
>
> In order to be intellectual it is only necessary to sacrifice ene's general intelligence.

ward, good humored smiles turn it up-A man makes his place among men by his work; among women by his pleasures.

If a woman is to study it should be with a man. She will not learn much of the subject, but may strike an average by learning a great deal too much of the The reminiscent smile comes over the head is generally bowed, the eyes half closed, the lips not parted but extending their corners upward upon the

The wisdom of the world is bitterness: and never a woman yet learned wisdom except through a knowledge of men. Men who don't understand women should comfort themselves with the fact that, next to man, woman is the greatest mystery in the world to herself.

BRIDAL FLOWERS

It may prove interesting to prospective brides, who choose their wedding flowers with so much sentiment, to know why certain blossoms have been associated

with marriage feasts.
Orange blossoms are the first flower thought of in connection with weddings. The Saracens used organge blossoms to crown their brides, and regarded them as the emblems of happiness and prosperity, and as a sign of fecundity. The fruit has also its association with the hymeneal altar, as the golden apple presented by Jupiter to June on the day of their nuptials is supposed to have been an

orange.
In Sardinia it is customary to attach oranges to the horns of the oxen which drew the nuptial conveyance. Brides and bridegrooms are sprinkled with orange flower water, and in ancient times the bridal bed was decorated with sprigs of rosemary and orange blossoms. of rosemary and orange blossoms.

The Germans, who use wreaths of myrtle, consider this vine symbolic of purity and fertility, and for the same reason the Roman bridegroom wore a wreath of myrtle, while the bride's wreath was of roses and myrtle. Myrtle was said to be a favorite of Venus, the goddess of love and is symbolic of love. In Prinsia love, and is symbolic of love. In Prussia, however, it is held to be an evil omen for a bride to plant myrtle, and in other of the German Empire verbena ths replace the myrtlé. In other parts of this same country a hat made of verbenas is presented to the new-made wife, and is supposed to place her under the special protection of Venus Victrix. times rosemary was cons former the bridal flower, and was entwined wreaths and dipped in scented water. Greece the altar is entwined with ivy and the priest presents a branch to both

the bride and bridegroom as a symbol of the indissoluble knot of matrimony, while the wreaths of the bridal couple are, in some parts of the land, composed of had a smile which prompted Victor Hugo to exclaim: "Is it not a thing In old Roman times poppy wreaths were only worn by married women, supposed to indicate, by their brightness, the joy and happiness of married life. In other parts of the Greek isles brides wear hyacinth wreaths instead of orange blossoms. In Tripoli all bridal gifts are sent covered with flowers the weight of that enormous chain covered with flowers.

bride wreaths, being especially love's flower, but the lily of the valley, now so rused as the bridal flower, was called virgin's tears, and was considered most unlucky as a wedding flower.

PERFUMED CLOTH A Paris tailor has invented a per-

The improper study of mankind is man. The hardest career for a woman is to find a husband with a career.

Happiness depends so absolutely upon ourselves that it is the one thing we can never be sure of. fumed cloth with which to make dresses, the scent being guaranteed to Many persons are never quite reverent except when they speak of money. last as long as the fabric. In order to preserve the fitness of thing, the Most men's kisses are so cheap that ventor has decided to be governed in the choice of perfume by the color Good women spend years to build up in a man what a bad woman overthrows of the material.

A heliotrope gown, for instance, would smell of the flower whose name it bears; the same with lilac and vioround of high jinks and hygiene.

Men call on some women to strengthen their likes and on others to strengthen let. Mignonette will be used for green cloth, and the rose for red, while for materials of dark tints which are not to be found in the floral kingdom fancy perfumes, such as Jockey Club, Ylanglang, Frangipanni, etc., will be used. It has long been the custom for French women to line their garments in the winter season with fine flannel which had been thoroughly soaked in their favorite perfume and then allowed to dry slowly in a closed room, but in the summer time it was difficult to apply this system, and the present invention, which perfumes the garment itself, has been hailed with delight by the pretty faddists of the gay capital.

TO SIT OR STAND.

The same old street car question we have always with us, my dears. In a have always with us, my dears. In a discussion as to whether a woman should stand in a street car, while a member of the supports. the superior sex has a seat, a young man expressed his opinion thusly:
"Well, I am just about through offerof them don't know enough to thank you

of them don't know enough to thank you civilly for the courtesy."

"But," interrupted an excitable woman in a very forcible tone, "that should not make any difference to you. Because a woman forgets to be a lady is no good reason why you should forget to be a gentleman, is it?"

"Of course he resented it, and showed Of course, he resented it, and showed

his resentment by utterly ignoring the speaker and continuing:

"If a seat is worth having, it is worth
saying "Thank you' for."

Someone else gently insinuated: "But
then, just think of the comparatively few
times one is thanked for the countless times one is thanked for the countless "Well, we expect to be thanked, any-way, and I for one stop doing things for people who don't show any decent grati-tude," said the irate young man in little graceful things one does every day

final tone. His last remark made me think of a pretty bit of human nature, or rather beautiful child nature, which I saw not long ago, in a railroad train. A very diminutive boy was seated looking out of the window, and blissfully stuffing his red button of a mouth with sticky sweetness out of a paper bag, when he chanced to look across the aisle when he chanced to look across the alsie and there discovered an equally diminutive boy gazing wistfully at the fast-disappearing candy. In less time than it takes me to tell it, down climbed the little candy owner and deposited what was left in the bag in the lap of the candyless child; then without waiting candyless child; then, without waiting for thanks or even a recognition, back he climbed to his own seat and resumed his counting of telegraph poles with a happy ttle smile on his face. He was quite content to have bestowed

his gift, and the thanks of the other wee one would not have enhanced his pleasure in it one particle. It seemed to me an excellent illustration of the true spirit gift. Surely of such givers are the kingdom of Heaven. Kingdom of Heaven.

When children are unselfish, their unselfishness is of the most beautiful character in the world. No self-motive to mar it; no thought of a return; nothing but a pure joy in the expression of love and gwodwill. Bless their little hearts, they are the salt of the earth, all that makes life worth living. Without them the struggle for existence is but an empty the struggle for existence is but an empty instinct—it has no object, no soul.

Out of a population of 60,000 in Waterbury, Conn., from 27,000 to 30,000 are Irish or of Irish descent. It is one of the few cities in the country where Gaelic taught in the night schools.

Blue Ribbon Jea is worth more than it costs. Are you drinking it? Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green.

THE FLOWERING OF PATIENCE

low themselves to appropriate the larger share of the good things of life, which should be evenly divided. The number of indulgences available for distribution in the Ayer household was always limited, and the family philosophy seemed to decide that since were not always enough to go around, it was simpler to give them all to Milicent and be done with the matter. Milicent's own personal qualities, as compared with those of her sister, Patience, a year older, had much to do with this convenient arrangement. Milicent was extremely pretty, while Pattie was plain; Milicent had a fearless, sparkling wit which Pattie could thoroughly appreciate, but not reproduce; Milicent could make a

creditable recitation after twenty minutes' labor upon a lesson to which Pattie must give two hours' hard study; Milicent knew how to get her way with a charming air of deterence. while Pattie rarely came off successful in making herself feel even that there was need of her putting in a personal claim. So Milicent had things, and Patti did without. While fresh material set off Milicent's rose complexion, Pattie-patient as her nameripped and pressed, and turned soiled breadths, and regeathere ruffles and flounces in the tedious attempt to

'gar auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.' If both the girls had invitations for an evening when Mrs. Ayer had one of her frequent attacks of illness, and somebody must stay at home with Nannie and little Tom, Pattie always insisted that Millie must go. girls would be dreadfully disappointed if she were not there, you mamma." If a crisis in the family finances demanded the dismissal of the maid-of-ail-work, Milicent was quite too good a scholar to "be held back," according to Pattie, so it was Pattie who laid her dear, worn books on the shelf to burn her face over the range. But some compensation was gained when Milicent chattered brightly at the dinner table and praised the steak and pudding. If Milicent mildly protested against monopolizing some particular privilege, Pattie's constant reply, "But, Millie dear, you care so much more for such things than I,' of conscience were easily quieted.

was so convincing that her few qualms Such was the habitual relation of the two girls when Miss Mehitabel Ayer, their father's maiden sister, came to Rose crowns sometimes were worn as pay the family a visit. "Aunt Hit-ride wreaths, being especially love's tie's" visits were very infrequent, and the interval between this and the previous one had been so long that Pattle and Milicent had not seen her since were children.

first, knowing her to have a good deal of money and to be a very great travworld which existed only for them in green. the pages of their geographies. But Miss Mehitabel proved herself so plain and approachable that the slight "company manners" soon lightened, and the affairs of the household went on in quite the ordinary way.

Though a very keen observer, Miss Mehitabel was not at all like the rich and eccentric maiden aunt of the story books, who presumes upon her relationship to express unpleasant opinions at the most unsuitable occasions. In the privacy of her own thoughts, however, she soon began heartily to disapprove of what she called to herself the slaving of one good girl and the soiling of another." and promptly decided that "something must be done

The beginnings of that "something" appeared in the following letter received by Pattie a few weeks after her aunt's departure:

"My Dear Niece,-Such an old globe trotter as I am has lost the power to be long contented in any one place. So I am off again next month for a run through England and Scotland. But, after having been with you all, I don't feel like going off alone. So, with your parent's consent, will you do an old woman the kindness to come along as companion of the journey, promising to humor her whims and bear with her tempers? If your answer is 'Yes, don't worry yourself or your mother with preparations. I know better than you what you need, and, more import ant still, what you don't need, and if come straight to me, a fortnight will be long enough to make everything right. Your affectionate aunt, Mehitabel Aver.

"Mother! Millie!" gasped Pattie. "It can't be possible! She must mean Mil-"Nonsense, Pattie!" said her sister.

"There's your address on the envelope plain as print." But though Millie said this bravely her consternation was plainly written on her face. "But—she might have made a mis-take in writing it." Aunt Hittie doesn't make mistakes."

"But-I never could be spared. And it would be so much more to Millie.' 'We must manage," said Mrs. Ayer. But in her secret heart she wondered, And, be it confessed, there was a little regret that it could not have been Millie. "Millie makes so much more of everything than Pattie," But only in But only in her heart lay the words. Pattie wrote her reply privately and posted it without showing the contents to anyone.

"Dear Aunt Hittie," it ran, "I can never, never tell you how happy your letter has made me, or how grateful I am for your kindness. It is just be-cause you are so good to me that I dare ask you something. I understand, of course, that it is because I am the older that you have asked me instead of Millicent. But, Indeed, that need not make any difference. She would be so much better company for you than I, and besides, there are so many things at home that I really do not see how mamma could get on without

SO RAPIDLY does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough; there is always danger in delay; get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded. bles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases

If it be possible to be innocently sel- me. So, if you will take Millie instead fish, perhaps Millicent Ayer was less of me, I shall thank you from my blameworthy than most girls who alheart more than though I went myself. Please do, Aunt Hittie. Your loving niece. Pattie.'

What Miss Mehitabel said when she had read the letter is not recorded, but the returning mail brought this reply; "My Dear Pattie,-Set your heart at rest, my child. It is quite right for you to go. Your affectionate Aunt Hit-

So, with mingled tremors of delight and misgiving, Pattie consented to leave behind her little word of home and set her face toward the beautiful

unknown. It is not the purpose of this little story to record Milicent's strugles with unaccustomed daily tasks, by which she grew to measure the burdens which Pattle had borne so quietly and cheerfully. Nor can we follow Pattle in all her wanderings through the highways and byways of the green islands beyond the sea. But, looking over the oulders of the mother and sister at home, we may read two or three passages selected almost at random from the frequent letters through which Pattie's soul unconsciously revealed it-

really I? Are these the things I used to lie awake at night to think about, and go to sleep to dream of, never, never, hoping to see-all come trus at last!' I remember so well when Cousin Bob would recite.

'My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills My father fed his flock.'

I used to listen with the oddest feeling -just as I felt the wind sweeping down from the mountain heights. And now-think of it!--we have been for the last four days among the Gram-

"Ben Lomond frightened me. for we saw him with a thunderstorm beating the precipice on his northern side. How the lightnings flashed and the terrible

peals echoed from cliff to cliff! But it was a bright sunny morning when we came through the pass of the Trossachs and saw Loch Katrine for the first time. I was trembling so that I could scarcely look, for I was so afraid of being disappointed. But there it was, just as in 'The Lady of the

"The summer dawn's reflected hue To purple changed Loch Katrine's Mildly and soft the western breeze

Just kiss'd the lake, just stirred the trees. And the pleased lake, like maiden coy. Trembled but dimpled not for joy.'

"We lost the view of the water for a few minutes as we went on along the wooded path, and then-suddently They were a little in awe of her at len's isle! I knew it in a flash, and could hardly believe that I had not been there before. It was exactly as eler, familiar with many parts of the I had pictured it, a mass of leafy

"I feel tonight as if I had stood at the grave of dear friend, for we have been to Abbotsford and afterwards to see the tomb of Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey. It was so still there that we only heard the rustling of the ivy that covers the ruined arches, and the caw of a rook frightened from her nest. I knelt down, feeling very thankful, and kissed the marble slab.

ought to have been you, mamma, you, dearest Milicent, who is living this life here. What have I ever done to deserve this wonderful summer? Milicent and her mother looked at each other and the eyes of both filled with tears. The patient, girlish life filled up with daily tasks and selfsacrifices unrolled itself backward, and through it shone that other life of the

"I fell so small and unworthy. It

"And I thought Pattie did not care for such things! How blind I have been and how selfish!" murmured Mil-

soul which they had so little compre-

icent. "We have neither of us understood Pattie," answered her mother. "From this time we shall know her, Milicent, dear, do you know what is the flower of our patience? Our 'Patience' has blossomed into 'Joy.'"—Young People's

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the improved Eleas.

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Children Cry for CASTORIA Children Cry for CASTORIA Children Cry for

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the logarity. pose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will not perpetual the beginning of the beginning the beg petuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harrass the aged into

untimely graves.

The disastrous effects of the drough in New South Wales may be judg from the fact that a meat-preserving company at Albury has purchased 12 000 sheep at from 6 pence to 1 shilling per head