

ould not be so happy, when mother and Aunt Edith have been crying, but I am, and mother says to get something extra nice for me, because Aunt Edith is going to stay and Hilda, mother says someone told her that was not true, and it was all a mistake about Aunt Edith, and mother is going to send something to the poor little children in India, and, oh, I am so happy."

And so was Hilda.

Ottawa. BERNIE BRAE.

The Beautiful Twin,

"Goody," cried the Homely Twin, "I believe it's goin' to." She dropped the bit of cloth into the saucer of sand, and stood gazing proudly at the little crimson face in the looking glass. For nearly an hour she stood there, scouring the tiny gold brown spots, one by one. Wined? Not the Homely Twin! But, truly, it had hurt—my!

"I believe—I believe it's goin' to!" she breathed in rapture. For all the little freckles swam in the sea of red, faint and pale. They certainly looked as if they were fading out!

"I wonder if it wouldn't do to wait till tomorrow to do the rest," she murmured, doubtfully, feeling of her smarting nose with pitying forefinger.

"I shouldn't want to make it bleed—not just exactly before the picnic. I guess I'd better wait."

There was a sound of light steps coming up the stairs, and the Homely Twin hurried the sand saucer out of sight and sauntered over to the window.

"Barby! Barby! where are you? What are you doin' up here?" a voice called.

"Oh, I'm looking out the window. What you doin'? I know: you're coming up stairs!"

The Beautiful Twin danced into the room, a radiant picture of flying curls and clear little pink and white face. But scorn was in her blue eyes.

"Out o' the window! I hope you're having a good time, Barby Witherspoon, looking at an old red cow and a stone wall!"

"She's a dear red cow, so there!" cried the Homely Twin, quickly. "I'd rather look at Cream Pot than at—that!"

"Me! No, you wouldn't, 'cause I've got my new dress on!" the Beautiful Twin laughed. "Look here, will you, Barby Witherspoon!"

Barby turned slowly. She knew beforehand just how lovely Betty would look in the pale pink muslin dress. She knew how white her forehead and nose and chin would look, and how splendidly her cheeks would match the dress, and how all her soft golden curls would make a beautiful shiny rim—Barby could not remember halo—around her face.

"Isn't it be-oo-tiful?" sang Betty, circling slowly round the little room, with her crisp, rosy skirts spread daintily. "Pink is remarkably becomin' to me, Miss Cecilia says. And you guess what else she said, Barby Witherspoon!"

"That every other color was, too," Barby answered instantly.

Miss Cecilia was the seamstress, and she admired the Beautiful Twin very much. Sometimes she said things about the Homely Twin, too. It's a pity pink ain't more becomin' to Barbara, ain't it? I don't know really what color is." Sometimes she said that. Barby had heard her say it a little while ago.

"Well, she said it, honest, Barby. I can't help it," cried Betty, with a little toss of her curls. It was the beautiful thing about the

Beautiful Twin that Betty meant. But it was the dreadful thing about the Homely Twin Barby was thinking of. Poor Barby!

"And that makes me think—that's what I came upstairs for! Miss Cecilia wants you to come right down and try on your dress Barby."

The picnic was next day but one; and, oh dear me, the freckles had all come back by that time! Worse still, the scrubbing with the sand had roughened and reddened the poor little nose and cheeks dreadfully. Barby, in her pretty new pink dress—it was exactly like Betty's—gazed at herself in dismay.

"I look a great deal worse," she groaned. "Oh, a great deal. Now there's the skin off, and the freckles, too! But I'm goin' to that picnic—yes, I am! You hear me, Barby Witherspoon? Oh, I couldn't miss it. It makes me ache, I want to go so!"

After all, in the excitement and fun, perhaps folk would not notice freckles and things so very much. They never did notice the Homely Twin much anyway. It was always the Beautiful Twin. So Barby's sore little heart was comforted, and she buttoned her dress and ran away to wait for the picnic wagons. She was only seven, and at seven you can forget that your nose is scraped and red, even when it smart! That is, if you're going to a picnic.

But at the very beginning of the picnic something quite dreadful happened to the Beautiful Twin. She got tangled all up in some blackberry vines, and the sharp, cruel little teeth tore her fair dress "to flinders." That was what Barby thought when she saw it. It hung in shreds to her excited imagination. Anyway, the pretty skirt was torn nearly off the waist. "O Betty, O my stars!" she cried in sharp distress.

"I'm all to pieces!" sobbed Betty. "And I've got to go home, and it will b-break—my—heart!"

Go home?—from the picnic? And it had just begun! Barby shuddered. But there seemed no hope for the poor little Beautiful Twin. It was certainly a dreadful looking dress.

"I think it's mean! I think it's mean! she burst out, fiercely. "What did it have to be me for? Why wasn't it you, Barby Witherspoon? It would have been a good deal more—more propriator, so there! Miss Cecilia said you wasn't anywhere near as becomin' to your dress, not—anywhere—near!"

Sobs interrupted the argy little voice, and Betty threw herself down on the ground and hid her face. The twin sisters were all alone. The "picnic" had gone ahead, but they could hear the laughter and joy of it distinctly.

By and by Betty lifted her face. What! Barby had disappeared; but right there on a new bush hung her new pink dress, whole and fresh! And there was a piece of brown paper pinned to it, in plain sight. It had been torn from the luncheon bag.

"Dear Betty," it said, in the little Homely Twin's uneven writing, "ware min'. Here it is, and I've gone home with my jacket on over my Petticoat. Nobody'll know, and I can just as well as not, I shall run, it isn't so bad for me to Miss it, nobody will Miss me! don't look for me for I am gone."

That night when the "picnic" got home it was very late; and Barby was in bed, asleep. Betty crept in beside her, and lay looking at the flushed, homely little face. Once she put out her fingers, and smoothed it gently. Then she got out of bed again, and found a pencil, and wrote something on paper, sitting up close to the window in the

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starlight. When it was written, she pinned it carefully to the breast of Barby's little white nightgown; and then Betty kissed the unconscious little face.

"It's so," she whispered. "What folks call us isn't right. This is."

In the night the moon rose, and its tender light stole in and made the crooked words on the bit of paper on the Homely Twin's nightgown clear and easy to read.

"You are the Butiful Twin," it said.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the Congregationalist.

Story of Mr. Gladstone.

About twenty years ago a shoemaker came to London and established a small workshop, but in spite of industry and strict attention to business he continued so poor that he had not even enough money to buy leather for work which had been ordered. One day he was in the whispering gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral, with his betrothed wife, to whom he confided the sad condition of his affairs and the impossibility of their marriage.

The young girl gave him all her small savings, with which he went next day to purchase the required leather, without, however, knowing that he was followed by a gentleman commissioned to make inquiries about him. The shoemaker was not a little surprised when the leather merchant told him that he was willing to open a small account with him. In this way did fortune begin to smile upon him, and soon, to his great astonishment, he received orders from the wealthiest circle in London society, and his business became so well established that he was able to marry and have a comfortable home of his own. He was known in London for years as the "Parliament Shoemaker," but only when, to please his German wife, he left London for Berlin, did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his "credit account" to none other than Mr. Gladstone. The cabinet minister had been in the whispering gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty, and owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery had heard every word that had been said.—British Weekly.

Brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other.

Cowper.