

THERE is need of the tiniest candle As well as the garish sun; The humblest deed is ennobled When it is worthily done. You may never be called to brighten The darkened regions afar; So fill for the day your mission By shining just where you are.

The Second Chance (Copyrighted)

NELLIE L. McCLUNG Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny (Continued from last week)

(Continued from last week)

Paxil, the oldest daughter of John Watson, a C.P.R. section man living in Milford, Man, receives a large sum of money from the relatives of a young Englishman she had nursed when ill. She decides to educate herself and the rest of the family. The Watsons are joined by their Aunt Kate, who proves not an unmixed blessing. Peati proves an efficient and clever scholar and unmixed blessing. Peati proves an efficient and clever scholar and earning bad habits in the town and gives up her ambitions achool teacher and suggests moving the family onto a forecast provided to the change of the school teacher and suggests of the school the school teacher and suggests of the school teacher and sc where Libby Anne as he understands the circumstances. In the meantime the distance are getting established on their farm. The wateon family begin to itsend the country school. Pearl calls on Mr. Burrell, the pastor, and asks him conduct services in their section.

OH, yes," Pearl said. "I've been diamonds—no, I wouldn't just like a near enough to go to, or la-big comb either, it wouldn't suit her "make a pattern every way you look on the country school to the conduct services in their section."

at every race that I ever was near enough to go to, or lacrosse or baseball match, or anything. You sure nust come to the Pioneers' Picnic this year, Martha; we will have a splendid time." I've never had time to go," Martha said slowly. "I've always had to stay at home and look after things.

"I've never had time to go," Martha said slowly. "I've always had to stay at home and look after things, and besides, I don't know many goople and I don't like going among strangers. I often get lonesome now since Mrs. Cavers has gone to live on the other farm, and I am real glad you came over, Pearl. I hope you and I will be good friends."

Pearl looked at her with quick symmetry.

pathy. "You bet we will, Martha," she

said heartily. said heartily.

Martha's pale face flushed with pleasure. Pearl was quick to notice what a fine forehead and what steady, calm eyes she had, and that she would calm eyes she had, and that she would be a gonbed dooking girl if her hair were considered becomingly. Poor Mar-tha, who stayed so much at home, which was to part it in the middle and comb it straight back—the way hair was done when her weakly hair was done when her weakly hair was done when her mother was young. She was dressed in a crean, young. She was dressed in a clean starched dress of gray print, plain as a nun's. Pearl noticed that her teeth were clean and even, and her active brain was doing a rapid summing-up of Martha's chances for

"Look at how pretty her teeth are," "Look at how pretty her teeth are," she was thinking to herself; "she may not know how to do her hair, but you bet she takes care of them. Whether or not yer hair's combed right as matter of style, but clean or dirty teeth is a matter of the heart. Martha's heart's all right, you bet; and say, wouldn't she look fine in a wine-coloured dress, made long, with lots may not know how to do her hair, but you bet she takes care of them. Whether or not yer hair's combed right is a matter of style, but clean or dirty teeth is a matter of the heart. Martha's harl's all right, you bet; and they heard that heart's all right, you bet; and they heard that heart's all right, you bet; and they wouldn't she look fine in a wine-coloured dress, made long, with lost of fluffy things to make her look rounder and fatter, and her hair like missing the strength of the lounge, and another one made of the lounge, and another one made of little buns of silk beside them, all swered steadily.

far beyond the reach of mortal head Do you never use them, Martha "Do you never use them, Martial"
Pearl asked, touching them gently.
"Do you know, I like cushions that
are not half as pretty, but look more
friendly like and welcome. But these
are just lovely," she added quickly.

An enlarged picture of Mr. reikins was on one wall, while on the opposite side of the room hung one of Mrs. Perkins.

Pearl told the other children about them when she went home. "Lacre they are." she said, "just gistin straight at each other, day and night winter or summer, just the same, neither one of them givin' in an inch. 'I can stare as long as you,' you'd think they was saying, the way they've got their eyes glued on one another; and it ain't cheerful."

A hanging lamp, with its fringe of glittering pendants, hung over a table made of spools like the book shelves, and covered with a drape of sneives, and covered with a dr. tissue paper table-napkins, cu a deep fringe around the edge. The table that held the

The table that held the family Bible had a cover made of rope, hanging in huge tassels down at each corner. Under the carpet had been placed newspapers, to make it wear better, and it crackled noisily as they walked over it. On the window cur-tains were pinned little calendars and Christmas cards, stuck on rib-

To Pearl these decorations were full of beauty, all except the wool wreath, which hung over the lounge in a deep frame covered with glass; but its in-terwoven bright green leaves made her suspicious it was not in keeping

with the findings of good taste.

There was something in Pearl's
sympathetic interest that encouraged



Surroundings Like This Add Much to the Attractiveness of Country Life The attractive lawn here illustrated is the beauty good of a fruit farm in Wentworth Co. Ont., run by Mus. Clara Smith. The investment in a lawn such as this returns big dividends in satisfaction and enjoyment. Notice the hammocks. A fine place to spend a hot Sunday afternoon.

I just wish Camilla could live at them." in the house with her for a while She'd make Martha look a different girl. She's got hair, too," Pearl was thinking, "but she rolls into such a thinking, "but she rolls into such a hard little nub you'd never know. It needs to be all fluffed out. That nub of hair is just like Martha her.

nub of hair is just fike Martha her-self. It's all there, good stuff in it, but it needs to be fluffed out." "Stay for tea, Pearl," Martha was saying. Father and mother are away, and there's only Bud and me

Pearl readily agreed. She had told her mother that she probably would not be home for tea. Pearl's social

There were the "Pave at them." There were the Fave-ments of New York" in blue and white, the "Double Irish Chain" in red and white, "Fox and Geese" in buff and white; there were daintily hemstitched sheets and pillow covers there were hooked mats in great var iety, a lovely one in autumn leaves which seemed a wonderful creation to Pearl; there were pin-cushions, all no rearl; there were pin-cusnions, air ribbon and lace, and picture-frames ready for pictures, made of pine cones that Martha had gathered on the sand-hills of the Assiniboine When Pearl hal feasted her eyes on

When Pearl hal feasted her eyes on all these wonders and praised them abundantly, Martha opened her trunk and showed her a still more precious store of hand embroidery, such beau-tiful garments as Pearl had never dreamed of. "Martha," so cred impulsively,

"Not just now." Pearl said, trying to speak carelessly; "but, of course you will some time. Such a cleve Such a clever you will some time. Such a clever cirl as you are will be sure to get married. You're a dandy house-keeper, Martha and when it comes married, that's weat gettin'

counts."

"Oh, no, Pearl, there other things more important than that," Murths spoke sadly and with settled covietion. She was standing of the foot of the bed, looking out between the muslin curtains at the level stretch of country, bordered by the wooded river bank. She had been looking at this same scene, varied only by changing seasons, for many weary, wearing years, and the big elms on the river bank had looked back indifferently, although they must have known that Martha was growing old that Martha was fading, and that the chances of the trunk and cupboardful ever being used were growing less. The long arms of the windmill on the

it in a thousand dancing splinters on the floor behind her. "Being a good housekeeper hast' got anything to do with getting mar-ried," she said again, and her. she said again, and her voice was tense with feeling, "I can work and keep house, and sew and bake but no man would ever fancy mewhy should he? A man wants his wrife to be pretty and smart and bright, and what am I?"
The strain in her voice struck Pearl's heart with pity.
"I am old, and wrinkled, and weather-beaten. Look at that, Pearl's She held up her hands, so crueiblined and calloused. "That's my picture: they look like me." was tense with feeling.

lined and calloused. "That's my pic-ture: they look like me."
"No, no, no!" Pearl cried, throw-ing her arms around Martha's this shoulders and holding her tight in her strong young arms, "You're only twenty-five, and that's not old, and your looks are all right if you would only do your hair out bigger and fluffier, and you'd get to be a better figure if you'd breathe deep and throw back your shoulders, and sleep with your windows open. read all about it, and I'll get it fo you. It was in a paper Camilla ge-—a long piece called 'How to h Pretty, though Plain.' I am don' the things, too, and we'll do the together, Martha. See breathe, a than, here's the to thow back you shoulders'—suiting the action.' shoulders'—suiting the action of the mercinion will view you rosw cheels. It was in a paper Camilla ge

the word—"and a cold bath ever morning will give you rosy cheeks." She kissed Martha impulsively. "Oh, you bet you'll get married. Martha, and I'll be your bridesmaid—me and Bud will be it—and Lib Cavers will be maid of honour and carry a shock of lilacs, and I'll with a piece about it for the paper." and Pear Martha smiled bravely, and Pean was too polite to notice that her eyes

was too pointe to notice that her eyes were suspiciously dewy.

"Oh, no. Pearl," she said ,as see put away all the things careful," I guess I'll never be married; but I love to make these things, and when

I'm sewing at them I often imagine things, foolish things that'll never be; but I have them all ready, any-way"—she was closing ready, anyway"-she was closing down he trunk lid-"I have them ready, any way-in case-well, just in case-

(To be continued) ...

In floriculture woman is certainly at her best. Her innate refined taste for coloring, her natural artistic sense of arrangement, combined with the gift of love for all that is most beautiful in nature, peculiarly fits her for this niche in the professions. Flowers need very careful handling. gentle fingers are required when picking out the faded leaves or withere pruning or grafting. How suited then, for these arts are women.— Emilia Houlton, Calgary Dist., Alta.

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Years a than they that most lungs un crammed The charge us Not man cher decide good way he found

ing someth only five f reason for mediately After tryi his old att fluenza we tell others sort of a jo people sho there are their food

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