

can be housed and I am sending you. I do so hope you. It will give me much her fight that seeme. Your business you how to do the best you." rely.

Joan Andrews.

er and put it in his g again to the fading A week later Joan

rews:

pleased I am to help It gives me keenest to propose. There ng to the naviga- ger in use. It could d and painted and ave near the Union ould like to add the if that meets with m sure Miss Craig ere."

s, hn Dalyrimple.

could be better!"

d that Miss Craig ttled with all her little cottage near o be sure it had but a kitchen, but Miss soulful.

tell me how I got to John. "Couldn't I do believe it, t did it."

mistaken! I'll tell was a woman who an you must thank g new I suppose." t help me one bit,

ave you one cent, r. Rest assured of

t woman that if an are worth anything, long as I live."

Miss Craig is duly household goods, of fancy boxes and ways carried about. y night sitting by rmed rocker, very very happy. She he would remember her this on her red, and she meant

being included be- prayers, and for ave increased the made right more ly; you have given and I hope this business you will

rely, hn Dalyrimple.

was sitting in her lonely, courageous

n to afford that saying. "I am e, and live like a le rap interrupted Andrew, a visitor

In a minute."

et as Joan came Mrs. Allenbound uild. She stood there was John

to see you!" she dreamed to see

"he said, when I had something d to say to you," ried Joan. "You ney and lawyers ut money?"

you helped Miss now I want you house on Glen go and live in. o come and try

embling feeling. per?" she said. ay me?"

I want a wife— ith an intellect dness—who can help sometimes.

Do you think you could do it?" John had advanced across the room and his voice had pleading earnestness in it. Joan arose—superb little figure that she was—and came.

There is a tiny house near the Union Depot where an elderly woman grows avenues of sweet peas. Everything she touches turns to bloom.

There is another house on Glen Avenue where a woman sings all day long. Which of these houses is the happier I do not know, but I do know that in each of them the spirit of largeness dwells.

Love of Animals is Key to Character.

In an "Introduction," written for "Thoughts on Humane Education," P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education says: "The really great are ever gentle and kind and the greatest are the kindest and most gentle. Cruelty and indifference to the feelings of one's fellows or of any sentient beings are marks of coarseness of nature or want of proper instruction and training. Fineness of fibre, inherited or acquired, in man or woman, as in woods and textiles and cordage, is a sure element of strength.

"Thoughtfulness of the feelings and interests and welfare of others comes chiefly from careful instruction and training in childhood and youth. Learning to think and care for the welfare of wild and domestic animals makes one more thoughtful and careful of the feelings and welfare of men, women and children.

"How much richer and fuller is the life of the man or woman who has learned to sympathize with all nature and to treat all creatures kindly and mercifully. For indeed the quality of mercy is not strained. It blesses him that gives even more than him that receives. Our best living is not in abstract and logical thinking, but in true and kindly living and in actions prompted by good will. He who has learned to regard the birds as little brothers of the air and to look upon domestic animals and the beasts of the field as his less fortunate kindred who need his help finds a pleasure in their color and voice and motions, and a joy in the contemplation of their habits unknown to those who are without this feeling of kinship. He feels, as others cannot, the throb of the life of the world and rejoices in the recognition of his kinship with the universe.

"The teaching which leads to these results is a part of the inalienable rights of all children and must be included in the education of home and school if we would replace the old cruelties by thoughtful kindness and make the new world a world of freedom and progress and brotherly love."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Who Am I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.

I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal millions each year.

I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of trains.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am restless, I am everywhere in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush and maim; I give nothing but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

SEL.

A Women's Institute in Library Work.

After the Meaford, (Ont.), Women's Institute presented the Public Library Board with \$250, they were so grateful that at their annual meeting in January they appointed two members of the

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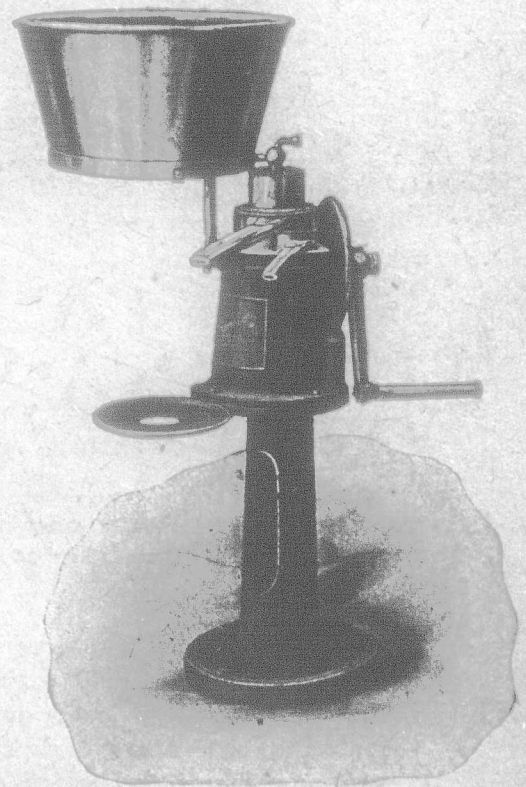
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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, TORONTO.

Women's Institutes on the Board, giving them charge of selecting books for girls and juveniles' interests. Now the women have started a children's story hour, each Saturday from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. The teachers of the Public Schools and some of the Women's Institute members volunteered to assist with this story hour. The children are delighted. Here-tofore, the Public Library Board consisted

of men. The first children's story hour was on the first Saturday in February, and will be kept up regularly from now on.

It was time for baby girl to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing would take her. At last father offered to lie on the bed till she fell asleep. Off she went pick-a-back and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of

content, ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when father would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy pit-a-pat. Nearer came the steps, and then a little white-robed form with a tiny finger on her lips stood in the doorway. "Hush, hush, muyer," she said. "It's got farver to sleep."—The Wellspring.