

that a twofold cord of love and trust bound them to each other. What a holy power this hidden tie had been, to hold him back from tasting of that chalice of evil which life offers to the lips of every man, Captain Ainsleigh alone could tell. When a boy, his mother, early widowed, had been his sole and tender parent; as a man, she was his best and most trusted friend—not to the exclusion of other friendships, but outshining and hallowing them all by the lustre of her own unselfish, unexacting, ever-ready love and sympathy.

Happy is the mother who thus retains the friendship of her sons as they grow to manhood—who, by her own large-hearted tenderness, her own never-failing honesty of purpose toward them, wins the love of the man's heart, as she did that of the boy! Mrs. Ainsleigh had been a beauty—nay,

spring, and the full maturity of summer.

Her hair silver-white, parted over a brow still smooth and fair; and the soft dark eyes beneath could kindle into fire as she spoke of some high and noble deed, or read some story of great and noble deed, or read some story of great and noble daring.

Her son in no way resembled her. "The fair Ainsleighs" had in bygone generations been a sobriquet of his father's family; and Douglas was a true Ainsleigh—"a grand gunner," some old martinet, rejoicing in the sight of a fine soldier, had once called him; and I do not think I can improve upon the term, it was so well deserved. Tall and powerfully formed, he had the keen grey eyes that holds the secret of command. His locks would have been "Hyperion curls," but for the prison-cell style of coiffure prevalent in the service preventing such a development; indeed, the gallent captain would have been hard put to it to supply a "faire ladie" with a

with each other in adornment, and yet the most of her son.

"I saw such a pretty picture this morning, mother?"

Thus Captain Douglas Ainaleigh, of her Majesty's Royal Artillery, lounging lazily against the window of the morning-room at Fern Leigh.

Mrs. Ainaleigh was bending over an intricate piece of bead-work, presently destined for a certain bazaar to be held in London, on behalf of the deaf, or the halt, or the blind, or some such afflicted beings, the like of whom this large-hearted lady was ever befriending, and by whom she was constantly preyed upon.

She looked up quickly at her son as he spoke, for he was by no means given to enthusiasm, and there was unwonted warmth in his voice and manner.

"Dear me!" she said, "has some artist suddenly appeared in Sheeling, and set the picture?"

"On a pony's back."

"What was on a pony's back—the artist, or the picture? Really, Douglas, you are rather incoherent?"

"I know I am," said Captain Ainaleigh, throwing away his cigar, and vaulting into the room as he spoke, "but I will be so no longer, mother."

These two, as mother and son, were simply perfect; you could find no fault and suggest no improvement. It was easy to recognize at once, on seeing them together, that a twofold cord of love and trust bound them to each other. What a holy power this hidden the had been, to hold him back from tasting of that chalice of evil which iffedfers to the lips of every man, Captain Ainaleigh, alone could tell. When a boy, his mother, early widowed, had been his sole and tender parent; as a man, she was his best and most trusted friend—not to the exclusion of other friendships, but out shining and hallowing them all by the lustre of her own unselfish, unexacting over-ready love and sympathy.

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those whose future lies before them like an empty canvas—a canvas to be filled presently by the hand of time, with the lights and shadows, and the fair days and dark days, painted in indelible colours.

Nothing but supreme content could find place in Captain Ainsleigh's breast, as he looked on Georgie's face and listened to Georgie's voice.

Some take years, some months, to fall under the potent sway of love in its

Some take years, some months, to fall under the potent sway of love in its deepest, truest sense—to feel the "stound," as our Northern neighbours have it, the wound of love in the heart; but Douglas Ainsleigh was like a man plunging headlong into a rapid river, and borne onward by a resistless current toward fair fields and purple, sun-tinted heights of happiness. It was as if he had been looking for something all his life, and had just found it, and could no more pass it by than he could have passed by a jewel that lay glittering in his pathway. His experience of the sex was by no means

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E ART OF FOLDING LINEN.

ashing machines, wringous, as we kinds of soaps have greathelabour of washing, nothing a into general use which does the old-fashioned laborious oning. There may be mangles of that sort, which lessen the ut they are not common. To be on nicely is a great accomplishnd every young lady should know ng of it. The wheel of fortune is antly turning, that even the high-ot tell how soon she may be glad to household skill in the matter. er neatly a garment may be ironed, be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it it is not also be effect is spoiled it is not also be effect is spoiled it is not also be effect is not also be effect is spoiled it is not also be effect is not also be effect. rst attempts at ironing, and they will re-ember it all their lives. Let the hems of hiefs, pillow cases, and the like, brought together with mathematical

The old town of Anjou was once most reble for its folding of linen. It seems little thing to distinguish a place, but one he had once witnessed a display of the had old cabinets of its spacious mansions, and old cabinets of its spacious mansions, and be likely to remember it ever after-

It was a great pride of a housekeeper in ich an establishment to throw open her eat presses and reveal the curious con-nts. Here would be an immense sheet heavy linen, shaped like a drinking nigh. Around it would be four and renty sheep fashioned from other linen sicles, all with bowed heads as if drinkthe head stood a tall shephere ills, abbeys, towers and castles are very napkins and the like, which are folded to beautiful shapes of lilies roses and that flowers.

Take common dry potato or wheat starch icient to make a pint of starch when ed. Then add half a drachm of maceti, and add half drachm of white ax, and then use it as common starch, using the iron as hot as possible. In manner a brilliant polish is produced. psom salts have also been recommended ruse in starch. To each bowl of starch

or use in starch. To each bowl of starch dd one teaspoonful of Epsom salts, and issolve in the usual way by boiling. Articles starched with this it is said will be stiffer and will be rendered to a certain A USEFUL PRECAUTION

in the schools of Nova Scotia; also, 112,319 square feet of blackboard surface. The total value of books and apparatus belonging to the schools is \$38,565.

It is probable that the St. Marys Public School will be constituted into a Model School, provided the County Council will grant the usual \$100. The Council have refused the grant, but we hope that they will be induced to reconsider their action.

Of 99 candilates for third-class teachers' readly. POCKETS. The radical difference between the habits

men and women is, perhaps, in no way nore significantly indicated than in the number, style and location of their pockets. A woman stays in the house a good deal a a rule, and isn't out of it more than a sa rule, and isn't out of it more than a tw hours at a time. She has her work able, her writing desk, her toilette table thome, for it is at home she is expected to be most of the time. Therefore she generally has but one pocket, and that is aidden away out of sight in the folds of her dress, just below the waist on the right tide. What does she carry in it? Not were usually are it would halve which

and small memorandum book. The ser articles hidden in this mysterious, sight pocket vary according to the

by rummage about on the right side tuns, whose cells contain nothing the can be called private property, ofter are an immense pair of pockets, almost ke saddle bags, sewn upon each side of a and of stuff, which is fastened around the waist beneath the nun's robe, in which two saist beneath the nun's robe, in which was slits are made to give access to these receptacles. At convent boarding schools girls sometimes imitate the nuns' example and almost live in their pair of pockets.

We all remember how convenient were the jaunty sacques with outside pockets which were so much worn a few years ago. Now it is the caprice of fashion to denude them of the pockets, and I regret this very much, as pocketless, they are not half so convenient nor so pretty.

I do not like bag muffs, and since I have ost several handkerchiefs, a door key and some odd gloves out of the round ones, I letest and mistrust them for any purpose out that of keeping the hands warm. They are such tempting, treacherous things,

or in a snarl, when We were foolish to deprive our sacques of heir pockets; but after all, it is better to ave all our pockets in one dress.

And now to come to a man's pocket, bid you ever see such a perfect contrast. He has from twelve to twenty places in early every a wildle.

early every available part of his garments, adeed, he is all pocket. The fact indicates he roving, unsettled, uncertain, out of loor life which men often lead. I am onetimes lost in wonder over a man's ockets; and my wonder is tinctured with any. There are first his vest pockets, low many? Four in some cases, though he of them is only a fob pocket. In the there he carries small currency sometimes and other them.