not for that, Seatorth, s'n as it is. I believe I would have gone on my bended knees and begged to be allowed to make up for your callousness and cruelty."

John Seaforth almost staggered against

"Loves me? Olive? She never cared— she could not care! I always knew she married me only for a home-

"It's a he !" Justin burst out. "She loves you, as a woman only loves once in a lifetime; she is eating her heart out for you-John almost threw himself on the other,

his colurless face flushed dark as tan. "Where is she, Justin? Take me to her at once, for Heaven's sake! I seem to have been in a world of darkness and of despair since she left me."

Olive sat snivering over her small fire, sept well "deadened" by a thrifty Scotch andlady. The door opened, and Olive hinking it was Mrs. Leslie, said, without urning, "Just put the tea-table, Mrs. Leslie, please," "Just put the tea-tray on the little

The door closed. Some one crossed the oom with hasty steps. The next moment Olive stood up, pale and trembling from head to foot. John, her husband, was

neeling at her feet,

"Olive, O ive, won't you speak to me? say you forgive me. My darling, it you new what I have suffered all this long year!" "John!" she cried remulously. her hand on his dark head, in which there ras a thick intermingling of grey; and John springing to his feet, clasped her in his arms,

So they stood for a long, long moment, in such a deep, unutterable happiness as can find no words—such a happiness as comes only once in a lifetime. And it is well that is so; for life would soon end if such a train of emotion were long sustained.

Then Olive whispered, 'You said—you idn't love me John! Oh, how could I

ar that? Was it true?

"No, my dearest-no," he said, holding "I said that nothing but love ould justify marriage; but it was because I ought you did not love me, Olive. I was reticent and reserved. I could never show y love; and I imagined it would have nnoyed you. I thought your heart was ith Justin."

"If you had only told me that !" she said inging closer. "You were so cold, I never liked to let you know. But it is all right w, dearest, is it not? and it is not too late begin all over again. This is our true arriage surely, John—the marriage that is ly justified by love."-British Monthly.

Woman as Daughter.

Not every household in the land has its arling ministering daughter, but no house old is complete without one. Into what end of the hour does she not fit, what long-g of the heart does she not fill?

I am supposing, dear rosehud of the little Iful thorn, that you are willing to bloom the home borders, that you are not anous for a wider career than home offers These are days of restlessness and piration beyond the bounds of home, and oung women are invited on many sides to ep into a sphere that seems wider than the mewhat circumscribed circle of home inrests. A girl conscious of her own ability, it the knowledge that she can successfully ompete with others, may often say to her-"Have I the right to fold my talent in napkin; shall I not be guilty of unfaith-lness and waste?" An ambitious and ide-awake young girl often chafes against the hampering conditions of her lot, and wishes that she might without question do with her lite as she pleases. And in this she is not to be blamed, nor for this should she be hastily condemned. The point of view must be regarded, and the twentieth century atmosphere weighed in the balance.

This being conceded, may we not urge upon our thoughtful daughter that she shall continue at home, filing every little space

This is What the Mothers Do.

By MARY L. C. ROBINSON.

Playing with the little people Sweet old games forever new; oaxing, cuddling, cooing, kissing, baby's every grief dismissing, Baby's every grief dismissing, Laughing, sighing, soothing, singing, While the happy days are winging,— This is what the mothers do?

Planning for the little people, That they may grow brave and true; Active brain and busy fingers While the precious seedtime lingers, Guiding, guarding, hoping, fearing, Waiting for the harvest nearing,— This is what the mothers do.

Praying for the little people (Closed are eyes of brown and blue), By the quiet bedside kneeling With a trustful, sure appealing; All the Spirit's guidance needing, Seeking it with earnest pleading, This is what the mothers do

Parting from the little people, (Heart of mine, how tast they grow!) Fashioning the wedding dresses, Treasuring the last caresses : Waiting then as years fly faster For the summons of the Master— This is what the mothers do.

—Sunday School Times.

Turned the fables.

Perhaps the Irishman in this anecdote was really guilty of contempt of court, but he was certainly very quick-witted, and it is not strange that the onlookers enjoyed the joke on the judge.

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.
"Did you see the shot fired?" the magis-

trate asked.

"No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly. "Stand down."

The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.-Selected.

Small Talk.

A girl who was to be taken out to dinner by Zangwill tried to sharpen her wits beforehand by preparing herself on the learned subjects she thought he might talk about. At the dinner the noted writer drew a small India rubber doll from his pocket and began telling fortunes with it, talking nothing but nonsense. She said afterward that she felt like the girl who listened with trembling rapture for the inspired words which she expected to fall from the lips of Tennyson. "I like my mutton in chunks," said Tennyson.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH.

Little children always need careful attention-but they do not need strong drugs. When any ailment comes they should not be drugged into insensibility with the socalled "soothing" medicines, nor should they be given strong nauseous, griping purgatives. The very best medicine in the world for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, disrrhoea, worms, colds, simple fevers and teething troubles is Baby's Own Tablets. If your little ones suffer from any of these troubles give them the Tablets and see how quickly they will bring back the bloom of health. Give the little ones an occasional dose of the Tablets and you will keep them well.

Mrs. Robt. Hanna, Elgin, Cnt., has proved the truth of these statements and says :- "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best remedy for indigestion and teething troubles." The Tablets cost 25 cents a box, and may be had from druggists or by mail from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The earliest instance known of penalizing smoking in the streets is in the court books of the mayor of Methwold in England. There is the following entry on the record of the court held Oct. 14, 1695: "We agree that any person that is taken smoking tobacco in the street shall forfeit one shilling for every time so taken, and it shall be lawful for the petty constables to distraine for the same, for to be put to the uses above said. We present Nicholas Barber for smoking in the street, and doo amerce him one shilling."-

Walter Scott liked to tell the story of his meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for a sixpence. Not having one, Scott gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh: "Now, remember, you owe me a sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar. "and God grant you may live till I pay you !"

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by .- Carlyle.

Why Modify Milk,

For infant feeding in the uncertain ways of the novice when you can have always with you a supply of Borden's Eigle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect cow's milk from herds of native breeds, the perfection of in-fant food? Use it for tea and coffee.

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