

benches out on the platform, I wouldn't ask to go further. But I needed the ticket for even that.

My head ached frightfully; the package of gingham on my arm was as heavy as lead.

The package! I felt like throwing it as far as my strength would allow; it had brought me all my trouble. If I hadn't purchased it I would have had enough money to have ridden home in a taxicab, had I chosen.

How I wished I had let that woman have the black-and-white piece. Still, it wouldn't have changed things if I had, for I would then have bought the purple-and-green plaid.

No, I couldn't blame any one but myself for my present trouble. A bargain had always lured me, and this was the bitter end.

I sat down on the upper step of the Elevated steps. I had to. I couldn't bear my weight any longer. My eyes closed a brief period and my body relaxed.

"Did you drop this parcel?" A pleasant voice aroused me.

I stretched out my hand and took the package.

"Thank you," I said mechanically, rising to my feet.

I feared I might tumble head first down the stairway if I remained there any longer.

As I rose I bumped into the woman who had just handed the parcel to me.

"I beg your pardon," I cried.

"Don't mention it," she returned.

Then our eyes met.

It was the woman who had annoyed me about the black-and-white gingham. We recognized each other simultaneously.

"Oh, it's you!" She turned from me with an angry gleam in her eyes.

"Wait a moment, please," I cried imploringly, a sudden inspiration seizing me.

She stopped and looked at me curiously.

"Do you still want that piece of gingham?" I inquired anxiously.

"I don't know that I do," she answered coolly.

"Would—would you give me fifty cents for it?" I asked feverishly.

"Is it damaged? Why have you changed your mind?"

She evidently distrusted me.

"Oh, no," I said earnestly. "But black and white really does not become me."

"Fifty cents is a good price to pay just to accommodate you."

She watched me, her eyes narrowing speculatively. I was in her power. She knew it, but not the reason.

"Thirty would be alright."

I was very meek; prayerful would better describe my state of mind.

"I will give you twenty-five."

I handed her the goods exultingly in exchange for the new precious quarter of a dollar.

Strange how the possession of a little piece of metal of the right kind will transform one.

The clock registered only eight-twenty, and I thought hours had passed. I would still have time to reach home before nine.

All my weariness had left me. A train was approaching. I fairly sprinted for a ticket and a seat in the car, and settled back with a positive feeling of luxury.

I drew a deep sigh of satisfaction. I prided myself somewhat on my perverseness. If I hadn't fought for the piece of black-and-white gingham I might have been walking around Battery Park still.

But it was certainly lucky that I met the spiteful bargain-hunter again.

Caroline told me, after I got home, that the whole thing was due to my own stupidity. If I had simply crossed the platform at South Ferry, instead of walking its whole length, I needn't have paid another cent.

TEST YOUR CHILDREN'S EYES

By C. L. B.

When it is not possible to take children to an oculist, a test of their eyes should be given at home. And I wish I could make the necessity of it very plain.

We had been sending a boy to school for three years who was almost entirely blind in one eye. He always seemed nervous and irritable and never seemed to grasp things at a glance as he should.

Finally our boy seemed so nervous and made such slow progress at school that I took him to a doctor, who was also an oculist. The doctor gave him a thorough physical examination—which all children

ought to have before entering school—and when he came to examine his eyes, I said, "I don't think you will find anything wrong there." But in a moment I saw I was mistaken. The doctor covered one of the boy's eyes and asked him to name four-inch letters on a chart twenty feet away. He could not distinguish one from another. Then the other eye was covered, and he could read nearly the smallest letter on the chart.

Now, I could have found out that much at home. I could have tried each eye separately on letters or objects across the room and discovered that one eye was very defective, but I had never thought of it. So the child was sent to school half blind, to be ridiculed because he didn't learn quickly, and made more nervous and sensitive all the time.

FOR PRESERVING EGGS

The best recipe for preserving eggs is the following:

"Take one pound of National Water Glass and dissolve it in one gallon of water that has been well boiled and cooled. Pack the eggs into the vessel into which they are to be preserved—a stone jar is best for the purpose, but any other will suit provided it is proof against leaking—and having stirred the water and the water-glass well together, pour this on until the topmost layer is completely covered. The reason for boiling the water is obvious, for the process kills any putrefactive germs which may happen to be in it at the time."

Great care must be taken that the water is not used hot, or even warm. It should be cooled to the temperature of the air before the water-glass is mixed with it, and the mixture poured over the eggs. Tie a cloth over to keep out dust, etc.

National Water Glass in addition to being an unfailing egg preserver may be used for uniting stone, brick, etc., in short it serves the same purpose as Plaster of Paris, but is much harder and stronger. In addition, it forms a splendid covering for damp walls previous to papering, etc.

THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY

Sunday.—In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

Monday.—Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation. Do not weaken and distract yourself looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw.

Tuesday.—No man knows he is honest until he has been tested.

Wednesday.—Before you give way to anger, try to find a reason for not being angry.

Thursday.—The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest.

Friday.—What is remote and difficult of access we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

Saturday.—When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; when in company, our tongues.

THE GLORY OF WORK

What a blessing compulsory occupation is! I wish everyone had it. It is one of the sweetest of small means. Ah! be sure all life's trials are quite compatible with wealth.—Lucy C. Smith.

There is not a creature from England's King

To the peasant that delves the soil,

That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring.

If he have not his share of toil.

—Barry Cornwall.

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Dr. Samuel Johnson's wife was old enough to be his mother, but he continued to be under the illusion of the wedding-day, when he thought he had married one of the most beautiful women in the world. When she died at the age of sixty-four, he being only forty-three, he mourned her loss as irreparable.

William Shakespeare, lost the sympathies of the world, when as a youth of eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. She was a coarse and ignorant woman, who had no sympathy with the romantic conditions of her husband's life.

What is the use of picking out unhappy persons well on in life, and thinking you are going to make them happy? How can you make them happy? If it had been possible to their natures they would have been so long ago, however poor they were. And they would not have been so poor or so unhappy if they had been willing to work. Work is such an admirable tonic.—From "The Benefactress."



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