

gain while I had breath in my body, should find a wisp of dust under his furniture! I had to go down soon to help get supper. I paused once more for a peep into my nest, but the zest had gone out of it, and I only saw the comfortlessness of the room I had just left.

Next day, according to my plan, I went to town, but I didn't get my desk, for I found I didn't need it near as much as I had thought I did. A long earnest meditation by one's self in the night, clears one's vision wonderfully sometimes, even though it is as dark as Egypt and one's eyes are tight shut.

I spent my ten dollars, however, and on the way home confided in grandfather and he aided and abetted my plan of keeping Tom out of my secret. So the next day Tom was sent over to a farm several miles away and given errands enough to keep him busy most of the day, and then I went to work. Every inch of washable surface in that apartment was scrubbed until it shone. Pretty new shades were hung at the polished windows, a brand-new white spread hid the patchwork quilt, a new letherette collar and cuff box stood on the tidy bureau cover, a pair of military brushes lay side by side on a little wicker tray. Tackle and ammunition were packed out of sight in an unused drawer, bookshelves and table were neatly covered and put to rights.

I knew that rugs and draperies would really annoy him, so I didn't attempt them, but spent the rest of my money for a chair that I knew would delight his boyish soul, strong, and roomy and comfortable, just the thing to read in by the hour beside the clean lamp, under its new green shade; this, with an easily spared chair from downstairs, replaced the broken seats which were promptly relegated to the attic. The washstand stood squarely on four reliable castors, and the noseless toilet pitcher gave place to a whole new one. And at the foot of the bed where her dear eyes would rest upon her boy the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, hung mother's picture. At last it had glimmered through my selfishness that Tom's turn had come.

It was dusk when Tom drove into the barnyard that night. I was ready for him, and it was hard to tell whether I or the dear old grandpeople were most excited over the surprise; but we all kept ourselves back till after supper. Then grandmother and I slipped away upstairs, while grandfather said, "Tom, where is that book you were reading last night?"

"In my room sir. Do you want it?"

"Why, yes, I believe I will let you get it for me."

"All right, sir," and Tom dashed off at his usual breakneck pace, with grandfather—would you believe it?—close behind in his stocking-feet.

Grandmother and I were in the closet peeping through the crack of the door. Tom bounced in headed for the table, and got half across the room before he saw the change. Then he halted and slowly looked about him.

I wish I could describe that boy's face. I actually thought once he was going to cry, and the way he held out his arms to mother's picture just broke my heart. I couldn't hold back any longer but threw myself into those empty arms and he hugged me tight and said, huskily, "There, there, Kitty, don't cry. It's the dearest surprise a fellow ever had, and I didn't deserve it."

"Oh, but you did," I declared. "You deserve a great deal more than you've ever had from me, and I'm going to be a better

sister to you, Tom."

Then the grandpeople came out of hiding and we all talked at once, and Tom admired everything to our heart's content. Yes indeed, it paid. Since I've begun to do my duty by him he is as thoughtful as any one could ask about taking care of his belongings. When I spoke of it the other day he turned red under his ear, but he said: "It's worth while, Kitty, to look out for things when somebody beside yourself is interested."

I don't dread to have him come into my sanctum now, for he is much more gentle, and we have ever so many cosy talks together with Tom's stogy shoes resting on my rug, and it doesn't hurt it a bit.

He never let me guess that he suspected why I didn't get my desk, but at Christmas time he gave it to me—the very one I wanted—though it must have meant real sacrifices on his part, for ten dollar bills are not very plentiful with my brother and me. But I prize it one hundred times more than if I'd bought it myself, just as Tom does his rocker and things, and I'd rather have written all my letters to my dying day on the back of our old geography, than to have missed the chance of gaining an influence over my boy that, please God, shall help him and his sister so long as we both shall live.—Christian Observer.

A Sportsman's Mecca.

There is no more delightful place in the Western Hemisphere for out-door life and perfect sport with rod and gun than the famous Muskoka Lakes region of the "Highlands of Ontario," about 100 miles north of Toronto. Canoeing is one of the many pleasures the district affords. The Grand Trunk reaches it with ease and comfort, whirling its passengers through some of the grandest scenery on earth.

Handsome, illustrated, descriptive matter sent free to any address on application to J. Quilan District Passenger agent, Boneventure Station Montreal.

Reminding the Hen.

It's, well I ran into the garden,
Said Eddie, his face all aglow,
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut!' she'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut!' again, only slower,
And then she would stop short and think.
"And then she would say it all over—
She did look so mad and so vexed,
For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next;
So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut, ba-daw-cut!'
As loud and as strong as I could,
And she looked round at me very thankful
I tell you, it made her feel good.
"Then she flapped and said 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut!'
She remembered just how it went then—
But it's well I ran into the garden—
She might never have clucked right again!"
—Baby World.

The Average Woman.

"The average woman" does not sound like a phrase of high compliment. Yet the average woman is doubtless the most needed woman in civilization. It is interesting and inspiring to see that she has made marked progress during the centuries. She is much more capable and more lovable than three hundred years ago. Her advance is some-

A Wise Mother.

A wise mother never attempts to cure the ailments from which her little ones suffer by stupefying them with sleeping draughts "soothing" preparations and similar medicines containing opiates. This class of medicines are responsible for the untimely death of thousands of little ones, though some mothers may not realize it. When your little ones are ailing give them Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mothers who have used the Tablets always speak in their praise. Mrs. A. Johnston, Eddystone, Ont., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets all you recommend them to be. My baby was troubled with eczema, and was very cross and restless, but since giving her the Tablets she has become quite well and is now a strong healthy child." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

what due to the work of those few leaders who make new paths, and encourage more timid souls to follow them. But for the most part it can be traced to the steady, slow improvement all along the line—an improvement traceable directly to the average woman herself.

She makes better bread and better soup than she used to make; she reads more books and better ones; she has a firmer hand and a more understanding heart with children; she gives more discriminatingly in charity; her household, small or large, is better ordered; her love has more purity and more fire; her religion is more Christlike in its wisdom and its compassion.

Perhaps every average woman in the world longs to do more than the average. Even that longing is her part in the general store of aspiration and works for good. But it is a kind of graspingness of which circumstances are pretty sure to cure her. The Persians have a proverb, "God takes good care the trees do not grow into the sky." Wordsworth translates that into English poetry, and tells us that even a woman who is "a phantom of delight" must also be

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

Youth's Companion.

The Real Secret.

"Tell me not of your doubts and discouragements," said Goethe, "I have plenty of my own. But talk to me of your hope and faith." The tone of complaint is one which we are all too ready to accept, and which is not only injurious to ourselves, but hurtful to all who come in contact with us. In speaking of a young woman who had filled several good positions, but with no degree of success, an older woman said: "She could have kept either position and earned a good income if she had not been so dissatisfied. She was continually finding fault, and never felt that she was appreciated."

It may be safely said that this attitude of mind is one that almost predetermines failure in any line of work. Patience under adverse circumstances will often bring about favorable results, while complaint only accentuates and fixes the cause of complaint. Avoid mention of the disagreeable things that may come into your life. If you cannot be patient, you can at least be silent. The secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying.—Boston Traveler.