

ter. Every one talking—no one hurrying—some were even eating pears. The floor-walker came around and told me to lay the pears in rows and make them look extra fine. I did as I was instructed, and worked as fast as I could. Presently my neighbor said, You need not hurry so fast. The rest of us are not going to.' 'The more boxes I fill, the more money I get,' I threw out as a leader. 'Oh, they don't pay by the box now. We're paid by the day. One dollar a day.' Paid by the day—that was the cause of this change. I was not surprised when a moment later one of the girls offered me her last box. Neither was I surprised to see each one waiting for the boxes to be brought to them. The firm tried paying by the day because they were anxious that the work should be done extra well; but they were obliged to go back to piecework, for they found that they could not afford to pay by the day.

Selfishness, I said to myself, is at the bottom of all the trouble between capital and labor; each side working for its own interest, caring not the least bit whether the other side has profit or loss.

A Half-done Girl.

'I don't know what Aunt Emily could have meant,' reflected Edith absently, as she partly closed the open book she was reading. 'Perhaps 'twas nothing after all, but it makes me feel uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't heard it; but it wasn't my fault; I wasn't eavesdropping!'

'Something you heard at Aunt Emily's troubles you, dear?'

'I had almost forgotten you were in the room, mother,' and Edith turned quickly in her chair, a slight flush indicating her embarrassment. 'Yes; it was when I called there this morning for her pattern. I heard something she said to Florence, and it's made me feel uncomfortable ever since. The worst of it is, mother, I can't understand what it was she meant.'

'Do you mind telling me? Perhaps I can explain. I'm sure your aunt never would have said anything intentionally to cause her niece the slightest pain.'

'I know she wouldn't purposely,' said Edith, looking soberly into the grate. 'Florence wanted to make some slippers like those I have started for father's birthday.' Edith hesitated, the flush on her face taking on a deeper tinge.

'Well, dear?'

'Aunt Emily told her when she had finished her breakfast shawl for grandmother, she might, but that she didn't want her to become like her cousin Edith—a half-done girl!'

Mrs. Ferguson was silent a minute; her expression, however, clearly indicated that her sister's remark was understood.

'What was it, mother, she meant?' asked Edith, anxiously, breaking the silence.

'To-morrow morning I'll tell you, dear,' replied Mrs. Ferguson, slowly. 'Come to my room after the work is done, and I'll explain.'

'It's just the opportunity I've waited for to make Edith realize her unfortunate habit, that's growing upon her constantly,' thought Mrs. Ferguson, late that evening, as she gathered from room to room an armful of partly-completed articles. 'I trust my exhibition, after her aunt's remark, may accomplish what my suggestions and advice for months have failed to do,' and, with a sigh, Mrs. Ferguson laid on the table her collection of Edith's half-finished articles.

The next day, after the morning's work was over, Mrs. Ferguson called Edith into her room.

'Is what Aunt Emily referred to very bad?' asked Edith, anxiously. 'I'll dread to have you tell?'

'I think I shall not have to, dear. My exhibition will explain it all.'

'Exhibition!' exclaimed Edith curiously, as she looked all around.

'Come over to the table, Edith,' said Mrs. Ferguson, kindly. 'Doesn't this explain?'

'I don't see how! Here's—where did you get all these things? The set of dollies I started for you last Christmas! I'd forgotten all about them. I remember I gave you a book instead. And there's the cape I began for my grandmother, and the fruit-piece Aunt Emily wanted me to paint for her dining-room. I remember I was going to finish it after the oranges came into the market, for one needs the very best when painting from still-life.'

'Where did you find that little book of pressed mosses I was beginning to arrange for the church sociable? Oh, I remember so well the day Margaret Leslie and I tramped through Townsend's woods after those. We were so very particular to get the very softest and greenest mosses, for that book was to be a wonder. And'—

Mrs. Ferguson looked into her daughter's face.

'But I don't see what these things have to do with what Aunt Emily said to Florence.' Edith picked up part of a doll's dress she had begun weeks before for little Mary, the sick child of her mother's laundress.

'Don't they explain?' asked Mrs. Ferguson, gently. 'In what condition are all the things you find on that table?'

'I see now,' faltered Edith, slowly, the look of enquiry on her face giving place to one of pain. 'They are all half-done! That's what Aunt Emily meant when she called me a half-done girl!'

'And that's the kind of a girl my daughter doesn't wish to be,' said Mrs. Ferguson, drawing Edith to her side. 'And now how can she best show that she doesn't intend longer to be what her aunt not unjustly called her?'—'Canadian Churchman.'

Our Feathered Friends in Winter.

To the winter birds, food is the most important of all things, and if food is regularly offered them they will make daily journeys to the feeding place. Crumbs and seeds will attract sparrows of many sorts. Small grain will bring the quail, the doves, the jays, and the blackbirds. Meat or fat will lead woodpeckers and chickadees and nuthatches and brown creepers and kinglets to become daily visitors to the home, and after they have all learned the location of the food, they will continue their visits, even though now and then the supply should be forgotten and the visit be fruitless.

After the food has been put out for the birds, it may take a few days for them to discover it, and one should not be discouraged if immediate advantage is not taken of the proffered hospitality. For the food offered to the grain-eating birds, a place should be chosen which is sheltered and warm, and care should be taken that the supply be not covered up by snow, and that if devoured by the domestic fowls it shall be renewed. It will be found that after the birds have discovered the food, the news of it will spread rapidly, and the number of those which come to eat will constantly increase. For the flesh-eating birds, strips of meat or bits of fat should be tacked up in the trees, and renewed from time to time, but often the red squirrel may discover these supplies before the birds do, and devour them

with great relish. It may thus be necessary to choose between feeding the squirrels and feeding the birds, but the farmer usually has little liking for the red squirrel which destroys the corn in his crib in a most impudent and offensive way.

When the birds first come up to feed they are shy and easily frightened away. Those who discover them at their repast should at first keep out of sight and show themselves little by little instead of suddenly. It will not take long for the feathered visitors to become accustomed to their hosts, and to regard them no longer as enemies, but as kindly friends.—'Forest and Stream.'

Barney's Ox Sense.

(Mary Morrison, in the 'Dominion Presbyterian'.)

'If you think you'll do it, you will, Theodore Parkins; that's all there is to it.' Aunt Jane emphasized her remarks by a peremptory flourish of the dishcloth. 'Nobody ever goes and does a thing offhand; its got to be in their mind first. If you hadn't thought you could get that swarm of bees out of the big bass-wood, last spring, and save the swarm, you would have found a thousand obstacles in the way that never showed up, being you'd made up your mind to do it. Nobody ever made anything of themselves unless they set out to and I s'pose, too, that nobody ever did any great piece of rascality unless their thoughts led 'em in that direction first. It's a rule that works both ways, I shouldn't wonder,' she added reflectively, as she wiped the dishpan and turned it over in the sun.

Ted turned away impatiently. He was used to Aunt Jane's lectures. It took something beside thought, up here in Kenosha county, to earn twenty-five dollars. Why, he hadn't seen twenty-five cents in a month. If he ever got a day's work, he had to take store trade for pay, he thought, disgustedly, as he went out to the wood-lot where his thoroughbred short-horn steers were grazing. He wouldn't sell Bob and Barney, not if he never went to school.

He let down the bars and whistled shrilly on his fingers and listened; then he whistled again, and presently he heard a crashing through the bush. It was the same call they had all learned to obey when as calves they had nibbled cold pancakes out of his fingers. Now they looked almost alarming as they ran toward him, their sharp horns gleaming white in the sunlight, but they stopped quietly beside him to lick at the lump of salt he took from his pocket.

'You'll stay on the place as long as I do, won't you, boys? And that will be as long as you live, I reckon. We have always been chums; we ain't selling out on chums—just yet.'

'Haw round, Bob.' He put the yoke on Bob's neck and fitted the key into the bow; then he motioned to Barney, who walked obediently up beside his mate while his young master fastened the bow. Then he drove them down to the barn and hitched them up to the lumber waggon. They stood patiently while he went into the house for his coat.

Mother was just putting a wild strawberry turnover into his dinner pail as a finish to his cold dinner. 'You won't be back till night, I suppose,' she said.

'No, I don't expect to get done much before night. It's rough ploughing amongst those stumps.'

'Well, buckwheat fetches a good price most generally,' Aunt Jane remarked thriftily. 'And it always makes good pancakes, son,' added his mother, as Ted went out to the road.