THE END OF THE STORY

The small girl sat disconsolately on a rock beating a melancholy tatoo on an inverted lard pail. There is nothing more discouraging than trying to build a moated castle with dry sand, and the small girl had en engaged in this thankless task for more than an hour. She had now de needs good soppy sand for the walls and towers, or else it will cave walls and towers, or else it will cave in and go to pieces at the first architectural attempt made upon it. It is true the long stretch of wet beach left bare by the receding tide offered to the small girl a wonderful supply of the necessary material, but it might not have been there at all for all it helped her.

She had been allowed to put on her red leather boots that afternoon on

She had been allowed to put on her red leather boots that afternoon on condition that she promise not to let them get wet, and although many unfortunate remarks had been made in regard to the small girl's character, no one had ever impeached her word of honor.

She looked down reflectively at her test in their shining red casings and wondered if their beautiful appearance made up for the deprivation

which they implied. The old black boots were much more comfortable and were long past being hurt by salt water, but they did not make one feel glad that one's skirts were rary short, nor did they squeak so delightfully when one walked in them. There is no knowing how far the ever-perplexing question of in-

ever-perplexing question of fin-ery versus freedom might have become involved in the small girl's mind had not her attention been suddenly diverted by the appearance of a young lady who came slowly down the sloping runway which led from the beach to the top of the low embankment behind it. The small girl threw her tin shovel baton to one side with a sigh of relief and flung herself like a young catapult upon the slim figure in blue linen.

"Oh, Aunt Hilda, I'm so glad you have come! Now you will tell me the story about why little starfish have five fingers.

The young lady laughed and allowed herself to be pulled down on the always shiny. soft sand, but, instead of immediately complying with the request which had been made her, she sat idly patting the little hand that had grasped hers and gazed out over the blue waste of waters before her.

Now the small girl liked to feel the soft touch of Aunt Hilda's fingers, but she liked her stories better, so she began suggestively in a low tone: Once upon a time there was a lit-

tle starfish that lived at the bottom of the sea and-" 'Peggy, dear," the young lady sud-

denly broke in irrelevantly, "has any one been down here on the beach this afternoon except you?" The small girl forgot the little starfieh temporarily and chuckled as at

'Mr. Gannett came down the walk looked awful cross and was saying things to himself, and I guess he morning and fell down.'

The small girl watched the young lady laugh with an anxious expec- fish now, Peggy? tancy that showed she had yet more which she wished to tell.

"And what did he do then?" the young lady said at last. "He called me a 'young limb.' What

am I a limb of, Aunt Hilda?" The young lady had grown grave "Mr. Gannett had no right to speak

to you so," she said, adding, after a moment, in a very indifferent tone indeed, "I suppose no one else has been near here this afternoon?' The small girl shook her head. Then

as her companion seemed again on out over the blue sweep of water. the point of becoming unduly interested in the horizon lines she once not always marry the princess, bemore began: "Once upon a time causethere was a little starfish, Aunt Hillived at the bottom of

The young lady suddenly turned, and, framing between her hands the rosy face upturned to hers, kissed gently. The small girl thought she felt something wet and hot on her cheek beside the kiss, but Aunt Hilda could not have been crying, for she was smiling when she spoke.

"If you will run up to the hotel, Peggy, and get my blue parasol that stands in the corner of the piazza by seashore." the door, I'll tell you the story when you come back.'

Then, while the broad runway was yet echoing with the sound of hurrying little feet, "And, Peggy," she called again, "and, Peggy, while you are there, you might see if there is any one we know on the piazza. It was not five minutes before the

small girl sank down again, hot and breathless on the sand. "I ran all the way," she panted. The young lady fanned her messen-

the broad brim of her white linen shade hat.

"Did you find the parasol all right?" she asked, most unnecessar- say there were two princes who livity, as the proof of it lay in her lap, ed at the same palace where the prinand was there any one on the piaz-

"Yes, I found it," the small girl answered, when she had at last cept Miss Gilman and Mr. Warren, and they've gone now. Miss Gilman was on the steps, and Mr. Warren was looking at her, and Miss Gilman was soving at her was soving at her was at large was soving at her was at large was at lar drawn a sufficiently long breath, was saying she guessed the hill walk was pleasanter, and then they went

The flapping hat brim shut off all view of the young lady's face, but the small girl was too busy with own thoughts to have noticed Presently she broke the silence with an abrupt "Aunt Hilda?"

"Yes, Peggy. Why do nice men like Mr. Warren go with horrid women like Miss Gil-The young lady laughed a queer little laugh.

"You mustn't call Miss Gilman horrid woman, Peggy, even if you do not like her. Of course, she's not very agreeable and she's not very " (this rather sharply), "but evidently attractive to some

"Well, I hate her."

Why, Peggy!" "Yes, I do, Aunt Hilda. She called me a "rude little thing' because I asked her where her spectacles were when she was reading aloud last evening in the partor. She always wears spectacles when she's reading form on the rocks here all by herself, but she didn't have any on last right, and I thought maybe she'd lost

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Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape buffs not to accept praises gracefully. She smiled complacently at her red boots. She hoped the young man noticed them, but a glance at his face made her doubtful, and then she

Royal Baking Powder assures wholesome food; it makes the best biscuits, cakes and all hot-breads; it protects the family from the danger of alum and other "No, Peggy, I don't, but I wish I injurious substitutes.

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them. I wish Mr. Warren wouldn't tracted by a man's figure slowly go walking with her.

and the second second

"Well, I guess I don't, Aunt Hilda. He's the nicest man! He isn't always laughing at me, like more people, and when he takes me v o. his knee he has the comfortablest lap. Did you ever sit on his lap, Aunt

look at something over her shoulder. "No, Peggy, I never had that plea-

The small girl suspected she was afternoon. being laughed at, but she could not be sure, for Aunt Hilda's eyes were "Yes, Mr. Warren's awful nice,"

she continued, meditatively; "any woman might be proud to be his "Peggy Andrews, who told you

The young lady's face was exceedingly rosy and her tone most em-The small girl looked up at her in

surprise. my father so, and I've been wondering ever since if-if-you-" the red

The color surged up the lady's face from the place where the hands in his pockets, was gazing a little while ago," she said. "He white stock ended to the place where down at her with a most unhappy the brown curls began. Evidently expression upon his face. she did not like to be asked such spoke

The small girl knew that she was meekly on the young lady's shoulder. "If you'd just as lieve. Aunt thought you were Mr. Gannett," she ilda," she said, humbly, "only-" said.

'Only, Peggy?' end up with the little starfish one. take. I like that to come last. You might, if you wanted" (this most engagingly), "tell me about a prince that The young lady looked ever after."

"But, you see, dear, the prince does

The young girl waited expectantly have forgooten everything in her minded way. interest in a white boat dipping across the open bay.

"You ought not to begin 'because," Aunt Hilda, you ought to say, 'Once upon a time there was a princess-" The young lady did not stop watching the white boat, but she accepted the correction. "Once upon a time there was a princess, Peggy, who went to live for a little while by the

"Was she more lovely than tongue can tell, Aunt Hilda?" interrupted the small girl. "Oh, dear, no, but then she wasn't

plain either, and some people had said-but it doesn't really matter what people had said. In any case know the beginning, you know," she had always been happy and contented until this summer, the summer, the summer I am speaking I mean, but that summer

"Dragons," broke in the small girl, The young lady shook her head. "No, not dragons. I was going to

cess was staying. One of them was very stout and very rich-" "Like Mr. Gannett, Aunt Hilda?" The young lady nodded. was rather like Mr. Gannett, Peggy.

the young lady hastily interrupted

"He was not like any one except himself, and that is why the princess came to-to love him so much, so very, very much."

The white sail on the bay was almost out of sight, but it seemed to have entirely absorbed the young lady's attention. The small girl was just on the noint of protesting when the story-teller berself suddenly remembered the task in hand and went

"But although this prince was so agreeable, Peggv, he was also amazingly stunid. Of course, the princess was did not want him to know that she

approaching from the far end of the "You don't hate Mr. Warren, beach. To her surprise her aunt sprang quickly to her feet. A few rods away a great ledge of rock lady, who looked up at them in surthrust its length far out into the prise. water, and she turned in that direcor two she stopped, and facing away gasped, "and we came to hear the from the approaching figure, called end of the story. Did the princess back over her shoulder: "There are marry the prince she wasn't nice The young lady turned abruptly to reasons, Peggy, why I don't want to see Mr. Gannett just now, so if he asks where I am you may tell him I said I wanted to be quite alone this

The small girl felt that she was in some mysterious way being made a sharer in one of Aunt Hilda's se- call her aunt by her first name. crets, and the balm which this brought to her vanity made up somewhat for the unceremonious leavetaking. She really did wonder, though, how that story came out. It was not a very interesting story, but it was provoking to have even a poor story left unfinished, and it would be nice to know what happened to the two princes and the prin-Did the nice prince kill the other prince after a long and bloody Why, I heard Uncle Harry tell battle, or did a fairy come and turn the other prince into an animal of some sort and thus get him out of shoes became unreasonably restless the way, or did the princess-Her meand dug the sand in an embarrassed ditations were broken by a long shafashion—"if you would be proud to dow suddenly falling across the be his wife, Aunt Hilda?" sands at her feet. She looked up to the yellow curls. quickly at a young man who, with his "How could she?" she said, after

"I am glad that you at least were couldn't see very well, for he stepped into the big well I dug this as gentle and even as ever when she coming," he said, with a sharp little "Shall I tell about the little star- girl had never before heard. She did not know just what he was talking about, but she did not wish to let being rebuked and dropped her head him discover her ignorance, so she ignored his remark altogether.

> The young man's frown grew a bit "Only I was thinking perhaps you more fierce. "Thank you; your aunt might tell a new story first, and then would scarcely have made such a mis-

> The small girl pacted the mounds under which she was busily burying her red shoes. "She didn't know married a princess and lived happy anything about it. She didn't look, She just got up and went off when I said it was Mr. Gannett."

> The scowl lifted visibly from the young man's forehead. He took his hands out of his pockets and, seating himself beside the small girl, for her to continue, but she seemed to began skipping stones in an absent-

a moment, and then lapsed into silence again. The small girl suddenly stopped her inhuming process. "Do you know how the story ends,

Mr. Warren?" she asked, eagerly. "I mean the story of the princess and the two princes. Aunt Hilda was telling me, and then left off right in the middle

The young man's eyes had been searching the rocks for a flutter of blue, but no merest hint of that color rewarded him, and he gradually became aware of the small girl's ques-

said; "perhaps you might tell me the beginning.

almost as well as to hear them. "Well!" she began, impressively, there was once a princess who

doing that before."

"But I have," interrupted the young tiful princess, though Aunt Hilda said to you, remember they come to oth-"Did your aunt say he was

Mr. Gannett?" he inquired. "She did after I asked her." verv much."

"Lucky dog!" the young man broke new trouble to tell. in, softly. "Well, and what did she do to this nice tall being?" The small girl shook her head

doubtfully. "I don't know what she did-Aunt Hilda had not got so far as that. She was just saying that though this prince was so nice he also very stupid. Now I couldn't see why he was stupid at loved him, and of course she was a all, but Aunt Hilda said he was begreat deal nicer to the other prince than to him on that account. But than to him on that account. But this prince was so dull that he she was always pleasanter with the thought she really did care more for thought she liked him the best, Mr.

thought it was funny myself; I did Spierretterre

"And she said she didn't care for the rich fellow, after all. "She said the princess didn't," cor-

rected the small girl. "And she did not want to see Gannett"-this was most evidently not addressed to the small girl, but she

did not notice that. "No, I guess my Aunt Hilda hates Mr. Gannett most as much as I

The young man suddenly turned to her, and, grasping her small hand, GROCERS you're a trump!" "Peggy,

The small girl did not know what she had done to be so eulogized, but she was too much accustomed to re-

remembered the story.
"Well, how did it end? Did the

The coung man had at last caught a glimpse of blue moving across the girl saw it too, and a bright thought came to her.

"We might go and ask Aunt Hilda," she suggested.

The young man grasped her hand and put her plea into practice so quickly that she was almost speechless when at last they climbed down the farther side of the rock and stood face to face with the young

"It wasn't Mr. Gannett, after all; When she had taken a step it was Mr. Warren," the small girl

> "Yes, did she marry him, Hilda?" The young man's voice was not quite steady. "He must have been "He must have been out of breath, too," thought the small girl, and she fell to wondering wasn't queer that he should The young lady did not seem realize that she had been asked question. She turned away looked off over the shining water. It was strange that her cheeks should be so red and that her hand should tremble as she lifted it to brush the wind-blown hair out of her

> as though that was the only thing that there was worth doing in all the world, but the small girl stole up and grasped the blue skirt in two

little sandy hands. "Did she marry him?" she per-

The young lady dropped her hand

marry him. "Because he thought he had no chance, Hilda. Because he was a proud beggar, after all, and the other fellow seemed to have all the encouragement. You know, you must

know, Hilda, how he felt. The voung man had come up behind the pair and was looking into the young lady's face over the small girl's head, but the latter's disappointment made her oblivious of all her sur-

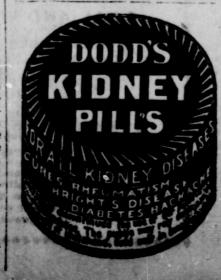
roundings. 'So you don't know how the story ended, after all," she said, loosening her hold, "and you don't know what become of the prince?" She started to move away disconsolately, but her aunt suddenly caught her back and, stooping, kissed her.

"I do know, after all, dear," she said, softly; "she told him she would marry him and be happy ever after.' The young man made a quick gesture with outstretched arms, then suddenly he stopped and, taking something from his pocket, pressed it into the small girl's palm. "There's a big box of chocolates at the pavilion for the little girl that gets

there in five minutes. was gone in an instant, scrambling wildly over the rocks. They did not watch her mad rush, nor did she once pause to look back. One never turns when one is about to possess one's heart's desire.-Edith Richmond Planchard in Short Stories.

Keep Troubles Secret

It is well sometimes to let your troubles be your secrets. The man or woman who deals tales of woe out "I couldn't tell you the end till I to his or her friends will soon find themselves without friends to whom they may deal them. In the long The small girl smoothed down her run it seldom pays to relieve yourtumbled dress and folded her hands self of burdens by adding to the in her lap. She liked to tell stories weight carried by others. The world is willing to laugh with you, but it seldom wishes to be asked to cry went to the seashore for the sum- with you, and there are none who mer. I never heard of a princess can make themselves so unpopular as those who go about with a long face and a tale of woe that is told The small girl was encouraged, and to each chance acquaintance. If the 'doctor's bill. went on: "She was not such a beau- little knotty problems of life come ! like and be just a little ready to help yourself than you are to ask anoth er to help you. Did you ever notice small girl returned, "but she didn't that the person who is given to troutell me what the other prince was ble telling is more than likely to be like, except that he was nice and a bearer of gossip? The two fit totall and that the princess loved him gether like two halves to a whole. and the gossip bearer has ever a



♥ 1905 ♥ S. Ignatius. Purification of B. V. Mary. S. Dionysius, Pope. S. Andrew Corsini. Fifth Sunday After Epipl S. Agatha. S. Hyacinth Mariscotti, Virgin. Romuald. S. John of Matha, S. Scholastica Our Lady of Lourdes. Simis Sunday After Epiph S. Telesphore. S. Gregory II., Pope. S. Agatho, Pope. S. Martina, V.M. B. Gregory X., Pope, S. Hyginus, Pope. Septuagesima Sunday. S. Cyril of Alexandria M. Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden. S. Peter's Chair of Antioch. S. Peter Damian. S. Mathias, Apostle, S. Felix III., Pope. Sexagesima Sunday Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord. *********************************** Courses in Agricultural Science, Household Science, Library Science, Advertising, Insurance, Civil Service, Commercial, Industrial and Academic work. HOME STUDY Canadian Correspondence College, Limited BY MAIL TORONTO, CAN.



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In time of health prepare for ill-

ness, is a very good motto for wo-

men to follow. One can never tell

when one's knowledge of medicine

will be called into account, and even

though it is not always possible to

take a course in first aid to the in-

jured, there are many simple home remedies and methods of nursing

which, if a person is familiar with, may save life, not to mention a big

Camphor is one of the good old-

where there are children. A flannel wet with it and bound on a sore throat at night will generally effect

a cure if there are no diptheritic

conditions. In case white patches

appear, a gargle of potash with a little muriatic tincture of iron

added is most effective. Add water

to chlorate of potash; the quantity isn't material, as the water will dis-

solve only a certain amount of the

spoonful of iron to a three ounce bot-

tle of the potash gargle is the cor-

rect quantity. Gargle with this pre-

A flannel saturated with turpentine

and grease is also good for sore

throats. Turpentine also acts as an

a dog bite, a nail, a splinter or a knife cut. Cleanse the wound thor-

oughly with warm water and pour

on turpentine. It will burn for a time, but is a healing and effective

a child at night will cure a croupy cough. Keep a 20 per cent. solution of carbolic acid in the medicine

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