

THE END OF THE STORY

The small girl sat disconsolately on a rock beating a melancholy tattoo 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 been engaged in this thankless task for more than an hour.

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 feet 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 ratty short, nor did they squeak so delightfully when one walked in them.

There is no knowing how far the ever-perplexing question of injury 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.

"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 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 little starfish that lived at the bottom of the sea and—"

Royal Baking Powder

45 CENTS a pound can AT ALL GROCERS 25 cents a half pound can

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, and is absolutely pure. 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 injurious substitutes.

Royal Baking Powder saves time, saves butter, flour and eggs; saves health.

them. I wish Mr. Warren wouldn't go walking with her. "You don't hate Mr. Warren, then?" "Well, I guess I don't, Aunt Hilda. He's the nicest man! He isn't always laughing at me, like most people, and when he takes me to his knee he has the comfortablest lap. Did you ever sit on his lap, Aunt Hilda?"

"The young lady turned abruptly to look at something over her shoulder. "No, Peggy, I never had that pleasure," she said. "The small girl suspected she was being laughed at, but she could not be sure, for Aunt Hilda's eyes were always shiny."

"Yes, Mr. Warren's awful nice," she continued, meditatively, "any woman might be proud to be his wife." "Peggy Andrews, who told you that?" "The young lady's face was exceedingly rosy and her tone most emphatic. "The small girl looked up at her in surprise. "Is it such a very queer thing to say? Why, I heard Uncle Harry tell my father so, and I've been wondering ever since if—if you—"

"The color surged up the young lady's face from the place where the white stock ended to the place where the brown curls began. Evidently she did not like to be asked such questions, though her voice was just as gentle and even as ever when she spoke. "Shall I tell about the little starfish now, Peggy?"

"The small girl knew that she was being rebuked and dropped her head meekly on the young lady's shoulder. "If you'd just as lieve, Aunt Hilda," she said, humbly, "only—"

"Only I was thinking perhaps you might tell a new story first, and then end up with the little starfish one. I like that to come last. You might, if you wanted" (this most engagingly), "tell me about a prince that married a princess and lived happy ever after." The young lady looked out over the blue sweep of water. "But, you see, dear, the prince does not always marry the princess, because—"

"The young girl waited expectantly for her to continue, but she seemed to have forgotten everything in her 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—"

thought it was funny myself; I did truly. "And she said she didn't care for the rich fellow, after all." "She said the princess didn't," corrected 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 do." "The young man suddenly turned to her, and grasping her small hand, wrung it most cordially. "Peggy, you're a trump!"

"The small girl did not know what she had done to be so eulogized, but she was too much accustomed to re-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 remembered the story. "Well, how did it end? Did the princess marry the prince she liked, and did they live happy ever after?"

"I profoundly hope so," answered the young man, fervently. "But don't you know?" "No, Peggy, I don't, but I wish I did." "The young man had at last caught a glimpse of blue moving across the extreme edge of the rocks. The small girl saw it too, and a bright thought came to her. "We might go and ask Aunt Hilda," she suggested. "Let's."

"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 lady, who looked up at them in surprise. "It wasn't Mr. Gannett, after all, it was Mr. Warren," the small girl gasped, "and we came to hear the end of the story. Did the princess marry the prince she wasn't nice to?"

"Yes, did she marry him, Hilda?" "The young man's voice was not quite steady. "He must have been out of breath, too," thought the small girl, and she fell to wondering if it wasn't queer that he should call her aunt by her first name. The young lady did not seem to realize that she had been asked a question. She turned away and 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 eyes.

"The young man stood watching 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 persisted. "The young lady dropped her hand to the yellow curls. "How could she?" she said, after a minute, "he never asked her to 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 young 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 surroundings. "So you don't know how the story ended, after all," she said, loosening her hold, "and you don't know what became 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 parlor for the little girl that gets there in five minutes." She 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 to his or her friends will soon find themselves without friends to whom they may deal them. In the long run it seldom pays to relieve yourself of burdens by adding to the weight carried by others. The world is willing to laugh with you, but it seldom wishes to be asked to cry with you, and there are none who can make themselves so unpopular as those who go about with a long face and a tale of woe that is told to each chance acquaintance. If the little knotty problems of life come to you, remember they come to others also, and so do not ask another to unravel a double portion of the snarl. If things do not go just as you would like them, remember that others are afflicted in the same way, and be just a little ready to help yourself than you are to ask another to help you. Did you ever notice that the person who is given to trouble telling is more than likely to be a bearer of gossip? The two fit together like two halves to a whole, and the gossip bearer has ever a new trouble to tell.

SECOND MONTH February HOLY FAMILY

Calendar table for February 1905 showing days of the month, days of the week, and feast days such as S. Ignatius, Purification of B. V. Mary, S. Dionysius, Pope, S. Andrew Corsini, Fifth Sunday After Epiphany, S. Agatha, S. Hyacinth Mariscotti, Virgin, S. Romuald, S. John of Matha, S. Zozimus, Pope, S. Scholastica, Our Lady of Lourdes, Sixth Sunday After Epiphany, S. Telephore, S. Gregory II, Pope, S. Agatho, Pope, S. Martinus, V.M., B. Gregory X, Pope, S. Hyginus, Pope, S. Raymond, Septuagesima Sunday, S. Cyril of Alexandria, 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, S. Anthonis, Pope, Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord.

HOME STUDY BY MAIL Courses in Agricultural Science, Household Science, Library Science, Advertising, Insurance, Civil Service, Commercial, Industrial and Academic work. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN.

Laughlin Fountain Pen advertisement. Sent on Approval to Responsible People. Laughlin Fountain Pen. Guaranteed Finest Grade Ink. SOLID GOLD PEN. To test the merits of this publication as an advertising medium we offer you choice of these two popular styles for only \$1.00. Grand Special Offer: You may try the pen a week if you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other make. If not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it and we will send you \$1.00 for it, the extra 10c. is for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen.

St. Michael's College advertisement. Educational. St. Michael's College. IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

Loretto Abbey advertisement. WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine institution recently enlarged to provide the former site, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

St. Joseph's Academy advertisement. St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The course of instruction in this Academy comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to nature, terms, etc., may be had by addressing: LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

School of Practical Science advertisement. ESTABLISHED 1876. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Shorthand 20 Lessons advertisement. Absolutely most complete and up-to-date Methods; position guaranteed; lessons by mail exclusively; no interference with regular occupation; no difficulties; everything simple and clear; endorsed by boards of education and leading newspapers; thousands of graduates; first lesson free for stamp. Department 51, Campaign of Education 211 Townsend Bldg. NEW YORK

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS advertisement. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY DISORDER. BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPONDYLITIS, CALCULI, HEMATURIA, ALBUMINURIA, DIABETES, HYPERTENSION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.