

was Stella; and when I first came you were a perfect imitation of that slangy Vera Holden. You are just like a mirror, reflecting the last person you are with. Every dress you have, even, is a copy of some other girl's dress; you walk like some girl, talk like some one—you even think about things just as the idol of the minute does. Why not let us see what the real Aileen is like?"

Aileen wriggled uneasily. "I wouldn't tell you this, dear, if I weren't sure that down underneath all your imitation there is a sweet, sincere girl. Can't I get to know her before I leave, instead of a copy of Elise Morland?"

"I'm sorry," the younger girl whispered huskily. "Let's try to discover the real Aileen," continued her cousin brightly. "I'm certain she is worth knowing if we can only find her. It won't be easy at first, because you are so used to being like other people that it will be hard to quit."

"I'll try," came in a muffled voice. "Don't cry, dear," Helen said gently. "Run wash your face and we will go out for a walk."

Aileen disappeared for a moment, and when she returned, Helen noted with pleasure that the red was gone from her cheeks and that she stood naturally. "Before we go I want to read you something to remember," Helen told her. "When you are trying real hard to outgrow the little affectations you have acquired, remember this." And she read softly, "It is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but not to linger by it, instead of kindling a torch of one's own."

"A torch of one's own," repeated Aileen, thoughtfully. "I'm going to try and kindle one of my own, Cousin Helen."

Proud-Cat and Cuddle-Kit

Bessie Cahoon Newton

Once upon a time there were two little kittens by the name of Proud-Cat and Cuddle-Kit who belonged to old Mother cat.

Proud-Cat walked grandly round in a coat of the longest, thickest, shiniest fur with gorgeous yellow patches all over it while Cuddle-Kit trotted modestly about in a coat of short, black common-cat fur.

"Just to look at me is enough," said Proud-Cat looking very unkindly at his plain sister. "I suppose that I would be obliged to put myself out to make folks like me if I were as homely as you are."

Cuddle-Kit went meowing back to Mother-Cat as all good little kittens do.

"O, Mother, dear," cried Cuddle-Kit, "why didn't you find me a plush coat with yellow spots on it like Proud-Cat's so that everybody would be glad to look at me?"

"Kitten-mine," purred Mother-Cat licking the pucker nose and mouth that looked so sorry for itself, "God made this plain black coat for Cuddle-Kit to wear just as truly as He made the beautiful coat for Brother."

"But why didn't He make me a coat like Proud-Cat's?" asked Cuddle-Kit with her head under Mother-Cat's chin.

"You have something more beautiful than Brother's coat," answered Mother-Cat licking the tips of the drooping ears.

"What is it?" asked the kitten opening big round eyes. "I have never seen it and I wash myself all over every day."

"You can't see it, kitten-mine," smiled Mother-Cat, "for it is something way inside of you. Folks call it your 'disposition'."

"Hasn't Proud-Cat one, too?" asked little sister wonderingly.

"Every cat has a 'disposition' of some kind: Proud-Cat's is not a beautiful one," answered Mother-Cat hanging her head for very shame.

"It isn't like his coat, is it?" asked Cuddle-Kit.

Mother-Cat smiled. "But no one knows about my 'disposition': I'd rather have a beautiful coat for everybody to see."

"Folks can't help seeing your 'disposition,'" answered Mother-Cat. "It's in your meow and your purr; your teeth and your claws; and in the middle of your back."

Proud-Cat walked grandly back and forth between the velvet cushion and the corner of the dining room where he ate fried liver from a dainty plate.

"I am so handsome that folks are very lucky to have a chance to feed me," he purred happily to Cuddle-Kit who always put her paws up on the cook's gingham

apron to say "thank you" after each meal. "I don't need to climb up into any one's lap to be petted: everyone leans down to pat me," exclaimed Proud-Cat as he licked his chops.

"Mother says you have beauty, too, but it's all on the inside. It must be very stupid to paw around after folks and purr alongside of them and keep your spitzzy feelings inside instead of outside."

Cuddle-Kit slowly blinked her left eye. "I can afford to be cross," the contented voice went on, "I never go out of my way not even for the Cook!"

And Proud-Cat didn't, although the Cook was carrying a pot of boiling water from the stove.

It is all too sad to tell. Proud-Cat wouldn't get out of the way for the Cook so the Cook had to get out of the way for Proud-Cat.

"M-e-o-w-w-w-w-w!!!!" yowled Proud-Cat as the Cook fell upon him boiling water and all.

The Cook limped slowly to a chair while Proud-Cat threw himself around the room in an agony of pain.

Nothing could help poor Proud-Cat then—not all the vaseline in the big bottle in the medicine-chest could save his beautiful coat that was falling away in big patches across the back and down one side.

"Poor Brother," purred Cuddle-Kit licking the ugly bald spots with her soft pink tongue. "I wish I could make you well again."

"What am I to do now my beauty is gone?" meowed Proud-Cat piteously. "The family said that it was all I had."

Cuddle-Kit put a loving paw around his neck and purred very softly to herself, "Poor, poor Proud-Cat! It didn't take any more than a pot of boiling water to ruin his beauty: I'm glad after all that mine is safe on the inside."

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders the mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attack of worms is always unhealthy and will be stunted in its growth. It is a meritorious act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

The Little Colonel

The little colonel won his title in twelve years of warfare—the whole of his brief life; for he was a cripple, well acquainted with pain, and with the wistfulness of being excluded from the heritage of boyhood. There were no races, no games, and no adventures for him, except those stern and solitary adventures in the highlands of the soul where each one labors alone. Yet perhaps few people were less alone than he, for where his body could not go, his eager heart sped constantly. No boy in town took more pleasure in "other fellows' interests, and because the boys saw and recognized his brave spirit, it came about that he was a leader and councillor of "the crowd."

Nor was his world limited to the boys. He was a wage earner himself—a newsboy with a steadily growing patronage. Tired men and women went to him—some consciously some unconsciously—for that cheerful courage which no market can sell, but which he and those like him freely give.

No one ever heard him complain. Always—whatever of good or ill the day had brought him—his friendly smile welcomed each customer. "After all," the clear, boyish eyes said to those that could understand, "this doesn't count. It's only when the soul is crippled that things are bad."

He died only the other day. The newspapers published his picture and printed articles about him as if he had been a public character. Men and women buying their papers of other boys, missed his brave and sunny smile; "the fellows" said nothing, as is the way of boys, but they missed him more than they could understand.

When a few years ago a university president, smitten with death, went quietly on with his work to the last moment, ignoring the pain, and counting death as only an incident of life, there were those who thought that those last magnificent weeks were worth more to the world than all his great scholarship. It could have been said of him, as of a

certain famous and dearly loved woman, that his death "impoverished that common fund on which we are all wont to draw in our moral and spiritual activities."

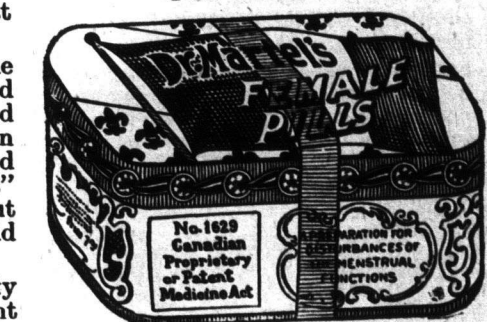
But did it impoverish that fund? Do not all such deaths give as much as they take away? However we answer that question, the "Little Colonel" certainly belonged to the triumphant company of those, alive or dead, who give to the splendid "common fund" of courage and cheerfulness by which the souls of men are heartened for the great battle of life.

Salesman: "Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff front?"

Customer: "Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things."

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