

MRS. SANDEMAN'S SON

Mrs. Sandeman sat smilingly listening to Mrs. Prendergast and feeling that she should hate her as long as she lived.

Mrs. Prendergast was paying a rather late visit, having been, in fact, making a round to tell her good news to as many friends as possible.

And Mrs. Sandeman listened and smiled with the bitterest sensations, offering profuse congratulations while her small and still attractive face flushed more and more deeply.

It had been at last determined that Hartley's profession should be the law, which to the person chiefly interested seemed as much an evil as any other.

"Hartley has not a pettifoggish mind," she said. Major Sandeman, however, insisted that the boy must not be allowed to spend any more time loafing about the town with a pipe in his mouth.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Sandeman, with ghastly cheerfulness; "he arrived more than an hour ago, but he had been so busy up to the very last moment in London that we persuaded him not to come in."

"The fact is," answered Mrs. Sandeman, while the Major continued to gaze at her whitened face instead of eating his dinner, "it's supposed to be a secret for the present."

"Then you hope Hartley may ultimately have a good position?" "My dear," cried Mrs. Sandeman, "he has a good position already. Mr. Vincent has no sons and four daughters. There is not the slightest question that before many years have passed Hartley will become a member of the firm."

"What had you heard?" demanded Sandeman. "Oh, well, boys will be boys—even one's own, you know," was the answer, and Major Sandeman walked solemnly home to ask what his wife had been talking about.

"I couldn't help it, Jim!" she exclaimed. "To sit there and hear Helena talk about Clement's success was more than human nature could endure."

"The Major did not answer, he neither smiled nor frowned, but sat stolidly in his chair, wondering what Ted Prendergast had heard from Clement, no doubt, about Hartley, who astounded a mother and a father by arriving home at 6.30 the following afternoon. It was one of the rare occasions when the Sandemans expected guests to dine, and when the bell rang the Major happened to be in his dressing room taking out his evening clothes.

"Jim!" cried Mrs. Sandeman from the door beneath, "Jim! It's Hartley!" "Hartley?" said her husband, and walked heavily down-stairs, joining his wife in the hall as the very young housemaid opened the door outside stood a fly, with two boxes on the roof.

Hartley was a tall, slender young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, but this afternoon he entered the house with a hanging air. "Well, mother, well, father," he muttered, with considerable embarrassment, and even in the midst of her consternation Mrs. Sandeman remembered that the four guests would arrive in less than an hour.

"Whatever is the matter now?" she demanded, and, with a rueful glance at the inquisitive housemaid, Hartley went into the dining-room, where the cloth had been laid, with a piece of Indian embroidery as a "table centre," and the napkins folded into fans for the dinner party. There to his parents' dismay, he leaned against the wall, burying his face in his coat sleeve and sobbing like a small child. The story was soon told. He had got into a scrape, had been pushed for money, helped himself to a \$10 note, and, on the inevitable detection, had been turned neck and crop out of Vincent's office—only for his father's sake being spared prosecution.

evitable detection, had been turned neck and crop out of Vincent's office—only for his father's sake being spared prosecution.

The Major's face remained almost as impassive as usual, and, although Mrs. Sandeman's cheeks were wet, she thought of her now unwelcome guests and tried to check her tears. It was arranged that Hartley should remain in his own room, partly because his presence at the table might lead to inconvenient inquiries, but principally for the reason that he had parted with his evening suit. Major Sandeman walked up-stairs rather more heavily than he had come down, and began methodically to take off his coat and waistcoat. He was the first to enter the drawing-room, where the gas had been lighted and the blinds drawn down. He stooped to pick up a piece of paper which had been dropped in the fender. He still had a profound admiration for his wife, an extraordinarily youthful looking woman for her years, which were forty-two, and considerably fewer than the Major's. On the rare occasions when she appeared in an evening dress his eyes would dwell upon her a little regretfully, inasmuch as fate had ordained that her light should remain hidden under a bushel.

But this evening he was quite startled when she entered the drawing-room, her face being daubed with powder to such an extent that it looked positively grotesque. Before the Major could expostulate Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth arrived, and at the same time he perceived the odor of tobacco, unpleasant just before dinner, and doubtless coming from Hartley's bedroom. As Mrs. Sandeman sat volubly talking, Mrs. Wentworth glanced at her face, then covertly at Mr. Wentworth, but the hostess continued to talk without much idea of what she was saying until the small party was complete.

When dinner was announced Major Sandeman made no attempt to move, and as Mrs. Sandeman touched his sleeve he seemed to rouse himself with a start, so that the visitors rallied him and Hartley heard them laughing downstairs. The soup tureen had been removed, and the Major sat abstractedly crumbling his bread, when Mrs. Wentworth addressed her hostess.

"Ethel saw Hartley on his way from the station a little while ago," she remarked, looking round the table, as if, perhaps, she had hitherto overlooked his presence. "Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Sandeman, with ghastly cheerfulness; "he arrived more than an hour ago, but he had been so busy up to the very last moment in London that we persuaded him not to come in."

"The fact is," answered Mrs. Sandeman, while the Major continued to gaze at her whitened face instead of eating his dinner, "it's supposed to be a secret for the present."

"Then you hope Hartley may ultimately have a good position?" "My dear," cried Mrs. Sandeman, "he has a good position already. Mr. Vincent has no sons and four daughters. There is not the slightest question that before many years have passed Hartley will become a member of the firm."

"What had you heard?" demanded Sandeman. "Oh, well, boys will be boys—even one's own, you know," was the answer, and Major Sandeman walked solemnly home to ask what his wife had been talking about.

"I couldn't help it, Jim!" she exclaimed. "To sit there and hear Helena talk about Clement's success was more than human nature could endure."

"The Major did not answer, he neither smiled nor frowned, but sat stolidly in his chair, wondering what Ted Prendergast had heard from Clement, no doubt, about Hartley, who astounded a mother and a father by arriving home at 6.30 the following afternoon. It was one of the rare occasions when the Sandemans expected guests to dine, and when the bell rang the Major happened to be in his dressing room taking out his evening clothes.

"Jim!" cried Mrs. Sandeman from the door beneath, "Jim! It's Hartley!" "Hartley?" said her husband, and walked heavily down-stairs, joining his wife in the hall as the very young housemaid opened the door outside stood a fly, with two boxes on the roof.

Hartley was a tall, slender young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, but this afternoon he entered the house with a hanging air. "Well, mother, well, father," he muttered, with considerable embarrassment, and even in the midst of her consternation Mrs. Sandeman remembered that the four guests would arrive in less than an hour.

"Whatever is the matter now?" she demanded, and, with a rueful glance at the inquisitive housemaid, Hartley went into the dining-room, where the cloth had been laid, with a piece of Indian embroidery as a "table centre," and the napkins folded into fans for the dinner party. There to his parents' dismay, he leaned against the wall, burying his face in his coat sleeve and sobbing like a small child. The story was soon told. He had got into a scrape, had been pushed for money, helped himself to a \$10 note, and, on the inevitable detection, had been turned neck and crop out of Vincent's office—only for his father's sake being spared prosecution.

The Major's face remained almost as impassive as usual, and, although Mrs. Sandeman's cheeks were wet, she thought of her now unwelcome guests and tried to check her tears. It was arranged that Hartley should remain in his own room, partly because his presence at the table might lead to inconvenient inquiries, but principally for the reason that he had parted with his evening suit. Major Sandeman walked up-stairs rather more heavily than he had come down, and began methodically to take off his coat and waistcoat. He was the first to enter the drawing-room, where the gas had been lighted and the blinds drawn down. He stooped to pick up a piece of paper which had been dropped in the fender. He still had a profound admiration for his wife, an extraordinarily youthful looking woman for her years, which were forty-two, and considerably fewer than the Major's. On the rare occasions when she appeared in an evening dress his eyes would dwell upon her a little regretfully, inasmuch as fate had ordained that her light should remain hidden under a bushel.

But this evening he was quite startled when she entered the drawing-room, her face being daubed with powder to such an extent that it looked positively grotesque. Before the Major could expostulate Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth arrived, and at the same time he perceived the odor of tobacco, unpleasant just before dinner, and doubtless coming from Hartley's bedroom. As Mrs. Sandeman sat volubly talking, Mrs. Wentworth glanced at her face, then covertly at Mr. Wentworth, but the hostess continued to talk without much idea of what she was saying until the small party was complete.

When dinner was announced Major Sandeman made no attempt to move, and as Mrs. Sandeman touched his sleeve he seemed to rouse himself with a start, so that the visitors rallied him and Hartley heard them laughing downstairs. The soup tureen had been removed, and the Major sat abstractedly crumbling his bread, when Mrs. Wentworth addressed her hostess.

"What an expense, to be sure!" remarked an elderly lady sitting next to Mrs. Prendergast.

"Ah, you will say that!" was the answer. "But, then, you must remember that money couldn't be better spent."

"Besides," suggested the hostess, "I imagine there is an allowance for Hartley's outfit."

"Exactly—an allowance," said Mrs. Sandeman, rising from her chair. "Is Clement all right?" she added, addressing Mrs. Prendergast on her way to the door. On the road home she looked very straight before her, and at once returned to the task of arranging Hartley's clothes. At a late hour Major Sandeman came back with his son, whose ship was to sail week, when Mrs. Sandeman took him into her bedroom and begged him to kneel by her side, then clasped his arm as they went down-stairs, where the Major stood coughing in the hall. He accompanied Hartley to the docks, parting from him with a few words and a heavy heart after the bell had rung as a warning for visitors to leave the vessel. It was a rainy day, but Major Sandeman waited on the quay with his umbrella still furled until the ship began to move, and Hartley stood in his long mackintosh on the lower deck, waving a limp hand.

Two days later, stirred by sympathy, Major Prendergast overcame his dislike to afternoon visits, and offered to take his wife to see Mrs. Sandeman, and, after a few remarks about the dismal weather, Major Sandeman entered the drawing-room. He shook hands and then took his favorite position before the fire-place, Mrs. Sandeman's back being turned toward him as she talked to her guests.

"Do you miss the younger, Elizabeth?" exclaimed Major Prendergast, in his sharp, jerky manner. "Ah, it was a dreadful wrench!" she answered. "But then, one can't expect to keep one's son always at one's apron strings, you know."

"Now, that's a sensible way to look at it," he said, with great cordiality. "And then," she continued, "we realize how much it is for his advantage. No young man in the world could have better prospects."

Prendergast looked up at Sandeman's impressive face as he stood behind his wife's hair. Major Sandeman passed a shaky hand over his gray moustache, and then Prendergast glanced a little apprehensively at Mrs. Prendergast.

"Your stay-at-home boys," cried Mrs. Sandeman, "may be well enough in their way." Mrs. Prendergast's cheeks became suddenly very red. "But," added her hostess, "to whom does the country owe its greatness?"

"Ah, yes, true," Major Prendergast admitted. "The scallawags have helped to make the empire—no doubt about that!" "Scallawags?" gasped Mrs. Sandeman, sitting exceedingly erect, while Major Prendergast glanced at his wife with more apprehensiveness than ever.

She perceived now that Mrs. Sandeman was ignorant of the loan, and that she assumed his and his wife's equally complete ignorance of the actual circumstances of Hartley's exodus. He understood also that these two women were rival mothers, and that the unfortunate criticism of "stay-at-homes" might easily be censured. Major Prendergast began to fidget in his chair, dreading the exposure which seemed to be hanging over Mrs. Sandeman's head, while, unfortunately, Mrs. Prendergast would not look in his direction.

"Thank goodness," continued Mrs. Sandeman, with her eyes on Mrs. Prendergast's flushed, angry face, "no boy could be less of a scallawag than ours! Never a moment's anxiety. As I say, it is quite right to praise the plodding, stay-at-home young men, but—with a flourish of her hands—"there are others who require a wider field for their enterprise."

She positively glared at Mrs. Prendergast, who had begun to unbutton and rebutton her gloves in her scarcely repressible excitement. As one of the buttons came off, she gave vent to a quiet but rather scornful little laugh, which Major Prendergast understood as an introduction to the retort to which Hartley's mother had famously led her self open. Rising from his chair, he touched Mrs. Prendergast's arm.

"My dear," he cried, "don't you think it's time—" "Oh, you mustn't think of going yet!" said Mrs. Sandeman, and certainly Mrs. Prendergast had no intention to depart until she had launched her bolt. But she now observed that Ted was regarding her strangely, and suddenly she began to discern the meaning of his serious and anxious expression. Following his example, she also arose, advancing to Mrs. Sandeman's chair. Stooping over her, she placed an arm around her neck—an action which had not been ventured upon since they were girls together.

"Elizabeth," she said, "I can't tell you how glad I am to hear that Hartley has such splendid prospects. And I feel certain that dear boy deserves his good fortune."

Mrs. Sandeman quite broke down, and Mrs. Prendergast declared that her hand ached for several days in consequence of Major Sandeman's grip when she bade him good-by.—The Sketch.

Katy's Light

(By J. K. Wilson.) You will not find it on the official charts or in the books of the department under the designation given above. That is only the sailor's pet name for it, in affectionate regard for the brave woman who keeps it. Officially it is known as the Robbins Reef Light. It is in the third lighthouse district.

Robbins Reef is a ledge between four or five miles from the Battery in New York City, and a mile or more from the nearest point of the Staten Island shore. It is in the midst of a population of five or six million people; yet it is a lonely and isolated place.

Within a half mile of the lighthouse is the great channel to the open ocean, along which at all hours of the day and night the ships go on their way; but nothing of all that they carry, or of that which they represent, stops with the lonely household on Robbins Reef.

Communication with the mainland is made by a small rowboat, and is difficult at all times, and perilous, if not impossible, at certain seasons of the year. During some winters it is entirely interrupted for weeks together.

So lonely a spot is it that it has been found impossible to secure a man willing to take up his abode there. After the death of its last male keeper, Jacob Walker, fifteen years ago, the department searched diligently for a successor, for three years refusing to break its rule forbidding the appointment of a woman to so solitary a post.

More than once it found its man; but in each instance the appointee, after going down the bay and looking over the lighthouse, refused the place on account of its peculiar isolation. Finally the board in despair threw overboard its red tape, and did the eminently sensible thing in appointing as regular keeper of Robbins Reef Light, Jacob Walker's widow, the plucky woman who during the three years of the interregnum had kept the light with such fidelity and efficiency as to make it notable even in a district in which are some of the best-kept light-stations in the world.

Mrs. Katy Walker is a German by birth, who came to America some twenty-three years ago, a widow, with a small son. She had not been in the country long before she met and married Jacob Walker, an assistant keeper of the Sandy Hook Light, and, with her little boy, took up her home there. From the beginning she manifested a deep interest in the lights and marked intelligence in the care of them. She was of great assistance to her husband in his duties.

Four years after his marriage Mr. Walker was transferred to the Robbins Reef Station as keeper. Here he died some three years later—died alone one night, with no one near him but his wife and stepson and baby daughter.

It is a pathetic story and a heroic one. A heavy cold had developed into a fever, followed by pneumonia. The boy was choked by ice. It was impossible for a doctor to reach the reef or for proper remedies to be procured.

And one night while a great storm raged, making it necessary for his wife to be constantly watching the light and cleaning away the frost and ice that it should not fail in its ministry of warning and direction, the lighthouse-keeper died. When the morning dawned a worn-out, broken-hearted woman found herself alone in a stone prison in the midst of that sea of ice—alone with her children and her dead.

Most women would have seized the first opportunity to escape from a place of such associations; but strangely enough, the heart of the widow clung to this desolate pile of rocks, where she had seen her great sorrow. She applied at once for the vacant position of keeper, but for the reasons noted above, her application was rejected, although she was employed as keeper ad interim.

For three years she did her work in trembling uncertainty, constantly expecting to be dismissed. Then to her great joy came the tidings that the board had given up its quest of a man for the place, and had duly appointed her to the care of her beloved light. In much contentment of soul she settled down to her life-work.

Twelve years have passed since then, and from that day to this Mrs. Walker has never received a reprimand or had a complaint lodged against her, notwithstanding the fact that her light is under the most constant and critical survey, standing as it does in the roadway of one of the busiest harbors of the world.

More than that, her lighthouse has the reputation of being the cleanest and best kept of any in the third district, and is probably not surpassed in these respects by any in the United States.

About ten years ago her son Jacob became assistant keeper, but he is only an assistant. Occasionally he can persuade his mother to allow him to relieve her for a portion of her nightly watch with the light, but not often, and not for long at a time. The light is her care and her love. Not one night since her husband died has she failed to look after the lamps personally, and for weeks at a time in bad weather she does not get a wink of sleep at night. The knowledge of her conscientious faithfulness has gone abroad in the world of sailor-folk, and few there are of those who pass up and down the bay, by day or by night, without a grateful look toward the lonely lighthouse and a warm feeling in the heart for the woman whom they all call "Katy," not in undue familiarity, but in respectful and affectionate regard. "Robbins Reef Lighthouse" it may be on official chart and lantern-keeper register, but "Katy's Light" it is to warm-hearted Jack, and will be so long as Katy lives to keep it—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Table for the month of January 1905, showing the days of the month, the day of the week, the color of vestments, and the feast or festival. Includes entries for Circumcision of our Lord, Octave of St. Stephen, Octave of St. John Evangelist, Octave of Holy Innocents, Vigil of Epiphany, Epiphany—Holy Day of Obligation, etc.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. 125 Courses by mail—courses for every boy and girl, man and woman in Canada—Education brings success—study at home in your spare time. Learn while you are earning.

Farming as a Business

We are moving out of the old conditions, said Prof. C. C. James, Ontario's Deputy Minister of Agriculture, at the Maritime Winter Fair. When our settlers first came to Canada they faced the primeval forest, and during all the clearing period the old agriculture held sway. With a new generation, conditions began to change; live stock came in, large barns were built, butter and cheese began to be made, and we gradually changed all our methods. This building and the exhibits it contains are proof that we are trying to keep up with the demands of the times and to compete with other countries by following the New Agriculture.

The New Agriculture must be conducted upon business principles. In old times it did not seem so necessary to pursue these business methods; in fact, with the surroundings then existent, there was no chance to do so. In our towns and cities the merchant and the manufacturer has also had to change his methods of business. The farmer is just as much a manufacturer as the man in town who makes boots, cloths and hardware. The manufacturer in town finds it necessary to make the kind of goods that the consumer demands. It is also one of the conditions to-day that the farmer should produce what his customers want. We must consider what our district is best capable of producing, and work along that line. Grow the crops and keep the live stock that thrive best where we live economically. Our best saw mills, for instance, are now run with practically no waste of material, even the dust is used. One of the best examples of economical manufacturing is seen in the great stock yards of Chicago, where absolutely every part of an animal is turned into a marketable product. So the farmer must endeavor to convert to a profitable use all his products. He should see to it that there is no waste land under weeds, under fences, or in careless cultivation. The farmer has, perhaps, in his operations, greater problems to meet than any other manufacturer, if he would avoid unnecessary waste.

The New Agriculture must be conducted upon scientific principles. There should not to-day be any objection to book farming, for the intelligent man can from agricultural papers and books get the valuable experience of other men who have done the work he is trying to do. Our people are wisely beginning to lay aside their prejudice against books, and to try to get the best information from every available source. Scientific men have been and are studying and finding out truths about plant growth, the constituents of our soils, the breeding and feeding of animals, the growing of fruit, etc., and it will pay us to learn what these men have found out. The farm work of the future will be a great deal more enjoyable. In Ontario the farmers are very seldom referred to as "old hayseds." The intelligent man who watches closely all the results of his work is interested and takes a pleasure in it. The world has lately found out that the farmer can be benefited by an education applicable to his business.

A few years ago in Ontario we first found out that the farmer had a wife and we are doing what we can for the betterment of the woman on the farm. In the past she had had a hard life—her work has been practically unending and she has not had the benefit of labor-saving devices to the same extent as her husband. We are trying to relieve the farmer's wife of all the drudgery possible by our system of women's institutes and domestic science teaching. We have also found out that there are children on the farm, and we are inaugurating a movement to try to provide the right kind of education for these children.

The home is where our agriculture starts and is nurtured. The reformation of the agricultural home is the start after all of our New Agriculture. Establish a farmer with an inclination to knowledge, a wife who knows how to make the most of her

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. TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year...\$160 Day Pupils...\$100 For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TEEFFY, President.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, O. This fine institution recently enlarged to give twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so necessary to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to various terms, etc., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to a education of Young Ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY needlework. Pupils on completing the MEDICAL COURSE and passing every Branch suitable to a education of Young Ladies. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, also for Senior and Junior Law, Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Phonography and Typewriting. For Prospectus address: MOTHER SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

School of Practical Science TORONTO 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. Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

opportunities, and children getting a rational education, and I care not how poor that farm is, it will succeed. With these conditions, we shall bear no more about the "old hayseds," but we shall see the farmer walking the streets of our towns, as well dressed as anyone, and respected as one of the best citizens of Canada. W. A. CLEMONS. Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parnee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

OILS CURE CANCER.

All forms of cancer or tumor, internal or external, cured by soothing, balmy oil, and without pain or disfigurement. No experience, but successfully used ten years. Write to the home office of the originator for free book—Dr. D. M. Bre Co., Drawer 566, Indianapolis, Ind.

Clad He Laughed First

Two men stood in front of the Aquarium yesterday. "Go in, Heinz," said the more robust of the two. "It was der funniest shows I naffer saw." "Really, Fritz?" queried the other, bursting into a hearty laugh. "You iss not choking?" "Naw, Heinz, I would naffer choke mit you." Heinz shook with laughter and went in. He was gone but a few minutes before he came out. "Yell," said Fritz, "what do you think about it?" "I am dinking," said Heinz, "how glad I was dot I laughs before I went in."