## GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

hold to the invunerable creeds, And what is writ in many a learned

oncerning God; but for my simple needs more than this-that God is Home.

The common dodder is one of these natural paupers. In the beginning, it makes an honorable start; performs very plant-like duty; shoots out root und leaf. But the bane of the idler n its nature; so, casting off its selfespect, it proceeds to suck its daily ap from some worthy neighbor.—Ed-win Markham.

Enter into the struggle of existence!" This is the mandate of the Power that made the world. This is he divine decree for man, and to igore it is to defy the motion of the universe—to defy evolution, to become an idler, a parasite. Idleness—we know with what silent but inflexible sternss great Nature sets her iron will against this treason to God.-Edwin Markham.

While one boy is regretting his want of opportunities, his lack of means to get a college education, and remains ignorance, another with half his hances picks up a good education in he odds and ends of time which other boys throw away. From the same material, one man builds a palace and nother a hovel. From the same rough siece of marble, one man calls out an ingel of beauty, which delights every holder, another a hideous monster, which demoralizes every one who sees

Remember this, you who seek to develop power of body and mind. When you set forth in the world to carve out career, do not be forever consulting your friends and leaning on them for advice about your course of action There are great issues in life, vital turning-points, where most of us feel the need of counsel, but such occasions do not present themselves every day. In the smaller matters pertaining to conduct and business, learn to decide for yourself. Of course, I am addressing the noble-minded and ambitious, not the idle and vicious.-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

#### WORDS ON WOMEN.

Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—Ben Jonson. Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, rules us still.-Moore. Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love .- Shake-

Oil and water-woman and a secret are hostile properties.-Bulwer Lytton. The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beauetiful woman.-Macaulay.

Earth has nothing more tended than a pious woman's heart .- Luther.

#### THE EVERY DAY PROBLEM.

We are outgrowing the crude tradition that work is a curse, a hindrance to a complete life, when in fact it is the only basis of a complete life. It is the mark of a shallow thinker to fancy work life would t, if it were not break open around him in beautiful satisfactions.

There is no curse on work-work that is not slavish drudgery; for work is as normal to man as play to a tiger's cub. But in the ashes of hope there is a curse upon the paradise of the idle, deep as the dust of graves. So the chief concern of every should be to become oriented—to find out his errand to the earth. This is a

part of the obligation laid upon every The animal does not have to seek for its mission, does not have to find its way. In normal conditions, the animal is pushed on in the path of its foreordained career; but man consciously co-operate with the powers that make for his progress and his One look into life makes clear the

fact that man is not here to roll as an aimless stone down a swift river. No; he is not here to drift with stream, but to turn the course of the He is not here to be bent by the world, but to bend the world. Into the destiny of things he comes as another fate to seize the raw materials of life and mold them nearer to his heart's desire. He is here to affirm, to create; to compel nature to higher issues, and to write large his autograph on a page of history.

It is his to find the wilding crab apple in the Asian forests, and to transform it to the bellflower and the greening of our orchards; his to transform the sneaking welf into the faithful collie and the benevolent t. Bernard; his to transform the arid desert, the reeking swamp, to the busy city, the whit-ening wheat field; his to command the irresponsible lightnings and yoke them to fetch and carry our words, our bur-

> The punishment of the idler is doubly deep, because his crime is a double crime; he sins against himself and against society. He fails to express himself; and at the same time he fails to render to others any return for his food and shelter. The deep life law is founded on the Golden Rule, the prin-ciple of reciprocity. If we take, we must give. Failure to obey this divine mandate is the chief cause of all the sorrows and disastes of individual and of social life. It is the observance of this law that swings the world in its htrmonies and makes possible the heaven of heavens.

Labor is not something thrust upon us by a malign or capricious deity, by some etebos on his arbitrary seat. It friendly rock in the road, the lifting of which calls out our unknown strength, our hidden genius. In the tug and wrestle of it we rise into selfrealization, into self-mastery .-- Edwin

#### THE DEVELOPEMENT OF PERSONAL POWER.

The first thing for a human being to realize is the fact that we are, each and all of us, threefold in our organization-physical, mental and spiritual. No matter how liberal or broad our education may be, or how far from orthodox our belief, we must be conscious that some force greater than the brain of man conceived and executed this wonderful scheme of the recollections of "English Statesmen and Rulers." Mr. Sinalley was for

Whatever this force was and is, we are a part of it, and from it we can paper correspondent abroad, and knew obtain wonderful power and strength well most of the great men and women if we hold ourselves receptive to its influences. However occupied a young Rosebery. Arthur Balfour, Sir Henry man or woman may be, each, if reared Campbell-Bannerman, H. H. Asquiti. man or woman may be, each, if reared under civilized conditions, finds time for a daily bath. All feel it a necessity for the health of the body. Just as necessary for the health of the mind is what I would term a spiritual bath -a few minutes of time given each day to relaxation and calm meditation, an undressing of the mind, so to speak, of all spiritual force—and an immersion of the whole being in the electric currents which flow from space about us.

He or she who desires to obtain peronal power, of the highest and most enduring nature, must take these few moments at least, daily, believing that the best and purest strength from the very source of all power is being bestowed.

After the routine of the day is tered upon, a careful watch upon the emotions and desires, to see that they do not encroach upon the rights of others, is another step toward goal. The power which develops into tyranny and oppression is never a safe power to cultivate. It is sure to resolve itself, eventually, into a boomerang, and to destroy the usefulness of the mind which seeks it.—Ella Wheeler Wicox.

#### WHAT SHALL I LET GO WITH THE OLD

letting that go which absorbs our energies and retards our progress. We should let our unfortunate past experience drop into the world of oblivion. We should never recall a disagreeable memory or mistake, unless it be to arm ourselves against falling into further errors. If the past torments and haunts you, cut it off sharply as if with Do not allow its shadow to darken your present, or rob your future of its possibilities. Profit by the lessons it has taught, but do not morhidly brood over them.

Why should you suffer your mind to be clouded with fear or anxiety? Why let doubt or worry destroy all your happiness? Why allow them, like ghosts, to glide through your mind unbidden, day after day, year after year, when you have the power to expel them, to expunge them as if they had never existed? In fact, they do not exist. They are not realities; they are but the delusions of an unhealthy imagination. Only the good is true; only that which is healthy and helpful exists in ultimate reality.

These things which mock our success, which fill our lives with terror, pain and mortification, which chill our

# John Moore Writes.

Foreman for the Dominion Cooperage Co., Praises the Oxygen Preparation, Powley's Liquified Ozone.

The process of manufacture of Powley's Liquified Ozone is a long one. It takes time, but at the end of the process we have a preparation of oxygen in liquid form, producing all the energy and vigor peculiar to Nature's great health-giving element. That it has extreme value is evi-

which he says: As foreman of Mr. Thompson's Ccoperage works, I have put up in your laboratory several heavy retorts for making Ozone. I and my men noticed, while working in the laboratory and inhaling the gases, our energies and health becoming stronger. I obtained several bottles for my own use and I am pleased to state your remedy perfectly agreed with my stomach and built up my general constitution. I am recommending it to all my friends.

denced by Mr. Moore's letter in

You are at liberty to publish this for the benefit of humanity.
(Sgd.) JOHN MOORE, 140 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.

The reason that Powley's Liquified Ozone makes cures is because it contains oxygen. This element has been found lately to be of extreme value in the treatment of disease of any sort. Its value being chiefly demonstrated as a tonic and antiseptic.

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blood with fear, and crush our happiness, have no tangible existence. Analyze the causes of your unhappiness after a single day, and you will find that they were anxiety, doubt, fear that something might happen, expectation of disaster that never came. These are not realities, but are merely the ghosts conjured up by a morbid men
blood with fear, and crush our happiness a number of full-page illustrations by A. G. Bacey, the Star's artist. The book will be found of special interest to readers of the household breakfast. The former she took, simply because, from its nature, she could not carry it away. It is nature, she could not carry it away the other way—but a cap of coffee and a slice of bread as her of the household breakfast. The book will be found of special interest to readers of the author's work in the Star.

The Emera, d

The Emera, d

The Emera, d

The Liday Excursion Rates—New Years, 1902.

The Niagara Falls Route."

The Niagara Falls Route." ghosts conjured up by a morbid men-tal condition. If we hold ourselves re-ceptive to the influences of the allcreative mind which guides the universe, if we open our minds to the eternal verity that all things are dained for good, and that evil has no place in the universal plan, we can learn to rise above our paralyzing fears and doubts, as a child rises into the consciousness of the unreality of ghosts which once seemed so real

him. New year resolutions have been easily made and easily broken ever since the dawn of civilization. Every new year seems brighter and more hopeful than the last, and we are ever ready to give our lives a new trial and shake off bad habits. The trouble lies in not being able to keep the new, good resolutions which we make. need to be more persistent in doing right, living right, and working right.

### Current Literature.

-O. S. Marden.

A splendid New Year's number is the January McClure's, making good, right at the start, the promises of the editors for the coming year. To 2 dog story is given the post of honor, and "Army Jack," by W. J. Carney and Chauncey Thomas, goes straight to the spot by virtue of its soldierly frankness and sincerity. "Jack" is illustrated to the life by W. R. Leigh. Along with "Army Jack" goes "The Demon in the Canon," a bear story by Henry Wallace Phillips, author of the "Red-Headed Cupid," uproarious with miners' slang and the "rough house" created by brother bear. A very notable paper, the first of a series, is Mr. George Washburn Smalley's personal many years the chief American newsof his day. In this paper he writes of and Sir Edward Grey, discussing not their politics, but their personal qualities and social charm. "Telegraph Talks and Talkers," by L. C. Hall, is a fascinating revelation of some of the mysteries of the Morse language of dots and dashes, by an old telegrapher, checkfull of all sorts of ant anecdores of the wire, unquestionably a great "find" for any magazine. Cleveland Moffett tells of his explorations "In and Around the Great Pyramid"; Robert Barr recounts another adventure of his captivating hero, James V. of Scotland, and James Barnes has a rattling story of the Boer war. Two short "Individualism," by William H. Hayne, and "Magic of the Past." by Paul Kester, completes the num-

For nearly threescore years The Living Age has held a place in the front rank of American periodicals-coming week by week freighted with the most literary products of foreign lands. It has selected with rare judg-ment and discrimination the most masterly productions, scientific, graphical, historical, political; the best essays, reviews, criticisms, tales, po-

etry, in fact, everything that the intelligent reader most desires to obtain. tinctive features it has added an editorial department, devoted to and Authors," in which are published, weekly, paragraphs of literary news and comment, and careful, honest and discriminating notices of the more important new publications.

As the years pass, the more does The Living Age commend itself. In this busy age, when the demands upon one's time are so many and so urgent, it is impossible for any but the favored few to wade through the multiplicity of publications and make their own selections, to say nothing of the expense involved in such a course. Anything which promises to relieve one of this burden renders a true service which cannot fail of ready recognition and hearty appreciation. How much is due The Living Age for time and money thus saved it is impossible to estimate. The Living Age Company, Boston,

A specimen copy of the Canadian Almanac has reached us. The issue of the Canadian Almanac, which forms the 55th of the series, is unusually valuable, and is indispensable to every office and library in the Dominion Many of the lists given are not found elsewhere, and in no other volume can so much information about Canada be found in so small a space.

The Canadian Almanac contains full account of the census of Canada so far as issued, giving the figures of the population of all the districts in the various provinces of the Dominion, and also the principal cities as compared with 1891.

The census of Great Britain is also

published, giving the population of the counties of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and also the principal cities The Canadian Almanac contains 416 pages, and is published by The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE. This January number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is unusually fortunate in its fiction. Ian Maclaren breaks his long silence by contributing one of his exquisite little sketches, 'The Vision of the Soul," while Hamlin Garland tells an Indian tale in his best vein, a story which has been elaborately illustrated in colors. In several other stories, notably those by Ralph Henry Barbour and E. S. Chamberlayne, the humorous predominates, while Miss Marion Hill's story, "In Honor of the Infant," combines a delicious sense of the ludicrous with a half unconscious pathos that comes from a perfect understanding of child-

Among the more serious articles in this number is a striking character sketch of Chief Arthur, of the Locomotive Engineers, the single permanent leader of labor in this country, and Senator Tillman's successful defense of his plan for the solution of the liquor problem. Readers who are looking for less serious entertainment will be much diverted by the autobi-ography of David Warfield, an actor tho has had the rare credit of contributing a new character to the Ameri-

"In the Paths of Peace," by Lily E. F. Barry, and bearing the imprint of the Canadian Engraving and Lithographing Company, Montreal, is a work of a devotional character. The work contains about 125 articles which appeared in the Montreal Star. They are republished by permission of the publishers of that newspaper, in their present permanent form. The book, comprising 310 pages, is well printed

## THE POETS.

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1.-THE SEA BY THE WOOD I dwell in a sea that is wild and deep, And afar in a shadow still, can see the trees that gather and sleep In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face, The caves are crystal calm. But I wish the sea were a little trace Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls, Are aweary of smothering gold, They would all be air that sweeps and

swirls In the branches manifold

They are weary of laving the seaman's With their passion-prayer unsaid,

They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips, Ashen and sere and gray; You can hear the sails of the sunker skips

Stir and shiver and sway

If mine were the will of God, the main Should melt away in the rustling wood, Like a mist that follows the rain. But I dwell in the sea that is wild and

deep, And far in the shadow still, I can see the trees that gather and sleep In the wood upon the hill.

11. THE WOOD BY THE SEA. I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,

But afar off tolls the main; Afar, far off, I hear the wind, And the marching of the rain The shade is dark as a palmer's hood

The air with balm is bland: But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood

Were ashes in God's hand The pines are weary of holding nests, Are aweary of casting shade;

Wearily smoulder the resin crests

In the pungent gloom of the glade. Weary are all the birds of sleep, The nests are weary of wings The whole wood yearns to the swaying

deep. The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still, So still when the dead cones fall, Near in the vale or away on the hill, You can hear them one and all

And their falling wearies me; If mine were the will of God, why, then. The wood should tramp to the sounding

sea. Like a marching army of men

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,

Afar off tolls the main; Afar, far off, I hear the wind, And the marching of the rain -- Duncan Campbell Scott.

#### THE LAND OF THE HUSHABY KING.

Oh, safely afloat in a wonderful boat, From over the Sundown Sea. When the tide swings slow and the breeze chants low In marvelous minstrelsy,

There cometh, there cometh the Hushaby And dreams are the elves that creep Close, close by his side on the Sundown

tide. As he singeth my babe to sleep-

"By, oh!-by, by-we shall go sailing, sailing: Swing low, swing high, over the Dream Sea trailing.

With elves of the Dreamland about us a-swing." This is the song of the Hushaby King. Oh, little blue eyes, the stars in the

skies Of the Dreamland are strangely aglow, And the moon is the queen of a fairyland

To watch o'er the children below: And your boat, 'mid the islands, swings lazily o'er, Where the mermaids in happiness

And, down where they dwell, 'neath the surge and the swell,

They are singing a fullaby song-'Sleep, dear; sleep, sleep, rocked on the rest-tide billow: While near creep, creep, elves to thy

downy pillow; You shall be soothed by the flutter of wings.' This is the song that the mermaiden

sings. Oh, the far-away strand of the Hushaby Land

Your little white feet shall press, And the birds of the air shall welcome you there

To blisses no mortal may guess. On wonderful trees shall the candy-fruit Plum-cakes to the bushes shall cling;

And no one shall cry: "Don't touch them! My, my! For the dream-fairies every will sing:

Yours all, yours, dear; all to be had for the taking: Babes small, babes queer, just give the trees a good shaking; candy in Dreamland's a very good

thing. This is the song that the white fairies sing.

Oh, far-away strand of the Hushaby Land, If I could but go, could go, Where my baby doth float in the Lulla. by-boat;

If I could her rapture know. As she laughs in a dream that comes through the night A dream of the elfins at play! But she drifteth from me o'er the Husha-

by Sea, And aye to myself I say:

oh!-by, by-babe who is drifting, drifting: low, swing high, safe on the sleep tide shifting."

my heart doth reply, though closer I cling: is safe in the arms of the Hushaby King." Alfred J. Waterhouse.

But this rough recall to life, acting upon a frame worn out by bodily privation and by the long weight of dreams tion and by the long weight of dreams too large and too heavy for a soul like his to bear, had the effect of an overstrong blast of air upon a lingering spark of flame that leaps under it into sudden life only the next moment to be extinguished for ever.

"Levi," began the Count; but a sudden

"Levi," began the Count; but a sudden change in the Jew's face arrested him.
"Shema Ishrael!" said the latter, slow-ly, beginning the proper ejaculation of a pious and orthodox Jew when he sees the end of all things. "Shema Ishrael!" The shtone ish a good shtone."

He was not addressing the Count, though the latter though the though the latter thought so.
"Where is it, then? By Saint Nicep-

"And I shee 'im now."
And so he turned himself over upon And so he turned himself over upon the bench, with his face to the wall, and died, simply and literally of a broken heart. How should he not die, when the Grand Emerald of Kandahar was false, and yet there was nothing in the whole universe but the Great Emerald of Kandahar?

CHAPTER XXIII.

And here, were it in any way lawful, I would bring this broken and fragment-ary history to a fitting close. I do not pretend to be able to carry the story of Nathan Levi farther than this; and, though I chose to elevate Count Andreas Kromesky to temporary rank, yet it was the old-clothesman who, after all, was certainly my true here But wardle. certainly my true hero. But—unwillingly as I must needs admit the fact—
it is out of my province to speculate whether or no the one piece of selfsacrifice that indirectly caused his death—for, be it remembered, if he had sacrificed all that true true and real to whether ficed all that was true and real to what need all that was true and real to what was inherently and essentially false, he had, at length, sacrificed the false in its turn to something, some one feeling, that was essentially and inherently true—whether this one piece of self-sacrifice, I say, was sufficiently great and pure to compensate for all errors, and to admit him to prove after death (which, according to the Rabbis, redeems from all cording to the Rabbis, redeems from all evil), that to have once loved something for its own sake, though it be but a piece of green glass, and to have sacrificed what he loved, was not, after all, to have lived altogether in vain. I wish, for my part, to think that this miserable piece of man-who had somehow man-aged to crawl or struggle even so far upward as, though through no merit of his own and though but a fancy, just to touch the outer hem of the garment of beauty, and to achieve, though but in intention, a harder piece of self-sacrifice than even so many as a few are capable of achieving; who, though from mixed motives enough had brought himself to give up what, to him, was more than life for the sake of one who could neverbe anything to him but a passing smile—was somehow, after all, a gainer, although in fact his dreams were but illustrations. sions and his sacrifice barren of result. But, as I have said, all this is beyond my province; and on this matter, there-fore, every one must think as he will or fore, every one must think as he will or can. Certainly, the transformation that should develop a winged soul out of such a chrysalis as the body of Nathan Levi must be great indeed; but then, on the other hand, what is impossible?

But it is not beyond my province to deal with those who were still living. I wish it were this unfortunately.

I wish it were. It is, unfortunately, anything but difficult to speculate as to what will happen when two unpracticed people marry for love, live extravagantly, and then take to indulging in expenly, and then take to indulging in expensive illnesses. The morning after her midnight visitation, Felicia awoke—no, not awoke, for to awake one must have slept, and she had not slept—but emerged apprehensively from her fortress to find that the ghosts had departed, only to leave behind them the presence of what, under the circumstances, was worse than a legion of ghosts—that is to say, nothing. The day had come at last when the cupboard was left so bare that even Poverty herself had to make way for the shadow of a more terrible tenant still. It makes one angry to have to speak so often of bod-ily starvation as if it were the greatest of all human ills; but so long as men and women have bodies more conspicuously and more imperatively than souls, so it must be; and perhaps it had been this hideous demon who had under the appropriate guise of Nathan

Arthur was sound asleep when she pulled away her barricade, and, not knowing what would be revealed to her eyes, gathered her unfinished work together, and crept on tiptoe into the naked sitting-room, through whose uncurtained and blankly staring window the dull light of a cold and rainy morning was finding its way. It was indeed fortunate, she felt, that he was sleeping and un-conscious; it would be well if he could remain so during, at least, the first of their foodless days. It is almost strange that she did not feel that it would be better still if he, or she, or both, could remain sleeping and unconscious for ever. But even now, though, according to all right, she ought to have despair-ed, she did not sit down in despair. Not dum spero, but dum amo, vivo—Life will cling to bare life, even when hope is gone. She finished her work, though her swollen eyes ached and throbbed and her head felt as though it were on the point of bursting in pieces; and then, when was finished, set out to carry it to Madame Cornet, who gave her, not money-for, indeed the debt, by reason

## Kidney Troubles of Children.

There are many mothers blessing Dr. Pitcher and his wonderful BackacheKidney Tablets. This remedy has proved so successful for that serious affliction of children-bed wetting-that mothers rejoice to know of a positive

cure. The Tablets have a strengthening and tonic influence on the weak urinary organs of children and enable them to retain their water naturally. Don't let your child grow up

with this weakness olighting his life. Have the trouble sured in time before it does permanent injury to the health

THE DIFFICULTY REMOVED. Mrs. W. M. Glover, Pearl Street, Brock-

ville, Ont., says: "One of my childre 1 that had been suffering from sluggish kic-neys read about Dr. Pitcher's Backac'e Kidney Tablets, and procured a bottle from F. R. Curry's drug store. They 13-moved the whole difficulty promptly. That depressing pain over the kidne's stopped, dizziness and headaches ceased, and there was a general invigorating of the system. There is no question regar ling the merits of these Tablets for the back and kidneys."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablote are 50c. a Box, at all druggists or by mail, effe THE DR. ZINA PITCHER Co., Toronto, Cat. take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Then, for the first time during many

Then, for the first time during many months, she burst into tears—yes, tears of joy. She welcomed him back to starvation as though to a kingdom.

He was too weak to talk much himself, but not too weak to listen; indeed, for that matter, he insisted on hearing from her lips on the spot the whole endless story of how he had been ill, and he refused to let himself rest until she had pacified him by letting him hear it all. Of the part that she had played, of her own toil and of her own privations, he was left to a great extent uninformed, not so much because she unconsciously tried to conceal from him what she had borne for him, as because, in her absurd joy and relief, she had honestly forgotten all her own sufferings. estly forgotten all her own sufferings. But he could not help seeing how changed she was, and ascribed the change to its true cause, which, in his eyes, only rendered her a thousand times more beautiful than she had been before. And so, in truth, she was, though not to common or unsymmathetic eyes in suffering the state of the common or unsymmathetic eyes. In suffering the suffering the common or unsymmathetic eyes in suffering the common or unsymmathetic eyes. so, in truth, she was, though not to common or unsympathetic eyes. In spite of romance, no woman, not even a heroine, can pass through many weeks of extreme and wearing toil, fearful anxiety, want of natural rest, hunger, sleepless watching and tearless grief, and yet retain the beauty that belongs to health and youth and happiness. But Felicia's beauty, never so very wonderful even at the best of times, had always even at the best of times, had always been of the spiritual sort rather than of the material; and it is notorious that the spiritual sort of beauty not seldomathem to the spiritual sort of beauty not seldomathem to the spiritual sort of beauty not seldomathem to the spiritual sort of beauty finds poison. To eyes like those of her father she would seem to have or latter she would seem to have grown old and plain, her eyes to have lost their brightness, her tints their purity, and her outlines their grace; but to those of Arthur her beauty had become transformed from that of a girl into that of an angel of helping and suffering. It may be remembered that he had always been a cultivator of the ideals of those early Christian painters ideals of those early Christian painters who seemed to regard the attributes of earthly beauty as sullying their conceptions of saints and angels. And now the Pearl of Pearls, which he, through love, had always known to be lying in the deep sea of her heart, had, by unseen hands, been brought up from its depths and displayed openly to the light of day. Once it had been content to let glimpses of its light shine through her opal eyes; now it had come to reveal itself so clear-

now it had come to reveal itself so clearly in every deed and word that it mattered no more whether her eyes were bright or clouded, blue or hazel, black or gray, so long as they were her eyes Then he slept again, while she, with thankful heart, resumed her eternal needle by his bedside. Then—for his was even an exceptionally elastic nature-he awoke with the first touch of a conval-escent's hunger. And she had nothing to give him but the slice of bread that she had saved from her breakfast—a sorry substitute for the food that convalescents are supposed to need.

She gave it to him, with, by way of She gave it to him, with, by way of grace, a mental prayer to the Lord of the birds of the air. He tried to eat, but, after swallowing a mouthful, gave up the attempt. Then he began to think about his pictures.

"I am afraid I must give it up at last," he said with a heavy sigh. "I shall

he said, with a heavy sigh. "I shal never be able to get them back now." "Get them back?" "Yes—where are they, then? Not gone with the other things?"
For answer she opened the door, so that he could see from his bed his "Holy Family," standing as it had stood when he had fallen before it on the floor.

It was a blessed sight to him, for the subject is not one that requires to be treated by a Raphael or a Murillo to tell its story to one who believes. Its register order was a first transfer order with the story to one who believes.

He looked at her with wondering admiration, and then at the dry crust. He guessed how she herself must have fared if this was all she had to give him.

"Well." he said, "I will not part with the 'Holy Family' just yet. Something may come of it—especially if I paint in an entirely new Madonna. But the others may go and welcome—the 'Chaos' and the 'Saint Laurence,' and the 'Plague of Darkness.' If the 'Madonna' turns out to be worth anything I can get them back again; if not—well, at all events, we shall not have starved for another three days. We will begin with 'Chaos.' guessed how she herself must have fared

And so "Chaos" found its way to the And so "Chaos" found its way to the pawnbroker's.
On the third day "Saint Laurence" followed its example.
It was the turn of the "Plague of Darkness" on the fifth day, by which time Arthur was on a fair way towards recovery and was certifing strongers. recovery, and was getting stronger on the proceeds of the advances of his first and only art patron. Alas, Felicia, the born lady, had long lost every feeling of shame in visiting a place of business that is popularly supposed to be known to ladies only by name. All that she cared about now was having so little to carry therde, and she would have been ashamed of being ashamed. ashamed of being ashamed

ashamed of being ashamed.

Nor did she care who might see her on the way. Her friends and acquaint-ances were things of the past, and she would not even have taken notice if she had been seen going on what is—absurdly enough—generally regarded as being in itself a degrading errand. But on this occasion, while approaching her pawn-broker's door with the "Plague of Darkness" under her arm, she could not avoid broker's door with the 'Plague of Darkness' under her arm, she could not avoid taking notice of a somewhat strange and outre figure, at least to English eyes, standing with his long nose and beard pressed close against the window. He was dressed in a semi-Oriental style, not often, though sometimes, met with in out-of-the-way London street, especially in that Soho region which is so full of outlandish costumes and of outlandish people. The dress in question was a long black caftan, trimmed with sable, and a high square cap of the same color.

She did not, however, deiay to join

She did not, however, delay to join the small boys in staring, but walked into her usual cell.

It was not a house of large business, except perhaps on Saturdays and Mondays, and as she made a point of avoiding these days, she was generally attended to quickly. But today the ed to quickly. But today she was a long time, while a conversation was carried on in a low tone between the shopman and a customer in a cell ad-joining hers; and when she was attended to it was to be asked to be good enough to step for a few moments into an inner She timidly obeyed, and waited there

alone for some minutes. But nothing happened. She was merely brought back into the shop, her business was conclud-ed, and she was dismissed with a few shillings in her pocket instead of the "Plague of Darkness" under her arm. As she passed out, however, the Oriental dress was still at the entrance, and its wearer stared at her so long and so hard that she had to cast down her eyes and walk away in as great a hurry as she walk away in as great a hurry as she

Well, these were now really the last shillings, unless the rigantic Madonna was to go the road of "Chaos," and that was so large, that, like the portraits of the Primrose family, it was doubtful if it could be carried through the door. That evening she and her husband had to take thought for the morrow indeed. One cannot always, whatever one's faith in an unknown future may be be conin an unknown future may be, be con-tent with the day's evil, even though it be more than sufficient. be more than sufficient.

Arthur, half lying on the bed, with the pillows arranged as much as possible in the fashion of an armchair, and Felicia, sitting on the empty trunk by his side, were consulting with each other as to what could be done till the former should be well enough to look for work of any kind—for even he had lost faith in his genius now—when heavy tramping and measured footsteps were heard ascendmeasured footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. Then, after the merest apology for a rap, the door slowly opened, and in the darkness were seen at the theshold the forms of two men. [To be Continued.]

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