



If you are acquainted with Happiness, introduce him to your neighbor. — E. Brooks.

Mother's Holiday

By Fanny E. Shepherd

MRS. HALL was busily engaged laying the breakfast table, while Dollie, her eldest daughter, stirred the oatmeal vigorously.

"Move those potatoes, Dollie. I can smell them burning, dear," remarked her mother, looking anxiously toward the stove. "Why don't those boys come and Dad too? He should be here by now. They said they would not be late because of my going away; and there's the butter not packed yet; and—"

"Never mind, Mother," laughed Dollie. "There's plenty of time. The train doesn't go till dinner-time, and the poultry are all packed away. You won't enjoy yourself a bit, if you start off so tired. I'll make you a cup of tea, while we're waiting. Don't you worry; never know them to be late yet." And she bustled around, while Mrs. Hall dropped into a rocking chair and rested her already tired hands in her lap, watching the boys as they trooped up from the barn. There were four of them, followed by their father with the milk pails. No wonder the little mother was proud of them—great brawny fellows, always ready to do a kindness for a neighbor, adoring their mother and teasing their sister, and generally making such a noise that, as Mrs. Hall said, "You could hardly see to think" at meal times.

"Oh Jimmy goah, Ma!" groaned Bob, the youngest of them. "Are you really going to leave us to the tender mercies of that girl? You'll sure find us all dead and buried when you come back. Why she couldn't fry a pancake to save her life," and he flopped on to the sofa, shuddering imaginary tears.

"I'll pancake you," said Dollie indignantly. "Why I've been practicing all week; haven't I, Ma?" Here she made a grab at a handful of his hair, but Bob was too quick for her. Adroitly placing a chair between them, he raced to the other side of the table.

"Yah; you can't even boil the potatoes without forgetting to put salt to them," he teased; "and you know you'll make us up out of oatmeal and milk in ten tea, and it never tastes so nice that way."

"Sure I will," was the quick reply. "If you only waited on yourself a little more at meal times, mother would have time to eat more herself; wouldn't you, Mumsey?"

Mrs. Hall beamed lovingly on them all as they seated themselves noisily at the table.

"You know I like nothing better than waiting on you all," she smiled, putting an extra spoonful of sugar in Bob's tea and a little extra cream into father's.

"But it will be a nice change to go away just a few days."

"Few days indeed! If you come home in less than a fortnight I shall

think you can't trust me with the housekeeping," and Dollie tossed her pretty head.

"Don't believe you'll go at all, Ma," remarked Will, the eldest boy. "Dad may get you as far as the station, but I shall never believe you're really gone until he comes back without you. Why would he be able to—ah—tuck us up in bed?" Dollie winked.

"But she won't do," was a quick response. "And now she's—"

"You get out of the house (to put gently) the sooner we can clear up."

They went clattering off, and soon Mrs. Hall and Dollie had washed the dishes and cleared up the room. The

and the only ones Mrs. Hall would sit behind at any time.

Hasty goodbyes were said and off they started. They only lived about four miles from the station, so arrived there in good time.

"Half an hour to wait, Mother," laughed Mr. Hall. "I told you you'd be too early." And so your heart hasn't failed you yet. I never really thought you would get even so far away from us all."

"Oh you go, John. I'm going to have a honeymoon all to myself and enjoy it too, at least as much as I possibly can without you," and she squeezed his arm lovingly. "I don't care if I am half an hour too early before he than five minutes too late. Are you sure that the butter is not in the sun?" and she got up and shifted it. She never could sit still long anyway.

"Do you think Nancy and Fanny will be all right?" peering anxiously up the street to where they stood in front of the store.

"Run! They never can yet, and won't begin now unless somebody sets a firecracker off under their heels. Here she comes, Mother," and he picked up her grip.

There was the usual bustle as the train puffed in. Mrs. Hall insisted on seeing her poultry in before she got in herself. Then there was a close clasp of her husband's hand and she was off.

There was something oddly familiar in the motion of the train as Mrs. Hall leaned back in the seat tired but a little excited.

"Only Fanny," she said to herself; "it is six years since I have been in a train, and in all that time never more than ten miles away from home. Only one night away from home, and

always know what to do. She had never been so far away from him ever since she left England.

Here she pulled herself up with a jerk. "This would mean, do. How the boys would laugh and tease her if she ever told them she had felt like this." So she took her courage in both hands, and, taking the first man she met who looked like a porter, she was soon directed what to do, and found herself outside the station in the street.

It seemed very strange to be walking on a real pavement again, but it was nice too, and her spirits rose, and she once more rubbed shoulders with a crowd of happy beings. She enquired the way to the Young Women's Christian Association. Dollie had told her to be sure and go there first of all, and see if she could have a room there. And of course Dollie knew about everything; for had she not had two winters in Winnipeg, staying with friends who did their best to make the country party enjoyable and have a good time. She easily found her way, and mounting the broad steps found herself in the large

In the rotunda adjoining women of all ages sat around waiting for the supper-bell. It looked so homelike to the tired woman. A pretty girl with long fair hair hanging down her shoulders and a large tatty cat lazily licking her kitten reminded her of her own home. And there was actually an open fireplace with logs burning merrily. Somehow it almost made her ache to look around, it was so English—so, well-like home.

"So, supper-bell," and there was a stir. Most of them walked leisurely towards the large dining hall. A motherly looking woman, seeing her hesitate, invited her along and seated her at one of the tables where she could have a view of the room and other diners.

"Strange, aren't you?" she enquired; and Mrs. Hall nodded. "Well so was when I first came here, but you'll soon get used to it." They scanned the menu together. "You see you can have just what you like here and pay according," she continued. "I'm real hungry to-night. Here comes the waitress." Here followed a parley as to what they would and would not have, and Mrs. Hall leaned back in her chair and took mental notes. The quiet, refined air of most of the women was what struck her most, and the subdued hum of conversation, so different from the noisy meal-times at the farm, where everybody seemed

to be talking at once and generally at the top of their voices. Yes, Dollie was right. Those bare walls, plainly colored, did look even so much better than they would come with the colored wall paper and a lot of pictures and a table d'appoint right next to have tooth picks on the table, a never-ending source of argument between Bob and Dollie; and yes, she would have a paper table napkins and take home. They did improve the look of the table and wouldn't cost very much.

"You looking at that girl's dress over there?" enquired her companion. "Isn't it a fright the way they dress nowadays? See that tall girl with the red hair? Carrotty I call it, but she's all right. She's a photographer, and that little bit of the hair in the white dress; no, not her, the other one; she's a school teacher. Singe beautiful, she do. And that one, she's a good one, there must be forty if she's a day, for all her dressing so young. She's the cleverest one in the room; can speak four or five languages (my husband always says it's a good thing to be able to do one); has travelled all over the world; invested all her money in the oil boom; stone broke now."

(Continued next week)

Tree Embowered; Therefore Beautiful. The Home of Jas. P. Trernay, Huron Co., Ont.

better was packed and put in the de-mocrat, with the eggs and two cases of poultry, for it was close on Thanksgiving and Mrs. Hall was about to combine business with pleasure. A new pair of glasses was an absolute necessity, so it had been decided that a trip to the nearest city would be a nice change for Mother, and give Dollie a chance to air her housekeeping abilities.

"Now then, Mother, I think you are quite ready," remarked Dollie. "You look very sweet in that new dress I made you, though I say it as should be," giving her Mother a good hug. "I think you look nice, than anybody's mother, and don't you worry about anything. I'll feed the chickens and the calves—or at least see that somebody else does—and try and not kill the boys with my cooking; and be sure and wear your best things every day, won't you?"

Mother thought almost guiltily of the rather shabby but "comfy" slippers she had slipped into her grip while her capable daughter wasn't looking, and assured her she would, meeting her mother's eyes and then went until after breakfast anyway. A glance out of the window showed Mr. Hall hitching up Nancy and Fanny, the two quietest horses on the farm

that was when I sat up with Mrs. Smith when her little baby died. Ah, well, I never minded; and I am so glad none of them ever knew how badly I wanted to get away from it all sometimes."

She was one of those tall, angular women, not so strong as some, but of those kind who can keep plodding on, day after day, year in and year out, never tiring, and never getting any rapier from the daily grind—some of our typical pioneer women, of whom there are many in the West, who have stood shoulder to shoulder with their men folk and helped make the West what it is to-day.

It was several hours before she reached her destination, and it was beginning to get dusk as the train glided into the station. She gathered her belongings hastily, and in another minute or two found herself on the platform. Spring her precious poultry hampers long waiting out from the rear of the train, she scuttled along, and, seating herself firmly on them, awaited developments. Somehow she was beginning to feel just a little nervous and there were such a lot of people around, all going to and fro. Perhaps some one would offer to help her in a minute. She almost wished Dad was with her. He

The Upwa

Home Co

"Finally, he ye all ing compassion on as brethren, be nifti —I Peter iii., 8."

"Though this is our wedding day, day and low-spirited and say it, cross, won't talk to him and chide him, he gets tired. He doesn't seem to children?" This was by one friend to another. Poor father, poor dress! No matter what anxieties, what the man had no justifi- cation like that over was a very harmful for himself, destroy peace and happiness spirit writes of "ex- punction by being peo- really doing himself

TODAY is not

There has ever this vast inheritance all these things, and accomplish tomorrow's future. You there has ever for tomorrow! Sele

one cannot but think portant aspect, that and spiritual.

Children are consid- they are people and are punished, but come home at night. "I'm cross, let every- my way," and everyon- wishes that summer could be judiciously as his case, if it would on a realization of what t- He never never drew a stranger or a friend- the members of his o- though he loves them father can.

If at times a Victo- be taken to enable hi- self speak and a snap- he looks, a transfor- wrought.

Without thoughtful- and love, one and another, the home can spot on earth that Father meant it to be

Good Work of the Institute

Geo. A. Putnam, Su- The influence of the stitute in an education- felt in every district, much where they have ing courses, and stud- as, where short h- or improved public brought high-class enter- lecturers to the village- tions it is possible to ge- terial from local labor- stitutes excel in gettin- tion of every special- person in the district- has been held. demon- strations in horticu- ture, etc. Several I- taken advantage of the- sion lectures, and a- ed through the labor- form technical classes for It has been gratify-