

The story should end here, of course, to be 'artistic'; but life has good endings sometimes, and this is what really happened.

In less than a week after Saul Nickerson sailed for Boston in the 'Rocket' with a cargo of cranberries Martha received a letter from Sarah Josepha from which fluttered a thin slip of paper, the like of which Martha had never seen before.

'I send you half the proceeds of the cranberry crop,' wrote Sarah Josepha, 'as Uncle Joseph directed me to do in a letter written just before his death—\$463.75. I thought I would n't tell you before, because it would be such a pleasant surprise. Uncle Joseph said in the letter that he should have left you half of the meadow in his will if he could have been sure that you could keep it for yourself. Of course, it is n't a secret that he did n't like your father. If the meadow should ever be sold, you are to have half the money that it brings. Was n't it a perfectly splendid crop this year? And to think that it came near being ruined! Saul Nickerson says that nobody knows who flooded the meadow.'

Only a Cigarette

(By W. O. Throop, in 'Onward'.)

Harry Summers and Jack Barton were school chums. They had entered the Scoville High School together, and together had fought their school battles, till now they had reached their fourth year and were about to prepare for senior matriculation for Victoria University.

Barton had been born and brought up in the little town of Scoville, where his father held the leading medical practice. But Summers's home was some miles distant in the country, where, in the quiet home life of the farm, a sacrifice was being made in order to prepare and put Harry through college.

It was the beginning of the fall term. Harry Summers had just got settled in his boarding-house, when he was startled by a loud rapping at the door, quickly followed by a boyish voice calling out, 'Hello, there, old fellow! Hard at it already?'

Summers jumped to welcome his friend, Jack Barton.

'Going to try the matric this time? Jack said, taking a proffered chair.

'Yes, and a pretty hard pull it will be.'

'Well, Harry, we have a whole year before us.'

Summers laughed, for he well knew Bartons' failing, of neglecting his studies and then having to work night and day at the end of the year.

For some time the two boys sat and talked, as only schoolboys can, of how they had spent their holidays, and of the fellows who had left the school, and the new ones coming in.

'Well, I am glad you are back, any way, Summers. Won't it be jolly to go through college together? Only I'm afraid you will leave me behind.'

'Not much danger of that,' Summers said, 'more likely to be the other way around.'

'Well, we have stayed together all right so far. Here, I'll treat over it.'

Suiting the action to the word, Jack Barton handed Harry a small package.

'What, cigarettes, Jack! You don't smoke, do you?'

'Oh, I learned to like the weed when out camping last summer, and it doesn't hurt a fellow a bit. Have one, Harry?'

Summers shook his head.

'Oh, come, old fellow, just smoke one for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. It's only a

cigarette. I did not think you'd be so stiff.'

If there was anything Summers hated it was to be thought stiff, and then, as Jack said, it was only one cigarette.

Pretty soon Harry had finished his first smoke.

Quite often during the coming fall and winter, Jack Barton would take his books and spend the evening with Summers, and very seldom did they end their studies without having just one smoke.

The school days, one after another, sped quickly by, till there were now only two months more of study before the school year would be over, and the long-looked-for exams begin.

The boys of the Scoville High School now became better students, and some of the most careless during the beginning of the year were the most studious now.

But Summers was not one of these, and he felt confident that with two more months' careful study he would be able to get through, though often, when he should have been at his best, he would feel tired, and then he would throw his books aside and have a rest and a smoke. Indeed, he felt, though he would not say so in words, that he couldn't get along without the cigarette.

As for Barton, he was studying and smoking by turns for all he was worth.

At last the exams were on, but Harry Summers and Jack Barton never before felt in as poor a shape to write. Indeed, when Harry was in the middle of the algebra paper, he forgot some of the first principles, while Barton got fairly lost in the Latin translation.

But now they were over, and as Jack and Harry bid each other good-bye, each one in true schoolboy fashion declared he had failed, still hoping in his heart that he had not.

Harry Summers went home to the farm, and tried to drown the suspense of waiting for the results of the exams by hard work in the harvest field, for he well knew how much success or failure meant not only to himself, but to all those in the little home.

At last, towards the latter part of August, the report came, but as the list was read over neither Barton's nor Summers' name appeared.

Harry Summers felt for the first time the keen remorse of failure, more so because he knew how much confidence his father and mother had placed in him.

If they would only blame him in some way; but no word of reproach was uttered, for each member of the family knew that Harry's failure was disappointment enough.

A few days after this Harry was looking through a magazine, when an article on 'The Evils of Cigarette Smoking,' by the Principal of the Scoville High School, attracted his attention. He read how tobacco, especially the cigarette, is destroying not only the physical, but also the mental strength of the youth of our country.

True, Harry had heard all this while in the school-room. But why had he never thought seriously about it before? Was it because from one part of the room some one would whisper Free Lecture, while from another corner could be heard a partly suppressed chuckle? Or was it because he now knew from experience that what the principal had said was true?

The first of September was again drawing near, but no person had said anything to Harry about going back to school, and he began to think that, for a time at least, he would have to give up his studies.

The fields throughout the country were

nearly all bare. Harry Summers was pitching off the last load of grain, his father and brother were in the mow. For some time they worked away in silence, the father being the first to speak.

'Well, boys, we have the harvest in, and you have worked like heroes. Would you like to go back to school again, Harry? You failed last year, through some cause; but we are all sure you will not let the same thing occur again.'

Harry held up a partly filled cigarette package. 'That was the cause of my failure, father, but you have my promise that it will never be so again.'

'All right, Harry, we thought you had lost a year, but perhaps the lesson you have learned hasn't been at too great a cost.'

Again we see Harry Summers settled in his boarding-house. Hark! Yes, that is Barton's step on the stairs.

After the first hearty greetings are over, Summers is the first to speak.

'Well, Jack, we both failed last year, and for my part I know the reason. I have promised father that I have taken my last smoke.'

'Give me your hand on it, Harry,' Jack said, jumping up, 'for the doctor and I have both sworn off, too.'

'How did that happen, Jack?'

'Well, to make a long story short, when father heard I had failed, he asked me if I knew the reason. I said, of course I don't, and what is more, I never studied so for an exam before.'

'"Well, Jack," he said, "I'll tell you, it's the cigarettes. I would have told you long ago, but I have been trying to take the beam out of my own eye, by giving up my pipe, before I would ask you to take the mote out of yours."'

'And, Harry, what could a fellow do but swear off, when he has a father like that?'

'You are right, Jack, and you don't know how glad I am that you, too, are giving up smoking.'

'Now, what do you say if we try a little Latin,' and the two boys started another year's study, determined, as far as possible to redeem their past error.

Exhilarating Reading.

Two or three of the best known Canadian novelists were chatting about recent literary ventures the other day, when one of them remarked that 'World Wide,' published by John Dougall & Son, of Montreal, was, in his opinion, doing more to cultivate the taste for good reading than anything that had been attempted in Canada for many years past. 'World Wide' is made up of the most entertaining and valuable articles that appear in the leading contemporary journals and reviews of both hemispheres. * It is, so to say, exhilarating reading.

Why Tommy Did Not Speak His Piece.

(By Sydney Dayre, in New York 'Independent'.)

"There was such a lot of people there—And all the gaslights seemed to stare—And—some one whispered: "Hold up your head";

And—"Don't be scared, dear," somebody said.

And—all of 'em clapped when I went in—And somebody said: "Go on! Begin!"

And—I forgot every word I knew—

And—all of 'em laughed—Boo-oo-oo-oo.'