

LARRY'S GRANDMOTHER

Old Mrs. Doherty's eyes had looked on sorrow, but always dauntlessly. Thus it happened that their humor was as undimmed, their friendliness as unquenched, at seventy as half a century earlier.

She accounted herself a very lucky woman, she was wont to tell her neighbors. To be sure, her husband, when they had been married a little over a year, had been killed in an explosion, but he had left her Larry, her own son Larry, the baby in arms, who had grown to be the best and most stalwart of sons.

To some the chronicle would not have seemed one of good fortune; but Mrs. Doherty translated calamity to blessing in her own fashion.

"Since 'twas God's will I should lose thim an' be cast up alone here in a strange land, think what a blessing it was I had the baby wid me—somethin' to be carin' about! And to land here of all places in the say-sure niver were people so kind! An' me boy's son growin' up all that could be wished.

Larry, of course, had no conception of the fact that she was a miracle among grandmothers, but he loved her and depended upon her and imposed upon her, look her as an every-day matter—until the Downings came to Falmouth Cape.

"My!" she said, when their acquaintance had progressed to the point of personalities, "ain't your grandmother funny?"

"What's funny about her?" demanded Larry, startled as if it had been suggested to him that some fact of nature was out of the natural order.

"Now, who did you ever see dress like that?" retorted Myrtle, unanswerably.

Whereupon Larry, recalling the difference between the customary dress of the community and the neat peasant garb which his grandmother had never discarded, blushed for her.

"She never comes out for herself what I was wearin'." No! An' it's little he'd have cared for anywan's tellin' him, unless—unless—she sighed heavily. "Well, I could have wished it another."

"The more Larry's grandmother saw of Miss Myrtle Downing, the more she wished that it might have been another. She saw Myrtle reading at the kitchen table with only space cleared on it for her foolish book and her foolish elbows.

It was Myrtle's obviously artificial ringlets to which the old woman took the most violent objection, making them the scapegoat, as it were, for all the girl's shallowness and shams.

Once, in a desperate moment, she made the mistake that wiser ones than she have made. She spoke contemptuously of her grandson's sweet heart; she besought him to give Myrtle up. And she accomplished nothing but the erecting of a wall of silence and antagonism between herself and the boy for whom she lived.

And so it finally came about that she heard from the neighbors and not from herself of his contemplated marriage. Mrs. Downing, it was reported, had bewailed the approaching nuptials. "The Dohertys were no match for the Downings," she lamented. And she "had looked for Myrtle to do better; with a face like Myrtle's" a most effulgent mate might have been reasonably expected.



Cook Fruit in Reservoir.

The Pandora Reservoir is oval shaped, stamped in one piece from the best sheet steel—no seams, grooves, bolt heads or square corners to collect dirt—every square inch is easily cleaned.

Enamelled pure white, has a smooth, glossy, marble-like surface, easily and thoroughly cleaned—is so impossible to stain or taint that it can be used for boiling fruit ketchup, sauces, or any other preserving-time work, as well as for heating water.

No other range is fitted with an enamelled reservoir which costs no more than common ones, why not have a Pandora?

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

of old ways and bidding them shut the windows upon peaceful old outlooks, still the stricken grandmother never doubted Larry's intentions towards herself. Never, she knew, would it occur to him to turn her adrift in her old age. But she herself, could she stay where alien eyes looked coldly upon her?

"But if I go and live by myself," she said, "they'll say he turned me out, they'll misjudge the poor, foolish boy. An' if I go, who's to take care of him—for that baggage hasn't it in her. 'Deed, an' she doesn't make him happy even now"—which was true enough, as the most casual could observe.

Myrtle, aiming at the witcheries of coquetry, achieved pertness and a habit of nagging, and kept her lover in a state of irritation far enough removed both from the blissful uncertainty which she intended and the comfortable assurance which he regarded as his right.

By and by the March gales began to beat along the coast. The waters of the bay rose and lashed themselves with oceanic fury. The winds threatened the houses, the piers, the railway. One morning there came a telephone report to the station that the train from the region west of Falmouth Cape would be unable to reach the Cape station and go on to Falmouth Town on the other side of the bay.

"What's funny about her?" demanded Larry, startled as if it had been suggested to him that some fact of nature was out of the natural order. "Now, who did you ever see dress like that?" retorted Myrtle, unanswerably.

Whereupon Larry, recalling the difference between the customary dress of the community and the neat peasant garb which his grandmother had never discarded, blushed for her.

"She never comes out for herself what I was wearin'." No! An' it's little he'd have cared for anywan's tellin' him, unless—unless—she sighed heavily. "Well, I could have wished it another."

"The more Larry's grandmother saw of Miss Myrtle Downing, the more she wished that it might have been another. She saw Myrtle reading at the kitchen table with only space cleared on it for her foolish book and her foolish elbows.

It was Myrtle's obviously artificial ringlets to which the old woman took the most violent objection, making them the scapegoat, as it were, for all the girl's shallowness and shams.

Once, in a desperate moment, she made the mistake that wiser ones than she have made. She spoke contemptuously of her grandson's sweet heart; she besought him to give Myrtle up. And she accomplished nothing but the erecting of a wall of silence and antagonism between herself and the boy for whom she lived.

And so it finally came about that she heard from the neighbors and not from herself of his contemplated marriage. Mrs. Downing, it was reported, had bewailed the approaching nuptials. "The Dohertys were no match for the Downings," she lamented. And she "had looked for Myrtle to do better; with a face like Myrtle's" a most effulgent mate might have been reasonably expected.

Once, in a desperate moment, she made the mistake that wiser ones than she have made. She spoke contemptuously of her grandson's sweet heart; she besought him to give Myrtle up. And she accomplished nothing but the erecting of a wall of silence and antagonism between herself and the boy for whom she lived.

And so it finally came about that she heard from the neighbors and not from herself of his contemplated marriage. Mrs. Downing, it was reported, had bewailed the approaching nuptials. "The Dohertys were no match for the Downings," she lamented. And she "had looked for Myrtle to do better; with a face like Myrtle's" a most effulgent mate might have been reasonably expected.

red shawl crossed on her bosom, and tied at her waist in the back. Down to the place where the bridge had been she trudged. Later, one of the Cape children came home screaming that old Mrs. Doherty was crawling along the girders that remained on the demolished section of the bridge—he had seen her red shawl.

"A nice notion of lovin' you've got," stormed Myrtle, angry tears in her eyes. "Throwin' me over for an old woman—an old scarecrow! Some girls wouldn't put up with it! They would make you suffer, you an' her, too! But I won't. I don't believe I could have brought myself to marry you, anyway. Don't talk to me! I don't want to hear any more about the wind an' the blackness an' the water, an' how the voice was like a ghost of a banshee's! She's been seein' your life ever since you were a baby, an' you're goin' to make her happy as long as she lives? Well, she'll live forever, an' get more an' more unreasonable every minute, an' I hope—"

"She broke off. Down the road a cheerful old laugh was sounding in the spring sunshine. Larry turned from her to listen to it, his eyes aghast. A mellow old voice spoke: "Ah, there was small danger after all, ma'am! This that's born for hangin' ye can't drown, ye know! Sure I was safe enough; but Larry—he might've had been!"

Girls, Who Are Your Friends?

On reading this heading my readers will say, "Oh, I have such heaps of friends I couldn't begin to think of them all." Ah, yes, you have many acquaintances, no doubt, but not "friends." I'm afraid their number is limited. A true friend is a rare treasure.

It is easy to do most things in this world with money, to procure all the things that we wish for, to see everything we delight in, but friends are blessings that neither money nor influence will bring. You can buy people of many grades—their minds, their labors—but hearts that are worth the having are not purchasable.

Friend is a common word that we apply to mere acquaintances. We call all sorts of people "friends" who really do not care for us in the least beyond passing the time of day. The only person we can rightly call "friend" is the one who would make sacrifices for us, who is grieved at our losses, joyed at our successes, a pleasant companion in prosperity, a staunch ally in adversity.

A girl's best friend is her mother, because to a mother a daughter's welfare stands before her own. Any other woman—a stranger—who can offer the unselfish affection of a mother has a right to be called friend. Friendship is a love that asks for nothing in return, and only wishes for the good of the person on whom it is bestowed.

Friends are not easily found; if we get a few in a lifetime we are lucky, and one good friend is often better for a girl's happiness than much money or worldly goods. Choose, my dear girls, as your companions only those whose actions you approve of, and out of their number pick those at our successes, who they will not be human, and only beings who are very human have sympathy and unselfish affection. You cannot look round and pick them out after a week's acquaintance. Months, years of companionship will be needed before you know their worth, especially if your life runs smoothly. If sorrow be yours, you may see in a few weeks enough to convince you that one who was a mere acquaintance has a heart of gold and a hand that is always at your service. As you value your happiness, so should you hold this treasure to you.

A true friend would rather suffer than secure happiness at the expense of one who trusted her. We hear of "false" friends who have acted deceitfully, a caused trouble in happy homes, stayed the sun shone, and fled when clouds began to gather; whose advice brought unhappiness whose presence was obnoxious. These were not friends. There is no mistaking friendship if you will but remember that "friends multiply joys and divide griefs."

The best of friends must part, but only death need part them. Acquaintances come and go, friends are friends while life lasts. The poorest girl, struggling for a living, is often happier with a true friend than the wealthy lady, whose numerous acquaintances fill her drawing room, eat her dinners and flatter her with empty compliments. Rich people never know who are their friends, so long as they are rich. It is when they are poor and have nothing to offer that we can estimate friendship at its true value.

Flowers for Winter

The good old fashions of pressed flowers has been revived with many other good old fashions. Pansies, daisies and forget-me-nots, when properly pressed, are almost as bright as when freshly plucked, and the scarlet and russet leaves of autumn lose none of their beauty between leaves of paper. In the "depths of winter" the little summer beauties will brighten many a sombre spot, putting to shame their imitations in wax and paper.

And yet, pretty as these preserved flowers are, with a little trouble we may have something even more "really real" when winter locks the earth with icy keys. Who would not like to have masses of flowers during Christmas week? Seeds and bulbs planted now will be in glorious bloom by December.

Of course extra care must be given to house plants. They are denied the fresh moisture of the open air, and for this reason many of the thirsty varieties, such as pansies and sweet peas, never thrive indoors. The best place for tender plants is in the kitchen, where the steam furnishes warmth and moisture, and even there coal gas will sometimes prove fatal. The regulation furnace heat is also injurious to most plants, and the aphid and spider combine in the work of destruction. Vigilance must be the watchword of the flower lover in winter and for the pains taken the reward is great.

Nasturtium, portulacca, mignonette, poppies and morning glories will bloom readily in the house from seed. These plants do not require so much moisture as others, and for that reason are especially adapted to amateur culture. A fine rose spray should be used to moisten the leaves daily, and the roots will require water only about three times a week. In a sunny window they will thrive well if properly watered. A morning glory trained about a window gives a charming defiance to Jack Frost on a wintry day.

The old "stand-by" for the house is the geranium, since it stands neglect better than any other plant and makes a brave show of bloom and foliage with very little attention.

Bulbs form better house plants than those raised from seed, although, of course, they are much more expensive. Five or ten cents, which will purchase a whole packet of seed, is the price of one bulb, and some of the finer varieties (canna and lily) are as high as fifty cents apiece. Hyacinth bulbs may be had as low as three and five cents apiece and nothing can be more beautiful than the waxy, fragrant hyacinth blooms.

To pot hyacinths get good light rich soil and fill six-inch pots. Two bulbs may be placed in each. When placing the bulbs in the soil allow a small portion of the top of each to remain exposed. Water plentifully and put the pots away in a cool, dark part of the cellar, where they will form a mass of roots. After a few weeks bring them up and place them in a sunny location. They will speedily begin to throw out green shoots, and if planted now they will be masses of beauty by Christmas.

Hyacinths in glasses are quite popular. It is curious to see roots, bulbs, leaves and blossoms growing all together. The method of culture is much like that of potted hyacinths. The bulbs are placed in glasses of clean water and are consigned to the cellar until the glasses are filled with roots, when they are brought up to warmth and light. The water should be renewed from time to time, as its impurity will injure the plants. The bulbs and roots should be lifted, the water thrown away and the glass rinsed and refilled before they are returned.

The Lily Club, in the same manner as the water hyacinth. The lily bulb is placed in a glass vessel and is surrounded with sand or gravel to keep it firmly in position. The vessel is then filled with water and placed near a window. The water has to be renewed as it evaporates or stagnates.

Other bulbs may be cultivated like the potted hyacinths with fascinating results. Single tulips, crocus, narcissus, anemones, oxalis, railbow iris, jonquils, freesias and star of Bethlehem are all hardy and profuse bloomers, and not one of them is expensive. Five crocus bulbs or two tulips may be bought for five cents, and the others are not much dearer. Ever one who loves beautiful flowers will be sure to plant a few of these bulbs, since their culture is so simple.

Lilies are all expensive. Bermuda Easter lily bulbs are twenty to forty cents each and the orange, tiger and calla lilies cost from twenty-five to fifty cents. The Mariposa is not a true lily. It is known as often by the name of butterfly tulip and is indigenous to the eastern slope of the Sierras. It makes a charming house plant.

Roses are very uncertain. The tiny green aphid and the active red spider prey just a little too much on the queen of flowers. Still many careful persons are able to winter roses successfully, and with proper conditions of air, light and heat and judicious use of insecticides some varieties of roses will bloom almost as well indoors as out.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmer's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and all truth. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul—no strength of character, no vigour of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth.

It Will Prolong Life.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whether he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

JOHN LABATT EXTRA STOCK ALE LONDON-CANADA PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

BRANDS The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO. If You wish to try the Best Bread Made in Toronto Telephone Park 553 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It Will Only Cost You 6 Cents.

H. C. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery 420-22-24-26 Bathurst St. TORONTO

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

An Irish Boy in New York IF YOU ARE RENTING or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in NEW ONTARIO For Particulars Write to HON. E. J. DAVIS Commissioner of Crown Lands TORONTO, ONT.

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER, DECORATOR, CALSOMINER, GLAZIER 161 QUEEN ST. WEST Telephone Main 2677 Residence Phone Main 377

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DISSETTS - PROPRIETOR

Household Helps Carpet Sweepers Hot Water Dishes Etc. RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED 60, KING & VICTORIA STREETS Toronto private pension list. Even at that early day in his career Mr. McDonald was known for his ability to get on with his employes and for his close application to details.