you know, as you know, Mr. Benson's nephew, who was the real culprit, confessed his guilt, and I stood cleared before the world. Since then my career has been what is called a brilliant one. But"—Malcolm turned and laid his hand on Robert's thin shoulder—"all my success, I owe to my brother Robert. It is his success, not mine... and here to-eay, since we have agreed to say what is too often left to be said over a coffin lid, I thank him for all he did for me, and tell him that I am proud and thankful to have such a brother."

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"I am no orator, as Malcolm ia," he quoted, with a smile, "but I've got a story to tell, too, which only one of you knows. Forty years ago, when I started out in life as a business man, a chance came my way to make a pile of money. It wasn't a clean chance. It was a dirty chance. It looked square enough on the surface, but underneath it meant trickery and roguery. I hadn't perception enough to see that, though... I thought it was all right. I told Robert what I meant to do. And Robert saw clean through the outside sham to the real thing underneath. He showed me what it meant, and he gave me a preachment about a few family traditions of truth and honor. I saw what I had been about to do as he saw it.... as all good men and true must see it. And I vowed then and there that I'd never go into anything that I wasn't sure was fair and square and clean through and through. I've kept that vow. I am a rich man, and not a dollar of my money is 'tainted' money. But I didn't make it. Robert really made every cent of my money. If it hadn't been for him I'd have been a poor man to-day, or behind prison bars, as the other men who went into the deal when I backed out are. I've got a son here. I hope he'll be as good and honorable a man as his Uncle Robert."

Robert's head was bent again, and his face was buried in his hands.

"My turn next," said James, "I haven't much to say...only this: After mother died I took typhoid fever. Here I was with no one to wait on me. Robert came and nursed me. He was the most faithful, tender, gentle nurse ever a man had. The doctor said Robert saved my life. I don't suppose any of the rest of us here can say we saved a life."

Edith wiped away her tears and sprang up'. Years ago," she said, "there was a poor, ambitious girl who had a voice.

Edith wiped away her tears and sprang up!

"Years ago," she said, "there was a poor, ambitious girl who had a voice. She wanted a musical education, and the only way she could see of getting it was to obtain a teacher's certificate and earn money enough to have her voice trained. She studied hard, but her brains, at least in mathematics, weren't as good as her voice, and the time was short. She failed. She was lost in disappointment and despair. Then her oldest brother came to her and told her he could spare enough

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money to send her to the conservatory of music in town for a year. He made her take it. She never knew till long afterwards that he had sold the beautiful horse which he loved like a human creature to get the money. She went to the conservatory. She won a musical scholarship. She has had a happy and successful life. And she owes it all to her brother Robert."

But Edith could go no farther...her sice failed her and she sat down in ars. Margaret did not try to stand

But Edith could go no farther...her voice failed her and she sat down in tears. Margaret did not try to stand up.

"I was only five when my mother died," she sobbed. "Robert was both father and mother to me. Never had child or girl so wise and loving a guardian as he was to me. I have never forgotten the lessons he taught me. Whatever there is of good in my life or character I owe to him. I was often headstrong and wilful, but he never lost patience with me. I owe everything to Robert." Suddenly the little teacher arose, with wet eyes and crimson cheeks.

"I have something to say, too," she said, resolutely. "You have spoken for yourselves. I speak for the Blythewood people. There is a man in this settlement whom everybody loves. I shall tell you some of the things he has done. Last fall, in a great October storm, the harbor lighthouse flew a flag of distress. Only one man was brave enough to face the danger of sailing to the lighthouse to find out the trouble. That man was Robert Monroe. He found the keeper alone with a broken leg and he sailed back and made the doctor go with him to the lighthouse.

"Four years ago old Sarah Cooper was to be taken to the poorhouse. She was broken-hearted. One man took the poor, bedridden, fretful, old creature into his home, paid for medical attendance, and waited on her himself when his house-keeper couldn't endure her temper and tantrums. Sarah Cooper died last spring, and her latest breath was a benediction on Robert Monroe.

"Eight years ago Jack Miller wanted a place. Nobody would hire him because his father was in the penitentiary and some people thought Jack ought to be there, too. Robert Monroe hired him... and helped him and kept hfm straight, and got him started right. and Jack Miller is a hardworking, respected young man to-day, with every

prospect of a useful and honorable life. There is hardly a man, woman or child in Blythewood who doesn't owe some debt to Robert Monroe."

As Miss Ashley sat down Malcolm sprang up and held out his hands.
"Every one of us stand up and sing 'Auld Lang Syne,'" he cried.
Everybody stood up and joined hands, but one did not sing. Robert Monroe stood erect with a great radiance on his face and in his eyes. He held his head proudly; his reproach had been taken away.

away.

When the singing ceased Malcolm's stern-faced son reached over and shook Robert's hand.

"Uncle Rob," he said, heartily, "I hope when I'm sixty I'll be as successful a man as you."

"I guess," said Aunt Isabelle, wiping away her tears, "there's a kind of failure that's the best success."

SASKATCHEWAN TEACHERS'

Under instructions from the Minister of Education of Saskatchewan the members of Normal School Staff will undertake a series of Institute meetings as follows:

Place		Date
		1912
Balgonie		 May 9
Pense		" 10
Outlook		" 14, 14
Eyebrow		" 16, 17
Swift Current		" 20, 2
Maple Creek .	*****	" 22.2
Balcarres		" 28, 21
		" 30, 3
Bulyea	* * * * * *	
Stoughton		 June 3,
Colgate		 " 6,
Montmartre .		" 10, 11
Wawota		" 13, 14

Wawota "13, 14

The following topics will be discussed: Geography, Singing, Discipline, Seat Work, Mathematics, Reading and Literature, Composition, Drawing.

In accordance with the regulations of the department, all teachers residing within a reasonable distance of the place where an Institute is to be held are expected to attend. The government grant for such teaching days as the teacher is present as shown by the register of attendance shall be paid in accordance with the provisions of the School Grants Act.

LIBRARIES FOR THE PRAIRIES

LIBRARIES FOR THE PRAIRIES

A plan by which the residents of country districts may enjoy the advantages of a circulating library has been worked out with success by the authorities of McGill University, Montreal. The western provinces are being permitted to share in the plan and residents of districts where there is at present no free public library would do well to avail themselves of this opportunity to secure the literary treasures which are not at present within their reach. The department of travelling in connection with McGill University Library, undertakes to lend libraries of 40 books to country schools, public libraries, reading or literary clubs, and communities possessing no free public library. The books may be a general library, carefully selected for general reading, libraries for young people, or libraries on special subjects, and will be lent for six months. A fee of \$3.00 is charged, and this is the only expense of securing the library except local cartage. Country schools, which are usually the most convenient centre for the location of a library, can secure one of these travelling libraries on the application of the principal. Public libraries should apply through their governing bodies, reading or literary clubs through their secretaries, and where there is no such organization any residents may apply. All communications with regard to this matter should be addressed to C. H. Gould, McGill University Library, Montreal, P.Q.

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