

my mother. You look very well, and not at all as if you had been living all these years in the White Man's Grave."

"It has never affected me. I haven't even had a touch of fever. You look well, too; hardly changed at all. It is good to see you."

"Have you never been home in all these years?"

"Never. The man who stays is the man who scores, I suppose, and I had nothing to bring me back."

She was silent a moment; then he spoke again.

"Rossmore is marvellous; you've discovered between you the secret of eternal youth. See my grey hairs, and I'm a good five years younger than Will."

"I like them," she answered simply. "They always mean something in a man."

The words arrested Whitney, and regarding her more attentively he saw a little discontented line across her brow, also that her mouth drooped, and that her eyes filled with shadow.

"You've had a very happy life," he said gently. "It is written on your face, and I have always pictured you happy. It has helped me a lot."

The words came from his lips without his seeking. His soul clave to this woman yet, in a sure, unselfish devotion that was few parallels in this world. It was his one desire to be assured of her happiness before he returned to his post. At first sight, he had been certain; now he was not so sure.

"I am all right," she answered. "I have much to be thankful for. I do wish you could have seen my darling children, but you will come again, perhaps, when they are here."

"No," he answered gently but firmly. "I shall not come any more."

She did not ask why, and the minutes passed, she with her eyes bent on the dancing flames, the pucker in her brow still remaining.

"It is splendid, I think, to go out as you did, and to come back crowned by strenuous years. I don't refer to the honor you received to-day. You know I am not one to count on such things. But I feel very proud of you, all the same."

Whitney was at a loss for a moment in his reply. Her praise was sweet, but there was an under-current in it that wrung his heart. And because it wrung him he probed more deeply.

"I am glad to find you in such circumstances. Rossmore has prospered; has built up a good position for himself," he said a little eagerly.

"He hasn't built up anything," she answered. "His father gave us this house and all it contains, and he left us sufficient to live in it."

The sound of Rossmore's fine baritone voice, singing in the dressing-room above, came floating down the stairs.

"It's very pleasant; there isn't any care," she said with a half smile. "Will doesn't believe in care, in unpleasant things, in stress of any kind. We live in Lotus land. He picks a good many flowers as he goes along, but I—I am afraid I am horribly ungrateful, but I see only the weeds."

They heard the door bang, and presently Rossmore, smiling, handsome, fresh, and immaculately attired, came bounding down to them.

"Sir Richard Whitney, accept my humble apologies and my homage," he said, dropping lightly on one knee. "Isn't it great, Enid? Poor old Whitney! Who would have thought it, who would think it now, even, to look at him?"

Enid smiled, that detached smile, which had wonderful fathoms behind it, and turned to the dining-room door.

"They're ready for us, dear," she said gently "and the soup is getting cold."—British Weekly.

WHERE LINEN IS MADE.

There is nothing prettier than a field of Irish flax in full bloom. The stems are about thirty inches high says a writer in Truth. They are very slender and of a pale green.

On each stem is a flower in an exquisite tone of blue; something between a corn-flower and a forget-me-not. The little flower is not of a very robust constitution. The petals soon fall, and then a seed pod forms which, when given time to do so, produces quantities of what we call linseed ("lin," is the Celtic name for flax). But when the flax is grown for the manufacture of linen, it is pulled up before the seed has had time to mature.

After having been exposed to the air for a few days, the flax is laid in water, and during the fortnight that this process lasts the odious smell with which it fills the offended air is of a remarkably powerful character.

As the local guides say: "Shure, it's just the flax fermentin'. It's a powerful smell entirely, but there's no danger in it, glory be to God."

The soaking makes it easy to separate the straw from the fibre by bruising it between the rollers and then suspending it through an opening in the top of a machine in which a horizontal shaft with wooden blades revolves at the rate of 250 times a minute. Parted forever are the fibre, flax and the straw, now tow.

Next comes the spinning into yarn, done in immense mills, and after that the yarn is woven into the fabric itself. Finally comes the bleaching, when the linen is laid out on the green field to be whitened by rain and sun and wind.

These long strips of snowy whiteness on the green turf surprise the stranger. He thinks it some sort of top dressing, spread upon the land to fertilize it. Belfast is the centre of the linen trade.

A GOOD RULE.

Don't interrupt your father when he's telling funny jokes;

Don't interrupt your mother when she's entertaining folks;

Don't interrupt a visitor when he has come to call;

In fact, it is wiser not to interrupt at all.

—St. Nicholas.

FOSTERING SELFISHNESS.

A certain middle-aged woman has been spending the summer holiday season in visiting her three married sons; and yet, in spite of her cordial relations with them and their wives, her visits were not wholly happy.

"The trouble is," she said, to an old friend, "my boys are all selfish. Selfishness does not consist in being mean in money matters, or in wanting their own way all the time, but only in expecting other people to wait on them. Now they expect their wives to do it. The fault is wholly mine. I didn't bring them up right."

Many another mother, if she were as frank as this woman, could bring the same charge against her children. The selfishness of which she complains is the almost inevitable result of a parental solicitude which is unwise, however, deeply rooted it may be in affection. John wants his slippers or a fresh collar, or his clothes need brushing; it is mother who waits on him. By and by John marries, and almost before he knows it, he is ex-acting of Mary, his wife, the same little personal services to which he has become so much accustomed that he takes them as a matter of course. Such sons and such husbands miss the finest flower of life, which is service, and not tribute.

DRUGGING CHILDREN A SOURCE OF DANGER.

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing its sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibility. Soothing medicines contain opiates and an overdose may kill the child. When you give your little one Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all the minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. L. W. Smith, St. Giles, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl for constipation and other troubles and have found them the best medicine I have ever used." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHRONIC WEARINESS.

Robert J. Burdette.

You are "too tired to go to church"! That's sheer nonsense. There isn't a place on the continent so restful as the church. You are going to lie around the house all day; snooze in a hammock; lo! in a rocking chair; go to sleep over a book. That isn't resting, that's loafing. Tell yourself honestly—you like to think you are honest—did you ever in all your life see a loafer who looked rested? Did you ever see a loafer who didn't look tired all the time? The people who try to rest are always tired. Resting is the hardest work in the world, when you make work out of it.

About a year ago, I stopped in a Boston street to watch a group of laborers. It was noon hour. They had been at work all the morning digging a sewer excavation. They had eaten their dinners from the little tin pails and now they were "resting." Some of them were pitching quoits, and others were putting the shot, with a great round boulder. They were workingmen "resting." And sitting on the curbstone watching them—too lazy to even stand up and look at them; their lazy chins resting on their lazy hands, and their lazy elbows supported on their lazy knees were the loafers who had been watching them work all the morning. These fellows were too tired even to join the games by which the workers rested themselves.

You have no need to loaf all day Sunday. Two hours in church; two hours of the quiet; the sermon; the reading; the uplift which comes from the new channels into which your thought, your mind is led, will rest you more, physically, morally, intellectually, than will all the day spent in trying to "rest."

The daily turning over is not the only necessary attention for the proper treatment of a mattress. This operation itself is liable to strain the ticking and pull the stuffing out of shape in course of time. To avoid this handles may be sewn to the sides, so that the unyielding surface of the mattress itself need not be grasped. These can be made from webbing or a cross piece of ticking, and sewn as firmly as possible to the sides, as the strain on them will be considerable.

Special evangelistic services of a successful encouraging nature were brought to a close on March 18th in St. Andrew's church Brantford. Brantford Methodist and St. Andrew's Presbyterian churches united in the movement and the pastors of these churches were ably assisted by Rev. Thos. Wilson of Walkerton. Mr. Wilson possesses special aptitude for this kind of work. He told the old, old story in a plain and fascinating way that appealed to the hearts of all who heard him and his two-weeks sojourn in Brantford will long be remembered by these two congregations.