

"Doctors cannot always tell at once, Miss Stella, and would not like to say, unless they were quite certain. But perhaps I ought not to have said anything to you, Miss Stella; only I heard of the death of the child when I was at father's this afternoon; and it has been following me ever since. I would not speak of it down-stairs."

"O, Alice, you did quite right to tell me, and I am very glad you have not talked of it to the other servants. We shall be sure to know the worst to-morrow; and, if it is God's will, I do hope it may not be this."

But Stella's heart sank within her; and she waited dreadingly for the morning, when, as she said, the worst would be surely known. No entrance again to her sister's chamber: the night had been very restless, and the medical man again summoned hurriedly.

The result of his early visit was a general stir and bustle, a hasty packing, a hurrying to and fro of men and maid servants, a driving up of horses and carriages, and the emptying of the great house of all its gay and cheerful guests.

There were the kindest of messages of condolence and sympathy, but no leave-takings. Stella prudently imagined that the farther off she kept herself on this occasion the more acceptable would it prove in the eyes of the retiring guests, whose departure was the only tinge of relief in the gloomy prospect; and she sat alone in the shelter of her little study, and watched carriage after carriage fill and roll away over the broad smooth gravel.

There was, however, one exception in this general rule. Clara Venables invaded the little sanctum.

(To be continued.)

Don't Delay.

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which affects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favourite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

The Old Oak Tree.

The oak tree stood alone in its glory. No other tree was equal to it; and in its pride, it thought it would last for ever. It was a beautiful day, and the sunbeam and the wind were having a famous game of play. The wind was trying to find the shadow, but every time he lifted up a leaf in search of it, in sprang the sunbeam. Oh! what a scamper the wind had, and the leaves rustled with pleasure, and the oak felt quite young again, and looked on benignly. An old owl was living in that tree, and as the wind, with a sudden gust of merriment, pushed aside the boughs, the sunbeam following him as usual, oh! how angry the owl was! He hooted so that the sunbeam and the wind were frightened away, and his friend the shadow returned, and they consoled with each other on the giddiness of the light-hearted.

The birds all around joined in the universal praise of the tree, for they had known it many a year, and they and their forefathers had always lodged among its boughs, and well had they been protected from storms and rough winds. And the wind whistled too, for he thought of the many games of play he had had with it, and greatly did he love one. To the sunbeam, also, it was a dear old tree, for with it she and the shadow had taken great liberties, drawing most unflattering portraits on the ground. The oak tree at last grew very proud, and he looked on with scorn at his weaker neighbours, who were obliged to be propped up.

All of a sudden, a great storm arose. The brother of the gentle wind came up, so fierce and angry, that he and the sunbeam hurried away and hid themselves. The birds also were frightened, and kept close to their homes, thinking themselves quite secure there. And the oak looked on, and pitied his weak neighbours, and laughed at the wind's efforts to bend him. And the wind was angry and blew harder, and again

the oak laughed. But one other gust, a crash!—and the mighty oak is on a level with the ground. So dreadful was the dying groan of the giant that the wind was frightened at the mischief he had done, and fled. Soon the sunbeam returned, and when she saw what had happened, she hurried to the tree, and tried to revive it, and the gentle wind came too, and they crept slowly in and out of the branches. The wind tried to raise the tree, but his efforts were in vain. At last they came to the owl, but he did not hoot at them now, for he had died with the oak.

Oh! how mournfully did they go away! but the wind first raised up a memorial to the tree. He gently shook off some of the acorns and planted them; and he and the sunbeam watched and tended them, till they grew up a living witness of the strength and weakness of the old oak tree.

Vomiting caused by indigestion is prevented by K.D.C.

Spoiled Children.

There are few greater tyrants than what are commonly called spoiled children. The parents, however superior they may be in many respects, are their very slaves. They have sacrificed everything for them, and required no sacrifice at their hands in return. Thus the children expect to receive everything and to give nothing. The habit of selfishness becomes ingrained, and, while they develop no power of making others happy, they lose the power of enjoyment in themselves. The parents' lives and happiness, and the children's also, are alike wrecked on the altar of foolish indulgence, while wisdom might have cherished both.

Check your indigestion with K.D.C., the great checker.

The Indian Canoe.

"What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple; yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract, or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for us this morning that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously; we were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were a part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Captain Mick's consent I tied the tails of my rubber coat to the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the arm-holes. This extempore sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and labouring heavily, as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea-gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water."—*Ex.*

Things Worth Remembering.

Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's work only, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

Exercise is the most important natural tonic of the body. Without it there can be no large compact muscular frame. It is as essential to physical development as air is to life, and an imperative necessity in the maintenance of beauty.

No tie can be so close, no love so strong as to form an excuse for telling a secret which belongs to a third party; and it is a false sentiment and a mean jealousy that would require it at the hands of friend or lover, husband or wife. Every one is at liberty to decline to receive such confidence if he please; but, having received it, he has no right to impart it.

Knowledge always has a value of its own, but it may lie latent and undeveloped like fuel that has never been ignited. It is the evolution of power, the constant exercise of faculties at which we should aim. It is the busy hands and the busy brain, both working, not for themselves, but for results to the world, which are deserving of honour; and whatever contributes to their ability is the most potent factor in all culture. We see this plainly in all occupations.

If it is cowardly for the strong to oppress the weak, it is no less mean and base for the weak to impose upon the good nature and generosity of the strong. There can be tyranny in both ways.

Full exercise of the brain is favourable to health and longevity, and prolonged brain-work is not necessarily injurious when unattended by hurry, anxiety, or excitement. Where the nerve-force is limited, the effect of over-activity is dangerous, but in the young and strong it is not injurious.

There can be nothing to say worth saying upon any important subject unless thought has first been actively engaged; and, where the mind has not been employed, the lips should keep silence. If all the useless babble that now so often goes under the name of discussion were hushed, the world would be wiser and happier.

Where every moment is absorbed in exciting business or feverish pleasures, where no time is afforded for repose of mind and scarcely enough for repose of body, it is no wonder that letters of friendship and good fellowship should be first postponed and finally discontinued. The result of this neglect is always disastrous.

Serious annoyance and trouble are sometimes caused by the carelessness which lays aside an invitation or a proposal to join in some social adventure until it is too late to arrange it. It is impossible to compute the amount of vexation, irritation, and loss of time that ensues from postponing these small but important duties. If there is one element which more than all others tends to make a good correspondent, it is promptness. Brevity may often be excused—indeed it is often essential—but indefinite postponement, never.

An evil propensity confessed is half cured. People irritate themselves by trying to prove that they are not irritable.

Not merely to know, but according to his knowledge to do, is the destiny of man. Your action alone determines your worth; and Carlyle says, "The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were of the noblest."

You must be sure of two things. You must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin; and the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honourable to you to be doing something else.

Life's pathway is up-hill. He who is making true progress is having a hard time of it. Every step costs effort. If a man finds his way an easy one, he may be pretty sure that he is going down-hill; and that is no direction for any man. Let no man complain, therefore, but rather take heart in the fact that his progress is toilsome; for it could not be progress if it were not.

No one can know too much, provided that his knowledge is active and living and bearing fruit. We should welcome it from whatever source it comes, whether from the instruction of early years, from solitary reading and thought, from the intercourse of fellow-men, or from our own experience; but we should also remember that it brings with it a responsibility we cannot throw off—that of converting our knowledge into power and our power into good results.

K.D.C. Pills should be taken with K.D.C. when a laxative is required.