

hastily summoned to visit Geoffrey who had become very much worse. Madge was thoroughly frightened, and for a few days was a devoted nurse. She sat in the sick-room all day attending to the patient's slightest wishes. Then Geoffrey got a little better, and the former state of things began again. Madge plunged into the vortex of gaiety with renewed vigor, as though she wished to make up for the time she had lost. Mrs. Seymour backed her up in every way, and the two sisters spent all their days together in a perpetual round of amusement. Geoffrey gave up saying anything. It did no good, and only irritated Madge. His cough grew worse, but he never complained. After a while he gave up going out any more, and would lie all day, for the most part quite alone. Madge went to the Casino every day. Sometimes she would go both day. Sometimes she would go both afternoon and evening. If she was lucky she would return home smiling, and be full of tenderness towards her husband and of compassion for his suffering and loneliness. If she lost she was sullen and silent, and was only longing to be off again to win her money back. She knew that Geoffrey hated the gambling and that the mere thought of it made him miserable, but she was utterly callous to the pain she caused him, and lived only for herself and her triumphs and enjoyments. She met with a great deal of admiration amongst her sister's many friends and acquaintances, and her head was completely turned between it all. One afternoon Geoffrey was feeling worse than usual, and he asked his wife to stay with him just for once. She saw how ill he looked, and hesitated, and he noticed the wavering in her face.

"Only just this once, Madge," he pleaded, looking at her wistfully. "I feel so strange this afternoon, and I have a dreadful pain here," and he pressed his hand to his side.

"Poor Geoffrey," she whispered, tenderly, bending over him to kiss his thin flushed face. "I promised Alice to go with her to the Casino this afternoon, but I won't stay long. I shall be back in an hour, and you won't mind being left alone for such a short time, will you, dear?"

"Geoffrey did not answer. He did mind it very much, but he knew it was no use saying so.

"You won't stay longer than an hour, will you, Madge?" he whispered, brokenly, for his heart was aching even more than his side. At that moment Mrs. Seymour's voice was heard at the door calling to Madge to make haste. "All right, Alice, I'm coming," cried the girl. "Good-bye, Geoffrey," and she was gone without another glance at her husband.

"It was 3 o'clock when she went out and the clocks were striking 7 when she opened the bedroom door on her return. A strange stillness seemed to pervade the room as she entered. Her face was wreathed in smiles and she carried a bag of gold pieces in her hand.

"I have won, Geoffrey! I have won!" she cried, as she advanced towards her husband's sofa, but no answer came from the still, quiet figure lying there. A cry of terror broke from the girl as she bent over him. He lay upon his side, his eyes wide open and fixed upon the doorway, as though he expected some one to enter. His mouth was contorted and there was blood on the white linen front of his shirt.

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" cried the young wife, falling on her knees beside him. "Speak to me! Look at me, Geoffrey; I am here! I am here!"

"But there was still no answer, nothing but silence reigned. In horror she glanced towards the door. Who had he been watching for when the grim messenger of death had come to take him? She knew well it was for the wife who had promised to love and to cherish him always, in sickness and in health, until death should part him from her. And now death had come and she was too late, too late. She knew that he had called her name when he felt the end drawing near, struggling with all his might to live until she returned to look once more upon her face which he had loved so dearly. He died alone and unaided, without a human creature

near him. Oh! false wife, false friend! Was it thus she had kept her marriage vows. 'Geoffrey! Geoffrey!' she wailed in her agony, 'I will be good!' But her husband could not hear her; what mattered now if she were good or bad? A book lay open on the floor beside him. Madge's eyes fell upon one line, it, too, was marked with a crimson stain: 'In My Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so—' She could read no further. With a cry of anguish she fell senseless across her husband's body."

There was a dead silence for some moments when Sister Genevieve had finished speaking. Kitty Vivian was sobbing quietly, her face hidden in her hands. She looked up presently.

"Sister," she whispered through her tears, "who was it?"

"It was myself," replied the nun gently; "the story is the story of my life."

"Thank you, Sister," said Kitty, very softly, and without another word she rose and walked with a firm step to the spot where her husband sat, gazing steadily at the blue waters, which was to carry his wife away from him on the morrow. Heedless of who might see her, Kitty fell on her knees beside him, and, taking his thin hands in hers, she covered them with kisses. "Forgive me, Bertie, forgive me," she sobbed. "Oh, how could I ever have thought of leaving you, my darling!"

Herbert gathered his wife into his arms with a beating heart. He did not understand what it all meant, but a strange flood of happiness came suddenly over him. "Tell me what you mean, Kitty," he whispered eagerly, "tell me what has happened."

Then with his arms about her, she told him Sister Genevieve's story, and in the long silence which followed, it seemed to them both that a new life was opening out before them, a life in which all would be peace and love and happiness.

The following morning the yacht arrived as expected, and Herbert and Kitty went down to the harbor to see it come in. They found a very lively party on board, and almost everyone was already well known to Kitty.

"Well, Kit, I hope you are packed and ready," cried her cousin as they met, "for we cannot stay here more than a few hours. It is a dull place, and you are very wise to leave it for a bit."

"I had better tell you at once," said Kitty quietly, "that I have changed my mind, and that I do not mean to leave Madeira after all."

"Oh, Kitty, why?" cried a chorus of surprised voices.

"Because I would rather stay here with Herbert," she replied, simply; "I am very sorry to have brought you all on such a wild-goose chase, but I only made up my mind last night, too late to notify you."

Then her friends surrounded her, trying to induce her to think better of her decision and to go with them after all. But Kitty was firm.

"It's awfully nice of you all to want me," she said merrily, "but to tell you the truth, my ideas of enjoyment have changed a good deal since you saw me last; so there is no use in trying to persuade me, because nothing will make me change. And now come along to the hotel and we will show you the beauties of Funchal, and when you are tired of it you can go off again as fast as you like."

That same evening the yacht got up steam again, and just as the sun was beginning to set the party embarked, and half an hour later they were steaming slowly out of the harbor. Kitty and her husband stood on the pier and watched them, till the yacht became a mere speck on the vast waters.

"Oh, Herbert," whispered the little wife as she nestled close to him "how can I ever be grateful enough to Sister Genevieve. Only for her I should have been in the yacht this very moment, being carried further and further away from you. I can't think how I can ever have contemplated leaving you. Oh, how wicked and selfish I was, and you never said one word in anger to me, all the time."—Exchange.

WEAKNESS AND CENSORIOUSNESS.

The doctor jabbed the big silver hat-pin a bit savagely through the crown of her best hat, and sat down emphatically in the big arm-chair in which the Princess had been arranging innumerable soft cushions. The Princess handed her a cup of tea and asked "What now?"

"Oh, its nothing worth mentioning, of course. I was a bit tired, I suppose. Things didn't go my way at the hospital this morning. That dear little terror of a Cummings boy that I've literally dragged out of typhoid, is going to be cheated out of his recovery after all, I'm afraid. Mothers are such fools sometimes. They will do anything under the sun for their children but the thing they ought to do. Tommy's mother begged so hard to see him, and promised so faithfully not to bring him anything to eat that I gave her permission to spend the afternoon with him. And this morning when I came down there I found most of my work undone. She had brought him only a piece of a pork pie. Tommy was that fond of it she couldn't help it, she protested. I suppose I was a bit brutal, but I told her she had undoubtedly killed Tommy with her pork pie, and ought to be hanged for it, for I had warned her that any solid food just now would be extremely dangerous. Of course, she took on, and finally I had to put her to bed, and give her something to quiet her nerves. I do wish your mother's circles would thresh out this subject of mother's love, or mother's instinct, or the uselessness of it. Why doesn't it tell mothers the right thing to do once in a while? In nine cases out of ten the mother who follows out her instinct in the matter will indulge the child in whatever he wants, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that's bad for him. It's pleasant for the mother usually, just for the moment, but it brings terrible suffering later. An indulged child becomes a wayward child always. It's curious, too, that the indulged child never loves its parents particularly, never looks out for their comfort when they're old.

"But, dear me, this isn't what I came in to talk about at all. After I left the hospital, I thought I'd like something quite different. I'd go around and see some girls I used to know. I haven't called in a long time, and they'd talk about something pleasant. I'd pay my social obligations, and get my mind off my work. Oh! I'll never go there again. I don't care how good friends my mother and theirs were. If people only knew the effect their conversation has on other people they would make a point of never telling anything but pleasant stories. They told me one mean thing after another. How the carpet weaver cheated them; how their cousin had smuggled in their new laces, and, after the disgusting little story, they shewed me the lace. If they had only let me see the lace, and omitted the story, I'd have had one pleasant picture, anyway. Then they talked about plays. They asked me if I had seen a particularly obnoxious one. I said I hadn't, and tried to change the topic. You know, I believe you can't even go into the discussion of certain things without leaving a bad imprint on your mind. But they went back to it, and went into details as to the worst scenes, and pointed out what they considered objectionable. And so it went on for a whole hour before I could get away. There are dozens of beautiful plays, yet they mentioned just that one horrid one. I suppose that was the only interesting one. There are hundreds of exquisite, uplifting books, but the one story they discussed was a miserable, cynical affair that made mock of love and marriage. They didn't approve, of course, but they talked of it, and not of the good things. They pointed out the shortcomings, the failures, dishonesties and hypocrisies, not of their neighbors individually, of course, but of humanity. And as for poor me, who was tired and went there for a rest and a pleasant chat, I felt more battered, and bruised, and aged by that hour's contact with three bright women than by a year's contact with all sorts of

frail human beings in a charity hospital. Now, Princess, was it simply I who was tired and felt the atmosphere unduly, or what happened? I know you would rest me anyway, so I took another hour which I really ought to be spending with my patients."

"Poor children, sighed the Princess, "I know them. At least if I don't know your particular friends, I know others like them. They have reversed Kingsley's motto, 'Be clever, sweet maid'; they say, 'Let who will be good.' Not that they are not good enough themselves. They are, I suppose, although it is hard to see how one can stay good in deed and think always of the evil side of things. As you say, they never approve of the wrong, but they always see it. They criticize always. There are flaws in everything. It's a bad atmosphere to create around one's self. It is almost impossible to grow in grace in it. Did you ever notice how susceptible children are to such an atmosphere? The little girl whose mother is always pointing out her faults develops the very worst that is in her. Another child lives in an atmosphere where good is expected, where little is said of the faults, and she grows in thoughtfulness and goodness. I don't believe any of us can afford to cultivate the critical habit. It's not good for ourselves, and it's certainly very trying for our callers."—Aunt Bride in Sacred Heart Review.

THE IDEAL DAUGHTER.

A devoted, cheerful, caressing daughter is the joy of a home. Happy the house that resounds all day long with her songs and the peals of her silvery laughter! She is the sun that shines all day. She is the chain that binds father and mother together, and their safeguard against any danger to their love and faithfulness to each other. Is there anything which could entice that father out of his home so long as that girl is in it? No, nothing but the work that he has to do, and which he cheerfully does, all the time longing for that welcome kiss when he returns home.

I admire the love of a daughter for her mother, but it is so common, so natural, that I am always ready to take it for granted; but the love of a daughter for a father! What a sight for the gods it is! Look at that girl on her father's knee, with her arms around his neck, fondling him, petting him, patting his face, curling his mustache, pulling his nose. Look at them in the street, arm in arm, like old "pals"! His weight is not one ounce; in that girl's company he is a man of twenty-five, not a year older. Watch them flatten their noses against the shop windows, looking at all the pretty things inside.

But they do not remain outside. Sure, they go in; the little rogue knows her business. She knows that papa is always ready to cheerfully part with his loose cash. She gives him a nudge, a little wink; they laugh, and in they go. And what a time they have discussing over the choice of all the things they are going to have! When they return home they get scolded for their extravagance; but that's all right. Mamma is not a bit jealous. Besides, have they not bought something for her? Of course they have.

The whole day that daughter watches the opportunity to do her father a thousand good little turns. If he takes a cigar, she rushes for a light, and strikes it herself; if he only mentions that he has forgotten something upstairs, off she goes to fetch it. She seems to foresee all his wishes and satisfies them before they are expressed.

The day mother is "at home," she is almost jealous; so many people take possession of her father, and she is a monopolizer. For that matter, who is the good woman that is not? She, however, constantly watches an opportunity to come near him. If a chair gets vacant in his neighborhood, she quickly seizes it and occupies it. Then she takes his arm, or picks off his coat imaginary little bits of fluff. She looks at him, smiles at him, makes love to him.

When all the people are gone, she



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has a good fling at him, and keeps him all to herself for the rest of the day. She talks and chats to him, tells him stories, plays for him, sings him all his favorite songs, and the hours fly joyfully till it is time to go to bed. Then she kisses him good-night once, twice, three times, and goes; but soon the door opens and again she reappears to say good-night and once more; then, singing, with a quick step, she rushes upstairs, leaving papa sighing at the thought that he will not set his eyes on that dear, lovely little face again till next morning, at breakfast.

Blessed be the man who possesses such a daughter! His lot is the most enviable one in the world.—Ex.