

deed he was accounted to be at his best and cleverest when moderately under the influence of that stimulating inspiration. Alas! for certain of his patients, the moderation often failed at need. Dr. Medway cut short his remarks with the intimation that a banquet was impending, and that a supply of ale, 'ad libitum' was awaiting the patronage of the crowd, 'free, gratis, and for nothing.' A treble volley of cheers was the least return that could be made for such a peep into a prospective land of bliss.

At this point Miss Alice Hayes, a young lady of eighteen summers, stepped forward and presented a big bouquet, almost as sweet and lovely as herself, to Mrs. Huddleston, who received it with a bow, a smile, and a blush, though the latter perhaps was not distinctly understood by some of the lookers on. Then the Netherborough 'celebrated brass band, with more metal than music in it, played 'God save the Queen,' and that portion of the ceremonial came to an end.

The crowd dispersed. The select hundred and twenty, who had tickets for the banquet, retired to get ready for the evening's ceremonial, which was to be held in the big club-room of the Netherborough Arms. The crowd in general found their way to 'The Green,' which had become a veritable land of Goshen, where beef and beer and bread and cheese and ale were waiting to satisfy the hunger and to quench the thirst of all who chose to put in their claim.

(To be Continued.)

### The Selfish Girl.

'Mabel, put down your book, and help me a few moments,' called a mother to her young daughter.

Mabel read on, without seeming to hear. Presently her mother called her again. 'Yes, mamma,' said Mabel, 'I'll be down in just a moment.'

The time went on, and presently the mother called a third time.

'Please let me finish this chapter,' called Mabel.

The mother did not answer, but tired as she was, she did the work alone. Not being called again, Mabel decided that her mother did not want her, and bent over her book with renewed interest. She kept her room all the morning, and did not think of her mother and the work downstairs. Mabel did not mean to be entirely selfish. She did not understand how much her mother needed her help. She thought only of her own pleasure, and was inclined to be cross and fretful if interfered with.

There are hundreds of such girls. They do

## Our Youngest Agent.

We have reproduced scores of letters in previous announcements from our boy agents and we could publish hundreds all testifying to the popularity of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' But this time we will content ourselves by giving just one from a little chap five years old, who sold 24 copies and earned a watch, and one from his 'daddy.'

### FROM OUR AGENT.

I got the watch yesterday and I like it very much. I am only five years old. I can't count money yet, but if I could I would be glad to handle your papers. I did not find it hard to sell the papers. I sold the two dozen in two half days. I had my daddy write this for me.

Yours truly,  
ARCHIE.

### FROM HIS DADDY.

My little boy Archie was five years old last October, and I suppose the youngest of your many agents for the 'Pictorial.' He had practically no help in selling the twenty-four copies, which goes to show that it sells at sight, and on its merits. He will not be able to sell any during the winter, he is too little, but next spring you will probably hear from him again. Thanking you for your courtesy and assuring you that the watch is of a better grade than I expected, I remain yours truly,  
A. McQUEEN.

We hope Archie will oblige us with his photograph, as we would like to place it in our portrait gallery of the 'Pictorial' that its many thousands of readers may see what our youngest agent looks like.

If you wish to add your name to the already large list of our successful agents send in your order early for the January edition, which will be even better, if possible than the Christmas number. Many will take half a dozen straight to send to friends in the Old Country.

Cash in advance at the rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once, just as soon as you remit for the first.

Orders promptly filled.  
Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Sales Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

not mean to be wholly selfish; no doubt they think they love their mothers, but they love their own way also.

Girls, God gives you but one mother. See to it that you show your love for her in a way that will gladden her heart and lighten her cares.—The 'Friend.'

### Reggie's Record.

(Aunt Alice, in the 'Child's Companion'.)

The people who live in the East are, like many English boys and girls, very fond of hearing stories. They have many beautiful legends, and this is one of them.

A traveller once set out on a very long journey. He took very little baggage, but two companions travelled with him everywhere he went. They were on each side of him and never separated. The one on the right side was dressed in white, while the one on the left side was dressed in black. Both looked beautiful and had very kind and loving faces, and both carried a book.

The traveller could not see his companions, although he knew who they were.

Presently he saw a very hungry-looking dog, and he broke off a piece of the bread he was eating and gave it to him. Then the one on the right side began writing in his book; and when he had finished, he sealed the writing, and a beautiful smile passed over his face. Later on they met a poor old woman carrying a heavy burden, and the traveller helped her along the road with it. Then the one on the right wrote again in his book and sealed it. Every time the traveller did anything that was kind, right and good, the beautiful white companion wrote it down in his book and sealed it and smiled. It seemed to make him very glad.

But when the traveller did or said anything that was unkind or cross or bad, the one on the left wrote it down in his book and looked very sad, and kept watching the face of the traveller to see if he looked sorry, or showed any sign of sorrow. Directly he did so, the beautiful black one crossed out the bad deed, so that no one might know what had been written there. But the traveller did not always say at once that he was sorry; then his companion would wait and wait until midnight, and if by that time the writing was not crossed out, then the beautiful black one was obliged to seal it in the book, and there it stayed until the end of his journey, which was the end of his life.

'If I were that traveller I should like the white one to write all down that I did. I should try and do right and good things always,' said little Reggie Long, a bright little

boy of seven, whose mother had been reading the legend to him.

'I hope you will, dear, because those beautiful companions will go with you wherever you go and make a record of what you do,' said his mother.

So all next day he tried to be as kind as he knew how to everyone in the house; and at the Kindergarten School to which he went, he shared his biscuits with a little boy who had none, and did his very best to please his teacher.

Then in the afternoon when mother said the children might have a donkey ride, he asked if little lame Johnnie, who lived opposite, might ride instead of himself, as he seldom could go out unless the weather was very fine, and the ride would be such a treat to him. Reggie's mother smiled and was pleased because her little boy was trying to be unselfish.

So the day went on. In the evening when he was undressing and having his cosy talk with mother, he said—

'Mother, do you think the white angel has written down anything I've done to-day?'

'Whatever you tried to do that was right

### Confide in Mother.

The moment a girl hides a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush.

A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat, and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than the women who tell too little.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, 'I have been here; I met so and so; such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done,' will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of her greater experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will not be likely to do anything very wrong if, from the first, you have no secrets from mother.—Religious Intelligencer.

### BOY'S WATCH FREE.

We give this fine Watch free to any boy who sells 24 copies of the new monthly, the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each.)

The Watch has a beautiful silver nickel case, highly polished, an enamelled dial, bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, reliable American movement. Will last with care for years.

The 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' sells like wildfire from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Delights everyone. Costs about \$1,000 an issue and contains about 1,000 square inches of Pictures. News of the world by views. Many of the full page pictures are worth framing. Fine, glossy paper. Exquisite printing. Interesting reading matter. Fashions, patterns and household hints. Unsurpassed as a souvenir for a way friend. Many people will buy several for that purpose alone.

Send a postal and get a package of twelve to start with. When you remit \$1.20, proceeds of these, we send the next dozen, and when second remittance of \$1.20 reaches us, you get your Watch at once. No cost or risk to you.

### A FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

For selling 15 copies as above, you secure a Fountain Pen, full size, with gold nib, fine, medium or stub.

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For only 12 copies at 10 cents each as above we give you a fine, large Jack Knife, two blades, such as any boy would be proud to possess.

Write to-day for package of 'PICTORIALS' and full instructions.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

