

By Flora
MacD. Denison

The Local Council of Women.

Still good luck to the agitator, they all help us strike a balance.

Queen Mary could hardly have taken a more unpopular stand than in any way antagonize Queen Alexandra. Un- easy lies the head that wears a crown.

The supervised playground will be great factor in saving energetic children from the police court and the prison cell, tho that any child should

receive them—she is strong;
he too is a law of nature—there is no
law stronger than she is.

Much of the misery in life is caused by staking our happiness on the tenor of the love or affection of some one else—instead of being busy about our own attitude towards the world. We are too busy about their attitude towards us. We are bruised and hurt, charred and mangled. The wise ones are those who forgetting self in work and service have no time to be hurt. They are busy about what they get by giving and are the happy ones. We all know people who are over-anxious to be thought well of. These often make fences around themselves and are afraid to let others in. They often wake up to find that they have only enclosed themselves away from desirable friends instead of protecting themselves against undesirable ones. And the moral is—Do not get hitched on yourself.

OF WOMEN, HON-PRES. CANADIAN ASSOCIATION AND VICE-PRES. TORONTO

I ventured out for an auto drive in the morning and gained so much life

the merry laugh and the joyous yell
that right here should be produced the
greatest that has been. All hail—old
fashioned winter.

They teach: "Resist not evil—love your enemies," and this they literally interpret.

Our Slums.

slums, but rather spend brains preventing slums. Closing the doors after the horse has gone has been the policy of too many cities. Cannot Toronto do better?

New, lilacs purple all the dusk, and,
hark!
A robin sings defiance to the Dark.
—Mahlon Leonard Fisher, in Lippincott's
Magazine

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

strong business venture." Cadogan explains to Jane that he thinks Cock

darkness. It was profoundly quiet to ears accustomed to ignore the nocturnal insect chorus; the voice of the surf on the not distant shore was but a

quite distinctly the ever-frustrated attempts of a small black ghost to sneak unseen down the staircase. It would wait, and wait for some friendly shadow to cloak its flight, rush out, de-

there was suddenly thrust between his teeth a wad of cloth. He bit upon it, gagging, and without exactly understanding how it had come that way.

light so perfect and so still, a strange and wonderful blue night, with a singularly luminous atmosphere, almost phosphorescent in its effect. The hulls of the two small vessels at anchor off

himself, perhaps, but vaguely realized that he had come to love her.

"Puts heart into a man," he declared. "Thanky kindly, Miss Todd. Now I'll be on my way." He took the tobacco pouch from her.

Kitchen of the Virgin Mary Found?

The Marquis de Vogue and I agree that the grotto of the Annunciation and the house of the Virgin are of the

Here, then, was the traditional kitchen of the Virgin, as revered by the earliest Christians and preserved by the building of one of the finest

Curious! It was now coming back,

He lay in extreme torture, mental as

to the island had brought peace of mind and comfort to her father, happiness unspeakable to her self.

Still up, Miss Todd?"—tho she
ely went to bed before midnight.
m perishing for a smoke. Forgot
tobacco, and just couldn't wait any

Practical Girl.
She accepted me on one condition."
And that is?"

same date as the catacombs and the

Christian churches.

and knees in at the window—a squat,

he glow of light fade upon the strip of

us happiness, such as is given to men on

to the Cap'n's watch, ain't it?"

ween now and spring."—Louisville
rier-Journal.