

he had already
hose morning
djoining-room,

la? Are you
o fast, I think.
less Greek and
can give you."
answered Stella,
in one of his
one of his sa-
ner altogether.
ut myself, but

as he been a
e to help keep

serious with
urt-longings as
ordingly?

, "if you only
I long for him
but would tell
think!"

as she spoke;
away. The
ed instantly.

is hand upon
ard: it is al-
ne a little of
hing you like

weetest smiles
e her thanks.
nk he is going
dreaded ques-
rance.

n. "My dear
ik it?"

im look more
ts; that is all,
ing to me of
uch a relief to
nk."

ian kindly, yet
ate suddenly
decided phase
come. He is
entre of weak-
ne, which has
l, there is so
mount of pre-
to command,
areful nursing

nd Stella eag-

reason for en-
e fluctuations,
nights, which
st you down,
don't despair,
strong active

rgyle!"

erving years
There will be
ing still first:
ou must help

Dr. Argyle, as

now you do.
l thanking you
treasure to a
And now I

you, Dr. Ar-

ain upon her
r searchingly
with a bright
without an-

seemed impart-
as it were un-
of stairs, and
ance absolute-
Petit express-
the wondrous
ught on her

usually-pensive and pre-occupied little charge. M. Gustave, the music-master, was announced at the same moment; so that there was no time for inquiry, even had the good lady felt herself sufficiently at home with Stella to venture on it.

It was her afternoon for driving with Lady Trevannion; and to Stella's view the streets looked more cheerful, and the calls and the shops seemed more endurable, with the echo of those comforting words of Dr. Argyle sounding in her ears, and the bright glad hope within her heart that her little Tracy would one day be strong and well and active as she now was. The last stoppage was at the Soho Bazaar, where Lady Trevannion had to make some little purchase; and she desired Stella to look round, and choose whatever she pleased as a present for herself. After some deliberation, Stella decided on a card covered with all kinds of miniature carpentering implements, which she thought might divert Tracy, and a sharp pen-knife, which would assist in her manipulations upon the walnut-shells.

Lady Trevannion expressed some surprise at her niece's choice, but satisfied herself with the remark, "You are a strange, strange child, Stella, and never choose anything which other children of your age would like. But I suppose you must please yourself; and in things of importance it is very clear that others must choose for you." To which remark, and the fulfilment of the same, Stella was so entirely accustomed that she received it, as usual, in silence.

The lamps in the long busy streets, and in the quieter squares and terraces, were already lighted, and the church-clocks were striking five, when at length the carriage stopped at their own door, and, released from all further restraint and engagement, Stella hastened to her room.

A little pink evening dress was laid upon the bed; and, with the consciousness that Tracy was always better pleased when his sister looked what he called "pretty," and what she understood to mean well dressed, Stella without further help quickly arrayed herself, and hastened to his apartment.

The little silver tea-service was tastefully arranged upon the round table in front of the blazing hearth a vase of most exquisite flowers, Lora's afternoon gift, in the centre, the gasolier illuminated, and Tracy lying on his couch, smiling and radiant, as though the evening pleasure was well more than he could realize.

"My little darling, here I am," and her soft white arms were thrown around the child; and so she knelt, the two mingling fond and loving caresses for some moments.

"And you look so well and pretty, Stella," Tracy said admiringly, when at length Stella rose and looked down at him with that glad satisfied smile on her mouth and brow. "Your frock and ribbons all so pretty, and your face the very prettiest part of all. O, Stella, I do like to look at you!"

Stella felt that at that moment that she should never again wish herself ugly, if only for Tracy's sake. "And I like to look at you, my darling, and see that you are a little better and stronger this evening: you are, are you not?"

"O yes, so much," returned the child.

"And, nurse," continued Stella, turning to Mrs. Blount, who was still occupied with the tea-preparations, "we do not want to get rid of your company, you very well know; but it is not often you get a little change, and Mrs. Coates is so glad to have you. You can trust me all alone with him, cannot you? I know how to manage quite well; and if we want anything I can come to you, or ring."

"O yes, Miss Stella, my dear, I can trust you well enough; but do you think you shall be able to manage, kettle and all? And have you everything you want? You see I have got you cakes and all sorts of things."

"O yes, thank you, nurse; it is all beautiful. And I like pouring water out of the tea-kettle very much, and shall not do anything worse than black my frock a little."

"You must not do that, my dear," said nurse, who, however, was pleased to hear anything amounting to pleasantry from Stella's lips: "it is a new dress, and an expensive one: and what will Clarice say, if she finds it grimy the first time of wearing!"

"O, I don't mind. She put it out for me, so she must bear the consequences. Good-bye, then, nurse. I will ring when we have quite done tea, and want the things cleared away."

Stella was kneeling on the hearth-rug, toasting her mullins, with cheeks burnt nearly as pink as her pretty rose-hued dress, and with her fair curling and somewhat troublesome hair (which she had not found herself quite so competent as Clarice in arranging to satisfaction) falling all about her shoulders, when, with a short quick rap, the door of the room was opened, and all unannounced and unattended entered Captain Flamank.

"I am going to make the acquaintance of your little brother," he had said to Lora five minutes before, "and have some tea with him and Stella, if they will permit me."

Lora's countenance fell a little: she was hoping that the Captain's unexpected appearance two hours before the time arranged betokened a quiet *tete-a-tete* previous to the dinner-party, to which both were engaged.

"You know I have not seen him yet," he added, by way of explanation.

"O yes; do go by all means. Shall I come and introduce you? you will not know your way."

"Thanks, I fancy it seems less formidable introducing myself. I am not particularly bashful, certainly," he added, as Lora smiled; "but it is a weakness of mine, I suppose—hatred of formal introductions, especially to a wee bairn. So farewell for a little while, I shall find my way."

The parting smile and salutation were more than satisfaction for what seemed a trifling eccentricity on the part of her loved one. Besides should she not have his presence all the long evening afterwards? and this interview with Tracy, his future little brother-in-law, why, it was really necessary. And so Lora had taken up her book and proceeded to the drawing-room to sit with Lady Trevannion until it should be time to dress.

(To be continued.)

K.D.C. cleanses and strengthens the stomach without weakening and destroying the tissues.

Advantages of Courtesy.

A courteous man often succeeds in life, where persons of ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

Hundreds of people write, "It is impossible to describe the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me." It will be of equal help to you.

—The word "quiz," to make fun of, or poke fun at a person, was the coinage of a theatrical manager in Dublin, who, at a party with his friends one Saturday night, when the conversation turned upon the subject of words, offered to bet some wine that he could then and there coin a word which would be in the mouths of all Dublin the next day. The bet being taken, and the party dispersed, the manager summoned his call-boys and runners, gave them pieces of chalk, and ordered them to run all over the city, chalking the word "quiz" on every door, shutter, and fence they came to. This was done, and, as a matter of course, the new word was in everybody's mouth the next day. The manager won his bet, and his word is now in all respectable dictionaries.

Sleeping Flowers

Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that they close their leaves during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The goat's-beard wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the evening. The English daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others close their blossoms at different hours towards the evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and clover at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent, sweet-scented blossom in the twilight; it is full-blown at midnight, and closes never to open again with the dawn of day. Those plants which seem to be awake all night have been called "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

—Try Weather and Waterproof floor paint. It dries quick, finishes with a gloss and wears well. Ask your dealer for it and do not be put off with any other. Manufactured by the Weather and Waterproof Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., 122 and 124 Richmond st. east, Toronto.

Words.

Strange, mysterious things are words. The representatives of mind, the embodiment of thought, feeling, sentiment, and passion are they. The eye may discourse a language eloquent and impressive, there may be a recognition of an invisible, spiritual essence surrounding us, an intuitive perception of unspoken thoughts and feelings; but words, with magic skill, clothe this invisible presence, these subtle operations of mind, and present them, as it were, in tangible form.

Words have a fearful power. Swift-winged messengers are they for good or evil. Could each human soul possess a tablet upon which, by some mysterious agency, words might be engraven in appropriate characters, how varied and full of meaning would those characters be, and how potent their spell! Light words, the interchange of friendly civilities, the little occurrences of everyday life, would be but faintly impressed and recognized only by the charm investing them. Gay words, the pointed and brilliant scintillations of wit and fancy, sparkling as just dropped from a diamond point. Bitter words, stinging, withering words of reproach and scorn, engraven as with a pen of iron, and darkly enveloped with gloomy shadows. Noble words, the embodiment of the glowing thoughts and conceptions of genius, set with gems, and enriched with a halo of glory. And words of mercy, loving words of sympathy, burning with a radiance mild and lovely as the breathings of an angel-presence. This is not all fancy. Words are indeed engraven upon more enduring tablets than those of ivory or brass; that of immortal minds. Take the continual interchange in the particles of matter; particles thrown off from one substance filling the places in the formation of another. So words are the particles which minds are throwing off, to become incorporated with other words, to be unperishable as the mind itself.

It becomes us then to consider well the power of this influence for good or evil in our keeping. That careless, thoughtless word of thine may carry with it a thrill of agony almost too bitter for the sensitive spirit to endure. A kindly word may awaken in some soul energies which shall burn on forever; or its opposite, crush to earth some timid soul, and destroy within it the power to rise. A word of encouragement, fitly spoken, may cause the sweet flowers of hope and joy to spring up in the heart, and sweetly lure the bright buds of promise to unfold in beauty. One little word may touch some chord which shall vibrate tones of joy or sorrow through the endless ages of eternity.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas A. Kempis.