

side a little shanty on the quay, half sitting, half reclining, on a wooden bench, David bending over her anxiously. They were quite alone. She struggled to her feet.

"Tell me David, quite truly, as if you were speaking for your life. Am I too late?"

"Too late for what?"

"Too late for you. They said I would find it difficult to make up my innings. I won't try, if I'm too late." Gillespie looked at her in sheer bewilderment. He scarcely yet realized that his wife was by his side or what this wholly unlooked for step on her part could mean. For once his slow Scotch comprehension was against him, and deepened the distrust in his wife's mind.

"Was that her in the white frock, the girl who—who has given you the consolation?"

His face began to redden a little, but he straightened himself and looked her in the face.

"Gladys, I gather that something has happened—somebody has been telling you things. If that is all that has brought you, my—my dear, to convict me, as it were, it's a poor look-out for us both."

She took a step nearer to him and laid a small pleading hand on his arm. Never in all their dual life had he seen such an expression of appeal on her face, and it moved him mightily.

"David, I know what I have done, and I've come to—to see for myself whether it is too late. If you want me, I'm here, and I'll—I'll be different; but if what they said was true, I'll go away again, and you'll never hear of me any more."

"Then you do care a little yet, Gladys? I was beginning to doubt it."

"It doesn't matter about me," she said, feverishly. "Everything depends on you. Do you want me? Can I stop? Will you be glad? Oh, David, do you love me still?"

They came out of the little shanty after a long time with peace on their faces.

"It was all lies they said, after all," she said, as she stood just a moment looking round the weird, yet not unpicturesque scene. "Why, it's a beautiful—a heavenly place, and I would rather build here than anywhere else in the world."

"Build what?" he asked, in a puzzled voice.

But she only answered him enigmatically, as before:

"The wise woman buildeth her house."
—British Weekly.

WINDOW PLANTS.

The increasing sun will bring many plants into flower, and at the same time encourage the insects. Free use of tobacco smoke, or tobacco water where it is inconvenient to use smoke, will destroy many. A small collection of plants, tended by one really fond of them, may be kept free of insects by mere "thumb and finger work." Daily examination, the use of a stiffish brush, like an old toothbrush, and a pointed stick to pick off mealy bugs and scale, will keep insects from doing harm. Neglect to examine in time and nip the trouble in the bud is the cause of much of the difficulty. More water will be needed by plants in bloom and making their growth. Bulbs, if any remain in the cellar, may be brought to the heat and light. When the flowers fade on the earlier ones, cut away the stalk and let the leaves grow on; when they begin to fade, dry off the bulbs, which may be planted in the garden afterwards.

Friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend.

APRIL SHOWERS RAIN SONG.

Don't you love to lie and listen.

Listen to the rain,
With its little patter, patter,
And its tiny clatter, clatter,
And its silvery spatter, spatter.
On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain.

It's the fairies—Pert and Plucky,
Nip and Nimble toes and Lucky,
Trin and Thimble nose and Tucky—
On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen,
Listen to the rain.

I can see them running races,
I can watch their laughing faces
At their gleeful games and games,
On the roof and on the pane.

—Clinton Scollard, in A Boys' Book of Rhyme.

IRRITABILITY THE WASTER.

Those who are easily irritated lose an enormous amount of precious time and costly energy. In physiology, irritability is the property of responding to a stimulus. In botany, plants endowed with irritable organs, when they touch any object, clasp it. This is all right in soulless plants or muscles or nerves; but it is all wrong in men and women who are supposed to decide for themselves what to respond to, or grapple with, and what to leave alone. He is the most miserable of all men who must respond to everything that touches him. He is the happiest of men who can quietly ignore much that invites him. How often we have spoiled an entire day, which seemed to be bright with promise, simply by letting ourselves become overwrought and upset, early in the day, by an unpleasant word or annoying action of another! How often, again, have we been saved from the loss of time and temper that seemed imminent in this way, simply because something else "happened" to divert our attention and cause us to forget for a few minutes the irritation to which we were so valiantly responding, and which was threatening our peace and usefulness! Then we were ashamed of ourselves for having to be saved in that indirect way, when a little resolute will power would have put the irritation to rout. An instant's irritation is often beyond the control of any one; but to allow that irritation to remain and dominate and destroy is to get down to the level of plants and animals.

WILD LIFE IN MANITOBA.

The wonderful manner in which wild animals adapt themselves to the circumstances by which they are surrounded has escaped the notice of many, says the Hartney Star. In wooded countries the bear makes his den in large hollow trees. In the prairie provinces where there are no trees of sufficient size, the bear becomes content to make an abode in a hole in the ground beneath some sheltering logs, and contrary to his habit burrows in the earth. Beavers that inhabit rivers too large to dam, burrow in the banks instead of building houses of grass and rushes. Squirrels usually winter in hollow trees, but in this country the trees do not afford the proper retirement, so the squirrel carries large quantities of grass which is placed in the fork of a tree, and pulls a portion from beneath till a roomy cavity is formed with a small hole that serves as an entrance. In this ingeniously constructed residence the little animal not only stores its supply of nuts, but is in possession of a warm and comfortable abode. Rooked by the winds of winter and undisturbed by the storms it lies in luxury and safety. The large bunch of grass in the tree top is generally mistaken for a bird's nest.

USES BABY'S OWN

TABLETS ONLY.

Mrs. Wm. Bell, Falkland, B.C., says:—"I have five little ones ranging from one to eleven years of age, and when any of them are ailing I always give them Baby's Own Tablets, which always brings prompt relief. I do not think there is anything you can keep in the home as good as Baby's Own Tablets." Thousands of other mothers speak just as warmly of this medicine, which never fails to cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles. Guaranteed by a government analyst to be perfectly safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CONCERNING PINS.

One article of the laws of the ancient pin-makers of Paris was that no maker should open more than one shop for the sale of his wares, except on New Year's eve and New Year's day; then the court ladies obtained money from their husbands and flocked to the shops for their yearly supply of pins, hence the term "pin-money," which, when pins became more easily obtained, ladies spent in other luxuries, but the term "pin-money" is still in use. So long ago as the year 1347 a royal Princess had twelve thousand pins delivered from the royal wardrobe for her use, and in 1400 the Duchesse d'Orleans purchased of Jehan de Breconcourt, pin-maker of Paris, several thousand long and short pins, besides five hundred pins of English make; thus we find how long ago pins were made, and were in use in great quantities, both in England and in France. We can well understand how, when this country was young, pins were to the colonists a very essential part of the outfit, and when sending to the mother countries for different articles of household use pins were never omitted from the lists. We find in an old Boston newspaper an advertisement dated May 11, 1761, setting forth that John and Thomas Stevenson had imported, among other commodities, pins and needles.

DOGS AS WORKERS.

In our country dogs do not do any work. Sometimes an ingenious farm boy will make a power attachment to a churn and use a dog or a sheep for the power; but generally dogs have only to hunt and to watch, which we agree is fun, and not labor. But in many regions of Europe, their work is regular and difficult. Often in the cities, dogs are employed as regularly as horses. In Naples I have seen them trotting along, drawing heavy baskets of vegetables. They are sometimes hitched in with a boy. In Lucerne, Switzerland, they help make the regular morning deliveries of milk in barrels set on two-wheeled carts.

No contrast of loads and beasts of draught is more startling or more common than that between a team of sturdy black mastiffs and one huge white oxen, the one with its two-wheeled milk cart and the other with its enormous drag.

In Holland, three dogs will bowl along ahead of a heavy tipcart. On Sundays, this is often used to give the baby his airing. It was still stranger in Germany to see cows in general used to draw hay from the field; but they seem as patient and cheerful about it as the dogs.—William Byron Forbush, in Morning Star.