

hear of you marrying me now, and of course they are right. In the old days I had everything in my favor, and if I had been successful I could have made life worth while for you. Then I had health and position and prospects, but now I am a helpless wreck, and the doctors tell me it may be years before I see again, if ever.

"No, my dear, it was splendid of you to come, but I can't ask any girl to tie herself for life to a helpless hulk like myself." His face showed the pain of the renunciation and he spoke with a tremor in his voice that showed the immensity of the sacrifice he sought to pay, the price in the long years of loneliness with the light of his fondest dreams gone out.

The girl took his hand in her own as she looked towards the sunset, thinking of those days when he would never see its beauty; she, too, counted the price and to her, while the world would pass its opinion, it was the best she could give for before her there stretched a long series of years filled with the service of love.

"Yes, Fred," she said at length, "but you need somebody to read to you and to do things,—to be eyes to you while you have no eyes. I know what people will say at home about my choice, but then you need me and after all you did this for me, you know. I am just going to stay by you as long as you want me, and then when your need is past, why I'll go away, but, oh, don't send me away now. Don't you think that in all these months I have counted the cost and looked into the future; oh yes, I know what it will be, but then all the hardness will be taken away if I can just have my hero with me. Yes, Fred, dear, you must let me stay until you need me no longer, and then I'll just slip away."

The soldier sat silent for many minutes as though contemplating the greatness of this love which had sought him out in his blindness; then with his face glowing with the new sunlight he said:

"Well, Daisy, if you wait until I send you away you'll never go. Yes, I do need you now more than ever, and if you mean to stay we need not trouble what the world thinks."

The busy city went on with its business, playing its part in the great world tragedy, regardless that in these two heroic souls there had been a compact to pay through the years together the price of the Empire's honor.

A few days after the crowd still waited in the station, and to look at it one would think it was the same crowd, waiting the stream of pain. The Canadian girl has left her charge and once again come to mingle with the throng. Eagerly she watched for her friend of the other morning and after finding her, she says:

"I found him the other morning, and, oh, he was so glad to see me. We are going back home as soon as he is able, and out there we are going to make home together."

Her companion turned away for a moment in order that she might keep back the sob that seemed to be rising to her throat. For a moment she saw the dreams of the other days before the tragedy, and now she knew that these were gone forever. She belonged to those, the widows who bear not the name of the hero that has gone but who, nevertheless, had entered into that sacred relation; they are the great sisterhood whose price in the war is the years of disappointment and of broken hopes. Morning by morning she came to the station trying to lift the burden from the shoulder of some other woman, and to help by her sympathy and advice those to whom the experience was new.

"You'll come and see us, won't you? I so much want you to see my hero."

"Oh yes," she said, "I'll come, but of course I'll not be able to stay long as I've become so busy with the others, you know."

Outside the newsboys are shouting the news of another great victory, and among those who rejoice are the women who wait in the station, yet among all those who rejoice there are none who know the price as do these who have given so much for an Empire's honor and the great ideal of humanity.

"Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the street-car conductor.

"Yes," the bell ringer answered, "I can, but I have to stay with my car."

An Adventure

It was on Christmas Eve, and the Ohlsen family was brewing the yule ale that every Norse household makes at that season. They needed a larger barrel than they had, and the father told sixteen-year-old Samuel to take his hand sled and go over the snow to the Sjepstad farm, two or three miles away, where he could get a barrel from the farmer, who was an old friend of the family.

Samuel started off unarmed, except for the little hatchet that every Norse farmer takes with him when he goes out with sleigh or wagon. It is a useful thing to have if a tree be found fallen across the road, or if anything break, and hammering or cutting be needed.

Samuel hauled his sled up to the Sjepstad farm gate. The friendly dogs barked a welcome round him; the woman of the house came out, and Samuel went in to sit by the fire, to give her the news from the folks in Mandal, and to tell her of his errand. Soon the farmer himself came in, tall, jolly and red-faced. He, too, had questions to ask about the fishing and the shipping, the fishers and sailor folk, and the births, deaths and marriages of Mandal's seafaring population, nearly all of whom were personal friends and acquaintances of his.

It was still early in the afternoon when he and Samuel went outside to get the barrel. They lifted it up on the sled—a big barrel it was, too, about the size of a sugar hogshead—and Samuel, with a cheery good-by, went out of the gate. It was colder than it had been and the wind was strong, but Samuel pulled down the cap over his ears and went on, whistling.

Once when he stopped whistling for a moment he thought he heard dogs behind him.

He looked back, and to his horror saw a pack of six or eight wolves racing toward him. At first he hurried forward, for he was only half a mile from the first houses of the town.

But he at once saw that it would be madness to go on; he could not reach a house before the wolves would be upon him. He snatched the hatchet from the sled to protect himself; but then, as he turned to face the brutes, a bright idea suddenly came to him.

He fell on his knees by the side of the sled and turned the big barrel, open end downward, over himself upon the road.

In an instant the wolves were upon him. But inside that wall of stout oaken staves and iron hoops Samuel was safe enough from their jaws. The fierce beasts howled dismally. They tore with their caws upon the wooden staves and

grated their fangs upon the iron hoops. Of course, Samuel was afraid that they might overturn the barrel, but he braced himself tightly in it to prevent such a misfortune. He also dreaded lest some one, seeing the wolves, might shoot at them, and perhaps send a bullet through both his wooden fort and himself. But there was still another danger that he did not think of; for a wolf, more knowing than the others, began to dig in under the barrel.

Samuel's heart almost ceased to beat when he discovered that; he gave himself up for lost. Still he gripped his little hatchet tightly, resolved to do his best. Soon light began to appear at the spot where the digging was going on. Samuel watched the place anxiously and held his hatchet ready.

At last the digging wolf pushed in one paw, and down came the hatchet, cutting it completely off. The blood spattered on the snow in the opening. With the handle of the hatchet, Samuel pushed the severed paw out through the hole. Instantly there was a most terrific uproar. He peeped through the spigot hole and saw the cause of it.

The wolves had fallen upon their unlucky comrade and were tearing him to pieces. Samuel watched them with a feeling of considerable relief, he hoped that when they had finished they would go away and leave him in peace.

And his hope was realized; for they troubled his barrel no more, and soon went off along the road to Sjepstad. Samuel counted six, so there must have been seven at first.

When they were quite out of sight, he turned the barrel over, rolled it up on the sled and hurried away into Mandal as fast as ever he could, with a story that people would not believe until the farmer from Sjepstad came in and said that it was quite true, and that he himself had witnessed it all as he sat in the branches of an oak tree by the roadside. He had set out to rescue Samuel, but when he saw the ruse he played on the wolves he dared not fire at the beasts, lest one of his bullets should strike the barrel and wound Samuel, instead of saving him.

Little four-year-old Bessie was putting on her shoes for the first time and got them exchanged.

Going to her mother, she said triumphantly, "See, mamma, I got my shoes on."

"Oh!" said mamma, "but you have them on the wrong feet."

Bessie looked down doubtfully and said, "I don't see how that can be. These are all the feet I got."—The Christian



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