

been, and we can't unless you help us. We shall make all sorts of mistakes."

Still no answer from the rigid figure on the chair.

"And we shall have to be away so much with my husband's Parliamentary duties and what not, and I have no mother or sister, and I do want a friend who understands and knows. Won't you help me, Miss Devereux?"

"It is very unusual, what you say," stammered Miss Devereux at last.

Lady Smythe sighed a little and essayed to rise.

"Archibald said I would make a mess of it, and I'm afraid I have, but I-I meant well, Miss Devereux, and I'm quite sincere, and it's impossible for us both to live here unless we're going to be friends."

The uplifted face was very alluring. Something quick and overwhelming seemed to sweep over Rachel Devereux, and before she could restrain herself she had stooped and kissed the sweet face of the woman who had supplanted her.

And that was how it came to pass that Hurst Devereux presented an object lesson to the world, on the old order and the new, welded together in the bonds of a friendship which blessed them both.

MOUSELAND IN WINTER.

The meadow mice have a good time in winter. They have nests in tussocks of grass, and under the snow they have long passages winding and twisting all over the meadows. These tunnels are fine affairs. The mice make them in spring and summer. As the first tender grass comes up they bite it off in lanes close to the ground. As the grass grows tall it arches over their little paths, and when it dies in the fall it mats down, making tunnels of the lanes. In a meadow where grass sedges and weeds are never cut, the mice sometimes have miles of these tunnels. They always keep them open by nibbling any grass that starts to grow up in them. And as they are constantly building new ones, they are really never compelled to come out in the open. They do, however, come out on the snow to get seeds from favorite weeds.

Just think what fun it must be to go visiting in mouseland, and the excitement of scurrying from one small village to another! Owls have very sharp ears, and when they hear the hurrying little feet, they sometimes hover a moment and then clutch down through snow and grass roof and grab poor little mouse.

The tracks on the snow in the woods will interest you. If you study them you will find the story of the wood folk written there. It is fun to follow a track. You can tell what a little animal—a rabbit we will say—has been doing the night before. He writes his record on the snow. You should learn to read his writing.

It would take a very long article to tell you how to know the different tracks. It isn't so much fun to be told though; the fun is in finding the track yourself.—Boys and Girls.

"SOLID COMFORT" ALL THE WAY THROUGH TO GOWGANDA.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company announce that they are placing in the hands of their agents the necessary instructions that will permit of through ticketing, and checking of baggage to the Gow Ganda district.

The service from Charlton to Elk Lake, Long Point and Gow Ganda will be performed by eight covered sleighs, accommodating eight passengers each, and containing footwarmers. The sleighs are modern in every respect.

The distance from Charlton to Gow Ganda is forty-nine miles, and the route will lie over the new road, upon which the Ontario Government has spent over \$50,000 within the past few months, making the road the finest in Northern Ontario.

The route is undoubtedly the finest, good roads and regular service being afforded.

A GOOD MAN.

Diseases are not the only things that are contagious. Courage is contagious. Kindness is contagious. All the positive virtues, with red blood in their veins, are contagious. The heaviest blow you can strike at the kingdom of evil is just to follow the advice Sir Walter Scott gave to his son-in-law, Lockhart: "Be a good man." And if you want to know how, there is but one perfect and supreme example—the life of him who not only did no evil, but went about doing good. The stronghold of intemperance lies in the vacancy and despair of men's minds. The way to attack it is to make the sober life beautiful and happy and full of interest.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

This is my birthday—I'm four years old;
Papa says I'm worth my weight in gold,
And I fancy I must be because I am four;
But mamma says I'm worth a great deal more,
She gave me a ring that she used to wear
When she was little with curly hair,
And with that and a ride and a party, too,
I'm so happy I don't know what to do!
And the morning is only just begun—
Oh, having a birthday is lots of fun!
Were you ever four years old, like me,
With a ring and a ride and a birthday tea?

MISFORTUNE FOR THE BLOOD-LESS.

Misfortune for the bloodless—that should be printed in all the public places. You must have blood to have strong lungs to enable you to withstand all the dust and microbes of summer and the piercing winds and cold of winter. Consumption is, properly speaking, lack of blood; the natural result of anaemia. To prevent consumption rich blood is necessary. The best way to protect the organs is to circulate this rich blood through the lungs. Many have been saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because these Pills are a remarkable blood builder; not indirectly but directly—with each dose. They have cured thousands of cases of anaemia; green sickness; general debility and all other troubles arising out of poor blood.

THE WORLD WAITS.

For help. Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
Are both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers.

Mrs. Browning.

The causes of headaches are almost innumerable. In fact, there is hardly a diseased condition that it not likely to be accompanied by this symptom. The most common causes are a sluggish condition of the liver, kidneys, or bowels; indigestion; eyestrain; nervous exhaustion; catarrh; decayed teeth; pelvic congestion; and various forms of neuralgia. If due to indigestion, the proper way to cure it is to remove the indigestion. Clear the bowels thoroughly. If the stomach contains undigested food, an emetic is excellent. A fast of twenty-four hours or more is a good idea. Unless the indigestion is chronic, this is all that is necessary in the majority of cases. This leads to one warning: Do not take the so-called headache powders and pills. They do not touch the cause in any case, hence are useless. Most of them are decidedly dangerous. Finally, it is useless to treat a symptom when you leave the cause; you simply postpone trouble.

A dreary place this world would be
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO WORRIED MOTHERS.

There is no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of stomach, bowel, and teething troubles. They come as a message of hope to worried mothers as they make sickly, peevish, crying children bright and well. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Maurice Murphy, Glanford, Ont., says:—"I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world. I know of nothing that can equal them in curing stomach, bowel and teething troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FAMOUS HYMN.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say," the finest and perhaps most loved of all Horatius Bonar's hymns, was written while the author was minister at Keiso. His son tells how that he would take his notebook, and while thinking out the lines of his hymn, he would be busy with his pencil, making little sketches all over the margin of the page. It is evident from the manuscript that Dr. Bonar, like John Wesley, made use of a kind of shorthand, though in his case the signs employed bear a strong likeness to Pictman's system.

The original manuscript of "I heard the voice of Jesus say" is now very much worn and faded. It is written in pencil, and the photographer who copied the original explains that he had to give an exposure of something like three-quarters of an hour in order to get even a fairly good result.

Dr. Bonar's notebook, which is now one of the most precious relics he has left behind, contains, it is believed, many other hymns, including "I was a wandering sheep," written two or three years previous to "I heard the voice of Jesus say," and that very beautiful resignation hymn, "Thy way, not mine, O Lord," written in 1855.

LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD

Can you imagine a blossom as large as a carriage-wheel? On the island of Mindanao, one of the Philippine group, was found by some explorers such a flower, says a writer.

Far up on the mountain of Parag, 2,500 feet above the sea level, some explorers were wand'ring, when they came across some buds larger than gigantic cabbage heads.

Greatly astonished, they searched further, and presently discovered a full-grown blossom, five-petaled, and three feet in diameter. It was carried on low-lying luxuriant vines.

The natives call it bol. It was found impossible to preserve it fresh, so they photographed it and kept some dried petals to press, and by improvised scales found that a single flower weighed twenty-two pounds.

It was afterward found to be a species of Rafflesia, first found in Sumatra and named after Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower is called Rafflesia Schadenburgia, in honor of its discoverer, Dr. Schadenburg.—Ex.

THE FIRST CANDLESTICK.

The first candlestick was a boy. He sat in the corner of a Scotch kitchen holding a piece of fir candle in his hands, from time to time cutting and trimming it to make it burn brightly.

The fir candle was a length of wood cut off a kind of fir tree, which is found embedded in the peat. This kind of candle is still used in some parts of Scotland.

It usually fell to the lot of the "herdladders" to act the part of candlestick but should a beggar ask for a night's lodging, he was expected to relieve the "herdladder" of his duty. A candlestick is still called, in Aberdeenshire, a "puir man," or "poor man."—The Child's Hour.

"Oh, mum," answered the maid, enthusiastically, "it wuz beautiful! Why, she sung as if she wuz gargling!"