Gift

moods," Arthur
her reflectively.
different names
White Rose,
ntleness, beauty,
nas admired her
nd when she was
fore has he seen
reasonable."
m Girl sniffed.
explain?" added

so proud of your
r," she began.
r saw you was in
at opposite me,
r turned the sun
there was
ade where the
you got
a man
ances;
forward
you are
ed.
ard, dear,
a brown leaf
a tree then

I am,
u are

was
your
that you
to do it; you
to the mast

hours'
night. Then
ning and asked
t was!"
ment
Rose did not
walking back un-

had nothing to do
he said, gently. "I
I said About 9 Mr.
at, came in and said
i Hesson and get his
tain paper and get
k he would make it
I had an idea that
ning that masquer-
re I found him. He
t once to be judge of
wouldn't sign the
greed. I saw that
y 11. So I stayed."
nty of time to da
ford," supplement
nt unjudicially.
thur's smile was c
for the Chrysanthe
nd couldn't find her.
lly. "I danced only
made you think Miss
me to go?"
he would wager she
e go, and that you
h her first; so I went
n't think you would
ou wouldn't, but—"
the young man, quiet
loyalty to womanhood
telling Rose that just
d away Miss Hereford
exclaiming that as he
award her the prize
ust award him with
etc. With a sudden
Rose's little hand in

n and started for the
held her gently back.
hispered.
g coals smoked Evan-
on the rug, with eyes
elling, knelt Henrietta.
was saying, "now I
sleep, I give my preci-
u will make the fairy
crown on her golden
Mr. Awfur the little
for Kwismas. That's
please let me see her
s. Amen."
loed Arthur, fervently.
ford has black hair,"
inconsequently.
f God will," Henrietta
g, with sad eyes fixed
of ashes which was
e Bell.
ver to the fireplace and
ll sister. "I think God
d, reverently; then she
rtant "Mr. Artur."

...RD'S CHRISTMAS.

t our little, fenced
ows, but give them
If you had not thought
an for one just as soon
s. If there are children
d they will love the idea;
the city), why some of
s. Take some suet and
aced nuts, some bread
raw oat meal or any of
breakfast foods and scat-
the bits of the suet to
d apple or two. Then go
tch the delighted guests.
the chickadees, woodpeck-
and sparrows ought to
teful throngs. Don't forget
and put out some nuts,
they have helped to de-
dens. They often have a
exist when the snow is
stmas time we all should
dumb friends.

who doesn't believe in
ve some difficulty in ex-
success of other people.

en are more logical than
Yes, a man wonders after
a fool of himself ever
t the woman takes it as
course.

HER HUMBLE LOVER

The lining is still warm from his contact with her beautiful face, and a thrill of delight runs through him as he slips it on, remonstrating the while; then, with another touch to the bed of seaweed, he faces the pelting rain again, and goes down to the boat.

It is some hours since they started; it is long past lunch-time, and he knows, though Signa would not admit it for the world, that she must be hungry. He hopes that there may be, by some chance, some biscuits left in the locker, if Archie has not eaten them all.

Hoping against hope, he climbs into the boat and searches. With a thankfulness which is deep and devout, he discovers not only a dozen or two of biscuits, but a tin mug and a canister of coffee, with the small keg of fresh water—the usual commissariat of a coasting boat.

With these under his arm he returns to the cave, and, looking in, says, as mournfully as he can:

"I hope you are not hungry, Archie. Are you, Miss Grenville?"

"I am, and so is Signa," says Archie, promptly; she just said so."

Signa colors with annoyance.

"Archie! I—— Don't pay any attention to him, please. I had a capital breakfast, and can wait—oh, hours! for dinner!"

Hector Warren almost chuckles.

"There is no occasion," he says. "What do you say to a cup of coffee?"

Archie claps his hands, but Signa laughs incredulously.

"Really?" she says.

"Really," he retorts. "See here; I found these in the locker of the boat. Whitefield must have left them by

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mistake or intention. We'll drink Whitfield's health, in either case."

And he stoops down and enters the cavern with his precious prize.

"Have you any letters about you, you don't care for?" he asks.

Signa turns out her pockets and hands the contents to him, and he takes a pile of letters from his. Signa sees that some of the envelopes are stamped with crests and coats-of-arms, and remembers the fact afterward.

"Thanks," he says. "I dare say I shall be able to find some brushwood dry enough to burn."

And away he goes again.

"What a wonderful man Mr. Warren is, isn't he, Signa?" says Archie, clasping his small knees with an air of intense enjoyment. "It's like Robinson Crusoe, isn't it? I thought he only cared for books and that sort of thing, didn't you?"

"It is my conviction that he has saved our lives, Archie," says Signa, musingly. "Yes, dear, he is a wonderful man. Hush! here he is!" she adds, as Hector Warren enters with an armful of broken twigs and brushwood.

"Here we are," he says, cheerfully —"we will soon have a fire. Now for your letters, Miss Grenville! You are sure you don't mind?"

"Not in the least," she says, laughingly; "I would burn the most precious correspondence for a cup of coffee."

"Well, I've seen gold-diggers in California give a handful of gold-dust for one," he says, lightly.

And he goes down on his knees, and piles up the brushwood scientifically.

"Let me do that," says Signa, eagerly; but he shakes his head.

"By no means; you would scratch your hands, and the smoke would get in your eyes, and that would never do. I should think the coffee dearly purchased at such a price; eh, Archie?"

"At any rate," says Signa, "I intend to do something."

And she seizes the tin mug, and pulling the cork from the little wooden keg, begins to pour some water into the mug; but seeing rather an anxious look in his face, she pauses.

"Am I doing wrong?" she asks. "I was going to wash it out."

"Hem," he says. "But you musn't use too much fresh water. It would be rather difficult to sink a well, and I expect that this little keg holds all the fresh water there is in St. Clare!"

Signa sighs a little.

"I never thought of that," she says half vexed, half laughing. "Women were born without brains, I am afraid!" and she poured out the water very gingerly.

"Oh" he says, lightly, "I have had to rough it so often that I have grown cautious. I remember once when we were crossing Sahara that the Arabs got short of water, and allowed us three spoonfuls to wash ourselves with."

Archie laughs, open-eyed.

"What wonderful places you have been to, Mr. Warren!" he says. "I wish I could go. I shouldn't mind not having to wash!"

Hector Warren laughs, and the youthful ring of the laugh strikes Signa with a feeling of surprise; looking at his face she notices how bright and joyous it is; notwithstanding the fact that he is wet to the skin, something has made him happy. She herself is conscious of a subtle sensation of delight and enjoyment, and as she leans back and watches the flames curling round the blackened coffee-pot, she finds herself wishing that the storm may hold out at least for another hour or two. Like Archie, too, she is thinking what a wonderful man this mysterious visitor to Delamere Grange must be, and she finds it difficult to realize that Hector Warren, bending with a smile over the coffee-pot, and stirring up the fire, can be the Hector Warren who, dressed in evening attire, parried Lady Rookwell's questions with such calm, impassive self-possession; there was as much difference between his manner as his appearance—between the distinguished-looking patrician in the black evening suit, and the still patrician, but easy, stalwart form in the rough peajacket.

All unconscious of her regard, Hector Warren watches the pot, and at the critical moment lifts it from the fire with a crooked stick.

"There is some sugar, Miss Grenville," he said, "but, apologetically, "I am sorry to say, no milk!"

"I don't care," says Signa, cheerfully. "How beautiful it smells! and to reflect that one thinks so little of one's cup of coffee in the morning! Ah, to enjoy luxuries one wants to be cast on St. Clare and short of necessaries."

"That's true," he says, filling the cup; "but I wish we had some milk! Wait a moment!" he exclaims, struck by a sudden idea, and out he darts.

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"He is gone to find a cow!" says Archie, with suppressed delight; but signa sighs.

"All through the pelting rain again!" she murmurs.

In a few moments, before the coffee had time to cool, he comes back, smiling and triumphant, with something in his hand.

"An excellent substitute for milk," as the labels don't say on the marmalade pots," and he opens his hand and shows her a couple of eggs. Don't be afraid; they are seagull's; and they won't taste fishy if I pour away the white." And before Signa could recover from her astonishment he neatly breaks the eggs, lets the white drip away, and pours the yolk into the cup. "Now, if you will stirr it with your pencil-case," he says, nodding to one that hangs on her watch-chain, "it will, at any rate, look like coffee with milk."

"It's nectar!" says Signa. "Oh, never did coffee taste so delicious!" and she hands the mug to him with girlish admiration, half a dozen other womanly sensations expressed in her violet eyes.

"Thanks to our friend, the worthy ship-builder," he says, and, without tasting the coffee, he hands the mug to Archie.

"Aren't you going to have some, Mr. Warren?" cried Archie.

"Oh, I'll have some presently," he answers, carelessly and Archie takes a long pull and hands the cup back to Signa.

She takes it and put it on the ground beside her without a word, but there is a curious expression in her face. She knows that he will not drink out of the same cup, out of respect for her.

Quite unconscious of all that is passing in her mind, he produces the biscuits and hands them on one of the plates he has preserved for the purpose.

"The patent plate," he says, with a smile, but Signa takes a biscuit coldly, and with no answering smile, and sits with it in her hand as if her appetite had suddenly vanished.

"Don't leave the coffee till it is cold," he says, cheerfully. "I want it to warm you, and prevent anything like a chill.

"I don t want any more," says Signa, freezingly.

A look of disappointment comes over his face.

"Is it so bad?" he says. "I'm so sorry. The egg has spoiled it, I suppose. But I'll soon have some more," and he rakes up the fire.

Then Signa looks up, a crimson flush comes over his face.

"Do not," she says. "I will not touch another drop, unless you will take some of this," and she holds out the cup.

Their eyes meet; hers ardent, beaming, womanly indignant; his full of reverence and suppressed passion. His face flushes for a moment, then grows pale, but without a word he takes the cup from her and drinks.

But the emotion has gone in a moment, or all sign of it, rather, and with a light laugh he says:

"Not so bad. Trust a sailor to get good tea and coffee; he knows the value of them on a dark, wet night, when the wind blows cold. A hot cup of coffee beats all the wine or brandy," and he fills the cup up from the pot and hands it to her.

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Please Mention This Paper.

Signa takes it and drinks now in real earnest, and the ice thaws in a moment; her eyes glow with the old, and a newer light, and as she leans back and munches the biscuit, the hard ship biscuit which would have filled the soul of Aunt Podswell with horror, but which tastes so sweet and is so welcome to these three—she laughs softly.

"If my uncle could see us now!" she says, with keen enjoyment of the vision his face calls up.

"Ah," he says, rather gravely. "Don't let us think of them at the Rectory. There will be an account to stl ovr this, I am afraid."

"Do not be uneasy," she says. "It is very likely we shall not be missed. Archie and I often do not turn up to lunch and there are no inquiries made. If we get home to dinner——"

He looks up at the sky, still black with heavy clouds and pelting rain.

"I hope we shall," he says; "and I trust you will not be missed. At any rate, it was all my fault; I had no business to cross the bar. I shall never forgive myself.'"

"Don't think of it," says Signa. "Dont say a word—at least not yet. Don't let us anticipate; it spoils one's happiness."

"You are happy?" he says, in a low voice.

"I should be supremely happy," she says, "if I were not haunted by the knowledge that you are wet through."

He laughs.

"Don't let that trouble you; it is not of the slightest consequence; it will not matter in the very least. Indeed, I am nearly, if not quite, dry now. The air of this cavern soon dries one. If you and Archie are not wet, all is 'exceedingly well.'" And he stirs up the fire, so that he may see the beautiful face in the glow of the burning wood.

"How long shall we have to wait, Mr. Warren?" says Archie, but not at all impatiently.

"Not long, I hope," he replies, but with something like a sigh. "It will soon be over;" and he does not mean the storm only.

"Suppose you were to tell us a story?" says Archie, with the cool assurance of his age. "Do, Mr. Warren; you must know a lot. I don't mean fairy stories—I've got past them, but something real."

Hector Warren is silent for a moment; then, as he stirs the fire slowly, he says:

"I think I know what you mean; well——"

"Wait a minute," says Archie; "till we make ourselves comfortable," and by way of example, he throws himself full length, leans his face on his hands, and stares up in Hector Warren's face.

Hector Warren pulls the heap of dry sea-weed into a larger couch, adn pats it coaxingly.

"Will you not also make yourself comfortable?" he says, in the musical, winning voice that Signa can no more resist than his tone of command. Without a word she coils herself up and lies down, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Once upon a time," he begins, carefully avoiding the violet eyes that beam softly in the firelight, "there was a man—he was a very young man which accounts for his foolishness—who had read so much about the world that he determined to see it for himself. In the books he read, the world was described as being so full of beautiful things, of things worth seeing, great countries and lovely scenery, and fine adventures, noble men and great sculed women, that the young man—we will call him Viator, Archie—grew discontented with his stay-at-home lot, and never rested until he had started on his travels."

"I should have liked to have been him," said Archie, emphatically.

"Yes, well, he was happy for a time," goes on the story-teller. "He saw strange countries and beautiful scenes, and a multitude of men and women, whom the world called noble and high-souled, and for a time he enjoyed himself very much, oh, very much indeed.. But presently, after a very little time, alas, he grew disenchanted. He got tired of strange countries and the beautiful scenes, but he could have borne this and even enjoyed himself, but unfortunately for him he was too knowing, and he got disappointed with the men and women. He found that most of the men whom the world called great and noble were only great and noble on the outside, like the giants you see in the pantomimes, who are only made of pasteboard and have a very ordinary-sized man moving about inside them."

"I know," said Archie, wisely. "Only sham giants."

"Exactly. And he found some of these great men very sham indeed, and the real men inside them very small and mean—smaller and meaner than others the world did not think so much of. And Viator was very disappointed. But he could have borne that if the women had answered to the lofty idea he had formed of them. He thought them the noblest, the purest, the holiest creatures; and it was his ill-luck to meet with those who were like the giants, all these things outside. He found women, who looked like angels, ready to sell themselves for gold to the first man who came with a title and a wedding ring; he discovered that their smiles meant nothing, that their dove-like eyes were simply masks to covetous, ambitious minds, and that there was not one of them who could resist the temptation of wealth and position—I mean gold and power," he interprets.

"I understand," says Archie, lightly. "Go on."

Hector Warren stirs the fire again, and glances at the graceful figure curled on the sea-weed; but the violet eyes are fixed on the fire, and make no sign.

"Well, Viator was terribly disappointed, and he grew discontented and bitter, and he felt that he should like to creep into some spot — like this, for instance—and hide himself away. But he could not do this. He had been traveling about so long, always moving and seeing the world, that he found he could not rest; and although he had tired of strange countries, and seen through the giants, and unmasked the beautiful angel-ladies, he could not rest."

"Poor Viator!" says Archie, "what an unhappy man he must have been."

"He was," says Hector Warren, quietly, "very unhappy; just as unhappy as you would be, Archie, if you had learnt to dislike your dinner, and were still bound to go on eating it. Well, he wandered about, finding no good in anything; he was a foolish young man, and he tried strange things, all sorts of things, but it was all of no use, and he wished himself dead; he wasn't a good sort of young man, you see."

"I'm afraid he wasn't," assents Archie.

"Not by any means," says Hector Warren, again glancing at the prone figure that lies as motionless as if asleep.

"Well, one day he chanced to find himself in a quiet place right out of the world, as it were, and he rested there for a day or two; but he soon got tired, and was starting off for some other place—anywhere, it didn't matter to him—when he chanced to meet a young girl."

"Was she very beautiful?" asks Archie.

Hector Warren pauses for a moment, then he throws some wood on the fire, and resumes:

"Yes, in his eyes she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

"What was she like?" demanded Archie, imperiously.

Hector Warren is silent again, and he looks out on the sky before continuing:

"I don't think he ever asked himself that question. He knew and felt that she was beautiful, and if he tried he could have told the color of her eyes and her hair, and described her altogether, but he just felt that she was beautiful. But it was not only because he thought that she was beautiful in every way. He felt that if one of the fairies you are so fond of were to touch her with a wand, and make her ugly in the opinion of others, she would still be beautiful to him."

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"Then he was in love with her," says Archie, shrewdly.

Silence for a moment, while the fire flames up, showing its light on the story-teller's handsome face, now grave and almost solemnly sad.

(To be continued.)

FANTASTIC GOLDFISH.

Some Curious Shapes Produced by the Experts of Japan.

Japanese fish breeders took advantage of one of nature's pranks to obtain this much decorated goldfish. Years ago a Jap found in his aquarium a fish with two tails. He was so well pleased with the novelty that he undertook to make it the basis of a new type. Thus the one accident by nature became the grandfather of a race of two-tailed fish. We call them Japanese fantails.

Not satisfied with the double tail, the breeders next set to work moulding the bodies of their fish into round balls. Breeders first picked out the fish with the shortest bodies and bred them every year by painstaking selection. Fish with shorter and shorter bodies were produced until to-day the accepted type of Japanese fantail has a body as round as a ball.

Not all fantails are alike. One with the ends of the tail cut off flat is called the square tail. Another with a slight inward curve to the edges of the tail is called veil tail. A third, with a deep cut out tail, is named the ribbon tail.

All these varieties have long tails and fins. You will recognize them instantly when you see them in an aquarium floating about like bits of lace in the water.

ST. VITUS DANCE CAN BE EASILY CURED

A Tonic for the Blood and Nerves With Rest, All That is Needed.

Many a child has been called awkward, has been punished in school for not keeping still or for dropping things, when the trouble was really St. Vitus dance. This trouble may appear at any age but is most often met between the ages of six and fourteen. The most frequent cause of the disease is poor blood, aggravated by indoor confinement, or mental strain at school. Under these conditions the blood fails to carry nourishment to the nerves and the child begins to show listlessness and inattention. Then it becomes restless and twitching of the muscles and jerking of the limbs and body follow. A remedy that cures St. Vitus dance and cures it so thoroughly that no trace of the disease remains is Dr. Williams Pink Pills which renew the blood thus feeding and strengthening the starved nerves. This is the only way to cure the trouble, and parents should lose no time in giving this treatment if their child seems nervous or irritable. Mrs. William A. Spires, Cannington, Ont., says: "My only daughter, now fourteen years of age, was troubled for several years with St. Vitus dance. She was so bad that at times she would lose control of her limbs and her face and eyes would be contorted. We had medical advice and medicine, but it did not help her. In fact we thought the trouble growing worse, and finally we had to take her from school. About a year ago we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and by the time she had taken five boxes she was completely cured, and is now a fine, healthy girl. I firmly believe we owe this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are very grateful for her restoration to perfect health."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIMBLESS SOLDIERS.

British soldiers who have lost an arm in the war are doing some amazing feats. Indeed, with the artificial limbs now offered it is possible for a persevering man to almost equal nature. Queen Mary Auxiliary Hospital at Roehampton is exclusively for disabled soldiers and sailors. The King and Queen visited the institution founded by Mrs. Gwynne Holdord, and were deeply impressed. At one of the branches the King saw a Tommy working and found that though he had lost an arm and leg at Armentierres, he is now able to do useful work. With a special clip taking the place of a dummy right hand he used a variety of tools under the King's inspection, and afterwards took a match from a box and lighted it with dexterity and ease.

"Can you shake hands?" asked the Queen of an armless private of the First West Ontario Regiment. "Try me, Your Majesty," promptly replied the Canadian. The Queen shook hands with him, laughing merrily at the convincing grip of the artificial hand.

Professor Laveran showed the French Academy of Science a remarkable substitute for a missing arm invented by Profesor Aubert. The arm hand and fingers are of aluminum and very light. With a glove on it is almost impossible to see that the limb is artificial. Certain movements of the thorax acting on fine steel wires gives to the hand and arm almost all the movements of the natural limb. Mutilated soldiers equipped with this device played the violin made cigarettes and gave out change for a bank-note before the Academy.

A pupil of the London School of Art went out to the front early in the war and lost the use of his right hand. He has now taught himself to draw with his left hand and his work is considered as good as he ever did with his right.

ONLY SHOWED THE ONE.

(Puck)

First Playwright—If the manager had only had more time, he would have shown me all the rare objects in his studio.

Second Playwright—Was he very busy?

First Playwright—Just had time to show me the door and nothing else.

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It's when sickness comes at night, when you are far from the druggist or the doctor, that's when you need Nerviline most. Experienced mothers are never without it. One of the children may have toothache. Without Nerviline—a sleepless night for the entire household. With Nerviline the pain is relieved quickly. It may be earache, perhaps a stiff neck or one of the kiddies coughing with a bad chest cold. Nothing can give quicker results than vigorous rubbing with this old-time family remedy.

Nerviline is too useful, too valuable to be without. For lumbago, lame back, sciatica or neuralgia there is no liniment with half of Nerviline's power to penetrate and ease the pain.

As a family safeguard, as something to ward off sickness and to cure the minor ills that will occur in every family, to cure pain anywhere, you can find nothing to compare with old-time Nerviline, which for forty years has been the most widely used family remedy in the Dominion. 25c. per bottle. All dealers sell Nerviline.

TO KEEP HEALTH.

Green Vegetables, Fresh Fruits, Play Important Part.

The cultivation of "simple" or those medicinal herbs and plants commonly used by older housewives as home remedies for many of the ills that flesh is heir to has so declined and decayed that it may be said to have virtually passed away. One of the greatest demands made by the old fashioned family upon the garden "simple" was for "spring medicines." This demand is rational and it still exists, but it is generally met in another way by the present generation.

Recourse is had now, not so much as to what are called herbs, but to vegetables and fruits. More and more persons are using as "spring medicine" and as "blood purifiers" such well known and generally cultivated things as lettuce, onions, radishes, stringbeans, green peas, spinach, kale, cauliflower, carrots and other green and tasty growths of the garden and the truck farm. These foods are the real blood purifiers and health restorers.

A medical writer, in explaining the reason why these foods are useful, said: "The spring vegetables are good because they fill the bowel with indigestible cellulose and tend to increase mobility or relieve blood stagnation there, and also because the carbohydrates residue offers a poor medium for the nefarious activities of the colon bacillus and allied parasites which produce the poisons of autointoxication and spring fever."

The explanation of "spring fever," or the "tired feeling" is that this condition is due to the failure of the ductless glands to act properly, and thus allowing accumulated products to poison the blood. It is accepted as a fact by students of the human system and the relation of food to it that a highly nitrogenous diet, especially a meat diet, put a heavier strain upon the ductless gland function than a carbohydrate or vegetable diet.

One great factor in the health of people living in a climate where there is winter is that transportation facilities now make it easy for them to obtain green vegetables from the south at seasons when such things cannot be grown at home, and the industry of raising and shipping green vegetables from the south in winter has expanded at an amazing rate during the past 10 or 20 years, and is constantly increasing. The winter diet of people of moderate circumstances in the north is not now, or need not now be, confined to meat, bread, potatoes, dried beans and other highly nutritious but heavy foods. It may be varied by things until spring and summer.

What has been said of green vegetables may also be said of fresh fruits. Both the summer and winter consumption of fruit is increasing, and this is playing an important part in promoting the general health of the people.

Most persons know very little about the ductless glands in relation to health, but the latter are of special importance, and a man of medicine has written that if these glands function activity their secretions, entering the blood, help to destroy the poisonous circulating through the body. If they do not function actively the poisons accumulate until they overpower a man and he falls into that condition which we call sick.

There is no doubt that fresh fruits and green vegetables are playing an important role in keeping down the sick rate.—The Exchange.

CARDS PRINTED, YOUR NAME. As many as wanted at rate of $6 for 15c. post paid. Low Price, Good work. J. Layton Cain, Woodstock, Ontario.

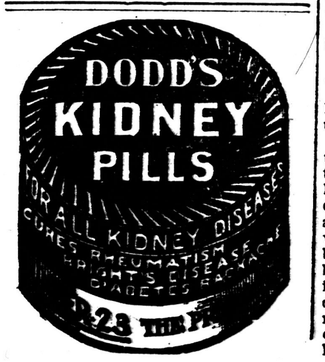
A UTILITARIAN.

(Boston Transcript)

"What church does your new neighbor belong to?" the caller asked.

"She's a utilitarian, I understand," responded old Mrs. Blunderby.

There are 26 museums of safety and institutes for the study of industrial hygiene in the world, 22 in Europe, three in the United States and one in Canada.

Low spirits, discouragement, the blues usually result from a tired brain and exhausted nervous system. Start the upbuilding process to-day by beginning the use of the greatest of nerve restoratives,

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food