

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Idleness is many gathered miserias in one name.—Richter. Love thyself last; cherish those that hate thee.—Henry VIII.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville. Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world insincerity is the most dangerous.—Froude.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sidney. The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater. There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—Goethe.

Civilization is ever a running fight with the ape and the tiger that lurk in man.—John Fiske. There is no great achievement that is not the result of patient working and waiting.—J. G. Holland.

He who is not contented with what he has, would not be contented with what he would like to have.—Socrates. It is a wise man who knows his own business; and it is a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it.—H. L. Weyland.

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness.—Bovee. Imprudence, silly talk, foolish vanity and vain curiosity are closely allied; they are children of one family.—Fontaine.

Hath any wounded thee? Soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar.—Francis Quarles. Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.—Bishop Hopkins.

Patience, among the virtues, is like the pearl among gems, and by its quiet radiance it heightens every human grace.—Robert Allan, LL.D. It is consoling to think that this matter of old age is not chronic, and that, after a certain crisis, we may come out as young as any of them.—Theodore Brown.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.—Becher. Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any hard task vanishes when a man feels that he has comrades at his side fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and his hearts praying for his victory.—C. J. Perry.

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Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued. "He has had a quarrel with Pluma," she thought.

"No, no, no," said Rex, "I am your mother, and I have the right to know. The one dream of my life has been to see Pluma your wife; I can not give up that hope. If it is a quarrel it can be easily adjusted; true love never runs smooth, you know."

"It is not that, mother," said Rex, "I am not in love with her, but I am in love with her mother. I am not in love with her, but I am in love with her mother. I am not in love with her, but I am in love with her mother."

"What is the girl to you?" she asked. "With white, quivering lips Rex answered back: 'She is my wife!'"

"The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but they echoed like thunder through the room, and seemed to repeat themselves, over and over again, during the moment of utter silence that ensued. Rex had told his pitiful secret, and felt better already, as if the worst was over; while his mother stood motionless and dumb, glaring upon him with a baleful light in her eyes."

"I am very grateful to you for the service you have rendered my little sister," said Rex, extending his hand to the little veiled figure standing in the shade of the orange-tree. "All I want to thank you for is."

"Who was that, Birdie?" he asked, scarcely knowing what prompted the question. "Alas for the memory of childhood! poor little Birdie had quite forgotten. 'It is so stupid of me to forget, but when I see her again I shall ask her and try and remember it then.'"

"I soon repented of my harshness," he said, "and I went back to Elmwood; but, oh, the pity of it—the pity of it—I was too late; little Daisy, my bride, was dead! She had thrown herself down a shaft in a delirium. I would have followed her, but they held me back. I can scarcely realize it, mother," he cried. "The great wonder is that I do not go insane."

"I have told you all now, mother," Rex said, in conclusion; "you must comfort me, for Heaven knows I need all of your sympathy. You will forgive me, mother?" he said. "You would have loved Daisy, too, if you had seen her; I shall always believe, through some enormous villainy, Stanwick must have tempted her. I shall follow him to the ends of the earth, I shall bring the truth from his lips, must go away," he cried—"anywhere, everywhere, trying to forget my great sorrow. How am I to bear it? Has Heaven no pity, that I am so sorely tried?"

"Oh, you darling brother Rex," she cried, clinging to him, and laughing and crying in one breath, "I told them to wake me up here, if you came in the night. I dreamed I heard your voice. You see, it must have been real, but I couldn't wake up; and this morning I heard every one saying: 'Rex is here, Rex is here,' and I couldn't wait another moment, but I came straight down to you."

Salada

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"It can not, it cannot be true; take me to the Rex!" The sound of hushed weeping fell upon his ears and seemed to bring to him a sense of what was happening. Like one in a dream he hurried along the corridor toward his mother's boudoir.

"Where is my mother?" she moaned. He opened the door quietly and went in. Her dark eyes opened feebly as Rex entered, and she held out her arms to him. "Oh, my son, my son!" she cried; "thank Heaven you are here!"

"It may not be as bad as you think, mother," he said; "there is always hope while there is life." She raised her face to her son's, and he saw there was a curious whiteness the soft, sweet moonlight. A large night-lamp stood upon the table, but it was carefully shaded. Faint glimmers of light fell upon the bed, by its costly velvet hangings, and on the upon it.

The large, magnificent room was quite in shadow; soft shadows filled the corners; the white statuettes gleamed in the darkness; one blind was half drawn, and through it came white, drawn face that lay on the pillow, with the gray shadow of death stealing softly over it—the faint, dim light that comes into late eyes that death has begun to darken.

"Rex," she said, clinging close to him, "I feel that I am dying. Send them all away—my hours are numbered—mist rises before my face, Rex, Oh, dear Heaven! I can not see you. I have lost my sight—my eyes grow dim."

"A cry came from Rex's lips. 'Mother, dear mother,' he cried, 'there is no pain in this world I should not undergo for your dear sake!'"

"Rex clasped her in his arms. This was his lady-mother, whose proud, calm, serene manner had always been perfect—whose fair, proud face had never been stained with tears—whose lips had never been parted with sighs or worn with entreaties."

"To be continued."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Pennington's Girl.

Nelly was not a whit abashed, seemingly, by the fashionable circle in which she found herself, and she talked away to Will Evans and the others in her soft drawl, as if she had known them all her life. All might have gone passably well, had not a little Riverside imp, by name of Rufus Bent, who had been picked up by the picknickers to run their errands, come just then with a pail of water.

"Golly!" he ejaculated in very audible tones, "if there ain't Mrs. Pennington's hired girl!" Mrs. Keyton-Wells stiffened with horror. Winslow darted a furious glance at the tall-tale that would have annihilated anything except a small boy. Will Evans grinned, and went on talking to Nelly, who had failed to hear, or at least, to heed the exclamation.

"Yes, it's time I went for the cat's paw, he said; 'I'll be back in five minutes, but you must not come; your friends here wait for you.'" "Nonsense!" said Winslow, sulkily. "I am going I am too."

"I can row myself home and I mean to," she announced, taking up the oars. "Nelly," he implored. "You'd better go back to your friends. That old woman with the eye-glasses is watchin' you."

"The transparency of the metal renders this coating almost or quite invisible, so that the flowers present that natural appearance which constitutes their peculiar charm. Green leaves, if preserved in this way, must be coated with green wax, or with paraffine prepared with the addition of light green paint. Chrome green is best. Lighter to any tint required by adding chrome yellow. Wax leaves well made, may be used to very good advantage, or moss will answer very well for a background or foundation for the flowers."

"When a woman discloses a secret it is always with telling effect. Occasionally a wise man assumes the garb of folly for a purpose."

"Hang Mrs. Keyton-Wells! Nelly, where are you going?" "To do, of course. We used to live down south together, but two months ago we broke up housekeeping and come North. We thought we could do better up here, you know. Dad started out to look for a place to settle down and I came here while he was prospecting. He's got a house now he says and wants me to go right off. I'm goin' to-morrow."

"Nelly, you mustn't go—you mustn't!" exclaimed Winslow in despair. "I love you—I love you—you must stay with me forever."

"You don't know what you're sayin', Mr. Winslow," said Nelly, coldly. "Why, you can't marry me—a common servant girl."

"I can and I will if you'll have me," answered Winslow recklessly. "I can't live without you. I'll follow you wherever you go. I've loved you ever since I first saw you. Nelly, won't you be my wife? Don't you love me?"

"Not Helen Ray Scott, the daughter of the railroad king?" "The same. Are you sorry that you're engaged to her? If you are she'll stay Nelly Ray."

"Nelly, I don't understand. Why did you deceive me? I feel stunned!" "Oh, do forgive me," she said merrily, "I shouldn't have, I suppose—but you know you took me for the hired girl the very first time you saw me and you patronized me, and called me Nelly; so I let you think so just for fun. I never thought it would come to this. When father and I came North I took a fancy to come here and stay with Mrs. Pennington—who is an old nurse of mine—until father decided where to take up our abode. I got here the night before we met, my trunk was delayed so I put on an old cotton dress her niece had left here—and you came and saw me. I made Mrs. Pennington keep the secret—she thought it great fun; and I really was a great hand to do little chores and keep the cats in subjection, too. I made mistakes in grammar and dropped my g's on purpose—it was such fun to see you wince when I did it. It was cruel to tease you so, I suppose, but it was so sweet just to be loved for myself—not because I was an heiress and a belle—I couldn't bear to tell you the truth. Did you think I couldn't read your thoughts this afternoon? You were all astounded at me—you know you were. I didn't blame you for that, but if you hadn't gone ashore and taken me as you did I would never have spoken to you again. Mrs. Keyton-Wells won't snub me next time we meet. And some way I don't think your father will turn you out, either. Have you forgiven me yet, Burton?"

"I shall never call you anything but Nelly," said Winslow, irrelevantly. "Miriam Lee."

KEEPING FUNERAL FLOWERS. It is a sad fact that the floral tributes to the dead from their living friends fade and become unsightly so soon. The following recipe for preserving flowers enables them to be kept almost indefinitely as a reminder of friendly good-will.

"To preserve the flowers they should be fresh and firm, of pure white or delicate tints, without green leaves. It is important to be preserved without taking the flowers apart the leaves at least will have to be replaced with some other substitute, as the process does not apply to them as well as to the flowers themselves. Take paraffine of the best quality and melt it in a tin cup set in hot water, which may be kept boiling around it so as to keep the paraffine in a liquid state for use."

POPPING CORN AT TWILIGHT. Corn popping at twilight at the big fireplace in the hall, over the furnace fire or the comfortable kitchen range is one of the unfeeling delights of a winter afternoon. With a stock of well-dried popcorn, a long handled popper, a new, bright, tin pan, a salt shaker, and, if liked, a dish of melted butter, not alone the youngsters, but children of a larger growth, will find abundant occupation and gustatorial delight.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT. Little Clarence—Pa, what is flat-tery? Mr. Callipers—Praise of other people, my son.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM. Every house which shelters children should have, if possible, its children's room. In this room the children should be allowed perfect liberty. There should be an opportunity to do anything, from making mudpies to painting in watercolors. A deep tray, lined with zinc and filled with sand, will furnish material for the mudpies, and serve to teach many a geography lesson as well. There should be tools for the boy who likes them, and a kitchen, and all that belongs to it should be provided for the domestic child. A portion of the floor should be left bare, so that roller skates need not be prohibited. There should be chairs and tables to suit the sizes of the different owners of the room, and plenty of them, so that if Jess wants to "play tea" and Jack wants to draw and Jenny wants to cut out dolls' clothes, all may be accommodated. A blackboard or two, some simple gymnasium apparatus, a desk or two, a set basin and soap, and, if possible, a typewriter, will add to the value of the children's room.

AND WAS MY PRESENT A SURPRISE TO YOUR SISTER, JOHNNY? You bet! She said she never suspected you'd give her anything so cheap.

AVOIDING USELESS EXERTION. He, at the opera.—Very good, indeed. I hope she will sing that again. She—Then why don't you applaud? He—It isn't necessary. There are so many others to demand encores, you know.

LUDELLA

WORTH TRYING. OBYLON TEA. You cannot do better than put it to a severe test. The results will surprise you. Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

DAINTY LEMON SANDWICHES. Cream thoroughly one cup of butter and work gradually into it the hard-boiled yolks of two eggs rubbed to paste, with one raw yolk, one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of French mustard, or one-quarter of a teaspoon of dry, two tablepoons of strained lemon juice, and one-half teaspoon of freshly grated rind. Beat and work all together well and spread on thin slices of white bread.

BIG KITCHEN UTENSILS. There is in Paris a hotel which has 4,000 employees. The smallest kettle in the kitchen will hold 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of 50 roasting pans is big enough for 300 cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes will hold 25 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone 60 cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE. Smith's Falls Chief Constable Arrests an Enemy. Peace After a Hard Fight—Robert J. McGowan Captures and Forever Ends the Career of the Only Fox He Ever Feared.

SMITH'S FALLS, Ont., Jan. 28th. (Special).—Robert J. McGowan, the popular chief of police, has been for a long time annoyed and seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by rheumatism and gout. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy. He tried them, and was cured. To-day he is well as ever. He has given the following for publication:

SOAP IN GREAT BRITAIN. The production of soap in Great Britain is about 45,000 tons a week, of which between 3,000 and 4,000 is made in London.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children. It is the best remedy for diarrhoea, colic, and all ailments of the infant. It is sold by all druggists throughout the world. The name and seal of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

ARM BEARERS. If every man capable of bearing arms were put into the field Britain's army would be 9,000,000, against 11,000,000 Frenchmen, or 12,500,000 Germans. W.P.C. 1061.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. For all skin ailments. A. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England. It Will Pay You. Dawson Commission Co. Limited. Cor. Colborne and West Market Sts., Toronto. They will give you highest possible prices.

To Know La Grippe.

The Symptoms and Dangers of the Deadly Epidemic Which is Driving so Many to Beds of Sickness—Effective Treatment Described.

Chill followed by fever, quick pulse, severe pain in the eyes and forehead, and dull pains in the joints and muscles, mark the beginnings of la grippe. There is also hoarseness, inflamed air passages and obstinate cough, furred tongue, distress in the stomach, and diarrhoea. The one unmistakable feature of la grippe is the depressed spirits and weakness and debility of the body.

CEYLON and INDIA TEA

GREEN OR BLACK. There is nothing artificial about these teas. The purity is unquestioned, the flavor is delicious, the bouquet is a revelation. If you have never tasted British grown teas a treat awaits you. Japan tea drinkers try Ceylon Green.

A REMEDY FOR GARY HAIR. White hair is the flag of true that nature flings out to age! It means the surrender of youthful forces to conquering time. The supply of pigment is becoming exhausted. The only way to restore it is to send the vital current bounding through all the minute blood vessels, and like a touch to the mainspring of a silent watch, all the delicate machinery is set in motion.

MADE TO FEEL AT HOME. Didn't you feel yourself a stranger in your literary club after being absent so long, Mrs. Jinks? You bet! She said she never suspected you'd give her anything so cheap.

YOUR OVERCOATS

Music Teachers Wanted. TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. JUBILEE. WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING. EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA. BREAKFAST-SUPPER. When everyone has tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea there will be no need to advertise it. Once tried, always used. Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green.