

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while to jostle a brother, Bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jar at each other, In blackness of heart that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our pitiful plight, God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel.

TWO PLAYERS' LOVES.

A man is seated on a worn horsehair sofa, head bent on his hands, sobbing as only strong men whose best and dearest feelings have received a death blow can sob. At his feet lies a crumpled letter, where he had thrown it in the first pang of the agony it had inflicted on him.

what had tempered old lady, if all accounts were true; but Muriel kept her home troubles to herself, and went about with a bright smile, giving a helping hand to all who needed it. Sweet, courageous, gentle, unselfish, all that is most pure and womanly, as she was, who can wonder that Richard Hamilton, weary of brooding over the dead past, turned to her for comfort? She was a clever actress, too. Always graceful and ladylike, sympathetic and tender, there were times when the sweet voice would be raised in pleading or in mortal agony, when the expressive face would become changed, her whole being absorbed in the character she was playing.

The woman looked up helplessly, shook her head in reply, and attempted to move on; but as she did so she staggered and would most likely have fallen had not Muriel caught her. "You are ill," she said. "Can I do anything to help you?" "No," said the woman, in a weak, hollow voice. "I am very ill, I know, but I wanted to purchase some things, so I had to come out to-night."

The Care of Grates. What is more cheerful during these raw, cold winter days than a bright open fire? And yet, the housekeeper who knows not from experience how to care for a grate fire and trusts entirely to careless servants, will invariably exclaim they are cheerful, but so dirty; if you touch the fire everything is covered with dust; and the pleasure is quite counteracted by the thought that you can never have a clean room.

and Kent into the great provision pot, Armour would not go near the meetings and would have nothing to do with the pool. He insisted upon selling, but found it no easy thing to do. He ordered his agents to sell a large lot of pork. They asked him if he had it to sell.

Grandfather. Pansy says the play was that Dickie should be grandfather, and the cousin Faye should be grandmother, and the children should come to visit them. So the grandparents made ready. Dickie got out grandfather's big slippers, and stepped into them, put the gold spectacles astride his little pug nose, then went to grumbling in his gruffest tone.