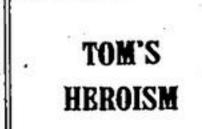
And also very uly. And keeps her sewing out of sight Whenever I am nigh. I asked her once what made her i Her work when I came in: She said she only stopped to get A needle, thread or pin.

The bureau drawer next to mine Is locked both night and day, And when ma wants it open libe wends me off to play.

I stole a peep one afternoon. Although it was not right; But oh! the little things I naw Were nuch a pretty sight. The outest, nicest little clothes

Just big enough for doll; But then I know they're not for her tihe needs them not at all. I know they're not for ma or pa Nor me nor brother "Hor." For we can't wear such little clothes I wonder who they're for?



the men and women we meet are fitting types of their-age, full of selfinterest, and absolutely callous about the sufferings of others!"

difficult face to read. Chance-if there that he had done his duty." way carriage for some hours. After a nestly, half whimsically: had managed to "break the ice" and had no reward except that of doing served their purpose for some time.

secret recesses of his own heart was the sake of a reward?" the unspoken thought 'The Lord preserve me from ever thinking of my follow creatures as this man does."

Argument is not easy under such circumstances, and still less is it satisfactory; it is very like walking round u circle, and continually getting to the same point. John Mussey was sure and of endurance uncomplainingly

dark-halred stranger, looked at him with his grave, and eyes, and said with a shrug of his shoulder; "Nothing! that you have said, as yet, alters my opinion. I could give you instances by the hundred of such awful selfishnews that it is incredible how this could ever be called "an age of progress." While this conversation was being

held in a comfortable first-class carriage, between two of the passengers. a conversation of a very different nature was being held between the engine driver of the train and the youth who was stoker. They were going quickly, for it was un express train. "There!" cried the engine driver. utaring before him us he spoke, "What's that?"

Tom paused, with the shovel in his hand, and peered forward, the wind blowing his hair about his face as he did so. He looked hard and then underneath all the coal grime he turn-

"Jim!" he ejuculated. "It's a child. "Lord help us!" gusped the engine driver. "Oh, Lord! help us!" It was an awful moment. They were going at a quick rate in one

direction, and ahead of them, lying on the rails on which, a few moments the down express from London would pass, was a little girl who had evidently fullen out of a truin. What were they to do? How could they save the

the dimenty. the chance that I could do it if you could slow down. I'll tump off and try for it. If I'm very quick I ought to pick her up before the express is on to me and if I can't, well, Christ won't be hard on me. He'll know I tried to

Jim folt it a difficult thing to keep from chokia; but there was no time for emotion, no time for expressing what he felt, so with simply the words -I'll blow down, Tom and may God bless you! Oh! God help us! Bhe's

coming, Tom! I can't slow down in Then I'll lump off and try for I Jim! If I don't come back tell mother

and give her my love." Then Tom pumped off and for half The age of chivalry past!" . said how Aprily House, long the residence the wituation brought him round. The ing and he feared he could not reach are living in it, and to-day if knights ed mansion, full of mementos of the seized the child and with a desperate rescue helpless maidens, simple heart. Park and Piccadilly. Long years ago, effort, reached the bank. Loss than u moment after he had picked up the child the express passed over the spot

on which she had been lying. The engine driver, when his brave stoker Jumped off, had slowed down as soon as he could and to the surprise of the pussengers, who, of course, know nothing of what had happened, the train cains to a standatili, Heads were at once but out of the windows and cager eyes sought to discover why

the trule was not proceeding at its usual speed. John Massey drew in his head

"Look out," he said, "Look on that lift. But the farmers' horse was slow, away. If you will grant me this, I bank! There is answer to what you lift. But the farmers' horse was slow, away. If you will grant me this, I have just been saying. That young fellow-the stoker of this train I suppesso-has jumped off and saved that I can't tell, but I fool sure that we . This story illustrates something shall find that that he too, wone of

As if to emphasize this uplalon. sound of words spoken with greatest emotion reached their curs. They were near the front of the train, and were uble to hear every word. A mun's voice, strong, but full agitation, bellowed out.

"Art, all right, dear lad?" "A bit disay, Jim," replied the youth on the bank. "But the child's saved." "Art hurt at all, lad?" cried, the

ougino driver. "No, Jim, but I'm, a bit faint; it all but touched me another second and

Masney felt his heart glow with as the stentorian voice ra-

"Don't you fret, lad! I'll manage this! I'm that thankful as you are-not

Just at this point Tom stood up and line! Why, it's the attation master Hociety of Peel and Halton Counties, from Wardle, and there's some one In a few seconds a man's voice rame

to their cars shouting, "Is there a little child there?" Immediately Tom shouted back. "You." Again the voice acreamed out,

she allve?"

thought as long as life lasted he would never forget as Tom cried out joy fully, "Alive and unburt!" ity this time the men hurrying ulong the line were getting nearer, and as they came near to the carriage in which John Massey and his companion were sitting they caught sight

the station master from the last station they had fassed and a pale, agonized man, who was only too clearly seeking for some great treasure. They watched in breathless interest

as they saw Tom place the child in her futher's arms, and then they heard these words, simply spoken-"I'm thankful I saw her in time! mustn't stop, or my mate will be in at the age of fourteen with his mother. to do it to last, I'm goin' to plant

into his companion's eyes.

"Well?" he said. "It was a noble deed, nobly done," said the dark-haired stranger. "Still, exclulmed a decided voice. I am right in proclaiming the degen- day School. The superintendent of mother's native town, and through the eracy of the uge. Imagine that father, the Ragged School isolated the little Nothing you have said has after receiving his child back from school boy, who arrived in a natty opportunity to see the marvellous in any way altered my firm what would have been certain death, sailor suit, patent shoes, gloves and changes which the years had made in conviction that the age of chivalry is to let that fellow go without giving a man-o'-war cap. But that day the old farm, now the country estate past. This is a degenerate age, and him any reward! Monstrous, I call

ward," John Massey cried with feeling "He had it in the knowledge that he John Mausey looked searchingly into had saved the child. He wanted no the speaker's face, and found it a very other toward. It was enough to know

lar such a thing as "chance"-had There was a silence again, each thrown them together; inasmuch as busy with his own thought; then John they had travelled in the same rail- Massey broke it, speaking half egrconsiderable amount of silence they "I for one am truly thankful that he

had entered into conversation. The the great service for which he risked conversation' was interesting enough, his life! Suppose now that the father for they were both intelligent, well- had produced a bag of gold, in the read men, and the topics of prevail- wonderful way in which it can be proing interest of the day and hour duced on the stage, and had said in the most dramatic way. "You have Gradually, however, the conviction saved my child! Take this!" Would came to John Massey that the grave, it not have given those who think as dark-haired man who spoke in such a you do the opportunity for saying that he had known well enough there was

Then his tone changed, and in voice that was deep with emotion John Massey cried; "Pah! It makes me sick to see how men can shut their eyes to the truth! There never more was being done by men for men! You can't alter my conviction, sir: amples of devotion, of self-sacrifice, a man doesn't jump down before an

I can tell you!" He spoke so warmly, and looked so good and true, that the frozen heart of the man who had thought himself a misunthrope softened, and he anawared in a gentler voice than he had yet spoken in-

"I think perhaps you are right. You have scored, my friend." The truin came to a stop at last the station at Higdon, and here the two mer alighted. They shook hands at parting, and the dark-haired man said he was "glad they had met." John Massey, with a smile on his fine face, walked rapidly forward till he reached the engine. The engine driver turned in surprise when he saw him standing there smiling.

"Can I have a word with you!" John Massey asked. replied le evident surprise. "I want to shake hands with that fine fellow," John Massey said. He hever forgot the way in which the engine driver's face was trans-

formed when he heard what he had comb for. It glowed into absolute "Tom!" he cried, "Tom!" "Well, a muffed voice replied; and which he had been drinking, came for-

ward, "What is it, Jim?" "A gent here wants to speak with you." Jim replied, and with more delicacy than was to be expected, moved 60,000. a yard or so away.

"You want to speak with me, sir?" "I want to shake Hands with my fine fellow, and so say, God bless you!" cried John Massey. "I always wanted to shake a hero by the hand, and now that I have come across one can't let the opportunity go!"

Tom colored beneath the coating coal dust and said simply-"You are very kind, air, but hands are dirty. I'm not fit to touch

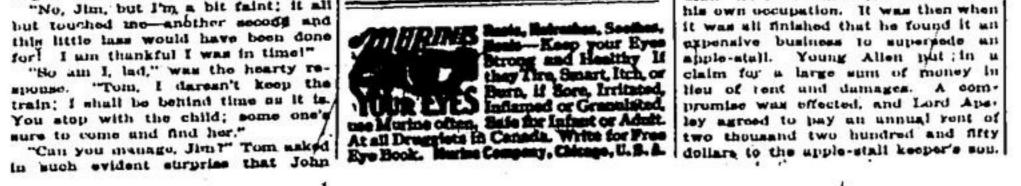
"Not nt!" cried John Massey. nt! There! Let me shake hands, and tell your mother she has cause to go down on her knees and thank God!" Tom's face worked, but he smiled through a sudden mist of tears, and returned the handshake so heartily that John Mussey's hand uched for

know it is not past! We are in it, we an apple-stall. This great stone-frontdo not go about in coats of mail to past, stands at the corner of liyde ed stokers will run the risk of death so runs the story, George II was ridto save helpless children, and go on ing unattended along the country lane their way scarcely aware that they which is now known as Knightsbridge. have done unything unusual. I'm glad when his attention was attracted by that man said I'd scored!"

GETTING A LIFT

out to upply for work in a near-by gen, and that he was very poor. He town. After a little, one of them grew drew a scanty subsistence from the tired. "I'm going to sit down and wait profits of an apple-stand kept by hig till somebody comes along who will wife hear the park gates hard by. give me a lift," he said. "You'd bet- "What can I do for you?" asked the ter wait, too." list the other did not king. With his quick, comprehensive giance he had taken in the situation. He hooked with a glowing face at his got it. The other waited till a farmer stands on," replied the soldier, ougerhumsed who was ready to give him 4 ly. "I am in daily four of being driven and by the time the second youth shall be happy for the rest of my touched town, the manager of the fac- days." tory had employed all the workers he

There are young mon who feel sure of getting good positions because their fathers are influential, or of being promoted because they belong to wealthy families. If you will study the blographics of successful men, you will not find umong them those who depended on getting a lift, to enable them to reach the goal. Trust to your own strength, energy and industry. Whatever external advantages may be mula of working and waiting.



HE LOVES THE CHILDREN

Tribute Paid to C. W. Norton, Late Aid Society

. The Brampton Conservator paid following tribute to Mr. C. W. Norton late inpacctor of the Children's Aid a week'or so ago. Mr. Norton recently resigned this position, and Principal W. H. Blewart, of Acton, was appointed to the vacancy:

Most men and women have hobby upon which they spend time and money to their own individual antisfaction. It is not in many cases that the hobby takes an altrustic form and the individual finds pleasure and antisfaction in giving pleasure and satisfaction to others.

This is guite true, however, in the case of Mr. Charles W. Norton, late plant something that grows quickly. Inspector of the Children's Aid Bociety so that you will get the benefit of the of Pool and Halton. For thirty-eight trees yourself." years, Mr. Norton's hobby has been to

the line, and the next the two men has influenced his whole life in the ing a double row of young rock maples knew was that the train was again on shape of the "Ragged Sunday School," along the drive that led from the were sident for a was on his way to the fashiotable to the main road, a quarter of a mile moment, then John Massey looked Anglican Sunday School close to the away. famous Tabernacle presided over by Dr. Parker.

> The second Sunday of his London life was marked by a visit to this Bunwas to bear fruit in a life time of service for helpless children.

Under the Earl of Shaftesbury and he Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Norton carried on his work in England. For six years his work in connection with the child welfare was carried on in Feel and Hulton, as well as his work as floral designer at the Dale Estate and for the past'slx years he has served as the salarled inspector of the Children's Ald Bociety giving all his time and attention and much of his

own private means to the work. As a lad Mr. Norton was appronticed to a firm of well known and very wealthy jewellers of London, but forfelted the whole of his five hundred pound indenture with this firm to work with Nature's jewels, the flowers. Learning designing with a famous London florist, he rose to be chief dosigner at Buckingham Palace and har the honr of designing the floral decor; ations for the state dinner given a the coronation of His Mujesty, Edward VII. The centreplece on that occasion was a crown composed of thousands upon thousands of violets. moss, rose buds and Ulles of the val-

These items concerning Mr. Norton's personal history are necessary for his work has always owed its attendent success to the strong personality which he has thrown unreservedly into the work. When this generation has passed away and when the coming generation is shaping the life of Peel and Halton, those lives upon which he pressed the hallmark of his personality will stand as monuments for his achievement.

In twelve years, the bare statistics of Mr. Norton's work us as follows: Homes made happy without which many children had to suffer through discord on the part of the parents, 172; children cared for without removal from the bomes, 574; mothers helped that they might not break up homes, 172; children involved during the 12 have planned a more beautiful or fityears, 1117; boys rescued from prison that approach to the house I wanted to terms, 195; girls rescued from prison build on the site of the old farmhouse." terms, 202; girls rescued from a life of shame, 137; reunion of parents who had parted through family quarrel or

in the homes for family trubies, 325; planted by her grandfather's hand so cases of non-support to family by father, 129; soldiers' cases handled think that the plain, rugged old man, during the war, 168; children made beacuse he was inwilling to leave bewards of the Children's Aid Society, hind him a bit of work that was poor homes of their own, 18; boys married wealth nor art could have duplicated, with good homes of their own. 13; but which fitted so perfectly into the boys saved to serve, 49; boys in the rich and beautiful surroundings creatnavy, 3; many of the boys and girls od by wealth and art. have Victory Bonds from \$50 to \$100: operations on children nursed by self, 18; children visited in foster homes,

.Though Mr. Norton has severed his connection with the Children's Aid church, waiting to have her baby society, he will continue to work for those who have reached the age where the C. A. S. loses touch with them. . so she beckoned the verger. "Is the In the countles of Poel and Halton sermon nearly finished?' she whisperthere are lots of boys and girls of ed. "No, munt," replied the verger; mixtoen years and over who need and long for a helpful word of advice, and on his 'lastly.'" "hut," said Mrs. a triendly hand. These Mr. Norton is us ready as of old to extend. His to got through his "lastly'?" "No. door is always on the latch, his sal' muni." Was the demure roply, "but on the slort for the feeblest call. He there's the 'one word more and I'm will still be found at the old quarters done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in and will gladly welcome every opportunity to offer the cup of cold water "In His Name."

A PROFITABLE APPLE-STALL

English Public Opinion gives un in teresting little bit of bistory relating ah old soldier in a vory ragged military uniform. The man looked as

interrible as he was ragged. According the army votorus, the king learned that his name was Allen, that Two young men, it is said, started he had fought at the Battle of Dettin-

"He happy, then." responded the monarch, and he gave orders accord-Hecure now in his tenure, and having no rent to pay, the soldler succooded in making the apple-stall success. He died in comfortable circumstances, leaving a son whom he had educated, and who became a respectable attorney.

After Allen's death the upple-stall

was abondoned, and the plot of ground; became un eyesore for want of attention. When it had remained unoccupled for some years, the then lord yours, pin your faith to the old for- chancellor granted a lease of the land to Iprd Apeley, afterwards Lord Bathurst. He built a fine brick mansion for

THE AVENUE OF ROCK MAPLES Farmer Reckwith had just come

from town, and came into the sittingroom of the old white farmhouse; inopping his face with a bandung hand-"I declare," he said, "I got hotter omin' from the road up to the house

than I did all the rest of the way. That's a purty sunny stretch up from the road," He nicked up a paim leaf beath me in Why I didn't plant a row of trees to shade that road long ago. I'm going to do it now, though." lie rose to his feet, a sturdy, stalwart figure, with a crown of silvery gray hair. His daughter, Emily, who had come home with her own little daughter for her first visit since she had murried a fur trade; and gone to live on the western frontier, then located in Wisconsin, laughed merrily. "Thats' u splendld idea, futher. But

The hale old farmer regarded her oring aunahine and happiness to lives thoughtfully. "Quick, growing, shortwhich fate has darkened and in the lived," he said briefly. "Emily, whatsatisfaction of such lives retrieved over I do, I want done right and done from the gloom of unhappy conditions no 't will last. That was my idee when Mr. Norton has found his own happi- I built the farmhouse here, and it stands here as staunch as the day :" Born in Devon, England, the son of was finished. That row o' trees won't barrister, who died leaving a family make any great difference to me, but it of small children, Mr. Norton removed may to someledly else, and I'm goin brothers and sisters to London. Boon rock maples." And for many days he after his arrival he met with that w'iich spent what time he could spare plantwhose sign attracted his eye while he furmhouse, standing an a slight knoll,

that the little granddaughter, now wearing a silvery crown herself, came back with her daughter to visit her influence of relatives, was given an

The honestly built old farmhouse three or four miles away, and, still strong and staunch, was sheltering s new generation. In its place stood a stately manalon, with a great marble terrace before its doors, and two murble stairways leading down to a beautiful sunken garden, and enclosing within their ourvo a basin where a fountain aldmmered in the aunahine. Against the dark background of the trees and shrubs that enclosed the garden, gleamed figures and seats of Corraru marble. Wherever they went through the spacious grounds, wonderful gardens, graceful swans floating on the surface of a lake, formed by damming the brook which in earlier days had flowed deross the farm. Art and wealth had joined to make a fairyland

As the little party returned to the stately house on the knott, where the owner of the estate had invited the visitors to have tea, the former paused and raised his eyes to the leafy canony above their heads, gorgeous with the red and gold of early autumn. "To me." he said, with a gesture toword the splendid trees that lined the driveway, "this avenue of rock maples is one of the most beautiful features

of the place. I do not know who planted them, but whoever he was, ha deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of beauty." A light flashed into the face of the guest with the silvery hair. "He was my grandfather, Hlram Beckwith, she said proudly, "and my mother and I were visting here when he planted them. My mother urged him to plant trees that would grow quickly, so that himself, but his one thought was to do the work 'right, and so it would last,' as he expressed himself, and so he

"He builded better than he knew." the owner said, thoughtfully. "No architect or landscape artist could The granddaughter of Hiram Heckwith was a woman of wide experience, with a keen sense of ilfe's values. As immorality, 83; called in to make peace she looked up at the flaming maples many years before, it thrilled her to

> "ONE WORD MORE" Mrs. Brown was at the back of the

conclusion' to come yet. Don't be imputlent."-Louipn Tit-lilts.

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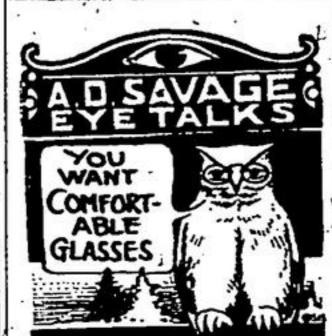
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