

you will have learned that a law business can't be run on a charitable basis. Keep your charity outside of your business if you would have your business provide anything for charity.

"That is a good maxim, I suppose," the young man responded with unusual persistency, "but if you can serve your business and do a needy man a good turn at the same time, I should think it was a good thing to do. I want to make you a proposition. You have agreed that I may attend to any business of my own that I may get. Now I want to make this my business. If you will let him have the place, I will do his work and mine, too, if he should miss a day or so at any time. You might tell him it was simply for a month. Then you could see how he gets along, and if he did not suit, you could let him go when his month is up. He need not know that he is on trial. I think, Mr. Whiting, that he is pretty hard pinched, and he looks as if he could do the work all right."

Mr. Whiting thought a moment. It was contrary to his business maxims, but he was secretly pleased with his clerk's championship of the old man's cause. "Very well," he said, "you can try him if you wish to shoulder the responsibility."

McGregor dragged himself wearily up the stairs. Mrs. McGregor met him at the door with radiant face. He could not respond this time. The smile refused to come.

She took him by the arm, saying, "You are very tired, dear?"

"Yes."

She opened the door and said softly, "There is someone waiting for you inside."

The information interested him. It would be the landlord, perhaps, or the janitor.

The visitor was sitting with his back to the light, but rose, and coming forward, stretched out his hand.

"Good evening, Mr. McGregor! Mr. Whiting wished me to come to see if you could begin work for him next Monday."

For a moment the old man was like one just roused from a deep sleep. The horror which had possessed him fell from him like a dream. The racked nerves relaxed. Tears started to his eyes and blinded him. He sank into a chair, seemingly oblivious to the presence of the stranger.

John felt that it was a scene on which no outsider should intrude, and started for the door. His step roused the old man, who springing up with unexpected vigor, put out his hand and said:

"Don't go! Don't go! I cannot begin to tell you how thankful I am to you. Sit down, please, if you are not in a hurry. I suppose, though," with a disappointed expression, "that you want to get home to your dinner. I forgot it was so late."

"If you could put up with our plain little table we should be glad to have you take tea with us," said Mrs. McGregor, cordially.

John did stay, and he afterward declared that he never enjoyed a meal more. The old people seemed endowed with the fire of youth, for hope and youth are near neighbors.

On his way home that evening John said to himself, "John Bates, you don't deserve much credit for it, but that is about the best thing you ever did." He realized as never before the truth of the maxim that the chief requisite of a place is its opportunities for doing good.—*The Youth's Companion.*

MEDICINE FOR MEN.

Something that will banish Worries and brace up the System.

Has it ever occurred to you that you need a medicine AS MEN—not as old men or young men, but as men? Are you never conscious that the special wear and tear of life which men sustain need repair? Worry wears a man out quicker than work, but worry is not an accident, it is a symptom—a symptom of nervous exhaustion. Other symptoms are nervous headache; morning laziness that makes it difficult to get out of bed; a weak feeling in the back; indigestion; breathlessness after slight exertion; irritable temper—perhaps some nerve pain such as neuralgia, sciatica or incipient paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as a medicine for men, act directly upon the source of discomfort. They restore manly vigor and energy, improve the appetite and tone up the nerves and the whole system. Mr. Neil McDonald, Estmere, N. B., is one of the many men who has proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "I am glad to be able to say that I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that is claimed for them. I was completely run down, my appetite was poor, and I suffered much from severe headaches. Doctors' medicine did not give me the needed relief, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used only a few boxes when my former health returned, and now I feel like a new man."

Weak, nervous, broken down men—and women, too—will find new health and happiness in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But be sure that you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A RECEIPT FOR KEEPING YOUNG.

She was as fresh in color as a girl, her hair without a touch of gray, her face without a wrinkle, and she felt, I am sure, as she certainly looked, far younger than I did. So I asked her finally, "How do you keep so fresh and young with all your great family?"

She looked at me a moment and then laughed a merry little laugh, "You see," she said, "I haf my von little naps."

"Your what?" I asked, puzzled to understand her.

"My von little naps," she repeated.

"But tell me; I do not understand," I said.

"Vy so," she said, in her pretty broken English, "about twelve o'clock, or maybe one, or maybe two, as you like it better, I takes de baby, vichever is de baby, and I goes to de room and takes my naps."

"But if the baby won't sleep at that time?" I objected.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he sleeps all right."

"But there are so many things to do while the baby sleeps," I went on.

"I vill haf my naps," was her smiling answer.

"But," I urged, "supposing something happens to the other children while you and the baby are asleep?"

Then she did stare at me. "There could be no'ing happen to dose children vorse dan I not get my von little naps," she said indignantly.

I gave it up. This closed the argument.—*Christian Uplook.*

HOW SHE LESSENER HER COAL BILL.

"What—windows open with the thermometer at zero?" exclaimed a friend one cold winter day as she stepped into my sitting-room, through which the air from two windows was freshly blowing. "You must have an exceptionally good furnace," she continued. "We keep ours running at full speed this cold weather, and yet we cannot keep warm. But I never think of opening windows."

Here she gave such a decided shiver that I thought it advisable to close mine before explaining my reason for the cool atmosphere.

"And do you never open your windows in winter?" I asked.

"Never, except on sweeping days, and then I caution Kate to close them as soon as possible."

"I don't wonder you cannot keep warm," I said.

"You don't mean to say that you open your windows to heat your house!" she exclaimed.

"That is one of my reasons," I replied, smiling at her astonishment.

Lest she should think I had suddenly taken leave of my senses I hastened to explain.

"Do you not know that it is impossible to heat dead air?" I asked.

"Dead—air?"

Evidently I was not making things any more intelligible. Hygiene had not been introduced into her brain.

"It is impossible in cold weather to properly heat a room in which the same air has been allowed to remain day after day. We are inhaling poison into our lungs whenever we breathe the same air over and over again. Three times a day, in cold weather, the windows all over my house are opened, and a draught of air allowed to circulate freely. The result has been we seldom have colds, the rooms heat quickly, headaches are unknown, and our coal bill I know for a fact to be less than that of any of our neighbors. Do you feel cold now?" I questioned.

"No, indeed, I am delightfully warm," was the reply.

"And yet it is scarcely three minutes since I closed the windows; so you see fresh air heats very quickly."

My friends face was full of interest. When she rose to go she remarked:

"I think I'll go home and change the air in my house, and then see if I can beat it."

A few days after I chanced to meet Mrs. Brown on the street, and she said:

"I am so glad I found your windows open when I called on you Friday. I have profited by your example, and expect to save a ton or two of coal. Our furnace heats the house finely now, and all I've done to bring about this state of affairs has been to open windows.—*The Ladies' World.*

A STORY OF MR. GLADSTONE.

About twenty years ago a shoemaker came to London and established a small workshop, but in spite of industry and strict attention to business he continued so poor that he had not even enough money to buy leather for work which had been ordered. One day he was in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, with his betrothed wife, to whom he confided the sad condition of his affairs, and the impossibility of their marriage.

The young girl gave him all her savings, with which he went next day to purchase the required leather, without, however, knowing that he was followed by a gentleman commissioned to make

inquiries about him. The shoemaker was not a little surprised when the leather merchant told him that he was willing to open a small account with him. In this way did fortune begin to smile upon him, and soon, to his great astonishment, he received orders from the wealthiest circle in London society, and his business became so well established that he was able to marry and have a comfortable home of his own. He was known in London for years as the "Parliament Shoemaker," but only when to please his German wife, he left London for Berlin, did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his "credit account" to none other than Mr. Gladstone. The cabinet minister had been in the whispering gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty, and owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery, had heard every word that had been said.—*British Weekly.*

The Mausoleum for the Judgment Day.

A Scotsman, who prided himself on his wealth and his contempt for religion, erected a magnificent mausoleum for the reception of his remains after death.

While superintending the work, the Scotsman was met one day by an elder of the Kirk, to whom he laughingly remarked:

"This'll hold me pretty fast, eh? No rising out o' here on the resurrection day."

"My man," said the elder, "dinna gie yerself ony trouble about rising. When the day of judgment comes, it'll be easy to take the bottom out o't, and lat ye gang doon."

A FOUR-LEGGED GENIUS.

A Rhode Island dog was in the habit of frequently jumping over the gate of a common picket fence. One day he appeared with a long bone in his mouth. He made several attempts to leap over the gate, but failed every time. He stopped a moment, and was evidently debating another plan. He placed the bone beside the gate, jumped easily over it, and then put his paw under the gate and pulled the bone through. He then wagged his tail complacently over the result of his experiment.

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