

The Fireside.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

The best he could hope for was dismissal. To be allowed to go out of the office alone, disgraced, branded—this would be a mercy and forbearance. What limited another's fears was his hope; but then he had the dock in prospect, the curt and irritable magistrate, the penalty of embezzlement, the unending shame of the jail. Or perhaps the First Offenders' Act would return him to the hardened faces and condemning eyes of his world, a marked man, an offense against his class, a traitor to his family and friends.

Waiting in the ante-room till the senior partner should be ready for him, George Hanbury clenched his fists till the palms bled under his nails. He was ready to face his doom and to take what he had earned, if he could but have taken it alone. Since the discovery of his defalcations had become inevitable, and during the awful two days that had elapsed since the discovery itself had taken place, he had realized, blindingly, vividly, the responsibility for the happiness of others which depends upon every man. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters! This struck at them all; this was aimed at their home, at the completeness of their lives and the root of their self-respect and happiness. His head swam as the picture of their misery, when the news should reach them took shape in his mind.

Alone he could have borne it. He had himself in a tight hold. Two days before, the manager had sent for him, and he found him with certain books open on his desk.

"Can you explain this?" the manager had asked, pointing to a page.

"No, sir," he answered, quietly.

"Nothing to say?" queried the manager, closing the volume.

"Very well," said the other. "Mr. Burns will have to hear of this. Go back to your work."

Then elapsed two days of terrible punishment. His fellows among the clerks knew nothing, and it cost a strong effort to keep a calm face in their midst and so escape remark. He was awaiting sentence from Mr. Burns, who came down to the office only occasionally, and whose very remoteness from the daily life of the business seemed to Hanbury to add another terror to his position.

The door of the inner office clicked, and the manager came out. Hanbury rose to his feet, biting his lip. The manager looked at him, gravely.

"Go in," he said.

Hanbury entered. Old William Burns was sitting at a table. He was an old man, white haired, with a chin and cheek hidden in a fluff of white beard. Keen gray eyes looked out from under heavy brows; his face bespoke strength and resolution, but there was nothing of harshness in it. It was very grave, now, and, perhaps, sad; but not hard nor vindictive.

They looked at one another in silence for a moment, the strong old man who had succeeded, and the young man who had failed.

"I have been hearing details of an embezzlement which you have committed," said the old man, slowly. There was a country burr in his voice;

Hanbury noted it with an odd sense of having expected it. "I understand you make no defense?"

Hanbury found his voice with an effort. "None, sir," he answered.

"And you know what you have incurred by this crime?"

Hanbury nodded, gulping.

"Very well," said the senior partner, "If you know that, we need not say any more about it. I shall not send you to prison."

He waited for Hanbury to speak, but the young man could say nothing.

"If I permit you to return to your work, and to gradually refund the money you have misappropriated, shall I be safe? Can I so trust you?"

The clerk started and looked up. Old William Burns was watching him wistfully. "Sir," stammered the young man, "I promise—I swear—" His voice failed him, and he struggled with rising hysteria.

"Very well," said the senior partner, rising and speaking very gently, "we will consider that arranged. No word of it will be said again by anyone."

He held out his hand and Hanbury grasped it, feverishly.

"You are the second man who fell and was pardoned in this business, Mr. Hanbury," said the old man, in a low tone. "I was the first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all."

They shook hands upon it, the two men who had been spared.—*The British Weekly.*

A SCOTTISH SERMON ON CHARITY.

"The congregation will noo be seated and gie their undivided attention to the followin' intimations. Some of them are maist as important as the sermon," said the Rev. Tammas McPherson, as he finished "addressin' the throne of grace."

He was in his eightieth year, and had worn out five Bibles in beating the dust out of the pulpit desk of Auchterbirnie Kirk during fifty-five years. His parishioners worshipped the ground on which he walked, and though he was practically penniless—for he gave most of his income to the poor—they saw to it that the minister lacked for nothing.

Their old minister read the announcement, and then said:

"I hear that Widdy Tamson is in destitute circumstances. This mauna be. Nane o' God's heritage maun suffer in the midst o' the guid folk o' Auchterbirnie. Think o' this on the way to yer hames. We have it in Holy Writ, that niver fails, that he that giveth to the puir lendeth to the Lord. There is a blessed privilege. Think o' the farmers o' Auchterbirnie being lenders, and haein' the Lord for a customer! And nae need to foreclose to get back payment, for it'll be returned twenty, thirty, fifty and a hundred fold. Noo ye can a' raise fine craps o' wheat and corn, and tatties, as I can weel testify, for the Lord has moved yer bowels o' compassion, and ye hae been unco generous to me. Then see if ye can raise guid craps o' britherly compassion, and bring the first fruits o' that harvest to puir Widdy Tamson."

"Sanders Grant 'll send her a load o' firewood. Fine dae I ken that; I see't

in Sanders' generous e'e. And fine ken he keeps, too, as I weel ken; for I'm burnin' some o't myself; thanks to Sanders' kindness." Sanders, sitting in his pew, the observed of all observers, was completely won over, and would gladly have given Widdy Tamson the earth, and the fulness thereof, had he owned it, at that moment.

"And Peter Michie'll send her a pickle tae. Oh! but it'll no' be sair missed out o' Peter's abundant store. Peter is beholden to the Lord for many things, and is a living example o' the niver-failin' truth o' Holy Writ, 'The han' o' the diligent maketh rich.' Peter's a hard-workin' chiel, as we can a' testify." Peter, too, fell in line.

"Jimmy Grant was tellin' me theither day," continued the Reverend Tammas, "that he was millin' some fine meal noo. I quite believe it. He is the only miller in Auchterbirnie, and there's no miller from Maiden Kirk to John o' Groat's can compare wi' him. Better send a pickle tae the widdy, Jimmy, and keep up yer account wi' the Maister." Jimmy registered a full peck of best oatmeal in his own mind.

"Beaton Scott'll send the widdy some o' the fine tatties I saw in his barn last Tuesday. I needna ask Beaton, for I ken fu' weel he wou'dna be backward in dacin' a kind act to a deservin' widdy in Auchterbirnie."

"And oor guid freend Wull Chapman, by the loks o' him can scarcely keep his seat, sae anxious is he to dae something to fill the widdy's pat."

"Nae fear o' the widdy's starvin' when the Lord has put the saut o' the earth in the parish kirk o' Auchterbirnie. The Lord has promised to be a husband to the widdy, and He wants ye all to be brithers-in-law, and I'm glad ye respond so nobly. Ye're a gallant lookin' lot o' Christians, and yer hearts are as big as yer bodies. The Lord'll reward yer work o' love. Noo let's praise His name for raisin' up in Auchterbirnie sae many who honor the faith."

There was a lull all through the kirk, and then the minister's voice was raised in prayer.—*Berwick News.*

WHAT WILL THEY DO?

What will the young men who are tending bar do when prohibition prevails? If they are honest, let them do what other honest young men do, hunt a job.

What will drunkards' wives do when all the saloons are wiped out? Start laughing schools.

What will the business men do when the saloons bust up? Do more business, hire more clerks, make more money, and do lots of good.

What will the one-half of the policemen do who will be "let out" when the saloons are dead? Sell pictures of former scenes in the police court of the "has beens."

What will become of the "has beens?" During the day they will be at work, and in the evening they will dress parade on the streets with their new clothes.

What will become of the ice man who sold so much ice to the saloon-keepers? He will sell more ice to families, and ice to families that never got any ice in saloon days.

What will become of the tailor who sells a \$40 suit of clothes every three months to the saloon-keeper? He will be making fifty \$20 suits for the men who once patronized the saloon-keeper.

What will become of the poor landlord who got such good rent from the

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated
**COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.**

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

HAD OVER 500 BOILS.

This may seem an exaggeration to you,
BUT IT IS TRUE.

All sufferers from Bad Blood should read
about this miraculous cure by

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

CURED IN 1885.

Mr. David F. Mott wrote us from Spring Valley, Ont., in 1885. He said:—
I suffered from impure blood and had over 500 boils, but since taking BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS I am entirely cured, and can recommend it to any person troubled with bad blood.

CONFIRMED IN 1901.

Mr. Mott writes us from 62 Broad St., Utica, N.Y., under date of Dec. 31st, 1901. He says:—Some time ago I received a letter from your firm, saying that some years ago you received a testimonial from me, stating that I had over 500 boils. Yes, sir, I had, and I must say that I have never had the reappearance of one since I took the course of your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. I thank God that I have had good health ever since, for I was a great sufferer. I wish B.B.B. a world of success, which it surely deserves.

For sale at all druggists or dealers.

**THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED,
TORONTO, ONT.**

saloon-keeper? He will get just as much, if not more, rent from a man whose business will lessen the landlord's taxes.

What will become of the city jailer? We'll start another street sprinkler, and put him on as driver.—*The Searchlight.*

"I don't see how you can possibly go to church three times on a Sunday," said one lady to another at a social gathering.

"I manage it simply by doing no work of any kind on the Sabbath. I think it positively wicked for women to stay at home and cook dinners for their husbands on Sundays," returned the other.

"I suppose, then, you have a cold lunch at noon?"

"Oh, dear no. I always take dinner at my husband's sister's. She's a splendid cook, and she always tries to do her best on Sundays."

The Doctor's ORDERS:

**Fresh Air
Good Food**

The **Dr. Williams' Emulsion**

Trade-mark.

For all those threatened
with **Consumption.**