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## THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

(By Steven Roberts).

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Gordon Thompson was a misanthrope. For five years he had lived alone in his flat, and during that time he had not exchanged half a dozen words with his neighbors.

But that was before Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Nina came to live in one of the apartments. Nina was only four. She was quite alone when first she met Gordon Thompson. He had just made his solitary way up the stairs when he almost fell over a wee girl busily drawing wonderful chalk pictures on the floor.

A welcoming smile lit Nina's baby face. "Nice man," she cooed. "Nice man see Nina's pictures."

He took the hand she had extended to him, and knelt down. There was neither form nor anything intelligible in the chalk scribble, but he gravely assured her that it was very nice, very nice, indeed.

Nina gurgled with delight. Her blue eyes danced as she placed her chalk into his hand.

"Nice man make pictures better'n Nina," she announced gleefully. "Make some more, nice man." But Thompson stood up suddenly. He had heard a step behind them on the stairs, and his face assumed the usual mask of rigidity.

"Nina, darling, you must come away and have tea," a gentle voice said. "I hope you will use my little girl," Mrs. Andrews continued, "she has a perfect genius for making friends, and she never stops to consider whether her advances will be appreciated."

"Who could help appreciating them?" Gordon Thompson said. Nina leaned forward and held her rosy lips up to be kissed. Gordon hesitated and glanced nervously at Mrs. Andrews.

"Certainly," she said, in an undertone. "She expects it." He kissed the child, and there was a new tenderness in his voice when he said, "Good night, Nina."

"Good night. God bless you, nice man," Nina responded.

After that Nina got into the habit of waiting on the stairs for the return of her "nice man" every evening.

He became anxious when, on one night, she was not there. The child had taken such a fancy to him, he felt she would not willingly miss coming to see him. Perhaps there was something the matter. At any rate, it would only be polite to inquire, and he hastened up the stairs to the Andrews' flat. Mrs. Andrews answered his knock, and he started back at sight of her. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her face was a strained, anxious look.

"What is the matter?" he asked, faintly. "Is it Nina?"

Mrs. Andrews nodded. "I can't ask you to come in," she said. "Nina is very ill. It is diphtheria."

"Is there anything I can do?" Thompson asked hoarsely. "Could I bring her anything, grapes, for instance?"

"She couldn't eat them now, thank you," Mrs. Andrews said, sadly. "No, there is nothing to be done but follow the doctor's instructions, unless—"

"Unless what?" Gordon asked.

"Mrs. Andrews, if there is any way I could help, any way at all, it would be a charity to let me do it. Perhaps a nurse—"

"Dr. Forman said I ought to have a nurse," said Mrs. Andrews, slowly. "We couldn't possibly afford it."

"Then you must let me send for one. I can well afford it, and it is for Nina's sake," he said; then, without waiting for her consent, "If you don't mind, I will slip to the nearest telephone and ask Dr. Forman to send one at once."

Gordon was distinctly perturbed, so much so that on the three following days he waylaid the doctor on the stairs and asked for news of Nina. A load was taken off his mind when the doctor was able to assure him that the child had taken a turn for the better.

Then one evening he missed the doctor. For an hour he waited with his door open, listening for his footstep, until he could stand the suspense no longer. He must go up to the Andrews' flat and ask how the patient was progressing. He was half way up the stairs when he almost ran into a tall, slender girl in nurse uniform.

"Lottie!" he exclaimed impulsively; then he drew back. "I beg your pardon, Miss Clapp; I forgot myself," he said. Nurse Lottie's violet eyes filled with tears. For a moment she hesitated, then she laid a hand on his arm. "Won't you forgive me, Gordon?" she asked, softly. "I was foolish, I did not really mean that cruel letter. Afterwards, when I came to know my own heart, I realized that I had thrown away real gold for dross. Then, when I wanted to tell you, you had gone away!"

"If I had only known," the man groaned, "I came to New York immediately, and have been living alone in the flat below. Lottie, do you really mean it? You haven't married that other fellow, at any rate. I can hardly realize that you have cared all the time, that you still care."

"I did care all the time, I still care," Lottie said softly.

"My darling, I am not married," he said, as he kissed her. "But I soon will be." Lottie drew back.

"Oh, you mustn't," she exclaimed. "I have just come from Nina."

"I don't care," he said. "Dear little Nina! But for her I might never

"She is much better, and I think you might see her," Lottie said, and together they entered the child's room.

Nina gave a weak cry of recognition when she saw him.

Her glance travelled to Nurse Lottie.

"Nina loves nice man," she explained. "Does 'oo'?"

Lottie stooped and kissed the child.

"Yes, Nina, I do," she said.

Tea Lords Philanthropic, Or Seem To Be So.

Signs in the Ease Herald a Rise in the Price of Tea.

London, Feb. 4.—The tea world knows no famine, at least, not now, yet, signs in the east assuredly indicate a rise in the price of the national beverage. Cheerfully we have sipped our favorite blends of Ceylon and Indian teas without giving a moment's thought to the inevitable rise in price these times were bound to bring. Tea-drinkers have been exceedingly lucky up till now, because tea is about the only article of everyday diet that has remained within the reach of the average housekeeper's buying power. Perhaps a word of praise for the far-sighted policy of the tea lords is in keeping. The growing tide of the higher cost of living has swept against the fundamental policy of their business in vain. That policy has been immense sales with a low margin of profit. However, the time is at hand when they will be compelled to revise the retail price of their different blends—indeed, some merchants have already done so.

Zumerons conditions contribute towards a higher price for tea. First in order, comes the universal tendency that makes for more of the comforts and luxuries of life—a tendency which is largely responsible for the higher cost of living. Second, the world is hungry for more rubber, and tea lands can be readily and profitably turned into rubber plantations. Thousands of acres of these lands are acquired by rubber planters year after year, so that even now the decrease in the world's tea area is quite perceptible. Thirdly, while the tea area of India—and Ceylon especially—is decreasing, the market for tea is constantly widening. Moscow tea buyers now com-

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pete with the representatives of the New York and London Tea Lords, and it's a certainty that if the market continues to widen, while the world's tea area decreases, the housewife will have to pay more for her favorite beverage.

### That Bald Spot

Don't let that bald spot grow! Go to your druggist at once and get a bottle of Parisian Sage and if that don't check the falling hair, and cause new hair to grow, nothing will.

Dandruff is the cause of baldness; dandruff germs cause dandruff. Parisian Sage kills the germs; eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. We will refund your money, if it fails to do this in two weeks. Parisian Sage will cause the hair to grow, if the hair root be not dead. It causes the hair to grow thicker, more luxuriant, and puts new life into it.

The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package of Parisian Sage. It is sold for 50c. by all druggists or sent postpaid by The Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont., on receipt of price. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

### Making the Burden Lighter

Life, after all, is not so bad as we like to fancy it. If most of us began our evening prayer by thanking the Lord for all his benefits to us, we should fall asleep long before we got to the grievance with which we usually induce insomnia.

The world is not a bed of roses. The path we must tread is often hard, clogged with overwhelming anxieties, cares and worries that seem to bow earthward even the idealist's gaze. But when our shoulders are bent low

we can at least get some happiness out of life by trying to love the burden we bear, like the little Scotch girl whom some one met staggering along the country road with a baby in her arms. "Can I help you?" the stranger asked. "The child seems so heavy for you." The little girl looking up and with an expression of passionate tenderness, said: "He's nae heavy. He's me brother!"

### Tomato Seed Oil.

Tomato seeds, once a waste product of the canneries of Italy, are now made to produce an oil, the rapid-drying quality of which is said to be excellent. The oil is used in the making of varnishes. Italy has many large tomato canneries, and in that country it is customary to carefully remove the seeds before canning the fruit. The canneries in the Province of Parma alone can 54,000 tons of tomatoes annually, and now have an output of 600 tons of the seed oil.

### The Prayer

I would not pray, dear God, to do Great things, but I would ask The strength to bear till life is through! Each burden and each task. I would not crave the laurel wreath, But, O, on bended knee, I'd beg I might not sink beneath The crosses sent to me.

I would not pray, dear God, to claim The martyr's golden crown, But just to dare the little flame And speak to thy reborn. And when the journey's end has come I'd only ask to be One of thy children, gathered home, Content to rest with thee.

—L. M. Thornton

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Send us 35 cents in coin or money order, and we will send you one of these burners prepaid. You use burner 60 days and if you don't say it is the best lamp burner you ever saw, and you are not well pleased, just write us a postal card stating you are not satisfied with burner and we will promptly return your money. This is the best burner yet. All we ask is for you to give us a trial. We guarantee burner to give satisfaction one year or give you new one free.

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