## OUR SHORT STORY

"From Pillar to Post."

\*66.66.660

work.

my boarder.'

The wood-sawing continued, with

out with two meal tickets.
"What are you going to do if this

wood-yard ever shuts up?" queried

food called for by his two tickets. meals were not a large daily ration to

be divided between two old men; but

Mr. Warner was proud of what he

After a long walk Mr. Warner came

On an otherwise vacant block,

to the less built upon blocks of the

stood the large barn, in the loft of

loft to a space that formed a sort of room. Here was some loose hay on which the old men slept at night. A

door opened from the barn-loft to the

outer air, and this door now stood

open for light and ventilation. A white-haired, clean-looking old man

sat on some hay.
"See what I've brought you,

Gran'pa Jamison!" said Mr. Warner,

cheerily.

"I was afraid the ladder wouldn't

"The ladder was right in place,"

ed to the horses of the expressmen,

had several times purposely taken away the ladder so that the old men

were prisoners in the loft. Don con-

keeping it was late atternoon.

must attend to the norses.

hood?"

there, ready at all times in the even-

came in at different hours, and he

Tonight, while waiting for the ex-

pressmen, Don thought of taking away the ladder again; but he heard the old

men's voices in the loft, and, climbing

heard the old men talked in the dark.

"When I was a little fellow," Mr.

one of them was that every person

ought to be a blessing to the neighbor-

hood he lives in. I've thought of that

all my life. Now, Gran'pa Jamison, are we a blessing to this neighbor-

"Seems to me," added Mr. Warner,

reflectively, "that when I get to heaven, I'll want to go sit beside my

father sometimes, and put my head

"Mr. Warner," said Gran pa Jami-son, "you can be a blessin', but I don't

know as I can. You can work yet, and

"You are to me, too," responded Mr. arner, heartily. "You're real com-

"Am I? Am I, now, Mr. Warner?

questioned Gran'pa Jamison, delighted-

"Of course, you are!" reaffirmed Mr.

Warner. "Now, I've been thinking about Don. I wish we could be a bless-

ing to him. I'm sorry for Don-I am

so! He hasn't anybody to care for him.

When boys ain't cared for, it's no won-

der they get rough, and maybe go

wrong, after a while. Gran'pa Jami-

a blessing to Don."
"Yes, Mr. Warner," assented Gran'pa

Don heard an express wagon coming,

me!" he chuckled, "a blessin'! Those

two old men! I wonder how they'll go

The chuckling stopped. Don experienced a curious mixture of feelings as

he ran to attend to the express horses.

Nobody around there had ever cared

much about being a "blessing" to Don.

Nobody here knew that, two years be-

then heard from Don.
After the first night's listening on the

He listened to Mr. Warner singing

Gran'pa Jamison to sleep every night.

expressmen and others. The great at-

traction to him in listening on the lad-

der was that he sometimes heard him-

"It's his way of beginnin' to be

One day Gran'pa Jamison gave the

was, Don was seized with remorse for

receiving the apple.

The old men had always taken pains

to nod or speak to the boy when they met him, but Don, used to surly treat-

ment, had seldom responded. Now he

self mentioned, and always kindly.

Don was used to rough words

Don to himself.

on his knee, and talk with him again.

There was a short silence

Warner, heartily.

pany for me."

Jamison.

When no idea of being over-

answered Mr. Warner.

Harvey.
Mr. Warner looked grave.

The cold winter was past; but the because Gran'pa Jamison couldn't eat only potatoes all the time. 'Twouldn't do to treat my boarder that way, you city newspaper, was yet during the city newspaper, was yet during the wet weeks dealing out clothing and wood-yard work-tickets to needy Poverty-stricken mothers brought little children whose feet people. showed through worn-out shoes. Ragged, unemployed men came. The matron and girl who had charge of the clothing shelves were kept busy supplying garments to applicants whose

"Old Mr. Warner's coming," Harvey was the 11-year-old son of the newspaper editors. The thought of that," he said, "but I've thought boy had the keenest interest in faith there'll be some way. Sometimes I can get dodgers to distribute; that pays a little. And it makes such a difference having a good sure place the express packages of second-hand clothing sent to the relief bureau by

id been investigated.

country.

Old Mr. Warner came every weekday, but all he ever asked for was a ticket entitling him to work sawing tweet entitling him to work sawing wood in the wood-yard that had been with the hay nights now. I count it a real this hed as an adjunct to the restablished as an adjunct to the reestablished as an adjunct to the re-lief bureau. Mr. Warner had been a street-sweeper, but he had been a knocked down and injured by an express team. He was now only recently out of the hospital, and his side was still bandaged; but he always managed to saw the amount of wood managed to saw the amount of wood to which a ticket entitled him. Wood- earned. yard workers were paid in meal-tic-

The matron of the relief room, Mrs. Lewellyn, looked distressed. Mr. Warner was much later than usual today, and she, supposing he was not coming, had given his wood-yard ticket to another man.

which Mr. Warner and Gran'pa Jamison lived. Mr. Warner climbed the ladder inside the barn, and passed between the bales of hay piled in the "I'm real sorry, Mr. Warner," apologized Mrs. Lewellyn.
The old man looked frightened. "Isn't there any ticket for me?"

"Not today," she answered. A trembling seized the old man. Slowly he turned and went out. "He's driven from pillar to post,like

the rest of us, I guess," said one wo-"He isn't fit to saw a stick of wood," murmured the troubled mat-ron; "but he'd do it if he had a wood-

yard ticket. I'll be sure to have a ticket for him tomorrow." The matron turned to find flannels for a sick baby. Harvey ran out the door, and sped after old Mr. Warner.

"Say," panted Harvey, as he reached his object of pursuit; "don't you feel bad! Mrs. Lewellyn says she'll have Mr. Warner, as one who could realized nothing but the blow just received. "It have absence of the ladder that had caused

hurts my side to saw; but I was going to. And now-my ticket's gone! A great tear escaped down one cheek. The small boy looked grave. Old Mr. Warner straightened his bent shoulders as if ashamed to be overcome.

peated Harvey.

The boy went back to the relief rooms. Some men there were sewing buttons on the clothing given them buttons on the clothing given them. shouted to him through the barn-loft, Some people who sent second-nand garments to be given away were inconsiderate enough to previously cut so long to saw the wood and walk so long to saw the wood and walk home that before he had finished given been amused at the awkward way in long Gran'pa Jamison his dinner and which the men sewed on buttons, but now the small boy's face was sober.

Next day the wood-yard ticket was waiting for Mr. Warner. Harvey wen with the old man to the wood-yard. Warner sawed very slowly and "Let me help saw," offered Harvey. painfully.

Old Mr. Warner shook his head. He rested breathlessly between sticks. "Doesn't it hurt your side?" ques-

"Not so much as might be," returned Mr. Warner, with brave breathfess-

part way up the ladder, Don sat down "When I think how many men would be glad of a wood-yard ticket I feel quite favored. It's real important that I should get a ticket every day, because I've got Gran'pa Jamison to

Warner was saying, "I used to go nights and sit on my stool by my father and put my head on his knee, and we'd talk. Father said things to me then that I've never forgotten, and Who's he?" asked Harvey. "He's an old man that was charged from the hospital same time 'explained Mr. Warner, "Gran'pa Jamison's older than I be. He hasn't any folks, so I'm taking care of him. Mr. Schuyler, the owner of the express business, was driving team that knocked me down. He felt real sorry. So now he lets Gran'pa Jamison and me sleep in the hay in the loft of the big barn where all the express wagons stay at night. I can saw wood here for meal-tickets, and then, instead of eating at the restaurant, they let me take the food home with me, and I divide with Gran'pa Jamison. That's the reason I felt so bad about not getting the wood-yard you're a sure blessin' to me." ticket yesterday. I wondered how I'd get anything for Gran'pa Jamison to

"What did you do?" asked Harvey. "I didn't know what to do," said Mr. "I went down to the wharves where all the boats come in with vegetables. There's always more or less thrown away. I found the chief wharfinger. He'd have given me some real good potatoes for nothing, but I would not let him. I paid for the potatoes by belying load some haves on wagons. by helping load some boxes on wagons. A fam'ly lives in a house not far from our barn, and I told the woman I'd give her half the potatoes if she'd cook the other half for Gran'pa Jamison and me; and she did. glad I got a wood-yard ticket today,

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Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN Beecham's Pills are

Without a Rival LARCEST SALE of any Pateut Medicine in the World. began to shamefacedly nod back or mutter some sort of answer. If Gran'pa Jamison or Mr. Warner had expressed their wish to be a "blessing" to him, he would have laughed at them; but the fact that the boy had secretly discovered that there was such a wish had some effect on him. So had the words of praise old Mr. Warner would drop when he could find occasion to

"You are real kind to the horses, Don," Mr. Warner would say; and Don, knowing that this was true, would nod. One day the lad cut two of his fingers somewhat badly on a feed-cutting machine in the barn. Mr Warner hurriedly found some cloth and ban-"Does he pay you?" questioned Hardaged Don's fingers carefully. "Why, no!" responded Mr. Warner,

"There!" said Mr. Warner; "that's the way my mother used to tie up my fingers after I'd cut them when 1 was "He hasn't any money, and he can't That's just a joke, calling him a little fellow. Didn't your mother? breathing spells, till, after a long time, the sticks were all cut. Mr. Warner went into the office, and came proudly

Don did not answer. 'You haven't any mother, have you?' asked the old man, gently.

Don looked at his bandaged fingers. "I don't know whether she's alive or not," he answered. "It's been two years

since I saw her."
Mr. Warner looked at the lad keen-"Did you run away?" asked the ly. "Did old man.

Don nodded. 'Wasn't your mother good to you?" Don nodded again. Don't you go to telling anybody," he said, roughly. "Nobody 'round here knows I run away.

"No," returned Mr. Warner, slowly; "I won't tell anybody but Gran'pa Jamison, and he won't tell. Haven't you ever written to your mother?"

mercy that hay is so homelike to mercy that hay is so homelike to mercy Leaving Harvey, old Mr. Warner went to the restaurant and got the Don shook his head. You'd better," advised the old man, "I won't," said Don, sullenly. nobody for her to be proud of."
"You're her boy," rejoined Mr. Warthe restaurant people were liberal, and

For weeks Mr. Warner tried with no success to coax Don to write. Finally the boy was persuaded to tell where

his mother lived. "I'll write to her," proposed Mr. War-"You'll let me, Don? "You won't get any answer," said

the boy. But Mr. Warner wrote. It was long task for the old man, and he could ill afford to buy the envelope, stamp and paper; but the detter was sent. It grew time for an answer from the distant state. Secretly, every night, Don listened to hear if an answer had come. He had not known how much he wanted Mr. Warner to receive one. One day, when Don was gone, Mr. Warner hurried into the barn loft. "It's come, Gran'pa Jamison!" "Don's mother's written to

be where you could find it to get up here." said Gran'pa Jamison. Slowly he read the letter aloud. It was the cry of a mother's heart for her The ladder was a source of anxiety to the two old men. Don Taylor, the 14-year-old boy who slept in another part of the big barn, and who attended to the horses of the expression.

"I'll give that to Don just as soon as he comes," said Mr. Warner, excitedly. Don came. Mr. Warner hurried down the ladder. "Here's a letter your mother wrote

me," said the old man.

He hastened away. There was no one to see that, after Don read the letter, he leaned his head against one of the stalls and sobbed, "Mother!"

Mr. Warner to be so late as to lose his wood-yard ticket yesterday. There was no other way of descending from the loft, which was so high that Mr. Warner had not dared to risk his old limbs by jumping. As the expressmen were all gone, Mr. Warner and Gran'pa Jamison had been confined to the loft After that Don wrote to her. One day he stopped Mr. Warner.
"I'm saving my wages," Don said, proudly. "I'm going to send some money to mother. She's coming out here, soon as she can get the money. Some two months atterward, when Mr. Warner came back to the barn one afternoon, Don was there.

"Mr. Warner," said Don, excitedly, "my mother's coming on the train tonight! The expressman will let me off so I can go to meet her. Won't you home that before he had finished giving Gran'pa Jamison his dinner and doing the tasks of the meager house-keeping it was late atternoon.

So I can go to meet her meager house with me?"

"I'll be in the way," answered Mr. Warner, diffidently. "Your mother

won't want to see me."
"Yes, she will," persisted Don. "I've At dark, unheard by the two old men, Don came into the lower part told her about you and Gran'pa Jamiof the barn. Don was obliged to be

son in my letters. Mr. Warner brushed his worn clothes ing, for the different men and teams very carefully. He was scarcely less employed by the express business excited than the boy when they set forth.

They were very early, but at last the train came in. The passengers poured out. Don stood trembling. Mr. Warner put a shaking hand on the boy's

"She'll come," said the old man, hopefully.

"There she is!" cried Don. He rushed toward a plain-looking woman stepping from a car. The woman saw Don and ran toward him. Don caught his mother in his arms, and those passengers who hastened by heard the boy falter, "Oh, mother!" and the woman sob, "Oh, my boy, my boy, my boy! I've got you again!

When old Mr. Warner afterward told Gan'pa Jamison the events of the evening, this was part of the old man's "Don's mother said that you and I had been a real blessing to her and her boy! Think of that Gran'pa Jamison! Two old men like us being real

blessings! But Don was destined to be a blessing to the old men, also. Mr. Schuythe owner of the express business, had recently sold to another man. The new owner of the express business come to the barn several times. One evening, now, he came to give Don some directions about the horses. Then the new owner recollected some-

"I've noticed," he said, "that two old men live in the barn-loft. They might set the hay afire." "Oh, no!" exclaimed Don; take even a lantern up there!

It's all the home they have."
"I can't help that," answered the "Oh, don't turn them out!" pleaded Don. "Mr. Schuyler let them stay, be-

son, you and I must study how to be cause his team knocked old Mr. War-"I don't know why I'm obliged to ner down. have the old men here," persisted the and he softly slipped down the ladder. "They're goin' to be a blessin' to

new owner. He was not unkind-hearted. He had only a young man's importance in newly-acquired authority.

There was a faint sound from the

barn-loft. An inspiration seized Don.
"Hear that?" he asked. "Old Mr. Warner's singing the other old man to sleep. I've heard him do it often. You go set on the ladder, and you can

Moved partly by curiosity, and partfore this, Don had run away from his ly by the thought that, after listening, home in another state. His mother, a he could go into the loft and tell the widowed dressmaker, had Lever since old men they must leave, the new express owner went to the ladder and ladder, Don began to go often and sit hearkened, unseen. Warner sang a mother's there evenings, surreptitiously heark-Old Mr. ening to what was said in the loft.

song of long ago: "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed."

"That's my fav'rite song," said Gran'pa Jamison, sleepily—"my—fav'r-

The express owner on the ladder did not move. He had a wife at home who sang the same hymn, sometimes at night to their little boy. Her voice blessin' to me, I suppose," chuckled had made the words holy. Old Mr. Warner sang through the Afterward, when, from nightly sitting on the ladder, he had learned how scanty the fare of the two old men

hymn. There was a pause. "He's through singing," thought the But Mr. Warner began again. This man on the lader. time he sang "Home, Sweet Home." "There's no place like home," crooned Once, years ago when his wife lived, the old voice.

there had been another, dearer home than a barn-loft for this old man who sang. Perhaps he thought of that vanished home tonight; but the old voice did not stop, for Mr. Warner sang to comfort an older and more helpless

"An exile from home," crooned the old voice, beginning another stanza. The new express owner swallowed a lump in his throat. He stepped down and went softly from the barn. 'I won't turn those two old men

out of the barn loft after all," he promised himself. "They both had real good homes once, I expect. Heaven help them!" In the barn loft tired old Mr. Warner, unsuspicious that his singing had

any other auditor than Gran'pa Jamison, lay down on tthe hay. He remembered the haycocks of his father's farm so long ago.
"I count it a real mercy that hay is so homelike to me!" gratefuly whis-pered Mr. Warner; and he went peacellfully asleep.—The Independent.

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tive in London. The Corporation will make arrangements to construct and operate under skillful management a large number of wholesale and retail establishments in London, and deal exclusively in Canadian food, such as dairy products, eggs, fruit, meat, bacon, fish, canned goods, These establishments will flour, etc. These establishments will be divided into departments for the different classes of food, and will be thoroughly equipped with mechanical refrigeration and all other modern improvements. Contracts are pending to meet the requirements of co-operative associations, army and navy contractors, hotels and other large consumers warehouses of the Corporation.

throughout Great Britain, and provision will be made for periodical auction sales at the central wholesale Arrangements will be made with leading Canadian producers whereby the Corporation will secure at first

business. produce trade, and in bringing the pro- brokers. cost a sufficient and regular supply of 52c txt

representatives, resident in the Domin-One has already been appointed, and the second will be nominated by Canadian shareholders when the full

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buted in suitable localities around Lon-

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Bishop Leslie, "the fighting bishop,"
O Treland prayed, "O before a battle in Ireland prayed, God, for our unworthiness we are not fit to claim thy help; but if we are bad our enemies are worse, and if thou seest not meet to help us, we thee help them not, but stand thou Neuter this day, and leave it to the arm of flesh."—United Service

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