

"What nickel?" I asked, pretending not to understand.

"De nickel you gwine gib (give) us for clumbing de tree a'ter de smilux."

"How do you know we will do that?"

"Cause de ladies dey al'ays does," the rogue replied, looking at me archly, and realizing full well that now he had the best of it. I could say no more, neither would I offer further opposition.

"Paul git de smilux an' me git de mis'toe," he concluded, as he started toward a tree a little distance off, where the tempting clusters hung at a dizzy height.

This assertion I realized was a plain bid for double dividends and in behalf of the same family. What a shrewd dealer in stocks Silas would have made! I said to myself. I fear I thought him only sordid at that moment. I was to change my opinion quickly, and with a pang at my heart for having wronged him even for so short a space.

A rich profusion of vines soon lay at our feet; so, too, was there a goodly-sized mound of the mistletoe from which the waxy berries were shining. But their gleam was as nothing to the light that danced in the eyes of Paul and Silas, as we handed each the bright new nickel he had earned.

"Now you can buy something for Christmas," I said.

Paul shook his head. At the same time he dampened his finger upon his tongue and drew it gently back and forth across a small torn place on his knee from which a drop or two of blood trickled, then he said:

"Mammy mus' git de nickels, bof (both) dis one an' de yudder."

"Yes, mammy gits de nickels," added Silas, "ever' one o' 'em. Dat's why we-uns wo'ks for 'em. Mammy she's sick, an' dere ain't nobody but we, 'cause de yudders dev's too lettle."

"You don't mean to tell me you take care of a family?" I cried, and stared at my two poor little mites in such way that for a moment I fear I frightened them.

As for Louie, she had more presence of mind. She said softly, "Poor children!" and put out a hand, upon each woolly head, while I could detect plainly the half sob in her throat.

"Yes, Missie," Paul said in answer to me, "we does all dere is. 'Tain't much, 'cause dere ain't many t'ings for we. We kin hoe a little an' pick cottin, an' sometimes we pulls moss for de mat'esses. Den in de summer we gits flowers an' picks berries an' sells 'em when the vis'tors comes. In de winter we clumbs de trees for smilux and mis'toe for de ourty ladies as gives us nickels, as Missie done," and the rogue displayed his teeth in full over the gleaming compliment.

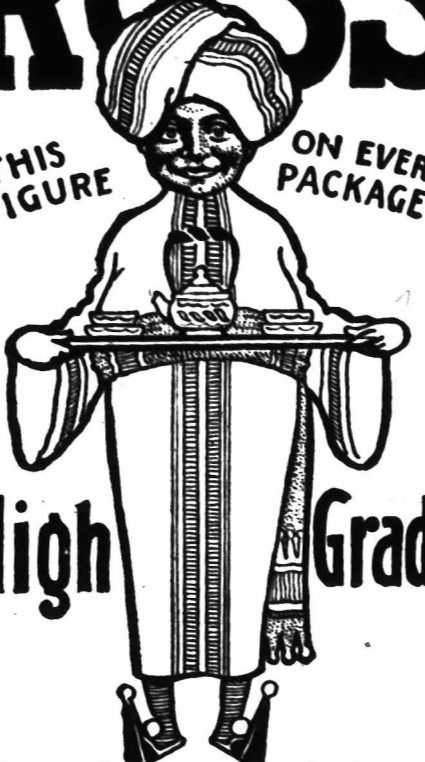
I looked at Louie. She was ready even before I. Again were dividends doubled, but this time without solicitation from either Paul or Silas.

We felt drawn to follow them

Now C-I-N-G-A-L-E. Might be spelt as it sounds with a single E. But our Cingalese says, add a final S-E. Then - Providing it's ROSS's you're right to a T.

**ROSS**

THIS FIGURE ON EVERY PACKAGE



High Grade

**TEA**

5, 10 and 25 cent. packages.

The only pure Ceylon Tea on the market.

home. They lived in the little cabin of clay-daubed logs just across the field. We could see from where we stood. We found they had told us only too truly. It was a picture of want such as is not often seen even in this country of poor land and scant cotton yield. It was one blessing that there was enough of God's glorious sunshine on this so-called winter day to warm all the spots of bare skin showing within the apertures of ragged clothing.

It was a question of bread more than any other, and it must have been a sore one through many sad days. The wolf often put more than his nose within the door. I am sure, and there were only these two brave little home missionaries to do battle with him, only Paul and Silas.

**"A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN."**

"Might I have the job o' cleanin' off your walks, lady? The coachman next door said that the man who did it for you other times was sick, an' he thought maybe you'd let me clean 'em off for a spell."

The speaker was shorter than the broom he carried, and besides, I was getting a bit tired of such

**DEATH NOTICES.**

**MILNE.**—At Peterburg, South Africa, on Monday, October 21st, from enteric fever, Harvey Gale Milne, Bad-n-Powell's South African Constabulary, eldest son of James Galway Milne, Esquire, of Qu'Appell, N.W.T., aged 22 years, 3 months and 25 days.

"Whatever we proudly call our own Belongs to Heaven's great Lord."

**STEELE.**—Entered into rest on Saturday, October 26th, 1901. Son of C. Steele, third daughter of Rev. H. Douglas Steele, Rector of Port Stanley, and grand-daughter of the late Major Isaac Rigby, of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Blessed are the dead which rest in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

calls, and so I answered, evasively:

"There is so little snow this morning, I think I will let it go."

"Yes, I know it isn't any job this morning," said he, eagerly. "But ten cents my price, when I do it steady, whether there's much or little. To-day it's little, I know, but to-morrow there may be piles an' piles of snow. Won't you please to try me?"

He said it so pleadingly that I laughingly made answer:

"Well, I'll try you, but unless you are different to most boys, you come up missing if there's more than an inch or two of snow."

But I was half ashamed of my impulsive remark, when the boy, looking me fearlessly in the eye, said:

"Yes, I know lots of 'em are looking for soft snaps, but I ain't that kind; an' you'll find there's a boy who won't come up missin' when the snow is deep; see if I do."

With this laughing retort he began to make the snow fly so vigorously that in a few moments he rapped at the door for his pay.

"It aint worth a dime, I know," said he, as he took the price agreed upon, "but the papers say there's a big storm comin', an' then I'll make it up."

I usually give everyone the benefit of the doubt, especially children, but as I recalled similar promises, from untruthful boys, I simply said:

"We'll see."

The predictions of "the papers" were true, for the following night "the beautiful" fell at a greater depth than at any time before this winter. The wind blew furiously, besides, so our walks were so badly drifted in the morning that one member of the household composed only of women, said, in a doleful tone, as she looked out of the window:

"We are snowed in, and you may be sure that not a boy or man, either, will be job-huntin' this morning."

But a few minutes later the same speaker exclaimed:

"There's a boy on the front walk who is trying to level a drift about as high as he is. Do you know him?"

And then, as I stepped to the window, I saw the boy whose slight acquaintance I had made the day before, and I felt like cheering him when he spied me and sung out, cheerily:

"Guess I'll earn my money this morning, lady!"

I watched the plucky boy until my own courage failed me, and going to the door, I said:

"I am afraid that is too great an undertaking for you, my boy. I think you had better run across the street and ask that man if he will not finish it for you. I will pay you your price for what you have done already."

"Not much!" was the emphatic rejoinder; "it's my job, an' I'll stick to it till it's done."

And he did, though I several times urged him to stop; for it

**What Shall We Eat**

**TO KEEP HEALTHY AND STRONG?**

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet doubtless the best, in spite of the claims made by vegetarians and food cranks generally.



As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form, and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables or grains.

Dr. Julius Remusson on this subject says: Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat plenty of meat. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily strengthened by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs or other animal food in three or four hours, while the malt diastase also contained in Stuart's Tablets cause the perfect digestion of starchy foods, like potatoes, bread, etc., and no matter how weak the stomach may be, no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply the pepsin and diastase so necessary to perfect digestion, and any form of indigestion and stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach, will be overcome by their daily use.

That large class of people, who come under the head of nervous dyspeptics, should eat plenty of meat and insure its complete digestion by the systematic use of a safe, harmless, digestive medicine, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, peptones and diastase, which actually perform the work of digestion and give the abused stomach a chance to rest and to furnish the body and brain with the necessary nutriment. Cheap cathartic medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for relief or cure of indigestion, because they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food, and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the indigestion is to make daily use at meal time of a safe preparation which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles, and all this can truly be said of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

All druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain sell them at the uniform price of fifty cents for full treatment.

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