

NEEDING NANCY

"Nancy, could you take me to the dolls' show at the Smith & McNeill's toy department this afternoon? Mother can't because she has to stay with grandma." It was Nancy's little seven-year-old sister, Charlotte, who spoke. "Could you?" she repeated. Then as Nancy still did not reply, she added entreatingly, "I'm just wild to go! Jeanette Barlow has been; and she says there are hundreds of dolls."

"I'm so sorry, dear, but I can't possibly take you," Nancy replied at last. "This is my afternoon for telling stories to my club at the settlement, and I must do it. Think how few pleasures those girls have and how many you have! You have so much to make you happy this afternoon without the dolls' show, and they have nothing except my story-telling. I must go," she said again, "they need me."

Charlotte said not a word. With tears of disappointment in her eyes, she walked away. Nancy, glancing up at the houses as she sped off to the settlement, saw the child, curled up on the library window seat, gazing wistfully out at the gray winter sky. She frowned impatiently.

"It's enough to try the patience of a saint," she exclaimed to herself, "the narrowness and selfishness of the family point of view! It's so out of date, to say the least, to expect a person, just because she is born in a family, to sacrifice everything and every one to the family! Charlotte expects me to give up my settlement club meeting of two dozen little girls to take her, one little girl, to a dolls' show!"

"As for the rest of the family, they all, except mother, are the same. Henry doesn't see any reason why I can't neglect any and every one of my clubs if he wants me for something at the same time! Marion is just as bad! Even father can't understand that I'm needed at the settlement. Grandma

—nks making calls with mother on that tiresome Miss Jones, who doesn't need me at all, more important than all my dozens of friendly visits in the settlement neighborhood—where they do need me! Mother is the only one who understands that interest in humanity ought to be socialized—that the people who need your time, not the people who only want it, should have it."

Such reflections as those had been frequent with Nancy during the three months she had been taking a "course" at the social science school. Her family had indeed tried her patience. Nancy was the eldest daughter; they were an ordinary, everyday, well-to-do family, and were like other ordinary, everyday, well-to-do families in asking her those things that such families have asked of their eldest daughters for a great many generations. Except mother! Nancy's irritable musings invariably included these words.

After the story club had dispersed, Nancy lingered at the settlement talking with the head resident about social service. "You ought to give yourself to the persons who really need you, hadn't you?" she said finally.

"Most certainly!" the head resident agreed. She looked keenly at the young girl, and then added, "Of course, you should make no mistake about who they are."

Neither then nor immediately afterward did Nancy bestow more than a cursory mental glance upon the suggestion contained in the last remark.

Why should she? She was quite sure who the persons were that needed her. Were they not the children who came to the settlement and their families? Had she not, indeed, learned at the social science school, after only three months' attendance, that you should love and serve, not only your family, not only your personal friends, not only even your immediate neighborhood, but the whole human race—or such part of it as might especially need your love and service?

As she hurried home from the settlement Nancy said to herself petulantly, "That by this time Charlotte has got over being blue because I could not take her to the dolls' show! A dissatisfied child is so very trying!"

She found the family at supper. Far from being "blue" Charlotte was radiant with excitement and delight. "O Nancy," she cried, as her eldest sister slipped into her chair and unfolded her napkin, "I did go to the dolls' show! And it was lovely! Henry took me."

"And very good of Henry it was too, when he took you," said the father, looking at the family with a pleased look at his own.

"I did go to the dolls' show," said the mother, looking at the family with a pleased look at her own.

Although gratified at heart that his act was so generally appreciated, Henry showed a fifteen-year-old boy's dislike of being publicly praised. "Oh, let's talk about something else!" he said gruffly.

Nothing loath, Nancy began to relate anecdotes about her settlement boys and girls and grown-ups. "They are so interesting," she concluded, "you can do so much for them—they do need you so!"

The other members of her family made various and characteristic rejoinders to that assertion, none of which Nancy found very sympathetic—except her mother's. Her mother said with quiet conviction, "It is the best thing in the world to be needed."

Many times during the rest of her course at the social science school Nancy remembered her mother's words.

But perhaps she recollected them most vividly in the weeks after the course was finished, when she was trying to obtain a position as a settlement worker, or, finally, as a social worker of any kind.

It seemed that no such position "needed" her! Her work in the settlement during the period of her course had been arranged by the school. Now she had completed the course, and the work she had been doing was assigned to another student of the school.

At last Nancy, in dismay, consulted the head resident of the settlement in which she had had charge of the Little Girls' Story Club. "I thought I was needed here," she faltered.

"What you did was needed," the head resident reassured her. "It is still going on—only now some one else is doing it."

"But I thought I was needed," Nancy's voice was not quite steady.

"My dear," said the head resident gently, "few young girls are needed individually except by their own families—and in these days, alas! not all are needed even by them."

"What do you mean—not all are needed by them?" Nancy questioned.

"I hope you may not have to know!" was the head resident's only answer.

But poor Nancy did have to know. Unable to find a position as a social worker that needed a person so young and inexperienced, she said to herself, "I believe I will try to give myself to the family. They need me!" She now remembered the head resident's earlier words about making no mistake as to who the persons who needed you were. "They are the family," she declared to herself. "I already love them; I shall serve them!"

By way of beginning she said to Charlotte, whom she met in the hall as she entered the house, "There is a children's fair at the church house tomorrow afternoon. I'll take you if you'd like to go."

Charlotte stared at her sister in an amazement that made Nancy blush. "Marion is going to take me," she said. "Thank you very much," she added with tardy politeness. "You never can take me anywhere; so mother decided that, to some things near home, Marion was old enough to take me, if I would do just what she said, same as if she was my eldest sister."

Late in the afternoon Nancy came upon Henry, busily engaged in some wood carving. He had met with a difficulty owing to the grain of the wood. Nancy had taught wood carving to a class of boys at the settlement and after watching her brother for a few moments she said, "Let me help you with that."

Henry gazed at her with an astonishment equal to Charlotte's. "Father always helps me over the hard places," he replied. "Guess I'll wait for him."

For that day Nancy tried no more. Several times during the evening, when plans for the rest of the week were being discussed she almost offered her services in carrying them out, but somehow—a nameless but terrible fear—prevented her.

The next morning, however, after a night of refreshing sleep, things seemed less desperate. At the breakfast

BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my

lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a mill-woman for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."

—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Saved Two Fingers

The fingers were those of Mr. J. W. B. S. of 339 Craig St., Montreal. He says, "A falling beam badly smashed my hand. Two fingers were so severely crushed that the doctors said they would have to be amputated. Naturally I didn't want this, so decided to try Zam-Buk first. I applied Zam-Buk daily, and by the time I had used \$4 worth, the injury was completely healed. My fingers were saved!"

Just another illustration of the healing power of Zam-Buk. Accidents will happen. It may be your turn next. Better get a box and keep it handy. Accidents are less frequent than skin diseases, and remember this—

Zam-Buk is just as good for eczema, ulcers, skin diseases, and piles, as for cuts, burns, bruises. All druggists and stores 50c. box, or 3 for \$1.25. Refuse substitutes.

ZAM-BUK

table, her father said to no one in particular: "My desk is in such confusion I can't find a postage stamp on it."

"Let me tidy it for you, father," Nancy said at once.

He peered at her over the edge of his paper. "You, my dear!" he exclaimed. "Thank you very much, but Marion has done it lately—she knows about the things on it."

To her grandmother next, then to Marion, she tried to be of service and could not. They no longer needed her! She said it to herself with a bursting heart. None of them needed her! Unless—her mother. "Mother does, of course," Nancy assured herself.

But for three whole days she deferred offering herself in any capacity to her mother, until she thought she could not endure the lurking doubt another hour. When her mother one day after dinner mentioned her intention of calling that afternoon upon Miss Jones, she said hesitatingly, "Would you like me to go with you, mother?"

Her mother looked at her, but, blessed relief, not in surprise. "Yes, dear," she said, in her sweet voice, very much. And Miss Jones will like to see you. She needs visits from young people."

Needs! At the word Nancy's eyes filled with tears. In another moment she was in her mother's arms, sobbing out the whole story on her shoulder and being comforted. "No one needs me, not even the family, any more!" Nancy cried. "But I need you, mother!"

Her mother held her closer, kissing her softly, "ever, one needs you," she said tenderly, "and it won't be many days before you know it! We grew accustomed to not having you, when you were so busy with your settlement work, but not to not needing you; we've needed you every minute of the time! And you will find that the more you give yourself to your own family, the more you will be able to give yourself to the rest of the world—the more you will be needed by everyone."

"I don't just see how," said Nancy puzzled.

"You will see how!" her mother answered.

War Romance With Happy Ending

One of the bits of romance on the battle front, whose name is legion, came to light the other day. A society girl quarrelled with her soldier fiancée and he rushed to the front, determined to throw away his life. She, heart broken, became a nurse, and soon after was sent to France. There she was assigned to care for an officer who had been blinded by a fragment of shell. It was her fiancée.

She did not reveal her identity, but did everything she could to mitigate his sufferings. One day he asked her to write a love letter for him at his dictation. It proved to be to his fiancée in England—herself.

A complete reconciliation followed, though it was believed he was hopelessly blind. A few days later, however, the surgeon made a re-examination and found the soldier's sight could be restored.

An operation was performed. The wedding will follow when the bandages are removed from his eyes.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Watson

So live that when you die the folks that know you well will not laugh at the epitaph on your tombstone.

TELEPHONE WITHOUT WIRES

Dr. Bell Tells of Man Hearing in Honolulu Talk From Eiffel Tower.

ST. CATHERINES, Nov. 10.—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, addressing the Canadian Club on "Apparent Impossibilities," said: "If the telephone has reached its extreme limits, what next? I cannot say what next, but I can tell you of something that happened in Washington about three weeks ago. The telephone has been applied to wireless, and a man in Arlington, just across the river from Washington, talked with a man on the Eiffel Tower in Paris by telephone without wires. But this is not all. A man in Honolulu heard the conversation. From Honolulu to the Eiffel Tower is 8,000 miles, one third the circumference of the globe. Does it not mean that we talk from any part of the world to any other and without wire?"

CROSS ATLANTIC IN A DAY

Dr. Bell referred to the great advance in aviation in recent years, though the airplane idea was 200 years old, and predicted machines flying 130 miles an hour as high as 20,000 feet in the air. The higher they are the rarer the air and the greater the speed. "The time will come when you will take your breakfast in Newfoundland and your supper on the west coast of Ireland," he said.

ABLE TO SEE BY WIRE

The inventor of the telephone positively prophesied, too, that the day would come when light vibration would be transmitted electrically and persons would be able to see by wire, though he does not expect himself to aid in realizing this. In this connection he recalled that in 1881 he filed a patent at Washington and it became rumored that it was to afford sight over telegraph wires, and a group of persons claimed to have made prior discoveries and denounced Bell as a thief.

WHISPERED 900 MILES

He detailed the origin and development of his telephone, saying that a few days ago he had whispered a message from New York to Chicago, and received a whispered reply.

Dr. Bell, in concluding, said that just as the world war had, before it broke, been deemed an impossibility, why should not an international league of peace be possible?

Why we Break Bottles

In these days, when the launching of a battle ship is no longer a public ceremony, it would be interesting to know if the custom of breaking a bottle over the vessel's bow as she descends into the water, is still observed. The act has no convivial meaning. The careful uncorking of several dozen bottles at the luncheon, which followed, fulfilled that side of the ceremony. Nor had it any association with the Christian baptism, for a man-of-war's name was given long before the shores were knocked away. The real meaning of the rite was nothing short of sacrifice. Building a town or launching a ship were solemn matters to our forefathers, not to be done without devoting a life to propitiate the gods. Our timid civilization no longer dares to sacrifice a slave or a prisoner on such occasions, and therefore we break the bottle, signifying the taking of a man's life.

The Devil Resigns.

The devil sat by a lake of fire on a pile of sulphur kegs; his head was bowed upon his breast, his tail between his legs; a look of shame was on his face, the sparks dripped from his eyes—he had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies. "I'm down and out," the devil said—he said it with a sob—"there are others that out-class me and I want to quit the job. Hell isn't in it with the land that lies along the Rhine; I'm a has been and a piker, and therefore I resign; one ammunition maker with his bloody shot and shell knows more about damnation than all theimps of hell. Give my job to Kaiser William, the author of this war—he understands it better a million times by far. I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well, but I feel that I'm not up-to-date in the art of running hell."

Travelling at a Hundred.

Mrs. Mary A. Paul, of East Milton, N. H., 109 years old, a Mic-Mac Indian of the tribe at Holderness, N. H., has gone to Lunenburg, N. S., to visit John Hammon a member of the same tribe, who is also a centenarian. Mrs. Paul gave as her reason for undertaking such a long journey at her advanced age, a desire "to talk Indian for awhile." She intends to come back next spring. Mrs. Paul for years has been engaged in making sweet grass baskets and other souvenirs, headed moosehairs, etc., in East Milton.

Isn't it a shame that the highest praise a man ever gets comes out at his funeral.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Ever Taste Crushed Coffee?

If you have, you've wondered at the entire absence of even a hint of bitterness. It is because the small, even, clean, crushed grains of Red Rose Coffee are entirely free from bitter chaff or dust. You taste the true rich coffee flavor—and that alone. Red Rose Coffee is of such a quality that no egg is necessary to clear it. It is as easily made as Red Rose Tea, and pours out of the pot bright and clear, with a fragrance that fills the room, and your heart with joy. It's the class, is

Red Rose Coffee



MUSIC MUSIC

Nature's great gift to Humanity.

Cultivate it in Childhood and Youth.

Musical Goods of highest grade only.

Bell Pianos
Heintzman Pianos
Morris Pianos

Bell Organs, Thomas Organs, Karn Organs

Edison Phonographs, Columbia Grafonolas

The famous White Sewing Machine

N. H. PHINNEY

LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

New Suits

—FOR—

Men and Boys

Styles that are as practical as they are good looking. In all apparel we plan to have the wanted kinds and styles. Plenty of sizes and prices that are the lowest, consistent always with good quality. A visit to our store will show you how thoroughly prepared we are this season with FURNISHINGS to complete every man or boy's wardrobe.

J. HARRY HICKS

Clothier and Gent's Furnisher

Corner Queen and Granville Streets

BRIDGETOWN

Phone 48-2.

A Natural Fortification

If you catch colds easily, if troubled with catarrh, if subject to headaches, nervousness or listlessness, by all means start today to build your strength with

SCOTT'S EMULSION

which is a concentrated medicinal-food and building-tonic to put power in the blood, strengthen the life forces and tone up the appetite. No harmful drugs in SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

