

"Here they are, grandfather. Ben said, cheerily, picking them up and slipping them into the withered, shaking hand.

"Thank you, thank you," was the response, "I was just thinking I needed my specs so's I could see to find 'em," added the old man, with a laugh.

The old gentleman continued to chuckle while readjusting his glasses then, seeing Ben about to start away, he continued hastily:

"Fell ye what, 'tain't much as it was when I first came to these parts. Over where you see that —"

Ben looked over at the other boys standing a short distance away and waving frantically. "I'm to go nutting with the boys, now, grandpa," he said gently; "they're all waiting for me. But when I come back, you'll tell me all about it, won't you?" And with a cheery smile and nod, Ben was gone.

Out in the woods a light frost had scattered far and wide the glossy brown nuts. Bright-eyed squirrels, intent on storing away their winter's supply while food was plentiful, scampered nimbly hither and yon, as the merry lads tramped shouting through the brown and gold leaves, scattering them far and wide in their eager search. Before the early twilight had begun to draw on, bags and baskets were filled and the boys were on their way back to the grove, leaving the coast clear for the shy inhabitants of the woods.

Ben had been so busy shaking the trees and scrambling about among the leaves that he had forgotten all about the lonely, old man in the grove, until, coming suddenly in sight of the picnickers, he saw Grandfather Moore's bent figure still seated in the hickory arm-chair.

"Say, boys," Ben said, suddenly, "there's poor old Grandpa Moore sitting there still. He's been alone 'most of the day. You know how he likes to talk over old times—let's all go over and ask him to tell us some stories about when he was a boy here. 'Twould please him. Shall we?"

"But we've heard 'most all his stories," began Dick, protestingly.

"Well, what if we have?" replied Ben. "Another year he may not be here. I, for one, would like to make this something of a pleasant day for him." Ben's eyes held an earnest light.

"As you like it," said one of the others; and the entire party was soon gathered around Grandpa Moore, whose kindly old face beamed with pleasure as he saw the attention given him, and he called up one of his best stories of the days when, rifle in hand, he had tramped through these same woods, hunting for wild partridge.

Told of the former scene of action, the stories gained additional interest for the boys, and they listened with unfeigned pleasure to these tales of pioneer life. The summons to the sunset supper came while Grandpa Moore was still talking, and the old man was

## A Wrong Idea of the Nerves.

**The Action of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys Dependent on the Nerve Force—Extraordinary Results From the Use of**

### Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

There is not a single organ of the human body that can perform its functions without a liberal supply of nerve force—the motive power of the body.

The nervous system should never be thought of as a separate part of the body. Its branches extend from the brain and the spinal column to the tips of the fingers and the toes. Just as the blood is carried by the arteries to every nook and corner of the system, so the nerve force, by means of nerve fibres, is distributed and nerve force is just as important to life as is good, rich blood.

When the nerve cells are wasted, by over-exertion, worry or disease, more rapidly than they are replaced, the action of the heart becomes slower, the lungs begin to weaken, the stomach fails to do its duty, the liver and kidneys falter in their work as filters and the excretory organs get feeble and inactive. You may be a sufferer from weakness and exhaustion of the nerves, and may have been attributing the trouble to the stomach, kidneys or other organs. Nervous exhaustion is marked by restlessness, disturbed sleep, languid, weary feelings, headache, dyspepsia, and bodily pains, inability to concentrate the thoughts, absent-mindedness, weakened memory, twisting of the muscles and eyelids, sudden startings and jerking of the limbs in sleep, dizziness, irritability and gloomy forebodings.

Through the medium of the nervous system, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food carries new life and energy to every organ of the body. It strengthens the action of the heart, invigorates the stomach, makes the kidneys, liver and bowels more active, and builds up the entire system.

If you experience any of these symptoms of nervous exhaustion, you can rely absolutely on Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to cure you. It does not stimulate, but thoroughly cures by forming new, red corpuscles in the blood and creating nerve force.

Mr. E. Rosevear, a retired school teacher, of 2 Markham Place, Toronto says:—

"I am getting up in years, and, as a natural result of severe study, my health has been undermined and my system very much run down. I got so weak and nervous and suffered so much from dizziness, that I found it necessary to begin treatment of some kind. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

has been so highly spoken of that I decided to give it a trial, and can now speak of its merits from personal experience. It has built me up wonderfully, and strengthened and restored my nervous system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

led out in triumph to sit in state at the head of the boys table, and the lads vied with one another in heaping his plate with the choicest morsels.

"I declare, father looks ten years younger than he did when he came," exclaimed his daughter, who had been in charge of fite cooking and general preparations for the day. "He held back about coming, for he said I'd be busy all day, and he was afraid no one would want to be bothered with him. But he seems to have chirked up wonderfully."

While supper was being cleared away, there was a clatter of hoofs, and a roll of wheels, and Jim Wilson's light spring wagon came through the grove, to take grandpa Moore home.

"Been lonesome, grandfather?" he asked, assisting the feeble old man to climb into the wagon.

"I can't say that I have," was the smiling reply. "I've been entertaining these boys with old-time stories this last hour or so, and we have had a proper good time; have we not, boys?"

"Yes, sir, we have!" came in hearty response. "A right good time." And as the wagon disappeared in the gloaming, Ben turned to the boys and said:

"That paid, didn't it?"

"I should say it did! Better than bagging nuts."

"And Grandpa Moore feels as young as though he had been bagging nuts. That was a fine story he told."

"And right on the spot where it happened, too. I shall think of it when I come into these woods again."

"The pleasantest part of the day," said one of the women who were packing the baskets, "was seeing the young folks and the old mingle so."

"Yes, And how finely the boys treated Grandpa Moore. He'll remember it as long as he lives."

## HE HAD A CONSCIENCE.

One day, after a severe storm, a large number of men and boys were out on the roads of a country town to shovel out the drifts. Each workman was paid twenty-five cents an hour, and, as may be supposed, there was no very strict watch kept upon them; but one little tellow seemed to be working with all his might, and his comrades laughed at him.

"Why, Jim, are you after the job of highway surveyor, or do you expect to get more than the rest of us for putting in so?"

"Let's put him out; he is shortening our job; 'twon't last till night at this rate!" laughed another.

"I am getting man's pay for the first time in my life, and I mean to earn it," said Jim. "I don't suppose the town cares, nor that I shall get any more money at night, but I shall feel a big sight better myself."

"You've begun right, Jim," said the surveyor, who was not very strict in behalf of the town, perhaps, but had a business of his own, where he appreciated workmen with a conscience.

## MAKE USE OF THE MINUTES.

In the room of a girl friend the other day we noticed something which especially interested us. To the pin cushion, which occupied the central position on her dresser was pinned a short poem, evidently clipped from some newspaper, and the poem happened to be the "Recessional," which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now a pin-cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, however grand or beautiful, and we looked to our friend for an explanation.

"I always have something I especially want to know pinned to my cushion," she said, smiling, "and when I'm brushing my hair or adjusting a collar button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead."

## Advice to Old Maids.

Give your gentlemen friends good tea. It is unnecessary to go to India for a Mon-soon.

Lead Packets.

All Grocers.

# MONSOON

## INDO-CEYLON TEA