

HIS MAGIC KEY.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

We were sitting in the office of the ironmaster. "Yes," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone. "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes and then resumed: "Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. "I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or may be eight. Time goes so fast. I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door. 'Come in!' I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!

"Well, this young man came to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners for his manners were good.

"'Good morning, sir!' he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. 'I want work. Can you give me any?'

"I shook my head, I never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time.

"'No, sir!' I said. 'We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you.' I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. 'I must have work,' he said. 'I would try to give satisfaction, sir, and tell you I must have it!'

"He spoke as if I had the work in my coat pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost, yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

"'My good sir,' I said, putting the paper down, 'there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your references I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day.'

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely, in this great place there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!'

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and shut the door after him; but I looked at him again and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or snivelling about him. If there had been, out he would have come in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so.

"What kind of work do you want?" I said, putting down the paper.

"Any kind."

"You mean that?"

"I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—' he choked a little and stopped. Then, 'I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!'

"Come with me!" I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that.

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too hot for work for Yankee to touch, and the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking in their uncouthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear, white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

"Here is a job! I said. 'The only one I know of. How do you like it?'

"Well enough," he said, as cool as possible.

"You'll get a dollar and a half a day," I told him. "You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?"

It had been worse after a day's rowing—and this is just as good bread as any other," and he took a bite out of his lunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar.

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out, but his pluck kept him up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger if something hadn't turned up.

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened and in came Green, from the boiler works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

"Will you take a man on trial?"

"What kind of man?" asked Green.

"Well, I hardly know," said I. 'I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work,' and I told the man's story.

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mid, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed about his success in life. I told him my head when we were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article, and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his such extensive precautions as those for the winter for the summer months, the use of a little precaution in their packing may result in untold saving.

While it is true that most insects have strong antipathy to tobacco, camphor and certain other substances with a strong smell, nevertheless such precautions often prove ineffectual in some degree. Just why it is that in some instances in which fur articles are thoroughly sprinkled with snuff, tobacco leaves or camphor the moth is still found in the article when again taken out for use, while in other cases these simple precautions prove most effective is a question which furriers have been unable to answer.

The fur dealers, however, realize that it is a fact, and do not use any substance of the kind, but depend on the use of these convolutions and frequent whipping with rattans.

In most of the fur shops and stores the large fur skins are packed away in large square pine boxes in March, and once in two or three weeks taken out and beaten with sticks, by which method the moth worms are brought out and fall to the ground.

Smaller and finer articles, like muffins and tipsets, are wrapped in newspapers and laid in bandboxes, often with another newspaper placed over the box, and shut in by the cover. Every two or three convolutions are all taken out, whipped and replaced in a different position. They are turned with the "other" end or "other" side up, to prevent matting down the fur.

Sometimes the corner of the bandbox is further secured by pasting the paper tightly around it, but even then it must be often opened.

Of course, it is unnecessary for the private individual with her one or two half a dozen fur garments to undertake such extensive precautions as those of the furrier with his store full of perishable fur goods. Nevertheless, the method he has adopted to prevent the destruction of his furs is undoubtedly the best, and in a somewhat modified form, can be followed by the individual in preference to the old time method of camphor and tobacco, which leaves the garment with such a strong smell when again taken out for use.

The danger begins in March and the war against the moth should now be taken up in earnest.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—Sleeplessness is generally due not to physical strain, but to mental overwork and worry.

The best cure for insomnia is exercise in the open air. When you find that you can't sleep, get up at once, dress and go for a walk. It will be much better than to lie in bed and keep tossing about.

When you get back from your tramp the bed will feel good, and sleep will come quickly to your tired body and brain.

Don't walk along, however, in a lark, half-hearted fashion. Go at a brisk, half trot. Expand your chest, stretch your legs, breathe steadily and get your blood purified by the exercise of your whole body.

And don't think about the things that have worried you during the day. Try to give your mind some new food.

THE FEATHER BED.—The feather bed, so long banished to the attic, as an unsanitary relic of years long gone by, says the "Home Journal and News," is said to be coming into favor again, so housekeepers whose ticks filled with feathers have not been disturbed by the recent craze for sofa pillows may send them to be steamed and cleaned, to be kept in readiness for the

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hair on the pen when he began to write, for I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing."

"I didn't keep her because her finger nails would turn her down anywhere," said one member of a law firm to another in response to a question about a stenographer and typewriter whom he had on trial. "She was a competent person, I think, but her nails"—he shrugged his shoulders, and the subject was dropped.

"Oh, yes, she wrote a good letter," said the same man, speaking of another applicant. "There was one thing I didn't like, and that more than counterbalanced the good points in her application. I don't want a typewriter who is careless about her machine. Her letters were blurred; her machine needed cleaning. If she wasn't careful enough to clean her typewriter when writing a letter of such importance to herself, she would be sure to be slovenly in her every-day work."

"I can't stand his voice. I'd as lief hear a buzz-saw," said a man about a boy who applied for a position in his office.

"Tell that young woman we can't take her. She wears too many rings for us," said an editor-in-chief to his associate speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.—Exchange.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A Message of Hope to the Weak and Depressed.

A Grateful Woman Tells of Her Release From the Agonies That Afflict Her Sex, After Three Doctors Had Failed to Help Her.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only fall to the lot of women. The following story of the suffering and release of Mrs. Charles Hoag, of Southampton, N.S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to one suffering from Mrs. Hoag's ailments.

"For nine out of the thirty-two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine I could suffer and yet have lived. Three years out of four I would be unable to move about and, indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—three of the most skillful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case. They agreed on their diagnosis, but the treatment varied; and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure.

Many a time when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a half dozen bottles of a blood-making compound that was highly recommended. This, like everything else, failed to help me. There seemed to be not a particle of blood in my body. My face was absolutely colorless, and my appetite almost entirely deserted me. I often saw in the newspaper letters testifying to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills determined to suffer and discouragement had made me too sceptical to see any hope of relief, when doctors had failed to effect a cure. But at last I came across the story of a cure near home—that of Mr. Moses Boss, of Rensselaer. I knew that at one time he had been regarded as a hopeless consumptive and his cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, determined me to try them. I had not taken two boxes before I began to feel better, and an agreeable surprise I kept on taking the pills, all the time feeling new blood in my veins, activity returning to my limbs, and the feeling of depression gradually wearing away. To many women it may seem incredible that the mere making of new blood in my veins could restore to a healthy condition misplaced internal organs, but this has been my happy experience. My pains have all left me, and I am now as healthy a woman as there is in the place. This health owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have rescued me from a life of suffering, if not from the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. These pills are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

NOW PRESERVE FURS.—At this time of year, when muffins and tipsets and other fur goods of the winter are considered for rest for the summer months, the use of a little precaution in their packing may result in untold saving.

Business Cards.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. C. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding-Secretary, F. J. Curran; B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, M. A. Phelan; Secretary-Treasurer, M. J. Power. All communications to be addressed to the Hall, Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Hinphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Statia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, F. J. Curran; Corresponding Secretary, J. Curran. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street. Telephone, Main, 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: — J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1833 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording secretary. 1675 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, organized 1855.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary; 414 St. Antoine street.

M.B.A. OF CANADA, BIANCHI 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B.C.L.; President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1853.— Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President. D. Gallery, M.P.; Secretary, Jas. Brady, No. 97 Bleury street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killheather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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BLOOD.

We live by our blood, and on it we thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor.

There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high, we are being refreshed, bone muscle and brain in body and mind, with continual flow of rich blood.

This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it.

Back of the blood, is food to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil. It sets the whole body going again—man, woman and child.

We'll send you a little try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.

HINTS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Why didn't you keep that boy?" asked one merchant of another, referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office.

"I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from a pen."

"That was a very slight reason for which to condemn a lad."

"Pardon me, but I think it is a very sufficient reason. There was a

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