

me for advice and encouragement—weep till their fountain of tears is dried up—then settle down into a condition of despair to suffer to life's end what they have made up their minds cannot be cured.

Oh where is the chivalric spirit of the knights-errant of old? Will no one arise to redress the wrongs of the women and innocent children who are being crushed under the heel of this pitiless foe of our race?

Poor Polly has no boots of her own; her feet are protected by a pair of old slippers which a lady, at whose house she was washing and scrubbing, had given her rather than put them into the stove. Polly thinks, first of all, of her poor husband, who must have a new pair of boots to match his new socks her hands have just knit for him. So Bill takes half the money and away he goes to help "to ruin business" now that there are no more grog shops.

"Mr. Ford, have you any boots that'll fit me?"

"No, Bill; we haven't any boots that'll fit you. I told you once before that you needn't come here for boots. I don't want your custom."

"I've got the money to pay for them, Mr. Ford; see, here she is, brand new, right out the bank?"

"Oh well, Bill, I don't know, perhaps we have some of your size, when I come to think. What size do you take, Bill?"

He gets the boots, just the fit, pays his money, and starts for home.

Now, can you persuade Ford that that kind of trade is