

Goodwin's presence in his office at that time of night. He walked up to Mr. Goodwin and asked for an interview, but was not surprised when he was sharply repulsed. The reporter was surer than ever that he was on the track of news. The next day he found an opportunity to approach the two stenographers, neither of whom accepted his overtures. He decided that the office boy would be easier to handle, even though his testimony was less likely to be valuable, and he lay in wait to sound Ernest.

On the afternoon of the third day, a messenger boy brought Mr. Goodwin a telegram, which he read with glowing eyes. As he called Ernest into the private office, the boy was sure that he had heard good news. "I want you to go to Mr. Hallowell's office at once," Mr. Goodwin said. "Tell him I should like to have him meet Mr. Ellis here at five o'clock."

As Ernest made his way down the street, the reporter previously spoken of joined him.

"You walk as if you were in a hurry," he said, as coolly as if he had been an old acquaintance. "Got anything particular on hand?"

"An errand for Mr. Goodwin," replied Ernest briefly.

"Yes, I suppose so. And where are you going on your errand?"

Ernest walked on, paying no attention to this question. The reporter looked at him keenly. "See here, young fellow," he said, "I guess it's no use trying to fool you, so I am going to come right out and say what I want. I have reason to believe that Goodwin & Co. is in a tight place."

Ernest did not turn his head, and after a moment the reporter went on: "If Goodwin can't get hold of money to push those patents of his, he's going to lose what he's already invested. What I want to know is, who he expects to help him out? Where has he sent you to-day in such a tremendous hurry?"

Ernest began to whistle, to show how little he intended to answer the question. "I'm not asking you to do this for nothing," the reporter urged, quite undiscouraged. "If Goodwin fails in a month or less, you're out of a job, you see. Now, I know where I can put you in a place as good as this or better. Besides, I'll pay you cash down for telling what you know. Where are you going now?"

Ernest was slackening his speed. If he hurried to Mr. Hallowell's office, he reflected, it would amount to the same thing as telling what his unwelcome companion so much wished to know.

"I'm going right along with you," said the reporter, as if he had read his thoughts. "You might as well make something out of telling me, for I shall find out all about it anyway."

"You're welcome to all you can

find out," Ernest said, politely. He turned suddenly northward, and the reporter kept step with him, making humorous remarks from time to time, to which the boy deigned no answer.

They left the business blocks behind presently, and made their

## Nervous Dyspepsia

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You know that certain drugs, such as pepsin and bismuth, bring about artificial digestion, and if you have dyspepsia or indigestion it is possible that, like hosts of others, you have taken these into the stomach, hoping that they will take the place of gastric juice and other digestive fluids, digest the food, and by resting the stomach effect a cure.

Did you ever hear of a bodily organ being strengthened by inactivity? It is to the organ that is exercised that the new, rich blood is conveyed in order to restore the tissues wasted by the functions of that organ, and so the stomach that is given rest does not get stronger, but the gastric juice gradually ceases to flow, and you are finally compelled to resort to the continual use of artificial digestants.

If instead of these temporary aids, you seek permanent cure, you must treat the nerves, because it is the nerves that control the glands of the stomach, and only when the supply of nerve force is liberal is digestion rightly performed, and the body properly nourished.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is no experiment, as you know if you have read the hundreds of testimonials that are appearing in the daily press. We recommend it for nervous dyspepsia and headache, because it has actually cured scores and hundreds of cases. Here is an interesting letter:

Mrs. R. H. Scott, 667 Queen St., East, Toronto, states: "For a long time I was a great sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, and as a consequence of stomach trouble I was nervous and sometimes had severe headaches and dizzy spells. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I can say that my digestion is good, and as a result, I have been entirely freed from the other troublesome symptoms. I think this an excellent treatment for nervous dyspepsia, as well as an invaluable system-builder."

This treatment will prove equally effective in your case, because it actually contains the most powerful restoratives known to the medical profession. It cures by building up the system, and instilling new vital nerve force into the wasted and depleted nerve cells. 50 cents a box; 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Advice to Bachelors.

Failing to get the girl you want, you may as well be wedded to MONSOON CEYLON TEA. It can't refuse you, and may be had at all grocers. Lead packets.

# MONSOON

## INDO-CEYLON TEA

way along the closely-built residence section which lay close to the heart of the city. Three-quarters of an hour brought them to Mr. Goodwin's home, and, for the first time, the reporter's face fell. It looked as if he were on the wrong track, after all. Perhaps Goodwin had only sent a message to his wife. "I'll wait till the boy comes out," thought the reporter, strolling leisurely up and down the sidewalk. "If he knows anything, I'll get it out of him. I'll bid high enough to fetch him next time."

Meanwhile Ernest was saying to the mistress of the house: "Oh, isn't there some way I can get out without his seeing me. I've got an errand to do for Mr. Goodwin, and he doesn't want the papers to get hold of it."

"Come downstairs," said Mrs. Goodwin, quietly. She led him through the basement kitchen, picking up a market basket on the way, and Ernest hung this upon his arm. If the reporter had chanced to look in the direction of the alley, he would have seen nothing but a grocer's boy hurrying about his work. He might have been surprised to know that as soon as the grocer's boy had turned the corner, he dropped his basket and began to run.

Old Mr. Hallowell was just ready to go home when Ernest reached the office, and he frowned as he heard his message. "Queer time for Goodwin to make an appointment. Why, I shall be late for dinner!"

"Yes, sir. But Mr. Goodwin sent me a long time ago. More than an hour."

"And you dare to tell me so!" cried the old gentleman, with one of his frequent outbursts of wrath. "You've been idling on the way, wasting your employer's time! You deserve to lose your place, sir! You do, indeed!"

In self-defence Ernest began to tell his story, and as he explained he was surprised to see the old gentleman's wrath give place to amusement. Several times in his life Mr. Hallowell had suffered from what he regarded as the unjustifiable interference of other people in his affairs. Now he slapped his knee and laughed, and then he slapped Ernest on the back and laughed again. "We had better go," he said at last, to the boy's great relief. "Goodwin will have given me up."

In fact, Mr. Goodwin's face was grey as he sat with Mr. Ellis in the inner office, listening to the ticking of the clock. "He can't be coming," Mr. Ellis said for the twentieth time.

Mr. Goodwin had no heart to make the answer, he had made so often before, but this time it was not necessary. All at once the door opened, and Mr. Hallowell came in smiling. "I'd have been here before," he said at once, "but this boy of yours has just brought me your message."

"What!" cried Mr. Goodwin, flashing a glance of angry astonishment at Ernest. But Mr. Hallowell held up his hand. "Don't get excited," he said, soothingly, "Wait till you hear about it. It's the best story I've listened to for many a day."

He told the story, stopping now and then to laugh. His placid face shone with good humour. Before a word of business was spoken, Mr. Goodwin knew that the help he so much needed was certain to be his.

"Well," said Mr. Goodwin, taking Ernest by the hand, "whether our patents turn out what we expect or not, we shall not forget how you stood by the firm."

"Thank you," said Ernest. "I only did my duty, sir."

### GOD'S PROMISES.

God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said, "I will show thee the land." At Bethel, "This is the land." In Canaan, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving us anything until we have dared to act—that He may test us. Not giving everything at first—that he may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored reminders of God! Who ever saw His last star?

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