

# NESTLE'S FOOD



Nestle's Food has nourished three generations of sturdy children. Nestle's Food is used by thousands of mothers, who were themselves brought up on it. Nestle's Food Means Healthy Babies because it supplies all the nourishment that any baby needs to grow into a sturdy, rosy, healthy child. Nestle's Food requires no milk—just add water. Free sample sent to any mother who will try it. The Loening, Miles Co., Sole Agents, Montreal.

street when the sidewalk was slippery and, as he slowly picked his way along, he was thrown down by the careless driver of a hansom cab.

Tim jumped quickly, helped the boy to his feet, wiped off the blood from his forehead, which had been cut by a sharp stone, and gave him a seat on a doorstep near, as he seemed stunned by the suddenness of the fall. Learning where he lived; that he had not a penny with him; that he was out looking for work, Tim hailed a passing omnibus which would leave him a few doors from his home, helped the boy into it and, taking some coppers from his pocket, paid his fare and cheerily bade him good-by.

A gentleman who was passing at the time had noticed what Tim had done, and, stepping up to him, said, as he handed him a shining sixpence, "Here my little man, take this. You can't afford to be paying fares for boys who tumble down on your crossing."

"No, sir; no, I thank you sir," said Tim, as he declined to take the coin.

"Why not," said the gentleman, with astonishment in his look. "You surely would not be sweeping a crossing if you had much money in your pocket!"

"I have not much," replied Tim, "that is true. But I can do that."

"I am glad you have so kindly a heart," said the gentleman. "But just accept this and make yourself good."

Tim could not be persuaded. He answered very positively, "I couldn't, sir," and then added, with peculiar emphasis, "for then the charm of it would be gone."


The gentleman put his sixpence in his pocket, said no more and passed on. Those last words, however, he never forgot. He had noticed "little Tim" many a time and had bidden him a pleasant good morning, but he had never before discovered the kindness and the generosity of the merry-faced street-sweeper.

As he walked on toward his office he repeated several times those words, "the charm of it would be gone." He recalled how his only daughter, who had died during the year, had loved to gather with her own hands the flowers from their greenhouses and gardens, tie them up into little bouquets and take them herself to distribute to the poor in the city hospitals. The letters he had received from many of them since her death rehearsed their gratitude to her for the kindly words and gifts.

"Well," he said to himself, as he walked down the busy, noisy street, self-absorbed with the vision of his lovely daughter in his mind, "surely she, too, would have said, had I asked her to send one of the maids with the flowers to the hospital, 'Oh, the charm of it would be gone!'" He was glad, as he thought of it, that the little street-sweeper, poor as he was, could have the pleasure of doing a kind deed.

That very morning as he sat in his counting-room directing his clerks, dictating letters, and studying business plans, he turned aside from it all for a little while and wrote a note to the secretary of the hospital board, enclosing a check of \$10,000, the interest of which was to be used in making comfortable the children of the poor. This he did in

## The balance of time is maintained by the unerring accuracy of the ELGIN WATCH



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memory of his beloved daughter and that he might not deny himself the real charm of giving.

Little Tim swept away at his dirty crossing as merry as ever, little dreaming that his kindly act had so powerful an influence and would be the means of procuring comforts for years and years to many poor and suffering ones.

### THE GIANTS OF EVERY DAY.

Looking up from the picture book he was eagerly reading, Teddie exclaimed, "I'd like to be 'Jack the Giant-Killer' and frighten all the old giants away."

The other children laughed heartily at Teddie's choice, and Bob remarked: "There never was such a man, Ted. It's only a foolish story, you know. There aren't any giants."

Teddie looked disappointed. This was taking away the charm from his book.

"There are giants, aren't there, Uncle John" he asked, throwing down his book and coming over to his uncle's arm-chair.

"Giants, Teddie?" he repeated, gravely. "Yes, my boy, there are a great many giants all around us; and we have to learn to be good fighters; if we do not wish to be overcome by them."

Teddie beamed triumphantly, but the other children opened their eyes in wonder, and Alice asked:

"What do you mean, Uncle John?"

"My dear Alice," he answered, "there is one dreadful giant, named Intemperance, that is harder to conquer than any that the famous Jack ever vanquished. And there is another called Selfishness, a terrible monster, with nine heads; and a third named Cruelty, and a fourth named Dishonesty. We might mention ever so many more."

"Oh, that kind," said Bob. "I meant there were no real giants."

"Well, these are fairly real giants, Bob. Did you ever try hard to fight one?"

Bob looked sober.

"I don't believe I've tried as hard as I might, sir," he confessed frankly. "I think my worst giant is Selfishness," he added, slowly.

"And mine is Idleness," whispered Alice.

"What is mine? It must be my Quick Temper," admitted Nellie,

blushing over memories of recent defeats.

The three had formed a semi-circle around Ted and Uncle John, and their bright faces were more thoughtful than usual.

Little Ted looked perplexed. They were talking in riddles.

"Has everybody got a giant?" he ventured.

The others laughed at this, but Uncle John answered, kindly:

"I'm afraid so, Ted. Anything that keeps us from doing good is our giant that we have to fight. Have you one, my little man?"

The child's face flushed as he replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Yes, there are lots of them. There's my cross words to the nurse this morning; and I disobeyed mamma; and I broke papa's penknife that he told me not to touch; and I, oh!"—there Ted stopped suddenly and hid his face on uncle's shoulder.

The children didn't laugh this time.

### Bleeding Piles.

It is now universally conceded that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment obtainable for every form of piles. Here is an illustration of how it cures the bleeding variety of this dreaded disease.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"I am taking the liberty of informing you that for two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and lost each day about half a cup of blood. Last summer I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months I was better, but my old trouble returned, and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo another operation, but I would not consent.

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