

By John Galsworthy in the London Nation.

try weather," and other sources of his great happiness, and he said, "You are truly obedient." On the fifteenth day he was back at his corner, seated on his box in the pouring rain, saying that he was "a different man, ten years younger and ready to go now any day." He could find nothing persuasive in the theory that heaven had made a special intervention on his behalf. But only four days later, the sun being out, and the heavens, he was so long in answering, clear, he began to fear he had been visited by some kind of stroke; his old face had lost color, it seemed stiff, and his eyes had almost disappeared.

Inquire elicited from him the information that he was better than he had been, but that the dog was dead. He had put it away while he had been lame, and he was afraid that he should miss the "faithful" fellow.

"He was very good to me," he said; "always came for a bit of bread or biscuit. And he was company to me; I missed very much a sensible creature." He seemed to have no other friends. He pined during his absence, and that this had accelerated his end by making his owners think he was more dumb than he really was.

The weather was cold, the cold, damp autumn that year, told heavily on the old man; but it was not till mid-November that he was noted one day to be seen from his post. As he did not reappear, his location was sought out. It was in a humble street, but the house was neat and clean, and the landlady seemed a good, sensible woman. She informed us that our friend was laid up with pleurisy and the gouty rheumatics; that by rights, of course, he ought to be in the infirmary; but she didn't like to turn him out, though where she would go to say nothing of his food, because she couldn't let him starve while there he was crying out with the pain, and no wonder, but herself to turn a hand to him, with her old dog, and he was in her house, where he could hover for her if he wanted. An awful independent old fellow, too, or else she wouldn't hesitate for that was where he ought to be, and she wouldn't let him go a mile in the world to close his eyes; and that's what it would come to, though she would never be surprised if he got up and went out tomorrow, he was the same.

Leaving her to the avocations which we had interrupted by coming in, we went on up the stairs.

The door of the back room at the top of the stairs, which we had supposed, open, and through it the sound of our old friend's voice could be heard, travelling forth:

"O Lord God, that took the dog from me, and made me lame, and made me help me to keep a stiff and contrite heart. I am an old man, O Lord God, and I am not one to go into that place. So God give me a stiff heart, and I shall be able to go to the infirmary, for that's about all I can do now, God. I have been a good one in my time, O Lord, and cannot remember doing harm to any man for a long while, and I shall be glad to go to the infirmary who had remembered him of the 'lame'

cessful, but if it is repeated day after day the blessing of sleep will come. It is quite possible to fix the habit, so that the nap can be taken regularly almost to the minute, and its duration can be reduced to equal regularity. Some men owe their salvation

do not forget to tell now that I am down-
laying here all day, and the rent go-
in' on. For ever and ever, O Lord
Amen."

We allowed a little time to pass be-
fore the landlord came, unwilling that he
should think we had overheard the
prayer. He was lying in a small dingy
bed, with a medicine bottle and glass
beside him on an old tin trunk. There
was no fire.

"He's dead," it seemed—better than he
had been; the doctor's staff was doing
him good.

Certain arrangements were made for his
benefit, and in less than three
weeks he was back again at his cor-
ner.

In the spring of the following year
we went abroad, and were absent sev-
eral months. He was no longer at
his post, and at last we came back
and a policeman informed us that
we had not been there for some weeks. We
made a second pilgrimage to his lodg-
ings. The house had changed hands.
The new landlord was a thin, anxious-
looking young woman who spoke in a
thin, anxious voice. Yes, the old man
had been taken very ill—double pneu-
monia and heart disease, she thought.
Anyway, she couldn't have the worry
and responsibility of him, let alone the
rent. She had had the doctor, and had
him taken off. Yes, it had upset him
a bit; he would never have gone if
she had had choice; but, of course, she
had had to live. To tell the truth, she
had her living to get, and she had
bits of things locked up all right; he
owed her a little rent. In her opin-
ion, he'd never come out again. She
was sorry for him, too; he'd given
no trouble all his life.

Following up her information, we re-
paired with heavy hearts to the "house"
which he had so often declared he
would never enter. Having ascer-
tained the whereabouts of the old man,
we mounted the beautifully clean stairs.
In the fifth of a row of beds our old
friend was lying, apparently asleep.
But, watching him carefully, we saw
that he was not sleeping. He had his
frosty moustache and beard, were
continually moving.

"He's not asleep," said the nurse;
he'll lie like that all the time. He
frets."

At the sound of his name he had
opened his eyes, which, though paler
and smaller and more rheumy, were
still almost bright. He fixed them on
us with a peculiar stare, as much as
to say, "You've taken an advantage
of me, finding me here." We could
hardly bear that look, and hurriedly
asked him how he was. He tried to
raise himself, and answered huskily
that he was better. Then he had been.
We begged him not to exert himself,
and told him how it was that we had
been away, and so forth. He seemed
to pay no attention, but suddenly said:
"I'm all right. I don't mean to stay."
We tried to confirm that theory, but
the expression of his eyes took away
one's power of comfort, and made one
unable to look at him. He beckoned
us close.

"If I'd a—had the use of my legs," he
whispered, "they'd never have had me.
I'd a gone in the river first. But I
don't mean to stay. I'm goin' back
home."

The nurse told us, however, that this
was out of the question; he was still
very ill.

Four days later we went again to
see him, but he was no longer there.
He had gone home. They had buried him
that morning.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

DOWN IN BUSINESS

from the danger of nervous breakdown
to the habit of snatching from three
to ten minutes sleep a day in the midst
of business hours.

There are men whose business day
is so sublimely interrupted that they
cannot be sure of the map at the door.
Some such men may be seen sound
asleep on their way home by subur-
ban or other others regularly take a
five or ten minute nap in their chairs
before dressing for the late dinner now
usual in New York.

Men who have many after dinner
speeches to make are often accus-
tomed to prepare themselves for such
performances by a refreshing nap. Af-
ter they are fully dressed and ready
to start for the scene of the dinner.
For such men these precious naps are
jealously guarded. Some of them can
trust themselves to take a good sleep;
some must have a touch on the
shoulder and the word that the car-
riage waits.

The robber of the nap amidst the quiet
of home some orators manage to get it
in the vehicle on the way to the din-
ner. It is the old forty winks that the
grandfathers of the present generation
used to do about and that the
strained nerves of today are demand-
ing.

Some men carry into their adult
naps the habits of early infancy. This
is shown by his feet disposed just
so. Another has his cork in two—
the palm of one hand. Still another
puts his face flat upon the upturned
backs of his hands. Yet another jeal-
ously excludes the light with a hand-
kerchief or a newspaper over his
eyes.

Some men must roll a pencil or a
marble between the fingers when
awaiting the five minute nap. Others
take curious and grotesque and un-
comfortable positions, as tilted far back
in the chair with the head at an angle
which seems to threaten suffocation.
Some twist themselves into tight little

PUFFINESS UNDER EYES AND SWELLING FEET

THESE SYMPTOMS ARE AMONG
THE SUREST INDICATIONS OF
REAL KIDNEY DISEASE.

For nearly a year my kidneys failed to
do their work, writes E. William E.
Plankett, a well-known datsman re-
siding in Britannia. "I had swollen
feet so badly that at times I could
scarcely walk. My face turned yellowish,
and a general puffiness under the eyes
gave my face a very unnatural ap-
pearance. My strength failed, and as
I am a working man, loss of time and
the serious illness caused me great anxiety. I tried many
cures from Dr. Hamilton's Pills and
decided to get five boxes. Now I feel
it my duty to testify them the best
kidney liver and stomach medicine on
earth. While my kidneys were badly
affected after all I think it was
because the liver and bowels were
clogged up. Anyway in less than a
month I was happy in my feet ceased—
my skin lost its yellowish tint—my
eyes grew clear and natural, and, con-
sidering my age is nearly 60, I am as
fit as most men. Dr. Hamilton's Pills
are the best medicine that every man
can use to advantage."

Don't be misled into using any other
pill but Dr. Hamilton's. Sold in yellow
boxes at 25 cents per box, all
kinds of Dr. J. C. Hathroze Company,
Kingston, Ontario.

bundles. Some like a book for a pillow.

Not a few rock themselves to sleep by slowly oscillating the chair on its hind legs, or turning it upon its pivot. It is found by some men that a biscuit soaked in milk at mid-morning insures three hours of refreshment at the desk and a solid two hours' work before luncheon.

With some men who try the nap the tendency is to fall into the habit of taking a big gap out of the day. Such men neglect their work for they are apt to be nursing some internal poison that dulls the brain, the doctors say. The man whose nap tends to lengthen rather than to limit himself, who is not too attentive to the fact that an early bed hour does not help his case, and the man who habitually takes a brief nap after luncheon seldom finds that the loss of an hour or two of sleep the night before lengthens his nap beyond its accustomed length.

You may often spot on holidays the man accustomed to the office nap who is in the apt to show something like distaste at these diversionistic moment approaches and the only thing that can relieve him is exercise or some form of excitement.

Others have craved house rules forbidding members to sleep in those deep, tufted chairs which seem made exactly for the purpose. Those chairs are a snare to the unwary who ordinarily miss their accustomed nap and drop at the club for a bit of human news.

AN ARCTIC ROMANCE.

A tale of Esquimau love is told by Lieut. Shackleton, the leader of the recent Arctic expedition.

When Esquimau found an Esquimau lass, but as he had not the necessary number of sealskins to provide the marriage portion required by her father, he met with no encouragement from the parents. In yawning chasm separated the respective belongings of the ardent lover and his beloved, which could be crossed only by a snow bridge. The youth conceived a plan. He would cross the snow

GREAT WOMEN.

MADAME DE STAEL.
(By Rev. Thomas F. Wallis.)

In the France of the year 1800 there were two extraordinarily great minds, one belonging to a man and the other to a woman. The man was Napoleon Bonaparte, the woman was Mme. de Staël.

Between the man, who would be master of Europe, and the woman, who did not believe in masters, either for herself or for anybody else, there was, of course, war to the knife—and the woman won. Napoleon, after one of the most romantic careers in history, went to St. Helena to die of a broken heart, and Mme. de Staël went back to Paris, to be crowned the "greatest woman in literary history."

Born in Paris, in the year 1766, of illustrious parents, Anne Louise Necker early developed the mental brightness which characterized her to the very last.

In an age of intense mental activity, when the twinkling of crystals sort at white heat, and ideas, and good ideas, too, were as thick as leaves in the forest, Mme. de Staël easily went to the front, and, winning her supremacy, she had to contend with some of the most severe competitors that man or woman ever encountered.

She wrote two of the greatest books of her time, "Corinne" and "De l'Allemagne," and she was "pfeiffer" in its line, and the latter the "most remarkable account of one country by a native and inhabitant of another which exists in literature."

She said of her astonishing woman that "she wrote ideas," while the brilliant Chateaubriands and others contemporary with her "wrote words, colors and images." It was because she wrote ideas that she could say, "I thought that wake people up and set them to thinking about their condition—that her books were put under the ban by all the despotic authorities of Europe," by the Russian "Czar and Napoleon," and all the big magistrates and bishops.

HOW TO CARE FOR PARROTS.

Proper Food and Cage—Teaching Bird to Talk.

A parrot from time immemorial has been the pet and plaything of men, women and children, and she is so well known that it is hardly necessary to know not why she is so popular, and eminent men of science. It is well known that parrots attain a great age, and there is still one living that belonged to the great Shakespeare, and is far from being the oldest bird in England.

There is yet another illustrious parrot who has gained considerable fame in the consulting room of a famous Londoner. He is a "pfeiffer" and he calls upon his patients to "kiss him quick" and "have done with it," and has even been heard to murmur "fine girl" after the exit of a lady from the room.

Whether parrots do or do not know what they are talking about is a moot question, but the writer of these lines has at least had personal acquaintance with one of the parrots who had glimmerings of sense.

To leave parrots in particular for parrots in general the question arises: What is the best way to treat them?

As to their food, it should be seeds—corn, wheat, and oats, and millet, bolted maize, linseed, rape and the like. Bread soaked in hot water is good, given twice a day, and fruit in moderation and in variety is wholesome, such as grapes, apples, but the fruit in particular for parrots is the fig.

Grey parrots are very fond of rice, and almost all parrots appreciate rice pudding and have a taste too for bread and butter. Meat is not liked. Clean, fresh water should be given them to gnaw, bits of elm, birch, larch and chestnut. Fresh dry gravel must be sprinkled at the bottom of the cage every day, and fresh water must be changed daily.

It is important that parrots should have the opportunity to stand flat-footed. So if the cage has wires at the bottom it is better to have a wooden floor. Parrots with claws clasping a round perch is injurious to any bird, and two perches of different size are advisable, so that he may change his posture at will.

When a parrot continues to scream he wants water or food, or feels ill and uncomfortable, or maybe is merely dull. Music, which he loves, will cheer him up at all times.

A parrot learns to talk only from one who speaks very slowly and distinctly to him, and preferably when he is about to fall asleep. Last, but not least, a parrot should be carefully covered at night.—London Daily Mail.

bridge in the night, abduct the girl and after recrossing, destroy the bridge and so prevent pursuit. He carried the girl off in triumph.

One night he crossed the bridge, invaded the hut of his idol, seized a sleeping bag and departed, destroying the bridge after he had crossed. There the deaf mutes are talking and discovered that he had kidnapped not the girl, but the old man!—Glasgow Herald.

THE BEGGING BUSINESS.

A society has recently been formed in New York known as the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy and Charity. The purpose and it offers some interesting facts and indication that it has work to do. It gives some details showing that begging in New York and other large cities is more frequently a profitable business than the hardship of necessity. Many of the "blind men" can see after working hours; many of the deaf mutes are talkative enough when they gather in their favorite saloon; even the horrible sores which move the generous citizen to give alms are frequently manufactured, and are done by clever letters. The beggar to gain their activity, and join in the celebration. But these are the coarse workers of beggarmod; the really clever ones need no such subterfuge. They are courtiers of the press, mechanics or sailors, or followers of some other honorable calling. They usually need a small loan for a short time, and much of their begging is done by clever letters. The begging is much more profitable than that of the lame, the halt and the blind professionally, who are content with small donations.

If you hate to be humbugged it is well to remember these things when approached by strangers asking charity. Remember, there is organized charity which is usually prepared to care for those who need it, but if you still prefer to do your own giving, investigate, unless you are willing your money should buy beer instead of bread.—Atchison (Kansas) Globe.

AN OF HISTORY

DE STAEL

[By Mrs. B. Gregory.]

It was not with her pen, however that Mme. de Staël achieved all of her fame. Great as she was as a writer, she was even greater as a conversationalist.

If the accounts are even half true, Necker's daughter must have been one of the most amazing talkers that has appeared in all the "tide of time."

Strong as a lioness in the castle of her mind, she was at the same time as agile as a cheetah, and no matter what the company was or what turn things took the great woman's mind, poised as it might, she was ready as the lightning, was always master of the situation.

Whether the contest was one of wit or logic, of solid argument or soaring fancy, at night, the party was over, and she seemed to have been talking from the foundation of the world for just that particular case.

As a sample of her sarcastic wit, witness her reply to the great historian, Gibbon, at night; her Paris business, that he had been one of her mother's old suitors, remarked to her one day, after she had informed him that she liked him. "Why shouldn't you like me, I am near being your papa. I know—and would I have looked like you?" was the withering rejoinder.

Then the reply to the great D'Alembert, who, flanked on either side by Mme. Necker and Mme. de Staël, exclaimed, "How fortunate! I sit between wit and beauty." "Yes, and without possessing either," said the author of "Germany."

It is a pity that there could not have been some way of preserving for all time the personality of this wonderful woman.

There is something monstrous in the thought of the annihilation of a Presence so bewitchingly interesting.

Mme. de Staël died in Paris, July 14, 1817, in her 51st year, and the throne that she left behind her has never since been occupied.

There is but one Mme. de Staël.

OLD STYLE BOOKKEEPING.

Not so many years ago our national system of bookkeeping was almost as clumsy as the primitive method of counting on fingers. This was the exchequer way of keeping accounts by means of notched sticks of elm wood called "tally." And the way resembled Robinson Crusoe's mode of keeping his calendar on the desert island. In the reign of George III., an inquiry was made by some revolutionary party as to the reason why ink and paper could not be substituted, but the whole civil service rose against the innovation. It took many years to get the sticks abolished. And when they were finally done away with, the tally sticks were burned in a stove at the House of Lords in 1834 the panelling of the room caught fire and both houses were reduced— with the tally sticks—to ashes. Surely the dreadful fact, that happens when the upper chamber touches finance!—London Chronicle.

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