

they save. There were no children upon whom they could depend, no rich relatives. And I knew very well that a bookkeeper who loses his job at sixty-five has lost it for life.

"I worried about them a good deal, but I could not for the life of me see any way out. He was not qualified for any other position, and of course he could not earn wages at manual labor.

"I watched the old fellow go by every morning, his head held up with an effort that took both grit and will power. I knew he was hunting work.

"I saw him come home every evening, his head bent forward, and knew he had not found it.

"One evening about three months later I saw him come home early with the most dejected look I ever saw on a man's face. I learned later that he had been refused credit at the grocery store — the first time in his life.

"The next day Mary said she was sure they were trying to sell their home. She had seen two or three real estate agents looking around the place.

"That evening I went over to see Lightner, although for the life of me I could not think what I should say or what I could offer. Still, I felt they must be helped somehow.

"They received me with the same friendly courtesy I had always known in their home; but there was a restraint, the restraint of trouble. Lightner's eyes wandered frequently from mine, and he several times dropped the thread of conversation. The wife gazed most of the time through the window at her rose hedge now in full bloom; and several times she turned her face away, and I fancied that she was surreptitiously wiping her eyes.

"Jeems," I said blunderingly, "I am sorry about your job. Is there anything that can be done about it?"

"No, no," Mr. Speed, thank you, no," he answered. "There is nothing to be done." And then added pathetically, "I'm just down and out."

"O, no," I protested, "you are good for many years yet."

"Yes, yes," he said, "that is the worst of it. I am still able to work, but not able to earn. My pride and self-respect and love of life are as strong as ever, but there is no way left for me to earn a living; that is what hurts. We shall have to sell the place and rent a cheap one; and then, when the money is gone—well, I don't know, I don't know."

"Jeems," I said, an idea coming to me suddenly, "I am going to start a small bank myself, and should like to have you act as cashier if you will."

"You don't mean it, Mr. Speed, you don't mean it," he exclaimed, jumping up excitedly.

"Certainly," I said, "and mighty lucky I shall be to get you."

"He gripped my hand until it hurt, and I am not sure we both did not cry a little as the dear old wife sobbed with the joy of relief.

"After I went home the idea began to grow. There was a fine old architect whom I knew, who had recently lost his job with a construction company on account of his age.

"He was the proudest man you ever saw when I commissioned him to plan a building to cover a whole block.

"We employed old bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, hod-carriers, and all, and paid them for what they could do.

"While the work was going forward, I made Lightner my special agent; and together we gathered our force from the gray but efficient ranks of those who had come to the end of their jobs before the end of their strength.

"We started a shop or business to fit pretty nearly each of them, and pay them according to what they can do. They are happy in their work, for they know that coming age casts no shadow over their jobs.

"I wish you could have seen some of them when they finally realized that we were offering them work and salary such as they used to have. Poor old fellows who had almost lost all hope—their eyes would suddenly grow bright, and they would grip my hand and tell me how much they

could do and how faithful they would be.

"There are more now than we have places for, but we put them on the waiting-list, and they act as substitutes. When one of the workers is sick, a substitute takes his place, and gives the sick one half his wages."

"How long," I asked, "do you think your hundred thousand will keep this thing running?"

"How long?" he echoed. "Why man, the thing is paying six per cent. and we are getting ready to build another."—C. E. World.

#### FOR LITTLE BABIES AND WELL-GROWN CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for all children, from the feeble baby whose life seems to hang by a thread to the sturdy well grown child whose digestive organs occasionally get out of order. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles and make sickly, ailing children, well and strong.

Mrs. H. Greenfield, Embro, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine for children. I have used them for several years and always keep them in the house for my little ones going to school." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### FISH IN SEASON.

By Caroline French Benton.

When the heavy diet of winter is superseded by the lighter one of summer we have, or ought to have, many a meal made up principally of fish. Aside from its healthfulness it is economical because if one buys that which has a great deal of solid flesh and little waste every smallest bit can be utilized.

The most costly fish are those either out of season, such as shad, too early or too late, and those which come from a distance, salmon from the extreme north of west or trout from the Adirondacks, or pompano from Florida. These cost more by the pound than those which are caught near home and eaten at the proper time. Besides these all fish are expensive which have much waste about them. Great blue fish for baking even though they cost only sixteen cents a pound, may be costly, because the head and tail weigh as much as the parts which are eaten. So with a large weak fish. This has an enormous and heavy head, which is quite useless on the table.

On the other hand, even fish which costs more than either blue or weak fish, may be less costly in the end, because there is no waste at all. This is especially true of halibut. Except the one small bone in the middle of each slice every bit is good. Codfish steaks come next, though their flesh is lighter and more watery and does not go as far as the heavier halibut. Flounders are usually a good bargain, too, and after these come such things as haddock, which is always very cheap, though it has considerable waste, and white fish in certain lake regions and small pan fish near rivers.

A cook who knows how to prepare fish can easily deceive the family into thinking even the poorest sort, provided it is fresh, is a delicious dish. If she has solid slices, such as cod, it is good of itself. She can fry it brown, or bake it, and have a tomato sauce, or pick it up and cream it. But if she has only a bony, poor fish it takes a little pains to make it palatable. However, she can boil it as it is, then pick it to pieces and remove every bit of bone, fat and skin, mix it with cream sauce and scallop it with crumbs. That transforms it completely. Or, if it is merely large, flabby and tasteless, she can put it in the roasting pan, dredge it with salt,

pepper and a little flour, sprinkle it well with either onion juice or kitchen bouquet and bake it, basting with mixed water and melted butter as it cooks to keep it moist. This will come out well flavored and good. Or, omitting the onion, she can cook it in the same way and cover it with thick tomato. This will require no basting, as there will be moisture enough without.

In boiling fish it is always necessary to use what the cook-books call "court bouillon." This is merely a term which means to the inexperienced that one must season the water well with vinegar, cloves, salt and pepper and a slice of onion or a bay leaf, so that the fish will have taste when eaten. Most fish is too wet to boil, but a piece of cod is good, and it may be served with a white sauce mixed with a chopped egg or with parsley.

As to left-overs of fish, they are among the most useful things for luncheon or breakfast. For the former here is something new to most housekeepers: Pick up the cooked fish. If you happen to have a little clear soup stock in the house, take a cupful of that. If not, take a cup of hot water and season it well; strain it and add gelatine in the proportion of a heaping tablespoonful to a quart of fish and a large cup of stock. Dissolve and strain again; put the fish in a mould and pour out the stock. When it is set, turn it out and surround with slices of lemon dipped in chopped parsley, or put mayonnaise or caper sauce around it. For hot weather this is as nice a luncheon or supper dish as you can find. There is a tin mould shaped like a fish which may be bought for a few cents, and will be found just the thing to use in moulding.

Fresh fish, like salt cod, also makes nice croquettes, and these can be served plain or with a white sauce. After the fish is picked up, mix a cupful with half a cup of very stiff white sauce; season well, cool, then mould into croquettes as you do meat; dip each one in sifted crumbs, then in half-beaten egg yolk mixed with as much water, then in crumbs again and let them dry; put two at a time in a wire basket and dip in hot fat till brown. Canned salmon is especially good in this way.

Salmon is also nice in warm weather drained from all fat, with bones and skin removed, served plain with mayonnaise or caper sauce. Surround it with sliced lemon and bits of parsley. Or, lay on lettuce leaves and pass the mayonnaise. One simple dish which is quite substantial is made by mixing the picked-up fish with white sauce as though it was to be served creamed, and then putting it in a baking dish in layers with cheese between each two and cheese on top, either with or without sifted crumbs of bread. Bake this brown and serve hot.—N.Y. Observer.

#### THE ANGEL WATCH AND WARD.

John Dempster Hammond.

From far, a voice, the sad Sea crying.

The dead are mine, and mine the dying.

I rule o'er white and bleached bones  
Of those who sat on earthly thrones.  
The dead are mine and the dying.

Again, a voice, the Earth denying  
The burden of the sad Sea's crying.

The dead are mine, not thine, O Sea,  
Then each one clamours, wild and free.

The dead are mine and the dying.

Beheld, God's Angel slowly lying  
Above the dead, above the dying.

Give up thy dead, for the dead are mine,

Not thine, O Sea, O Land, not thine.  
The dead are mine and the dying.

In vain, the Sea is still defying,  
And Earth, in vain, is still replying.

The Angel of the Lord doth keep  
True watch and ward where loved ones sleep.

The dead are mine and the dying.