

## AT THE CANDY COUNTER.

Attracted by a tasty-looking roll of sugary material, with inviting nut kernels surrounding it, I entered the shop.

The young lady was serving a customer who had bought a box of candy. He tendered her a five-dollar bill, a very dirty one. She took it in her left hand, straightened it out with the fingers of her right hand and placed it in the cash register. Then she took out two two-dollar bills, each dirtier than the bill she had accepted. These also she straightened by smoothing them with her fingers. She handed them to the customer and then turned to me.

"What is that nice looking roll in the window?" I asked.

"Mexican pecan roll."

"How much per pound?"

"One dollar."

"I'll take half a pound."

With fingers which she had used in smoothing the dirty bills the young lady took the roll, laid it on the counter and cut off a number of little pieces. She wore no cap, and in the midst of her labors she stopped to pat and pull the undulating waves of her hair. Then, still using her fingers, she picked up the pieces of confectionery one by one and placed them on the scales.

Next with one hand she grasped a paper bag. In order to open it she moistened the fingers of the other hand on her lips and was about to complete my order.

But my taste for Mexican pecan roll had vanished, and I asked the young lady if I might change my mind. She was displeased, but pretended otherwise.

"Yes, certainly!"

"Then I think I'll take a box of mixed chocolates."

So I did and went away with my purchase. But even for chocolates my taste had declined because I could not help thinking that perhaps the lily-white fingers which had packed them also had not been directed by a mind governed by the principles of hygiene.

The young lady in the shop seemed to be surprised and somewhat mystified and also displeased at my sudden change of mind. But if she happens to see and to read this she will learn the reason. F. D. in The Canadian Red Cross.

## SELECTED VERSE.

Do not hurry,  
Do not worry,  
Grip your purpose and be true,  
Days must measure  
God's own pleasure,  
When this truth is plain to you

Then be steady,  
Always ready,  
Never murmur, do your part,  
Light each duty  
With the beauty  
Of a wholesome, happy heart.

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