

works, meets my friend Bill in the street, and says: "Good morning, Bill; they tell me you're not drinking any now?"

"No, Mr. Tolmie; no, sir. I can't get it anyway, I am glad to say."

"Well, Bill, you know I often told you that you were one of my best men. You know that I did everything to encourage you if you would only stay away from those old chums of yours, and let the drink alone. I had to discharge you because you wasted your time and weakened your body by drink. I have often thought of you and your family. You have a good wife and a nice little girl if they had decent clothes and enough to eat."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Tolmie. It is all my fault. I am ashamed of it. I've a good wife, and I love my little girl, but it's awful hard work now to get anything to do. People don't seem to want me; I suppose they think I'm no use now. I can't blame them, Mr. Tolmie. I'd be glad if I was dead if it wasn't for Polly and our little Lily."

"Well, Bill, I guess I'll take you back. Do you think you would like to try again? I can't set you, for the present, at your old job, for I don't think your hand would be steady enough for that, and so I cannot give you as much pay as I used to, but perhaps you can get back into it by-and-bye. Come Monday morning."

Poor Bill! he doesn't amount to much now. Weakened by the use of alcohol, and weakened by the want of food, almost a total wreck. He can only do odd jobs, but he is