

# SYMINGTON'S

## SOUPS

### Something You'll Enjoy

A steaming plate of Symington's Soup after an energetic day. There are no soups so fine, or so rich in food-properties—no Soups so excellent in flavour. Eleven varieties equally good and enjoyable.

Mulligatawny, Tomato, Green Pea, Lentil, Pea, Celery, Onion, Ox Tail, Scotch Broth, White Vegetable, Mock Turtle.

BUY THEM—TRY THEM

Agents—

Scott, Bathgate & Co.  
140 Notre Dame St., Winnipeg



## SWAN

## SAFETY

### FOUNT PEN

Meets all the requirements of the most exacting writers. You want a pen that writes steadily and smoothly and that will not skip, blot or soil your fingers. The "Swan" absolutely guarantees to meet all these requirements and so completely that thorough satisfaction is assured.

The "Swan" gold pen is generously fashioned from 14-kt. gold, tipped with indium, with full rounded back and straight sides which give it strength and resistance, insuring easy, flexible action. The feed above and below the pen point supplies a regulated flow of ink—just the right amount to write steadily without skipping. The "Screw-down Cap" prevents leaking. At all stationers and jewelers, in any style or size at \$2.50 and up. With "Little Windows" that show how much ink is in your pen, at \$3.50 and up.

Write for illustrated folder.

**Mabie, Todd & Co.**  
124 York St., TORONTO.  
CHICAGO LONDON

17 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.  
PARIS BRUSSELS

## Reduce the Cost of Living

By making the most of every piece of dress goods, every curtain, drape and cushion cover you buy. When they get soiled or faded

## Maypole Soap

The Fast, Clean, Easy Home Dye

will restore their freshness and beauty, give them a new lease of life, and enable you to get far more value for your money.

Maypole Soap gives deep, even, lustrous shades, fast and fadeless. Cleans and dyes at one operation—saves muss and trouble. 24 colors—will give any shade. Colors, 10c.; black, 15c.—at your dealers or postpaid with free Booklet "How to Dye" from

**Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal**



## BLACKWOODS PICKLES

### ARE THE BEST

Ask your dealer for BLACKWOODS Chow Chow, Sour Pickles, Sweet Pickles, White Onions, Worcester Table Sauce, Mustard Sauce and Sauer Kraut.

**THE BLACKWOODS LTD.**

WINNIPEG.

## The Indian Doctor

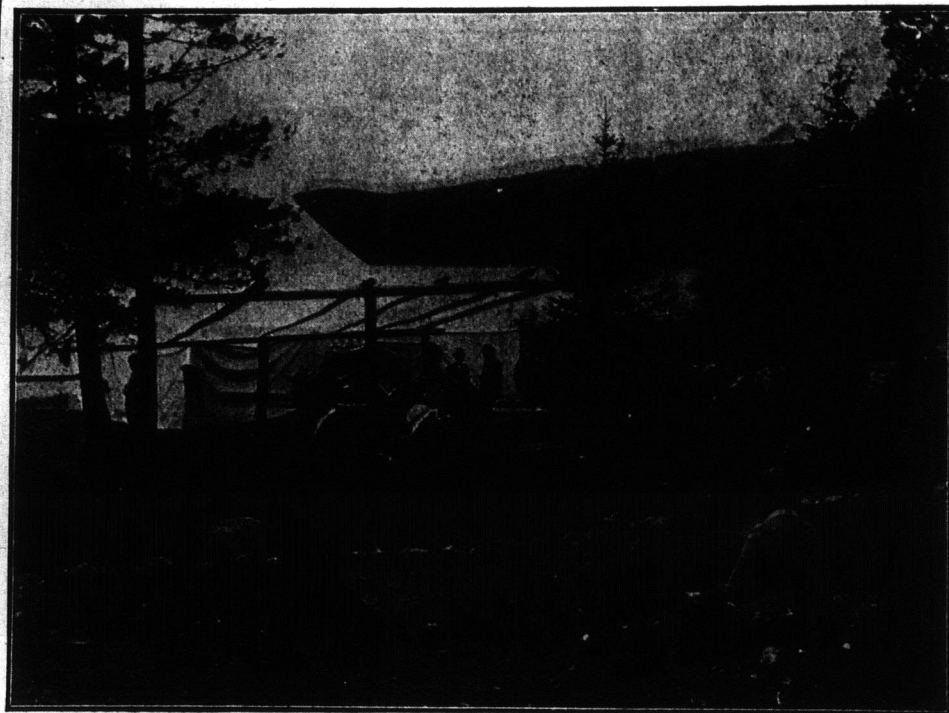
Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

IT WAS a raw, wet day—one of those days when the west wind blows keen and cold. A pale, yellow sunset cast a curious light up the driving clouds. I stopped and looked back at the Hindoo after he had passed me, for one so rarely sees an Oriental in tramp guise in London. The little green sprig that he had held caught my attention, too.

It was a week later, on just such an evening, that I saw the Indian again. He held an identical green twig, and his lips moved continuously. Suddenly he clasped the plant he carried to his chest, and gazed at a well-dressed lady who walked along the pavement opposite. She merely glanced round, and perhaps accelerated her pace. She was extraordinarily fair, a vision of cream and gold. The man watched her out of sight and then turned, shaken by a cough. He recovered, waved his green sprig, and spoke aloud. And then he saw me looking at him. He slouched up and, in a whining voice, begged for a copper like any old cadger. I answered him kindly, and asked him

making her ill. I knew that. I went nearly mad, and taxed my father with the crime. He only smiled and said, 'You will never be loved by the girl—she will never look at you—she will die, and you will come back to take up my duties when I am dead.' I swore by all the Gods and by the Cross that I would not. He gave me the choice of Lily's life or death. 'Come back to us, and she lives; go on as you are, and she dies—veree slowly.'

"I went to Mr. Jenkins and confessed to him all that had happened. He suspected that the Brahmins had found means to poison Lily. He did not, of course, believe in magic. He said that the doctor had insisted that Lily must go to England. This was misery to me, but I determined all the more to resist the Brahmins. I knew that I must combat them with their own weapons. While I went to school, and then to the university, I studied magic. I did not see Lily again until I was a student at St. Michel's Hospital, here in London. It was then that Mr. Jenkins wrote me to



Camp in Jasper Park

what he did with his little sprig, which I now saw was covered with tiny green leaves and buds. "It is arbor vitæ—it is the tree of life," he said, and began to weep.

When he had eaten and drunk at my invitation, he began to talk. He said: "I am a doctor of medicine. I am M.D. of London and Calcutta. Listen, I am a Brahmin, and thence born. My Fathers were obeyed by princes. When I was what you would call a mere schoolboy, I used to see a beautiful girl who was the daughter of the Christian missionary in the town that is my home. She was quite a child, and to me, who had never seen any but dark or ivory-yellow faces, her whiteness was miraculous. Every day I would try to catch a glimpse of my Queen, and when I failed, the hot sun seemed cold. Although my father and all our caste despised the Christians and feared their influence on the people who supported us, I went to Mr. Jenkins and asked him to instruct me in his faith and to educate me in Western matters. It was most tremendous score for him—for the Christian community. They had got the son of the chief priest of their opponents. Mr. Jenkins was most kind, and rejoiced much.

"Of course, nobody knew what it was had made me throw up everything. But by his magic my father and the other Brahmins came to find it out. I knew something had happened, because my father suddenly relaxed his rage against me. There had been terrible scenes at first, and only the fear of the police prevented his killing me. When they had found out that I had only become Christian on account of the child, they smiled—they withdrew all opposition.

"In a little while Lily fell sick; she pined and wasted. The Brahmins were

ask me to go to see him. . . . His daughter was very ill; in fact, she was dying.

"A short time before, I had heard from my father that he was still ready to pardon me if I would go back and inherit the priesthood if I would renounce my passion for the white witch. Ha, ha. I was past all that. I had almost forgotten my little queen. I was already a doctor of Calcutta, and ready to take my M.D. of London. How could I go back to tend the sacred trees in the village grove, and marry the bar tree to the mango, or the holy Basil to the Salagrama, in the belief that they were embodiments of Vishnu and Lakshmi? How could I be a Brahmin? I wrote back and told them all this. But they replied that they would kill the witch, and then I should return and be cleansed. I laughed at their superstitions; I no longer believed in their magic—not really.

"But when Mr. Jenkins wrote to me, and I beheld Lily so ill, all my love for her returned a hundredfold. And there returned, too, all my fears. As the weeks went on I despaired of her life, as did the doctors who attended her. But when I was in India an old fakir had told me what to do in these cases; had told me that if you took the arbor vitæ and used it with the necessary rites and charms, you would counteract the evil spells of your enemies, thwart their magic and preserve the life they threatened.

"As a last resource I got the shrub (Thuja Occidentalis), and did as I had been instructed. From that moment Lily mended. In a few weeks she was well. But the terrible thing is that one must be near the person who is being killed by the sorcerers afar—the white magic is not so powerful as the black;