

Childrens' Department

LADDIE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"There: it brought my heart into my mouth pretty near, and set me all of a tremble. I reckon as I'm a little bit tired, and it have shook up my nerves like, and a little do terrify one so."

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched his son's and doctor's heart under the fine, closely woven well-cut coat of fine gentlemanliness and worldly wisdom which he was buttoning so closely round him.

"You are quite tired out, mother," he said; "you shall have some tea and go to bed. I can't have you laid up, you know."

"There now! if I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world! and for you to think of it! Ah! you remembers what your mother likes, bless you!"

In that moment he had quickly made up his mind that at any rate it was too late for that night to do anything but just make her comfortable; to-morrow something must be done without delay, but there was ten striking, and she was evidently quite worn out. He must say something to silence those jays of servants, and get her off to bed, and then he could sit down and arrange his plans quietly; for the suddenness of the emergency had confused and muddled him.

"I'll tell them to get some tea," he said, "you sit still and rest." And then he rang the bell dazedly and went out into the hall, closing the doors behind him. He had never felt so self-conscious and uncomfortable as when the man-servant came up the kitchen stairs and stood as deferential as ever before him. He felt as if he had not got entire control of voice, eyes, or hands. His eyes seemed to avoid looking at the man's face in spite of him, and his voice tried hard to be apologetic and entreating of its own accord. That would never do. He thrust his obtrusive hands into his pockets, and drew up his head, and looked sharply at the man straight in the eyes with a "fight you for 2d." expression, or "every bit as if I owed him a quarter's rent," as Hyder said afterwards, and he spoke in a commanding, bullying tone, very unlike his usual courteous behaviour to servants, imagining that by this he conveyed to the man's mind that he was quite at his ease, and that nothing unusual had happened.

"Look here," he said, "I want tea at once in the dining-room, and tell Cook to send up some cold meat. I suppose it's too late for cutlets or anything like that?"

"Is the lady going to stop the night, sir?"

The words stung Dr. Carter so, that he would have liked to have kicked the man down the kitchen stairs, but he luckily restrained himself.

"Yes, she is. The best bed-room must be got ready, and a fire lighted, and everything made as comfortable as possible. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir." The man hesitated a second to see if there were any further orders, and Dr. Carter half turned, looking another way, as he added, "She is a very old friend and nurse of mine when I was a child, and I

want her to be made comfortable. She will only be here this one night."

He felt as he turned the handle of the consulting-room door that he had really done it rather well on the whole, and carried it off with a high hand, and not told any falsehood after all, for was she not his oldest friend and his most natural nurse? In reality he had never looked less like a gentleman, and Hyder saw it too.

They say a man is never a hero to his own valet. I do not know if this includes men-servants in general; but certain it is that, up to this time, Dr. Carter had kept the respect of his servant. "I know as he ain't a swell," Mr. Hyder would say to the coterie of footmen who met in the bar of the snug little "public" round the corner: "but for all that he ain't a bad master neither, and as far as my experience serves, he's as good a gent as any of them, and better any day than them dandy, half-pay captings as locks up their wine and cigars, and sells their old clothes, and keeps their men on scraps, and curses and swears as if they was made of nothing else."

But as Hyder went to his pantry that night, he shook his head with a face of supreme disgust. "That's what I call nasty!" he said: "I'm disappointed in that man. I thought better of him than this comes to. Well, well! blood tells after all. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh sooner or later. Nurse indeed! Get along! you don't humbug me, my gent!"

There were no signs, however, of these moralizings in the pantry, or the fuller discussion that followed in the kitchen when he announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye have your vittals in the kitchen now, Laddie?" the old woman said. "Well, there! it is the most comfortable to my thinking, though gentlefolks do live in their best parlours constant."

Hyder discreetly drew back, and Dr. Carter whispered with a crimson flush all over his face, "Hush, we'll have our talk when this fellow is out of the way. Don't say anything till then."

The old woman looked much surprised, but at last concluded that there was something mysterious against the character of "the very civil-spoken young man as opened the door," and so she kept silence while her son led her into the dining-room, where tea was spread with, what appeared to the old woman, royal magnificence of white damask and shining silver.

"You can go," the doctor said.

"I will ring if we want anything."

"He don't look such a baddish sort of young man," she said, when the door closed behind the observant Hyder; "and he seems to mind what you says pretty sharp. I thought as he was a gent hisself when he opened the door, as he hadn't got red breeches or gaiters or nothing, but I suppose you will put him into livery by and by?"

"Now, mother, you must have some tea. And you are not to talk till you have eaten something. Here! I'll pour out the tea." For the glories of the silver tea pot were drawing her attention from its reviving contents.

"I hope they have made it good. Ah! I remember well what tea you used to make in that little brown tea-pot at home." It was very easy and pleasant to be kind to her, and make much of her now, when no one else

was there. He enjoyed waiting on her and seeing her brighten up and revive under the combined influence of food, and warmth, and kindness. He liked to hear her admire and wonder at everything, and he laughed naturally and boyishly at her odd, little innocent remarks. If they two could have been always alone together, with no spying eyes and spiteful tongues, it would have been all right and pleasant, but as it was, it was quite impossible, and out of the question.

To be continued.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A GOOD THING.

Dr. Adam Miller, Chicago, Ill., says: "It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years, I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

THE TRUE BROTHERS.

About the time of harvest two strong youths came down from the hills to the low country, where labourers were wanted, and said to a farmer,—"We shall be both glad to work for you through the whole harvest-time, and to carry in your corn, if you will give us our board and ten crowns wages."

"Ten crowns are too much," said the farmer; "I fancy ten florins would be more than enough."

"No," said the young men, "it must be exactly ten crowns; we cannot give our assistance for less. If you cannot give us so much, we shall offer our services to somebody else."

"What can you want so much money for?" inquired the farmer.

"Well," said they, "we have a younger brother at home, who is now fourteen years old: a skillful wheelwright will take him into apprenticeship, but he requires positively ten crowns fee. Our old father, however, knows not how to scrape together so much money; and therefore we two elder brothers have agreed together to earn this sum."

"Well now," said the farmer, "for the sake of your brotherly love I will give you ten crowns, if you work so industriously that I may be satisfied with you."

Both the brothers worked unweariedly through the hot harvest days, in the sweat of their brow; they were the first up in the morning, and the last to lie down to rest at night. When the harvest was brought to a close, the farmer paid them the ten crowns, and said, "You have fairly earned your wages, and I now give each of you a crown over."

WHAT IS NEEDED.—By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only near. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St. N. Y.

PARIS BONNETS

—AND—

HATS.

We Opened yesterday Two Cases of Elegant French and English Pattern Bonnets and Hats, purchased by our Mr. J. W. Petley in Paris and London.

The above goods are the Very Latest Styles, and range in price from "Fifteen" to "Twenty-five" Dollars.

Every Lady in Toronto should see our Stock before purchasing her Spring Hat or Bonnet.

Ladies', Misses', and Children's Trimmed Hats and Bonnets at from "One Dollar" to "Twenty-five" Dollars.

Inspection and comparison invited, and if our Styles are not better and our prices lower than those of any house in Toronto, don't buy.

Petley & Petley,

128 to 132 KING ST. E.,

Opposite the Market,

TORONTO.

THE LOST RESTORED.—Ira McNeill of Poplar Hill, Ont., states that his brother aged 12, was afflicted with a terrible cold, from the effects of which he lost his voice. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured the cold and restored his voice in the most perfect manner. He says it cannot be exceeded as a remedy for coughs and colds.