

They think we're all making money. They think it doesn't make any difference when we are paid, how we are paid, or whether we are paid at all. They never take into account that our rent has to be paid—I owe ten months' rent now—\$280."

"I know it is awful, dear, but maybe some money will come in with the morning mail. Do try to go to sleep again. If the worst comes to the worst, we have the two little kiddies,"—and soothingly, coaxingly, his wife lulled him into another slumber.

Partaking of a very light breakfast of toast and coffee, Dr. Wentworth was in his surgery that morning at nine o'clock as usual.

He took up the morning paper and began reading the news of the day. He awaited calls.

It was not long before his doorbell rang; the maid soon ushered in—the landlord, as he expected.

"Very sorry, Mr. Brown, but can't do anything to-day—probably next Monday. I am promised a good cheque for the last of the week, and I think I can safely promise you half of the arrears."

"Promises don't pay rent, doctor, and you know there is a good amount overdue," deprecated the landlord mildly.

"Yes, I know both too well, but I have to do the best I can: people consider I can live on promises—wind pudding with imagination sauce—a case of 'live, old horse, and you'll get grass.'"

Mr. Brown was a very easy landlord, with a plentiful supply of the "milk of human kindness," which was lucky for Dr. Wentworth; so he took his departure, promising to call the following Monday morning.

The door from the dining-room into the surgery opened and his wife stuck her head in:

"Who was that?" rather anxiously.

"That was the landlord. Got him staved off for another week, until—well, until I get a cheque from—somebody. Run, Margery! here is someone else," as another ring rang through the house.

"Good morning!" and Dr. Wentworth arose to meet an expected patient.

"Morning!" growled, grunted and scowled a sturdy coal heaver.

Dr. Wentworth immediately recognized a man whose wife he had been called to attend one night about eighteen months before, for a trifling complaint, one of those common disorders of digestion not worth bothering a doctor about in the daytime, but at night producing such a profound psychological impression that the doctor must come at once. Becoming tired of rendering a monthly account for \$2, he had sent it to a collector.