

# BABY BEN

The Remarkable Story of the Hundredth Baby

By Angelina W. Wray.

PART I.

"A NEW family is moving into the little brown house down the street. Maybe there's a baby for your Cradle Roll Nell," laughed Frank Travis.

"Oh, really? Did you see a go-cart or a baby carriage? I'll call the minute they get settled," and Miss Travis' eyes shone so brightly that her listeners shouted with mirth. Nell's interest in her duties as superintendent of the Cradle Roll of the Sunday School was a joke to her fun-loving family.

"She's always looking out for unattached babies," Frank declared. "Trolley-cars, trains, parks, streets, and thoroughfares are her favourite hunting-grounds. Rich or poor, black or white, pink or blue, pretty or ugly, a baby is a baby to her, and her one question is, 'Does it belong to any Cradle Roll?'"

But Miss Travis' success was eloquently shown by the fact that the Cradle Roll, under her management,

had grown by leaps and bounds from eighteen to ninety-nine.

"And if this new family has a baby, and if I get it, it will make one hundred," she mused the day following her brother's announcement. "It's rather early to call, but maybe I can help in some way; and someone else may get ahead of me if I wait. I believe I'll try it."

"There is a baby!" she told herself a few minutes later, as she waited on the tiny porch where a small go-cart stood in the shadow of some forlorn vines.

Her ring at the bell met no response. A second and third fared no better, and reluctantly she turned to depart. But perseverance was one of her chief traits.

"There must be somebody at home. They only moved in yesterday, and the house must be in confusion. I'll just run around to the back and try again."

The kitchen door stood open. A woman's head was bowed on the clean pine table. A woman's sobs floated out on the spring air.

Miss Travis paused irresolutely, then advanced, her own heart quivering with sympathy.

"Poor thing! A stranger here, and evidently she's in great trouble," she thought, then spoke quickly and gently.

"Pardon me. I rang several times, but nobody answered, so I ventured to slip around to the back. I'm a neighbour of yours—a friend—at least I hope you'll let me be one. My name is Travis—Miss Eleanor Travis. Isn't there something I can do to help you, or cheer you up a little?"

The bowed head remained unlifted. The sobs continued. Miss Travis came nearer. She laid one slender hand on the heaving shoulder.

"My dear, is anyone ill? What is the trouble? Please tell me."

"No; there ain't nobody sick," a muffled voice answered, despairingly. Then the weeper added with redoubled woe: "Oh, I don't know you, but I don't care, anyway. I'm so tired, and it's almost time for Jim to come home, and—and—and I can't find the cook-book anywhere!"

The cook-book! Miss Travis restrained her relieved smile.

"You poor, tired thing! You've been working all day, I suppose, and now you're tired and nervous. And you wanted to get dinner ready for your husband, but you don't know how—"

"I do well enough with the cook-book." A flushed, curious face stared at the little visitor. "But I can't do a thing without it, and it's gone! Maybe we left it in Chester, where we used to live! It was lovely. It told just how long to boil potatoes, and to fry beefsteak, and eggs, and everything!"

"Well, don't worry. I know how to cook a good many things, and I'll help you a little."

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore Lips—cured by Campana's Italian Balm. Send two cent stamp for postage on free trial size, mentioning this paper, to the distributors for Canada.—E. G. West and Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto, Canada.

And to her own amazement the hostess availed herself of the unexpected aid.

"But how did you ever happen to come to-day?" she queried, a little later, as her guest was getting ready to depart.

Little Miss Travis sat down in a chair and laughed until the tears came into her eyes.

"My dear, I guess this is the first time I ever forgot my Cradle Roll. You see, I thought you had a baby, and I wanted to get it so I'd have one hundred. I have just ninety-nine now—"

She stopped. Amazement stared frankly from her listener's eyes.

"Why, I have a baby; but what on earth do you want of him? And why should you want one hundred when you have ninety-nine already? I often think one is entirely too many. Do you—do you have a children's home, or something of that kind? Well, I wouldn't give Baby Ben away, and Jim wouldn't, nuther."

"I haven't a children's home. I have a Cradle Roll. It is for the church, you know. I'm superintendent of that department. Does your baby belong to any Cradle Roll?"

"I don't know what a Cradle Roll is, but he doesn't belong to any church, if that's what you mean. Me an' Jim ain't church-goers at all. And as for the baby—land sakes! he's too little to belong to anything yet. Come in the bedroom here an' I'll let you see him. He's asleep, the little rascal!"

They tiptoed into the small bedroom. On the little white crib in one corner lay Baby Ben. In one hand he held a crust of bread liberally spread with molasses. His round, pink cheeks were sticky. His smiling red mouth was sticky, too. The plumpiest, roundest, sleepest, happiest little atom of humanity he seemed, and while the watchers gazed, he put out a wee pink tongue and blissfully licked lips and chin, "for all the world like a cute little kitten," as Miss Travis told her mother afterward in rehearsing the story of the day's doings.

"The darling! Oh, isn't he dear? How old is he?"

"Seven months," proudly.

And then Miss Travis explained the Cradle Roll department patiently and carefully, and went home at the end of another half-hour—victorious.

"Did you get Number One Hundred?" her brother queried, laughingly; at the dinner-table that evening.

"I did," was the brief but triumphant answer; but to her mother Miss Travis unburdened herself more fully in reply to the latter's questions.

"Well, what is the baby's name?"

"His name is Ben—Benjamin Butler Bennett. Mother, he's the dearest baby! I think—I almost think he's a little the cunningest in the whole crowd."

"And his mother? What did you think of her, Nell? Was she worthy the honour of having this remarkable infant?"

"H-m. Oh, she's very nice. She isn't—well, she has to do all her own



**ONE DAY SERVICE**  
We will ship your parcel within one day of the time we receive your order.  
**WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES** on every article catalogued, to your nearest Post Office. A post card will bring our big catalogue to you free.  
THE **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO

**Cutlery**  
Easily Quickly  
**Thoroughly Cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser**

work because they're poor folk, you know; but she hasn't an apron to cover her clothes. And she wore a blue silk skirt and a green silk waist, although she'd been working hard all day. And she had more gilt pins in her hair than anybody could very well count. She's just—well, she's just—ignorant. But Baby Ben is a perfect darling!"

(To be Continued.)

## When the Liver Gets Torpid

There is Nothing Like Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to Set It Right.

Mrs. C. L. Cook, 248 Tenth street, Brandon, Man., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for the last four years for liver trouble, and can say that I have had great satisfaction and help from them. I find that I do not need any doctor if I use them when the liver gets torpid, and believe that they are exactly suited for my case. My husband has used them for kidney trouble with good results, and my daughter in Winnipeg has been helped a great deal by the use of these pills. We say we can't keep house without them, and have cheated the doctors here out of a good many visits. I think Dr. Chase's medicines are just the thing, and have recommended them to many people who have used them with good results."

By keeping the liver active and the bowels regular Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prevent and cure such disorders as biliousness, constipation, chronic indigestion and headache. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, 5 for \$1.00; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

## Pebeco Defeats "Acid Mouth"

Fasten—fix—rivet this in your mind—Pebeco defeats "Acid Mouth."

Use Pebeco daily and you'll have little worrying to do about your teeth becoming disfigured with cavities.

## Pebeco Tooth Paste

prevents tooth-ills by stopping "Acid Mouth"—the 95% cause of tooth decay.

Use Pebeco and you defeat the "tearing-down" tactics of "Acid Mouth."



"When Pebeco actually did what ordinary dentifrices failed to do for me, I had proof of its virtue and value. Saving teeth is what counts. 'Safety first' for me every time. I'm strong for Pebeco."

At first the taste of Pebeco may surprise you. But its undisguised flavor is infinitely preferable to a "confection-sweet" taste.

Pebeco costs more; comes in extra-large tubes. Use one-third of a brushful only.

Manufactured by **LEHN & FINK, New York**

Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen Street Montreal