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Doctor Bemerton

Unwillingly He Left His
Wife to See a Patient.

By ELINOR MARSH

"My dear," said Dr. Joe Bemerton as he threw off his coat and hat, tossing his heavy driving gloves into the latter, "I'll be hanged if I go out again tonight if I'm called by a multimillionaire!"

"Oh, Joe, I'm so glad! You look awfully tired, and just think how long it is since we've had a quiet evening together!"

"Right you are, Pol. I'll get on my velvet jacket, put on my easy shoes, sit down before these blazing logs with you beside me, and we'll have a real old fashioned evening—like our courtship days, eh, sweetheart?"

He tweaked her ear and gave her a kiss.

"Won't it be nice? You can sit in the big chair right before the flame, while I sit in my little working rocker beside you and darn the stockings."

"Oh, no; don't darn stockings! You didn't darn stockings in those days."

As soon as dinner was over the doctor pulled the big chair up to the fireplace and drew his wife down on his knee. She had weighed 100 pounds when they courted. Now she weighed 150. Bemerton had had several obstinate cases during the day and was tired. It wasn't five minutes before he remarked that he had strained a muscle in his left leg when getting out of his auto, slipping on a bit of ice. He thought that they'd better sit side by side. So Mrs. Bemerton got off his knee and with an effort succeeded in squeezing in beside him. If she had gained fifty pounds he had gained more, so that instead of the aggregate bulk of 215 pounds between the two arms of the chair, as in their courtship days, there were now 350. However, they managed to wedge themselves in, and Mrs. Bemerton leaned back on her husband's arm.

"Just as nice as ever it was," he said gallantly.

They sat chatting for awhile, but the topics they talked about as lovers did not seem to rise up with the spontaneity of former days. There were long gaps in the conversation. The doctor yawned.

"We don't need to talk all the while," she said drowsily. "Remember what a chatter we used to keep up?"

"I wonder how we did it."

"Did it! We didn't do it. It did itself."

There was a lull, during which the doctor's eyes closed, and he was beginning to draw the heavy breath of slumber when his wife started in anew.

"Do you know, Joe," she said, "that wretched butcher sent in the most abominable steak this morning—all bone and gristle?"

"Yes, dear, but my arm is cramped. If you'll rise a bit I'll move it."

He moved the arm and was sinking again to a snooze when the telephone bell rang.

"I'll go," said Mrs. Bemerton, starting up.

"No; you wouldn't understand." And the doctor went to the telephone.

"Yes, I'm Dr. Bemerton."

Reply.

"I'm pretty tired."

Reply.

"Is he?"

Reply.

"Suffering much?"

Reply.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go."

Mrs. Bemerton, who was listening, sighed. The doctor came back into the room the picture of woe.

"Now, Joe, you said you wouldn't go out again tonight for a millionaire. You're tired out. In another moment you'd have been asleep. Why didn't you refuse?"

"How could I? If you were suffering and called for a physician to relieve you and he declined to go, what would you think of him?"

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Will you ride?"

"No; it's not far. I'll walk."

She helped the poor man on with his overcoat. He gave her a parting kiss and as he went out said:

"If I'm going to be delayed I'll telephone you, and you're not to sit up, but go to bed like a dear, good little woman, and I'll come in without disturbing you and sleep in my own room. Ta-ta, sweetheart!"

Mrs. Bemerton's regret was that her legs must go out after a hard day's work into a cold night to incur more responsibility. She was a practical woman and had discovered very soon that the return to courtship days would not be a success.



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As soon as the front door closed behind him Dr. Bemerton hastened his steps. A few blocks away was his club, and thither he went. Leaving his overcoat at the coat room, he went into the cafe and there found Drs. Nichols and Gilson, who hailed his entrance with shouts of satisfaction.

"What did you mean," exclaimed Bemerton to Nichols, with mock severity, "by telling me that the patient was suffering and I must come at once to relieve him?"

"I mean this," replied Nichols—"that Gilson is suffering for some one to split a bottle of ginger ale with him. As for me, I'm suffering for something of the same kind."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bemerton. "You fellows will be the death of me some day. It doesn't seem as if one of us can have any fun without the other two or any two without the other one."

Dr. Bemerton sat down, and Nichols pushed the button, and when beverages had been ordered Bemerton said to the waiter:

"Peter, I wish you to telephone my wife that the case is very serious, there are three doctors in consultation, and I'll probably be detained till a late hour. Say I haven't even time to do the telephoning. Now, be careful, Peter. Don't give away where the message comes from."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nichols. "Three doctors in consultation! Good! Very good!"

"Consulting as to which is preferable as a diluent—ginger ale or fizz water," laughed Gilson.

Peter had served twenty years at the club and knew how to send such telephone messages very well, but he was head waiter, and his responsibilities were multifarious. Being especially crowded tonight, he transferred the order to a greenhorn who had worn the club's button but a few days. This was the message sent to the doctor's wife:

"Dr. Bemerton is here at the club in consultation with two other doctors. He won't be home till late, mum."

"All right," came the response. "Tell the doctor not to hurry and that I think a Welsh rabbit or a stuffed crab will do him good."

Then the greenhorn goes to the three doctors in consultation and says to Dr. Bemerton:

"Docther, Mrs. Bemerton says yer not to hurry, and she thinks a stuffed crab or a rabbit'll do ye good."

Bemerton, who was raising his glass to his lips, stopped it on the way.

"Who phoned her?"

"I did, sor. Peter told me to. He was busy."

"And did you tell her I was at the club?"

"Shure, sor. Where else would I tell her?"

Nichols and Gilson leaned back in their leather covered chairs and roared. "That'll do," said Bemerton to the waiter, who went off puzzled.

"Well, boys," said Bemerton, "I'm in for it." And he told the story of how he had started in for a return to courtship days, accusing them of breaking in upon his and his wife's happiness.

"You must do something mighty nice," said Gilson, "to get out of this muddle. My wife would never forgive me for a thing like that."

"What can I do?" asked Bemerton.

"Give her a sealskin," suggested Nichols.

"She has one. Besides, that would require time. I've got to face her to night when I go home."

"The only thing you can do," said Gilson, "that can be done tonight is to telephone to a flower shop and have it send you a fine bouquet of flowers to take home with you."

Bemerton was not favorably impressed with the plan. He said that he had forgotten every anniversary of his wedding day as it came round and the customary gift, his wife reminding him of it a month after it had passed. To take her flowers now seemed like giving her taffy. However, at that hour it was the only thing he could do; so, calling up a flower shop, he directed the proprietor to send the handsomest basket of flowers he could make up.

Then he threw off care and, with his friends, spent a delightful evening, married only by a telephone message from Dr. Gilson's better half to know if he was at the club and one from a patient of Dr. Nichols asking if the medicine he had ordered had better be taken at 11 o'clock or a quarter past 11.

But all good times must come to an end, and the trio at last separated. At the door of the club Bemerton's two friends admonished him to do a lot of petting when he got home, confessing himself a brute and relying on the floral gift to set matters right. Bemerton didn't say anything. He knew his wife and that she was not one to be coddled.

When the doctor opened his front door he found the lights turned down and the silence of oblivion. Excellent! Perhaps his wife was asleep. He would not have to face her till morning. Taking off his shoes and leaving the flowers in the hall, he crept upstairs.

"That you, dear?" came a voice from his wife's bedroom. "Had a good time? Hope you didn't eat anything to upset your stomach."

"Only stuffed crab, as you suggested. You're not angry with me, are you, dear?"

"Angry! Why should I be? I was well pleased when I learned you were at the club instead of being with sick people. Only you might as well have told me where you were going. It would have been a relief to me."

"By Jove, what a sensible woman you are! Both Gilson and Nichols said their wives would be furious. They suggested that I bring you a ten dollar basket of flowers to pacify you."

"Flowers! Don't you bring me flowers when Billy needs a new overcoat and Jennie hasn't a decent dress to her name. If you had spent \$10 for such worthless things I'd have sent them right back tomorrow to the shop you got them from."

Mrs. Bemerton didn't see her husband or his expression when she said this, and it is well she did not.

"I'll just go down and fix the furnace before turning in," he called. "It's going to be a cold night."

Mrs. Bemerton heard coal shoveled into the furnace, but she did not hear a beautiful ten dollar basket of flowers thrown in at the same time.

The next morning Dr. Bemerton made his first call at the flower shop where he paid for the penitential gift.

Worms are encouraged by morbid conditions of the stomach and bowels, and so subside. Miller's Worm Powders will alter these conditions almost immediately and will sweep the worms away. No destructive parasite can live in contact with this medicine, which is not only a worm destroyer, but a health-giving medicine most beneficial to the young constitution, and as such it has no superior.

PRaised BY FRENCH.

Fighting Qualities of Our Boys Much Admired.

French correspondents with the British troops have been lavish in their praise of the Canadians and their fighting at Lens. One of the most influential of the French Provincial papers is "Le Telegramme," published at Boulogne, and the following literal translation, without comment, of an article on August 25, speaks for itself. It says:

"The Canadians at the present time completely hold the limelight in the theatre of war. It is these picked troops that have been given the incomparable, the glorious and difficult task of retaking Lens—Lens, where each house is a fortress; Lens, where the slag heaps bristling with machine-gun and trenches, which the enemy only manage to hold by continual reinforcement."

"This Canadian army, although only raised during the war, is curious to study for several reasons. Recruited exclusively by voluntary methods, it is composed of various elements curiously representing the world crusade against the abhorred Germans."

"One meets trappers, colonials, hunters, men who have lived full lives of adventure, and peaceful merchants of Quebec or Montreal. There are battalions that speak only the true French of the eighteenth century. Some have names like 'Gros Rene,' others 'Oeil de Faucon,' and all these various elements are assimilated in the great British army, resplendent of the traditions of others."

"These trappers, these hunters, these woodsmen, trained to stand the limit of fatigue by their hard life, are the ideal soldiers. They keep themselves in condition, even when they are in rest, by their practice with fury, but with method. Football and baseball, which they excel in, make them grenade-throwers of the finest class. They can jump in their competitions five feet six inches, and when the time comes they can do the same in combat. They have not abandoned their national game of lacrosse, where these talents are necessary."

"There is one part of the Canadian army which is made up of foresters, who are actually working in Britain and France with their own machinery. They can, it is well known, cut down a forest in the twinkling of an eye (clin d'oeil). You have to admire their marvellous cutting while you sigh for our poor trees, sacrificed in this way for the country's cause. It would take several columns of this paper to relate the splendid deeds of these adventurous and heroic men."

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure and it can be used without danger of injury.

OUR BOYS IN EUROPE AND HOME PROTECTION

The men on the firing line represent the pick of our country's youth. Many were rejected because of physical deficiency. Many times the kidneys were to blame.

If we wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if we want to increase our chances for a long life, Dr. Pierce of the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., says that you should drink plenty of water daily between meals. Then procure at a drug store, Anurie (double strength). This "An-uric" drives the uric acid out and cures backache and rheumatism.

If we wish to keep our kidneys in the best condition a diet of milk and vegetables, with only little meat once a day, is the most suitable. Drink plenty of pure water, take Anurie three times a day for a month.

Send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. Anurie—many times more potent than lithia, eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you.

Freston, Ont.—"I am pleased to express my experience with Anurie. I have been troubled with rheumatism in right limb and hand for several years, and lately in left shoulder. The only way I could lie was on my back. I had great difficulty to sit down and more to get up. Lately I had a very severe pain in my back. I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery several times with the most satisfactory results, so I concluded to give his Anurie Tablets a trial. The pain in limb and shoulder has stopped entirely and in right hand it is very slight and getting less all the time. I can now sit or lie in any position I wish without discomfort or pain. I recommended the Anurie Tablets to two parties and they both claim decided improvement. I certainly will recommend them to any one troubled with the kidneys; there is nothing nearly so good; I tried them all."—GEORGE BOOS, cor. Duke and Waterloo.

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27TH REGT.—
Thos. L. Swift,
since June 15, 1917,
ford, Bury C. Binks
killed in action, A
ON Newell, T. W.
Alf Woodward, killed
Cunningham, M. B.
R. W. Bailey, A. L.
Johnston, G. Math
W. G. Nichol, F. Ph
E. W. Smith, C. T.
Ward, killed in action
D. C. M., killed in action
wounded—missing,
Hardy.

PRINCESS PATI
Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATT
C. W. Barnes, Geo.
Watson, G. Shan
Burns, C. Blunt, W.
P. Shanks, Pte. W.

2ND DIVISION
Lorne Lucas, Pte.
Potter.

33RD BATT
Percy Mitchell, d.
Oct. 14th, 1916;
Geo. Fountain, killed
16, 1916, Gordon H.
in Victoria Hos

34TH BATT
E. C. Crohn, S.
Rogers, Macklin Ha.
Oct. 8, 1916; Henr
in action Sept. 27, 1
ning, Leonard Lees,

29TH BATT
Wm. Mitchell, J.
70TH BATT

Ernest Lawrence, A.
O. H. Loveday, A. B.
ton, killed in action
Moyers, Jos. M. V.
Brown, Sid Brown,
Sept. 15, 1916, Alf.
A., Corp. V. W. Wil

28TH BATT
Thomas Lamb, ki
MOUNTED
Fred A. Taylor

PIONEER
Wm. Macnally, W.
ENGINEER

J. Tomlin
ARMY MEDIC
T. A. Brandon, M.
McKenzie, M. D., No
Jerrold W. Snell, A.
Wm. McCausland.

135TH BATT
N. McLachlan, k
July 6th, 1917.

3RD RESERVE BATT
Alfred Levi

116TH BATT
Clayton O. Fuller,
April 18th, 1917.

196TH BATT
R. R. Annett.

70TH BATT
R. H. Trenouth, I
on May 8th, 1917; I
ster.

142ND BATT
Austin Potter.

GUNNER
Russ. G. Clark.

B. N. C. V.
John J. Brown

ARMY DENTIST
Elgin D. Hicks, H.

ARMY SERVICE
Frank Elliot, R. J.
Arthur McKersher

98TH BATT
Roy E. Acton.

64TH BATT
C. F. Luckham.

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Pte. J. Ward
Pte. Sid Brown
Pte. Gordon Patter
Pte. F. Wakelin, d.
Pte. T. Wakelin, d.
Pte. G. M. Feunai
Pte. H. Holmes
Pte. J. Stillwell
Pte. Macklin Hag.
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Gunner Russell H.
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Corp. Clarence L.
Signaller Roy E.