## The Western Home Monthly.

the beds and swept the floors. The house looked as well that day as if Maggie had been keeping house herself.

When chore time came he did not know what to do about the children. but decided to take them with him again.

He did not know that Maggie always put them to bed before she went outside to work. He had just commenced to milk, when one of the cows caught sight of her calf and went to bawling.

This startled the baby, and he commenced to cry lustily. John tried to quiet him, but it was of no use.

He set the pails in the manger and took the children to the house. He put the elder two in bed, and then sat down and soon rocked the baby to sleep.

"Well, I wish I had thought of this way first," he thought to himself," but I can't expect to know it all at once."

By the time he had finished with his chores, he was quite tired, for it was getting late. Setting the supper dishes aside, he went to bed.

Josie fell out of bed in the night, and awakened him with her howls, but he soon quieted her, gave the baby a drink, and then slept until morning.

The next day passed about the same as the first, but he was glad Maggie was coming home that day, for it was not like home without her.

He prepared supper early thinking she would be at home by the time it was ready.

He wished more than once for Maggie, and had plenty of time before morning, to think of the many nights she had sat thus alone, while he was away.

"I did not think or realize," he thought to himself, "that croup was as serious as this."

"Morning at last," he thought, as the first streak of daylight began to show in the eastern sky.

Josie was now sleeping but was get-ting her breath so hard that he was more alarmed than he had ever been in his life. He went to the barn to attend to his work there but he slipped back to the house several times for he was afraid Josie might choke while he was away. When he had breakfast ready, Josie could not eat. She tried to talk, but no words came.

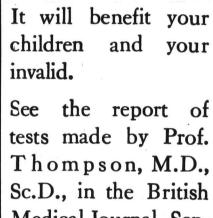
John put Jamie's coat and hat on him, then sent him to their nearest neighbors.

He wrote a note to Mrs. Jones telling her how bad the little girl was with the croup, and to bring some medicine over with her when she came.

When she came soon after, she brought some simple remedies with her, but confessed she knew very little about the croup.

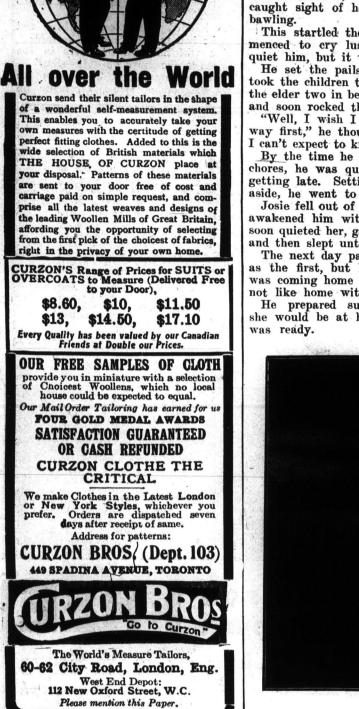
"If Maggie were here she would know of something to do," said John, "but I never saw her get so bad with it."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jamie. "Here is mama," and looking out they saw her driving in at the outer gate.



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Winnipeg, September, 1913.

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly. per without her. He then placed sup-per on the back of the range, where it Jamie ran out to meet his mother would keep warm for her when she came and persuaded the little folks to go to bed.

5 a.m. on the Nechako River, B.C.

She did not come, and they ate sup- | It was sooner than John had been ex-

Baby Glen was beginning to miss his mamma and cried and cried, first hard and then harder. Mr. Thompson rocked him, talked to him, and finally walked the floor with him, until, utterly worn out, the baby finally slept. With a sigh of relief John placed him carefully in bed, scared lest he should wake up, and cry some more.

It was almost eleven o'clock when the chores were finished for the night, and still Maggie did not come.

Knowing she would not get home that night he blew out the lights and went to bed.

It was nearly one o'clock when he was awakened by one of the children coughing. When he had lighted the lamp, he found Jamie sitting up in bed, beside his sister, telling him that Josie had the croup again. She seemed to be strangling and catching her up out of bed, he asked Jamie how her mother doctored her when she had the croup. Jamie showed him the medicine on the shelf, and taking down the bottle, he read the directions. He gave her some of it, as quickly as he could, for he soon realized she was very bad, and in spite of the repeated doses, she seemed to get no better.

All the rest of the night he sat by the bedside, giving her the medicine, but each spell of coughing seemed to get more severe.

and said: "Mama, Josie is nearly dying with the croup, you had best hurry. Mrs. Jones is here, papa has been crying, and we are just having an awful time.

With cheeks pale and hands that trembled, she tied the team to a post, and stooping to kiss Jamie's little anxious face, she caught him by the hand and hurried into the house.

As soon as she opened the door, she could hear her little daughter breathing, and she knew Jamie had spoken the truth.

As soon as she had spoken to John and Mrs. Jones, she threw aside her wraps, and was soon kneeling beside her little daughter. She covered the little face and hands with passionate kisses, calling her every pet and endearing name she could think of. Josie slipped her arms around her mother's neck, and tried to talk, but no words came. The only sound was a hoarse strangling cough. She then asked what they had been doing, to relieve her, and Mrs. Jones explained, as quickly as she could.

John sat at the table, with bowed head, too heartsick for speech. "I was speaking to the doctor that was waiting on mother," said Maggie, "about Josie having such frequent attacks of the croup, and he advised trying a steam bath with lime, followed by mustard poultices."

"I can get the lime, Maggie, for I brought some home with me the other

