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One of the most
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Benger's Food is distinguished from the others by
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BENGER'S FOOD IS FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS,
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Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet, "Benger's Food
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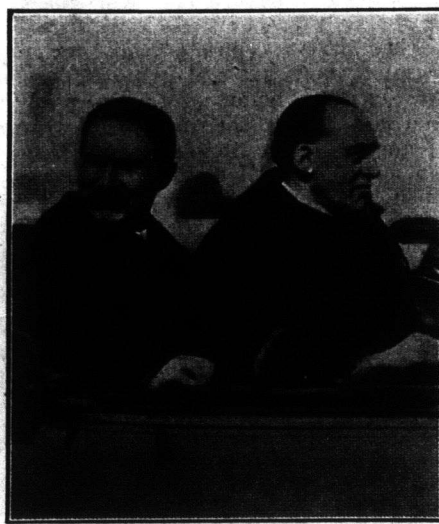
Shall we tell you something about "Em-
pire" Plaster Board—the fire retardant.

Manitoba Gypsum Co. Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

charged that while the investigation of
medical science had advanced it patho-
logically, it had scarcely advanced it
therapeutically at all, and that many
of the practitioners were worthy dis-
ciples of Dr. Sangrado; that they were
as much slaves of Fashion as women
were. This paper naturally attracted
attention—indeed, so much attention
that he lost his place in the Children's
Hospital.

But, when, a little later, an epidemic of



"We will not have Home Rule" say Mr. Bonar
Law and Sir Edward Carson.

typhus fever broke out in one of the most
crowded tenement-house districts of the
East Side, he volunteered first man to
do the hospital work, a newspaper took
up his cause, and he got back his posi-
tion. And soon afterwards he wrote his
work on "The Treatment of Children,"
and laid the foundation of his fame and
fortune. Practice begun to pour in on
him.

Of Fortune he was as scornful as of
Fashion; for just as he was achieving
both he suddenly turned over his office
and his practice to a friend and left for
Europe, where he spent several years
in the Continental hospitals. Some said
he was mad; others that he had followed
across seas a young widow whose for-
tune was as well known as her beauty;
one of the belles in the ultrafashionable
set of the city.

When he returned he was already
famous. For he had written another
work that had become a standard.

All this by way of prejudice and to
show what sort of man it was that drag-
ged me away from my accustomed sum-
mer haunts to the little sun-steeped fish-
ing village on the Maine coast, and
plumped me down in Mrs. Dow's little
gray cottage under the apple-trees,
where "Jane" lived with "Miss Hazle."

I had not seen the Doctor since we left
college until I drifted into his office one
morning in the spring, and not then
until I had waited for at least a dozen
others to see him. Most of these had
children with them, and I observed that
all appeared somewhat cheered up when
they left his office.

The last patient was a fashionably
dressed and very handsome woman who
had driven up to the door just before me
in a brougham with a fine pair of horses
and with two men in showy livery on the
box. I had seen her as she swept across
the sidewalk, and in the waiting rooms I
had a good chance to observe her. She
had undeniable beauty, and her appoint-
ments were flawless; almost too much
so, if possible. A tall, statuesque crea-
ture, well fed, richly dressed and mani-
festly fully conscious of her attractions.
About her breathed "the unconscious in-
solence of conscious wealth." At this
moment she wore a dark cloth morning
suit with sables, which always give an
air of sumptuousness to a handsome wo-
man.

Her presence caused some excitement
on the part of one or two of the ladies
who were present. She was evidently
known to them, and indeed she must
have been known to thousands, for she
was one in a thousand. As she waited
her self-consciousness increased.

After a time her turn came and she
was ushered into the office. I heard her
greeting, half rallying: "Well, as you
would not come to me I have had to
pocket my pride and come to you."

If the Doctor made any reply I did not

hear it, and I think he made none, for
his face, which I saw plainly, was ser-
ious, almost to sadness, and I was struck
by his gravity.

Ten minutes later the door opened
again and he showed the lady out of his
office as gravely as he had admitted her.
Her air of self-complacency had vanish-
ed; her confident tone had changed. I
caught the last words of his reply to her
parting speech, as she lingered at the
door which he held for her.

"I have told you the only thing that
will help her—and the alternative. You
must take her where I directed and you
must go with her." He spoke as if he
knew that his command carried weight.

She paused a moment, evidently con-
sidering, while he waited impassive.
Then she said with an accent, part dis-
appointment, part resignation, "Well, I
suppose if I must, I must; but it is most
inconvenient. You will come and see
her before we go?"

He bowed and closed the door, and
then came over to me. "Come in. So
glad to see you," and led the way into
his office.

As he closed the door he broke out,
"These fashionable women! They are
not fit to have children. 'Inconvenient'
when her child's whole life is at stake!"

"Who was she?" I asked.

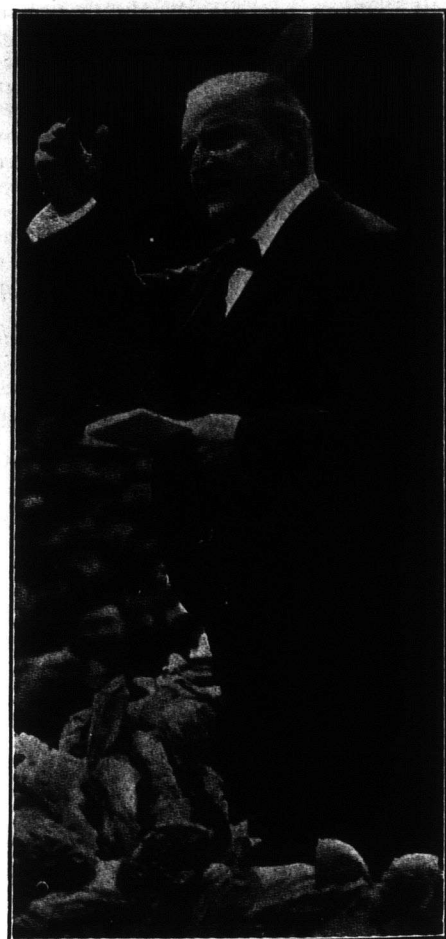
"Her name is Mrs. Durer. She is one
of those women who have not time to
look after their children."

I know that I must have shown sur-
prise, for she was one of the reigning
belles of the day, and her beauty was
a part of the property of the whole
country. Moreover, I had heard her
name connected with his, when he had
gone abroad some years before.

"She is one of the handsomest women
I ever saw," I observed, tentatively.

"Yes, she has looks enough," said the
Doctor, dryly, and changed the subject.

It was not long after this visit to
the Doctor that I received one morning
the telegram I have mentioned, inviting
me to join him in a holiday on the Maine



John Redmond claiming Home Rule for
Ireland.

coast, an invitation which I promptly
accepted; for the old ties that bound us
held firmly.

The place which he had selected was
a little village of white or gray cottages,
clustered under great elms, on a rocky
slope facing south, above a pretty little
land-locked harbor, just big enough to
hold the white-sailed sloops which, after
bobbing up and down outside, came in
to sleep like white-winged water-fowl
on its placid surface; but too small for
the big yachts that slipped by outside
the Ledge which gave its name to the
place. Thus, the life had been kept in a
simpler key than at the very fashion-