

proach of the terrible day on which her John would sleep beside their little Mary and she would have to travel on—alone! For the once energetic and masterful man was now obliged to place his business in other hands and confine himself to the house and its vicinity. On attempting a short walk one fair day, accompanied by his little boy, John suddenly reeled and fell full length by the side of the road. The child's screams alarmed the neighbours, who lifted him to his feet and assisted him home. He said that as he was walking slowly along, the landscape began to whirl; then all was dark, and he remembered no more until he found himself supported by his friends. This was vertigo, one of the results of advanced chronic dyspepsia and nervous debility.

At this stage of John's ailment the slightest exertion tired him and the least excitement brought on palpitation of the heart, of which at times it seemed he would suffocate. Bad dreams nightly disturbed his sleep and the horror of them would often remain vivid for hours after he awoke. Worse than all, a portentous cough set in, with light-coloured expectoration, which after a time was streaked with blood.

Susan, now thoroughly alarmed, was convinced that her husband was fast dying of that dread scourge, consumption, and all who saw him were of the same opinion. After this frightful aspect of the disease showed itself there seemed no ground for hope. Poor John Bostwick grew more thin and feeble daily. His tongue was covered with canker spots, his face was sharp and his eyes more prominent as the flesh wasted away. He almost revolted at the sight or smell of food, and a glass of milk two or three times a day was about all he could take. It really looked as if he must perish of starvation, as indeed he was doing, for dyspepsia both poisons and starves its miserable victims. Thus the dreary winter passed, the longest and saddest in the life of the anxious yet patient

mother and the strangest in the lives of the children, who, from day to day, looked eagerly from the window, wondering how soon the summer would come again.

One day in the following May, Bostwick was feeling somewhat easier than usual, and his wife said: "John, it is beautiful weather and our kind neighbour, Gordon, says he would like to have you go for a little drive with him. I very much wish you would go if you are at all able, dear John; it may do you good."

It was a struggle to persuade the weak and broken man to make the necessary effort, but he did so at last, and with a smile on her weary face, yet with tears of sorrow in her fond blue eyes, Susan watched the wagon pass slowly along the foot of the hill and out of sight. It seemed to the poor woman that her husband, who was, if possible, dearer to her in his helplessness than he had been in his strength, would go from their door but once again, and then—overwhelmed at the picture her fancy had conjured up she walked quickly from the porch.

What followed must be briefly told. When Gordon, with his charge, had driven about a mile across the sweet and sunny English landscape they both saw a man coming towards them, walking with a long, free, swinging stride, as though he had a stock of health and vigor for himself and half a dozen other men. A minute later Bostwick said: "Gordon, I think I know that man. That should be our old acquaintance, Sam Fisher, who left here for Australia some seven or eight years ago to seek his fortune, and he looks as though he had found it."

"Yes, that's Fisher right enough," responded Gordon, "and he's better dressed and broader across the shoulders than he was when he went away."

The horse was halted, and Gordon hailed the pedestrian with a cheery, "Halloo, Sam; I'm glad to see you back," and the hail was returned with an equally hearty, "Same to

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