

OUR SHORT STORY

"Quite Out of Order."

"Yes, you had certainly better send Bobbie to school," wrote the major from Umballa. "I am sure from your accounts he is getting madder than you can manage; it would be different if I were at home, but unfortunately I have another year here at least. So look out a good school forthwith, Betty (mind Betty Travers had ensconced herself in a good one—must pay for it somehow), and get the boy off."

"My best love to you, darling, and kisses to all our pets. Your loving husband, JAMES TRAVERS."

The Indian mail had just come in to Dovebrook, the small village where Betty Travers had ensconced herself and family for the term of her husband's absence, and she now stood at the parlor window, in a glow of warm March sunshine, reading the thin, precious sheets, and sometimes puzzling a little over the major's rather illegible calligraphy.

The last sentence was plain enough, however, and in her joy at getting her letter, Betty was quite willing to carry out its injunctions.

"Yes, Jim is right," she said, decidedly. "Bobbie does take advantage of me, and he really is very tiresome; besides, I believe, I firmly believe, a little doubtfully, 'the child would be happier at school with little companions. He shall go.'"

The sound of a sixpenny trumpet blown by the unconscious 7-year-old son, in discordant blasts, put the finishing touch to his fate. It was exhorting, and, being followed by lustrous crying from the nursery, indicated that it had awakened baby from his precious morning sleep. That means Betty must take charge of him and his two older sisters while nurse got on with her work. There never was such a child for mischief, thought the mother, and at that moment cook appeared with a tale of further misdeeds. "Master Bobbie had taken her clean teacloths to wipe out his rabbit hutch, and walked off with the milk she had set aside for the nursery pudding to regale his white mice."

Bobbie, the rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little rascal, received the intelligence with apparent unconcern, though his little face fell as his mother proceeded to dilate on the order and discipline he must expect at school. "You will have to be a good boy there, Bobbie," she said.

"Shant!" replied Bobbie, stoutly. "I wish I could go to school," said Ethel, his next sister, a pattern little girl, who never tore her pinafore, or neglected to put away her toys.

"Oh, you; there is no need for you to go," retorted Betty, half contemptuously. Goodness is apt to be monotonous, and in spite of all his faults, or more probably for that very reason, Bobbie was her favorite.

Clare House school offered so many advantages and inducements that one felt almost inclined to pity those unfortunate children who could not be sheltered under its roof. Betty went on a visit of inspection, saw the principal and his sister, was shown over the house, and refrained from afternoon tea. All appeared most satisfactory, and in deciding then and there that her son should become a pupil of the establishment, Betty felt she was acting in a prompt and impartial manner, as befitted a soldier's wife.

When she got out of the train at Dovebrook station she encountered a lady friend. "I have just been to Calmford to see about a school for Bobbie," she said, with the tired, contented sigh of a woman who returns from a successful shopping expedition.

"Oh, indeed; is Bobbie going to school?"

"Yes, I have decided to send him; he is getting too much for me," continued Mrs. Travers, with the anxiety of a doubtful mind to have its decision endorsed.

"Poor little fellow!" was the unexpected reply. "He is going to be sent away from home early."

Betty pursued her way home less excitedly. "It is all settled, Bobbie," she said, as the little man ran to meet her. "You are going away to school next week."

The sunshine died out of Bobbie's face.

"Who will feed my rabbits?" he asked.

"Oh—well—perhaps I will," Bobbie looked doubtful. Already he had learned the amount of reliance to be placed on feminine promises.

"But the white mice, mother?" he added, anxiously. "You don't like them 'cause of their tails."

"No, I don't like their tails," said Betty, with a shudder, "but we will see."

"And they have to be cleaned out, mother, and the rabbits too."

"Never mind your pets now, Bobbie."

NIGHTY HARD WORK.

Some men have to do their work under all sorts of unusual and adverse circumstances that are just as trying upon their health and physical condition as if they were soldiers fighting and marching day and night in a hard campaign. When the conditions under which a man works are abnormal and unhealthy he needs to take special precautions to build himself up to withstand the extra strain.

"In 1904, I was working at night and I broke out in lumps all over and when these left the skin peeled off," says Mr. John A. Calloway, of 218 21st St., Columbus, Georgia, in a recent letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. "I had catarrh for four years and also liver and kidney trouble, when I would commence troubling me I would have a slight aching a little below the chest. I used many kinds of medicine but received no benefit. My eyes were sunken and my face was pale; I had pimples on my face and there were brown spots on my face. Now these are all gone. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two of Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure. They are the best medicines I ever used in my life, and I do believe that I am entirely well. I have a good appetite but before I commenced treatment I had no appetite at all. Now I am like a child—ready to eat at any time of day or night. Last year I weighed one hundred and thirty-four pounds and now I weigh one hundred and forty-five. Please accept my thanks. I am so glad I found the right kind of medicine."

"Golden Medical Discovery" is free from alcohol; it is pure medicine and nothing else. Unlike the so-called "tonics" and "extracts" which tend to create an appetite for stimulants, the "Discovery" creates only a healthy natural temperance appetite for good food which nourishes and strengthens. The medicine dealer who knows that he is falsifying, "just as good" as the adulterator. If he urges a inferior substitute it is to gain a few pennies greater profit. No matter how discouraged you may be, write to Dr. Pierce for advice which he will send you free and which, if followed, is bound to do you good.

Let me tell you all about your nice school."

For the next few days Bobbie felt the importance of the change in his prospects, and confided it to all with whom he came in contact. The butcher said there was nothing like a good education. The newspaper boy, to whom Bobbie further enumerated the details of his new outfit, observed rather disrespectfully, "My eye! you will be a toff!" and the hairdresser, who gave his curly locks an extra clip, uttered the mendacious statement that he wished he was going to school.

But when it came to the eve of the eventful day Bobbie went about looking unusually sober. He surveyed mournfully, with his hands in his pockets, the tunnel in his garden which was to have communicated with the water butt and effect elaborate irrigation works for the benefit of his marigolds, radishes, and "love-lies-bleeding."

He inspected his slug-trap sadly; no longer would it be his to catch slugs at ninepence a dozen; they would devastate the garden in his absence.

Trusty, the old fox terrier, stood at his little master's heels in a dejected attitude—he seemed to sniff parting in the air.

So subdued was Bobbie when it came to tea time that his mother had to draw on her imagination to put the charms of Clara House. By the time she had finished it would have appeared to a disinterested hearer that home was nowhere in comparison. But Bobbie listened sadly, evidently taking the majority of the statements cum grano salis.

Betty tucked him up that night with a pang at her heart. However naughty he might have been during the day, Bobbie, like all children, looked simply cherubic when asleep.

"Who would imagine to look at him now that Bobbie could ever be tiresome?" thought Betty, arranging the tossed bedclothes over his rounded limbs. "Dear little chap!" she murmured, stooping to kiss his fair flushed face.

It was all bustle and confusion next day till the time of starting. Bobbie bore up like a man; he kissed his sisters and the baby with no sign of emotion, but returned from bidding farewell to his pets and Trusty with suspiciously red eyes.

Betty had had difficulty to swallow any lunch herself because of a tire-some lump that would keep coming in to her throat.

She was glad when the first wrench of parting was over and they entered Dovebrook station. Here she encountered the vicar's wife.

"Oh! so your little boy is going to a boarding school," she said, "I heard something about it in the village. I dare say you are right, Mrs. Travers, but I always think the home influence, you know—"

"It must be pure cussedness on her part," muttered Betty, flying to get the tickets.

Clare House school stood up, large, white and formidable, when they reached Calmford.

"I don't see no garden," said Bobbie, looking disappointed.

"No, but there is a nice playground," replied the mother, thinking rather dreadfully of the walled-in, graveled inclosure, with its swing and gymnastic appliances, "and a cricket field. But oh, Bobbie, you must try and talk better."

"How better?" asked Bobbie, looking mystified.

School had commenced that day, and as they mounted the front steps they caught sight of several boys bending over their desks in a room in the basement. Betty thought they looked rather forlorn, but then basement regions always have a depressing appearance.

They were ushered into the drawing-room. Miss Bligh, a tall, thin woman, received them with chill graciousness, and her brother, the principal, patted Bobbie on the head and asked him his name.

It was one of Bobbie's failings to be shy with strangers, and instead of answering and looking up brightly he stuck his chin in his neck and said nothing.

Betty feared he would make a bad impression, and murmured an apologetic something about her little boy seldom seeing people.

"Shy, eh?" said the master, and though he smiled Betty fancied there was a look in his eyes as if he could see something of Bobbie's failings.

"I see," said the master, "We will make a man of him, eh, my boy?"

Bobbie shrank closer to his mother and got hold of a fold of her gown in his chubby fingers.

"I am afraid he is rather a spoiled little man," remarked Miss Bligh, coldly.

Betty smiled nervously.

"You see, his father is away," she said, glancing half appealingly from one to the other. But she met no response to reassurance.

"I see," said Mr. Bligh; "it is high time he came away from home, Mrs. Travers."

"Perhaps he had better be shown his quarters," said his sister, and she led the way upstairs.

"This is where he will sleep," throwing open the door of a large long room with rows of small beds like a hospital, and bare, barrack-like windows, "and here is his bed."

Bobbie gave a quick, frightened glance and his grasp tightened.

"Come, you don't want to get into mother's pocket, do you?" laughed Miss Bligh. "Excuse me a moment; I will see if they know where to put his box."

When she had left the room Bobbie looked round ruefully. Then he said, in a timid whisper: "Mother, who will tuck me up at night?"

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps Miss Bligh," replied his mother, thinking of the contrast he would find between the chill room of Miss Bligh's virginal fingers and her own motherly caress.

"When will the holidays come, mother?" he asked, in a tight little voice.

"Oh, before very long," answered Betty remorsefully, conscious of being a "weaving prophet."

"What's that?" Asking about holidays? exclaimed the sharp, metallic voice of Miss Bligh at the door. "Why, we're only just beginning work; it is idle boys who want holidays, directly."

"It's all so new to him," faltered Betty.

"Well, Mrs. Travers, the little ones are going to have a game in the playground. Suppose I take Robert to join them, while you have a cup of tea. Betty, disengaging the child's clinging fingers, "I won't go without saying good-bye to you."

But Betty refused to go unless his mother went with him, and so, having landed him in the midst of a number of little fellows about his own age or

rather older, Betty was escorted back to the drawing-room.

She felt as if her tea would choke her, and answered Miss Bligh's remarks on the eastern question utterly at random. Her heart was with the pathetic little figure in the playground, looking on at the games, in the condition likened by King Solomon to vinegar and nitre.

"I mustn't let you lose your train, Mrs. Travers," said Miss Bligh, presently. "The time," glancing at the clock, "is getting on. I will see where my brother has got to. You would like to speak to him again, I expect."

Betty acquiesced. Left alone in the large, handsomely furnished drawing-room, she felt ready to cry. "I hope I have done right," she murmured to herself.

Just then her eye fell on a large Bible on a table at her elbow. She recalled the old-fashioned method of finding a text to settle a difficulty, and with the hope of lighting upon some words to comfort her, she opened it at job, as it happened, and saw these lines:

"She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers."

She shut it again speedily, with a flush of dismay, as the principal and his sister returned leading Bobbie by the hand.

"Here is the little man come to say good-bye to his mother," said Mr. Bligh cheerfully.

"Oh, I can't go," thought Betty. Bobbie was pale and his lips quivered pitifully; he looked the picture of despair.

A sudden thought struck Betty—a lengthening by a few moments of the precious remaining time.

"Mr. Bligh, may Bobbie—I ask it as a great favor—may he come to the station with me?"

"Oh, I think—" began Miss Bligh, in a deterrent tone.

The principal looked annoyed. "It is quite out of order," Mrs. Travers, he replied, "but I suppose I must say yes."

"Who is to bring him back?" asked his sister, in the manner of one proposing an insurmountable difficulty.

"Oh, well, perhaps you would accompany Mrs. Travers, Helen?" was the reply.

"Very well. I shall overtake you directly, Mrs. Travers. You go on with the boy."

Betty needed no second bidding, and she and her little son left the house together.

They had scarcely reached the station before the unwelcome figure of Miss Bligh appeared pursuing them along the platform.

"Mother, you won't forget to feed my rabbits and white mice, will you?" asked Bobbie, still holding tight to his mother's hand.

"No, oh, no, darling. Stand back, here comes the train!" Betty spoke in a gasp, her lips were dry, her face white and drawn.

The train dashed in, there was a loud

throbbing and hissing of steam from the engine, and a banging of opening and shutting doors.

Betty thought with dread of her desolate return journey—of home without Bobbie for thirteen dreary weeks.

"Are you going on by the train, ma'am?" asked a guard.

"Yes, yes," answered Betty. A wild idea had just seized her. Close by Miss Bligh was standing, all ready to take possession of her brother's new pupil.

"I have nothing to read," cried Betty. "Miss Bligh, would you mind getting me a paper or a magazine—the Graphic or Illustrated?"

"I doubt if there is time, but I will try. Come, Bobbie."

"No, let him stay here," said Betty, fiercely. There was a look in her eyes as of a hunted animal.

Miss Bligh hurried away, nearly knocking over a porter in her haste.

The man recovering himself, came up to where Betty was, holding the child's hands in her grasp.

"This young gentleman going, ma'am?" he asked, his hand on the carriage door.

Betty was watching Miss Bligh's retreating figure. She had reached the book stall; in a minute she would be back.

"Yes," she said, in a desperate voice. "Lift him in, please."

"But, mother, are I going?" asked the little man, astonished, the tears which had gathered stopping short.

Fetty breathed hard; she held the door handle firmly.

Miss Bligh had snatched the Graphic and was flying back along the platform.

"Don't let her get me, mother!" cried Bobbie; "please don't let her!"

"The guard shouted 'All right!' the train began to move. Stay! it was going to stop again?"

Miss Bligh was waving wildly, but Betty put her head out of the window.

"It's all right," she shouted. "I have changed my mind; Bobbie is going back with me."

She just saw Miss Bligh's face of thunder and surprise, and the tears which had gathered stopping short.

"My darling, my darling," cried Betty, clasping Bobbie to her heart. "I won't send you to school after all. Thank God I have got you safe, safe, safe!"

"Mother, don't squeeze me so tight!" gasped Bobbie.

A gentleman in the farthest corner glared at Betty as if he fancied she might be an escaped lunatic, and at the next stopping-place he changed carriages.

"No, my dear little wife, I am too far away from you to send you," wrote the major a few weeks later; "but I think you allowed yourself to be governed by your feelings. However, as you say you are very strict with Bobbie now, I hope no harm is done. You must

Nervous Debility

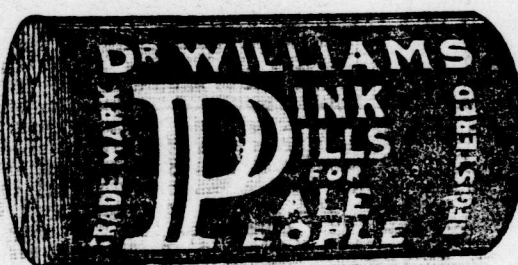
may be caused by over-work, worry, mental strain, or excesses of almost any nature. Very frequently it is one of the distressing after effects of la grippe. But whatever the cause a debilitated, nervous system means that the nerves lack nutrition. Feed the tired and jaded nerves and life will renew its joys for you.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

is the best nerve food and most valuable tonic known to science. Merit, and merit alone, has given these pills a larger sale than any other medicine in the world. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills hundreds of thousands of tired, and jaded, despondent men and women have been made bright, active, work-loving people. But you must get the genuine—imitations are always a source of disappointment, and a waste of money.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise as follows:—"During the last winter, owing I suppose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired and nervous all the time, had no appetite and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreaminess. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work will know what this means. Those who are not well will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."



Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are not Dr. Williams'."

The genuine are put up in packages resembling the engraving on the left, with wrapper printed in red.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Boys and Girls.

What Should You Do?

If you had a party for May day all planned, With nice things to eat and to drink, And I thought I should cry till my tear-wells were dry, What should you do, do you think?

Well, that is exactly what happened to me, And 'twas going to be lovely—oh! And I thought I should cry till my tear-wells were dry, What should you do, do you think?

But before I had time for a sob, mamma said, "Sweet at contriving things (new): 'You may ask them all here next week, dearie dear!'"

And that's what I'm going to do. —Youths' Companion.

What Grandma Sent.

Ralph Rogers was making a collection of birds' nests. He had become interested in watching the birds while studying about them in school, and when his vacation came he began looking for birds whenever he had an opportunity.

He learned a great deal about the habits of the different kinds, and how they constructed their nests. Then later in the season when the baby birds had learned to fly, and the nests were of no more use to the birds' families, he began his collection. He would cut down the small branches of the tree on which the nest was hung, or dig up the bit of soil or moss on which it rested, and in this way his nests made a fine showing. His collection was praised by the older members of the family, and by his teachers, until Ralph began to take a great deal of pride in it.

At the close of his vacation he wrote a long letter to his grandmother, who lived in the country, telling her how he had learned during the summer months.

Of course, one of the main things that he told her about was his collection of birds' nests. He described how he had thrown bits of string out on the lawn, and then had watched the orioles come and take them and use them to weave into their nests on the end of the elm tree boughs. Then

after the orioles had left the nest he had cut it down and kept it.

Grandma always enjoyed Ralph's letters, and she enjoyed this one especially well, because she knew at once she could give him a delightful surprise.

About a week later Ralph received a letter from grandma, and in the same mail was a strong, square paste-board box directed to him.

Ralph opened the letter, and this is what it said:

"Dear Ralph, I was very glad to receive your letter, and very much interested in your collection of birds' nests. And now I have a story to tell you about a bird's nest. One day in the early summer grandma was out on the side porch having her hair cut, when she noticed what a beautiful Ralph remembered what a beautiful white hair grandpa had. Of course, the wind blew the bunches of white hair out into the grass, and a little while afterwards we noticed a pair of small birds were making frequent trips from a tree near by to the grass beside the porch. Then we saw that they were carrying away the bunches of hair, and we knew that they must be making a nest, and sure enough, as we found out afterwards, they were lining the nest with the soft white hair, to make it smooth and beautiful for their babies. Now, if you will open the package which I have mailed to you, I think you will find something that it which you will like to add to your collection of nests."

"Your loving Grandma."

Ralph opened the package pretty quickly after finishing the letter, and there, inside the box, attached to a small branch of a tree, was a little round nest, beautifully made, and with the inside completely covered with soft, white hair, woven so that it formed a part of the dainty bird-cradle.

"It's grandpa's hair!" Ralph exclaimed, as he ran to show the treasure to mamma.

And do you wonder that all the members of the family considered that nest the chief treasure of all Ralph's collections.

Effects Were Wonderful.

"I had been troubled for years with pains in my sides and kidneys, and aches in all parts of my body, owing to stomach and liver troubles. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and its effects were wonderful. In a short time I was entirely cured." Mrs. Francke, 209 Ossington avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A man never likes to hear a girl talk against another girl, and a girl never likes to hear a man praise another girl—so there you are.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house