

The Doctor's Marriage

Dr. Reynolds sat in his arm-chair musing. A book was in his hand, but for fully three-quarters of an hour not a leaf had been turned.

"What a fool I am," he said, suddenly awaking from his reverie, "to be always losing my time dreaming."

He was an active young man, and in one year, by his skill and energy, had built up a splendid practice in a suburb where he was previously unknown.

During that time he had perused many a chest and written many a prescription, and two thousand pounds stood to his credit at the bank. Impressionable in a high degree, he was much given to day-dreaming, and few of the events of the day failed to appear before his vision as he retired to a well-earned rest. He was a good Catholic, well instructed for a layman, and deeply interested in the religious movements of the day. His tall, erect figure and his sharply-cut features gave him a manly appearance, and betokened good breeding. Many of these little circumstances did not escape the observations of the local mammas, whose duties to their daughters' future welfare they kept religiously in view. It was even said that many wealthy young ladies, under the pretence of looking for the house of an acquaintance who did not exist, invariably found him "awfully nice."

The impression he made on a casual meeting deepened with acquaintance, and you would undoubtedly find him clever, well informed, imaginative and genial.

"No fear, old man," he once said to a would-be suitor, "that I shall ever try to kill myself through melancholia. Doctors may kill their patients, but they rarely kill themselves."

On this evening, however, his natural gaiety does not appear in his looks. Joy and grief come and go, shadow chasing shadow across the generally cheerful countenance. He drew down the Venetian blinds, and instead of putting into immediate execution the resolution still hot from the mint, he abandoned himself to further musing, the prominent figure in his airy castle being that of a girl, young, beautiful and fascinating. Dr. Reynolds was, in fact, head and heels in love. The sensation was not consistently agreeable for he saw that the bravery of the knights of old was needed if he wished to win his lady love. Conscience, which makes cowards of us all, was his determined antagonist.

As he reviewed for the hundredth time his position or predicament, and weighed the arguments for and against the chances of ultimate success, recalling principles that education and later reading had made almost part of himself, he acknowledged it was no good spirit that had brought him to the sick bed of Edward Dunhope. Mr. Dunhope had long suffered from heart trouble, and deeming a provincial town an unlikely place for finding the best medical aid, had removed to a pretty villa situated in a healthy suburb of Sydney. Before he had well settled down, however, in his new home his old complaint troubled him at dead of night, and the coachman was summoned with all haste to call in the nearest medical man. He had not gone far when "Dr. Reynolds, Physician and Surgeon," on a red lamp caught his eye, and before many minutes Reynolds, bag in hand, stood beside Mr. Dunhope, the examination of the patient concluded, the doctor was embarrassed by the anxious questions of a beautiful young lady, whose manifest affection for the patient sufficiently indicated that she was his daughter. On his way home Reynolds would have gladly concealed from himself that this was a charming young girl, kind, affectionate, lovable, and rebuking himself for his simplicity, he said: "Reynolds, old man, look out for heart trouble, it will be worse than the old gentleman's."

Subsequent visits to the "Villa Serena" found Mr. Dunhope tending to convalescence, and put the doctor in possession of facts relating to the family, and particularly to the only surviving daughter of the new resident. Clara Dunhope was only twenty-three, four years the junior of Dr. Reynolds. She was a good, religious girl, had been educated at a ladies' college in New Zealand, and had determined before her mother had two sisters were shipwrecked off the coast of Australia—to devote herself to missionary work in China. Convinced that the lamentable fatality obliged her to soothe the sorrow and tend the ailments of her father's declining years, she abandoned her intention of going abroad, and contented herself with aiding the foreign missions by generous donations and fervent prayers. The petulance of her father sometimes caused her to waver, but a short period of consideration again reconciled her to the calling which lay so much closer at hand. If sarcasm could dampen her ardor, Clara Dunhope would never be the heroine of an evangelical semi-official or the recipient of the blessings and Bibles of the home agents of the benighted heathen. "Daisy, dear," the old man used to say, "the foreign mission field is an excellent place for old maids, but you should stay at home among the white pagans, for I am told you are handsome, and if you are, you may expect a husband any day," and then, with a knowing smile, "doctors have been known to make good husbands." At first Clara was displeased with these ungilded remarks, but by degrees she became less disturbed, and the idea of one day marrying Mrs. Dr. Reynolds by no means grated on her feelings.

The doctor's visits to Mr. Dunhope did not recognize the intervals which in the etiquette of the profession, grow longer according as the patient's recovery proceeds.

This circumstance did not escape the vigilance of the servants, who from the beginning were not prevented by fidelity to duty from observing the movements of the young lady, nor from seeing the interest she was taking in the visits of Dr. Reynolds. The course of true love ran smoothly enough to falsify the saying of the unhappy poet who propagated that audacious calumny. The coolness and formality of "Dr. Reynolds" and "Miss Dunhope" by degrees thawed away to the soft and smiling "Wristle" and "Daisy."

Mr. Dunhope's brother arrived from New Zealand to attend a religious gathering and put up at the villa. He was a clergyman of the Congregational Church, and had trained him-

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self to a sublime hatred of everything done by what he called the "Roman Church." He made some offensive remarks about Catholics in the doctor's presence. Dr. Reynolds showed that he was not only a member of the Catholic Church, but a well educated and devout follower. The young lady for the first time realized that she was about to join herself with a "Romanist." The shock was not pleasant, and in her mind there arose the difficulty, if not utter impossibility, of giving her hand to Reynolds.

On Reynolds' side the religious difficulty had not till then been seriously considered, but it soon became apparent that if he would wed the only woman he ever loved he should make concessions against which his conscience and his intellect rebelled. To be married in an heretical church by an heretical minister—to allow the children that Providence would send to be brought up in a sect that was opposed to his faith and to the traditions of his family—to risk the salvation of his own soul—these thoughts conflicting with the love of the girl distracted him. At times he felt on the verge of madness. He would sink into the deepest depression, forget appointments, lose interest in his cases, make and unmake resolutions, brace himself up for a struggle against his passion and then sink into despair.

Miss Dunhope, too, was not without worries. Although a most lovable girl, there was deep down in her nature a prejudice against the Catholic Church. She had imbibed it with her mother's milk, and grown up in a Protestant atmosphere. The father, however, being somewhat of a man of the world, was not disposed to sacrifice his daughter's matrimonial prospects. So he suggested a compromise—the marriage to take place in the Protestant church, while the religion of the children should depend on the sex—the boys to be Catholic and the girls to be Protestants. Many instances were adduced of the conveniences of such an arrangement, and not a few strong Protestant and Catholic families were mentioned to the lovers, who found satisfaction in the give and take principle. "This world, my children," he said, "is a world of compromise. 'Give and take' is the first principle of civilization."

After much hesitation on both sides, the father's suggestion was adopted. Arrangements were soon made, and three months afterwards a gay party arrived at the door of the Congregational church. Bouquets with streamers, white dresses and merry laughs distinguished the bridal party as one of the brightest and happiest that ever heard a wedding march.

Many years afterwards a distinguished physician was walking the wards of a large hospital in England, accompanied by his wife and the matron. It was winter, and though a mild day for that season, the doctor was clad in a heavy, warm overcoat. A residence of forty years in Australia had unfitted him for a cold climate, and entitled him to a holiday in the old land. He was studying the progress that medicine had made in the chief hospital of his native town.

Glancing at a clinical chart on a patient's bed, he hesitated. The name was familiar, "Christopher A. Reynolds." One look at the sick man, and "Reynolds' habitual torpor suddenly disappeared on hearing his name pronounced by an old and valued friend. Mutual recognition followed. The patient told his story in a few broken sentences, and Prof. Naughten left the bedside of one whose early professional success, he had watched with much pleasure. There lay the once respected and skillful practitioner, who, after a brilliant career at the medical school, built up in a few years an enviable practice, while he retained the esteem of his profession.

The next morning he was better and brighter. As McNaughten entered the ward, accompanied now by the superintendent, who had read with delight the contribution of Dr. Reynolds to a medical journal published at Vienna, but was not aware that the brilliant scientist was the poor cardiac subject about whose ailments doctors and students were speaking in his presence. After a brief conversation the superintendent departed and as his visitor drew his chair close to the bedside tears gathered in the patient's eyes. "Why don't you despise and spurn me?" were his first words, and he narrated to his friend the riotous life he had lived for several years, drink having finally mastered and degraded him.

"You can diagnose your case infallibly. What led to your destruction?" said McNaughten.

"In one word," was the reply, "it was that marriage. You know how I loved that girl, and how for her I bartered all the cherished be-

liefs of my faith. That was the beginning; you see the end," and he wept. "There was no worldly treasure too good for my wife. I do not blame her. The responsibility is on my own shoulders. In religion there can be no compromise. The faith was stronger in me than I had imagined. Although I grew careless in the practice of my religion, I could not see my children lost. An outsider cannot understand my feelings. I knew all my forefathers had suffered for the old faith, the knowledge pressed in upon me. I felt I was a traitor. I would get scapulars and quietly place them on my children's necks. They did not understand, her influence enfolded them; they despised what I held sacred. I tried in vain to suppress my feelings. My wife, poor child, would not listen to reason. She was a slave to her Protestant prejudices and invincible ignorance. Her hatred of Catholicism was intense. Quarrels followed, and misery entered the home. There was no peace. We separated; I neglected my practice; she divorced me and obtained possession of the children, but in spite of all my love for her grew stronger, and that added to the loss of my children, filled me with despair. You know where men usually seek comfort. I left Australia. Here I am, afraid to face my God."

McNaughten rose. A priest had entered. Before returning to Australia the professor witnessed his friend's interment, and on the day following he read the announcement in the papers chronicling the marriage of Dr. Reynolds' son at a fashionable Presbyterian church—Catholic Fireside.

LIFE ON THE RAIL IS A HARD ONE

C. P. R. Engineer's Experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills

They Brought Back his Strength When he Could Neither Rest nor Sleep.

Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 13.—(Special).—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well-known C.P.R. engineer, whose home is at 175 Maple Street, is one Winnipeg man who swears by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Long hours on the engine and the mental strain broke down my constitution," Mr. Rafferty says. "My back gave out entirely. Terrible, sharp, cutting pains followed one another, till I felt I was being sliced away piecemeal. I would come in tired to death from a run. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I had to lay off work."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I have worn for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

IN FEBRUARY.

When February sun shines cold
There comes a day when in the air
The wings of winter slow unfold
And show the golden summer there.

Dead ivy on the winter wall
Is glowing with an April light,
And all the wreckage of the fall
Above the snow comes into sight.

By a green rock beneath the pines
Are shadows blue along the snow,
Above the silent sun the lines
Of cloud in white procession go.

A bloom is on the forest tops
Of red light bursting through the brown;
The ice awakes and silver drops
Come through the meadow stealing down.

The sky is hushed beneath the trees
Where silence and night have birth
I heard the sunset whisper, Peace!
Peace, Peace! the gods are on the earth.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parnee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

THE POWER OF A LITTLE CHILD

One of the best stories ever told by the "Poet of the Children," Eugene Field, is the true tale of a passion strangely obtained.

Everybody was afraid of the old Governor because he was so cross and surly. And one morning he was crosser and surlier than ever, because he had been troubled for several days with a matter which he had already decided, but which many people wished to have reversed. A man, found guilty of crime had been imprisoned, and there were those who, convinced of his penitence and knowing that his family needed his support, earnestly sought his pardon. To all these solicitations the old Governor replied, "No," and, having made up his mind, the old Governor had no patience with those who persisted. So the old Governor was in high dudgeon one morning, and when he came to his office he said to his secretary: "Admit no one. I am weary of these senseless importunities."

Now, the secretary had a discreet regard for the old Governor's feelings and it was seldom that his presence of mind so far deserted him as to admit of his suffering the old Governor's wishes to be disregarded. He bolted the door and sat himself down at his modest desk and simulated intense enthusiasm in his work.

His simulation was more intense than usual, for never before had the secretary seen the old Governor in such harsh mood.

"Has the mail come? Where are the papers and letters?" demanded the old Governor in a gruff voice. "Here they are, sir," said the secretary, as he put the bundle on the old Governor's table. "These are addressed to you privately; the business letters are on my desk. Would you like to see them now?"

"No, not now," growled the old Governor. "I will read the papers and my private correspondence first." But the old Governor found cause for uneasiness. The papers discussed the imprisoned man, and these private letters came from certain of the old Governor's friends, who, strangely enough, exhibited an interest in the self-same prisoner. The old Governor was disgusted.

"They should mind their own business," muttered the old Governor. "The papers are officious and these other people are impertinent. My mind is made up—nothing shall change it."

Then the old Governor turned to his private secretary and bade him bring the business letters, and presently the private secretary could hear the old Governor growling and fumbling over the pile of correspondence. He knew why the old Governor was excited; many of these letters were petitions touching the imprisoned man.

"Humph!" said the Governor at last. "I'm glad I'm done with them. There are no more, I suppose."

When the secretary made no reply, the old Governor was surprised. He wheeled in his chair and searchingly regarded the secretary over his spectacles. He saw that the secretary was strangely embarrassed.

"You have not shown all," said the Governor, sternly. "What is it you have kept back?"

Then the secretary said: "It is nothing but a little child's letter—I thought I would not bother you with it."

The Governor was interested. A child's letter—what could it be about? Such a thing had never happened before.

"A child's letter! Let me see it," said the Governor, and although his voice was harsh, somewhat of a tender light came into his eyes.

"'Tis nothing but a scrawl," explained the secretary, "and it comes from the prisoner's child—Monckton's little girl—Monckton, the forger, you know. Of course there's nothing in it—a mere scrawl, for the child is only five years old. But the gentleman who sends it says the child brought it to him and asked him to send it to the Governor."

The Governor took the letter, and he scanned it curiously. What a wonderful letter it was, and who but a little child could have written it. Such strange hieroglyphics and crooked lines—it was a wonderful letter, as you can imagine.

But the old Governor saw something more than the hieroglyphics and crooked lines and rude penciling. He could see in and between the lines of the little child's letter a sweetness and a pathos he had never seen before, and on the crumpled sheet he found a love like the love his bereaved heart had vainly yearned for, oh! so many years.

As the old Governor looked upon the crumpled page and saw and heard the pleadings of the child's letter, he thought of his own little one—God rest her innocent soul! And it seemed to him as if he could hear her dear baby voice joining with this other's in truthful pleading.

The secretary was amazed when the old Governor said: "Give me a pardon blank." But what most amazed him was the tremulous tenderness in the old Governor's voice and the mistiness behind the old Governor's spectacles as he folded the crumpled page and put it carefully in the breast pocket of his greatcoat.

"Humph!" thought the secretary, "the old Governor has a kinder heart than any of us suspected."

When the prisoner was pardoned and came from his cell, people gazed at him by the hand and said: "We saved you."

But the secretary knew, and the old Governor, too—God bless him for his human heart!—they knew that a dimpled baby hand opened those prison doors.

"Writer's cramp," with a good many writers, means being cramped for funds.

Owing no man anything may not mean that there is not the milliner and dressmaker to pay.

A woman seldom cares to make a name for herself if she can get the right man to give her his.

A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over thirty-one years, its popularity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

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TORONTO ONTARIO

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(By William H. Hambly.)

He was plainly an agent, one could see that in everything, from his smile to the frayed edge of his cuffs.

The merchant who had been yawning undisturbed all day got busy at once. The stranger stood around, waiting, while the merchant bustled about pushing in this and pulling out that.

"May I have a minute of your time?" asked the stranger with a friendly self-accusatory smile.

"No, I'm very busy to-day," answered the merchant very shortly.

"I have something here," said the man reaching under his coat.

"I tell you I'm very busy. Come back some other time," said the merchant impatiently.

"That I am sure will interest you," continued the agent unmindful of the interruption.

"But I tell you I am not interested in it or in anything else," snapped the merchant. "Don't you see I'm busy?"

"It is something that everybody wants," continued the stranger in an untruffled tone.

"But I tell you I don't," declared the merchant, raising his voice.

"My dear sir, when you have seen it," continued the stranger suavely, drawing a package out of his hip pocket, "I am sure you will be interested."

The merchant glanced at him, too angry for speech.

"You see," continued the stranger, smiling and tapping the package, "I have something here that nobody can do without."

"I can," yelled the merchant. "Haven't I told you I don't want anything. Don't want to buy anything, don't want to see anything, and confound it, I don't want to hear anything about your wonderful stuff. Clear out!"

The stranger put the package back into his pocket and went out smiling, and crossed over to the other store.

An hour later, while the merchant sat on the platform in front of his store, whistling, he remembered the agent and called across to his competitor:

"Say, Bob, what did that seedy guy have in that package?"

"Twenty-five-dollar bills," replied the competitor, "and he traded out fifteen of 'em."

The man without an aim in life is generally the one you will find shooting off his mouth.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

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TORONTO

THE ONLY ONE IN THE PARTY

During one of the informal receptions which followed one of the Democratic mass meetings in New York toward the close of the recent campaign a gentleman was introduced to ex-President Cleveland as "Mr. Frank Brooks."

"I am Frank H. Brooks, Mr. Cleveland," said he, "and I am very glad to have the honor of meeting you, as I owe you the only political glory I ever had."

"Indeed," said the ex-President. "And how was that pray?"

"You appointed me consul at Trieste."

"Indeed. And was that an agreeable place to go?"

"I can't tell you," laughed the other. "I didn't go. The salary was not such as I could accept, so you changed the appointment to Consul-General at St. Petersburg."

"That was better," replied Mr. Cleveland. "How did you like that capital?"

Mr. Brooks laughed again. "I did not go there, either," said he. "I was compelled by family reasons to refuse that gift, too."

"Snake hands again," exclaimed the statesman heartily. "I have many notable men in my time, but never before a Democrat who had refused two offices."

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

It is noble, good, and grand to be kind and helpful to those in need. This is all the more true when the person in need is a cripple. I want you to remember this, and always be on the lookout for chances to render such aid.