

Children's Department.

The Doctor's Story.

It was Sunday afternoon. A bright cheery fire burned in the library grate; the table was littered with magazines and papers: but the big easy chair was empty, for the master of the house, the dear old doctor, stood by the window.

As the short afternoon drew to a close, he had thrown down his book and stopped, as was his wont, to read the book of nature. He stood now, close to the window, shut in by the heavy curtains, watching the snow-flakes as they came hurrying down on their loving errand, covering and smoothing away the wrinkles from the face of the weary, worn earth.

An old man was the doctor, but his heart was young, and his step quick and firm; he had put the work of three men into the seventy years he had left behind him, and now he had stepped aside from the highway of life and was enjoying his well-earned rest.

Enjoying too, as he had never had the time to do before, the bright young girl who made the house a home, amused always, puzzled sometimes, worried even now and again, at what he feared might be his clumsy man-like handling of the young life that he had watched from babyhood, watched and guarded faithfully from the time the dying mother had put the tiny pink baby into her good brother's arms.

He was watching for his "bonny lass" now, and caught a glimpse of a trim little figure amid the whirling white flakes.

Then a gust of cold air and Kate dashed into the room, a sense of fresh life glowing in her bright cheeks and sparkling eyes. She tossed her muff on the table, her gloves twitched off followed, she flipped her jacket open with a jerk, and dropped the snug little



Mr. L. B. Hamlen,

Of Augusta, Me., says: "I do not remember when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; it was several years ago, and I have found it does me a great deal of good in my declining years."

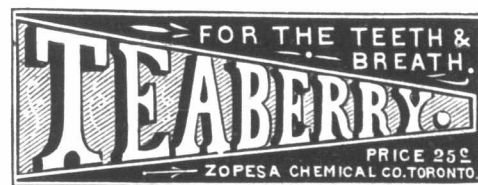
I am 91 Years

2 months and 26 days old, and my health is perfectly good. I have no aches or pains about me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and helps me to sleep well. I doubt if a preparation ever was made so well suited to the wants of old people." L. B. HAMLEN, Elm Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 26, 1891

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable.



AGENTS WANTED, male and female. To sell our new Kettle Cleaner. Entirely new; sells to every housekeeper. Also our Bread, Cake and Pastry Cutters, Corers, and Knives and Saws. No capital required. Easy sellers, big profits. CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Lock Box 264, Toronto, Ont.

storm-hat unceremoniously on the scrap-basket. There stood the big arm-chair waiting for her, and into its welcoming arms she sank with a sigh.

Many a time she had brought her dolls there in her lonely childhood; and curled up in its roomy depths she had scolded and petted and regulated, in her own impetuous way, the affairs of her small household, and told her sorrows into their deaf ears. Many a time after the dolls ceased to satisfy she had crept into the old chair's arms, for she had never known a mother, and thought her thoughts and fought her wordless battles with a very determined spirit, the other self of Kate Monroe.

The doctor turned from the window as he felt her entrance, and she was a pleasant sight to see; he stood waiting for the outburst he was sure was coming.

"Oh, uncle doctor!" she said, "I didn't see you, but I'm glad you're here. I've given up my class; 'tis all over. I told Mr. Carrington this afternoon I couldn't come again. I'm so glad 'tis all settled!" and two big tears stood in two blue eyes by way of emphasizing her gladness. The doctor knew all about the case, and he was sure the decision had cost a struggle. "You'll see straight by-and-by, my dear," he had said; but by-and-by is a long way ahead at twenty, and she had not waited to reach it.

Now he only said, "I suppose you told Mr. Carrington why you leave your boys?"

"Indeed I did not," answered Kate; "he wouldn't understand, and I suppose he thinks 'tis nervous prostration, or just laziness. And 'twould be nervous prostration if I kept them, for I don't sleep Sunday nights thinking of the awful responsibility of teaching those boys, who get no other teaching."

"After the lesson hour I'm all used up and limp and worried, for fear that I didn't say just the right thing. I daren't do it, uncle doctor; 'tis the blind leading the blind;" and two tears rolled down by way of a very solemn period to the sentence.

"But, my dear," said the doctor slowly, "I'm sure you know the way. Don't think yourself blind just because you don't see other footprints in your own path; every individual soul has its own little strip in the great highway."

"I'll tell you a story, Kate, I have never told before. When I was a young man fresh from the medical school, very proud of my diploma and very sure of my wisdom, I happened to have brought to my knowledge a sad case. A young friend of mine just beginning to practice made a mistake in the diagnosis of a critical case, treated the patient for the disease he had thought her symptoms indicated, lost valuable time by doing so, and when he discovered his error it was too late for human skill to help. Shocked at his misfortune, horrified at the responsibility resting upon him, the poor fellow's mind gave way; he was overworked and underfed, and when the strain came the weak link in the chain parted. Only two of his colleagues ever knew the cause of the woman's death."

"You know, my dear," the doctor continued, poking the fire in leisurely fashion, "you know I was the youngest of a large family, and never had care or responsibility thrust upon me, and my course at college with a well filled purse at home had not tended to make a man of me. With a natural shrinking from responsibility, I had felt a dread of practising medicine from the day that I first realized how much depended on a physician. Poor Harry's fate decided me. I couldn't face a life with such grave decisions in it, and for a year or two I traveled rather aimlessly, restless and unsatisfied, I am glad to say, because I knew I was wasting a life."

"Well, so things went on till once in a hotel I had a lesson. It was a small inn in a small town, a raw new place in what was then our Western country. A young couple were boarding in the same house, staying there while preparing their own little home, a nest for themselves and a bright four-year-old boy."

"The man was a young architect, and she a wife and mother; the boy was their idol, and a most attractive, winsome little fellow he was."

"He was the only child about the house, and as my business was surveying in a desultory sort of fashion, I saw a good deal of him, and found he was creeping into my heart. One morning I missed him in the dining-room, and heard he was sick, but thought nothing of it."

"The next morning the bright eyes were closed forever, and the light had gone out of two happy hearts. The only physician in the town was lying at the point of death; they had sent twenty miles for another: after they realized that the boy was really ill, but the roads were nearly impassable, and he didn't arrive till noon. When I heard the sad news in the morning I could only hope that no one would ever discover that a physician had been under the same roof with the suffering child. Strange to say, when Dr. Blank drove up at noon I found he was an old college classmate; we shook hands

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Has come not a little knowledge as to cooking—what to do, as well as what not to do. Thus we have learned to use

COTTOLENE,

the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

PROGRESSIVE COOKING

is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us not to use lard, but rather the new shortening,

COTTOLENE,

which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be.

The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

WASTING

Diseases are often difficult to remedy.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

will restore a lost appetite—lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed by a few doses of this remarkable remedy. PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

in the hall and he immediately passed on to the grieving father.

"When he heard the particulars of the case, 'Why didn't you call in Monroe?' he said; 'any physician would have known the symptoms meant serious mischief.'"

"Then and not till then was it known that I was a doctor. I shall never forget the mother's look as she followed the little coffin out of the house. 'And you might have saved him,' she said—that was all. In a month I was settled here, my sign out, and I was ready to do the Lord's work with the Lord's help, and I did it for forty years. Teaching a half-dozen street boys is a great responsibility, I admit; not teaching them is a greater

Indigestion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Is the most effective and agreeable remedy in existence for preventing indigestion, and relieving those diseases arising from a disordered stomach

Dr. W. W. Gardner, Springfield, Mass., says: "I value it as an excellent preventative of indigestion, and a pleasant acidulated drink when properly diluted with water, and sweetened."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.
For Sale by all Druggists.

keepers.

d.—An eminent medical coffee is a real brain absolutely increasing a k. The writer further imagination; alcohol ent to throw him into of action, but caffeine ioning and absolutely city for the time.

SAUCE.—Remove the stalk off flat at the ted water enough to go boiling salted water, ty minutes, removing en. Drain from the etable dish, and cover

our house (inside or g, use Weather and far the best on the ers for Canada, the int Company of Cana- st. east, Toronto.

—This dish may be uliflower. Break the allop dish or shallow of cauliflower, moisten r of the ingredients, with buttered bread- ur in a moderate oven. proof Floor Paint. It gloss and wears well. do not be put off with y the Weather and of Canada, Ltd., 122 Toronto.

two dozen oysters and eggs until light, mix of flour, with a tea- lifted with it, and a til smooth, add the a spoon into boiling d turn. When done spoon and serve very

tion of warm water and soap; afterwards, n cloth saturated in

o six pounds of peeled gar, five dozen cloves, each apple stick two and cook till tender.

the parsnips until ten- , when the skins can season to taste with our the hands, and into small, flat, round and fry in butter

Burdock Blood Bit- pots, bark and herbs, edy for dyspepsia, and will cure all pimple to the worst

e is no remedy that of perfect cures as up. In nearly every bronchitis, hoarse- effects are prompt

—Remove the outer salted water, with a until tender. Drain with sufficient cream n simmer for a few

tter.

rg, March 15, 1887. hree dozen B. B. B. shop. Sold seven ly, C. THOMPSON. ne of hundreds of B. B. B.