

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



THE STOLEN BABY.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
A novelist, seeking nocturnal adventure, waits for a taxi in the Paddington Recreation Ground, London. He notices a girl who seems to be waiting for the midnight omnibus and offers to give her a lift in his taxi and the girl accepts his offer. She informs him that her sister is sick in a hospital and that she is on her way to fetch her sister's baby from her sister's home to her.

THE CAB GOES ON WITH THE STORY.
I had altogether lost track of her. After a moment, a policeman who was standing by a gate, considered me with a suspicious air. I had revealed my hat, so that he stood on end. The policeman was still watching me with interest. It was obvious that I could not stay in the middle of the road like this unless I wanted him to tuck me under. For a moment I thought I would tell him about the coronet. But what could a policeman say if a hatless man, in the middle of the road, told him that a girl who wasn't there had got hold of a baby with a coronet on its clothes, a baby that wasn't there either? He'd be certain to think me drunk. So, attempting all the dignity I could, I walked away to Elgin Avenue, pretending to be busy. I got home somehow, a little later, unfortunately in another taxi, so that I did not recover my hat. I had a cold bath, as a result of which I felt much hotter, and more confused when I got into bed. I found myself unable to sleep. All the little incidents of that night crowded upon me: the girl's confused references to her father and her stepmother, the fact that she was living alone and yet took her sister's baby to live with her when she could leave it where she had found it, the obvious commonness of her voice, and its contrast with the baby's clothing, her nervous excitement, her state almost of palsy, as if she had been frightened, or was hunted, when she came back with the child, her rapid flight, the blackness into which she had taken me, the blackness into which she had vanished. . . . all this combined. By degrees I piled up into a certainty that my wanderer of the night had stolen a child, and that I had assisted her. Then my confused state of mind became complicated by the realization that babies with coronets on their clothes are not generally found in houses on Guelph Street. I saw myself in the middle of a burlesque

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



ping with the adventure in which I had had a hand, I felt puzzled. How was it that Mrs. Gold's Nursing Home lay in Guelph Street? Then I remembered that the next turning on the left was Royal Place, which is the address of the home. I was standing before the back door. Well, I had come so far; I had better face the trouble. Perhaps it was too late to repair what I had done. So I mounted the steps, and with a trembling hand rang the bell.

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By Stanley



Though it was so early, the door was opened by a parlormaid, already magnificent in ruffled cap and apron. Vaguely I noted the size and appalling ugliness of the furniture of the hall, the faint of Mrs. Gold's Nursing Home extended back to the youth of Queen Victoria; it maintained its traditions. "Can I see Mrs. Gold?" I said. "Mrs. Gold?" said the parlormaid, in a tone of amazement. "Yes, it's very important." "You want to see Mrs. Gold, sir?" repeated the parlormaid, this time conveying that I wished to see the Empress of China. "I'm afraid that's impossible, sir." "But I tell you I must see her. It's very important; it's very urgent." "I'm sorry, sir. But the chairman, I mean Mrs. Gold, can be seen only every other Friday, between three and four. Perhaps you would like to see the matron, sir?" "Yes, yes. I'll see anybody you like who's in charge." I was ushered into a small room entirely filled with large tables, sideboards and armchairs, 1840 style, papered in 1840, expensively, and never repaired since. There waited for an awful quarter of an hour, at the end of which a page covered with buttons, took me to another room, where, behind a colossal desk, sat an equally colossal woman, dressed in black silk, and hung with the kind of gold chain that provincial mayors affect. "What can I do for you?" said the lofty creature.

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

NURSING THE INFANT
(Article II)
If mothers follow the plan of carefully using a regular schedule for nursing periods, much better results, both in infant growth and contentment as well as the condition of the mother in well, nutritional breasts and normal milk supply, will follow. In many hospitals and community homes, where regular time period feedings have been carefully carried out, the following plan has been found most satisfactory:
In infants of eight pounds and above, five to six nursings in 24 hours.
In infants between seven and eight pounds, six nursings in 24 hours.
In infants between five and seven pounds, seven nursings in 24 hours.
In infants below five pounds, seven or eight nursings in 24 hours.
A well-developed, healthy, thriving nursing baby should be in ordinary condition, go through the night (from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m.) without being fed. Nursing mothers will do well to try

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton



Everybody might have known that Mother Goose would be home for the Market Town Fair, even if she had missed the circus. But everybody in Daddy Gander Land was so excited about it, they never gave her a thought at all. Not even Daddy Gander or the Twins. Daddy was so busy carrying things to the Fair on his magic dipstan, he hadn't time to eat his meals properly, and I am sure that the cook stove in the Christmas tree house that the Twins lived in hadn't had a fire in it for a week. Everybody was eating pick-me-ups off the corner of the kitchen table. First there was the Pieman's wares to be taken over to the lunch counter at the Fair Ground. For the Pieman was going to sell coffee and doughnuts and wacky sandwiches as well as pies. Then there was Dame Trot who was having a butter and egg stand. She broke so many eggs on the way when she carried them that Nancy and Nick were left with a whole stock over for her in perfect condition. And the Toy-maker had a prize stand where he gave away dolls and drums, if you were smart enough to guess the next number on a big wheel.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—MONDAY'S WASH



ADAM AND EVA—QUICK WORK



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—A SURPRISE FOR WILBUR



SAVE THE TROUBLE OF COFFEE MAKING—USE Washburn's Coffee

IT IS MADE JUST DISSOLVE AND DRINK IT. A GREAT CONVENIENCE AND OH, SO GOOD!

ADAM AND EVA—QUICK WORK



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—A SURPRISE FOR WILBUR



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—A SURPRISE FOR WILBUR



My Experience is that DR. CALDWELL'S LAXATIVE SYRUP PEPsin Is just what you need

This Will Make Digestion Easy
WHAT the dyspeptic needs is not soda and charcoal and breath perfumes but a medicine that will help his bowels to move regularly, for dyspepsia and constipation are allied. If you will take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin systematically as the directions on the package call for you will soon digest your food properly and pass it out normally, and heartburn, belching, dizziness, nervousness and bloating will vanish. In time you can dispense with all medicines as Laxative Syrup Pepsin will have exercised the intestinal and stomach muscles so they act for themselves. Mr. E. N. Gagni, 338 St. Patrick St., Ottawa, Ont., Mrs. Urrick Stewart of Grouse-town, N. S., and hosts of others will verify this.

World Acclaims Success
Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin is the prescription of a well-known physician of that name who practiced successfully for 47 years. It has been on the market 30 years and is today the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. Thousands of families have in their medicine chest ready when any member shows signs of dyspepsia, constipation,

Form for Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin, including a name and address field.