

Children's Department.

Faithful as Knight.

Mr. Wentworth and his young son Robert, together with Knight, their trusty dog, were walking over the snow-swept fields one warm winter's day, drinking in the invigorating air and sunshine, and enjoying each other's fellowship.

"How fond they are of one another!" people would exclaim as they saw them pass. "What comrades!"

They were all in all to each other, for they two were alone in the world. Only the week before, the lovely wife and mother had been laid away in the calm cemetery on the hill, leaving them bereft and grief-stricken.

Now Mr. Wentworth was on the eve of a long business journey, which would necessitate a broken home circle, and Robert was to be sent to a boy's military school, to remain during his absence. Their conversation on this their last walk together was earnest, a heart-to-heart talk between father and son; their minds were full of the too soon and sad separation.

"Remember, my boy," Mr. Wentworth said, stopping involuntarily at the edge of the frozen stream, and gazing wistfully above the tops of the naked-limbed trees up to the blue heavens. "You are the great comfort which God in His mercy has left me! To you I look for happiness! In leaving you so alone and young I feel great hesitation, yet I will pray for you, and will rely upon you for being all that is manly, honest, and straightforward. Can I trust you, Robert?"

"Yes, papa," Robert replied, throwing his proud young head back, and squaring his shoulders bravely as he stood by his favourite dog's side. "Knight does the best he knows how; I will be as faithful as Knight."

The child, all unconscious of the handsome picture he made, stood patting Knight's shaggy coat, while the

scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.

father, pleased at the noble answer, watched him in silence, with eyes brimming with tears of mingled pride and sad fondness.

The afternoon waned, then the evening passed quickly on the wings of time, and the morrow brought the departure from home; first of the father, then of the son under the guardianship of an old-time friend.

Robert was placed in school, and given his daily round of duties and studies. His little life of ten years had commenced in earnest, and he had frequent battles with temptations, which surround all boys' footsteps.

He was sick at heart, and lonely much of the time, but found, as all boys do find at such good schools, many kind friends both among the teachers and the boys, who admired him for his youthful independence and diligent endeavours in the various branches of study and discipline.

The excitement in the novelty of his situation, the first enthusiasm of new labours, wore away after a while, however, and Robert began to feel in a measure the monotony of school life, and to wonder if he was "too good," as the boys would sometimes mockingly say in whispers near him, or whether it would be wrong to share once in a while in their secret "fun."

There sat near him in the study hall, Kenneth Hall, a handsome, dashing youth, who by his recklessness in sports, and lavish use of money, won a certain amount of influence over the younger boys.

Robert had resisted him from the first, not because he did not like him, for he was strongly attracted to him, but from his conscientious sense of right.

Yet one day in the early spring-time, the sun being warm, and the air alluring, study grew irksome, and his active young nature longed for a taste of out-door romping. He sat with one hand on his head, drumming his slate listlessly with the other, and fretting inwardly at his fate, when Kenneth whispered in his ear:

"Say, what do you think of going to a ball game at Fairwater to-day?"

"Why, who is going?" he answered, surprised.

"Oh, a few of us! But hush, don't breathe a word!"

A good time in store! A ball game! Robert's heart beat high. He lent a willing ear, and listened further.

"When we are out for recreation,

Harry and Paul and I are going to slide out of the double gate behind the hedge, and you can come too if you want to. We can get back by six, in time for evening prayers, and if we are in our places in the ranks, why, who will know the difference?"

"Why, indeed, who will?" thought Robert. Kenneth's reasoning was plausible.

"I'll go," laughed Robert slyly, and pretended to study his lesson until the bell for recreation sounded.

He started to follow the three older boys; he walked briskly with them down the play grounds, yet he did not feel as happy as he had expected to. Perhaps he had better not go! Oh, no! he had promised Kenneth that he would! But ought such a promise to hold good? Yes—no—he could not decide. Then there came before him, just like a flash, the vision of his last walk with his father, and of his promise: "I will be as faithful as Knight," the good dog, so trusty and honourable, so kind a friend, so faithful a subject.

That was the promise to keep! He hesitated at the gate, then left his companions, stammering out his excuse, for which they jeered him. With their mocking voices ringing in his ears, he ran back, crying. He knew he had done right, yet it would be so nice not to hear himself called names. His full manliness rebelled against such insults, and he felt almost angry with himself for turning back. He was ashamed of his tears, and brushed them away lest any other of his comrades saw them. Soon he heard the voice of the head master calling him:

"Some one wants you in the parlour!" he said kindly, smiling mysteriously.

"What, me!" said Robert, surprised.

"Yes, some one you will be glad to see!"

Robert's legs fairly flew along the paths, then into the hallway, on into the parlour. He burst open the door, and with a rapturous cry was in his beloved father's arms, the dear father whom he had not seen for five long months.

"Oh, papa," he cried, and was his father's own boy once more, "I am so glad you are here, and so very, very glad that I did right."

Then he poured out his trial on his father's breast.

"What led you to turn back, my son?"

"Because I told you I would be as faithful as Knight."

"So you have been, Robert."

Then Robert felt that his reward was great and blessed, and resolved then and there to live in all ways and

My

Nerves are weak, many people say, and yet they do not seem to know that they are literally starving their nerves. Weak, pale, thin blood cannot give proper sustenance—that is why you are nervous, tired, exhausted. The cure for this condition is to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla fairly and faithfully, and the rich, red blood, which it makes, will soon feed the nerves the elements of true strength they require; they will cease their agitation and will resume their proper place—being under the control instead of controlling the brain and body. Read Miss Bartley's letter:

"I want to express my gratitude for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. My health has been very poor for three years, due to trouble with my

Kidneys

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My Back

did not trouble me so severely. My appetite returned and I gained strength every day. I am now able to do my own work, and feel perfectly well. I cannot find words to express my gratitude for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me and I gladly recommend it." MISS ELLA BARTLEY, 213 1/2 S. Grant Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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for all time up to his childish motto, "Faithful as Knight."—Sel.

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