CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid $140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a Cold. Cure the Cold and the Cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out Cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the Cold won't come back is to use

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BETH'S BUTLER

By Thomas Nesbit

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"Well," said Mrs. Martine disconsolately, "I guess that we shall have to put them off again."

"But we can't," objected her husband. "We have put them off twice. If I don't land him pretty soon I can whistle for the funds."

"But they know the servant question," she pleaded, "and I simply can't have them in the house with only one servant to look after things."

"They have boarded ever since they were married," he said gently. "They have an apartment in the St. James the year round. They will simply think that it is an excuse, and I'll lose the chance of pulling off the biggest deal of my career."

"I can help, Della," broke in Beth. "I can get up a splendid dinner."

"But they've seen you in town," lamented Mrs. Martine. "I could never trust Maggie in the dining room with company around."

"Well, it's some comfort that we can have a good dinner, anyway," declared Jack Martine, kissing his sister. "I know Beth can get us up a dinner that will be a credit to the house."

"But she can't get a butler," wailed his wife. "What's the use of a good dinner if it isn't served right?"

"Della, you're a chronic grumbler," laughed Beth. "Let Jack stop in somewhere in town and get a man sent out. He knows a lot of good places and one of them will spare him a waiter."

Mrs. Martine brightened up. "Perhaps that will do," she answered. "We will hope for the best anyway."

Martine kissed his wife and dashed for the train. It was the last of a series of happenings that had operated to hold off the dinner to the Prescotts. If Jack could get Mr. Prescott interested in the flotation of his company it

"IT'S NOT MONEY I'M LOOKING FOR," HE EXPLAINED.

meant great things. If the dinner were delayed again there was danger that the whole thing might fall through.

The only way to approach Prescott was through a dinner, and a home dinner at that. The Prescotts had lived in hotels all their lives because they were so seldom long in one place.

Their permanent quarters in the fashionable hotel they regarded as home, but they were more often in London or Paris, or else up the Nile or some other queer place, and it was a saying that one argument after a home dinner was worth a hundred in an office where Sydney Prescott was concerned.

It seemed a simple matter to Jack to borrow a waiter from the restaurant where he lunched to take the place of the butler, who had left the day before, but the head waiter shook his head. There were three big banquets that night. Every waiter in town had been engaged weeks before.

Yet for all of that a quiet faced Englishman presented himself at the Martines' that afternoon and went to work with a quiet skill that made Mrs. Martine almost want to hug him.

To Beth he seemed like a godsend. All day long she had been struggling with the preparations for the dinner with such awkward help as a green servant could give. When Peters came into the kitchen and quietly took possession, it seemed as if the sun had suddenly burst from behind the clouds.

The servant was set to work to clean the silver, and he took charge of everything, directing Beth with a quiet respectfulness that inspired confidence.

Long before the guests arrived things were all ready and Peters had retired to his room to get ready for the evening. Beth sat out on the back stoop to cool her heated face and breathe a sigh of relief that things seemed to promise so well.

Della ran out for a moment just before train time to show herself and be admired and lightly kissed the red lips.

"Isn't Peters a gem?" she exulted. "I never saw a man take hold so. If it had been his own dinner he could not have been more interested."

"He's a dear," laughed Beth. "I think we will have to get him to stay somehow, even though he said he was only here for the day. I almost think I'd marry him to keep him in the family."

There was a discreet cough, and the two women started apart. Peters had come downstairs again and was standing by the dresser. With a last kiss Della ran off to welcome her guests, and presently Jack came into the kitchen to see that all was well.

"Don't let things fall down," was his parting injunction to Beth. "If this deal goes through you shall have that trip to Europe—unless some one else takes you there first."

"You'd better get ready to write a check if you are thinking of Harvey," she said spiritedly. "I wrote him yesterday that I never wanted to see him again."

"He's an awfully good chap," urged Jack, who seemed to find food for much laughter in her speech. "I'll bet you change your mind before long."

"Never!" she called after him as he turned back to his guests, and it was with a high head that she entered the kitchen. Even now she was not altogether sure that she was glad that she had sent that letter, but Harvey was so irritating. But this was no time to worry about Harvey, and she turned to her work.

"Things look splendid, Peters," she smiled as she entered the dining room and saw how perfectly the table was appointed. "I think we shall have to get you to stay on with us."

"I think it could be done, ma'am," was the respectful reply, "but my price is pretty high, ma'am."

"We paid Hawkins sixty," she said. "Have you been getting more than that?"

"No, ma'am, but I should want more here."

"Possibly my brother might make it seventy-five," she suggested. "If you think that will do I will speak to him before you go."

"It's not money I'm looking for," he explained. "It's something else. You see, I'm a single man, ma'am."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," she said coldly, "unless you have fallen in love with Maggie. I believe she is engaged to a policeman in town."

"It was yourself, ma'am," was the even response. "I heard you say as how you'd marry me to keep me here."

Beth went white with anger, and for a moment she wished impotently that she was a man that she might strike this fellow. She turned as if to call Jack, then she thought of the dinner and all that depended upon it and with an effort collected herself.

"You forget yourself, Peters," she said coldly. "You had better announce dinner."

Peters never stirred. "I'm not going to do anything unless you promise to marry me," he said doggedly. "You know what this dinner means to your brother. Now you may take your choice."

She looked at the man curiously. He was not intoxicated, nor did he seem to be crazy, yet he stood there coolly making a proposal of marriage to her.

"Let me hear no more of this," she said severely. "Either announce dinner or get out of here."

"I'll do neither," he said determinedly, "unless you say 'Yes.' Won't you, dear?" he added, with a changed voice.

Beth gave a little shriek. "Harvey!" she gasped.

"Precisely," he agreed. "Jack told me his trouble, and I told him that I would come out. Prescott knows me, so I had to disguise myself, and I thought I'd pay you back for that letter too."

"Are you going to spoil it all now?" she pleaded.

"Not if you say 'Yes.'"

"Announce dinner, please."

"On those terms?"

"You brute!" said Beth, but somehow it did not sound as if she meant it, and Harvey kissed her before he went to summon the guests.

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresolene—they breathe it.

The Great Cocker.

Glancing through a pile of ancient copy books and letter writers, one dimly realizes what an awful thing it used to be to compose and put upon paper a thoroughly correct epistle. It was not an affair to be lightly taken in hand any more than matrimony. No, not even if one had learned penmanship from the immortal Cocker himself in his house in "Paul's Churchyard, betwixt the Signes of the Sugar-Loaf and the Naked Boy and Shears." Cocker's fame rests on his arithmetic, now obsolete, but the worthy man, besides being a ready reckoner, was also a mighty penman. Doubtless many a seventeenth century youth toiled along with inky fingers under his direction. Hearken to what the master says to him: "Let not your breast lie on the desk you write on or your nose on the paper, but sit in as majestical a posture as you can. With practice you may do brave things."—London Mail.

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Sick Bulletins.

When one is sick in Holland, instead of subjecting the family to calls and telephone inquiries, visitors read a bulletin which is prepared every day and hung by the doorbell. When it is a "stork" case, beside the bulletin announcing mother and baby's health is hung a red pin cushion if the new arrival is a boy; when a little girl is the welcome guest the cushion is a white one. These pin-cushions are handed down from generation to generation and in wealthy households are made from bits of priceless lace and rare embroideries.—Good Housekeeping.

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