

## AN INEXACT SCIENCE--A SHORT STORY.

Judge Wykoff's Solution of a Problem.

"Unsuitable," echoed Judge Wykoff, leaning back in his big chair and thoughtfully stroking his chin. "Most unsuitable," repeated Mrs. Colton Colville, emphatically. "In fact, Lenville, I will go further and say that as a governess I consider Miss Neville positively injurious to your motherless children."

"She brought the highest recommendation from the convent where she was educated," said the judge, gravely. "The children are devoted to her, and mother loved her as if she were her own."

"My dear Lenville--there was a touch of impatience in the lady's tone--" "Impatience? We cannot expect wisdom or judgment from her any longer. As for the children, Miss Neville spoils them--completely."

"They are very young yet, Caroline."

"Young," echoed Mrs. Colton Colville, who until her marriage two years ago had been the mistress of her brother's widowed home, and was a power to be reckoned with, even when on a brief visit as at present. "I am surprised at a man of your intelligence, Lenville, being out of date. As I proved in my paper read before the Congress of Mothers last year, education should begin the first month of the child's life. The brain cells should develop according to regular system. There should be conservation of energy from the first. Most women are absolute idiots on such matters. Think of the awful waste of infantile powers involved in learning such things as 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' or 'Ding-dong, bell!'"

A faint smile trembled on the judge's lips. He had learned a great deal of "Mother Goose" himself during the past winter. Miss Neville suggested that juvenile classic as suitable papering for the play room walls.

Mrs. Colton Colville continued: "Of pedagogy, as the exact science it has become in our modern schools, your governess knows nothing, Lenville. I found her last night rocking little Wilfrid to sleep in her arms."

The speaker missed the look that stole over her listener's face at her words. Pale little 5-year-old Wilfrid was the darling of his father's heart. "Rocking is, as you know, condemning by all the best authorities as distinctly injurious to the brain centers. And I understand from Mildred the governess tells fairy stories, one of the most pernicious errors of the past. And when I questioned the children about the physical culture I consider so absolutely necessary, I learn that they found the lessons so tiresome Miss Neville had given them up, and that instead she plays soldiers with them every night."

"She does," assented the judge. "I have seen the game, and it is not a bad one. In fact, it struck me as a physical drill to gay music, and under a prettier name. The children are, as you know, Caroline, like their poor mother, frail and nervous. Dr. Dent advised a young, cheerful teacher--"

"Young and cheerful perhaps," interrupted the lady, sharply, "but not thoughtless and untrained. Miss Neville cannot be more than 20. What value can a girl of 20 know of forming the characters or minds of your children? Absolutely nothing. They are all running wild together. And a silvery burst of laughter from the lawn without the library window seemed to corroborate the lady's words. "As you can see for yourself now," added Mrs. Colton Colville, with a severe glance toward a group under one of the big spreading oaks.

And looking out, the judge saw as

### Heart Palpitation Cured

Just like purgatory to be started out of a sound sleep by the thumping of your heart. Don't be scared, it's only the result of acute indigestion, which ten drops of Nervine cures instantly. Heaps of worry and sickness saved by keeping Nervine handy. For stomach and bowel troubles it's a wonder-worker. In sick headaches and minor ills, no doctor can give better advice than just "Nervine." A general family use a 25c bottle of Nervine is the best; try it for any ache, pain or bruise, and you'll never use anything else.

## Everybody Agrees

that COD LIVER OIL and IRON are beyond question the greatest medicines known. Then why does not everybody take Cod Liver Oil and Iron? Simply because most people cannot take the Oil and few can digest the Iron in any ordinary form. These difficulties have been entirely removed by the introduction of FERROL, in which the Iron is scientifically combined with the Oil, rendering the Oil palatable and the Iron digestible. While

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is manufactured from the best quality of Cod Liver Oil (the whole of the Oil) and is richer in oil than any other emulsion, and while it contains just the right quantity of the best form of Iron and Phosphorus, it is so scientifically prepared that not one person in a thousand finds any trouble in taking it, and infants digest it without difficulty. Moreover the well-established value of the Oil and Iron is immensely enhanced by the process of manufacture, and as the formula is freely exposed it is not to be wondered at that physicians everywhere have fully endorsed FERROL, and used it largely in their practice. FERROL is invaluable for the treatment of any kind of Lung or Bronchial troubles, while for wasting diseases it has no equal, and

### "You Know What You Take"

Cairncross & Lawrence  
Druggists, London, Ont.

pretty picture as unscientific eyes could wish. His three fair little girls dancing in glee about their governess, who had just started to her feet in good humored dismay, as her golden hair, that little Wilfrid had regularly loosened from the comb, fell in rippling glory almost to her knees. She shook her head gaily at the culprit, and the boy sprang into her arms and covered her face with kisses.

"I suppose this is what Miss Neville calls a morning lesson," said Mrs. Colton Colville, sarcastically.

"So it seems," the judge answered, in a low voice.

"It is little wonder the children are making slow progress. Clearly it is

ago that I learned from your sister, Mrs. Colville, that you were dissatisfied with my methods, and wished to make a change."

"Dissatisfied! Make a change!" For a moment the judge stood bewildered, and then his conversation with Mrs. Colton Colville flashed into his mind. Though not a profane man, he had to bite back from his lips. "She--she told you, then--"

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"Oh, no, no, no!" The sweet voice was broken, unmistakably now. "You are kind and pitiful, I know, and you wish to spare me, as your sister said. She told me you had been wishing to speak to me for months, and could not find courage."

"Which is God's truth!" burst forth the judge, finding passionate, eager speech at last. "I had not the courage to tell what I feared would drive joy and love, hope and happiness, from my life, my home, forever. Norine, Norine! do you not understand that for the last ten months you have been the light, the joy, the angel of this home? When my sister came to me this morning with cold words of criticism, my heart was throbbing--with love too deep for her eyes to see, her thoughts to reach. And so, to hide my sweet secret, I answered with foolish evasion. When she pointed to you with my boy in your arms, I agreed with her that that was your morning lesson, and blessed God that my child was learning such joyful trust and love. When she told me I should speak plainly to you, for my children's sake, I said truly, I would do so when I found courage--courage to plead with you for them, and myself. When she said there was another position you could fill more acceptably my heart leaped with the sweet, wild hope that there was, indeed, another place, a dearer, higher, holier, waiting for you here. Will you take it, Norine? Will you be queen and mistress of my home, my mother, my children, my guiding angel--my wife?"

"Your wife?" gasped Mrs. Colton Colville, when the judge gently broke the news to her next morning. "Miss Neville is to be your wife? Lenville, you must be mad. After all you said to me yesterday morning--"