

marked Mrs. Carew. "All it requires is sandwiches and cake or cookies."

Miss Abbie's face took on a delicate pink flush and her eyes glowed when Doctor Norman replied, "Yes, but there are different kinds of sandwiches and cookies. Today I went there for lunch when I was calling on my patients in the neighborhood and they gave me cookies and bread from the bakery and hard boiled eggs with muddy coffee. Several of the men asked me with tears in their eyes why the men didn't patronize them, but I hadn't the heart to point out their delinquencies. The men have baker's stuff in their pails and should be lured from the saloons with homemade doughnuts and good bread. Why, if those girls served baked beans and hot meats and soups, they'd have to get a bigger room at once. What they need is a good capable woman to manage the place. They will soon have to—"

"Do you think they would have me and could I do the work?" interrupted Miss Abbie eagerly. "I'd just love to help them for I'm so tired of doing nothing."

The doctor would have been more than human if he had not shot a triumphant glance at Mr. Carew, but that young man never saw it. He was gazing in astonishment at the eager look on his sister's face. "Why, Abbie, you are never idle a minute."

"Yes, I am, John. I don't want to complain, for you and Margaret have been so good to me, but I want to be doing some work for my Master. Did you say you thought they'd take me, Doctor Norman?"

"I'm sure they'll be delighted," said the doctor heartily. "They meet at our house next week and I'll speak to them about it."

"Not till next week! I thought maybe I could go tomorrow and set a batch of bread."

"That's better yet. I thought you couldn't be ready on such short notice. When I drive down to see my patients in the morning, I'll stop for you."

"I must see about a gingham apron this very evening. When I came to the city Margaret said I wouldn't need any but white ones so I gave the rest away. My! but it will seem good to bake and cook once more."

"Shall I leave the tonic today, John?" inquired the doctor with a twinkle in his eye as Mr. Carew followed him to the porch.

"I guess it won't be needed till tomorrow. Doctor, I want to beg your pardon for disputing your word. Abbie is pining for her active life, and I'm glad she's to resume it. In her old home she was aunt to half the township and I suppose city life seems cold to her."

"No harm done, sonny," said the doctor, patting his friend's head. "Let Miss Abbie alone and she'll have just the tonic she needs and help those forlorn girls besides. They need help if ever anyone did."

"No wonder the men didn't want to eat here," was Miss Abbie's mental verdict as the doctor introduced her to the four girls who had charge of the lunch room for that week. "I couldn't eat a bite unless this floor was scrubbed." Aloud she said cheerfully, "now, children, I came to work and I want to begin right away. Where is your broom?"

A lop-sided broom was produced, but the girls were horrified to see

their guest calmly prepare to scrub out. "We have a colored woman to come in and do that," explained Nellie Norman. "She just scrubbed yesterday."

"Better let Miss Carew alone," advised the doctor as he took his departure. "I'll drop in and see what you have for lunch today. Good-bye."

"I never thought I'd enjoy washing dishes," said Georgia as under Miss Abbie's direction she filled her pans with hot soapy water and astonished the dishes which had hitherto been given over to the slack colored woman. "Girls, I believe the lunch room is going to get on its feet at last."

"Just smell that gingerbread," sighed Rose. "It makes me ravenous. Somehow I could always wait till I got home before, but I'm famished today."

"It's because there is a clean place to eat in and clean food," said Nellie. "When papa first spoke of having Miss Carew to help us, I thought she might be fussy and queer, but I know we're going to love her. I am, anyway. Why didn't we think to make soup? It's cheap, but just delicious. Miss Abbie put some vegetables and soup bones into this kettle and I tell you if somebody don't watch, I'll eat it all before dinner time."

"How's trade?" asked Doctor Norman, coming in, before the whistle blew, for his lunch. "I came early to avoid the rush."

"You needn't make fun," said his daughter. "You'll have to take refuge behind the counter in a few minutes. See if you don't. We're going to put a big pan of doughnuts at the door as soon as the men commence going past, and I'm sure the smell will capture them."

Sure enough, trade was brisk, and in half an hour the supplies were exhausted. Miss Abbie, with bright eyes, listened to the praises of her pies and doughnuts and was happier than she had been since she came to live in the city. "I'm so sorry there's nothing left for you girls for you've worked hard all morning," she said, as they counted up the receipts.

"I guess we can hold out," laughed Georgia. "It's just splendid not to have a lot of stale things left for tomorrow."

A new era dawned for the discouraged workers, for Miss Abbie put new life into the flagging enterprise and customers flocked in as if by magic. Mr. and Mrs. Carew often came out for their sister in the afternoons and were surprised at the amount of food necessary to supply the demand. Mrs. Carew took pleasure in providing fresh flowers for the clean dining-room, and John complained that he had been robbed of both wife and sister by the fascinating lunch room.

"Why do you spend so much time and money down here if you don't like the place, John?" asked Miss Abbie gravely, selling her brother a small pie.

"Well, you see this is the only place I ever see you and about the only one Margaret cares for lately. Then the doctor advised us all the first day you met him, to be careful what we ate, so what can I do?" explained her brother soberly.

"You always could argue out of things, from a baby up," said Miss Abbie severely, and then added proudly, "Just think, John, one of the men says his wife wants to come down here and learn how to bake bread! I

really think we must be doing some good."

"I'm going straight home and have your bed sent down. You'll be eating and sleeping here before a month passes."

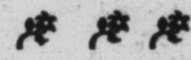
"Miss Abbie, I've read somewhere that you should bring up a child in the way he ought to go and it looks as if you had spoiled this one," said Doctor Norman, coming up at that moment. "This little boy is always teasing you and you don't try to make him mind. The first time I met you he wanted me to prescribe a tonic for you, but I told him congenial work was the tonic you needed."

"He's going to pay for the extension we must have for our building, so I can stand his teasing, doctor. I ought to have paid for your prescription long ago, for it has done me oceans of good."

"Yes, and I hear you are to break up my practice by teaching the workmen's wives how to cook. I could sue you for damages, but I won't."

"You may refer to me when you advertise your tonic, doctor. I wish more discontented women could know the blessedness of working for others."

"Amen!" responded the doctor reverently.—Interior.



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**AN INCIDENT OF THE ROCKIES.**

Miss Pauline Johnson tells this little incident, related while the passengers on the Imperial Limited were tied up in the Rockies during the recent washout:

When the American passengers learned we were "tied up in the heart of the Blackfoots they shuddered—but they did not know the meaning of the scarlet tunic of the N. W. M. Police. We had to tell them that old, old story we never tire of telling a Yankee, of the days subsequently to our 1885 rebellion, when six hundred Canadian Indians invited themselves to sojourn across the border, and found scant welcome in a country that had, according to the 'great white father at Washington, quite enough Indians of their own." Ottawa and Washington held a conclave, and arrived at the decision that "Canada would care for her own Indians if Yankeeland would please escort them to the border." Yankeeland did—gladly. Six hundred not too friendly, discontented, quietly wild Indians were escorted to the boundary line by a bunch of American cavalry, three hundred strong. At the boundary were two British soldiers, astride two handsome horses, a corporal and a private of the Northwest Mounted Police. The American colonel and the Canadian corporal held speech.

"Where," demanded the American officer, "is your escort for these six hundred ugly redskins?"

"We are here," replied the corporal "Canuck."

**AFTER SHAVING**  
**POND'S EXTRACT**



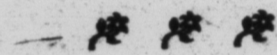
COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, ENABLING THE MOST TENDER FACE TO ENJOY A CLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS. Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

"Yes, yes, I see," was the answer, "but where is your regiment?"

"We are the regiment," said the corporal "Canuck."

It was enough. The six hundred unruly Indians marched silently across the border. The two mounted policemen fell quickly to the rear, and conducted the hostiles a hundred miles northward, where they would fret Uncle Sam no more. It is on record that the American officer in command of that cavalry force of three hundred and thirty voice and swore. The incident was recorded and discussed at Washington, D.C. The cost of the affair to Uncle Sam was the pay and living of three hundred men and officers. The cost to Canada was \$1 a day for three days to two mounted policemen. Corporal "Canuck" made history when he said, "Yes, but we wear British scarlet." And so our American fellow-passengers fell asleep like children, well knowing that Corporal Adams and his eight Yukon men would

"Keep the peace of the people, And the honor of British law."



Young men sometimes get too free in their manner of speech, and occasionally the result is mortification for themselves, as in the following instance:

Abraham Benedict, of the New York bar, tells the story of a young man who entered a street car with a dog and attracted the attention of an Irishman, who inquired what kind of a dog it was. The young man replied:

"It's a cross between an ape and an Irishman."

"Then we are both related to it," responded the Irishman.

**Unpleasant!**

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