

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

Harry Lance was one of those boys who wraps himself around a man's heart at first glance. He had a boy's face, a boy's walk and a boy's laugh—every inch a boy, and yet he was a manly boy.

Sixteen years old, as straight as a poplar, with laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, he would appeal to anyone looking for a boy to employ.

His father had met with reverses, and on a chilly night in October, Mr. Lance had told his wife that he was ill, and he believed that the world was against him in his battle for bread.

Mr. Lance sat back in an easy chair, and the worried look on his face was noticed by Harry.

When he was assisted to bed, it was evident that a long siege was before him, and Mrs. Lance called her boy into the hallway for a short consultation.

"I am afraid, Harry, that poor papa is going to have pneumonia—he has such a cough, and a pain in his side, and I don't know but what it would be best for you to get Dr. Stark before he gets worse; although I do not know where we are going to get the money to pay the doctor or for the medicine," said the mother.

"I do," answered Harry, with emphasis. Then he went into his room, gathered up his books, and, with tears

in his eyes, strapped them securely together. In a few moments he was off, and in a short time he was back again with the doctor.

The physician made a close examination of Mr. Lance, and after administering some medicine which he brought with him, he called Mrs. Lance out of the room.

"Your husband is very ill, Mrs. Lance. I would suggest perfect quiet for him, and that you secure a nurse for him."

"I will nurse him myself," said the lady quietly. "I know my husband better than any one else."

"That is all true, my dear madam, but it will be many weeks, probably months, before he can be able to sit up, even, and your strength will not permit of it."

Then turning to Harry, he said: "Call at my office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, and be sure to be there."

With that the doctor left, after bidding them good night.

"What can Dr. Stark want with me?" was the question that ran through Harry's brain before he went to sleep.

He was up early, and was soon on his way to the physician's office, with his books slung over his shoulder.

The genial man of medicine questioned him about his father's financial condition, and Harry told him all he knew.

"I am going to work, doctor," said Harry, "and assist in getting father on his feet. My school books will go back to school this morning, and I am going to seek something to do."

"What?" abruptly asked the gentleman.

"Anything, so I can make money. If I can't get anything else to do, I will drive a sand cart; for Mr. Morrow, the contractor, is an old friend of father's, and I know he will give me a cart if I apply. They pay a dollar a day, and a dollar is a whole heap when nothing else is coming in."

"But what will your playmates and schoolmates say if they should see you on a cart driving an old mule?"

"What they would say would not affect me, just so I don't hear them say it. I've got to help mother, and a fellow that is a fellow will take a good deal for his mother's sake."

"Well said, my boy!" interrupted the questioner. "But I have other plans for you. I propose to make you my collector, and during your leisure moments I want you to study medicine. I have all the works necessary to fit you to prepare to enter college, and when that time arrives I will enter you into the Esculapius State College of Medicine, of which I am the dean. Your studies will cost you nothing here or in college, and I am going to give you a dollar a day besides."

"Oh, doctor!" Then the boy cried—cried for very joy.

When he arrived home he told his mother all that the doctor had said, and the dear Christian mother said: "This is the time to pray, my son."

Down on their knees they uttered up a prayer to a loving Christ for his manifold mercies, for his sympathy, for his goodness. Then with heads bent still lower they prayed with equal fervor for the speedy restoration to health of the loving sufferer in the upper chamber.

The door bell rang softly. Mrs. Lance, with tears of joy and sympathy, opened the door. The doctor stood there. He understood it all. Behind him was a lady garbed in black—a deaconess from the Methodist church, a trained nurse.

Mr. Lance recovered his health after many weeks of suffering.

Now, after several years have passed, we read this sign on the front door:

DR. HARRY LANCE.

And the proudest man and woman of any son in the city are Mr. and Mrs. Lance, the young doctor's father and mother.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

CRYING BABIES.

Babies do not cry unless there is some good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If the fretfulness and crying are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to give Baby's Own Tablets without delay. For indigestion, colic, teething troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers, these marvellous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious lives. They are guaranteed to contain no harmful drug. Mrs. John Dobie, St. Andrew's East, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a splendid medicine for the cure of constipation and other ills that afflict children. I consider it my duty to recommend them to all who have little ones." The Tablets are sold at 25 cts. a box by all druggists, or may be had by mail by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAKING UP.

"I'm never going to speak to that Dorothy Winship again! I haven't spoken to her for a week now, because the other day, when I asked her how my hair looked, she said it looked awful, and that made me mad. And I told her it looked a plaguey sight better than her's; and then she was mad. So I'm never going to speak to her again, never!"

This important declaration was imparted to Aunt Beth as Marjory was starting to school. Aunt Beth had learned from long experience that silence was golden. So she only gave Marjory a larger apple than usual, and whispered, "Be a good girl, dearest," and went back into the house.

Marjory's books were heavy, and she felt dull and headachy, having spent the morning and evening reading "Little Women," instead of studying. And even the delight of meeting Sarah McFlynn, and so having a chance for saying unpleasant things about Dorothy, did not seem to relieve her headache much.

As she went into the school-room, she glanced at Dorothy and noticed that her eyes were red, and that she had probably been crying. She also noticed that Dorothy had neglected her lessons, too, and by recess they each had one hour's time to make up after school.

Marjory lingered in the hall at recess to sharpen her pencil, and then went to get her jacket. There in the pocket she espied a tiny white note, and this is what she read:

Terrible sorry,
Awful blue;
If you'll forgive me,
I'll forgive you. Dor.

P. S.—I put a kiss in each of your pockets.—D.

A few minutes later Aunt Beth saw Marjory and Dorothy halving the big red apple and chattering like magpies. She kept her own counsel at dinner-time, however, and only patted Marjory's cheek softly when she whispered to her, "I think Dorothy Winship is the sweetest girl in school!"

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breathing-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in your throat the cough will stop.

Don't hurt the sensitiveness of the throat with medicines containing a narcotic, but give it healing and soothing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effects of catharral discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanical Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound, prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt, and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25 cents. In asking for the Balsam, be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown on the bottle.

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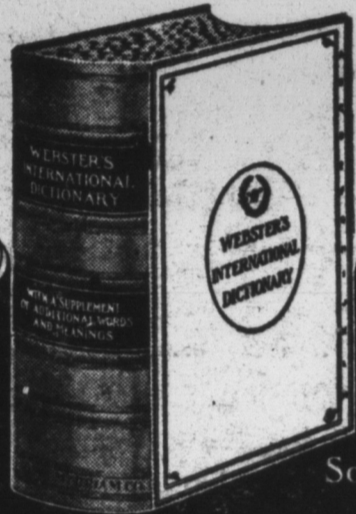
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