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**MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN AT
MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL.**

**Are Now Under Treatment—Husband,
Too, Had Been a Patient—A Tra-
gedy in Real Life—Heavy Debt on
Institution.**

A story from the Muskoka Free Hospital
for Consumptives tells of a mother who,
with her two children, is now under treat-
ment in that institution. The husband had
been a patient, but the case was an ad-
vanced one when the patient entered, and
he has since passed away. There is little
doubt but that the wife was infected as a
result of caring for her husband, and now
she is in the Muskoka Hospital. Her little
girl, about five years of age, and a boy of
ten, are with her, both being afflicted with
this dread disease.

The words of the mother are pathetic.
She writes: "I went to a doctor and got
him to examine my lungs to see whether
there was anything wrong with them, and
he said that the right lung was affected.
A little rest, he hoped, would build me up.
I have a little girl, about five years old, and
the doctor says that if I could take her
up with me it would do her ever so much
good, as she is not very strong. I have
three more children, and one of these, a
boy of ten, seems also to be afflicted, and
it is advisable that he should enter the hos-
pital."

These three are of the 104 patients who
are residents in this deserving institution
and being cared for without money and
without price. The sorry part of it is that
the additions that have been made through-
out the past year, and that have more than
doubled the accommodation of the institu-
tion, together with the heavy cost of main-
taining so large a number of free patients.
Readers who desire to help this great
charity may send their contributions to Mr.
W. J. Gage, Chairman Executive Com-
mittee, 84 Spadina Avenue, or to the Sec-
retary-Treasurer, 347 King Street West,
Toronto.

The Muskoka Free Hospital has ever lived
up to its claims of never having refused
a single patient because of his or her
poverty.

THE RED YEAR

Continued from page 6.

loomed around the square or the court-
yard like some great prison.
A chaprassi recovered his hat, which
he had left floating in the moat.
Nejdi allowed him to mount quietly;
the stout door had closed on him, and
he was picking his way across the
fields towards the Meerut road, be-
fore he quite realized how curious
were the circumstances which had be-
fallen him since he parted from Win-
fred Mayne in the porch of her uncle's
bungalow.

Then he bent forward in the saddle to
stroke Nejdi's curved neck, and
laughed cheerfully.
"You are wiser than I, good horse,"
said he. "When the game is up, you
take things placidly. In real life, you
supposed superior in intellect, in dan-
ger of being bewitched by a woman's
eyes. Whether brown or black, they
play the deuce with a man if they
shine in a woman's head. So ho, then,
boy, let us home and eat, and forget
these fancies in muslin and clinging
silk."

Yet a month passed, and Frank Mal-
colm did not succeed in forgetting.
Like any moth hovering round a
lamp, the more he was sinned the
closer he fluttered, though the mem-
ory of the Indian Princess's brilliant
black eyes was soon lost in the sparkle
of Winfred's brown ones.
As it happened the young soldier
was a prime favorite with the Com-
missioner, and it is possible that the
course of true love might have run
most smoothly if the red tord of war
had not flashed over the land like the
glare of some mighty volcano.

On Sunday evening, May 10th, Mal-
colm rode away from his own small
bungalow, and took the Aligarh road.
As in all up-country stations, the
European residences in Meerut were
scattered over an immense area. The
cantonment was split into two sec-
tions by an irregular ravine, or nullah,
running east and west. North of
this ditch were many officers' bungalows,
and the barracks of the Euro-
pean troops, tenanted by the Drape-
gones and the 60th Rifles, and a
strong force of artillery, both horse
and foot. Between the infantry and
cavalry barracks stood the soldiers'
church. Fully two miles away, on the
south side of the ravine, were the sepoy
lines, and another group of iso-
lated bungalows. The native town
was in this quarter, while the space
intervening between the British and
Indian troops was partly covered with
rambling bazaars.

Malcolm had been detained nearly
half an hour by some difficulty which
a subadar had experienced in arrang-
ing the details of the night's guard.
Several men were absent without
leave, and he attributed this unusual
occurrence to the taken when certain
troopers refused to use the cartridges
supplied for the new Enfield rifle.
But, like every other officer in Meerut,
he was confident that the near-
ness of the strongest European force
in the North-West Provinces would
certainly keep the malcontents quiet.
Above all else, he was ready to stake
his life on the loyalty of the great
majority of the men of his own regi-
ment, the 3rd Native Cavalry.

In pushing Nejdi along at a fast
canter, therefore, he had no weightier
matter on his mind than the fear that
he might have kept Winfred waiting.
When he dashed into the compound,
and saw that there was no dog-cart
standing in the porch, he imagined
that the girl had gone without him, or,
horrible suspicion, with herself other
cavalier.

It was not so. Winfred herself ap-
peared on the veranda as he dismount-
ed.

"You are a laggard," she said, se-
verely.
"I could not help it. I was busy in
the orderly-room. But why lose more
time? If that fat pony of yours is
rattled along we shall not be very
much behindhand."

"You must not speak disrespectfully
of my pony. If he is fat, it is due to
content, not laziness. And you are
evidently not aware that Evenson is
half an hour later to-day, owing to the
heat. Of course, I expected you
earlier, and, if necessary, I would have
gone alone, but—"

She hesitated, and looked over her
shoulder into the immense drawing-
room that occupied the centre of the
bungalow from front to rear.
"I don't mind admitting," she went
on, laughing nervously, "that I am
a bit afraid these days—there is so
much talk of a native rising. Uncle
gets so cross with me when I say any-
thing of that kind that I keep my
opinions to myself."

"The country is unsettled," said
Frank, "and it would be folly to deny
the fact. But, at any rate, you are
safe enough in Meerut."
"Are you sure? Only yesterday
morning eighty-five men of your own
regiment were sent to prison, were
they not?"

"Yes, but they alone were disaffec-
ted. Every soldier knows he must
obey, and these fellows refused point-
blank to use their cartridges, though
the Colonel said they might tear them
no further whims ever thus far."

"Well, perhaps you are right. Come
in, for a minute or two. My uncle is
in a rare temper. You must help to
talk him out of it. By the way, where
are all the servants? The dog-cart
ought to be here. Koi hai!"

No one came in response to her call.
Thinking that a syce or chaprassi
would appear in a moment, Frank
hung Nejdi's bridle on a lamp-hook in
the porch, and entered the bungalow.

He soon discovered that Mr. Mayne's
wrath was due to a statement in a
Calcutta newspaper that a certain
Colonel Wheeler had been preaching
to his sepoy.

fluence of railways and steamships in
bringing about the spiritual union of
the world! I tell you, Malcolm, In-
dia won't stand it. We can do as we
like with Hindu and Mussalman so
long as we leave their respective re-
ligions untouched. The moment those
are threatened we enter the danger
zone. Confound it, why can't we let
the people worship God in their own
way? If anything, they are far more
religiously inclined than we ourselves.
Where is the Englishman who will flop
down in the middle of the road to say
his prayers at sunset, or measure his
length along two thousand miles of
river bank merely as a penance? Give
me authority to pack a shipload of
busy-bodies home to England, and I'll
soon have the country quiet enough—"

An ominous sound interrupted the
Commissioner's outburst. Both men
heard the crackle of distant musket-
ry. At first, neither was willing to
admit its significance.
"Where is Winfred?" demanded
Mr. Mayne, suddenly.
"She is looking for a servant, I
fancy. There was none in the front
of the house, and I wanted a man to
hold my horse."

A far-off volley rumbled over the
plain, and a few birds stirred un-
easily among the trees.
"No servant to be seen—at this
hour?" They looked at each other in sil-
ence.
"We must find Winfred," said the
older man, rising from his chair.
"And I must hurry back to my regi-
ment," said Frank.
"You think, then, that there is trou-
ble with the native troops?"
"With the sepoy yes. I have been
told that the 11th and 20th are not
wholly to be trusted. And those vol-
leys are fired by infantry."

A rapid step and the rustle of a
dress warned them that the girl was
approaching. She came, like a start-
led fawn.

"The servants' quarters are desert-
ed," she cried. "Great columns of
smoke are rising over the trees, and
you hear the shooting! Oh, what
does it mean?"

"It means, my dear, that the Dra-
pegons and the 60th will have to teach
these impudent rebels a much-needed
lesson," said her uncle. "There is no
cause for alarm. Must you really go,
Malcolm?"
"Go!" broke in Winfred with the
shrill accents of terror. "Where are
you going?"
"To my regiment, of course," said
Frank, smiling at her fears. "Prob-
ably we shall be able to put down this
outbreak before the white troops
arrive. Good-by. I shall either re-
turn, or send a trustworthy messen-
ger, within an hour."

And so, confident and eager he was
gone, and the first moments of the
hour sped when, perhaps, a strong
man in control at Meerut might have
saved India.

(To be continued)

**Humor and
Philosophy**

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

There is lots of satisfaction in hav-
ing something laid by for a rainy
day, but sometimes the cashier gets
both the cash and the satisfaction.

Why do we always remember the
disagreeable job we have to do and
forget the one we really don't mind
doing?

It is easy enough to pick flaws in the
other fellow's work, but could you
do better yourself?

Some persons are good because they
are too lazy to be bad.

A gentleman may do as she
pleases—if she has the price.

Every mother knows one boy that
wouldn't smoke cigarettes.

Figures don't lie, but they furnish
a basis.

Nothing disgusts a man so much as
to tell the latest smart thing that
baby said to a bachelor friend and
have the same man come back with
a story about his cute little niece.
Bachelors should be fair game.

If you don't expect too much in this
world you will save yourself a heap
of disappointments.

To Make a Showing.
"This automobile seems to be a swell
machine, all right," said the man who
was looking it over and taking a sam-
ple ride. "Could you let me take it a
week on trial?"

"That is against the rules," said the
salesman.

"But I ought to have a few days to
see if I really like it."

"But why a week?" asked the sales-
man.

"Well," replied the man in a burst
of confidence, "we are going to have
company for just that long."

A delicate pomade is the best
form of hair dressing. Bearine is
that and more; it makes the hair
grow 50c. a jar.

**Humor and
Philosophy**

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

AND then, again, there are people
who are good because wicked-
ness costs money.

All of us work for a living, and, in
addition, some of us are worked for by
other fellow's living.

Many a man gets credit for being
deep just because he looks mysterious.

None is so blind as the woman
whose next door neighbor is wearing a
new fall suit.

Cast your bait upon the waters. The
native will furnish you a string to
take home, and you can furnish the
story yourself.

Some one said that the Golden Rule
has no place in politics as if he were
announcing a wonderful discovery, but
the rule itself found that out long ago
and has been hiding ever since.

Will the suffragettes eventually be
called mothers of the revolution?

The "back to the land" idea has no
chance for the city man who when a lad
got up at 5 on a cold winter's morn-
ing and did chores at the barn an hour
before breakfast.

The under dog gets our sympathy,
but we would rather place our money
on the winner.

Hope for the best, but don't refuse to
play the game if you don't get it.

Personal Improvements.
Had I the running of the world,
its molding and its bossing,
The handing out of the rewards
And eke the double crossing,
I'd have things different, you can bet.
In just about a minute,
And some old cranks I think of now
Would know that they were in it.

There's Neighbor Jones across the way,
Who's busy chasing riches,
I'd pull him from the counting house
And set him digging ditches,
And Mrs. Jenkins, who assures
To be the queen of fashion,
Would wait on table and would be
The one to bring the hash on.

That smartie Brown, who told his wife
That I was but a loafer,
Would take his orders straight from me,
For he would be my chauffeur,
And, oh, that snippy office boy
Who'd turn me down this morning
When I went in to see his boss—
His people would wear mourning!

And there are others in the land
Whom I by name might mention
Who when I got around to them
Would get some swell attention.
But, oh, I cannot cash my dream
Nor with it make connections!
The world must run on as it is
With all its imperfections.

Hard on the Natives.
The Chinese government is sending
over fifty students to American col-
leges.

"Placing them all in one institu-
tion?"

"No, just putting about six in a
place."

"What is the idea of scattering
them?"

"They just want enough at each
school to take all the prizes."

His Disappointment.
"He looks so sad."
"I wonder if he was disappointed in
love."

"Yes."
"No?"

"How romantic! Did she marry an-
other?"

"No; she married him."

Ought to Charge Storage.
"What is the matter with her?"
"He has an idea in his head."
"That ought to be a good thing."
"No, it isn't."
"Why?"
"Because he can't get it out."

Embarrassing.
"I don't like rich
friends."
"No?"
"I should say
not!"
"Why?"
"They never re-
member to pay
back the money
they borrow of
you."

Left No Surplus.
"Oh, come!"
"Be a good fellow."
"Can't."
"Why?"
"Groceries are too high."

Trained Eyes.
The waiter sees a tipsy man
Who vows he will not see him,
And then a miracle occurs—
The waiter does not see him.

Her Definition.
"He says he is very proud."
"Yes."
"Yes."
"His wife doesn't call it that."
"What does she call it?"
"Sheer obstinacy."

Shocking.
"Come, let's be good."
"No; people might talk about us
else."
"Suppose they do?"
"But what if they were to tell the
truth?"

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