

Too late! The words seemed to haunt him. Supposing that in the end 'twas he that was too late. He glanced again at the clock, it was now five minutes past, and the train he wished to catch was to leave at twenty to one. He wished the other doctor would come, for he dare not leave the place until he should arrive.

The mother was fast asleep also, worn out with weariness and anxiety, and the father had gone to look for the medical man, who was expected at any moment. He looked again at the clock. Five more minutes had gone. How quickly and yet how slowly they seemed to be passing. If the other doctor didn't turn up almost directly it would mean he would miss the train, and he had no idea when the next would go; perhaps not till the night express.

He took a step towards the door—he could bear the confinement no longer. He must get out into the air, when, just at that moment, the back door was opened, and the two men strode into the room.

"Doctor," and the father's voice quivered as he spoke, "I'm only a poor man, sir, but if yer only knew the way the wife and I feel about yer saving of our little one you'd know we'd like to pay yer handsome, but we ain't able to afford it, sir, but—" and, thrusting something into the doctor's hand, he continued, in almost a whisper, "keep this, sir, in memory of what you've done for the missus, meself, and our kiddie." Then, after a moment's pause, he continued: "If there's anything yer want at any time that I could do, sir, just let me know, and I'll be only too pleased to do it!"

"Thank you, my man," the doctor answered, deeply touched, taking the coin and putting it into his waistcoat pocket. "I shall indeed keep and value this in memory of what you say." Then, gazing steadfastly into the eyes of the other man, he continued earnestly:—"You just now said that if ever I wanted anything that you could do you would be pleased to do it for me. Well," and for a moment he paused, "the greatest thing you can do for me is to wish that my little child shall live also."

For a second or two there was silence, as the man gazed questioningly at the doctor.

"Is your little one ill, too?" For answer the doctor drew from his pocket the telegram which he had received the previous day, and handed it to him.

The other man read it slowly through, then suddenly realising what the doctor had done—

"You—!" he began, but could get no further; tears had sprung to his eyes, as he looked at the man who so self-sacrificingly had done such a thing for him. Grasping the doctor's hand in a strong, firm clasp, he looked earnestly into his eyes; no words were spoken, but the silence which reigned was far more eloquent than any words just then. Both were bound by a common bond, and each man understood. The next minute they had parted, and soon the doctor was aboard the train, once more on his homeward way.

"Rotorua express delayed—won't be here for fully an hour—engine broken down."

These were the words which greeted the doctor on his arrival at Frankton Junction, and although the disappointment was very great he had simply to abide by the issue. How slowly that hour seemed to pass. Truly the wheels of time were not travelling very quickly to him just then. At last the welcome sound of the train was heard in the distance, and with a sigh of relief he stood and watched the engine as it came nearer and nearer; then, like a flash of lightning, flew past where he was, and finally came to a standstill, leaving and parting, as if it were quite out of breath.

What a relief it was to be aboard the train once more, even in spite of the various stoppages, which, however, were not quite as long as usual owing to the fact that she was trying to make up her time. At last the welcome sound of "All tickets, please," fell distinctly on his ear, and only too thankfully did he hand up his little bit of cardboard for the very last time, and a few minutes later, with a final rush, the Rotorua express drew up at the Auckland station.

It was quite dark when the doctor reached his home, alert for any sound, and anxious as to the issue. Softly he stepped inside the hall; not a sound was

to be heard, and a sickening fear came over him. Could he be too late? For a second or two he stood perfectly still, waiting, he knew not for what; then, softly tip-toeing down the hall he reached his bedroom door. A lamp was dimly burning, by the light of which he was just able to discern that which he stood contemplating for fully a minute in silence.

By the side of the bed, lying back in an easy chair, fast asleep, was his wife, a book which she had evidently been reading lying open on her lap. In the bed itself was the form of his little son, with his coronet of golden curls resting calmly on the pillow. The little face was turned the other way; for one awful moment the doctor stood rooted to the spot; could it be that—he dare not give thought to the words—he must find out; he could bear this agony no longer. Just at that moment the little one stirred, and murmured "Daddy" in his sleep.

A cry of thanksgiving rose to the doctor's lips as, hastily stepping forward, he gazed down at the face of his son; in that one glance his practised eye saw all there was to see. Just then his wife suddenly opened her eyes, and with a joyful cry ran towards him. Holding her tenderly in his arms, he smiled down at her, silently slaking his thirst.

"But the telegram," she exclaimed in an aggrieved tone, noticing his gentle reproof, "surely it put your mind at rest, Dick?"

"Far from it," he answered in mild surprise; "how could it?"

"But the other one, I mean, the one you got at Frankton?"

"At Frankton?" he repeated, looking questioningly at her. "I never got more than the one."

Instantly his thoughts flew back to the time which he had put in at that station while waiting for the train, when, only if he had known it, his mind might have been at rest.

"Dick!" With a start he recalled where he was. "You haven't told me yet what kept you from coming before."

"This," he replied, pulling something out of his pocket, and holding it towards her. "I stayed to win this medal."

"A medal?" she inquired eagerly, looking quizzically at the coin which he held in his hand. Then suddenly a laugh rose to her lips. "Why, Dick," she exclaimed in astonishment, "it's only an ordinary shilling."

"A shilling, no doubt to you, dear," he answered softly, "but to me it's considerably more, for it represents the life of a little child."

Instinctively she realised her husband's meaning, and the laugh died on her lips. Gazing up at his handsome face, she said, almost in a whisper: "Keep the shill—the medal, I mean, keep it for always, Dick." "I will," the doctor answered, and he faithfully kept his word.

"A young man should learn to do one thing well. This is an age of specialists. Is your son conforming to that rule?"

"In a way. His specialty is rolling cigarettes."

Why There Are More Women Than Men.

More boys than girls are born every year, but every census return shows that there are more women than men. The apparent contradiction is explained by the theory that women are much more tenacious of life than men, that they have tougher organisations and are less likely to succumb to disease. Men are prodigal of vital force, whereas women conserve it, and as a result, women will often recover from ailments that are fatal to men. A woman of forty has seventy-eight chances to one against dying within the year, whilst the chances of a man are only forty-nine to one. These figures are based upon English actuarial tables, but they are sustained by calculations in other countries. An English Sociologist writing in the London Standard, calculates that it is estimated that if 1000 men and 1000 women, each of average weight and build, and practically equal training, were armed and equipped for battle, and started on a long forced march, probably 80 per cent of the men would reach their destination. Of the remaining 20 per cent, six would die from exhaustion, and four recover. On the other hand, only 75 per cent of the women would complete the march, but none would die.

Educational Moving Pictures.

It is announced that Thomas A. Edison is to spend a large sum of money in perfecting the moving picture for school use. Mr Arthur D. Chandler, President of the Orange Board of Education, told the New England Society on May 5th last all about Mr Edison's plans. Mr Edison is confident that the moving picture film is destined to become an indispensable adjunct to the school room. Mr Edison has already had a number of films made, among them one which shows magnified millions of times, the process of chemical crystallization of certain substances. According to Mr Chandler, the film is deeply impressive, because it shows there must be some force that controls even the action of inorganic matter.

The Value of Advertising.

TONS OF PILLS A YEAR.
Sir Joseph Breecham, of St. Helens, head of the famous pill firm which his father founded, told the Patent Medicine Committee of the House of Commons on Thursday, January 23rd, that the firm spent over £100,000 in advertising every year.

The Chairman: Have you one of your boxes of pills that you could give the Committee?

Sir Joseph produced a large and a small box of pills, and handed them to the

chairman. They had been bought casually at a shop outside.

Sir Joseph said he strongly objected to any disclosure of the formulae of remedies, because it would be very unfair to the proprietors, and lead some chemists to sell as their pills which were not the same value.

Mr. Lynch: Your father was a druggist. Did he make any special theoretical discovery?—Sir Joseph: Not that I know of.

Mr. Harry Lawson: He discovered money. (Laughter.)

In reply to a question Sir Joseph said he believed his business was by far the largest in the world. They sold about one million pills a day. The approximate weight of Beecham's pills sold in a year was 50 tons. (Laughter.)

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