

POOR COPY

THE UNION ADVOCATE WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1902.

EPING BEAUTIES.

I heard tell of some pretty sleepers in my day, said my friend the other day, but I never met anything to come up to the performance of a servant girl I had here some years back. She was a mighty good worker, and in my opinion used to get that tired afore turnin' in that she could ha' slept for a week if we hadn't changed her mind for her in the mornin'. If it hadn't been for the muscle she spread over her work we wouldn't ha' kept her a day; but decent gals is hard to get these times, and we put up with her for a good while on that account. After she'd been with us about a week, and had got into the habit of droppin' down to breakfast about eleven, we thought we'd settle the matter by buyin' her one of them alarm clocks that'll generally ring the inside of your head dry in half a minute if you're a plain, ordinary sleeper. But that didn't answer anyhow. The first mornin' the machine went off we heard it so plain downstairs that I had to get up and run out into the garden to dodge the ringin'; but Sairey she comes down about eleven o'clock as usual, merely remarkin' that she was afraid she'd overslept herself and had a lovely dream about the old home, where the church bells was a-ringin', which was a sign of a weddin', she said. This sort of discouraged us a little, but as I said, we didn't like to part with the gal on that account, though her being that industrious when she were awake. For a little while the wife she took to goin' up and handlin' the gal personally about seven o'clock in the morning. She used to have to haul the gal out o' bed, hand over hand as you might say, and stand her up agin the wall till she come to gradually. But after a while the wife she got tired o' that, so we had to invent something less troublesome. By and by I got an idea. I sawed off the leg of the gal's bedstead, which were a little wooden one and then fixed the leg on again, so that by pullin' a piece of cord I could bring the leg away and let the whole thing down pretty rapid like. We passed the cord under her door down to our bedroom, and in the morning when it was time to get her up, all I had to do was to pull the rope and the gal'd bounce off on to the floor. The girl herself was most anxious to do the square thing by us, and it upset her more'n anything to think she couldn't wake up like an ordinary person; and for a week or so she rather enjoyed the excitement. But they say custom'll harden you to pretty well anything, and by and by the girl got so that she could be jumped out o' bed and rolled under the wa'drobe without so much as even movin' in her sleep of her own accord; and it was only when she happened to hit a chair or something going along that she'd lose the thread of a dream, as it were, and start a fresh chapter. Soon after that I had occasion to go up in the city on business, when a allowed showed me a patent

Nervous Headaches

Mrs. Bailey, 635 Queen's Ave., London, Ont., whose husband is with the Globe & Mail Co., states:—"My nervous system was in an exhausted condition. I could not sleep well and suffered a great deal from headaches. Experience has proven to me the remarkable value of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have found it a splendid tonic and can now say that I am free from headaches. I rest and sleep better than I have for a long time and feel real well in every way."

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

bed he'd invented that was calculated to wake up anything short of a corpse. All you had to do was to wind all the wheels up at night and fix a little clockwork arrangement at the hour you wanted the machinery to begin, and the bed did the rest. It was really a wonderful bit of machinery, and, you might say, almost human. As soon as you woke up you had to press a little button and the works'd calm down. It wouldn't ha' done for anybody who wasn't conscientious, 'cause they could stop the show and drop off again; but I knew our gal was all right, and 'ud be only too glad of a chance to get up in fairish time. So I ordered one of those beds to be sent home, and the next day I went back myself to set it in working order. I didn't get home till late and the wife was asleep, so I just turned in myself, and reckoned it 'ud do to attend to the bed the followin' mornin'.

I don't suppose I'd been asleep more'n an hour or so when the wife wakes me up hurriedly like and says, Jim! she says, there's burglars in mother's room!

Whose mother's room? I says, thinkin' she must be in her sleep. I didn't tell you, says she gaspin' for breath. Mother come down on a visit last night and I gave her the new bed you sent down, which I'd had put in the spare room. What's that? Hark, Jim! They're murderin' of her!

I see how it was at once. The bed hadn't been fixed for any particular time, and the works had just been allowed to drop into line promiscuous-like. It wore about two o'clock in the morning, and, to judge by the sounds from the spare room, the old lady was havin' rather a lively time. She wasn't no particular friend of mine, the old lady warn't, so I thought perhaps the experience might be a bit healthy for her anyhow, and it 'ud give us a chance to test the apparatus. However, I explained the whole thing to the wife, and told her to run in and tell her mother to press the button and stop the works. When she opened the door we could hear the old lady shriekin' for the police about as hard as she could go, and as soon as the wife could get a light she sees the bed waltzin' round the room on its hind legs, with her mother hangin' on to it, pretty well crazed. I thought then it was about time to dispense with ceremony and go stop the thing myself. I slips on my dressing-gown, and had just got to the door when the bed charges across the landin' and as near as anything missed runnin' me down. Of course I was after it in a minute, but it had a couple of seconds start, and I'm a poor sprinter anyhow. When it got to the top of the stairs I see there was a couple of wheels on it, and on them wheels it rolls smoothly down the whole flight, through the kitchen at the end, and brings up close agin the pump in the wash-us. Then a kind of claw arrangement shot out, gripped the pump-handle, and started workin' it. I got there just in time to press the button and stop the performance. If I had been a half a minute later I reckon the old lady would have pretty well had the skin washed off of her. Thinkin' the matter over afterwards, I reckoned that the bed supplied us with too much for the money, and I sent it back and gave the girl a month's notice instead. Still there was one thing about it; when mother-in-law comes to see us, now, she's pretty careful not to sleep in the house.

Sadie was 11 and Alice was 7. At lunch Sadie said: I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg? Of course not, returned Alice. It's the jaw bone. Haven't you ever heard of animals lickin' their chops?



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A BLIND MOOSE.

WEST RIVER, Sheet Harbor, Sept. 22.—Two of our woodsmen, while locating some timber land in East river, Sheet Harbor waters, about ten days ago, had a singular experience with a moose whose eccentric movements surprised them. The moose, on close examination, proved to be almost, if not entirely, void of vision. She was accompanied by a calf about five months old. What brought her to their immediate notice was the flight of the calf unaccompanied by the dam, who appeared to be in a confused state on account of its affliction. The two men mentioned above, McDonald and Malay, had to be strictly on their guard, for at the sound of either of their voices, the moose would make a dash for the spot from whence the sound emitted. Once the animal ran against an obstruction, a windfall—and turned a complete summersault. By this time the moose became very angry on account of her offspring, supposing the calf had met with bad usage by the woodsmen. In fact she became frantic, making a spring for every sound she heard. McDonald thought discretion, the better part of valor, and climbed a tree, and from that elevated spot could talk bravely to the jailor below. Malay possessed a rifle and knew how to use it for many of those monarchs of the forest had tumbled at its report, but the close season had not expired, therefore he could not kill the game. Malay kept dodging about with his rifle, ready for immediate use if necessary for self-protection, in the meantime advising McDonald up in the tree to hold the fort, and also to hold his voice until some change in the situation would occur. After keeping guard over McDonald up in the tree, and giving Malay enough to do to take care of himself for one hour, the moose broke guard and walked into a small lake near by until the water was over her back, twisted herself apparently aimlessly around four or five times and then left. McDonald quickly descended from his fort, and he and Malay left for a more congenial locality.

M. McFARLANE.

A Convict's Sermon.

One Sunday morning, says Rev. Harry B. White, I was requested to teach the lesson to a class of convicts in the prison chapel. I consented. The subject of the lesson was christian courage. Scarcely had I opened the topic when a young prisoner raised his hand for permission to speak.

Are you a christian? he asked. Yes, I replied, somewhat surprised by the abrupt question. You are a minister of the gospel? I am.

And you have come down here to tell us the meaning of Christian courage, he continued, with a shade of irony. Now, see here, most of us fellows have been brought to this place by strong drink. You lock us up and let strong drink go free. You don't lock strong drink up and let us go free. And the reason you don't do it is because

you have not got the Christian courage. The young fellow told the truth.

Sword and Rifle.

Lord Dundonald, the commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia, has practically abolished the sword as a cavalry arm. He has decided for the future that mounted troops shall consider the rifle as their principal weapon. They may use swords on parade, but not on the field. Drill of the simplest kind is to be provided in order that men may get into rendezvous formations, moving from place to place and getting rapidly into position for dismounted work. Rapidity in mounting and dismounting, outpost and reconnaissance, attack and defence of a position, defence of a bridge, arrangements for ambush, pioneering, map reading, how to find way by compass and stars are recommended as proper exercises to fit mounted troops for the best work. This order is in the direct line of evolution. With the disappearance of hand-to-hand encounters the sword loses its value and the arm of plication at long distance takes its place.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Tourist—Things don't seem very progressive out this way. Buckskin Ben—What! Why, we have got the finest pingpong club in the country right here, stranger.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

Dropped in this morning to interview various men who were interested in stocks, and found most of them out. Couldn't learn how much.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen,—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist bitten and mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly, A. E. ROY, Carriage maker, St. Antoine, P. Q.

This cold snap is a reminder that R. L. Bordon must be on his homeward trip.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Occurs to us that the Indian reservation, when the schools are inaugurated on them, will be a sort of mental reservation.

MCLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP.

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Pupil—The man who bought the liquor was soon drunk.

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Nov. 3th 1901.

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