## ROMANCE OF A RINK.

It fell out one evering at Niagara that Dennis Deroyt, while sailing gracefully backward on the outside edge, had run into a young lady and knocked ber down. It, of course, I chooved him to pick her up agam and brush the ice cuttings from her dress. The young lady thanked him volubly. She was rather nice lo king. She appeared to have no 'tquire. She was a poor skater, only learning. Dennis was sufficiently polite to profier his assistance. The re is something dreadfully insidious in this process of assisting a learning young lady, especially it,—as in Dennis' case—it it is repeated three or lour evenings consecutively. The yourg lady places such absolute reliance on her instructor. She clings to his arm. Anon size embraces him around the neck. Her eyes the while are very bright from the exercise; her complexion glows he althily from the rapid motions of the pastime; her hair, perhaps, is just sufficiently disordered to be picturesque. Oh! it is a horribly dangerous process—for the instructor.

to speak upleasant things. But he could be abcld as a lion—on paper.

Next moraing Dennis indited this letter.

Next moraing Dennis indited this letter of the contrary, many a child may be led to forget the lie simply by being placed in pool man in the King's Road, Cheleas.

"Sir (the letter ran)—I am at a loss to make the letter of the letter ran)—I am at a loss to make the letter of the letter ran)—I am at a loss to make the letter of the lette

sine of the parties. her helit, perhapt, is every. (D. 1): It is a herrity degree process—for the intractor.

The was the content of the parties of the part

"Do you stand there before me," she exclaimed, with indescribable indignation." and dare to deny that you asked me to be provided to the provi

thing alive. But as for marrying, I never thought of that. Couldn't possibly man age it, don't you know. Haven't the means."

"You might have thought of that before you proposed to me," she retorted, indignantly.

"But you are mistaken about that, Miss Linkley—upon my soul you are," protested Dennis.

"I wann't Miss Linkley four days age," she interposed, with a queer look.

"Ab, well, Florric, then," he hastened him wish himse? iw which will be the missed with the well. And, once again, Dennis, I congratulate you."

"Which looked at one time like never coming off. However, all's well that a fixed that he him wish himse? iw while you."

"You didn't like me four days ago," she interposed, with a still more dangerous look. Dennis felt half atraid that she might lose her self-control and involve him in the disgrace of a physical tusel before all thore skater.

"I—I—mean to say I—I—love you—upon my soul, I do," said Dennis, ready, at the minute, to say anything that would pancily her.

"Yes—ah—with all my heart," assented Dennis, meekly.

"The young lady still continued to secuting his face to a searching gezz of the minute, to say anything that would pancily her.

"Yes—ah—with all my heart," assented Dennis, meekly.

"And you really meanthat, D—Dennis—upon ny one honor?" she persisted.

"Upon my honor," replied the firshman. She came nearer and clung to his arm. She looked up fondly into his face. Dennis began to feel still more nearer and clung to his arm. She looked up fondly into his face. Dennis began to feel still more nearer and clung to his arm. She looked up fondly into his face. Dennis began to feel still more nearer and clung to his minute, to say anything that would not find it so easy for get out of this foolish little envised to the still the still the still that he may not a hour protection of the minute of the protection of the mi

never have bread, and if (bread or other tood) never got further than the stomach we should never have strength. See? Well, when the stomach is torpid, inflamed, and "ON STRIKE," what happens? Why, your food lies in it and ros. The feryour food lies in it and ros. The fer-mentation produces poisons which get into the blood and kick up the worst sort of mischief all over the body. This is indi-gestion and dyspepsis, though the doctors call each and every trick of if by a separ-ate name. Yet they don't cure it, which is the main thing after all.

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and smooth it

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