

A LOVE CHASE.

Fannie was the smartest and best tempered waitress in the Morning Star Quick Lunch restaurant.

'The Little Irish Beauty,' as she came to be called by the imaginative youths whose daily rations consisted either of 'corned beef and potatoes' or 'pork and beans'...

Finally, one fortunate day, he spilled his coffee over the table cloth and Fannie rushed to the rescue. Bob was completely upset by her clumsiness and his evident poignant regret awoke a sympathy in Fannie's heart...

When he asked her one day quite anxiously whether she was not a little ill, she replied quickly that she never felt better. Somehow even Bob's guilelessness could not swallow this and he began to guess at the cause of her change.

'Pale, ill, distraught,' mused Bob. 'I wonder if she is in any of them. She's not pale, but too flushed, and that's almost as bad.'

'Mr. Acton, the house has some very important business to be transacted, and in view of its proved reliance on your ability, the matter will be given in your charge.'

'I thank you, sir, for your trust in me,' Bob returned with a flourish at appearing happy. 'But may I ask will this business call me out of town?'

'Just a few miles,' replied his employer smiling. 'Across the ocean, Mr. Acton, and if I remember rightly, you once requested to make this trip.'

'For a moment Bob was dumfounded; but his business tact soon reassured itself and he rejoined with a gratified smile.'

'Mr. Runker, the house does me too much honor—I shall try to earn it in the conduct of the matters you wish to intrust to me. May I ask when I am expected to start?'

'It is not requiring too much,' his employer answered, 'we prefer you to leave by the New York on Saturday next. It will aid us materially if you can be in London by next week. Of course, in—'

'No at all, Mr. Runker,' interposed Bob. 'No inconvenience, I assure you. It is now Wednesday, and if I might leave the office at once to begin my preparation—'

'Quite right,' Mr. Runker returned. 'We'll dispense with you until Friday morning, by which time your instructions will be all ready.'

A few moments later Bob was seated at his desk striving mightily to finish his morning mail in the shortest possible time. His aim, however, was not to run home and tell the folks that his long-looked-for Europe trip had become a realization.

foreshadowed to himself now the horror of going down the church aisle with Fannie leaning on his arm. Wouldn't it be awful? But still how rapturous!

'Pshaw, she'll never have me,' he murmured again to himself as he took his accustomed seat.

Here another qualm assailed him. How in the first place could he get them out of his pocket without tearing their tender petals asunder?

While he was fidgeting over these thoughts, he heard what seemed a familiar step behind him, and as the waitress reached his side, he whispered hoarsely without daring to uplift his gaze.

'Good morning, Fannie.'

'Sir?' was the interrogatory answer. The voice was strange. The tone incomprehensible from the sweet lips of Fannie. Bob looked up staring. The next instant his eyes dropped and an unpardonable mist clouded their fine gray blue.

It was not Fannie! 'Your order, please' the new waitress demanded peremptorily.

'Corn' beef and pork,' stammered Bob, a great lump in his throat almost choking utterance.

'Corn' beef an' pork?' queried the waitress. 'You mean corn' beef an—, don't you?'

'Yes, confound it,' muttered Bob. 'Corned beef and—quail, if you like.'

The new waitress slouched away in high dudgeon and told one of her co-laborers that 'the chump with the Willy-boy tie in the corner was a geezer.'

The other waitress, a friend of Fannie's looked at the "geezer" and immediately went to his table.

'Heard the news?' she asked. 'No,' answered Bob disconsolately. 'Fannie's quit. Got out last night.'

'Where's she gone?'

'Don't know. Nobody does. Not even the boss. She asked for her pay last night and wouldn't say why she was leavin' or where she was goin'.'

'Ahem!' Bob coughed with an effort that burned his throat. 'Say, Kittie, please tell that new waitress that I don't want that lunch. Here's the dime for it. Good morning.'

Dropping the coin on the table, Bob rose abruptly and strode out of the restaurant, never heeding the word of inquiry which the proprietor bawled after him.

He boarded a car, rode up town to a favorite cafe where he ordered a drink over which he sat musing for an hour without tasting it.

During this time he was torturing his brain for some means by which he could trace Fannie. He did not know even her family name, her address or anybody who was acquainted with her.

He had long ago found that she preserved herself strictly incognito to the other waitresses for which direction he had admired her much. Now he blamed her.

same was not on it. Cou'd fate have been so spiteful as to have let her miss the boat? He inquired of a steward whether she was on board, described her to him, explained to him that she was to have sailed, but that her name was not on the list.

'She may be in the storeroom, sir,' suggested the steward.

'Which way? Which way?' Bob asked impatiently.

Following the steward's direction he ran below like a madman. Five minutes later he had found her and was hugging her as though they had not met in years. The next day Fannie was transferred to the upper deck.

Bob Acton was the happiest man on the whole Atlantic that evening. For two weeks he had been with cozy rags, on the lee side of the boat at a moonlight midnight is the most dangerous place in the world to expose one's heart to a lady.

Let ye who respect and cherish bachelorhood be mindful of this moral. —The Yellow Kid.

Only a truly great and effective remedy could continue, as Paine's Celery Compound has done, to hold its high place in the estimation of the ablest physicians and of the tens of thousands of busy men and women whose only means of judging is from the actual results in their own homes or among their friends.

For feeding exhausted nerves, building up the strength of the body, giving a natural and healthy appetite, and as a promoter of refreshing sleep, Paine's Celery Compound stands today without an equal in the world.

Mrs. Garland, 675 Crawford St., Toronto, gives her experience with the world's best medicine as follows:

'Your Paine's Celery Compound has most wonderfully improved my health. Before using it my appetite was poor—almost gone, I was also weak and debilitated, and suffered from pains in the head.'

'Paine's Celery Compound does all that is claimed for it. I have recommended it to my friends, and they all speak highly of the results received from it. I wish Paine's Celery Compound the success it so richly deserves.'

THE FUNNY EXPERIENCE OF A GREAT WRITER AND HIS FRIEND.

Eugene Sue and the eccentric wit, Romieu, were intimate friends, and often enjoyed the wildest pranks together. One evening they dined at the Cafe de Paris.

On the way home, Romieu made a mistake and sprained his ankle. Sue, who had been a surgeon in the navy, picked his groaning companion up, placed him in a carriage, and drove him rapidly home, where after putting him to bed, he hurriedly dressed his foot.

At the commencement of the operation, Romieu, who was suffering greatly, fainted away, and did not come to until it was over, when he murmured his heartfelt thanks for the relief he felt.

Eugene Sue, justly proud of his professional skill, went away, promising to return the next morning to renew the treatment.

When morning arrived, so did Sue, still a little anxious about the sprain. Romieu was asleep as he entered the room.

Well my dear friend how do you feel this morning? inquired Sue.

'Ah!' said Romieu, yawning, 'never better.'

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

better in my life. My foot must be well. I have not stirred all night.'

'You! You! See then, what you have done!' cried the victim, throwing back the clothes with a dramatic gesture and a horrible face.

'My dear Eugene,' said the suffering patient, sitting up in his bed, 'you are a great writer, no doubt; but, waving his hand toward the door, 'kindly hasten and send me a surgeon!'

BATTILING A WITNESS. A Smart Lawyer Meets a Witness who is his Equal.

The court room was crowded when the case of Blake against Pettingill was called. It was what the law terms a tort case; in other words, a damage suit.

When Mr. Pettingill's dog dashed out and began to bark. The horse reared and kicked, and finally fell. Mr. Blake was thrown out, his arm was broken, and both horse and buggy were damaged.

The defendant's lawyer was a young man named Haskeil, recently come from a neighboring city. Success in one or two cases had given him a reputation for "smartness" which he was eager to sustain, and the mild-faced old witness, who told such a matter-of-fact tale, seemed to him a promising subject for vigorous cross-examination.

'Now you say,' the lawyer began, 'that you were near the horse and dog, and saw what happened?'

'Yes, sir,' said the old man simply. 'Just how near were you?'

'Well, I think—'

'Never mind what you think. I want to know just how far you were from the horse and dog,' insisted the lawyer.

'Well, I suppose—'

'I tell you I don't want to know what you think or what you suppose. I want a plain answer to my question.'

'But I was only going to say—' began the witness, timidly.

'Will you or will you not answer my question?' thundered the lawyer.

The color rose in the old man's face and his blue eyes snapped. He had evidently told an honest story and was irritated by the lawyer's attempt to discredit his testimony.

swore, 'Thirty-three feet and seven inches.'

'Now,' said the lawyer, confidently, 'I will show you gentlemen the difference between knowledge and bravado. Will the court kindly permit the room to be measured?'

The order was given, and to every one's surprise the result was announced as exactly thirty-three feet and seven inches.

Lawyer Haskeil turned red. 'A strange coincidence; nothing more!' he cried, in what was meant to be an offhand way. 'Perhaps the witness will also tell us how wide the room is.'

'Certainly,' replied the old man. 'It's twenty-two feet and four inches.'

Some one got down on the floor and measured the distance carefully. 'Twenty-two feet, four inches,' he announced.

Lawyer Haskeil turned indignantly to the judge. 'Your honor,' he said, 'there is some trickery here! I will ask the witness on more question, and I will find out for myself whether he tells the truth or not,' and then, to the witness, 'How high is this room?'

'Fourteen feet and one-half inch,' answered the old man, cheerfully and promptly, with hardly a glance from floor to ceiling.

The lawyer called for a step-ladder, and with red face and set teeth climbed slowly up, measuring with great care. The crowd watched him, and almost unconsciously began to count aloud as the two-foot rule crept up: 'Four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen!'

By this time the end of the rule was near the ceiling that there was no necessity for Mr. Haskeil to announce the result. The whole room burst into a shout.

'The witness is excused,' was all the lawyer could say when he came down.

Although, in summing up, Mr. Haskeil tried to prove that Mr. Pettingill never kept a dog, any way, and that Mr. Blake's horse was afflicted with the blind staggers and subject to heart failure and temporary insanity, the jury promptly gave Mr. Blake the full amount of the damages asked for.

It was some time before Mr. Haskeil discovered that the witness he had tried to 'rattle' was the carpenter who had drawn the plans and made the changes in the court-house the year before. Let us hope though it be hoping against hope—that the experience will incline him to treat witnesses with more politeness hereafter.

AT SEPT-VILLE: The Town's Leading Merchant Laid Up.

Rheumatism in various forms is one of the most common diseases there is. It arises generally from impure blood and a broken-down system. In the limbs it is painful; in most of the internal organs dangerous, and in the heart usually fatal.

The experience of Mr. S. Munn, the well known general merchant of Sittsville, is interesting: 'Last winter I was badly afflicted with rheumatism. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Pills. To my surprise, I got immediate relief, and before I had used one box my affliction was gone.'

Dizzy Spells.

THE EVIDENCE OF RHEUMATISM REACHING FOR THE HEART.

MRS. WELDON A VICTIM, KOOTENAY HAS CURED HER.

Dizziness and fainting spells when associated with Rheumatism are indications that the Rheumatism is beginning to work its direful influence on the very centre of life itself—the heart.

Mrs. Martha Weldon, of 25 Bowen St., Hamilton, Ont., was in a condition of this kind, when on the recommendation of a friend she began taking "Kootenay."

In her sworn declaration she says: "I was so weak and sore that it took me from 15 to 20 minutes to get out of bed, and once the pain in my knees was so severe that I nearly fell down stairs. My appetite was very poor and I was at times seized with such dizziness that I thought fainting would surely follow. On the recommendation of a friend, I commenced to take Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and immediately began to gain strength and recover the use of my limbs. Now there is no pain or soreness whatever in my legs. I am willing and anxious that all my friends should know what a grand medicine Kootenay Cure is, and I sincerely recommend it for Rheumatism and as a general tonic."

Sold by all druggists, or The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., (Limited), Hamilton. Chart book sent free to any address.