

A LOVE CHASE.

Fannie was the smartest and best tempered waitress in the Morning Star Quick Lunch restaurant. Her pure white and prettily limned face, her delicate pink cheeks, her bristly hair and her broody tongue did much to swell the receipts of the establishment. The proprietor saw this full well and Fannie was the object of much deference on his part.

'The Little Irish Beauty,' as she came to be called by the imaginative youths whose daily rations consisted either of 'corned beef and cabbage' or 'pork and beans' from Monday to Saturday, had marked more than one heart for her own. But the very acuity of her conquests seemed to make her indifferent and that is why Bob Acton got dyspepsia. From the first he had been struck with her fresh face and dainty demeanor. She was so unlike all the other waitresses; and, to do him justice, Bob did not bear much of a moral resemblance to the other men who sued for a smile from the "Little Irish Beauty."

Bob never could look any woman straight in the eyes as gallant men can, without crimsoning from ear to ear. When he dared to cast a glance of wistful tenderness toward Fannie, he did it at a moment of positive security from any return, even if she should be so magnanimous, which he did not expect.

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, which she expressed in her own sweet English, just properly tempered with an aristocratic Dublin brogue.

The leap had been taken and quite gracefully. Henceforward conversation was a matter of course, but a course that was sweet and uncommonplace.

Bob had noticed of late that Fannie was growing thinner. Her cheeks were more brilliant but feverishly so, and she seemed not quite as sparkling as of old.

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.

Bob was an eminently practical business man and held a fairly paying position as salesman in a foreign china house. Nevertheless in the course of some traveling he had managed to devour a certain quantity of novels, which, strange to say, he began to recall at this particular period. He endeavored to remember what description the heroines received from their creators at the moment of their first real love. (One book, which was fresher than all the others in his memory, pictured the girl as becoming, "pale, ill and distraught looking.")

At the time of reading, Bob had not looked up the meaning of "distraught," which word never in any connection had come to his acquaintance in the china business. When he went home that night he pulled down his dusty Webster and on one of its yellow leaves found the signification of the word.

'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. She certainly did seem to be ill to-day—but, paw, that don't prove anything. She may have trouble at home. I know nothing about her or her folks. There are a thousand and one possible reasons. I'm a fool and I'm going to bed.'

The next morning the head of his firm asked Bob to step into the office and said to him:

'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.'

Mr. Runker, an affable old gentleman, was more than gracious to Bob, who did not seem to enthusiastically receive his information.

'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 reasserted 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?'

'If 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 European trip had become a realization. He wished to reach the Morning Star and say one word to the little Irish beauty, that he hoped should persuade her to—well at least, not to forget him, and if it was not too great a demand, to ask her to write to him.

But it was noon before he could get away from the office. His first nervously rapid steps brought him to a florist's, where he purchased a few roses, only just so many as he could carry in his pocket without injuring them. He would sooner have wheeled a baby carriage across City Hall Park than carry those flowers in his hand.

On entering the restaurant Bob trembled, and the cold sweat stood on his brow. He

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 is 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 and pork?' queried the waitress. 'You mean corn' beef and—, 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.

There was nothing to do but insert a 'personal' in the papers. Although this seemed childish, he did it. For three days his advertisement was printed in all the papers, but no answer came as late as sailing time on Saturday morning.

Happily, the weighty matters with which his first business intrusted him occupied the larger part of his thoughts, but whenever he dared forget them a flock of unhealthily melancholy ideas would swarm his brain and render him miserable.

He had confided a minimum of his secret to a fellow salesman with the injunction to watch for any response that might come to his advertisements. He also instructed him to reinsert the "personal" from time to time.

At length the exciting moment came when 'All hands ashore!' was bellowed in and out of every cranny and cubby hole of the steamship. The last laggards were descending the gang-plank after long, melancholy farewells to friends, when Bob's confident, the assistant salesman, dashed aboard in furious haste despite the sailor's attempt to bar his way.

'What is it?' cried Bob.

'An answer,' gasped the man, saying which he flung a letter at Bob, and stepped madly back again without another word.

The gang plank was being hauled up. Bob made an attempt to jump on it and go ashore. Luckily a sailor brushed him back with no gentle gesture and he dropped inert on a coil of rope at his side.

He had scarcely the courage to open the letter. He had never seen her handwriting before and yet it seemed familiar. What did he not suffer as each second drew him further away from the dock, further away from her side, for whose heart his own had bled so long and so silently! Why could she not have answered a day sooner? It was her fault if he had to leave without seeing her and bidding her farewell—at what a sweet, sad, tender one it should have been!

'She must have had some valid excuse for her delay,' Bob mused as with a desperate effort he encouraged himself to cut the envelope open.

This letter was written in a correct, bold hand, and read:

Dear Mr. Acton—I do not know whether I should answer your personal or not, which I happened to see by some unheeded chance, for I never read that column. But as I am going to run away from you right after doing so, there can be no danger. I should have left that restaurant months ago. In fact—shall I be so immodest as to confess it?—in fact ever since you came there. Do you understand? Ten days ago I received word that my mother who lives in Dublin is very ill. I saw my only duty then and at once made up my mind to go to her. I leave on the New York tomorrow and by the time you get this will be far down the Bay. So forgive my freedom and don't please, think meanly of me. Yours sincerely, Fannie Lagan.

Bob's eyes ran across every line of the letter with electric quickness. Hardly had he finished it than he sprang to his feet and ran for the passenger list. He read it through carefully three times, but Fannie's

name was not on it. Could 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 steerage, 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 steamer chairs, lined with cozy rugs, 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 yet who respect and cherish bachelorhood be mindful of this moral.

—The Yellow Kid.

The Highest Position

In the Dominion of Canada

Paine's Celery Compound the Popular Medicine with the People and the Medical Profession.

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. No remedy was so highly recommended, because no other ever achieved so many grand victories over disease and sickness.

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 WRONG LFG.

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.'

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.

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.'

'He spoke he attempted to leap from his bed, but the action was attended with a yell that almost shook the house. He sank back upon the bed as pale as a sheet.'

'What!' cried Sue. 'Can your leg be broken? Does it still pain you like that? Let me see it!'

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

Sue looked. The leg that was carefully bound and wound in cloths never looked better; but the other—it was so badly swollen that the bones could not be seen!

'Alas!' cried the erstwhile surgeon. 'I have dressed the wrong foot! Why didn't you tell me that it was the other one that hurt?'

'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. Mr. Blake had been driving by the Pettingill house, 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. Mr. Blake was therefore suing Mr. Pettingill for five hundred dollars damages. Several witnesses told the story of the accident. The most convincing statement was made by an old man who saw the whole affair, and described it in a simple and straightforward way.

The defendant's lawyer was a young man named Haskell, 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. Concluding, probably, that the only way to end the badgering was to make a positive statement, no matter what, and then stick to it, he spoke up sharply: 'I was just twenty-three feet from the horse's head.'

'Will you swear it was not twenty-seven feet?' asked the lawyer.

'It was just twenty-three feet,' repeated the old man, doggedly.

'Do you mean to tell us that you can judge distances as accurately as that?'

'Yes sir, I can.'

The lawyer, feeling sure that the witness had given his first definite answer in the hope of escaping further questioning, and had been too proud to recede turned amiably to the jury.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'our venerable friend's ability to measure distances by the eye is remarkable. But in justice to my client I feel obliged to make a little test here in your presence. Then, turning with a malicious smile to the witness: 'Won't you give us an exhibition of your wonderful powers by telling us how long this court room is?'

The old man glanced carefully along the side of the room, and promptly answered, '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 Haskell 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 Haskell 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 so near the ceiling that there was no necessity for Mr. Haskell 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. Haskell 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. Haskell 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 that he is hoping against hope—that the experience will incline him to treat witnesses with more politeness hereafter.

AT SHIRT-TAIL.

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. Mann, the well-known general merchant of Stittsville, 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.'

'I was also troubled with biliousness for years, and at intervals of three or four weeks would be laid up with a severe headache and sick stomach. Since using Chase's Pills I have not had an attack of either.'

'I may add that Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles and skin diseases is just as effective as Dr. Chase's Pills for blood troubles. I have a clerk who suffered terribly from bleeding piles. He tried Chase's Ointment and in a few days was completely cured.'

All dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto. 25c.

Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for colds, bronchitis and consumption. Sure cure. 25 cents.

"Pretty Nearly."

The dreadful uncertainties of agriculture are graphically expressed in an incident reported from Kansas City. A somewhat ragged man, with an honest face and calloused hands, was charged in court with being a vagabond and having no visible means of support. The court questioned him closely.

'Where have you been recently?' he was asked.

'I've been out in central Nebraska for thirteen years,' he answered.

'What have you been doing out there?'

'Working for a living.'

'No quibbling, sir! Tell us exactly what you were doing in those thirteen years.'

'Well, your honor, I was on a farm, and I raised thirteen crops—pretty nearly.'

There was a word of pathos added experience in those last two words, and the unfortunate man was discharged.