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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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DR. "WILL'S" PATIENT

Doctor Walker sat alone in his office at the Orthopaedic Hospital one dark, stormy night. Outside, the wind and rain were having it all their own way. The gale swept around the huge building with mad shrieks, like a score of fiends let loose to riot and rejoice in the misery of suffering human souls. The rain came down in wild gusts, dashing itself impudently into the faces of the few chance pedestrians, and forcing those obliged to be abroad to turn resolute faces homeward.

Within the hospital dead silence reigned. The patients were supposed to be disposed of for the night, and lights were lowered, except in the wards where the sufferers were so dangerously ill that the watchers by their bedsides sat waiting with patient outward composure for the approaching end.

Doctor Walker—he was familiarly known throughout the institution as "Doctor Will" — sat poring over a huge volume upon the table before him, and striving to concentrate his thoughts upon its contents. But he appeared to be out of sorts; he seemed restless and uneasy.

"I wonder what ails me to-night" he exclaimed, half aloud, closing the book at last and pushing it aside with a weary gesture. "Somehow I cannot study, or find interest in my work. Now, if I were like some of my interesting nervous patients, I would say that I feel as if something were going to happen! Bah! what folly in a strong man to allow his nerves to so completely affect his whole life! One must exert will-power and——

"Ah! What is it? Did you speak to me, Kate?"

For there at the half-open door of the office Doctor Will's quick glance had detected one of the night nurses—a pleasant faced, kindly looking woman, who had been long attached to the hospital. She stepped to the threshold and threw the door open.

"Yes, doctor; I wanted to tell you that there is a new patient in the reception room — a young man who has just been brought here in a cab. His arm is broken, I think. The driver says the young man hailed the cab about an hour ago, on Green street, and said that he had broken his arm and wished to be taken to friends at the other end of the city. The driver drove him to the street and number designated, but there was no one there. The house was quite empty, and a policeman near said that the family had gone to Europe. At that the young man uttered a cry of disappointment, which the cab driver says made his own heart ache; and then he reeled unsteadily and nearly fell to the ground. But the driver and the policeman together placed him in the cab, and he was brought here, as it happened to be only a few blocks away."

By this time Doctor Will had followed Kate into the reception room, where a slight form in a neat grey suit lay upon a sofa, quite unconscious.

The doctor despatched the nurse for his surgical instruments and soon had removed the stranger's coat and rolled up the sleeves of the snowy under garments, soft and fine. The face upon the sofa pillows was delicate and refined — a face with perfect featpres; the long, dark hair curling slightly, pushed away from a broad, low brow. The interesting patient did not appear to be more than seventeen. No trace of beard or moustache darkened the soft, fair skin. He looked as helpless as a child lying there before the keen, searching eyes of the young physician. Something — a strange sensation which Doctor Will did not stop to analyze—moved his heart as he touched the round white arm and prepared to examine the injuries.

"Compound fracture!" he muttered, concisely. "Come here, Kate; you will have to assist me!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated the nurse, bending over the slim, graceful form, "he's as delicate as a girl. Look! See the blue veins in his arm. Poor young chap. He has to suffer yet, before that arm will be well."

A little later, his injuries attended to, the strange patient was placed in bed. He had recovered consciousness and opened a pair of great, dark, beautiful eyes to meet Doctor Will's sympathetic gaze.

"Where am I?" faltered the patient.

"In the Orthopaedic Hospital, sir. You have broken your arm, and were brought here by a cab driver. You are perfectly safe here. Tell me your name, and where shall I send for your friends?"

"My name," a slight hesitation, "is Halton — Parke Halton. My friends? Ah! I have none! I—I went to the house of old friends — they have gone to Europe. I have not been here long. I have no place to go to. But I have money."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Halton. You are all right here. The wards are full, and I have had you placed in a private room!"

"Thank you! I am able to pay for it. You will get me well as soon as possible, Doctor——?" with a slight interrogation.

"I am Doctor William Walker, of this hospital. I shall do all in my power for you. It is nothing dangerous, my dear sir; only you must have rest. Now, I will give you a sleeping potion, and hope to find you better in the morning."

Parke Halton drank the sleeping draught, and almost immediately fell asleep.

Doctor Will sat watching the pale, beautiful face upon the pillow before him with an odd sensation struggling under his left vest pocket.

"What a spirituelle face for a man —or a boy, rather!" he exclaimed. "I declare I was never so interested in a patient before in my life!"

The next morning Parke Halton was much better, and as the days went by grew rapidly stronger.

Doctor Will spent more time in the room of his interesting patient than he had ever been known to do before. There seemed some subtle attraction between the two; and as time passed it grew and strengthened.

At last Parke was fully recovered, and in a few days would be discharged from the hospital.

One night Kate, the night nurse, was startled by the sound of faint sobbing and stifled weeping, which seemed to come from the end of the long corridor, near the sleeping room of Doctor Will. She hastened softly to the spot, determined to know what was the matter. This is what she saw.

Parke Halton on his knees at the door of the doctor's room, weeping bitterly.

Directly, the young man rose to his feet and entered the room, for the physician's door was never locked, but always ready for a hasty summons in the night.

In speechless amazement Kate noticed the young patient steal softly to the bedside and, stopping, press a kiss upon the brow of the sleeping physician; then, weeping, bitterly, steal away once more.

Out in the corridor the nurse suddenly confronted the young man. Halton fell back with a stifled cry.

"Explain yourself, sir," began the nurse. "Your conduct is rather unusual."

"Come to my room," hes aid, in a hurried whisper, "and I will tell you all. I have a confession to make!"

The next morning, when Doctor Will awoke from his slumbers, he found upon his bed a small locket containing the pictured face of a girl. It was the exact counterpart of Parke Halton. When he left his room he was met by Kate, who announced that the young man was gone. She had found his bed empty that morning, and a sum of money more than sufficient to cover his expenses at the hospital lying upon the table. But whatever the secret confided to Kate, she kept it inviolate. Doctor Will's face clouded, and a troubled look crept into his eyes. After that he became very quiet and taciturn, and altogether a changed man.

One day he received a summons to an up-town mansion; its owner lay dying — stricken down by a swift and sudden disease. Arrived at his bedside, Doctor Will saw at once that it was too late to save him; his hours were numbered.

"I have something to tell you," the dying man said feebly. "Stay that no one is near. Wait! I wish to send for my ward, Leoline Lea."

A message was despatched, and in a few moments a young girl entered the room. At sight of her the blood receded from Doctor Will's heart, and he felt as though he was going to faint. For it was the face in the locket, which Doctor Will even then wore over his heart, and the facsimile of Parke Halton. Stifling an exclamation, the girl sank into a seat. The dying man began:

"I was guardian over Leoline Lea's property. She was very rich; but I have squandered her estate; I am dying now. I loved her, and I determined to make her my wife; thus I need never render an account of the wasted fortune. I persecuted her for a year to gain her consent. She would soon be twenty-one and out of my power, and then I would be forced to give an account of her squandered fortune. I was half wild lest I should be discovered and punished. I did all in my power to force her into marriage with me. She hated me, despised me, scorned me.

"At last, tired of her defiance, I locked her in her own room upstairs in this house, and decided to starve her into obedience to my wishes.

"To my consternation the girl escaped from her prison. She knotted the blankets together and made a rope, by which she managed to effect her escape.

"She was gone several weeks. I was half distracted over her absence, for she was as ignorant of the world as a little child. Had she not been, she would have known that the law gives no guardian the right to deprive his ward of liberty.

"On her twenty-first birthday, however, she re-appeared and demanded the restitution of her fortune. But she would give no account of her whereabouts during her absence from my house until to-day, when she declared that she had found refuge in the Orthopaedic Hospital. I have sent for you to corroborate her story. Doctor Walker, have you ever met my ward before?"

Doctor Will's blue eyes met the frightened gaze of Leoline's dark ones; they drooped. How could he answer that question? She arose to her feet.

"Yes, Doctor Walker has met me before. I am Parke Halton." Her face was ghastly white now, and she trembled perceptibly. "I was very ignorant of the world's ways, as my guardian acknowledges — a friendless orphan —, or I would long ago have appealed to the law for protection from his persecutions. In the wardrobe of the room where I was imprisoned I found a suit of men's clothing; I managed to alter it so that I could wear it; and, knotting blankets and sheets together, finally escaped from the window, breaking my arm in my flight. I had hoped to find refuge until my twenty-first birthday with some acquaintances at the farther end of the city, but when I reached the house it was closed and the family gone abroad.

"I was in terrible pain with my broken arm, and that, with the disappointment, overtame me, and I fainted, and was taken to the hospital. You know the rest, doctor. Can you ever forgive my unwomanly conduct?"

Doctor Will took both little hands in his own and led her from the room.

"I know this," he said, in a low, tender tone, "that I love you as man never loved woman before."

Her eyes drooped from before his passionate gaze.

"I have loved you ever since my eyes first opened from that swoon in the hospital," she faltered, "and it nearly drove me distracted to reflect upon my false position. You surely cannot love or respect me?"

But there was no doubt of the love which filled his heart, and with true love respect comes always.

And that was the way in which my friend Walker found his wife. — London Tit-Bits.

PLANT INTELLIGENCE.

Firmness and Delicacy of Touch in the Climbing Plant.

One cannot believe that plants have individual consciousness, and yet their actions show a nice adjustment to environment, reveal a fine intelligence. The intelligence, we must think, is in the whole plan and reveals itself in one way through plant life as it reveals itself in other ways through animal and human life.

The following extract from Knowledge indicates the firmness and delicacy of touch, so to speak, in the climbing plant.

"It is in the twining plants, such as bryony and hop, and the tendril bearers, like the vetches, that we find the highest development of the climbing habit. These plants live under unusual conditions. In order to gain the light they must seek, rather than avoid, overhanging foliage, and so we find the vetches, instead of turning away from the shadow toward the light, like most of their neighbors, boldly pushing up into the center of a bush, to burst into blossom amid its upper branches, far above their less daring neighbors. But it is in the leaves of these plants that we find the most remarkable modifications adapting them to a climbing habit. The leaves of the vetches and vetchlings are pinnate—they bear a number of opposite ovate leaflets. The tip of the leaf-stalk and the uppermost pair of pinnae are in the climbing species changed into tendrils—sensitive, twining, whip-like structures, which exhibit remarkable features. If the slightly curved, extended tendril of a young leaf of pea or vetch be watched carefully it will be found that it is slowly but incessantly moving round and round in a circle. If the tendril comes into contact with a twig it bends toward it and eventually takes several turns around it. Even a slight temporary irritation is sufficient to cause a bending toward any side. Finally, the tendril becomes woody and strong and forms a secure anchor cable for the plant. Not only does the young tendril rotate; the whole leaf on which it is borne is in continual motion. The shoot to which the leaf belongs is rotating also, so that the tendril is sweeping the air with complicated motion, in the course of which it is almost sure to strike against some stem or twig of the surrounding vegetation."

ALL READY FOR THEM.

The long-haired young reformers were holding an informal debate, and when they had agreed that the world was just almost as corrupt and bad a place as it well could be, a grimfaced man arose.

"What you seem to want, friends," he said, "is a place where every one has to be good by law."

"That's it!" chorussed the reformers.

"Where smoking aint's allowed, and such a thing as drink is unknown? Where no one need worry about food and raiment, and where money does not exist?"

"We do!"

"Where every one has to go to church on Sundays, and every one keeps regular hours?"

"That is just what we do want. Oh, to find such a place!" said a soulful young fellow, speaking for the others.

"Well, I've just come from such a place——"

"You have?" cried the soulful one. "Oh, tell us, tell us, man of wonderful experience, where it is, that we may also go?"

"It's a place called prison!" said the grim man.

REVENGED.

There was a dinner-party at the Smiths', and Mrs. S. was desirous of duly impressing her guests. And all might have gone well but for angelic, auburn-haired little Tommy Smith, who had been allowed at the table on condition that he behaved himself. Wonderful to say, he did so till the sweets came on. Then he could hold out no longer, and he asked for — nay, demanded — a third helping of apple-charlotte. It was refused, and then the childish treble was raised.

"Very well," he said, "if I can't have another piece I shall tell."

"Leave the room, sir!" stormed Smith senior; and obediently Tommy slipped from his seat and betook himself to the door.

Before he opened it, however, he turned.

"My knickerbockers are made out of the old dining-room curtains!" he cried; and he swung open the door and vanished.

Fond Mother (to very busy brother-in-law)—"You might look after Freddy while I'm out. See that he doesn't play with the coals or get into mischief, and if he cries give him a piece of chocolate—there's some in the dining room; and if that doesn't stop him, run him round the room on your back—he loves it. But on no account let him be a nuisance to you!"

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About the ....House

CARE OF MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's suits can be renovated so thoroughly and well as to save buying new ones, and as a suit of good quality of cloth is expensive, it is worth while to carry them through the process of cleaning if it is necessary to economize. A coat, vest or pair of pants that is to be cleaned must be well dusted first. If there is a rent that needs mending set the patch neatly, taking care to match the twill or check, and sew it down so as to make it as nearly invisible as possible, then dampen on the wrong side and press on the right over a thick cloth. If the collar is badly soiled lay it on the table and scrub with a small brush dipped in strong suds to which a little ammonia has been added and an old tooth brush is excellent to do the cleaning with. If the lining is worn in the coat, rip it out, iron the pieces smooth and use for a pattern for a new lining, which may be cut from a good quality of farmer's satin. The easiest way to clean a suit that is much soiled is to first rip out the hems of the sleeves and pants and wash each piece in not suds until clean, then rinse through two warm waters. The garments must be brought in before they are quite dry and be thoroughly pressed on the wrong side with a hot iron, then cover the right side with a thick cloth and press, but remove the iron before the steam ceases to rise to prevent the cloth from being shiny. A rusty black suit was recolored a jet black, and with new linings, braid and buttons, it looked as nice as a new suit. The unlined spring and summer coats are easily washed, and if the alpaca or cloth coats are faded or streaked they can be colored any darker shade by dipping them in dye, but in pressing such garments they should always be pressed lengthwise to preserve the shape. A straw hat may be freshened by dissolving some of the same dye of the color wanted, in a little alcohol and applying to the hat with a soft brush, and when dry, the hat must be given a coat of thin varnish.

SWEEPING AND DUSTING.

A great many people have an idea that every woman knows how to sweep and dust a room properly, but observation has taught us that such is not the case. The carpet sweeper is a labor-saving article, but even when it is used every day, the carpet will need a thorough sweeping with a broom occasionally. Remove upholstered furniture from the room if convenient, but if not, cover them while sweeping. There is nothing so destructive to the beauty as to allow them to become covered with dust every sweeping day. Open the windows and doors, and sweep with quick firm strokes that will clean the carpet without injuring it. If the broom is dampened frequently it will not raise a cloud of dust. Or a better plan would be to sprinkle salt on the carpet before sweeping. It cleanses the carpet beautifully and brightens the colors. When the dust has settled, remove the covers from the furniture, and dust the woodwork carefully. Use a soft feather duster for bric-a-brac and vases; a large square of cheesecloth is better for other articles. When dust has settled on the walls, wrap a cloth about the brush part of a broom and wipe it off.

There is a great deal of difference in the quality of work that a broom will do and the length of time it will last. One that is used every day should be washed once a week. Prepare a bucketful of hot suds, and dip the broom up and down in it until the straws look clean and new. Rinse well and hang it up until dry. This toughens the straw and it will not break easily. The broom should never be set down in the corner after it is used, bending the straws over and making the broom one-sided. Have a hook screwed in the end of the handle, and insist upon having the broom hung up when not in use. It will greatly lengthen its period of usefulness, and the sweeping will be easier.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Captain Joshua Slocum, the old New England seaman who made a voyage around the world in a sloop forty feet long, entirely alone, says: "Very few people know how to treat a salt codfish properly. To freshen it they let it stand in water half a day or more and, it may be, use in several waters. That takes all the goodness out. You can get rid of the salt just as effectively and without hurting the fish, by picking it to pieces and washing it with your hands — just shaking it up and down in the water. Then put it right into the pot and boil for fifteen minutes. When you get it ready for the table add butter, and pepper, and chop up a hard boiled egg and put on top. You take codfish cooked that way and I want to sit down prepared to hoist in a meal of it; and all I want besides is potatoes, coffee and bread and butter."

Our roast beef is generally baked beef, and there is a right and a wrong way to bake it. The right way is to put the roast, after it has been carefully wiped, into a pretty hot oven. This sears the outside and keeps the juices of the meat within. After the first browning it should be frequently basted. Do not salt the meat; dissolve the salt in boiling water and pour over it; then as you baste it, the salt is gradually taken up by the meat.

A six-pound roast of beef requires about two hours in the oven; a ten-pound roast will cook in about three. The larger the roast the better it will cook. The expense is considerable at first, and whether one gets her full value out of it or not depends upon the disposition that is made of what is left over. A good soup may be made from the drippings that are in the pan, after the fat is removed. The "pan-gravy," that is, the juice of the meat that collects in the platter as the meat is cut, is esteemed a great delicacy by roast beef connoisseurs.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Dried Apple Fruit Cake. — Soak three cups of dried apples in cold water over night. In the morning chop fine and simmer three hours in two cups of molasses. Beat a cup of butter and two cups of sugar to a cream, and a cup of milk with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, and two eggs well beaten; three and a half cups of flour, reserving one-half cup to dredge the apples. Add one grated nutmeg and a teaspoonful of cinnamon and cloves, mixed. Bake slowly for an hour and a half. This cake improves by keeping.

Potato Salad. — Cut about six cold boiled potatoes into dice. Mix with them the chopped whites of three hard-boiled eggs. Mix the yolks and a scant teaspoonful of dry mustard and stir into it a large cup of thick sour cream; add a little paprika, pour the dressing over the potato and mix gently. No salt is required if the potatoes are boiled in salted water. This is a very acceptable salad.

Salmon Salad. — Place half a can of salmon in a bed of lettuce leaves in a salad bowl. The fish should be freed from all oil and bones, and flaked. Pour over it a mayonnaise dressing and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and lemon.

A PYTHON AND ITS PREY

FAVORITE TRICK OF THE SNAKE TO LURE GOATS.

Swift Work of the Reptile and Conduct After the Death of Its Victim.

"Only twenty miles distant from the Liberian capital, I found myself about as remote from civilization as one could well desire," said Secretary Ellis, of the United States legation at Monrovia, Liberia, in telling of a hunting trip up the Montserrat river with several native guides and hunters. "It was darkest Africa, without a doubt, with nothing but jungle on every hand, with native villages scattered at wide intervals throughout the forest. About noon on the third day out my attention was attracted by what I at first supposed was an animal of some kind, possibly an eland, eating the leaves of a tall bush growing by the side of a larger tree, about 200 feet distant. I could see the upper branches and leaves of the bush shaking and could also hear the noise of something agitating them, the animal, whatever it was, keeping up a most persistent rattling and racket by shaking the topmost branches, limbs and foliage of the shrub.

"I stopped, cocked my Winchester and was preparing to await developments when my native hunter tapped me on the shoulder and directed me to look upward into the limbs of the big 'greasy-peach' tree instead of at the bush. As I did so I beheld a sight that almost took my breath. There, on a large limb that grew outward almost at right angles to the main trunk, lay a huge python, the largest snake I ever laid my eyes upon. He lay coiled lazily around the limb, with his tail hanging down and touching the bush below. With his tail he was vigorously stirring and lashing the shrub in imitation of the noise and movement of some ruminant eating there.

A GOAT IN THE TOILS.

"We were then on the outskirt of a native village. The python had evidently failed to notice our approach, and, following my hunter's advice and example, I stepped behind a convenient tree to await developments. While watching the reptile my native hunter told me this was a favorite trick of the python to lure goats, antelopes and other small animals within his reach, and that if we waited it would not be long, perhaps, before some inquisitive goat of a herd belonging to the villagers and grazing some distance to our right would come within sight and investigate the noise.

"Well, it was not long before a young female goat came in view, and, hearing the noise, pricked up its ears and for some few minutes trotted rapidly about the bush, eyeing it from all sides, as though trying hard to catch a glimpse of what evidently it mistook for another goat. Each time it drew a little nearer, until finally it made bold to proceed directly up to the bush and under the python, which was on the goat like a flash, seizing it by the neck and wrapping its mighty coils about the poor creature's body, crushing it out straight, flat and lifeless in the space of a few seconds. It was the quickest performance I ever witnessed in my life. Looking at the python a moment before I would never have suspected it of being endowed with such activity, but when finally it went into action it did so with a lightning-like rapidity that was awe inspiring.

"But the performance was not yet over. My African hunter begged me to remain silent and not to be impatient, saying that something more was to follow. This I was quite willing to do. Sure enough, in the next few minutes the serpent released its folds from about the lifeless corpse of the goat and crawled off through the bushes. We followed it as best we could through the dense verdure. It remained absent nearly thirty minutes, making a wide circuit of detour before returning to the goat. When it came back it licked the animal over from head to feet and commenced the swallowing process. At this juncture my hunter sent a bullet through the monster's head, putting an end to its further depredations."

CAUTION OF THE BIG SNAKE.

"I had read enough to know something of the habits of pythons, but failed to understand why it did not begin swallowing the goat at once instead of spending a half hour crawling aimlessly about through the jungle, and so I asked my hunter for an explanation. He replied that the python was "heap smart;" smarter than a witch doctor even, and that knowing from experience that goats are sometimes in charge of shepherds and being frequently robbed of their prey by pilfering leopards and other carnivores, the python, after killing the animal, makes a habit of going on a tour of reconnaissance through the forest to ascertain whether or not there are any men or leopards about before swallowing its prey, a process that occupies considerable time. Unlike the four-legged beasts of prey, the python cannot drag its victim off to its lair to be eaten in peace and at leisure, but must devour it on the spot, and, according to my hunter, it takes this precaution in order to avoid being killed by men or mauled, scratched, bitten, played with, and often slain outright by leopards. He stated that if a leopard or man appeared on the scene while thus out skirmishing the python would either leave its prey or hide about in the bushes until its enemies left the scene before making a meal of what it had killed. In this case it appears not to have noticed us. This was a new and extraordinary story, which I had never heard before, and, for aught I know, it may be true.

"The African python is the largest member of the snake kind. I met natives who said they had seen and killed pythons thirty and thirty-one feet in length, but never saw any that long myself. The python in question measured about seventeen feet in length. I considered it a very large reptile."

THE END OF FINLAND

Last Vestige of Independence Has Vanished.

The Czar of Russia last month signed a rescript that makes the government of Finland a virtual dictatorship. General Bobrikoff, nominally Governor-General, now exercises his personal authority over every department of the grand duchy, and may take control of affairs of the communes or the cities. Thus vanishes the last vestige of Finnish independence. The pledges of five successive Czars have been deliberately broken and the advanced inhabitants of a region that has long known the spirit of brave defence are now on a political level with the peasants of Russia proper. Prominent Finns whose presence may be deemed undesirable are banished without accusation and without trial. The schools are being Russianized. It is considered likely that even the national church of Finland will be suppressed.

Nobody seems to know why the Finns have been crushed. They were harmless enough to all appearances. They fomented no revolutions. Perhaps the Czar's advisers thought that the larger measure of independence in Finland would prove a cause of disquietude in less favored quarters of the Empire. Or on some other ground it may have been considered necessary to perfect the political homogeneity of Russia in Europe. A glance at the map is suggestive. Finland is the only part of Russia that borders on Norway and Sweden, and the Finns temperamentally are more like Scandinavians than like Russians. Moreover, Finland used to belong to Sweden. It may well be true that Russia is trying to Russianize Finland in order to weld the grand duchy more firmly to the Empire, just as Germany has attempted ever since the Franco-Prussian war to Germanize Alsace and Lorraine.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

AND THE WAITER FETCHED.

The seedy diner was enjoying himself vastly.

"Waiter," he called "fetch a nice piece of boiled turbot."

The dish was obtained, placed before the customer, consumed, and then he called again:

"Waiter, fetch a choice portion of curried fowl—and, oh, waiter, fetch another bottle of wine!"

The bill mounted up; but still the seedy one called the waiter to fetch one dainty after another.

At last he lit a fragrant cigar and sat back.

"Waiter," he called, fetch——"

"Yessir," said the waiter, "fetch you your bill?"

"No," came the languid answer, "fetch a policeman; I haven't got a cent!"

Was Cured of Piles Seven Years Ago
A Chronic Case of Twenty Years' Standing Cured Permanently by
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Piles or hemorrhoids are among the most common as well as the most torturing ailments that afflict humanity. The keen distress caused by the itching, especially when the body gets warm, is almost beyond the powers of description.

The very mention of Piles suggests Dr. Chase's Ointment as it is beyond denial the only actual cure for this loathsome disease. If you ask your doctor, your druggist or your friends what to use for piles they will in nine cases out of ten advise Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 30 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont., writes:

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only absolute and guaranteed cure for every form of piles. It has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
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BERMUDA MAIDENS.

The Reason So Many of Them Decide to Remain Unmarried.

In proportion to population there are more old maids in the Bermudas than in any other part of the world. This is true of all classes of the population, but especially of the oldest and wealthiest families, who have been connected with the islands ever since they were colonized by the Virginia company in 1612.

Five out of six of the daughters of the old planting families do not marry in spite of the fact that they are pretty, with a delicate rose flush type of beauty, extremely well bred and accomplished and just as nice as girls can possibly be. Their failure to marry is a standing source of wonder to the whole of the West Indies.

An antiquated law is undoubtedly responsible in part for this state of things. By this law provision is made for the daughters to take shares of a landed estate when their father dies, but if one marries she loses her fortune. It is taken away and shared among the others. Under this law many a girl of the better class is robbed of the dowry which is rightfully hers. Sometimes she will not marry her sweetheart at the cost of her fortune; sometimes the mercenary swain will not marry her if she has nothing to bring him but herself.

Rustic Work.

Sooner or later every owner of a country home runs up against the idea of rustic work. Generally it hits him hard—sometimes too hard. If you really need seats or summer houses in your woodland nothing can be more appropriate than logs with the bark on, because they harmonize with the growing trees, says Country Life in America. This is the real secret of the popularity of rustic work, its fitness. It is opposed to costlier and more architectural features which make a strong contrast with natural surroundings. Occasionally, however, you will find a man who has fallen head over heels in love with rustic work for its own sake. The consequence is that he fills the lawn in front of his house with all sorts of rustic impossibilities which look doubly foolish because they have no earthly use and because they are out in a sunny spot in the midst of an environment which is civilization rather than nature.

An Organ in the Tenth Century.

Wolston speaks of an organ containing 400 pipes which was erected in the tenth century in England. This instrument was blown by "thirteen separate pairs of bellows." It also contained a large keyboard. There are drawings of that period extant which represent the organ as an instrument having but few pipes, blown by two or three persons and usually performed on by a monk. The keys, which were played upon by hard blows of the fist, were very clumsy and from four to six inches broad.

About the end of the eleventh century semitones were introduced into the keyboard, but to all appearances its compass did not extend beyond three octaves. The introduction of pedals in 1490 by Bernhardt—giving a compass B flat to A—was another important contribution to the instrument. These were merely small pieces of wood operated by the toe of the player.

The Oldest Known Bookkeeping.

In the primitive villages of the Andes, scattered through Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, the descendants of the ancient Incas depend upon the "kipu" for keeping all their accounts. It was in use when Pizarro conquered Peru, and the Andean Indians have never improved on it. It is the oldest known form of bookkeeping. The "kipu" is simply a collection of knotted strings. Differently colored strings denote different articles in daily use and ten distinct knots the ten numerals. In the absence of a written language it is a marvelously perfect system. Large transactions are conducted as accurately by it as if double entry bookkeeping were employed.

Value of Recreation.

There are wisdom and strength in genuine pastime. One often accomplishes more by spending a pleasant evening in some innocent games or other amusement than he would by poring over books with tired brain and exhausted body. He may have had qualms of conscience about it and thought that evenings given to social enjoyment were practically lost out of his life. Far from it! To better purpose than he dreamed of was the time employed. Body and mind were strengthening and, unconsciously, without effort, being fitted for better work in the future.—Success.

Why He Objected.

He—I wouldn't want any one to marry me out of pity.

She—But they say pity is akin to love.

He—Well, I never could stand for poor relations.—Brooklyn Life.

Don't break down a boy's pluck with a broomstick. There is a better way. You cannot educate the mind with a club.—Schoolmaster.

Wife (standing with her husband before shop window)—"Here are so many things that would give pleasure to your wife, and that you might purchase for her; but, no matter however many beautiful things there are, you seem quite indifferent, as though you saw nothing." Husband—"A sure proof of my affection for you, for love is blind."

"Did you hear that there was a skeleton in Smith's family?" asked Jones. "You don't say so!" exclaimed his wife. "Where?" "Inside of Smith," replied Jones. And then he chuckled idiotically.