

"NURSE MORRISON."

She was rather a little woman with a great mass of yellow hair, and a timid sort of way about her. She looked after her cases, however, with a great deal of nerve, and Trafford, my senior, agreed with me that she knew her work. It was a small hospital, as hospitals go nowadays, and Trafford and I, the only resident medical officers, could speculate on life and humanity and yet do our work, we thought, with credit. To us she was just Nurse Morrison, still, when the staff nurse told us that wild horses wouldn't drag Nurse Morrison's history out of her, the staff, we felt sympathetic and interested.

"That proves nothing, except in novels," I said sagely. "I never could make out what would bar a woman from getting or getting rid of a wedding ring any time it suited her." "She's plucky," Trafford said, stretching on our sofa and starting up at the ceiling. "But I don't think much of her constitution, don't you know. She's rather neurotic, poor little soul."

"You're right," I told him. "I've noticed it myself. Sometimes, if one speaks to her suddenly, her eyes look quite fearful." At this Trafford sat up, took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at me.

"What the devil have you to do with her eyes?" he asked sharply. "Remember, once for all, I'm senior resident here."

"Who said you weren't?" I asked. "I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I do. 'I'm responsible for things in my department, and I won't have any humbugging flirtations going on.'"

"Better talk to the matron, and report me to the board," I said sulkily, and took up a book that I had been reading when he came in. I didn't read, though, and Trafford all smoked and stared at the ceiling. Presently he spoke again, in a way that showed he had made a fool of himself.

"Well," he said, "neurology's not in my line, and I'd like your candid opinion of her. As a psychologist, wouldn't you say that she's running a risk of overstrain? One can see that she takes things too seriously!"

I wasn't inclined to give Trafford another chance of snubbing me, but when a fellow glazes, practically, I think one ought to decent. Besides, the nervous system is a thing I've worked a good deal at, and Trafford didn't know anything about it, so I put my book again, and thought the thing over carefully.

"There's no doubt," I said at last, "but that she's inclined to be neurotic. That very soft hair, of that particular shade, goes to what outsiders call a highly strong nature."

"O, you've noticed the hair, have you?" Trafford asked, and I said that of course any one who was interested in physiology and psychology would pay particular attention to hair.

These women are perfect brutes to one another," he went on. "She's too good to go through a breakdown, and I'd like to see her work a bit. As senior resident, I'm responsible for a thing like that, but if I ask to Buz (Miss Buzzard is our matron) may turn rusty."

Speak to the chief tomorrow morning when he comes around. Then he'll look at her. He does that already," Trafford said. "She's so plucky; she brightens up when about."

I couldn't suggest anything more, except to keep an eye on her, and we agreed to make poor little thing's work as light as possible.

"Has she friends near?" Trafford asked me. "I said, 'Good night,' and I was able to tell him that I thought she had, and that she went to see them when off duty."

Well, when I thought over his 'independent and responsibility as senior resident,' I couldn't help laughing at Trafford, who knew very well that Nurse Morrison was interested in him, but all the same, keeping an eye on her as I had promised, you to feel that he was quite right in saying that she needed to be looked after. She was to develop a set look about the mouth, a strained appearance of the eyes that I'd like at all. She would jump if one came to her unexpectedly, and once, when I found at night in my slippers, I brushed against her, she threw up her arm with a cry, as if expecting me to hit her.

How much hurt at this, and spoke to her, only said vaguely that she was always expecting something to happen now, and, of course, I couldn't bother her.

Presently queer rumors got about the ward, and one could see quite well, by the way the other nurses put their heads in the wards and scattered directly about near them, that they discussed her very often.

Only one became friendly among them all, a bouncing red-checked Nurse Gore, who was a thund'rer, and who was called to take her holidays in August because of the grouse. I reminded me of the

oak and the ivy and all that sort of thing to see them together.

One day Nurse Smiles, with whom I used to have little chats before Nurse Morrison came, gave me a hint.

One has to be friendly with the nurses if one wishes to be thoroughly well up in the progress of patients, but I had rather dropped Nurse Smiles because she was silly about Nurse Morrison.

That day I went out of the ward for an instrument, leaving Nurse Morrison there. When I came back Nurse Smiles was there in her place.

"Where's Nurse?" I said. "Do you mean, Mrs. Morrison?" she asks, as cool as you please, and then, "O, what have I said? Please don't notice it!"

"I won't," I told her, and went on with my business alone; but when I repeated it to Trafford that night he got quite excited, and raved up and down the room.

"I knew it!" he told me. "They're all talking about it. The poor little thing is the slave of some blackguard. She slips out to see him whenever she can. Nurse Gore is the only one who knows all, but—" and with that he pushed a scrap of paper into my hand. "Read that," he said fiercely, and I read it.

"Can't! Have arranged to meet John. He has promised not to be so rough."

I stared alternately at the paper and at Trafford.

"It's hers," he exclaimed. "You know the poor little thing is on night duty just now, and Nurse Gore on by day. So they don't meet much, and their plan is to leave notes for one another hidden under the dressing-tables."

"How on earth—!" I began, but Trafford held up a warning hand and stopped me.

"As Senior Resident—" he said, and I shut up.

"Nurse Smiles brought me this note," he went on, "and I didn't say what I thought of her, for I'm determined to help the poor soul, and Buz mustn't hear of it. That woman Smiles 'thought it should be known.' It was in answer to a note from Nurse Gore, saying tomorrow morning is her day off, and suggesting a trip. You mark my words, that girl is fettered for life." With that he left me, to get the note smuggled back by the conscientious Nurse Smiles, and I wondered what would come next.

I had not long to wait.

The next day he came to me with another note from Nurse Gore's room.

"I have snapped the chain!" John is furious. O, what can I do? I could kill myself. I nearly did."

We stared at one another in silence. Then Trafford spoke.

"She's in her room crying," he said. "Nurse Gore dropped the note in her own room after reading it, and went to her. I've promised to meet the chief outside for an operation. Do you think she's safe? She has broken loose somehow, you see, but still—"

"I'll see to that," I told him, and he went off.

Then I sent word that I wanted to see Nurse Morrison about one of the patients. Of course, as a psychologist, I knew that a woman of a neurotic temperament, in such a frenzied condition, might do anything.

She came after some delay. I asked her to sit down, and I saw at once not only that she had been crying, but also that she had a large bruise over her left temporal region.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing at it, and she burst into tears.

I hold that a man may be scientific, and yet have a soft heart, I own that I was moved. I rose, and going round the table, knelt by her side.

"After all," I whispered, "I—we all are sorry for you. You are among friends. Why don't you trust us? What does it matter so long as the chain is broken?"

"Matter!" she dried her eyes and stared at me indignantly. "Matter! My husband—bicycle's spoilt, and I shan't be able to use it for a month! John, the teacher, says so!"

Some time later, when I asked the staff what she had meant by saying that wild horses wouldn't drag Nurse Morrison's past history from her, she grinned, and said, "No more they would."

"Why not?" I persisted. "Because I don't know it," she told me.

I hate these sharp women.—Westminster Budget.

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I have made \$1,640 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure I can clear \$5,000 a year. My sister and brother have started in the business and are doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa., and if you don't make lots of money, it's your own fault.

Mrs. W. H.

A Blackie Anecdote.

The late Professor John Stuart Blackie used to tell the following "non himself," says an exchange.

As everyone knows, the genial old professor used to be a picturesque and striking figure

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Dr. Chase's four great remedies are: Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, his latest and greatest discovery for all throat and lung affections.

"I was sick for three years," says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. "I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c."

"I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring," says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. "I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine."

"My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles," writes Mrs. Jane Potts, of Meyersburg. "He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents." "I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here," says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Rectory street, London, Ont. "I am thankful to say it cured me."

Chase's remedies at all dealers. Edman on Bates & Co. manfrs., Toronto.

ure in the streets of modern Athens. A wiry-framed old patriarch, with strikingly handsome features and long hair that fell in ringlets about his shoulders, no one once having seen him could forget him. Passing along one of the principal Edinburgh streets, he was accosted one day by a very dirty little street gamin with, "Shine your boots, sir?"

The urchin was very importunate; and the professor, being impressed with the extreme filthiness of the boy's face remarked: "I don't want a shine, my lad, but, if you go and wash your face, I'll give you a six pence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply; and, going over to an adjacent drinking fountain, he made his ablution. Returning, he held out his hands for money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you've earned your money." Here it is.

"I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the gamin, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and git yer hair cut."

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

Was Once an Athlete.

"You would never think, to look at me," remarked Father Hines, the Woodland prelate, as he slapped the front of his vest and surveyed an expansive girth, "that I was once an athlete. Yes, sir; it is a fact. I once performed a feat that could barely be duplicated. It was in Virginia City during the bonanza days. A couple of men were engaged in a duel with revolvers on the main street in front of the express office. I was in the office. At the first shot broken glass fell all around me. I saw the express agent dodge behind the safe, and I thought that would be about the best place for me, but I had to climb over a partition 9 feet high to reach the safe. I got there, but I never knew how. I tried to climb the partition when the shooting was over, and I couldn't jump high enough to grasp the top of it with my hands."

A Child Cured of Eczema by Chase's Ointment.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. The doctor advised the use of Chase's Ointment, and since using the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured."

(Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 112 Anne St., Toronto.

Cinderella Reincarnated.

Mrs. Bingley, the occult leader of the Band of Hope circle of the Society of Purple Pence Theosophy, stamped her feet and frowned darkly at the ragged child who had come into the parlor with a pail of surf sand and scrubbing brush.

"Flossie," said the imperious woman, "go back to your work instantly."

"I want to be reincarnated, mamma," poured the child as great salt tears welled up from her ultramarine optics and dredged channels for themselves down her begrimed cheeks.

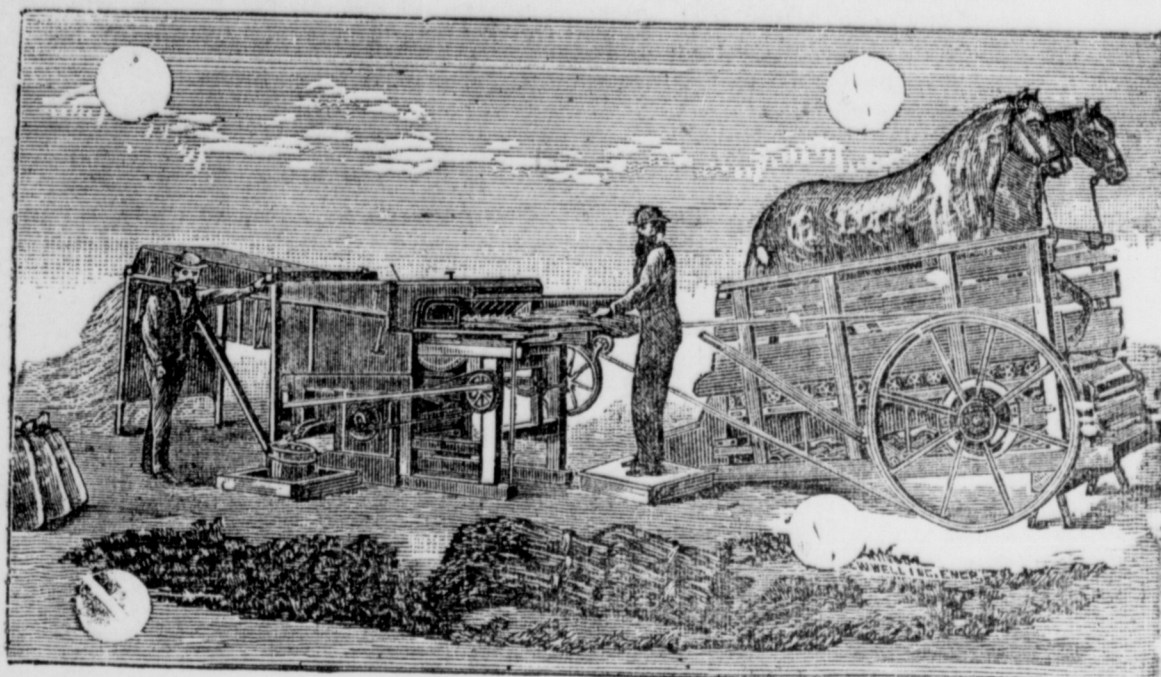
"Poor, ignorant, unreasoning creature," said Mrs. Bingley, as a look of ineffable sorrow almost dislocated her new Bavarian face. "Don't you know that you are Cinderella come back to us from the bygone ages? It is meet that you should scrub. Some day the prince will come and give you a glass slipper. Now, begone, and by and by when you know your theosophy primer by heart I'll take you to an insane asylum."—New York Herald.

You don't know

where you got that cold. Do you know where you can get the cure for it? Every drug store keeps Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

It cures coughs and colds.

What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895. Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM. Scotch Settlement. Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY. North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock.

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully, DAVID DELUCRY.

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