

VIVISECTION AND LOVE.

"Wanted, a well-educated young man who is prepared to devote himself body and soul to the interests of science and the cause of humanity. He will be required to assist in the laboratory and to render such other services as may be wanted of him. A liberal salary is offered, but he must give security to remain five years. Apply to Prof. Datchet, Oakhurst Manor, Kent."

This was the strange advertisement that caught the eye of Tom Stretton one morning as he opened the newspaper at his breakfast table. He had just left Cambridge, after taking a very fair degree, and had come to London with a view of finding employment—he did not care what so long as the work came within his powers and was paid for at a reasonable rate. Here, then, was the opportunity sought. It the reference to "body and soul" had an uncanny sound, the "liberal salary" was an irresistible attraction. So he determined to try for this peculiar appointment, and without loss of time took the train for Oakhurst, a small station beyond Sevenoaks.

The manor was three miles from the station; it was a rambling, old-fashioned house, covered with creepers and situated in grounds which were entirely neglected, the paths being thickly overgrown with weeds, while the grass on the lawn in front was over a foot high. As Stretton approached there came from the right wing of the building a great clamor, the barking of dogs and the cries of other animals. From this he concluded that Prof. Datchet must be very fond of pets.

After he had rung several times, a deaf old woman opened the door. When he had, with much labor, explained his business to her, she left him standing in the great gloomy hall, and presently returned to conduct him into the dining room, a large room paneled from floor to ceiling and as gloomy as the hall. For some reason which he could not explain, he began to experience a sense of oppression. But his spirits rose at the entrance of the professor, for a more benevolent-looking old gentleman never smiled through spectacles, his long white hair and flowing beard giving him quite a patriarchal air. Of majestic height and unusual breadth of chest, he was also remarkably handsome, but he had a habit of glaring, accompanied by a wrinkling of the forehead just between the eyebrows, which was decidedly embarrassing. This was the only thing about him that Stretton did not like.

The professor briefly stated what he required of his assistant; he questioned Stretton about his antecedents and examined his testimonials. In the end he offered him the appointment at a salary of £400 a year, a sum which seemed to the young man—though his delight was rather marred by the fact that he would have to find substantial guarantees that he would remain at his post for five years—a princely wage. He thought, however, that he could reckon upon his uncle, and his anticipations subsequently proved correct. A week later he entered upon his new duties.

The other occupants of the manor, besides himself and its owner, were the deaf old woman who acted as general servant, her husband, who was supposed to attend to the garden and make himself generally useful, and the professor's daughter, Meta, a charming girl with soft brown eyes and beautiful features and pretty shy ways. As a matter of course, Stretton fell straightway in love with her, and it had been able to follow his own inclinations all his time would have been spent in her company. But except for seeing her at mealtimes and occasionally for a few minutes in the garden, he saw very little of her. He really had no time for that or for anything else, his presence was so constantly required in the laboratory.

And to Stretton the laboratory was a most horrible place. Ordinary chemical work he liked, but it turned out that Prof. Datchet, with all his gentleness of manner, was a vivisectionist of extreme views, utterly indifferent to the sufferings of the creatures that he experimented upon so long as he was advancing, to quote his own formula, "the grand cause of humanity." The laboratory was situated in the right wing; and in several of the adjoining rooms, as well as in the yard at the back and in the outbuildings around it, were penned dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys and many other animals, all waiting until their turn came to be tortured to death "in the interests of science." It was not so much that the professor had a definite object in view, as that this was his hobby. Use with him was indeed second nature. Upon his fine old face there was often a smile of satisfaction as he operated upon the writhing creatures strapped down to the table before him. Even the cries of agony did not effect him; he was far too interested in the results of his experiments.

But to Stretton the whole thing was hideous and loathsome. He recoiled from it with horror and was so unnerved by what he witnessed that he proved a most bungling assistant. There grew up in him a frantic desire to flee from the place, but two things held him back—the first that by going he would render his uncle liable for the sum of a thousand pounds, and his love for Meta. This was the painful position in which he now found himself. Could he not induce the professor to relinquish his fearful hobby? If at all, only through his daughter; of that Stretton felt certain.

So, in hope of securing Meta's cooperation, he sought her in the weedy wilderness which was called the garden, and there one glorious evening, shortly after sunset, he found her, plucking lavender, her hands already full of it. The color mounted into her cheeks when she saw Stretton approaching, at first she seemed inclined to make her escape, but at the end she waited for him, and he advanced scarcely able to conceal his delight at seeing her. There were only these two in the dusky garden, and already the bats were lifting to and fro overhead. There was not a breath of air to stir the leaves, but the stillness was broken by the piteous howling of a dog. Instinctively the girl put up her hands to her ears.

"Ah, I see how it pains you, Miss Datchet," said Stretton. "That is just what I wanted to speak to you about. You know what goes on there," he nodded towards the laboratory showing above the trees, "don't you?"

"Science," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

"Well, we'll call it science," he said.

"Your father means well, I'm sure; but don't you think it cruel?"

"He says it's for the good of humanity,"

she said timidly, her face burned in the bunch of lavender. "Everything ought to give way to that, oughtn't it—even one's feelings?"

"I don't think so. I don't think—with all deference for your father—that we have any right to torture dumb animals. I call that inhumanity, not humanity. He seems so kind and gentle in other respects."

"And he is kind and gentle," she said, with unusual warmth. "Oh, pray don't misjudge him. A better, kinder man never breathed."

"Then don't you think we can persuade him to give up what is neither kind nor gentle?"

Meta shook her head sadly. The howling of the dog, which had ceased for a few moments, suddenly broke out again, beginning in a sort of wail and ending in a shrill cry of intolerable agony. Then came silence, the merciful silence of death.

Meta was trembling so much that Stretton took her hand and held it.

"It's awful," he said. "Do, do let us try to stop it, otherwise I must go. I can't bear it."

"Oh, Mr. Stretton, don't go," said the girl impulsively. She stopped, and then with a blushing face explained, "I mean perhaps we can persuade father. It is such a comfort to have some one in the house. I feel so much alone, and then you think as I do, and will work toward the same end, and if you go—"

"I won't," said Stretton, with emphasis. "If you wish me to stay nothing would drag me away."

After which speech Meta bade him a confused good night and hurried away indoors.

Stretton was glad he had broached the subject to her. He knew now that he could count upon her assistance, and his heart was flattered that he should see more of her in future, for not only had they an object in common, but also he fancied that she liked him a little. Still when he came to look at the situation more calmly the hopelessness of persuading the old man to abandon his cruel hobby oppressed him, and he went to his bed that night with a feeling of the keenest anxiety, for every day it was becoming harder to him to assist at the professor's experiments. It was not merely that the frequent repetition of the same sights and sounds was wearing him out; he was also conscious of a sense of weakness in himself. He fancied, though he could not be sure, that the professor was conscious of it too. At any rate, he was aware that every time he happened to look up that handsome old face was watching him with the peculiarly concentrated gaze which had struck him at their first interview. Was his health giving away? Was he breaking down beneath the strain? Among a few persons with whom he had become acquainted in the neighborhood was George Wentworth, a young doctor, who lived in the village, and with him he decided to take counsel.

Accordingly, on the following afternoon he walked into Oakhurst, called at the doctor's house and was shown into the surgery. The idea once started that he was ill having taken complete possession of him, he went into matters at some length. "I suppose you know you are not the first assistant Prof. Datchet has had," said Wentworth. "If he has had one he has had a dozen; very few have stayed more than a week or two. Why don't you leave?"

"Because I can't," replied Stretton. "To mention one reason, because my uncle has given a bond for a thousand pounds that I remain for five years."

The young doctor whistled. "You are certainly in a tight place, Stretton," he said. "I don't think there is much doubt that the professor regards you as a subject as much as an assistant."

"In the cause of humanity?"

"Just so. And its devotees would readily sacrifice every individual member for the sake of the whole. Odd, isn't it? It is possible that the professor is even now secretly experimenting upon you with some of his noxious drugs."

"You think so?" exclaimed Stretton, aghast. "Then I'm in a bad way. What am I to do? How can I find out for certain?"

"You must wait," answered the doctor lightly, "until something has happened. The law won't release you from your engagement upon mere suspicion, and we can't analyze you while you are alive. But, seriously," added he, seeing that Stretton did not appreciate the joke, "I don't think the matter has gone as far as that. I'll make you up a tonic; you are out of sorts, Stretton, and a dose or two will probably put you to rights again."

Stretton did not stay long afterward. With the bottle of tonic in his pocket he proceeded to walk back, feeling far from comfortable. Though it was a very easy walk for a young man, he grew very tired toward the end of it, and that made him think more about himself than he would otherwise have done.

As he approached the manor he saw the professor standing at the gate talking to a little girl who was crying bitterly. She had been sent to fetch some water from a roadside spring, and on the way had fallen and broken her jug. The majestic old gentleman was endeavoring in his kindest tones to console her. Patting the little flaxen head, he gave her money to replace the broken jug, and when she went away, quite happy again, he smiled after her. But at the sight of Stretton his expression suddenly changed, his face becoming charged with angry suspicion.

"Where have you been?"

"Only for a stroll to the village," answered Stretton, carelessly.

The professor continued to stare at him for some time.

"I have been wanting you in the laboratory," he said at length. "I must request Mr. Stretton, that you will not go away again without my permission. You agreed to devote yourself body and soul, sir—to science. Yet, this is the way you spend your time."

To anybody else Stretton would have returned an indignant answer. From Meta's father he received this rebuke in silence.

But the gentleness of the professor's manner seemed gone forever. During the anxious days that followed he watched his assistant as a cat watches a mouse, and the conviction grew in Stretton's mind that he really was being made the victim of some horrible experiment. The tonic did little if any good. His strength was gradually oozing away, while a strange numbness was settling down upon his brain and stealing away his energies. Curiously enough, he

would now witness the sufferings of dumb animals with something not very far removed from indifference. Within the privacy of his own room he thought over the change in himself; it alarmed him more than anything else.

Nor was the change confined to himself. Day by day the professor grew more restless, more irritable and more suspicious. He began experiments without finishing them; he was losing interest in what had hitherto absorbed his whole life; he seemed to find it impossible to help feeling that a crisis of some sort was at hand.

And before very long it came. One evening Stretton entered the laboratory and finding it, for a wonder, unattended, could not resist the temptation to explore it more thoroughly than he had yet been able to do. As a rule he was far from inquisitive, but oppressed by this mysterious illness which was rapidly reducing him to skin and bone, he vaguely hoped to come across something which would throw a light upon its cause. In the course of his investigation he opened many drawers—they were all around the walls—and glanced hastily at their contents, and at length opened one containing a single small phial half full of a pale brown liquid and labeled "Poison." With the phial was a paper describing most minutely, in the professor's handwriting, the symptoms which were expected to show themselves in any person who drank the liquid, on the first day, the second, the third, and so on until the last, when death ensued; while in another column was a list of the symptoms actually observed by the writer in a case under his notice, the last day being still blank. Stretton stared at the writing in stony horror, for he knew that the case described was his own, the symptoms so carefully recorded were his symptoms and the blank space would be filled in tomorrow, for then he would be dead. How many hours he had yet to live he did not know, but plainly not many—certainly less than twenty-four. Stretton was not very different from other young men, neither more brave nor more timid, but the shock of that discovery, coming upon him so suddenly, weak and unnerfed as he was, almost crushed out of him the little life that remained.

After a period of stupor, which might have been hours for all he knew, some words which he had not previously noticed caught his eye, and once more sent the blood coursing through his veins. They were merely, "Antidote (drawer 17), ten drops, three times daily." "Drawer 17" was situated midway between the door and fireplace, and was about the centre of the wall. In it, if those words were true, was life. Could he get so far?

He staggered toward it and had nearly crossed the room, when the door opened, and by it stood the professor, his face almost black with rage. He no longer wore spectacles, and in his eyes was an awful glare that was scarcely human. He seemed to have grown bigger than ever, and he swung his arms about with tremendous force. It was evident that the monomania which had taken possession of him had, under the influence of violent emotion, assumed a more dangerous form. Two long strides carried him across the room. He tore the paper from Stretton's hand and then placed himself in front of the drawer containing the antidote.

"Stand back," he shouted. "Stand back, I say. Stand back, or I'll smash your skull in!"

"Would you let me die, then?" asked Stretton feebly.

"In the cause of humanity—yes. Of what good is your miserable life to any one? By your death science will profit. That will be a glorious end."

Stretton, supporting himself with a table, moistened his parched lips.

"You have poisoned me, professor," he said. "The antidote is behind you. Give me a few drops."

"What, and undo all my labor?"

"By the love I bear your daughter, I ask it," pleaded Stretton.

"By the love I bear humanity, I refuse it."

With clenched teeth Stretton struggled to control his feeble limbs, and with a mighty effort he rushed forward, determined to fight dearly for his life. But the professor first caught him on the chest, and sent him staggering back gasping, his strength all but spent. Once again he tightened up his muscles and advanced. It was an extraordinary exercise of the will, for he was so weak he could scarcely stand. But it was quite useless. He was seized in those powerful arms and hurled backward, and he fell with a crash upon the floor.

"Lie there, you dog, till you die!"

Let the drowning man struggle ever so hard, there comes a time when he cares to struggle no longer, and that time had come for Stretton, as he lay half-stunned upon the floor. The fall had loosened his hold on life. He had sunk into that stage of stupor at which all earthly things seem shadowy and remote. He lay silent and motionless, heedless of all that was passing around him, until there suddenly came into his ken the girl he loved, Meta. How long she had been there, or what she had been doing he did not know, but when he first noticed her she was gliding noiselessly toward the door. Her father was unconscious of her presence, he was so absorbed in watching Stretton.

At the door she paused and made the latter a sign—a sign of hope, which made him strive with all his might to struggle back from the shadow land toward which he was traveling so rapidly.

"At least, professor," he said faintly, "let me die in my bed."

Without hindrance he rose to his feet, a task almost beyond his powers, and staggered toward the door. The professor made a movement as if to stop him, but in the end let him pass. Outside stood Meta, with a phial containing the precious antidote, which she thrust into his hand. He raised it to his lips and drank, feeling as he did so, a wave of new life rushing through his veins, and so he managed to reach his own room. What happened then he could not afterwards tell. He must have fallen asleep.

He awoke with a start, hearing a cry of distress.

"Mr. Stretton, Mr. Stretton!" said a voice outside—Meta's voice—"come quickly! Do come quickly. Father has had a fit!"

Hurrying out he followed her downstairs. She led the way into the laboratory, where he found the professor lying on the floor like a log, stricken down by paralysis, which rendered him incapable of speech or motion. Stretton saw at once that he was

past all human aid. He might live for months, or even for years, but he would never be anything but the helpless wreck he was now. That was the doctor's verdict when he came.

"I will starve to nurse him," whispered Stretton to the sobbing girl.

And that was the task which now fell to these two young people. They had to do everything for the helpless old man. If he wished to move they had to carry him; if he was hungry they had to feed him; his every want had to be expressed by their tongues. It was a new life for them, a very sad one in its way, yet not without its consolations. For around him to whom he had once been a terror the dog gambled as he lay in his chair; and always at his side stood these two, Meta and Stretton, already acknowledged lovers, and soon to be husband and wife.

How to Look Well and Feel Well.

THE PLAN ADOPTED BY SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

They Use Paine's Celery Compound and Keep up their Strength and Vitality in the Hot Weather.

"How to look well and feel well" during the oppressively hot summer months, is a subject that should command the attention of every busy man and woman. There are thousands of business men, clerks, toiling, bustling housewives and girls employed in offices, stores and workshops, who lose all strength and vitality in the months of July and August.

As a rule, these daily workers feel well in ordinary weather; but, when the sun pours down his scorching rays day after day, and when the air is heated and heavy, then all life and heart seem to depart from every-day toilers. They look pale, listless and nervous; they are irritable, languid and broken down. It is no exaggeration to say that they feel worse than they look.

To those who find life a burden in summer time, we would strongly recommend the wise and unflinching plan adopted by the most fortunate men and women, who even in the hottest weather, look well and feel well, and always escape the debilitating effects produced by a heated and impure atmosphere.

The wise, prudent and vigorous in summer use Paine's Celery Compound as a tonic and strength giver. This remarkable medicine, it must be remembered, is not intended exclusively for the rooting out of disease and for cleansing the blood; its toning qualities and its virtues for keeping well people regular, strong and active, are favorably known to those who have used it in summer time.

At this time a few extracts from letters may prove useful and helpful. A busy wholesale grocer, doing business in one of our largest cities, says: "During the hot summer weather of 1893, I used Paine's Celery Compound, which was recommended to me by a banker. It kept me in perfect condition during the whole summer, and gave me strength and regular appetite. I did not find it necessary to go to the seaside with my family. It will be my friend every succeeding summer."

A young lady in a large Montreal dry goods house, says: "Two summers ago, one of my lady friends advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound during the hot weather, as a tonic and health builder. I used the medicine morning, noon and night, and was always vigorous and active, while many girls around me in the store, of stronger constitutions, were complaining of lassitude and debility."

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Moral.—You save time and health, and banish all discomforts by using Paine's Celery Compound during the summer months.

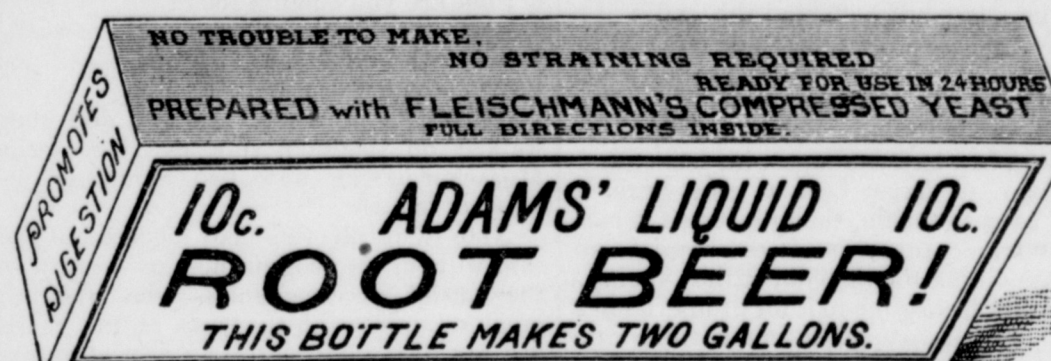
"Emerson was in himself what he wanted other men to be." That is how Mr. Alexander Ireland, the distinguished compiler of "The Book-lover's Enchiridion," once tersely described to us the qualities of the New England sage.

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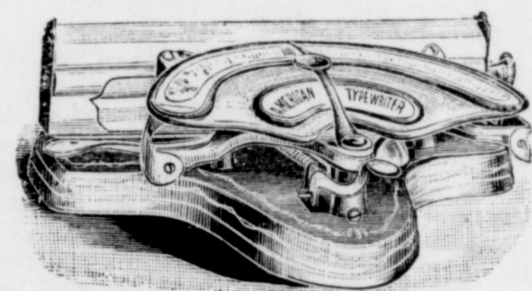
all dry and comfortable, while those of one's less fortunate friends shiver and endure the old style of waterproof garment. But people are rapidly becoming educated to better things, and the cold, clammy, air-tight rubber waterproof is fast disappearing.



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