

HER LAST PROMOTION.

Handsome Mr. Ormsbee, the proprietor of the mammoth department store was talking over the drug counter to Miss Choate, the perfumery girl. He had his immense business well in hand, and made regular trips through all the departments inquiring how much was sold of this and that.

Gradually it began to be whispered about that Mr. Ormsbee was taking a most abnormal interest in drugs, and, indeed, there seemed some show of reason for this statement, for he was certainly pausing at that particular counter oftener than necessity seemed to demand. It must have been drugs, because it was out of all reason that Mr. Ormsbee should be suspected of an absorbing interest in anything but business.

The shallow ones thought her disagreeably proud; those who took pains to study her knew that she was only dignified and reserved. She had been at Ormsbee's for years—had begun as a cash girl, been raised to an assistant at the drug counter and finally given full charge of that stock. She had won golden opinions right and left, and had gone on in the even tenor of her way until young Fred Ormsbee, nephew and heir apparent of the proprietor, had begun paying her marked attention. This did not please Miss Choate in the least, and she hinted in polite terms more than once that he was at liberty to go about his business.

Now, Mr. Ormsbee, the elder, held this young man in tender esteem, having superintended his rearing from the earliest days of calf-hood. He had never withheld anything in reason from his brother's child, and when that child made known to his devoted relative the overpowering passion wherewith he was being consumed for the elegance and accomplishments of Miss Choate, the perfumery girl, the elder Ormsbee said kindly:

"I'll see what I can do for you, my boy. A poor clerk who repulses the advances of a prospective millionaire must be worth winning." It was after that that the proprietor began to take an unusual interest in his drug department; to stop there frequently and engage Miss Choate in conversation; to consult her opinion with regard to the relative merits of different brands of olive oils, soaps, complexion pastes, etc.

Miss Choate was an engaging talker, and displayed a technical knowledge of her stock gratifying to a business man accustomed to careless clerks. Mr. Ormsbee had long considered her invaluable as a saleswoman, and respected her for her dignity, but it took just this circumstance of his nephew's infatuation for the perfumery girl to fully open the eyes of the elder Ormsbee to the surpassing attractions of Miss Choate, the young woman. For it was not to be suspected for a moment that the limited brain power of Fred Ormsbee had comprehended in its length, breadth and thickness the excellence of Miss Choate's character. It was not character that Fred Ormsbee made a specialty of, but form—style, and he never, he thought, beheld anything in that line that quite equalled Miss Choate's.

Mr. Ormsbee Sr. stood there in front of the drug counter attentively listening to what Miss Choate was saying about olive oils, and presently some question arose as to perfumeries, necessitating Mr. Ormsbee's presence behind the counter instead of in front. This, by the way, was three months or more after the services of the uncle had been enlisted in behalf of the nephew, and Mr. Ormsbee had been making almost daily visits to the drug counter.

"There is no reason why this perfumery should sell better than the other," Miss Choate was saying, "only that it has a fashionable name. The other is a finer scent, but the faddists have started a rush for this, and customers haven't discrimination enough to see—oh, Mr. Ormsbee, what have I done?"

She had made a quick movement in the earnestness of her speech and smashed the cut glass bottle of perfumery she held, deluging him with the contents and badly cutting her hand.

"Three dollars out of my wages," was her first thought, and then she saw the accident was even more disastrous than that, for the blood was flowing over her dress in a bright stream.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Ormsbee, and whipped out his handkerchief. He bound up the cut as deftly and tenderly as woman could, and perceiving Miss Choate's paleness, went himself and got her a glass of wine.

"You must go home," said he in tones of authority. "I'll get you a carriage." Miss Choate tried to protest, for the accident was all her own fault, and she could not afford to go driving about in carriages, but her employer would not listen. He had a carriage at the side door in a moment, himself put Miss Choate into it, and then—wonderful—got in beside her! What did it mean? It meant one thing to Miss Choate, i. e., that in spite of her bleeding hand, her ruined gown and \$3 out of her weekly wages, she felt strangely, but calmly, happy.

The clergyman's widow came to the door in alarm at seeing her daughter brought home by her employer and supported by him in a manner which indicated that she must be seriously indisposed. Really a manner uncalculated for, considering that it was only a hand that was hurt, and her two handsome feet were intact and as springy as ever. But the ridiculousness of it did not seem to strike Mr. Ormsbee. He half lifted her along, as if she were mortally injured and about to die, and the sorrowful tenderness in his eyes and tone would have led one to think him responsible for her critical state, when in truth, it was wholly and entirely her own fault.

conversation of the placid-faced, spectacled lady who had imparted so much grace to her daughter, for the latter, his soon saw, was but a later copy.

By and by the talk seemed to turn naturally to Fred, and Mr. Ormsbee, feeling that it was a good time to express his hopes for his nephew, quietly but clearly expressed them, and signified his intention of making the young man sole heir to his possessions.

Miss Choate looked cold and dignified beyond her wont. "I hope, madame," continued Mr. Ormsbee, addressing the clergyman's widow, "that you will use your influence with my dear young lady here, who seems a little bent on being unkind."

Mrs. Choate looked into her lap reflectively, but the eyes of Miss Choate never left the face of her employer. There was a strange expression in them, and her cheek was flushed with excitement. She broke the pause that followed his speech by saying abruptly:

"A short man and a tall woman are a hideous combination! A man should be just a little taller than his wife."

"Oh, my dear Miss Choate," coaxed Mr. Ormsbee, "it is that vitally important?" "It is to me," answered Miss Choate. "It should not be," argued Mr. Ormsbee. "Fred is of your own age, and that is much."

"I am half sick of young men," declared Miss Choate, nursing her hand. "My daughter, what do you mean?" interposed her mother a trifle shocked.

"Just what I say, mother. I like old men best."

"Lela!" The note of surprise in her mother's tone was intensified now. "I can't help it, mother, and I don't care; I do like old men best, and my hand pains me dreadfully, and I am going to retire!" Which she immediately did, with a cool little nod to Mr. Ormsbee.

There was another face behind the perfumery counter for a week, and then Miss Choate reappeared. She was glad to get back, and smiled a welcome to Mr. Ormsbee when he made his customary round. It was a very guarded smile, though, and when he attempted to shake hands she said:

"You see I can't," displaying her right hand still wrapped in a thin bandage. "But the other will do," he said. "In fact, it will do better, because it is nearest the heart." He was standing behind the counter, and speaking in a voice calculated to reach no ears but hers.

He looked very handsome and cheerful as he stood there—his splendid form in faultless attire, and his black hair, which showed not a thread of gray, spite of his forty-five years, tossed back from his broad forehead. Miss Choate looked at him out of the sides of her eyes, that he might not see how she admired him, and she appeared very demure, with her long lashes sweeping her cheek.

"You have heard that, have you not—about the left hand?" "Oh, yes," she returned carelessly, "but there's positively nothing in it."

"What? It certainly is nearest the heart."

"Yes, really, but that doesn't prove anything, because it may be a cold heart it is near, you know."

"But it isn't a cold heart in this case—don't tell me that, Miss Choate, because won't believe it." Miss Choate looked at him strangely, and made the reply:

"This band of olive oil is, in my opinion, no better than those we have been selling. It is bottled differently, to be sure, but I have strong reason for thinking it the very same quality with a higher price set on it."

Mr. Ormsbee, amazed at the irrelevancy of her remarks, looked in the direction her eyes had taken, and saw the retreating figure of the bargain soap girl, who had been very near during his conversation about hearts.

"That is all very well, of course, Miss Choate," he said, returning to the siege, "but I am delightfully sure of one thing, having had it from your own lips—that is, that you like old men best!"

"That statement was made under pressure. Please consider it void."

"No, I shall not," Mr. Ormsbee had turned his back to the bargain soap girl, and now said in a manner that made Miss Choate understand how thoroughly in earnest he was.

"Nothing ever made me so happy as that statement, and I shall hold you to it strictly. I came to you that afternoon on an Albatross errand, but now I am speaking for myself."

A few months later they made a splendid pair, and as the new Mrs. Ormsbee in a beautiful travelling gown, passed Mr. Fred Ormsbee on her way to the carriage, she patted his sweetly scented locks and murmured:

"Be a good boy, Fred!" She had not quite forgiven his little statute for aspiring to her height.

They rolled away amid a shower of rice and old shoes, and Fred stood sulking to one side and muttered with infinite scorn: "Be a good boy!"—Minneapolis Tribune

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.
The Skillful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole.

"While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was four and a half feet deep and twenty inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got further from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest. Interested witnesses threw in food.

seen. When his food was put in in the morning he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left.—N. Y. Sun.

BIDDY'S CLOTHES-PIN LEG.
An Interesting Demonstration Concerning Heredity in the Ovipara.

"If there is one thing I despise more than another," remarked a gentleman the other day, "it is a man who does not regard the truth with sacred awe. I notice that the local papers are full of big egg, big pumpkin, and other stories of that sort that have little real merit in them, and I fear that some of them do not even have the redeeming virtue of being true. I believe they are exaggerated. Now I have a story for you that is not only a good one, but it is true. What does a story amount to if it is not true? Any fool can tell a lie. I hate a liar. Here is my story:

"I was down in Indiana county the other day and stopped at a farm house for dinner. After dinner I sat down on the porch to take a smoke. I saw an old hen hobbling about in a very awkward way, and I said to the farmer's wife:

"Madam, what is the matter with that hen?" "That hen," said she, "is lame. It has an artificial leg."

"Oh, it has, has it?" "Yes. You know there was some very cold weather last winter, and one night the hen froze her leg off. I pitied her. I nursed her and doctored her up, and she finally got well. But she couldn't walk on one leg. So I just stuck a clothes pin on the stump of her leg, tied a string around it to hold it on, and she does very well with it."

"Well, well," I said, "if that isn't strange!" "Yes," replied the good lady, with a smile, "but that isn't the strange part of it."

"No," indeed! The strange part of it happened afterward, and one would scarcely believe it if one hadn't seen it with one's own eyes. This spring that hen with the clothes-pin leg wanted to hatch. I didn't think she could. 'Fraid she'd break the eggs with her stump. But I kind o' pitied her, 'cause she was a cripple, and I put thirteen eggs under her. She stuck right to her business for three weeks and never broke an egg—hatched out every chicken."

"Well," I said, "that is not so remarkable."

"No," replied the woman, "that was not so very odd, but that isn't it. The funny part of it was that every one of those little chickens had a wooden leg!"—Exchange.

THE OUNCE AND THE STITCH.
The ounce of prevention that is worth a pound of cure; the stitch in time that saves nine—we all know the wise old saw which recommends them.

Yet the baby, sitting alone on the floor, watches with interest, but without fear, the burning coals that have fallen out of the grate, and are just kindling a fire which may destroy the house—and its own silly little life. The baby has never heard of the ounce of prevention, nor of the stitch in time. And that mighty lot of people—whom we won't call babies—that have no practical knowledge of the ounce and the stitch; what shall be said of them? People who begin to shed their grey hair before cutting their wisdom teeth? And the principle is so plain and apparently so obvious, too! Why are persons ever caught in the rain without umbrellas? Why do persons from a rainless country migrate to the climate of England? What of them?

"Up to the spring of 1892," says Mr. William Underwood, "my health had always been good. In fact, I was a strong man. At that time a change came upon me that I couldn't account for. My vigor and ambition seemed to be fading away; I felt languid low, and indisposed to any kind of labor or exertion. At the pit of my stomach there was a heavy, sinking sensation, and after eating I would be seized with a dreadful pain in my chest which would continue for over an hour. I had, indeed, so much pain, that I could scarcely hobble about. I kept on with my work, but it was with great difficulty. In this condition I went on all through the summer. In August, a lady friend from Birmingham called at my house, and I told her about my trouble. She listened to my account of my symptoms—loss of appetite, sickness, and all my aches and distresses—and then said: 'You are suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia.'

"She concluded by mentioning a medicine which, she said, would cure me. I got a bottle, and after taking it for a few days, all pain left me; my appetite returned, and strength and ambition returned with it. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. My ailment was nipped in the bud by the remedy the lady introduced me to use.—(Signed) William Underwood, Rosemary Farm, Castle Heddingham, March 30, 1893."

We beg to congratulate Mr. Underwood. He is a lucky man. Although he may not have fully realized his condition, he was, nevertheless, on the direct road to an illness which might have laid him up for years, if it did not sooner have a fatal ending. For when the bud of indigestion develops into the ripe fruit of chronic dyspepsia, it runs into rheumatism, gout, kidney, and heart troubles, and may easily set up bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. Thousands and thousands die every month in England of the maladies last named, who at first had nothing worse than what is carelessly called "a little touch of indigestion." This little touch of indigestion is like the burning coals on the floor, the secret leak in the ship's bottom, the first stitches that give way in the seam, the unheeded crumbling of the foundation wall. Then the days of agony; the nights of sleeplessness and fear; the hopeless appeals to friends and physicians; the gradually but certain wasting away, until the end is reached, and pain and life vanish together.

Old proverbs are like gold leaf; they are hammered from the wisdom of ages—the experience of generations. The ounce of prevention and the stitch in time!

Prevent chronic and dangerous consequences; put out the burning coals on the floor; arrest the beginnings of evil. Cease to trifle with serious things. On the appearance of the earliest symptoms of disease—nearly always of the digestion—take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and be thankful (as Mr. Underwood was), when you find the poison fruitage nipped in the bud.

Natural Life Preserver.
Dr. Schneider-Preiswars, in Basle, has discovered a novel means of saving life in marine accidents, which, if generally used, will probably lessen greatly the number of lives lost by such accidents. His invention has been pronounced very important by the French Academy of Science, which in one of their last meetings listened very attentively to a lecture by Dr. Lanveraux upon the new invention. The inventor does away with all artificial belts and other floating appliances. He proposes to inflate the cellular texture beneath the human skin on the breast, which, if filled with air, forms a natural pneumatic belt, by the aid of which one may not only float himself, but even support another body. The idea is said to be perfectly practicable. It has been proved that a man weighing 160 pounds, whose specific weight is between 1.08 and 1.10, whose head may weigh seven pounds, needs only about 200 cubic inches of air within his body in order to float with his head out of the water. This amount of air is easily inserted into this hollow space beneath the skin with Dr. Schneider's aseptic syringes, which will in one injection inflate from twenty to thirty-five cubic inches of air. The introduction of the point, which is only two millimeters thick, will hardly be felt. Such a pump is not even necessary. It is much simpler to use a little apparatus also patented by Dr. Schneider, which consists of a hollow needle with a thin rubber hose eighteen inches long, into which this needle is inserted. A little aseptic cotton placed in the open end of the rubber hose is all that is necessary. The skin is simply raised, the hollow needle introduced into it, and then the other end of the rubber hose is taken into the mouth and the man's own breath blown into it. Two deep respirations which are blown into each side of the breast, will be sufficient to float a man, however heavy.—Philadelphia Record.

DIABETES IS CURABLE.
A Well-Known Man Writes a Grateful Letter.

Given up to Die He Uses Dodd's Kidney Pills and is Cured of Diabetes.

KIRKFIELD, Ont., Nov. 9.—About two years ago I left Kansas, returning to Canada, my native land. I am a miller and own a saw and grist-mill in this village. I knew before that I was not a well man, but one day in trying to lift a bag of grain, I discovered that my strength had failed. My wife induced me to take medical advice. Our local doctor, as clever as most of them are, all he could for me; diagnosed my case, as did a Toronto specialist, and both pronounced my disease to be Diabetes. Getting no benefit from the doctors, I was reading one of your advertisements of Dodd's Kidney Pills. At this time my skin was a yellow, sickly color, I had lost all ambition, and was so weak that I could only trail myself along, a mile's walk being too much for me.

Well, I commenced using the pills and got help inside of two weeks. This was the latter part of November last. I took eight boxes in eight weeks and am now completely cured—not a symptom left, general health good and all the color returned to my face. My weight had been during my illness as low as one hundred and twenty pounds; it is now one hundred and seventy pounds. I was bothered with my heart and liver but these troubles have been cured along with my diabetes. My cure is perfect, I can now walk briskly for miles, and I am as well a man as ever I was although I am now past sixty-two years old. I am well known in all this country; have two sons in Toronto and am a brother of Wm. McKenzie, President of the Toronto Street Railway Co.

I will answer all questions of any one desiring to write to me if the writer will enclose a stamp for reply.

Gratefully, yours truly,
DUNCAN MCKENZIE.

Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine in the world ever known to cure Diabetes.

Jumping Chickens.
We have heard of enterprising chicken fanciers and admired their genius, but W. F. Haynes, of the State of Washington, has established a record which, along this line, is probably unequalled. His method, too, may result in the production of an athletic breed of chickens capable of doing the high jump act, and other feats which would add greatly to their value. The Spokane Review, of Spokane, in speaking of Mr. Haynes, says that he "has shown a fondness for chickens, and for their especial benefit planted a large patch of ground into sunflowers. The plants have grown to a considerable height, and the flowers that crown them range from eight to fifteen inches in diameter. The fowls soon found that ripening seeds were palatable, but were hard to reach. Mr. Haynes, seeing their efforts and fearing that they would get discouraged—fully realizing that the exercise would be beneficial to the chickens—constructed a number of spring-boards and began training some of the older birds as to their use. The efficacy of the plan can be fully realized when one sits and watches the chickens make a running jump, strike the board, and return with a fully matured seed as their reward."

Artificial flowers were invented by nuns. In the Italian convents the altars and shrines were, up to the end of the eighteenth century decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, and made of paper and parchment.

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the worker. It takes only half the time

and work to do the wash, without

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the clothes are not rubbed to pieces;

there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt

drops out and they're left snowy white.

the hands after the wash are

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READ the directions on the wrapper.

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