

# AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the youth in the tones of a thoroughbred seaman. Not that Willie had ever been at sea, but he was so fond of seamen, and had mingled with them so much at the docks, as well as those of them who had become firemen, that he tried to imitate their gait and tones.

"Come here, you scamp, and stop your noise."

"Certainly, sir," said Willie, with a grin, as he entered the room cap in hand.

"Going home, lad?" asked Fred.

"Yes, sir—at least in a permissive sort of way; entertain myself as I go with agreeable talk, and improve my observation of the shop-winders etcetera."

"Will you take a message to your mother?"

"Sure-ly," answered Willie.

"Well, say to her that I have several calls to make to-night and may be late in getting home, but she need not sit up for me as I have the door-key; tell her not to forget to leave the door on the latch."

"Worry good, sir," said Willie.

"May I make so bold as to ask how Miss Loo was when you see her last?"

"Not well, I regret to say," replied Fred.

"Indeed! I'm surprised to hear that, for she's again out to tea to-morrow night, sir."

"My surprise is greater than yours, lad; how do you know that, and where is she going to?" asked Aubrey.

Here Willie explained in a very elaborate manner that a note had arrived that forenoon from Miss Tippet, inviting Mr. Tippet to tea the following evening, and expressing a hope that he would bring with him his clerk, "Mister" Willers, the brother of the brave fireman who had saved Loo's life, and that Miss Louise Aubrey was to be there, and that Mr. Tippet had written a note accepting the same.

"Then you'll have to take another message from me, Willie," said Miss Tippet when you go to-morrow that I will give myself the pleasure of looking in on her in the course of the evening," said Fred. "Mr. Aubrey is not to be there, is he?"

"Well, good-night, Willie."

Willie took his departure, marching to the usual nocturnal air, and soon after Fred Aubrey bade his friend good-night and left him.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Miss Tippet's tea-party began by the arrival of Willie Willers, who, being fond of society, and regardless of fashion, understood his hostess hourly when she named her tea-hour. For a full half an hour, therefore, he had the field to himself, and improved the occasion by entertaining Miss Tippet and Emma Ward with an account of the numerous inventions that emanated from the fertile brain of Mr. Thomas Tippet.

Strange to say, a deep and lasting friendship had sprung up between the eccentric old gentleman and his volatile assistant, Willie sympathized so fully with his master in his wild schemes, and displayed with such an aptitude for mechanical contrivance, and such a ready appreciation of complex theories, that Mr. Tippet soon came to forget his extreme youth, and to converse with him, propound schemes and new ideas to him, and even to ask his advice, with as much seriousness as though he had been a full-grown man.

This was of course very gratifying to Willie, who repaid his master's condescension and kindness by devoting himself heart and soul to the duties of what he styled his "profession." He was a good deal put out when his brother Frank asked him one day what his "profession" was, and resolving never again to be placed in such an awkward position of ignorance, asked his employer what was the name of his business.

## A Case of Eczema No Pen Describes.

After Three Years of Terrible Suffering Little Mary Millar Was Permanently Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Many of the cures brought about by Dr. Chase's Ointment are so much like miracles that people can scarcely believe them. When Baby Millar became a victim of eczema her parents did everything that could be done to get her cured. Three doctors tried all the means in their power, but without success, and then all sorts of remedies were used, with the vain hope that something would bring relief from the disease that seemed to be burning up the living flesh.

It was not until Dr. Chase's Ointment was used that relief and cure came. This case is certified to by the prominent Sunday school superintendent of St. Catharines.

Mrs. Wm. Millar, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—"My daughter, Mary, when six months old contracted eczema and for three years this disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that ever came to my notice, and she suffered what no pen can ever describe. I had her treated by three different doctors, but all to no purpose whatever, and all sorts of balms, soaps and lotions were tried with no beneficial results.

ness, to which the employer replied that it had no particular name; but, on being urged by his assistant to give it a name, he suggested that he might, if so disposed, style himself a polyartist, which, he explained, meant an artist of many occupations. Willie felt that this might be translated "jack-of-all-trades," but on mature consideration he decided to adopt it, in the belief that few people would understand what it meant, and that thereby he would be invested with a halo of mystery, which was, upon the whole, a gratifying reflection.

Gradually however, Willie was led to diverge from his employer to his brother Frank, in regard to whom Miss Tippet entertained the strongest feelings of admiration, because of his courageous conduct in saving Louise Aubrey. Willie pursued this theme all the more willingly that Emma appeared to be deeply interested in it.

Emma Ward was very romantic in her nature; yet she had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, which caused her to appear somewhat light-headed and giddy in the eyes of superficial observers; but she possessed an underlying earnestness of soul, which displayed itself in a thousand ways to those who had much intercourse with her. She was an ardent hero-worshipper, and while Miss Tippet was her heroine, Frank Willers was, at that time, her beau ideal of a hero, although she only knew him from description. Willie was still in the middle of a glowing account of a fire, in which Frank and his friends Dale and Bammore, were the chief actors; and Emma was listening with heightened color, parted lips, and sparkling eyes when Mr. Tippet opened the door, and announced Mr. Tippet.

That gentleman was sitting in the act of shaking his sister's hands with both of his, and kissing her on the cheeks heartily, when Matty announced Miss Deemas.

Matty, being Irish, allowed her soul to gush out too obviously in her tones; so that her feelings toward the Eagle, though unexpressed, were discernible.

Miss Deemas strode up to Miss Tippet, much as an eagle might peck at a tender rabbit, which it could peck and devour if it chose, but which it preferred to spare for a time. She was immediately introduced to Mr. Tippet, whom she favored with a stiff bow intended to express armed hostility; if not a probability, of war in the future. The eccentric gentleman felt chilled, but ventured to express an opinion in regard to the weather, glancing for confirmation of the same toward the window, through which he naturally enough expected to see the sky; but he was baffled by only seeing the green venetian blinds, which ruled off the opposite houses in narrow stripes. Being any further observation, Miss Deemas had attempted in a condescending way, to peck the cheek of Emma Ward; but that young lady, feeling disinclined, so managed that she received the peck on her forehead.

On Willie, Miss Deemas bestowed a glance of utter indifference, which she replied to with a gaze of desperate defiance.

Then Miss Deemas seated herself on the sofa, and asked her "dear friend" how she did, and how she felt, and whether things in general were much as usual; from whom she gradually descended into the more particular sphere of gossip and scandal.

It is only just to Miss Tippet to say that the Eagle did not find her a congenial bird of prey in this region. On the contrary, she had to drag her unwilling friend down into it; and as Miss Tippet was too conscientious and kind-hearted to agree with her in her sweeping censures and caustic observations and willful misconstructions, it is difficult to conceive wherein she (the Eagle) found pleasure in her society. Probably it was because she found in her one who would submit meekly to any amount of contradiction, and listen patiently to any amount of vituperative declamation.

"So it seems Mr. Aubrey has disinherited and dismissed his son, my dear," said Miss Deemas, smoothing her dress, with both hands, as though she were about to lay Mr. Aubrey in her lap, and analyze him.

"I'm sorry to say that it is too true, Julia," answered Miss Tippet, with a sigh.

"Ha! It's so like one of these creatures," said Miss Deemas, pursing her thin lips; "so domineering, so towering, in their pride of intellectual power."

Mr. Tippet glanced at the Eagle in surprise, not being able to understand to what sort of "creatures" she made reference.

"Poor Frederick," sighed Miss Tippet, "I don't know what he'll do (ring the bell, Emma, darling); he's such a bold, high-spirited young man, and it's all owing to his determination to take to—what's his name—a profession (ring the bell, Matty). It's very sad."

"That must be a new sort of profession observed Miss Deemas pointedly.

"Oh! I mean painting, you know. It's impossible to arrange one's things in such very correct language, you know, dear Julia; you are really too—oh! did you hear of Joe Corney, the what's-his-name's—Emma appeared to be deeply interested in it.

Emma Ward was very romantic in her nature; yet she had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, which caused her to appear somewhat light-headed and giddy in the eyes of superficial observers; but she possessed an underlying earnestness of soul, which displayed itself in a thousand ways to those who had much intercourse with her. She was an ardent hero-worshipper, and while Miss Tippet was her heroine, Frank Willers was, at that time, her beau ideal of a hero, although she only knew him from description. Willie was still in the middle of a glowing account of a fire, in which Frank and his friends Dale and Bammore, were the chief actors; and Emma was listening with heightened color, parted lips, and sparkling eyes when Mr. Tippet opened the door, and announced Mr. Tippet.

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Miss Deemas received all this with a sinister smile, and replied with the single word, "Oh!" after which she turned immediately to Miss Tippet, and remarked that the weather had been unusually warm of late for the season of the year, which remark she expatiated upon with a face of triumph, and asked her if she did not feel a draught of cold air coming over her from somewhere, and whether she would not sit nearer the fire, and further away from the window!

Willie meant this for an uncomplimentary severe cut; for Miss Deemas sat at the end of the sofa, near the window!

Fortunately, at this point, Matty Morryon, unused in Loo Aubrey, who was instantly invited in by Miss Tippet's arms, and then transferred to the sofa and gently deposited in the softest corner.

"Darling Loo!" exclaimed Miss Tippet, with tears in her eyes; "you look so thin and pale."

Fortunately, Loo, as Emma styled her, was worn and shabby by sickness, which had hit her with a heavy doctor's bill. But she was a beautiful shadow; such a sweet, gentle shadow, that one might feel thankful, rather than otherwise, to be haunted by it.

"Pray don't mind me; I'm too tired to speak to you yet; just go on talking. I like to listen," said Loo softly.

With ready kindness, Miss Tippet at once sought to draw attention from the child, by reverting to Mrs. Deemas, and Matty created a little opportune confusion by stumbling into the room with the tea.

Matty usually tripped over the carpet at the door, and never seemed to become wiser from experience.

"Poor Mrs. Deemas," said Miss Tippet, pouring out the tea; "it must have been an awful shock; think of a (Sugar, brother, always forget), what was I—oh yes, I think of a fireman seizing one round the (Cream, Willie? I know you have a sweet tooth, so I don't need to ask if you take sugar). Yes, he carried her down that dreadful what-d'ye-call-it, and into the next house with nothing but a little more sugar, Julia?—No—nothing on but her what's-her-name. Oh! it was sad; sad to lose all her fine things; her furniture, and—and thin-gimies—Do try a piece of cake, brother."

"I know a worse case than hers," said Willie with a knowing look.

"Oh, you?" exclaimed Miss Tippet.

"Yes, you," cried Emma earnestly; "he's just been talking it to me, and it is so sad and interesting."

"Come, let's hear about it, lad," said Mr. Tippet.

Thus encouraged, Willie related his adventure with the clown's family, and told his tale with such genuine feeling, that Miss Tippet, Loo, and Emma found their eyes moist when he had concluded.

There was a good deal of comment upon this subject, and Miss Deemas, animated very strongly upon

actors in general and clowns in particular. As to ballet-girls, she could not find words to express her contempt for them; but in reference to this Miss Tippet ventured to rebuke her friend, and to say that although she could not and would not defend the position of these unfortunate, yet she felt that they were much to be pitied, seeing that they were in many cases trained to their peculiarly indelicate life by their parents, and had been taught to regard ballet-dancing as quite a proper and legitimate what's-its-name.

No doubt this was only a palliation of the life they led but she thought that if any one was to be severely hindered by the matter it was the people who went to witness and encourage such wicked displays.

Miss Deemas dissented generally from all her friend's observations, and, wishing to change the subject, asked Loo if her father was coming to fetch her home.

"No," said Loo; "dear papa is not well to-night, but he is to send the carriage for me. Oh, I wish," she murmured, reverting to the previous subject, "I could do something for these poor people. I'm so very, very sorry for the fairy."

"So you can, if you choose," said Miss Deemas sharply.

"No, indeed I cannot," replied Loo in an earnest voice; "I'm too ill and weak now to be of any use to any one. Once I was useful to dear papa, but ever since the fire I have not been of use to anybody; only a hindrance to him. Since I have been ill I have had higher matters about what I read in the Bible, and I've had a great desire to do good in some way or other, but how can I—so weak and helpless?"

Loo almost sobbed, for her sympathies had been awakened by Willie, and a chord had been touched which had been vibrating in her breast for some weeks past.

"What father is rich, is he not?" asked the Eagle.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, a word to him may be the cause of much good in the shape of money at least, to people in distress, but rich people don't always like to spend their money in that way."

Loo hung down her head and made no reply, for she knew that her father did not like to part with money. She had often heard him refuse to do so in days gone by, even when very pathetic appeals (as she thought) were made to him; and her experience told her that it was in vain to look for help in that quarter.

The party was now increased by the arrival of Frederick Aubrey, who at once infused life into everybody, except Miss Deemas, who had life enough of her own, and would by no means accept the loan of any one else's. Fred therefore ignored her altogether, and told stories and cracked jokes and sang songs as if no such female iceberg were present.

Poor Loo was left head on her breast, and laying her head on Willie's arm, and speaking away and not asking questions, only speak, and allow her to listen and rest.

Fred obeyed, and at once began an earnest discussion with Willie as to the best method of getting a stout gentleman out of a third-floor window in case of fire, when Matty Morryon entered with a flushed face and said that a fireman who would not give his name, had been seen by Willie Willers for a minute, and she was inclined to think it was his brother.

"What! Frank?" exclaimed Willie, rising to go down stairs.

"Stay, Willie," cried Miss Tippet eagerly; "don't go down. Pray let me have him up; I should so like to see him, and I'm sure so would Loo; the man, you know, who went up to the what's-its-name, and brought you, send him up, Matty."

"Ladze, mim, he won't come," replied the girl; "I know'd you would like to see him, an' axed him in."

"Tell him," said Miss Tippet, "that I request it as a favor."

While Mattie was delivering this message, the Eagle took occasion to remark once or twice in a contemptuous manner, and wondered why people worshipped men, because they were called handsome, or her part he hated all men, but if she were obliged to choose between any class (which she was thankful to say was not necessary in her case) she would certainly give the preference to ugly men and small.

## FOR FARMERS

Reasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tiller of the Soil.

### RESULTS ALWAYS CONVINCING

There are theories and theories and endless ways of doing things especially in farming and stock raising, and no one method can be selected and proven superior in all circumstances to any other. The fact can be but one test, and that is the results. In farming, the man who does the most with the available means is rightfully accounted successful. After all, success is relative term in which the position and superlative degrees are widely separated. It would be a strange situation, indeed, if all farmers were equally successful in their calling, for the same conditions of soil, climate, and manure are very seldom equal. Success in farming is not a matter of luck, there is no reason why the neighbors should not be equally successful if the same methods be followed. Probably no case can be furnished where the true cause of variation in results cannot be deduced to the question of method alone. There is probably no farming community in the country in which the farmer who appears to get along somewhat more easily than his neighbors. His crops may appear to grow more luxuriant than those of his neighbors, but they actually do. Similar conditions are found in all the departments of the farm. It appears as if nature were a willing slave to obey the commands of this fortunate farmer, whose instructions never give a wrong result, and whose plans never fail, and by carefully observing their results they may be initiated to the advantage of those who desire better results from their farming.

## HOG NOTES.

Small hog houses are best. See that the hogs have good shade. Have the sows in the gaining condition when bred. During the hot weather care should be taken not to have the hogs fat. To a considerable extent young sows prove her future ability by the way she manages her litter. While a hog never gets too fat to lose it seems the thinner the blood the better the lice thrive. The lot of hogs that will be quiet while a stranger passes among them will feed the better. A hungry pig takes readily to a food that it is expected that it will eat. Build up the frame of the shonty clover, bran, shorts and like food and finish for market on grain. Hogs are creatures of habit and will get to look for their food only at regular times. Always breed from a thoroughbred boar of good constitution and vigor. His vigor should be in the excess of the sows. Overfeeding of sows, musty grain, sour swill or sudden changes of food will cause diarrhoea among the pigs. One advantage in having shallow troughs for feeding is that the sows will learn to eat much younger. The pig that is to be marketed profitably at from six, to eight months old must not from any cause be allowed to stop growing. Produced by constant handling from one generation to another, and less more to do with the dam than the progeny. Extra feed increases the growth of the proper kind, and makes larger animals at maturity even if it does not bring maturity sooner than ordinary usage. The advantage of retaining a sow that proves a good breeder for years is that she takes the place of milk, provides for her young at least two weeks, and keeps them growing. The good strains of hogs must be kept so by proper care, intelligent and stick-to-it feeding, taking advantage of circumstances and water. It is often the case that pigs are weaned too early. Usually it is best to allow them to run with the sows by this time they should be accustomed to eating.

## HOW TO AVOID ROPY MILK.

Concerning this trouble which is caused by an outside germ which gets into the milk after it is drawn, Prof. Farrington recommends the following: The best way to prevent this trouble is to be careful to wash the cow's udder and brush her teats, then the milk should be strained into a clean milk can, and the can should be washed with dry kerosene, milk clean oil. The milk should be strained as carefully as possible from the can into the milk can, and the can should be washed with dry kerosene, milk clean oil. The milk should be strained as carefully as possible from the can into the milk can, and the can should be washed with dry kerosene, milk clean oil.

## HANDLING OF APPLE CROPS.

SOME VALUABLE HINTS FOR THE DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Selling the Crop.—Picking—Removal of Defects—Grading.

Some timely and valuable hints on the selling, picking and handling of apples is given by Mr. J. H. Kinnon, Chief of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, in a bulletin which will be published in the Dominion Farmer.

Selling the Crop.—When the apples are in one of two grades, at so much per barrel, or at so much per bushel, the buyers often make the long hauls picking the good ones, and leaving the rest to rot. This involves considerable loss, and is a measure which will be profitable to the total supply and the quality of the crop. When the apples are in one of two grades, at so much per barrel, or at so much per bushel, the buyers often make the long hauls picking the good ones, and leaving the rest to rot. This involves considerable loss, and is a measure which will be profitable to the total supply and the quality of the crop.

## CHAMBERLAIN'S

Two Other Ministers Their R...

A London despatch says that following announcement, which is a sensational and unexpected one, the conflicting speculations of the few days, was issued from the Prime Minister's official residence on Thursday night.

The following Ministers, who have been accepted by the King, are: The Right Hon. Lord Balfour, M.P.; The Right Hon. C. T. Martin, M.P.; The Right Hon. Lord Hamilton, M.P.

At the same time that this statement was issued, the correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Prime Minister Balfour was out.

The simple of a household never more applicable to a political event in Great Britain than the resignation of Chamberlain. The resignation of Chamberlain, as Secretary of State, was quite unexpected, and the withdrawal of Lord Balfour, Burleigh, his Secretary of State, and possibly even of the Prime Minister, as Lord Balfour, was equally unexpected, and are still looked forward to with interest by the public. The Colonial Secretary was in connection with Chamberlain.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE... 25c

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. It is a powerful, clear, and penetrating agent, and is the best and most permanent cure for Catarrh of the Bladder, Prostate, and Uterus. Sold by all Druggists and Chemists. Price, 25c per bottle. Wholesale, \$1.00 per dozen. A. W. Chase, Toronto and Buffalo, N. Y.

Willie Willers noticed his head appearing, and being exasperated into a savage, comic condition, as well by her sentiments, and aspect as by her sentiments, he said that she was quite right, and that if he were a lady like her he would hold the same opinions, because then said he, "being stout, I could wallop my husband an' keep him down, an' the contrast of his ugly fate with mine would not be so obvious." (To be Continued.)

### NOVEL REUNION.

There was a touching reunion the other day at Fisk's Locks, Pennsylvania. The venerable schoolmaster rang the bell of the old school-house when there trooped in, not the children of the village, but sixty-two middle-aged men and women former scholars. All the old lessons were gone through, and then the class adjourned to the playground and romped through the old games.

### LONG MOURNING.

One British regiment has been in mourning for more than a century. This is the old 47th, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. The officers wear black blouses with the gold braids in memory of General Wolfe, who was killed at Quebec.

Foice makes one chummy with good sleep.

Wouldn't You like to have your Foice? It's the best fertilizer for all crops. It's the best fertilizer for all crops. It's the best fertilizer for all crops.

Jim had scarcely slept a wink, he'd toss about and skulk. He'd past—he'd never mind. He'd found a cure for the fever. It was the fever of "Sunny".