

# AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

## CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

Willie Wilders was in the station when it arrived, and so was Fred Auberly who having accompanied Willie had got into such an interesting talk with sub-engineer in charge that he forgot time, and was still in animated conversation when the wheels were heard in the distance. The three were out at the door in an instant.

On came the engine, the horses' feet and the wheels crashing harshly in the silent night. They came round the corner with a sharp swing. Either the driver had become careless, or he was very sleepy that night, for he dashed against an iron post that stood at the corner, and carried off two wheels. The engine went full thirty yards on the two off-wheels, before it came to the ground; which it did at last with a terrible crash, throwing the firemen violently to the ground.

The sub-engineer and Fred and Willie sprang forward in great alarm, but the most of the men leaped up at once, and one or two of them laughed, as if to show that they had got no damage. But one of them lay extended on the pavement. It needed not a second glance to tell that it was Frank Wilders.

"Lift him gently, lads," said Dale, who was himself severely bruised.

"Stop," exclaimed Frank in a low voice; "I've got no harm except to my leg. It's not broken, I think. There's a cab. I'll go straight home, if—"

He fainted as he spoke.

"Run for a cab, Willie," said Fred Auberly.

Willie was off in a moment. At the same instant a messenger was dispatched for Dr. Offley, and in a short time after that, Frank Wilders was lying on his mother's sofa with his left leg broken below the knee.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

With a very stiff cravat, and a painfully stiff aspect, Mr. James Auberly sat by the side of a couch and nursed his sick child, as well as Mr. Auberly performed the duties of a nurse awkwardly enough, not being accustomed to such work, but he did them with care and with an evident effort to please, which made a deep impression on the child's heart.

"Dear papa," she said, "I want you to do me a favor.

"I will do it, dear," said the stiff man, bending morally as well as physically. "I will do it, dear, if I can, and if the request be reasonable."

"Oh, then, do forgive Fred, and let him be an artist!" cried Loo, eagerly stretching out one of her thin hands.

"Hush, darling," said Mr. Auberly with a look of distress; "you must not excite yourself so. I have forgiven Fred long ago, and he has become an artist in spite of my objections."

"Yes, but let him come home, I mean, and be happy with us, again as he used to be, and go to the office with you," said Loo.

"Can you not ask some favor, such as I could grant?" said Mr. Auberly, with a smile, which was not nearly so grim as it used to be before the "fire."

Loo meditated some time before replying.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed suddenly. "I have another favor to ask. How stupid of me to forget it! I want you very much to go, and see a fairy that lives—"

"A fairy, Loo!" said Mr. Auberly, while a shroud of anxiety crossed his face. "You—your father rather weak just now; I must make you be quiet, and try to sleep if you talk nonsense, dear."

"It's not nonsense," said Loo, "it's quite true, papa," she continued energetically; "it is a fairy I want you to go and see—she's a pantomime fairy, and lives somewhere near London Bridge, and she's been very ill, and is so poor that

# Bleeding Piles and Erysipelas

Two Severe Cases Which Illustrate the Extraordinary Soothing, Healing Virtues of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Scores of people do not think of trying Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles because they have used so many other treatments in vain and do not believe their ailment curable. It is by curing when others fail that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won such a record for itself. It will not fail to promptly relieve and completely cure any form of piles, no matter how severe or of how long standing.

Mr. James Uriah Pyle, Marie Joseph Guyborough Co., N.S., writes: "I was bad with bleeding piles for about four years and could get no help. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me in a very short time, and I cannot praise it too highly for this cure. Mrs. Thomas Smith was troubled with erysipelas in the feet and legs and was all swollen up. I gave her some of the ointment, which took out the swelling, and healed all the sores. She had tried many treatments before, but none

seemed to do her any good. I am telling my friends about the wonderful cures which Dr. Chase's Ointment made for Mrs. Smith and myself, and would say that it is only a pleasure for me to recommend so excellent a preparation."

Wherever there is irritation, inflammation, ulceration or itching of the skin Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring quick relief and will ultimately heal and cure. On this account it is useful in scores of ways in every home for the cure of eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, chafing, itching peculiar to women, pin worms, piles and all sorts of skin diseases and eruptions.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

Here, on the sofa, lay the tall form of Frank Wilders, arrayed in an old dressing-gown, and with one of his legs bandaged up and motionless. His face was pale, and he was suffering great pain; but a free-and-easy smile was on his lips, for beside him sat a lady and a young girl, the latter of whom was afflicted with strong sympathy, but appeared afraid to show it. Mrs. Wilders, with stocking and knitting wires in her hands, sat on a chair at the head of the bed, looking anxious, but hopeful and mild.

"My good sir," said the lady, "I assure you it grieves me to the heart to see you lying in this state, and I'm quite sure it grieves Emma too, and all your friends. When I think of the risks you run and the way you dash up these dreadful fire-fires—things—what-d'ye-callum. What do you call them?"

"Fire escapes, ma'am," answered Frank with a smile.

"Ah, fire-escapes (how you ever come down them alive is a mystery to me, I'm sure!) But, as you were saying, it makes me shudder to think of—and—how does your leg feel now?" said Miss Tippet, forgetting what she had intended to say.

"Pretty well," replied Frank; "the doctor tells me it has broken with splintering, and that I'll be all right in a few weeks, and fit for duty again."

"Fit for duty, young man!" exclaimed Miss Tippet; "do you mean to say that you will return to your dreadful profession when you recover? Have you not received warning enough?"

"Why, madam," said Frank, "some one must look after the fires, you know, else London would be in ashes in a few months; and I like the work."

"Like the work!" cried Miss Tippet, in amazement; "like to be almost smoked to death, and burned alive, and tumbled off roofs, and get down fire-drifts—things, and break all your legs and arms?"

"Well, no, I don't like all that," said Frank, laughing; "but I like the vigor and energy that are called forth in the work, and I like the object of the work, which is to save life and property. Why," exclaimed Frank enthusiastically, "it has all the danger and excitement of a soldier's life without the bloody work, and with better odds in your favor."

"Not a bit, Zize," you know I like it, and only come to-day to show a gentleman in the way."

He pointed to Mr. Auberly, who had stopped short in the doorway, but who now advanced and sat down beside the invalid, and put to her several formal questions in a very stately and stiff manner, with a great assumption of patronage.

Then he questioned her as to her circumstances; after which he told her that he had been sent to see her by his daughter Louisa, who was herself very ill, owing to the effects of a fire in his own house.

"Oh, I've been so sorry about Miss Loo, sir," said Zize, raising her large eyes full in Mr. Auberly's face; "I've heard of her, you know, from Willie, and when I've been lying all alone here for hours and hours together, I have wondered how she spent her time, and if there were kind people about her to keep up her spirits. It's so strange that she and I should have been both hurt by the same fire, and in such different ways. I do hope she'll get better, sir."

Zize's Bible lay on the counterpane close to her wasted little hand. While she was talking of Loo, with deep sympathy out of her eyes and trembling in her tones, Mr. Auberly laid his hand inadvertently on it. She observed the action, and said—

"Are you going to read and pray with me, sir?"

Mr. Auberly was taken very much aback indeed by this question.

"Well—no," said he, "that is—in fact, I have not brought my prayer book with me; but—I will read to you if you wish it."

(To be Continued.)

"All the Cattleys," answered Willie. "Yes," resumed Mr. Auberly. "Will you conduct me to their abode?"

In some surprise Willie said, that he would be happy to do so, and then asked Loo how she did.

While Mr. Auberly was getting ready, Willie was permitted to converse with Loo and Mrs. Rose who was summoned to attend her young mistress. Presently Mr. Auberly returned, bade Mrs. Rose be very careful of the invalid, and then set off with Willie.

"Willie looking up," said Willie, "I'm sure you're right."

"It is," replied Mr. Auberly. "Good for the country, sir," observed Willie.

Mr. Auberly being utterly ignorant of rural matters thought it best to say nothing to this.

There was silence after this for some time.

"You know Mr. Tippet well, sir?" inquired Willie, suddenly.

"Yes; oh yes, I know him pretty well."

"Ah, he's a first-rater," observed Willie, with a look of enthusiasm; "you've no notion what a trump he is. Did you ever hear of his noco machine for making artificial butter?"

"No," said Mr. Auberly, somewhat impatiently.

"It's a wonderful invention, that is."

"Boy," said Mr. Auberly, "will you be so good as to walk behind me?"

"Oh, certainly," said Willie, with a profound bow, as he fell to the rear.

They walked on in silence until they came to the vicinity of the Monument, when Mr. Auberly turned round and asked Willie which way they were to go.

"Right back again," said Willie.

"How, boy, do you mean?"

"We've overshoot the mark about half a mile, sir. But, please, I thought you would be wishing to go somewhere else first, as you led the way."

"Lead the way, now, boy," said Mr. Auberly, with a stern look.

Willie obeyed, and in a few minutes they were groping in the dark regions underground which Mr. Cattley and his family inhabited. With some difficulty they found the door, and stood in the presence of "the fairy."

Willie at once forgot his companion, and running up to the fairy, seized her hand, and asked her how she did.

"Pretty well, Willie. It's kind of you to come and see me so often."

"Not a bit, Zize," you know I like it, and only come to-day to show a gentleman in the way."

He pointed to Mr. Auberly, who had stopped short in the doorway, but who now advanced and sat down beside the invalid, and put to her several formal questions in a very stately and stiff manner, with a great assumption of patronage.

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(To be Continued.)

"Learned by Physicians.

So important is the pasteurizing of milk deemed by Russia, that the imperial minister of agriculture has announced an international competition show of apparatus for that purpose in St. Petersburg next spring.

The common contagious diseases, the causes of which are still unknown, are scarlet fever, measles, chickenpox, yellow fever, and hydrophobia. On difficulty in experimental research for these organisms which cause scarlet fever, yellow fever, and measles is that animals are not susceptible to them.

The grip bacillus is the smallest microbe yet discovered which affects man. It is but 0.4 of a micron broad and two to three times as long. The limit of visibility to the most powerful microscope is 0.2 of a micron, which is the size of the microbe of the peripneumonia of cattle. Two-tenths of a micron is one 125,000th of an inch.

An analysis of the cases of consumption in Marburg, Germany, showed that four-fifths of those affected belong to the poorest fifth of the population. It was further found that 34 per cent of the cases occurred in 2.6 per cent of the city, while 1,503 dwellings in the city, while 59.2 per cent of all the cases among the poor occurred in 39.6 per cent of the houses occupied by them.

A hot cup of coffee is undoubtedly a powerful stimulant, enabling both mental and physical fatigue to be borne. But coffee disagrees with many persons, disturbing their stomachs by interfering with digestion. For this class the London Lancet suggests the use of coffee jelly, which is equally pleasant. It assuages thirst and neutralizes excessive acidity of the stomach.

Life without toil would be without triumph.

"FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

WHAT HURTS GOOD STOCK

We breed pure bred stock to enhance their points of value in order to secure an animal that, when placed in a herd or flock, will increase the market worth. Since the results of the flock must be by and are the result of all breeding, live stock raisers are increasing the tendency to introduce pure bred blood in their stock.

It is universally admitted, we believe, with out question, that the agency that will increase the market value of an animal in good-bred stock is the purpose of pure bred stock there is a tendency to assume that the better grades of animals do not demand proportionately better care and feeding than the common nondescript animal, more or less pronounced error of impression and practice of it is which hurts the pure bred animal.

This phase of handling pure bred live stock hurts the better type of animals and handicaps the breeder of the better class of stock among certain classes of live stock. These men, unfortunately, are the ones that most need the services of the matter is very well presented in a paragraph by a recent writer, as follows:

"Men who grow live stock at home often become over-enthusiastic over pure bred stock after a visit to agricultural fairs or fat stock shows. They reason that, the difference in size and appearance between the best winners at the ring and the own stock at home is due solely to the rapid change in form and tendency to early maturity do not take place. The good animal given scrub conditions. A scrub farmer with scrub feeding will so make scrub stock out of the progeny of our national prize winners, although they have a long pedigree royal blood. It takes an imprudent farmer who will improve his system of feeding and care to handle successfully pure bred animals on a farm. He must know their characteristics, he must know the relation of various foods to animal nutrition, and then be willing to bestow care and attention upon the animals he has in charge."

It is a hard problem to control the well named "scrub" farmer, he is such, but the sure test is circumstance such as the above or indicates. Were such a thing, it would prove a boon to pure bred breeding interests of country if every prospective breeder were not permitted to secure a class animal until he will give necessary to bring out their suits. As it is, every community has cases where some whose capacities are insufficient, has lugged pure bred stock. His knowledge of the subject is little, and his intentions soon lose their acuteness, the next incident is the community who are holding his experience a natural sequence of a venture.

"FANCY STOCK."

It is unfortunate, but none less true, that the average person inclined to name the animal as direct result of the failure, rather than the inexperience of the manager, is true that better stock requires more care and thought, and it is detrimental to them that they do improved animal shows its utility, the higher prices its finished product commands upon the open market when compared with the lower grade of live stock, with the higher price of the finished product has been so thoroughly demonstrated in this great market that the improvement is unnecessary. It is unfortunate that the packer wants a higher grade of live stock and is willing to pay a premium in a superior product the producer who will put such animals upon the market.

Occasionally failures are causing the possibilities that the producer of market live stock has for him in realizing more for beef, pork and mutton. More than to look more to the methods of the men than to indiscriminate condemn everything in the live pure bred live stock, simply because one injudicious manager makes failure.

WINDMILLS FOR POWER

It is doubtful if many farmers realize the full possibilities of windmills for running farm machinery. In some sections a windmill may be seen on every farm, while other parts in the country a person may ride for miles and not meet one. The windmill will economize on all kinds of stationary machinery, such as feed grinders, fodder cutters, buzz saws, fan mills, grind-stones, chaffs, to say nothing of pumping water, which is the most common use to which it has been put.

The only objection which can be raised against the use of a windmill is that the wind sometimes does not blow when power is wanted. This is not a serious objection, because as the power costs nothing, one can afford to utilize the wind when it has it. Usually the wind blows more or less during every 24 hours, and it is an uncommon occurrence that there is not enough wind during a period of three consecutive days to give power enough to pump water or run a feed mill. A windmill to be used for pumping purposes only is a simple machine. It is merely to be geared so as to give the pump a slow, easy, safe motion and thus avoid wasting its power and destroying the mill and pump by jerking the pump plunger against

the solid and unyielding column of water. On the other hand, the power of windmill is geared up so as to run the vertical shaft at a high rate of speed for a wholly

DIFFERENT PURPOSE

A windmill for power purposes is generally set on top of the barn, the shafts must be firmly set and the mill well braced to keep it in perfect adjustment and make it as little motion as possible. At the bottom of the shaft is a pulley, or a series of pulleys, which are connected to the machinery. A good windmill is geared or braced to run at a low speed, and every effort should be made to avoid the use of a high speed. A high speed is a waste of power, and a high speed is a waste of power, and a high speed is a waste of power.

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WELL AND STRONG

ELEVEN YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING

A Wonderful Tribute to the Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Cure Stubborn Diseases.

Proof upon proof has accumulated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure when doctors' hospitals' treatments and all other medicines fail. Paralyzed limbs have been restored to strength, rheumatic sufferers made well, weak, anemic girls and women made bright, active and strong. Paralytic pains given a new direction, dyspeptic ailments almost wholly cured when it seemed almost hopeless to expect a cure. Here is a true story of a cure. Here is a true story of a cure. Here is a true story of a cure.

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