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Brantford police have asked for an eight-hour day and an increase in wages.
 The assets of the defunct Pure Milk Co., St. Thomas, will pay fifty cents on the dollar.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

John Expects Sympathy.
 Charles's wife was signed DeWitt Cameron, Attorney, and read: "If possible have Mrs. John Gordon take train for this city today."

"I had hardly finished reading when I was called to the telephone and Alice's voice came to me in worried accents."
 "Oh, Kate, why didn't you come home with us?"
 "What has happened, Alice?" I asked.

"Instead of answering my question she said, excitedly: 'You must come home immediately. John has gotten himself into the wildest scrape! I am so angry at him I should like to horse-whip him. Mother is upstairs in hysterics. Has been going from one fit to another ever since she saw the morning paper. Tom is raging around like a bear with a sore head. Karl Shepard has just phoned me that he has called him out and he will be home in a few moments!'"

"Who is called out and who will be home?" I asked in consternation.
 "Why, John, of course," she answered. "Did I tell you that he spent most of the night in jail?"

"I almost dropped the receiver. I had not gathered from John's telegram that things could be as bad as this."
 "How did he get into jail?" I asked.

"Well, when we got home night before last, John was very angry because you had not returned. I tried to tell him it was extremely selfish of him as well as exceedingly futile and silly, to try to make your plans for you under the circumstances. I didn't say very much, for Bess was there, and for once she kept her mouth shut. But at last she said rather plaintively: 'I am tired, John, and if you and Alice are going to quarrel all the rest of the night won't you have the man take me home?' Of course he said he would go with her and they started. Of course I do not know what was said, but just before they left I asked John to have dinner with me. He came last night, and I think I told him a few truths, but it made him angry and I guess I didn't do any good, either for you or for anyone else."

"Right after dinner he said, he had an engagement and left. Tom told me I was a fool for trying to interfere with any one's married life. I concluded I was, when this morning about four o'clock, Tom was called to the phone by a reporter. The man asked Tom if he knew that Mr. Gordon had run into a car."

"What do they do? Did you see it?"
 "Yes, I had it as bad as anyone there—in fact, worse than some. As to marks, why, I didn't see one person leave that hospital disfigured in any way. As for treatment, there was practically none. That is, nothing for the smallpox itself. There was the usual medicine given to patients who are inactive, and plenty of nourishment, but no distinctively smallpox medicine."

"Every night we used to paint our spots with vaseline. That was all the treatment they got, and it certainly did relieve the itching. Some of us were marked from head to heel, and it was a long job to paint all the spots, but it certainly did help a lot."
 "Mind, I am not saying that smallpox is as pleasant as a picnic or church social. It isn't. But neither is it half, no, nor a quarter as bad as the average person thinks it is. I saw a little kiddie brought in, whose mother had been down with the disease a week. The little fellow was as bright as a cricket. The nurse had all she could do to keep him in bed one whole day, when he had a slight temperature. Then he sat up and played with his doll and other toys. That was the only day he spent in bed."

"It was a long wait until the little jumps under the skin disappeared. Long before that time we were as well as any dozen persons you could pick out on the streets. We used to count the spots every morning, and some of the fellows would quietly rub away with a little pumice-stone they secured from somewhere. That didn't do any good, however, nature took her own course, and slowly the spots disappeared. When the last was down level, it was a case of get your clothes together, ready for disinfecting. Every stitch is sent to the disinfecting chamber, where all the germs are killed. Then, next day, comes a good scrubbing in a bath of disinfectant, a shake hands with the doctor, and a good-bye to the hospital."

"While I don't want any of my friends to contract smallpox, I would sooner see them down with that than a serious case of the flu, or diphtheria or typhoid fever. No doubt, in the good old days they had a worse form than we have at present, but if any of your fellows think that your death-warrant is signed if you are taken down with the smallpox, why, forget it. Arrange your affairs, if you can, for about five weeks, and then make up your mind that you are going to have a passable time. If the attack is a mild one, you may have to go back to work before five weeks. But above everything, there's absolutely no need to worry. I've had it, and I know."

Rhubarb tapoca is excellent served with custard.
 Guelph and Tillsonburg received orders from the Hydro-Electric Power Commission to reduce their peak load of power.
 Alfred Henry, of Brimley, a Michigan Central Railroad engineer, was instantly killed by a New York Central train.
 J. M. Dods Co., of Alton, have secured a factory in Erin, where they will manufacture finished cotton products.
 Newspaper reporters, copy readers and news editors in London are forming a union.

Don't Worry About Smallpox

THERE were half a dozen of them, and they met together for lunch. Of course, the discussion turned to the question of the smallpox epidemic, and vaccination.

"I should worry about the vaccination dispute," said one. "I've had smallpox, so the subject has no terrors for me."

Had smallpox! The rest of the party looked their surprise. What was it like? Where are the pock-marks? Did you have it bad? These and half a dozen other questions came thick and fast.

"I had it right here in Toronto, and spent a month over at the Swiss Cottage Hospital over the Don," said the first speaker. "And I had it as bad as any of the others who were there at the time, and there were about ten, including men, women, and children. As some of you fellows seem scared, I don't mind giving you a few pointers."

"In the first place, don't be scared even if the doctor does tell you you have the disease. I remember when the doctor and Mr. Shutt, from the City Hall, came to the house and told me I had it. I had been ill about a week. For a couple of nights I was a little off my head, but nothing to speak of. I had a temperature, as the nurses call it, and had all the symptoms of a sharp fever. No one suspected smallpox until I was on my feet again. The doctor had not seen me for a couple of days, as he thought I was over the danger point, and it was only a case of getting strong again."

"But that day—it was Saturday—I telephoned him that I had a sore spot in my mouth. That seemed to worry him, for he lost no time running up. An hour later Mr. Shutt and the city doctor were on the job, and half an hour after that I was in the ambulance on the way to the Swiss Cottage."

"Say—when they told me I had smallpox I felt as if my days were numbered. All I had ever read about the ravages of the scourge in olden times came to mind, and I as good as gave up the ghost. Honestly I had little hope of ever seeing home and mother again. I don't know when I was so scared in my life."

"I was almost too weak to walk upstairs. But hope began to revive when I saw the ward and the other inmates. Believe me, they didn't look like corpses. There wasn't anyone in bed, and they had just finished a substantial supper, as I could see from the trays the nurse was carrying away. A couple of the men were playing checkers, others were reading, while in a corner a lively debate was under way. In fact, it was like any hospital ward where the patients were convalescent. I had pictured patients tied down to prevent them scratching at the pocks, and so on, but was most agreeably disappointed."

"But you haven't any marks your-

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The United States makes about 750,000,000 a year.

On the Go! Few married women are really happy. Even if she marries a man after she has heard she is in mortal dread that he may, some day, be after another woman's heart.—Cartoonist Magazine.

