

## THE STORY TELLER

### THE SETTLER.

He strikes into the wilderness,  
Remote from man, alone with God,  
To hew or delve, and force success  
From forest land or prairie clod.  
Alone he went and wrought, but see;  
The hermit multiplied by three!

The thicket from his sturdy strokes  
Recedes or shrinks to slender clumps;  
The clearing where his hearth-fire smoked  
Is green with grass and grain amidst blackened  
stumps.

Ere thrice the summer shall be gone,  
A hamlet round him will be drawn.

Or virgin plains, that ne'er before  
Were wrinkled by the plough-share's  
trail,  
Grow brown beyond his cabin door  
With furrows sown with wheat for sale.  
Alas! no buyer comes; but wait;  
The road of trade shall pass his gate!

By force centrifugal, ere long,  
Now one, now many, seek his side;  
And Commerce brings unto the throng  
What was to him at first denied.  
Thus fast and faster hamlets grow,  
Then centrifugally o'erflow.

By those who wield the ax and spade,  
More than by rifle and the sword,  
Are earth's most gainful conquests made,  
Are nature's wealthy wilds explored.  
Go, write above his lowly grave:  
"Here lies the bravest of the brave!"  
—William T. James, in Canadian Magazine.

## THE DENTIST'S LOVE STORY.

By James Jeffrey Roche.

"I would not be correct to say that I loved Miss Baker at first sight," which was nearly half a year ago, for Mrs. Tucker was then living—a beautiful character, sir, with apparently every prospect of long and happy years before her; then gone in a minute, as you might say, like—like a soft-filling, leaving only an aching cavity where it had once bloomed. But if I did not love Miss Baker, I was interested in her as I never had been in a patient before; interested professionally. You don't know her? No; perhaps it is better you shouldn't, for your own peace of mind, sir. Wait a minute and I will show you something."

Dr. Tucker disappeared in the little cubby-hole adjoining his operating room and presently returned with a triumphant smile and a set of false teeth. "I want you to look at this," he said, as he pushed me gently back in the chair and again gagged me with the rubber apron. "You see, of course, what it is; but perhaps only a professional man can appreciate its full beauty. There they lie, like gems in a casket; 32 of them and every one flawless. It is a picture for a poet to dream of. Now, you will hardly believe me, but I must ask you to take my word for it, when I say that these teeth, made by the best artists in the world (Nammel and Kusp, of Berlin), aren't one bit finer, stronger, more regular or better formed than the glorious set with which nature has endowed Miss Baker. And when it comes to beauty, gloss, and what you would call 'expression,' bless you, sir, Nammel and Kusp are nowhere beside the simple handiwork of nature. It is marvelous what nature can do when she sets about it. Let me hold it up to the light. Now just cast your eye along that line, from the first incisor to the last molar on the left side. Look how they blend together as it were; how the slender bicuspid leans against the sturdy molar, as an ivy clings to an oak. See the dimples in every crown of those back teeth. Just drink in the beauties of this set and then imagine, if you can, what it was to have a set in the living subject as much finer than this as a star is finer than an electric light.

"Well you may guess what a joy it was to me to be called upon, once or twice a month, to go over those teeth of Miss Baker's, one by one, lingering fondly over each, watching anxiously lest there might be the first symptoms of decay, rejoicing when I ever found them sound and brilliant and spotless as pearls. There was a time, after my second sad bereavement, while the grief which it brought to me was slowly absorbing itself, and the alveolar processes of my wounded heart were mercifully cicatrizing—a sorrow-laden period of ten days, during which I never once entered my studio. When at last I did return, I found a note from Miss Baker, asking me to give her an appointment, as she did not like, she said, 'to go to a stranger.'

"What did it mean? I asked myself with beating heart. At least it meant what it said: I was not a 'stranger' to her. Of course, I was not foolish enough to misunderstand the object of her request. It was strictly professional; yet I could not help indulging in a wild hope that a time might come when— And I could wait. The world was all before us, comparatively speaking; for Miss Baker was in the prime of her youthful beauty, and our united ages would not exceed three-score and ten, which is the limit allotted to even a single individual, I believe.

"I wrote at once, appointing the following Thursday (it was then Monday) for her visit. I had hope, but alas, I had not the confidence to hasten the day which should forever determine my fate for good or ill.

"Let me pass over the time which intervened, the long weary days of hope, fear, doubt, agony. When I think of them now, sir, they almost drive—ah, I beg your pardon—the probe went in a little too hard then. Let me take the napkin to it. There, the pain will pass away in a moment. Nerves a little sensitive yet! But the pain here, in this bosom, sir—that ain't going to pass away.

"To continue: The day came, and so did she. I had studied how I should approach the subject dearest in the world to me. Some men have no delicacy. When they seek to win a woman's love, they go to work by dropping hints, paying compliments, perhaps giving her presents, striving in every underhanded way to influence her feelings, and at last taking advantage of some time when she is off her guard to win her consent. I don't think such conduct honorable or business-like. If I wanted to sell you a set of teeth, would I go about it by telling you the set was not worthy of your purchase, that you had already a perfect set, or could procure a better set from some other dental emporium—which you and I know would be a silly falsehood and an insult to your judgment? Of course not.

"As I have said, I had studied beforehand how I should press my suit, delicately, eloquently, as I knew how, but frankly and openly, as I had always done in such cases, I am proud to say.

"But who can foresee even an hour ahead? When Miss Baker came at the appointed hour, 2:35 p. m., her beautiful face was muffled in a handkerchief, what was visible of it being drawn with anguish. I hastened to greet her and ask the question of which my instincts too truly anticipated the answer. She had the toothache. A brief examination confirmed the terrible announcement. It was the little rift within the lute, the flaw in the diamond, the speck on the ripe fruit. And yet, so strange is the heart of man. I almost rejoiced to know that even that peerless set was subject to mortal decay. It would be henceforth my melancholy pleasure to be its and her companion against the insidious enemy, to guard with the lance, or more properly, the forceps of science, the pearly portals of her beauty.

"To my unbounded surprise, she refused all my offers to save the stricken tooth—it was the second molar in the left lower jaw, a noble specimen, barely touched by the frost of disease. I told her how easy would be the work, how almost painless the process, how fatal the mistake of removing it. She was inflexible, deaf to all my prayers, almost childishly unnerved by the pain which she was enduring and had already endured.

"I hate it," she said, 'for it has hurt me, and I wish it drawn at once, do you understand? at once! Take it out—and—and—burn it! I never want to see or feel it again.'

"This, of course, was irrational and even ridiculous; but when she finally declared that if I did not obey her orders she would go to somebody who would, I simply had to comply. With what feelings you may imagine. She would not take ether or gas. She said she was afraid, and that was enough. I then explained to her the method of desending suffering by the use of cocaine locally applied. She seemed pleased with the idea, and I prepared for the painful duty with such feelings as an artist might experience if ordered to destroy the picture which had cost the labor and enthusiasm of years to paint. For I loved Miss Baker's teeth, every one of them, perhaps even more than I did herself.

"She sat in the chair where you now sit, while I arranged, with trembling hands, for the cruel sacrifice.

"At last all was ready. Again and again assuring her that she would feel no pain, I applied the cocaine, adjoined her to be composed and confident, and with desperate resolve picked up the forceps.

"But when the moment came I simply could not do it. I gazed at the doomed molar, and never before had I seen a tooth which seemed to plead in such dumb eloquence for its life. I could not go on.

"Flinging away the cruel weapon, I fell on my knees beside the chair, and in an uncontrollable burst of passion pleaded for the tooth and for myself. I told the whole story of my love. I spoke of the strength and purity and beauty of the molar. In my excitement it is possible that I confounded professional instinct with personal devotion. I was no longer master of my words or thoughts. I must have been eloquent, for at last I saw that she was moved. She shook with suppressed emotion, and smiled at me for the first time since she had entered the office.

"You are very kind, Dr. Tucker," she said, 'but all that you say is useless and some of it I do not understand. I came here to have a tooth drawn. Will you kindly do as I have desired, or let me go elsewhere. It will be time enough to speak of other matters afterwards.'

"What did she mean? Was it possible that—? No matter, I would do her bidding and extract the fated molar though, as Tennyson says, 'though my heart be at the root.' I was intoxicated, blinded, with mingled love, hope, wonder, excitement, as I leaned over the chair and turning my eyes away involuntarily, applied the fatal forceps.

"She did not shriek, nor faint nor falter, though a spasm of pain convulsed her beautiful features for an instant. As for me, I was grief-

stricken at the needless sacrifice, but upborne by the consciousness of duty done.

"There," I exclaimed, holding aloft the proof of my self-sacrifice; 'I have obeyed you at a cost to my feelings which you can never comprehend. I have no desire to display my superior judgment, for, as you know too well, dear Miss Baker (I was very sorry here that I had never learned her first name; for it is a little disconcerting to have to make an impassioned address to the object of your devotion as 'dear Miss' anything); but if you will be kind enough to examine this molar, you will see that the little trouble which has given you so much pain and impelled you to this great sacrifice, could have been remedied without so heavy a cost.'

"I don't want to see it," she cried, turning away her head; 'I hate it. Take it away and burn it, I say.'

"But, conscious of rectitude, and anxious, perhaps over-anxious, to show my superior judgment, I continued:

"Pardon me, my dear Miss B. (I thought 'dear Miss B.' was a little less stiff and formal), but I really must request that you notice, if only for an instant, that the decay, or caries, at the base of the tooth, is merely superficial. I will point it out with the end of the probe. It is just there—"

"And then, if you will believe me, when I turned the tooth to the light to locate the spot exactly, I could not find a speck or shadow of decay anywhere. I could hardly believe my eyes; so I put on my glasses, with trembling fingers, and then—then, for the first time, I discovered my fatal error.

"I actually shrieked aloud in my remorse and horror—for I had drawn the wrong tooth!

"She saw it in my face, I think, for she simply set her lips firmly, and in icy tones asked:

"Will you be good enough, Mr. Tucker, to tell me what you have done now?"

"What could I say? What would you have said under the circumstances? I tried to explain. I implored her forgiveness. I told her that I would procure the finest artificial tooth on the habitable globe, to repair my terrible mistake.

"She rose from the chair, and went into the retiring room without a word, and presently came back with her hat and cloak on.

"Then drawing herself up to her full height, and surveying me from head to foot, she said:

"If I understand you aright, you have made me a flattering offer of the gifted hand which has just disfigured my mouth. If it were possible for one to be insulted by an inferior, you have done your best to insult me. You have only succeeded in inflicting physical injury, for which I shall take care to have you suitably punished.'

"Then, sir, by Jove, she walked out, slamming the door after her. If I had felt like following her, I need not have opened it—I was small enough to go through the keyhole.

"What happened afterwards?" you ask. Nothing happened afterwards. There hasn't been any afterwards yet worth mentioning. This is Thursday isn't it? Well, that is the Thursday I spoke of in the beginning. The lady you met on the stairs is Miss Baker. What will happen I don't know. I don't intend waiting to find out, either. I have had enough of life here. Don't stir, sir. I am going to finish filling that cavity to-night, if I am ever to fill it. Tomorrow you won't find any Dr. Tucker, no matter if every tooth in your head was afire, as I hope they aren't going to be."

So ended the Dentist's Story. I stopped to reason with him, after paying my bill, telling him that he must not yield to despair, that there were "no good fish in the sea," etc., and "faint heart," and so forth; but he only shook his head despondently, hinted that he would know more about the sea and its fish before morning and utterly refused to listen to my weak commonplaces.

I felt a little uneasy after leaving the office, and even went out of my way to drop into the police headquarters and impart my suspicions. The chief thanked me and said he would send a man to keep an eye on the erratic dentist. But when the man called at the office he found it closed and the janitor could only inform him that Dr. T. had gone out about eight o'clock and taken the street leading towards the river.

There was an item in the papers the following afternoon about the "Mysterious Disappearance of a well-known Dentist on Ether Avenue," concerning which "further revelations" would appear later.

They never appeared; but in their stead I saw a card stating, that "Dr. George W. Tucker, late of Detroit, has formed a co-partnership with Dr. A. J. Bibb, of Windsor, Ont., under the firm name of Bibb & Tucker, 2178 Fillmore avenue, Windsor. Office hours, nine to six."

That was all, save that a week or two later I read in a local paper that "Dr. George W. Tucker, the well-known dentist of Fillmore avenue, is about to lead to the altar Georgiana Wilhelmina Annabella, the eldest daughter of Dr. A. J. Bibb, of this city."—Detroit Free Press.

### THE DELIVERY BOY'S JOKE.

Delivered a Bar of Soap Much the Same as if It Had Been a Barrel of Flour.

It was the marketman who spoke: "No, this isn't exactly a Jerusalem Golden, though it may look like it," he said in reply to a remark to the effect that life must be uncommonly delightful when led amid such an array of delicate-hued Malaga grapes, golden oranges, crisp green lettuce and bright Florida tomatoes as that presented by his establishment, relates the New York Times.

"Take this afternoon, for instance," he commented. "Everything appears to be going along smoothly, doesn't it? Yet I'm at my wits' end. You haven't an idea of what a serious thing it is in this business to have to discharge a well-trained clerk and take on a green one. When it's a delivery clerk who has been with you three years, who has to go, it's little short of a catastrophe.

"That young fellow over there"—nodding toward a rosy-cheeked, very much frustrated young Hercules—"just came on the force this morning. He'll probably get things all mixed up—deliver orders to wrong places—so that some woman's worst enemy will learn that she buys round steak instead of porterhouse—keep people waiting for their dinners, and cause me all sorts of trouble, not because he means to do so, but because he hasn't got the run of my particular business. All this will be caused by a five-cent bar of laundry soap.

"You think that statement's overdrawn? Well, I'll explain. One of our most profitable customers came in here on Saturday and left an order with Joe. It wasn't Joe's place to take orders, and I suppose it was just bad luck—his or mine—that caused him to be standing at the door on this particular occasion. He had been here as delivery clerk for three years, and was a prize, I tell you!

"The order was for a bar of soap, 'to be sent immediately.' The double team, hitched to the big wagon that we use for suburban deliveries, was standing out front. Joe got the biggest market basket in the store, put the bar of soap into it, deposited it in the wagon and drove off at a furious gallop.

"The customer—a lady—lives in the neighborhood of the store, so he hadn't far to go. He backed the wagon up to the door, took down the tailboard and, with what was apparently a mighty effort, he dragged out the basket and delivered the soap.

"I didn't see any of the performance, though, according to the lady, the whole neighborhood did, but I got the details from both sides. Joe said the lady might have taken the soap with her, as she was going directly home, and we always keep nice, white paper on hand. The lady said it was gross impertinence on Joe's part. So, when it came to deciding between a highly profitable customer, whom I couldn't well afford to lose, and Joe, of course Joe had to go. How did he know that she went right home after leaving the order? Why, he watched her, he said.

"That's just an example of some of the things that we grocers have to deal with. I wouldn't have mentioned the matter, but it has gotten all around, anyhow; Joe must have told it."

### WOUNDS HEALED BY MUSIC.

Strains of a Violin Produced a Wonderful Effect on a Dying Man.

A man was conveyed to a hospital in Paris, suffering from an accident which resulted in a serious wound. This wound refused to heal, and all the various treatments applied to it failed to effect the desired end. The man was attacked from time to time by violent paroxysms, and death appeared certain. At length the surgeon enlisted the services of a good violin player and treated the sufferer to a musical remedy. The patient's paroxysms ceased, and from that time the wound began to heal. The violin playing was continued at intervals till recovery was assured.

In another case the wound continued to suppurate despite all that could be done; the patient was calm and resigned; but nothing could be done for the wound. The violin was called into requisition in this instance also, and the instrument was played close to the injured part, which was bared for the purpose. The surgeon soon observed a change; the wound assumed a healthier appearance, and the process of healing began and progressed rapidly.

It is an undoubted fact that certain vibrations can effect cures, but the vibrations must be strictly in accordance with the malady or nature of the wound. Some enthusiasts go so far as to assert that the character of individuals can be changed by the constant application of the proper vibration.

Hadn't Sufficient Faith.

It is a firm belief of the Greek monks that God will not allow a monastery to be burned. When the Russian monastery of St. Pantelemon at Mount Athos was burned a few years ago the Greeks, who constitute the great majority of the 6,000 monks on the peninsula, maintained that their Russian brethren had brought the calamity on themselves because they had fire engines and extinguishers and did not trust wholly in God.

Met Their Match.

Clarence—Well, were your friends, Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Dobbs, congenial?

Clara—Oh, Clarence, each found an opportunity to tell me that the other was the biggest talker she had ever met.—Detroit Free Press.

## HEADACHE, BACKACHE, DIZZINESS

(PE-RU-NA CURES PELVIC CATARRH.)



Mrs. Anna Martin, 47 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"Pe-ru-na did so much for me that I feel it my duty to recommend it to others who may be similarly afflicted. About a year ago my health was completely broken down, had backache, dizziness and irregularities, and life seemed dark indeed. We had used Pe-ru-na in our home as a tonic and for colds and catarrh and I decided to try it for my trouble. In less than three months I became regular, my pains had entirely disappeared, and I am now perfectly well."—Mrs. Anna Martin.

Mrs. Marie Johnson, 11 Columbia, East, Detroit, Mich., is Worthy Vice Templar in Hope Lodge No. 6, Independent Order Good Templars. Miss Johnson, as so many other women also have done, found in Pe-ru-na a specific for a severe case of female weakness. She writes:

"I want to do what I can to let the whole world know what a grand medicine Pe-ru-na is. For eleven years I suffered with female troubles and complications arising therefrom. Doctors failed to cure me, and I despaired of being helped. Pe-ru-na cured me in three short months. I can hardly believe it myself, but it is a blessed fact. I am perfectly well now, and have not had an ache or pain for months. I want my suffering sisters to know what Pe-ru-na has done for me."—Miss Marie Johnson.

Miss Ruth Emerson, 72 Sycamore st., Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for two years with irregular and painful menstruation, and Pe-ru-na cured me within six weeks. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel. Any agency which brings health and strength to

His First Shad.

Little Willie (at restaurant)—Pa! His Father—What is it, Willie? "This planked shad has got lots of slivers in it."—Judge.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after Allen's Foot-Ease. At all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

WHAT RUSSELL SAGE SAYS.

To put a premium on brains and honesty is the only way to level things up.

There may come a time when the state will put a limit upon a man's fortune.

Any restriction of the rights of capital would work incalculable injury to the workingman.

Persons who are unable to acquire money are necessarily not capable of its proper use or care.

So long as some men have more sense and more self-control than others, just so long will such men be wealthy.

The people know that up to the present time the great capitalists have been only captains of industry.

HELD ON TO A CHAIR.

Palmer, Mo., May 19th.—Mrs. Lucy Compton has for the past eight or ten years suffered a great deal of pain and sickness. She had Kidney Trouble, with an awful pain in her back, which was so bad at many times that she could scarcely get about at all.

"I have been down with my back for the past eight or ten years," she says, "and sometimes so bad that I could not get around only by holding on to a chair or some other object.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have given me more relief than anything I have ever used.

"After I had used the first box I was almost entirely cured of this dreadful trouble.

"I can truthfully recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any woman suffering as I have suffered for so long."

Mrs. Compton's cure was certainly a remarkable one.

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USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriation, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteful, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In screw-cap vials, containing 60 doses, price 25c.

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A. N. K.—G 1918

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