

### Perplexity.

BY "FENELLA."

The man sat in his easy chair,  
The lamp was dimming fast,  
He seemed as though each gentle breath  
Was—ere he slept—his last.

His chin reclined upon his chest,  
His eyelids drooped; his breath  
Came deep, sonorous, that displayed  
Absence for years of death.

The door here gently opened out,  
A small head peeped within,  
A head with curly, golden hair,  
And eyes from which shone—sin.

Behind the chair he crawled, and stooped  
As searching for a joint  
Between whose loosely fastened ends  
He could insert a point.

A spring from out the chair! and lo!  
With one suspender broke,  
And eyes half starting from his head,  
The President awoke.

He scratched his head and tore his hair,  
For here he'd truly found  
That though reporters he'd escape  
Domestic life rolled round.

Fenelon Falls, March, 1897.

### What Exasperated Him.

The agent for a handsomely illustrated book to be sold on long time credit—a feast to the intellect and an adornment to any library—leaned against the side of the house, caught his breath, clinched his fist and looked skyward.

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman.

"I've met the meanest man," he answered. "I've heard of him and I've read about him in the papers, but I never expected to meet him face to face."

"Where is he?"

"Up in that office building."

"How do you know he's the meanest man?"

"By the way he acted. I showed him this work of art, lectured on it for half an hour, showed the engravings, and when I hinted that it would be a good thing to order, what do you think he said?"

"I don't know."  
"He said he never bought books. He didn't have to. He just waited for some fool agent to come along and tell him all that was in 'em, and turn over the leaves while he looked at the pictures."

### Retaliation.

"May I offer you a stick of gum?" asked the travelling man in the skull cap, by way of introducing himself to the passenger in the seat in front of him.

The other man turned around, looked at the proffered slab and shook his head. "I—I beg your pardon," he said; "I manufacture that gum. I never chew it. But if you will join me, I will open this box of candy I bought just before I got on the train."

The travelling man looked at the label on the box and shuddered.

"We make that candy," he remarked, shrugging his shoulders. "I never touch it."

Subsequently they became better acquainted over a small bottle, of whose contents they possessed none of the secrets of manufacture.

### A Tardy Wooer.

He had been worshipping her for months, but had never told her, and she didn't want him to. He had come often and stayed late—very late—and she could only sigh and hope.

He was going away the next day for a holiday, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11.30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock.

"Miss Mollie," he said, tremulously, "I'm going away to-morrow."

"Are you?" she said, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood.

"Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes, very sorry," she murmured.

"I thought you might go away this evening."

Then she gazed at the clock wistfully, and said good-night.

### Couldn't Help Knowing Him.

An old colored man who wheels rubbish out of alleys in a South side residence district considers himself pretty well known among the people away from whose back doors he pushes ashes. One morning recently one of the gentlemen who employed the African walked out into his back yard and spoke familiarly to the ash wheeler.

"What is your name?" he asked, in addressing the colored man.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Washington—Washington," repeated the gentleman; "it seems to me that I have heard that name before."

"Guess you have," rejoined the African.

"I have been wheeling ashes out of these alleys for 'bout ten years."

Turbans and Toques in great variety at Mrs. B. McDougall's.

### Wonderful Progress.

HOW THE INVENTOR HAS CHANGED THE WORKING CONDITIONS.

It is difficult for the rising generation to realize the important influence of invention in the changed conditions of the present as compared with those of half a century ago. True, they can read of them all, but the picture presented by the record is not as vividly impressed upon the memory as is that upon the mind of the denizen who has passed the fifty year mark in actual observation of the world's progress.

A correspondent of New Ideas, whose whole life has been devoted to agriculture, writes very entertainingly on the subject in that branch of labor. He says: "My first recollections of farm labor were in raking long windrows of hay with the hand rake. My brother and myself decided that there could be an improvement—that we could make a horse do the work. The result of our 'inventive' faculties was a long scantling, with wooden teeth about two feet in length inserted in holes bored in one side of it, and two old plow handles fastened near the centre at right angles, for grasping to steer the 'machine,' when a horse was hitched to the front, and we were thus enabled to rake a swath ten feet wide as fast as the horse could. True, when the rake was full we had to stop and 'back up' the horse, draw the rake from under the windrow and lift it over to commence another raking; but it was a great improvement over the slow and laborious hand-rake. Then came the wooden framed 'revolving' rake which emptied itself by the follower simply raising the handle so that the points of the teeth in front caught the ground, and we thought that 'farming made easy' had arrived, sure enough.

"But the ubiquitous inventor was still at work. There were other fields to conquer, and before the advent of many more 'haying seasons' he entered the field with the steel-toothed sulky-rake, with a spring seat for the driver, and which automatically unloaded itself by operation of a clutch in the wheel hub by merely touching a latch with the foot, and with which even a ten-year-old girl could do the work of ten men using the old hand-rake. This, indeed, seemed 'perfection perfected,' and we only wondered that there was not a fan attachment to keep the flies off.

"Now, even that paragon of progression has been relegated to the rear by a raker and loader, which is attached to the rear of the hay wagon, which rakes the ground clean and deposits the hay on the wagon all ready for the horse-fork, which, with two or three 'grabs,' deposits the whole load in the barn or rick. The crack farm laborer of my day, who prided himself on being able to take the last rakeful off the cradle as it was swung round with a rhythmic 'swish' by the man who was cutting the grain, and thus 'keep up' with him in binding the sheaves, now stands aghast at the self-binding reaper, which throws the perfectly-bound sheaves out of its path, and greedily reaches for more with a nonchalance that is wonderful.

"The inventor, too, has taken a wonderful load off from the 'women folks.' Churning day used to be looked forward to with a sort of dread, especially in hot weather, as it was often so difficult to make the butter 'come' just right—probably from an imperfect knowledge of the temperature required, etc. Now my son takes all the milk to the creamery, where it is put into a centrifugal 'separator' and the butter literally 'whipped' out of it in a few minutes; and instead of waiting for the butter-buyer to come along in the fall and run his steel tryer down to the bottom of the tubs and firkins before making an offer, we receive a regular monthly dividend from the creamery, which amounts to a little more than formerly, and all the work taken away from the house."

Our friend well illustrates a portion of what the inventor has done in his line of labor, and it is but the reflex of the steady advancement in methods in all lines of industry. While the subject is practically inexhaustible, the thought occurs that with so many mechanical aids brought to bear in the performance of what has heretofore been considered the most irksome classes of labor, that it leaves the young men or women of to-day so much more time for recreation and improvement, which, if properly utilized, can but result in enlarged comprehension and better realization of the responsibilities which, properly met, will fit them to perform justly, wisely and magnanimously all the offices of life, both public and private.

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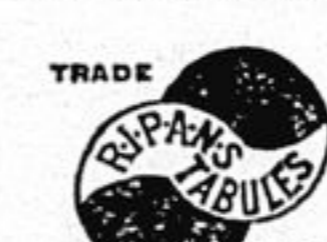
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1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid, and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publishers lays himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.