Love-Making for Young Men.

While walking the other day from a remote vicinage of the town on the one side to an equally remote purlieu on the other I chanced to cross Easy street, a thoroughfare with which I have no longitudinal acquaintance. Just in the middle of the way there came, with a volcanic roar, out of a column of dust, an automobile. I was thrown fifty feet, and lodged in a locust-tree. With a surviving eye I caught, on the rear of the vehicle, as it tore away, the large silver initials, "P. Q."

Perhaps I have exaggerated the incident somewhat; but something happened.

Anyhow, I know this Peter Quick. Twenty years ago we were well acquainted. 'Twas the time when I was making love to Musette. A rather good job of love-making it was, too, I suspect. Nevertheless, I used up my own allowance, and most of my brother's, and the not large sum I earned, and the rather neat amount that I could borrow. Musette married a man named—named Hunks, I think, or something of the sort.

Peter Quick, also, was making love at the time, and as fervently as I. Not since the joyous Ionian sea gave forth the goddess of love has there been a more ardent wooer than P. Q. I thought then not much of the object of his affections, however. I marveled at his choice. Little did I suspect that she was the greatest heiress that the world can show. Peter Quick was making love to Fraulein Hard Work.

Peter Quick wooed Hard Work—successfully. No man named Hunks (or something like this) got her away from him. Early and late he made love to her. He sent her, so to say, flowers; and fashioned, as it were, sonnets to her eyebrow. He dreamed of her at night, and thought of her on Sundays and holidays. We never could get him to talk of much else. When I contrived my rather celebrated mixture of Virginia and Latakia, and offered Peter some of it, he looked at me abstractedly and said that I knew he didn't smoke. Miss Work, I suspect, objected to smoking. Musette had a pretty knack at rolling a cigarette for me when I called. I suppose she rolled them just as fetchingly for Hunks—or whatever his name was. We all had our fling at P. Q. for his absurd devotion to his queer sweetheart. He took it good-naturedly—and grew more devoted. As he became more and more taken up with her, we saw less and less of him. None of us cared much; we were so unable to sympathize with his infatuation. Finally, I lost sight of him entirely, though I've heard that he has kept up his courtship without abatement. I have not seen him for fifteen years, except for the dissolving view I had just as I lodged in the tree.

It's rather odd, now that I come to think of it, that none of us ever suspected what a vast heiress the damsel Hard Work was, and always has been—and is. Peter must have known it. Perhaps the sly chap looked her up in Bradstreet's. It would be no bad place to find it out—especially if you study the names of those with the highest ratings. She is, too, I know now, the best companion a man ever had. 'Tis impossible long to be unhappy in her company. I cannot learn that association with her ever harmed any man. P. Q. is an excellent fellow. It isn't his fault that we have drifted apart—we've just happened to live in different parts of the town, that's all. He is worth, they say, some trifle of five or six millions, more or less. I suppose when his shoes outwear their primal soles that he doesn't give the matter much thought. Turns them over to his gardener, likely. He doesn't know my friend Leonardo. But I observe by the published catalogue of his picture gallery that he has one or two canvases by the original Leonardo. I have a couple of leathers by the present representative of the family.

If the young man who reads this care to call at the hospital during visiting hours, I will say several things to him on the subject of making love to Hard Work. Such as: 'Tis the best of love making. And the time to begin it is in the brave days when you are twenty-one or younger. Remember, she is the greatest heiress, and the best of companions.—Hayden Carruth in "Cosmopolitan."

Ingenuous.

Sada Yacco is a charming Japanese actress, who is not only professionally delightful, but in private life says exactly what she thinks in a way which offends nobody. The following incident is an amusing sample of her naivete: During her stay in Paris she was honored by a request to appear at a private entertainment given by M. Loubet. Everyone was delighted with her recitations, and the President brought out and presented to her a rare and valuable Sevres vase. The little lady gazed at him with that beaming and child-like smile only to be attained by the Japanese. "Very sorry," said she, in her soft broken French. "Very sorry. Not take vase to Japan. Too far. Get broken. Take money. Very sorry." The onlookers gasped, but Sada Yacco still beamed on the President. She was serenely unconscious of having done anything out of the ordinary way. But she got her money, and offended nobody.

His Brother at the University

A small urchin picked up by the Melbourne police, a few days since, stated, in reply to the usual questions put to lost infants, that he had a brother at the university. His own unkempt appearance scarcely seemed to corroborate the assertion, so the matter was pressed.

"What part of the university?" he was asked.

"The Medical School," glibly replied the kid. The police looked at one another. Then it occurred to a constable that the relative might be a sweeper-out, or something of the sort.

"What does he do there?" he demanded.

"Oh! he doesn't do nuffin," responded the youngster, "he's in a bottle."

Expensive Saws.

Diamond teeth for saws seem a rather costly experiment, but in some manufactories it is necessary to have the saw teeth fitted with cutting diamonds in order to accomplish their work. The Detroit News Tribune says that anyone who has visited the factories of Pennsylvania where various articles are made from slate will have seen 300 horizontal saws 12 feet in length, each of which is furnished with 75 cutting diamonds, each saw being worth $5,000. There are also in the factory jigsaws, a circular saw, planers and other slate-working machinery in which there are valuable diamonds. The slate land which furnishes the material for these costly saws to work upon was once so little valued that the tract upon which the famous Chapman quarry in Pennsylvania is situated was once sold for a pint of whiskey. Its subsequent owners have taken millions of dollars from the land. The most valuable slate deposits in the world are found in the central and eastern parts of Pennsylvania. In the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania quarries there are houses whose walls are entirely of slate. The blocks of which they are made are smoothly sawed and are certainly most substantial. Slate is put to a variety of uses nowadays, out of it being made floors, stairways, sidewalks, bath tubs, mangers, posts, mantel pieces, blackboards, door and window sills and many other things. When slate is blasted in the quarries the rough slabs are taken to the shanties of the "splitters." The stone forms naturally in layers and the "splitter," following the grain or "ribbon" with his large chisel, separates the blocks into strips. Then these strips are passed through a trimming machine, where by the blows of a heavy knife they are cut into rectangular "shingles." Afterward they are piled up into "squares," ready to be used for roofing purposes. When slate is cut up for use in other ways the procedure differs. The huge horizontal saw, with its scores of diamonds, in the factory is called into play; it is lowered upon one of the blocks of slate by a ratchet at the rate of a quarter of an inch a minute. The saw would cut through iron or steel at the same rate. The workmen play a stream of water upon the slate to keep it cool and wash the dust from the cut. After the sawing the block is planed by being moved back and forth by machinery under a firmly fixed chisel. It is afterward polished much as marble and granite are by means of a rapidly revolving disk called a rubbing bed, which is kept covered with a fine sprinkling of fine sand saturated with water. Then the slate is bored by means of diamond-pointed drills. The value of the slate quarries runs into millions.

The Cost of Fires.

The following is from Chambers' Journal:—The annual fire bill of the United Kingdom may be taken at £20,000,000, that of the United States at £28,000,000. There are besides the fire insurance annual bill and the bill for the fire stations, with their costly sites and buildings, the fire engines, the other machinery and the horses. All this outlay keeps us poor. But the loss of life is worse, and it is easy to build fireproof—or better, incombustible—houses, such as in the River Plata countries, and probably in Bethlehem and Nazareth. The manner is as follows:—In these countries they neither use the arch iron, but hardwood, which, having mostly to come a thousand miles down the river, is dear. So all the floors and the roof, which is flat, are supported by joists shaped as in this country, and across them are laid rails of the same hardwood, about a foot apart, upon which rests the ends on thin bricks, on which another layer of bricks or sometimes two is laid in mortar, and on this tiles. Then there is no skirting or panelling. In Britain cement should be used for that purpose, and there should be no boxing of doors and windows, the frames being built in securely. The doors are also of hardwood. In that fine climate no lath or plaster is ever used. In this country the laths should be of iron, and if moulding is wanted around the doors it should be of cement instead of dangerous inflammable wood. In such houses a bonfire made by piling a lot of sticks and shavings on the best bed in the best bedroom and setting fire to it would not set the house on fire. The writer has for sixty-four years lived in or been connected with the great city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, and the largest city in the southern hemisphere, with 852,000 inhabitants, and never heard of a life being lost by fire, but there are fires in grocers' shops and such like places. Latterly, as pine from the United States is now abundant, some builders have used it partially in buildings in the capital, and such are not quite fireproof, but it is a bad practice. In Britain, as roofs must slope, because of the snow, and flat roofs would not do, the slates should be fixed in some way to iron strips. This might be a little troublesome at first, but our slaters and smiths would soon find out the way.

Ruins of Rheinfels.

No one who has made the journey up the Rhine, the Chicago Record-Herald says, will have forgotten the ancient ruin of Rheinfels, perched upon a rock 400 feet above the surface of the river at St. Gear. Last week it collapsed, and now it is but a ruin of a ruin. The traveller of the future will be shown the spot where the castle once stood, but no longer the walls of the castle themselves. Rheinfels had a history that went back to the time of Emperor Frederick I. It was built in 1276 by Count [illegible] of Katzenelnbogen. Those were days when prince and merchant [illegible] enemies, and before long [illegible] was busily taking toll of [illegible] who passed by along the [illegible] way of the land. The Rhine [illegible] in league with one another [illegible] themselves from just such [illegible] this, and soon they were in [illegible] the castle. The [illegible] good fight against [illegible] months, but Rheinfels [illegible] for them, and in the end [illegible] deeper. After that the [illegible] a short time [illegible] Gen. von [illegible] successfully [illegible] men. But in its [illegible] taken by the Prussians [illegible] five years, and [illegible] the hands of the [illegible] by the treason of [illegible] years later the [illegible] guns [illegible] men [illegible] to [illegible]

How to Get a Husband

A very interesting fete has just taken place at the village of Ecaussines, where the girls, finding that husbands were "backward in coming forward," determined to give an international luncheon, to which all marriageable men were invited. Numerous addresses against celibacy were given outside the Town Hall. The loverless girls took their places, each having an empty seat beside her. In time most of the chairs were filled. Many of the men were over forty. After dessert the girls who had found sweethearts danced in the village streets.

DIRECTORY

SOCIETIES.

KNIGHTS OF TENTED MACCABEES Diamond Tent No. 208. Meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Tuesday in each month.

CHAS. WISE, Com.
C W. BURGOYNE, R. K.

CANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the Orange hall on Francis street west on the first and third Mondays in each month.

ALEX McGEE, N. G.
J. T. THOMPSON JR., Sec.

L. O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE hall on Francis-St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.

J. T. THOMPSON JR, W. M.
J. F. VARCOE, Rec.-S.

INDEPENDENT ORDER of FORESTERS. Court Phœnix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.

D. GOULD, Chief Ranger.
THOS. AUSTIN, R. S.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS, Fenelon Falls Lodge No. 626. Meets in the Orange Hall on Francis street west on the first Thursday of each month.

F SMITHERAM, Chief Ranger,
W. D. STACY, Sec.

CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENELON Falls Circle No. 127, meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block the first Wednesday in every month.

P. C. BURGESS, Leader.
R. B. SYLVESTER, Secretary.

A. F. AND A. M., G. R. C. THE SPRY Lodge No. 406. Meets on the first Wednesday of each month, on or before the full of the moon, in the lodge room in Cunningham's Block.

F. A. McDIARMID, W. M.
E. FITZGERALD, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—QUEEN ST REV. Benj. Davies, Minister Preaching services every Sunday at 10 30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Bible Class and Sunday School at 2 30 p. m. Praise and prayer service on Thursday at 8 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH — COLBORNE Street—Rev. John Garbutt, Pastor Sunday service at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Rev. R. C. H. Sinclair, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

SALVATION ARMY — BARRACKS ON Bond St. West—Captain and Mrs. Banks Service every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8 p. m., and on Sundays at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7 30 p. m.

ST. ALOYSIUS R. C. CHURCH—LOUISA Street—Rev. Father O'Leary, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 p. m

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, BOND ST. EAST Rev A S. Dickinson, Rector. Sunday service: Matins 10.30 a m, evensong 7 p. m Celebration of Holy Communion first Sunday of every month at 10.30 a. m and third Sunday of every month at 8 a. m. Sunday School 2 30 p. m Thursday every week as follows: Catechising of children at 7 p m, evensong at 7.30 p. m, choir practice at 8 15 p. m.

Seats free in all churches. Everybody invited to attend. Strangers cordially welcomed

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUBLIC LIBRARY—MRS. M E. CALDER Librarian Reading Room open daily Sunday excepted, from 10 o'clock a m till 10 o'clock p. m. Books exchanged on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 2 p. m to 4 p m, and in the evening from 7 to 9.

POST-OFFICE—F. J KERR, POSTMASTER. Open daily, Sundays excepted from 7 30 a. m. to 7 p. m Mail going south closes at 7.35 a m. Mail going north closes at 11.25 a m Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mails.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

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.