

There's space in the old world yet,
The firmer you stand your ground, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair, or stop,
Be sure that your path leads upward;
There's always room at the top.

OUR INDIAN EXHIBITS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. J. Waniente Jocks, Chief of the Caughnawaga Indians and Mayor of that town, has returned from Chicago, where he and Mrs. Jocks spent the better portion of a week seeing the sights of the World's Fair. In an interview at the Hall this morning, Mr. Jocks discussed the Canadian Indian exhibits at the great exhibition, praising them without stint. Particularly he was impressed with the contrast in this respect between the American and Canadian exhibits, favorable of course to the latter. Though the American-Indians are there with the products of their industry and art *fin de siècle*, they show none of their work in actual process of manufacture.

"You ask them to show you how they work," said Mr. Jocks, "and they invariably reply, 'Oh, we have left our tools at home,' or some excuse to that effect. But in the Canadian Indian section, the work of the Industrial schools is shown in operation. The women are actually engaged at knitting, sewing and every modern form of household industry, while the men exhibit the work of blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., as far as possible, in actual process. But most interesting of all these exhibits is a newspaper printed and edited there on the grounds by Indian boys from the Canadian West."

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

It was on a highway running into a city in the north; one man was driving out with a load of

bricks and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mudhole, and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped.

"You, there!" shouted the brick man

"You, there, yourself," replied the other. "Going to turn out?"

"No."

"Neither will I."

"I'll stay here a whole year first."

"And I'll stay ten of them."

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travellers took the other side of the hole and passed them by, so it became a question of endurance. At the end of an hour the hay man said:

"If there is any one man I hate above another it's a human pig."

"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated yourself to death!" was the retort, and silence reigned supreme again.

Another hour passed and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say, you are a mean man!"

"The same to you!"

"Where are you going with those bricks?"

"Four miles out, to John Dayton, where are you going with your hay?"

"To Stiner's brick yard. Say, man, I am John Dayton myself, and I've traded this hay for bricks."

"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"

"What fools we are! Here take all the road."

"No, no—let me turn out."

"I'll turn."

"No—let me."

And in their haste to do the po-

line thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken of the brick waggon.

MARRIAGES

Sept. 10th, by the Rev. W. Walker, Henry Hill and Charlotte Everett.

Sept. 17th, by the Rev. W. Walker, William Stotts and Christena Dostater.

Sept. 18th by Rev. I. L. Strong, John Jameson and Mary Doeter.

DEATHS.

Sept. 13th, Moses, David, farmer, Delaware line.

Sept. 15th, Staets, Lena, infant daughter of Thomas and the late Mary Staets.

AN HONEST FARMER.



"No, James; never put the small apples at the bottom of the barrel. Honesty is the best policy; always put the largest apples in first and the smallest apples in last."



"And then turn the barrel upside down and put the label on the bottom."
—World's Fair Puck.

Died on a Railroad Train.

ALBANY, 17.—Isaac Bondy, wholesale buyer in New York for the drygoods house of Silverstein & Bondy of Duluth, Minn., died on the New York Central train reaching here at 11.50 a.m. yesterday. Dr. Florence O. Donohue, President of the State Board of Health, was a passenger on the train and issued a certificate that death was from heart disease.