

Telephone Sketches.

Hello? Hello! is that McDonald's store? Yes. What did you send up that cheese for? Why, you telephoned for it. No, I didn't, I asked for whole pease. I beg your pardon, I thought you asked for old cheese. I'll send up for it. Old cheese! I should think it was old cheese! Why, if they only knew the latitude and longitude of your store, there's skippers enough aboard that cheese to navigate it down there without shipping a crew. Hello? Hello! is that Mr. Wallace, Central office? Yes. Well, I'm glad you've got my telephonic working order. I haven't been able to use either the house or office instruments for two days. What was the trouble? The lightning burnt off the wires connecting the instruments. I'm only telling you, so that you won't work off any more chestnuts about the wires being crossed. You ought to set back the pin in the top of the instrument during a thunder storm. I know I ought, but I was trying an experiment. I wanted to see if I couldn't utilize a little electricity without going to the expense of one of Bunker's Electric Belts. All right! but look out that your experimenting don't make you feel as if a young earthquake had occurred in your vicinity. That Barber's Rheumatic Cure that you're so fond of blowing about, wouldn't help you much in that case. Sorry? Hello! Hello! Voulez vous venir a depot ce soir, L'Honorable Monsieur Mercier? Bah! Sacre damn! Shoo fly, don't bother me. They've given you the wrong number. Oh i pardonnez moi, excusez moi, Monsieur, il faut que je... Qui! oui! all right. Nix cum arvis. Certainement. Je comprends. Sonnez la cloche. En roulant, ma boule, Bien oui! Good bye. Who on earth are you talking that gibberish to? Mr. Bellanger. He wants some one to go to the depot to-night, to meet Mr. Mercier, and I'm mighty sure it isn't me he wants. Well, what do you want? I'm just going down to get something at Morkill's and I want you to have some money ready. They've got some splendid dress goods, and they'll be all gone if I don't go to-day. All right! they're selling so cheap at Morkill's that I suppose five dollars will buy dress goods enough to last you a year. Yes, if I lay it out in Magog prints. Hello? Hello, is that Mr. Didymus? Yes. Who's talking? Mr. Panneton. I've just received a cable from London, and want another asbestos dead prepared. It won't be as long as the other, but I want you to get it ready to-night so that it can be executed at eight o'clock in the morning, as I have to cable the parties when it is completed, and if I send a despatch first thing in the morning they will get it between one and two, as our time is about five hours later. I'll have it ready, but I'll have to sit up to night to do it. Never mind that, put it all in the bill, I'll send up papers and instructions at once. Hello! How long will you be at your office? Half an hour yet. All right, Davidson, I want to see you about that St. Andrews church matter. Has Rev. Mr. Lee signed? Yes. Very well, I'll go down immediately. Hello? Hello! Stanstead wants you. All right, Stanstead. Is that you Didymus? Yes, who's talking? Channoll; Did Major Wood give you fifty cents for my subscription to the Land We Live In? Yes. All right, I didn't fret about the fifty cents, but I was afraid he might have forgotten it. You see he got in with some of the boys yesterday, and you know how it is yourself. I wanted the August number particularly, and told him to be sure and have you send it. I mailed it to you to-day. The Major said he had been at Stanstead yesterday, but he's all straight this morning. You must have treated him pretty well though, for I noticed he had to throw his head clear back to balance his corporation. I

guess you must have had a sort of anti-Scott act celebration. Hello! who is it? Ned Duffy, Grand Central House. I just wanted to tell you that you can recommend that Empire Fuel Burner right up to the handle. It's just the thing when three or four come in for a late supper. When half a dozen of you want an oyster supper, just give us a call, and we can fix you up in good style at ten minutes notice. All right, Ned, I suppose we had better take some Corn-Cure along with us to counteract the effect of the oysters. No, not unless you want a supper with all the accompaniments. Au revoir. Hello? Hello! Come down and have that photograph taken. This is the first good day we have had for a month. Can you turn me out in Presbyterian style? Yes, if you keep a straight face. Can you take me as in camp at the head of Rush Lake? Not just now, and if I could, I'll bet a dollar you daren't walk down Wellington street in the same rig. They'd take you for a tramp, sure, Chick-a-ba-boo!

Why Farmers are Swindled.

In our columns this week, also in our issue of last week, references are made to cases where farmers have been swindled by pereringating sharpers of different kind. Farm papers have time and again "as own up" these traveling frauds, and have advised farmers not to sign papers offered by them however simple or innocent they appear. The FARMERS' REVIEW has spoken very plainly on this subject, and would add a few words more.

It is a bad policy for any man to believe the fallacy that a cheap thing is the best article to buy; it is the worst policy to imagine that one can buy much for little. Yet the belief in such fallacies as these leads farmers to fall into traps set for them by sharpers. There is as a general thing always something proposed by the swindler which appeals to the sense of greed victim. He is told that he has but little to do to make a pile of money by investing a small sum. His cupidity is aroused, his common sense leaves him in his excitement, he signs a paper and eventually receives his just punishment—a note turns up which must be met.

It is the curse of greed which makes it possible for swindlers to victimize farmers so often. But we read that in most cases made public the victim is ignorant; he could not read, "he did not think," and so forth. It is a gratifying fact this class is becoming less numerous and soon will be practically extinct. Yet the swindlers live. The fact is that we hear about the losses of the ignorant victim as a rule, but the greedy man who, in spite of an education, is carried away by his cupidity and fooled into signing an innocent-looking paper which afterward appears in its true character to his chargin and loss, usually keeps the matter a secret.

The man who is fool enough to believe that an "agent" can afford to travel over the country, offering farmers chances, for almost nothing, to make money fast by methods which he himself would employ if they were of any good, deserves to be swindled. We have no sympathy for the man whose greed gets the better of his common sense, but our advice to all readers is to run no chances of being swindled, by dealing only with those who are known to be upright and honest.

THE GLADSTONE LAMP



This Lamp is in all respects a "Wonderful Lamp"—the best ever invented. It gives a pure, soft and immense white light of 85 Candle power, the most brilliant, the largest and the purest light from kerosene oil that HAS EVER BEEN PRODUCED. The world has never seen the equal of such a light from oil. Everybody wants a Lamp, and they want a good one. Most of those who have poor lamps, want something better. Every family wants a stylish, parlor, table lamp. They want a nice lamp at the price charged for the cheapest. They want, above all things, a lamp that will give a clear, large and brilliant light. The brighter the light, the more pleased they all are. Now the GLADSTONE LAMP just "atches on" to all of those "wants". It beats every lamp ever before made. Think of the labor annoyance, expense and health saved by a lamp having such qualities as these; never needs trimming, never breaks chimneys, never smells; no gumming up, no leaks, no sputtering, no climbing of the flame, no "tantrums" of any kind! And then think of having besides all these advantages, a light of pure, white brilliancy, of 85 candle power—10 to 20 TIMES THE SIZE AND BRIGHTNESS of the light of the best ordinary house lamp.

The BRIGHTON BURNER is the burner part of the GLADSTONE LAMP, but is made separate so as to fit any lamp. It has the double cone flame-spreader, same as the 85 Candle Power lamp, and gives a flame of equal brilliancy, size and purity, as in both Lamp and Burner is superheated, and then delivered through the wonderful perforated brass cone, or thimble, which projects up inside the flame. The combustion is perfect, not a particle of smoke nor odor being detected. The Burner is simplicity itself in its construction. The light is equal to eight ordinary incandescent electric lights. This Burner is made of Rich Gold Bronze, throughout. The Lamp takes an ordinary Argand or circular wick; the Burner an ordinary 5 inch flat wick (same as used in oil stoves), laid around to form a circle. Both Lamp and Burner take the same size regular chimney, kept by all stores. The Lamps are made in most elegant designs, for Parlor or Dining-Room—finished in Gold Bronze, Nickel or Antique (Copper).

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- Gladstone Stand or Dining Lamp, Nickel or Gold, with shade holder and chimney, \$5.00.
- Gladstone Parlor Table Lamp, with Handles, finished in antique style, and with Porcelain shade, shade-holder and chimney, [see cut above], \$8.50.
- Brighton Burners, suited to any Lamp, (with shade holder and chimney), \$1.80.

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