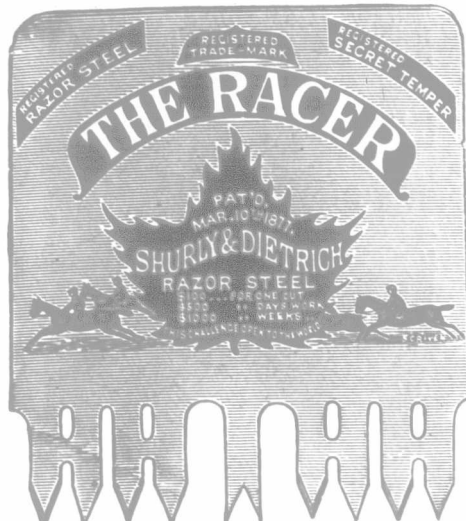


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The Razor Steel, Secret Temper, CROSS-CUT SAW



We take pleasure in offering to the public a saw manufactured of the finest quality of steel and a temper which toughens and refines the steel, gives a keener cutting edge and holds it longer than by any process known. A saw to cut fast must hold a keen cutting edge.

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Now, we ask you, when you go to buy a saw, to ask for the Maple Leaf, Razor Steel, Secret Temper Saw, and if you are told that some other saw is as good, ask your merchant to let you take them both home and try them, and keep the one you like the best.

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LOGIC IS LOGIC.

The Irish intellect is more often associated with wit than with logic, but an Irish workman recently silenced for a moment the upbraiding tongue of his foreman by a display of something which bore just enough resemblance to logic to confuse his hearer.

The workman enjoyed leaning on his hod and making shrewd observations much more than he did stirring about, and the cry of "Mort! Mort!" fell on dull ears.

"Why don't you attend to your hod and keep that man going?" demanded the foreman severely when Patrick was enjoying one of his frequent periods of rest.

Patrick raised his hod with a leisurely movement and turned a pair of twinkling eyes on his accuser.

"Sure, now," he said, easily, "if I was to keep him goin' all the time sorra a thing he'd say at all, at all; an' if he didn't say anything I'd be thinking he wasn't there. An' if he wasn't there sorr, what would he be wantin' of morthar anyway?"—Youth's Companion.

She had just turned from the black-board where for five minutes she had been demonstrating a "sum" which to her very youthful pupils seemed difficult.

"Now, children, are you perfectly sure that you understand?"

There was a murmur of assent.

"Do any of you wish to ask a question?"

In the back of the room a small hand was raised aloft. The teacher, looking into the earnestly eager face, felt that glow of satisfaction which we all experience in assisting a budding intellect.

"What is it, Annie? What do you wish to know?"

"Miss M—, are your teeth false?" demanded the earnest little seeker in a shrill treble.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Precise Boarding Mistress: "Mr. Blunt, shall I tender you some more of the chicken?" Mr. Blunt: "No, thank you! But, if you can tender this piece you have already served me, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

PUZZLING MEASURES.

Wheat is sold in the United Kingdom in twenty different ways—by the quarter, comb, load, boll, bushel, barrel, hundredweight, cental, windle and bob-bet. Further confusion is also caused by the fact that the bushel of wheat varies from 62 pounds at Birmingham, Gloucester and Taunton, to 80 pounds at Monmouth and Abergavenny, while at Aberystwyth it is 65 pounds. Similarly, the boll weighs three imperial bushels at Newcastle, four throughout Scotland, six at Berwick, 264 pounds at Glasgow, and 240 pounds at Hamilton. A quarter measures 496 pounds in country districts and 504 pounds in London.—Milling.

The Burmese have a curious idea regarding coins. They prefer those which have female heads on them, believing the coins with male heads on them are not so lucky and do not make money.

He was a curious trout. I believe he knew Sunday just as well as Deacon Marble did. At any rate, the Deacon thought the trout meant to aggravate him. The Deacon, you know, is a little waggish. He often tells about that trout. Says he: "One Sunday morning, just as I got along by the willows, I heard an awful splash, and not ten feet from shore I saw the trout, as long as my arm, just curving over like a bow and going down with something for breakfast."

"Gracious!" says I, and I almost jumped out of the wagon.

"But my wife, Polly, says she, 'What on airth are you thinkin' of, Deacon? It's Sabbath Day, and you're goin' to meetin'! It's a pretty business for a deacon!'"

"That sort o' cooled me off. But I do say that, for about a minute, I wished I wasn't a deacon. But 'twouldn't make any difference, for I came down next day to mill on purpose, and I came down

once or twice more, and nothin' was to be seen, though I tried him with the most temptin' things.

"Wal, next Sunday I came along agin, and to save my life I couldn't keep off worldly and wanderin' thoughts. I tried to be sayin' my catechism, but I couldn't keep my eyes off the pond as we came up to the willows. I'd got along in the catechism, as smooth as the road, to the Fourth Commandment, and was sayin' it out loud for Polly, and just as I was sayin', 'What is required in the Fourth Commandment?' I heard a splash and there was the trout, and afore I could think, I said: 'Gracious Polly, I must have that trout.'"

"She almost riz right up. 'I knew you wa'n't sayin' your catechism hearty. Is this the way you answer the question about keepin' the Lord's Day? I'm ashamed, Deacon Marble,' says she. 'You'd better change your road, and go to meetin' on the road over the hill. If I was a deacon I wouldn't let a fish's tail whisk the whole catechism out of my head,' and I had to go to meetin' on the hill road all the rest of the summer."

A busy merchant was about to leave his home in Brixton for a trip on the Continent, and his wife, knowing his aversion to letter-writing, reminded him gently of the fact.

"Now, John, you must be eyes and ears for us at home and drop us an occasional post-card telling us anything of interest. Don't forget, will you, dear?"

The husband promised. The next morning his wife received a postal-card: "Dear wife, I reached Dover all right. Yours aff."

Though somewhat disappointed she thought her husband must have been pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, with the startling announcement: "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." And still later: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours."

Then the wife decided to have a little fun and seized her pen and wrote: "Dear husband, the children and I are at Brixton. Yours."

A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Brixton."

In her last communication she grew more enthusiastic: "Dear husband, here we are in Brixton. I repeat it sir, we are in Brixton. P. S.—We are, indeed."

In due time her husband reached home, fearing that his poor wife had temporarily lost her senses, and hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. With a winning smile she handed him his own three postal-cards.

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used, in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

Sammy wanted to go "swimmin'" and went to his mother for permission. "You must ask father," said his mother firmly.

"Oh, I know he won't let me go," wailed Sammy.

"You must do just as father says," his mother warned him.

"Well! I sh'd think you'd side with your own flesh and blood, 'stead of a man you just happened to marry!"—and Sammy slammed the door.

President Albert Edwin Smith of the Ohio Northern university at Ada has decided to require any student that he discovers to be a smoker to pay \$1 per term more tuition than those who do not use the weed. In chapel Dr. Smith: "All pipe suckers and cigarette smokers, in fact all smokers of tobacco in any form, will be taxed \$1 per term more than others in the future. This extra tuition is to be a license for the habit."

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WHY SHOES DON'T SQUEAK NOW.

"Do you remember," asked the shoe salesman, "the days when new shoes creaked? And how you used to have the shoemaker put wooden pegs in the middle of the sole about every week to stop the noise? Sometimes you soaked the soles of your shoes in water and then had to rub them with lard or some other kind of grease to get them flexible. You don't have to do that now. The new welt has taken the squeak away. In the old days the soles of shoes consisted of two even pieces of leather, and the friction of these two pieces caused the squeak when a person walked."

"Shoes are made differently now. You see that little piece of ridged leather that runs from the heel around the outside of the sole? That's what we call the welt. It is a piece of leather about an inch wide, sewed to a flap cut and turned under the inside. The space between the outer side and the insole is filled with ordinary tar paper, which holds the soles in shape and also prevents squeaking by taking away the friction. This system of a welt was invented thirty years ago, but at first it wasn't a success, because the soles were sewed with a straight needle. Couldn't explain it to you in 100 years, but to prevent the squeaking the soles of the shoe have to be sewed with a crooked needle."—Kansas City Star.

The tortoise is a great sleeper. The *Spectator* has had a story of one which was a domestic pet in an English house. As his time for hibernating drew nigh, he selected a quiet corner in the dimly lit coal cellar, and there composed himself to sleep. A new cook was appointed soon after. She knew not tortoises. In a few months the tortoise woke up, and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm. On entering that department, the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awe-struck wonder, and exclaiming, as with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at the stone which I've broken coal with a 'winter!'"

