

TOOK HIS DICTATION.

She was riding in to the city on the morning train, in search of a position, as stenographer. Having seen the large florid man in the seat in front of her cut an advertisement out of his newspaper and put it away in his pocketbook, she was just curious enough to look up the corresponding place in her own paper. Finding there an advertisement for a stenographer, she noted down the address and thanked her feminine curiosity.

She then turned back to her pencil and notebook. It seemed as if practice as she might, she never could keep her speed up to one hundred words a minute. She tried copying from the newspaper, but the motion of the car made the words dance before her eyes until they hurt her. She tried making up sentences as she went along, and failed. Finally she resorted to taking down the incessant chatter of two women behind her, but their talk was often drowned in the disturbances of a number of young people still farther back, who were riotously noisy.

The young lady struggled with a tirade on the servant girl problem, timing herself by the distance between stations—two minutes from Sherwood to Sherwood Corners, could she do two hundred words? As her hand dashed madly over the pages a large wad of newspaper flew past her and struck the florid man in the neck. The laughter behind subsided into dismayed giggles.

Slowly the large man turned his injured neck. He was redder than ever as he started to speak. The words fell from his lips, hot, but distinct, swiftly, but smoothly. He was telling the boisterous young people seven seats back just what he thought of them.

The young woman with the pencil saw her chance and took it. Here was a glorious dictation. Her pencil flew. The speech lasted a minute and a half, and was cut short then only by the arrival of the train at the terminal. The stenographer slapped her book shut with a comfortable feeling of having done even better than a hundred words per minute, and set off in search of her position.

When she arrived at the address she had noted down, she was ushered into a private office where sat the man of the speech. She stammered a little until she saw that he did not recognize her. His mind had been full of bigger things. Then she smilingly told him her errand.

"Do you think you can take my dictation?" he said, frowning.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think so? I talk very fast."

"But very distinctly, sir." She produced her notebook and laid it open before him. "Here's a sample." She began to read her notes.

His jaw dropped. There was his masterpiece of the train, complete and unabridged. It really sounded very well, so full of fire.

When she finished he looked at her sharply. His face was very red, but his eye twinkled.

"The job's yours," he said, in a subdued voice.—*The Youth's Companion.*

George Ronald Lane, who is a page of honor to King Edward, is still some weeks off his thirteenth birthday, and is very much the boy.

His new office, which is ornamental and not too onerous, is a much coveted appointment. The pages are always sent for in a royal carriage when they attend any ceremonial, and are sent home in the same manner. But this dignified mode of locomotion is not, it seems, the strongest appeal to the new page.

Some one recently congratulated him on his appointment.

"Yes, it's a very nice thing," he said, with a wide smile. "I have to be two days at court, and that means cutting school for those days."—*St. James Budget.*

"G-g-good evening!" said the young man who had come to speak to the girl's father.

"Good evening!" replied the old gentleman. "You look a little nervous. How do you feel?"

"Flattered," replied the young man. "I was afraid I looked scared to death."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

DOUBLE YOUR DAIRYING PROFITS WITHOUT BUYING A COW

**SUPPOSE** somebody offered to swap a blue-ribbon, prize-winning milker for any cow in your dairy-herd, — without a cent to boot? Wouldn't you jump at the chance?



The Capital Cream Separator

I will do as well as that for you. I will show you how to get as much real money out of an ordinary herd of dairy cows as you'd get by your present methods out of a herd of prize-milkers. I will prove to you there's twice the money in dairy-farming you've been getting, — and you needn't spend any money to get the difference. I will do this just as soon as you write me and say: "I keep so many cows. I get such-and-such a price for my milk—or cream—or butter" (whichever end of the dairy business you follow).

I am not setting any traps for your dollars or your brains. The more skeptical you are, the harder I'll convince you. The best friends I've got among my customers are the men who didn't believe any cream separator amounted to much.

They found out different after they got a Capital Separator and put it to work getting back the money they'd been feeding the pigs and vealing the calves. They found out that the Capital Separator adds over thirty dollars a year to the actual net earnings of every cow they keep. So will you find that out, if you'll write to me and ask for the plain truth about this whole separator idea.

Thirty dollars a year more profits out of every cow you keep for profit's sake, — whether you keep four cows or forty! That is what I promise you. That is what the Capital Separator will get for you—and it is the only thing that will get it. Yes, indeed, I CAN prove it, right up to the handle. Ask me and see.

And I will not only show you why and where and how the Capital gets that extra profit for you, but—I will show you in plain word how you can make that profit with a fraction of the work you have to do to-day to get half as much. That is where my plan for SELLING butter and cream comes in,—my plan specially devised for your special case and your special locality, and

which you can work yourself without sharing the profits with anybody.

Maybe you don't need the plan; but I know you do need the separator, and I can prove to you why and where and how you need it, and what it will pay you if you get it.

Half the work you have to do now to make any money out of dairy-farming, —that's another thing the Capital Separator means to you. Half the work, every day in the week; and thirty dollars more a year from every cow

Half the work,—much less than half the work, maybe, but half at least,—simply because the Capital Separator is the machine that runs with the least elbow-grease and makes by far the least work for everybody who has anything to do with the dairy side of your farm. That's due to three things: the Capital bowl, the Capital gears and the Capital really-low-down whole-milk tank.

The Capital bowl gets all the cream possible out of the milk because it is the bowl that weighs least of any and sends the milk through a wing-cylinder that simply can't let any cream stay in the skim milk. The Capital bowl is as easy to clean as a lamp-chimney—doesn't take five minutes to cleanse it perfectly.

The Capital gears run so easily that a ten-year-old boy can handle the milk of eight cows in twenty minutes, and not be out of breath when the run is over. The mechanism is so perfectly balanced, so nearly automatic, that the whole work of perfect cream separating, twice a day, won't use up as much energy as it takes to carry a bucket of water fifty yards.

The Capital whole-milk tank is the only really low-down tank there is—because it's just as low-down as a tank can be put,—it stands on the floor! That one thing does away with more waste effort, banishes more bother, abolishes more mues and slop, than you'll ever think possible until you've seen and used the Capital.

But all these things, and many more, are things you ought to know about in detail. I can't tell you about them here,—no room to. But if you will simply write to me and ask for the facts, I will show you why the Capital Separator is the one thing your farm needs right NOW,—and I will show you that you CAN afford to get it right now. Doesn't matter if money's a little tight with you,—I can fix it so the Capital will buy itself before you have to pay a cent for it. Write to me and hear the whole story,—it's worth while.

The National Manufacturing Co., Limited  
123 Mail and Empire Building, TORONTO, ONT.

Mr. John Murphy, superintendent of the Pittsburg Railways Company, of Pittsburg, which operates 490 miles of track and 1,800 cars, has written to the *Sunday School Times* explaining a recent notice issued to the employees of the company that it would henceforth be the policy of the company not to retain in its employ men who use intoxicating liquors or cigarettes or are in the habit of gambling. He says:

"Being an officer of the company that carries over two hundred and twenty-five million passengers yearly, it becomes my moral and legal as well as my public duty to use all reasonable means to protect the lives and further the comfort of this large number of passengers. Having for some time back noticed that our

accidents were increasing, upon investigating the cause I satisfied myself that the standard of our men who did not use liquor or tobacco (the latter in the form of cigarettes) was much above that of those who used either. I therefore deemed it my duty to abate the evil so far as lay in my power to do so, and tried to uproot it and cast it out through discipline, but found this method inadequate and ineffectual. I then went further, and concluded the desired end could be attained only by removing from the service or refraining from employing all men addicted to the objectionable habits alluded to.

"It is my aim and intention to pursue this policy without abatement, since I have by it proved beyond all doubt that

it has raised the standard of our men. I have been criticised for the stringency of the order, especially the prohibition of the use of cigarettes; but on the other hand I have the assurance of our division superintendents (of which we have twelve), aided by my own observations, that persons addicted to the use of cigarettes, especially young men, are the most careless in their duty and less able to perform them than men using liquor in moderation. I may also mention that in seventeen years' experience as manager of public utility corporations I have had occasion to promote many of our men from the rank of conductors and motormen to officers, and in no case has a man using whiskey come up to the requirements."