

Whitbourne Notes.

A. Sloan, piano-tuner, of the Messrs. Ayre & Sons, St. John's, arrived here on the 14th inst. and put in a good day's work, waiting for Grand Falls Express, 16th ult.

Bar. & M. Stickings, who arrived here on Saturday, 14th from St. John's, left for Heart's Content on the 15th inst. and will remain a week in the office here. Mr. W. J. J. is taking a vacation caribou trip, accompanied by Mr. Peter and others.

H. Leslie, of the Anglo Office, St. John's, came in on Sunday's express, and will remain a week in the office here. Mr. W. J. J. is taking a vacation caribou trip, accompanied by Mr. Peter and others.

"The Supper" and Sale of Work place on Tuesday, 17th, in the School building, the C.E.W. members are excelling themselves. The supper was very good, being prepared by the school room. The sale was well and the proceeds were kept everyone busy. The school room was finally they had to be sure. We hear the proceeds exceeded expectations, and will go to some work on church and school.

The death of the late Mr. G. C. Cragg, reached us on the 14th inst. The late Mr. Cragg, spent many years here in charge of the church, and endeared himself to his flock as a devoted and priest. His death was not unexpected. The funeral took place on Friday, 20th at 10 a.m. On the arrival of the coffin, St. John's the casket was taken to the church, where it remained until the hour appointed for the funeral. The present incumbent, Charles Jeffery, assisted by Mr. E. D. C. and the Rev. W. J. R. took part in the solemn service for their brother priest, the deceased, Mr. S. B. B. chief mourner. The funeral services were undertaken by the Rev. W. J. R. with hymns 400 (A.M.). "Now, where's the task is over" (the organ playing). The service was read by the Rev. W. J. R. and the Rev. W. J. R. read the Lesson appointed, giving an address on texts and the XI Chapter of St. John's, which was impressive and touching. The service was made to the life and work of the deceased priest, who had labored so long and faithfully in many parishes in Newfoundland.

of his favourite hymns were sung by the large numbers of the "Lead Kindly Light," "The Resurrection Morn," and "With Me" and to the solemn march in "Lead Me to the Cross." The service was very beautiful, with flowers of many beautiful hues, some slowly from the church to the cemetery, where the mortal remains were placed beside his deceased wife and daughter, Rev. C. Jeffery, and the prayers and committal at the graveside. We feel indeed, that the deceased are the dead who are the best of the world. They rest from their labors and their works do follow. Sincere sympathy is felt for the family and in their bereavement, and especially by Mr. Jeffery, old parishioners here, who knew his memory and speak of him with affection and esteem.

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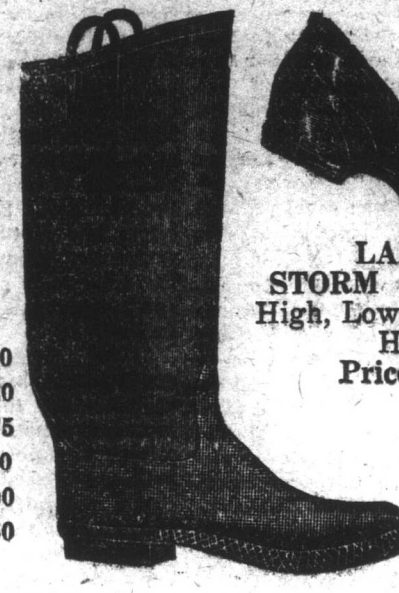


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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

A BOUT WITH AN OIL STOVE.

When you get a little muddled over some task, when the harder you try the less you seem to accomplish, when you push and pull and tug at your work in a spirit of anxiety and impatience and desperation, what is the best thing to do?

An oil stove gave me the answer to that question this morning. Or rather, reminded me of it anew. I knew it before just as you know it, but I seemed to need to be reminded of it, as perhaps you sometimes do.

The Oil Stove Versus R. C.

For some time it had been borne in upon me (via my usual appendage) that the family oil stove and I had simply got to have an executive session. This morning, being spurred on by October energy and also by complaints of other members of the family likewise in possession of nasal appendages, I tackled the job. Book of directions in hand, I advanced boldly on the oil stove and began to dismember it. Said the book of directions with the blithe optimism that ever characterizes such pieces of literature: "Chimneys are easily taken apart. Pull out the cotter pin at the end of each cross rod. Pull out the rods. Lift off the enameled drums and the tubes are loose, ready to be cleaned."

And so far it spoke the truth. Everything was easy and with joy I fell upon the tubes that were, as

propheesed, read (and waiting) to be cleaned. And cleaned them. With a beaming (and doubtless smug) face I finally surveyed my handiwork. Four clean tubes and chimneys, and knew something how God felt on that first Sunday. Irrelevant? I appeal to all the women who have felt the joy of seeing some glory hole made clean and orderly at last by their efforts, to defend me from that charge. Didn't you feel some of the joy of that creation when you, too, brought order out of chaos?

R. C. Pushed Into A Corner.

To return to the oil stove—which, alas, I was obliged to do. Once more I consulted my book of directions and found that nothing was said about the ease of putting the tubes back in the chimneys. Small wonder! And like the optimistic idiot that I am, I had dismembered the whole four instead of leaving one as a sample. For half an hour I struggled with the first tube. Apparently I was doing exactly the opposite of what I had done to dismember, but the rods that pulled out so easily, firmly refused to go back. I wriggled them, I took them over to the light, I could get them through one hole but not through the other.

Dinner time was approaching and no stove to get dinner on. I began to get nervous and then desperate. I had been using tact with the rods. I began to use force. You can imagine just how much good that did! And then finally I said to myself: "I must be making some mistake. I am going to calm down, rest a few minutes, and then tackle the problem again from the beginning, and see if I can't find out just what's the matter."

R. C. Wins Out.

And behold, I did. A few minutes with the morning paper, a relaxing of my tension, a new perspective on the whole situation, and when I went back at the problem I saw at once just what the matter was. I had not noticed a minor detail of construction that, as soon as I understood it, made the whole thing simple. If I had kept on tugging and pulling and fighting, the thing I never should have noticed it.

And that's what the oil stove taught me. Do you ever find yourself in need of that lesson, Reader-Friend? I think most of us do.

If your family is tired of "the same old desserts" try orange marmalade pumpkin pie—it is novel and delicious. Add to two well-beaten eggs one and a half cupfuls of sifted pumpkin, a half cupful granulated sugar, and a half cupful orange marmalade, chopped fine. Then add a teaspoonful of salt and one and a half cupfuls rich milk. Mix well, and bake in moderate oven until firm.

Famous Engraving Plates Destroyed.

A curious scene preceded the retirement from business in 1855 of Mr. Boys, purveyor of engravings, after a career of forty-five years. It consisted of the breaking up of twelve of his most celebrated plates, and the function took place on October 24, in the presence of several friends. Mr. Boys had determined on the step in order to enhance the value of their plates to previous purchasers, and to insure a readier sale of the last lot of impressions to the trade and the public. The doomed plates formed no inconsiderable item of the stock which Sir Francis Moon had handed over to his old partner for upwards of \$20,000, when he retired, two years previously. Nearly five times that amount had been expended on the stock, which included from thirty to forty separate engravings after Landseer. Eight out of the engraved by E. G. Lewis, after this artist, to wit, "The Three Hunters," "The Return from Hawking," "The Sanctuary," "The Shoeing," and "The Deer-stalker's Return"—each of the last three being also engraved on a smaller scale. The remaining plates were "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," "The Christening of the Princess Royal," "The Queen receiving the Sacrament," and "The Waterloo Banquet." The plates had been previously grooved in three such spaces, in order to facilitate the operation of breaking, and Mr. Lewis looked calmly on, in company with Messrs. Boys, Gambert, Southgate, Dixon, and seven or eight others, while a mechanic mounted a table, and, placing each plate on an anvil, knocked it neatly to pieces with a sledge-hammer. The process of grooving caused several of them to curl up very much, thereby rendering the work of demolition easier; but the "Hawking" and the "Jerusalem" plates stoutly refused to yield until they were fairly shivered to atoms. After an hour's enjoyment of this unique sight the company took their leave, with the parting toast that the plates might prove "as lucky in death as in life."

WRONG METHODS.

"You must pay higher wages," says the teller, Richard Roe, "or a dozen battle-galaxies in your whiskers I will throw. You employers in high places try to balk the men who sweat; you may grind some fellows' faces, but the haughty, stern employer, 'If you'd quit, why go ahead; you are but the fool destroyer of the job that brings you bread. You may quit and go to thunder, quit forever and a day; I will not be trodden under by you lads who work for pay.' Thus they always rap each other when some difference rises; they can't meet as man and brother; light of kindness in their eyes. We should meet as friendly neighbors when a grievance is in sight; and the artisan who labors might be pleasant and polite; and the man who pays the wages might show patience in his gaze; that would beat the foolish rages that too often he displays. Energy is badly wasted when we kick each other's slats; let the golden rule be pasted on the lining of our hats.

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