

**An Awful Office Here.**

There's a fellow—and a fellow  
Is just the proper name—  
Who just drops in a minute,  
Who hasn't come to stay;  
And when you very feebly—  
Just whisper, "Glad you came,"  
He grabs a chair and draws it up,  
And settles for the day.  
He dabbles with your mulligan,  
And spoils a pen or two;  
He jabs things with your scissors,  
And the point is sure to break;  
He asks you what you're writing,  
And proceeds to read it through,  
And point out great improvements  
You so easily could make.  
He tells you of the clothes he's got,  
The clothes he's going to get,  
About his tennis suit and ties,  
And such important things;  
He dilates on the races,  
And "don't you want to bet?"  
From one thing to another goes,  
But to his chair he clings.  
He talks about the ladies,  
For he's always some affairs;  
He reads you several samples  
Of the letters he receives;  
He turns round to your typewriter,  
And critically stares it;  
He's simply irresistible,  
So he himself believes.  
And when he's killed \$10 worth  
Of time dead as Saul,  
And given you a headache  
That will last you for a day,  
He saunters out imagining  
You've revealed in his call,  
And that it simply breaks your heart  
To see him go away.  
—Boston Courier.

**THE MAIN ISSUE.**

**A Boy, Who, in Time, Will Likely be a Great Judge.**

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.  
"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in the hole one noon, he took his shot gun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire."  
"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.  
The lawyer, without answer, continued: "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out."  
"Did he put it out?" asked another.  
"As he passed inside the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water."  
"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.  
The lawyer went on without answer: "Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."  
"Did anyone burn up?" said another.  
The lawyer said: "There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story." But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"  
The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out:  
"I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."  
"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man; you have not been switched off by the confusion and the barn burning, and the hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."

**Vacation Advice.**

Don't go out in the woods to fly a kite—only the birds fly there.  
If a goose cries at you, do not cry yourself in turn. Only geese do that.  
Don't try leap-frog over the cows in the pasture. The cows might object.  
Don't waste your time in trying to catch two-inch fish with a ten-foot pole.  
Don't try swimming in creeks where the water is two feet deep and the mud six feet.  
It is always well to remember the fact that savage cows and fierce dogs can't climb trees.  
If a strange dog smiles at you, it is policy to smile back, and if he runs at you, the best thing is to run back.  
It is adding insult to injury to burn up the farmer's fence in trying to cook the corn that you have helped yourself to.  
A barn roof is not meant as a toboggan-slide, and shingles are rather hard on trousers.  
When you go out for an all-day tramp don't eat up all your lunch at 10 o'clock. You will feel starved by 2 if you do so.  
If you get tired doing nothing it is a good thing to sit under the barn and pass the time in waiting for the weather-cock to crow. A great many days may be employed in this manner.  
You may imagine that you help the hay-makers by jabbing the horses with the pitchfork and getting tangled up in the reins, but you do not, and they will probably tell you so.  
Do not be angry if the roosters awaken you at daybreak. Remember that if you went to bed at sunset you would be willing to get up with the chickens, and roosters don't stop to consider such things.

Dillon and O'Brien will be restored to a sympathetic world next week, some two or three days before the expiration of their jail sentences. Then will begin a struggle between them and Parnell, no doubt, for the release of the funds locked up in a Paris bank.  
"Long pendant earrings," says the Philadelphia Times, "are coming into fashion, and, as a consequence, the high-shouldered dress must go."  
Madame Patti has decided to accept Marcus Mayer's offer for a series of concert tours, and she will visit America for a stay of two months. Mr. Mayer will personally conduct her tour.  
Robert Bonner has never raced a horse for money or won a dollar on a track in his life, yet there has not been a time in twenty-five years when he has not owned the best trotting stock in America.  
A raw Scotch lad joined the local volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a'oot o' step but oor Jock."

**TRAINING FOR NEWSPAPER WORK.**

The report of the thirty-third annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association contains an exhaustive paper on "Type-setting and casting machines," and also a paper and report of the discussion on the use of plate-matter. From the address of President Pattullo the following is extracted: "But it is not only in the mechanical and business departments that we must keep up with the altered conditions of the times. The demands of modern life on newspaper workers are more varied and imperious than ever before. There never was a time when men of high and special attainments were more needed than now. The days of the typical Bohemian in journalism are gone; they will never return. His place has been taken by more busy and earnest brain workers, vastly more useful if less picturesque and odorous than the old type. While the newspapers of Canada are on the whole a credit to the country, there is still plenty of room for improvement. This can only be brought about by men of special aptitude and special training. How those whose nature intended for journalists—and no one else should be a journalist—can secure the best training, is a question which it is well that you are considering and every other association of this kind should consider. We are all familiar with the time-honored platitudes of the influence of the press—and no doubt the influence of the press, when fairly and honestly exerted, is very great; but it should not be forgotten that the brain workers, as we may call the editors and reporters, do not constitute the entire interests of journalism. Perhaps few people stop to consider how vast are the business interests of the press, how much capital is invested in the newspaper business, and how much money passes every year through newspaper offices. I have suggested the collection of accurate statistics on this subject covering the whole Province. When these are at hand, they will enable you to realize how great and how varied are the interests you represent, and which it is the object of your Association to promote."

Mr. William Houston said, in the course of his address on "Higher Training of Journalists":

"The higher training should be: 1. Literary. It is easy to mistake the significance of this term in relation to journalism. It means here at least three things: (1) A training in the expression of thought by means of language; (2) a training in the comprehension of thought as conveyed in language, and (3) a training in the appreciation of the beautiful in art as embodied in artistic literature and especially in poetry. No man can possibly be a successful journalist who is not an expert in the use of the English language. It is something to be able to put one's thoughts into sentences that will parse, and paragraphs that are clearly defined. It is something to be able to use figurative language without falling into a mixed metaphor. It is something to be able to use words with that felicity which makes the reader feel that each is the right word in the right place. But there is something behind all this of more importance still—the evolution of thought and the process of instantly fitting the language to it as the press is made to fit the body. Nothing but long experience can make a man an adept at writing on themes, but not even a long experience can make him approach perfection of style without some preliminary or contemporary training of his critical faculty. It is now to see flaws in our own work, and the most that can be said of the teaching of composition in school is that it usually does nothing in the way of making pupils self-critical.

2. Historical. The possession of a large amount of historical knowledge is for the successful journalist indispensable, but this is the lowest view to take of the matter. He may be able to get on so far as mere knowledge is concerned by the aid of good books of reference, but he cannot acquire by their use that subtle but unquestionable kind of culture which a proper historical training gives. In these days when it is the fashion to subject everything—law, politics, economics, even religion—to historical treatment, the culture may be to some extent acquired incidentally, but it must be exceedingly useful to have some preliminary acquaintance with the subject so as to secure breadth of view and a philosophical spirit. It is hard to understand how one with a wide acquaintance with the events and movements of history can be a pessimist, and a pessimist in journalism has mistaken his calling. The journalist should know best the history of his own country, next that of his own race, then that of modern foreign nations, and lastly that of ancient civilization. Having no time to spare for acquiring this knowledge systematically after he begins his professional career, he should have some training of this kind before he goes into it.

3. Political. I have already called attention to the true meaning of this term, and therefore I can be in no danger of being misunderstood here. Political training is not, ought not to be, partisan training. The study of politics rightly understood is the truest corrective of the narrowness resulting from the constant discussion of things from a partisan point of view. It includes a knowledge, properly acquired, of the constitution of the country, viewed both statically and dynamically, and it includes a knowledge of all of the institutions of the community, not merely those consciously devised to effect certain purposes but those that seem to have a more natural development, such as property and the family. The extent of the field covered by the term "institutions" forbids the assumption that it can be usefully covered incidentally during the journalist's career. He should know something about it before he enters on practical work.

4. Economic. I use the term to imply that the journalist who has from history and politics learned something of society on its political side should make a study of commerce and industry so as to have some idea of the forces at work in the direction of men's activities exercised in producing and exchanging objects of value. Many of the most difficult questions of the day are connected with the production and distribution of wealth, and they are as practical as they are difficult. The journalist is supposed to know all about what determines the rate of wages, how to prevent strikes and lockouts, the best means of utilizing the public resources, the economic effects of any particular policy, whether embodied in a law of the

country or in a treaty with some foreign power. Surely he would be all the better for knowing before hand that these are old, old questions, and for knowing also some of the solutions of them that have been offered by thoughtful men.

I have, in pointing out what the journalist's higher training should consist of, indicated also how it should be acquired. He should have a liberal training before he begins to work, and he should steadily endeavor to supplement that with what culture he can secure by his own persistent efforts. Above all he should use his influence for the improvement of the educational system of the country. So much of the teaching done in schools is mere memory work that it is of very questionable utility, and in this respect colleges and universities are hardly more advanced than the schools. No greater boon can be conferred by journalism on this country—and we are no worse off than others—than the substitution of rational methods of imparting instruction for the rote methods now in vogue.

There is a Buyer's Directory as an appendix to the report.

**THE SUMMER TRUNK.**

**A Few Things That May Help to Fill it**

If you wear a fluffy bang you want your alcohol lamp.  
If you wear laced shoes you want a dozen pairs of shoe polish.  
If you are inclined to sunburn, you want a pot of strawberry cream or some cold cream.  
If you are fond of reading, you want your favorite books.  
If you ever use pins, you want a block of black ones and a paper of white ones.  
If you are a good girl and mend your clothes, you want some spools of thread, your needles, your thimble and some buttons.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Personal Experience.**

Edward Hanlan, Champion Oarsman, says: "For muscular pains in the limbs, I have found St. Jacobs Oil a reliable remedy. Its results are the most beneficial, and I have pleasure in recommending it from personal experience."

**The Bairds of Gartsherrie.**

The Rev. P. Anton, in a Scotch newspaper, states that the present members of the Baird family own £2,000,000 worth of land in Scotland, and all acquired in the course of the last two generations. They employ about 10,000 men and boys; they have 42 blast furnaces, capable of producing 750 tons of iron per day; and their business not only extends throughout the west of Scotland but they have also extensive mining interests in England, Spain and Sweden. "Immersed in the affairs of the world," says Mr. Anton, "they have never shut their ears to the calls of religion. In this department their giving has been princely." Their ancestors were tenant-farmers in Lanarkshire, who in the national religious struggle took the Covenanting side; one of them, in 1683, was fined one hundred pounds for refusing to hear the curate of Cathcart, and James Baird, of Strathaven was a sufferer, whose name is recorded by Wodrow. The founder of the Gartsherrie family was William Baird, born in 1765, one of the most enterprising farmers in Lanarkshire; and it was in 1809 that he began the working of coal on his own account at Dalsersf.

**"Life is an ocean.**

Each one has his bark."  
Some have a bark they would gladly be rid of—a ceaseless, persistent, determined cough! present by day, not absent by night. If you take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, it will go with you! There is just one thing to do: begin a thorough treatment with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the problem is solved! You will soon wonder where it is gone, and when it went! The picture is not overdrawn—colds, lingering and obstinate coughs, and even Consumption, in its early stages, yield to this potent vegetable compound. Large bottles, one dollar, at druggists, and guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or money returned by its makers.

**What We Work For.**

Printers' Album: To say that the newspaper is published for money is to say no harm of it. It has passed into a universal maxim that "The church lives by the altar"—by the contributions which the faithful lay upon the altar. And it is true, and it is not discreditable. The newspaper press is generally as high in morals and intelligence as the public conscience and mind, high in that it can never be permanently, as it must be what society demands it shall be. As a matter of fact it frequently runs ahead, temporarily, of public morality; it often creates the public sentiment that destroys public wrongs; it often secures justice by proclaiming the injustice.

**Well Located.**

"And so you're married, Jack?"  
"Yes; I have succumbed, like many another before me. Love match, pure and simple. Come around and see us sometime."  
"Yes, I will, with pleasure. Where are you living?"  
"Well, I expect we shall be at her father's for some time to come."—Judge.

One of the London street car companies has in use an automatic "starter." Two powerful spiral springs, fastened to the front axle, are wound up through being applied for the car's stoppage, so that when it is desired to go on again they are capable of starting it.

Missionary—I have come here, brethren, to devote my life to you. Cannibal Chief—All right, thanks. But we'll wait a while until you are a little fatter.

A seamless steel boat made from one piece of metal by hydraulic pressure promises to be very desirable. It will last a great while and cannot leak.

M. Sarcey, a French journalist, has a novel way of gaining news. He has elegant apartments, rich cigarettes and choice absinthe. Paris gossips and men of prominence enjoy his hospitality and unburden secrets and matters of interest. These he makes subjects for the bright comments over his signature which grace the Parisian press.

**THE GIRL YOU LOVE.**

**Harry Her and She Will Make a Model Wife.**

You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy.

Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall, so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half-acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and wad of putty and repair damage in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not sag? Can you do anything about the house that Con Reagan can't?

My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything that a woman can do.

Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you, in your limited knowledge, set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.—Bob Burdette.

**Bible Statistics.**

The following Bible statistics are accurately copied from a slip of printed paper that is pasted on the fly-leaf of a copy of Haddock's Bible (Dublin, 1813), in King's Inn Library, Dublin:

"More than once have statistics of the following character found their way into print, to the delight of both old and young. The statement is mainly taken from an English Bible, as given by the indefatigable Dr. Horne in his introduction to the study of the Scriptures, and is said to have occupied more than three years of the compiler's life:

	Old Testament.	New Testament.	Total.
Books.....	39	27	66
Chapters.....	929	280	1,209
Verses.....	33,214	7,959	41,173
Words.....	683,493	181,233	864,726
Letters.....	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

"Apocrypha—Books, 14; chapters, 183; verses, 6,031; words, 125,185; letters, 1,063,876."—Notes and Queries.

**"Give Us a Lift!"**

"Do send down something to help us!" "Those Little Pleasant Pellets, you sent before, were just what we wanted!" "They helped right where we were weakest!" "Don't send anything else!"  
Nature, abused and neglected, does her best to overcome exhaustion and ward off threatening disease, but sometimes calls for help, and knows just what she's about. The system takes kindly to the mild, wholesome influence of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and often their timely assistance corrects evils which would soon lead to serious results. With the first signal of distress, nature will thank you for remembering her request. Therefore, if languid, easily tired, bad taste in mouth, bowels irregular or constipated, give nature a lift by taking Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Best Liver Pill made.

**She Knew Better.**

Mrs. Jaysmith (to grocer)—Ten pounds of sugar.  
Grocer (as customer walks out)—I beg your pardon, but you didn't pay for that sugar.  
Mrs. Jaysmith—Of course not. Sugar's free now. I read the papers, I do, and you can't fool me.—N. Y. Epoch.

**Vinnie Was Tart.**

Philadelphia Record: Miss Gray (the evening before her wedding)—Suppose the clergyman should want to kiss me after the ceremony, dear, what shall I do?  
Miss Vinnie Garr (her dear friend)—He won't want to.

The thickness of human hair varies from the two hundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch.

The population of the States could stand on a plot nine miles square.

The Emperor of Germany has introduced the game of baccarat in Berlin.

Cincinnati enjoyed a novel sensation last Monday evening. A bicyclist appeared on the street with his infant son in a basket-shaped affair fastened to the head of his machine. A large crowd followed him, attracted by the unusual sight. Such turn-outs may be seen on the asphalt pavements of Rochester any evening, and they no longer attract notice, so common is the occurrence.

Frequently it costs a mean man a cat deal to be stingy.  
Otis Skinner is in Scotland. His brother, Charles M. Skinner, is rewriting the tragedy of "Medea" for Margaret Mather.

**CONSUMPTION SURELY \* CURE!**

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOGAN, 158 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**I CURE FITS!** THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.  
When I say Cure I do not merely stop them for a time, and Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I have made the disease of cure cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a free bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—T. A. SLOGAN, 158 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**PAPERS WITH SILK THREAD.**

**The Mill Where United States Note Paper is Manufactured.**

Anybody who wishes can go into the big Crane & Co.'s factory at Dalton, Massachusetts, and see the workmen place the blue silk on the machine that makes the paper for all the United States notes. The silk comes in spools, and is made by Belding, of Northampton. It is sold here in Bangor. There is no more secret about it than there is about the water flowing over the dam above the toll bridge.

The real secret is in the composition of the paper. The silk thread is secured by patent, to be sure, but the making of paper, the compound of the ingredients, is safe in the head of J. Murray Crane, who received the art from his father, who made bonds for Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury, away back in war times. The pure linen pulp is in a big room, looking for all the world like any linen pulp. Then comes J. Murray Crane with a grip-sack. He and the "grip" enter the room together, and it is presumed that he locks the door, for the door is locked on the inside, and the "grip" does not look able to do it.

They are clostet a half an hour. When they come out the pulp goes to the paper machine, and Mr. Crane and the grip go home. But the pulp is changed by that visit, and nobody has been able to penetrate the Crane secret. The company gets about fifty times as much for that paper as for other linen paper made in the same mill.—Bangor News.

**A Happy Combination**

of the most potent and active properties of the whole vegetable kingdom, in that which makes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription so pre-eminently above every other so-called woman's restorative in the market. Don't stop short of the best! Don't experiment with worthless imitations, when the world acknowledges no superior to the original, reliable, and only guaranteed remedy for the happy restoration of suffering and debilitated women. Costs nothing if it don't do just as recommended. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

**The Thirteenth Superstition.**

Here is some comfort for the superstitious. On March 13th, William Hanlon, whose neck was broken by his fall from the trapeze last week, was present at a dinner where the number of guests was 13. He was the thirteenth man to arrive, and on July 13th, at the age of 31, Hanlon was killed. His funeral took place from Thirteenth street, and the number of the lot he was buried in was 13.—Boston Herald.

Berlin has just decided that wooden pavements are a failure, while Constantinople is having its first one put down.

D. C. N. L. 32, 91.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK  
**THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.**  
CURES  
**RHEUMATISM,**  
Neuralgia, Sciatica,  
Lumbago, Backache,  
Headache,  
Toothache,  
Sore Throat,  
Frost Bites, Sprains,  
Bruises, Burns, Etc.  
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.  
Fully tested a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.  
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

**DO YOUR DREAMS TIRE YOU?**  
Outstanding all others for home treatment is our specific remedy, called **DR. JOHN PERCY'S** PRESCRIPTION FOR ENGLISH LOSS OF NERVE, BRUISES, NIGHT LOSS OF SLEEP, AND PALENESS. The results of its use are guaranteed. It will invigorate and cure you. 30 years' experience. All druggists sell it. \$1.00 per box. Can mail it sealed. Write for sealed letter to Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

**WEAKNESS**  
CURE YOURSELF  
Face pinched, loss of nerve, weakness, dizziness, etc., from whatever cause arising, cured by **DR. JOHN PERCY'S VITAL REGENERATOR**, the result of 20 years' Special Prescription. **Cure Guaranteed.** Sent by Mail in small pill form, in plain sealed package, with full receipt of Two Dollars. Equals combined sale of similar specifics. Send for Sealed Pamphlet, **DR. JOHN PERCY,** BOX 503, WINDSOR, ONT.

**PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.**  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.  
CONSUMPTION

**CONSUMPTION SURELY \* CURE!**  
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOGAN, 158 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.  
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