

# Carleton Place Herald.

A LITTLE MISADVENTURE IN CHURCH—The following is the story of a man who, after the sermon in our church, the gas suddenly went out, and we were suddenly darkness. The minister requested the congregation to remain perfectly quiet until the cause of the trouble could be ascertained and the lights procured. Old Mrs. Brown, apparently very tired, fell asleep when the incident occurred, but just as the minister had finished speaking to the congregation she awoke. At that she thought she had become blind, as she sat by the window she immediately saw the light in the church. The cause of the congregation had no home, and that she had accidentally been looked in by the sexton. She was so frightened at the loneliness and the horror of her situation, she picked up a hymn-book, and, dashing it through the pane of glass, with her finger she pointed at the light and began to scream for help. Her shriek impressed passers by with the idea that the church was on fire.

with one of Mrs. Smiley's spruce bonnets, while another gaudy, four-inch  
 wide, black velvet hat, with a  
 minister, out of the pulpit and  
 away among the high hats which were  
 streaming around by the new doors.  
 The musical number was explained,  
 and the fire department shut off the  
 water and went home. But the deacons  
 tried to know how, if Mr. Smiley re-  
 sponds to the paper for the first time,  
 whether he will work out a fellow-  
 worker in the face again.

### LIGHTNING ROD.

Any lightning rod agent who may see  
 this paragraph, is cordially invited to  
 call on me at my residence, which re-  
 sides about five miles northwest from  
 Central Square. Mr. Thayer has been,  
 until recently, the owner of one of the  
 best barns in that part of Oswego  
 county, and he has a great anxiety for  
 the safety of that large barn. Mr. Thayer  
 owned a lightning rod agent to erect  
 one on it. Shortly afterwards came

the safety of that large herd, Mr. Thayer suggested that the men should be erect a fire on the hill. Shortly afterwards came another agent. He saw at a glance that the rod already up would protect only the middle of the barn; and told Mr. Thayer leave the northern end of his property unprotected from the terrible lighting of the storm. The agent put the rod at the north end of the barn, and the rod at the south end. Four more came along during the season, and put rods on each of the four corners. Two more put rods on the caves on each side of the agent went to the lightning rods. The agent took a short-step, to play wherever it could do the most good. After all the agents had gone away, the lightning came, and without consulting Mr. Thayer it knocked the rods six feet for Friday-Sunday, yesterday, and today, and the barn on fire. Now barns, horses, hay, harness, &c. are ashes, and faithful in death, the

**POET HUNTERS FINED.**—Paris, Oct. 24. There has been considerable excitement in sporting circles here to-day, the occasion being the prosecution of Wm. Alechin and Robert Grenny, netting speckled trout. The case is tried before Mr. W. G. Powell, J., who fined each of the defendants £100. The only thing being the first case of the kind tried in the vicinity, the offenders were let off easy, but future infractions of the law will be visited with the highest penalty the Act allows. Great credit is given to Mr. Joseph Bullock, the President of our country, for the part he has taken in his diligence in prosecuting these self-styled sportsmen.

For some time past a report has obtained general circulation and credence in New York city that Whitelaw Reid, of the Tribune, had proposed marriage to Miss Anna Dickinson, and had been definitely going to understand that he would be refused. In view of this, Whitelaw Reid wrote to Miss Dickinson, requesting her to allow him to deny, through the Tribune, that he had been flatteringly jilted by the eminent lady." "I hope he got was so outing that will not pass from the memory of our readers," writes the Tribune, "and the rumor," writes Miss Dickinson, "of such a proposal, certainly you should experience no difficulty in bearing the report of the jilting."

ably 30. He says: "It is quite large and round, like a tomato, and is as firm as a strong central concretion, but as far as I could judge by observation, both in the solar and lunar twilight, it is as no nucleus or tall. It is in the fourth shell of *Dreco*, and moves at the rate of about one degree a day."

**TO CAN TOMATOES.**—Be sure they are perfectly clean and ripe, immerse them for a minute or two in scalding water, then to be sure to get rid of the seeds, cut them in halves, and remove the seeds, peel the skin, cut the pulp into the desired form to drain, then put it in the preserving kettle and boil till just done; minutes too long will make the seeds follow after their bitter flavor; put at once cans and seal. If these directions are followed you may have tomatoes all winter as fresh as though just from the vine.

Mr. Burch declares that the popular method of killing flies by rolling them between the fingers is a cruel and

ally, because the insect is often dropped alive and left to die a lingering death. The public are warned that in the execution of the flea the sledge hammer and anvil must be used or prosecution