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English Vs United States Woolens.

A tailor was discussing the superiority of English to American cloth. "This superiority, say what you please to the contrary, does," he declared, "exist, especially in trouserings—in those fabrics, as strong as a board and as soft as silk, for which we don't hesitate to pay eight dollars a yard. English trouserings are better than ours for the same reason that Bavarian beer is better than ours; they undergo an ageing process which we don't use, because we want to do things quickly, because we want to keep turning over our money fast. The wool used in these fabrics has aged three, four, and sometimes five years. A manufacturing firm buys it, washes it, and stores it in well-lighted and dry warehouses for six months. Then it is taken out and washed again, afterwards being returned to its storage rooms for another half year, and so the process goes on till the wool has been freed from all life and from all impurity. This wool weaves into a cloth that is strong—without being harsh—a cloth that is at once thick, firm and soft, and that won't shrink. We could make in America just such cloth; but we are not willing in this country to lock money up for three or four years, and that is what must be done in making the best fabrics.—Philadelphia Record.

Muskrat Architecture.

The muskrat builds a most comfortable house. In an article entitled "The Keeper of the Water Gate," published in Leslie's Popular Monthly, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts describes this strictly utilitarian structure. The entrance, dug with great and persistent toil from the very bottom of the bank, for the better discouragement of the muskrat's deadliest enemy, the mink, runs inward for nearly two feet, and then upward on a long slant some five or six feet through the natural soil, to a point where the shore is dry land at the average level of the water. Over this exit, which is dry at the time of the building, the muskrat raises his house.

The house is a seemingly careless, roughly rounded heap of grass roots, long water-weeds, lily roots and stems and mud, with a few sticks woven into the foundation. The site is cunningly chosen, so that the roots and stems of alders or other trees give it secure anchorage; and the whole structure, for all its apparent looseness, is so well compacted as to be secure against the sweep of the spring freshets. About six feet in diameter at the base, it rises about the same distance from the foundation, a rude, sedge-thatched dam, of which something more than three feet may show itself above the ice.

To the unobservant eye the muskrat house in the alders might look like a mass of drift in which the rank water-grass had taken root. But within the clumsy pit is a shapely, small, warm chamber, lined with the softest grasses. From one side of this chamber the burrow slants down to another and much larger chamber, the floor of which, at high water, may be perfectly flooded. From this chamber lead down two burrows, one, the main passage, opening frankly into the channel of the creek, and the other, longer and more devious, terminating in a narrow and cunningly concealed exit, behind a submerged root. This passage is little used, and is intended chiefly as a way of escape in case of an extreme emergency, such as, for example, the invasion of a particularly enterprising mink by way of the main water-gate.

The muskrat is no match for the snake-

swift, bloodthirsty mink, except in the one accomplishment of holding his breath under water; and a mink must be very ravenous, or quite mad with the blood-lust, to dare the deep water-gate and the long subaqueous passage to the muskrat's citadel at seasons of average high water. In times of drought, however, when the entrance is nearly uncovered and the water goes but a little way up the dark tunnels, the mink will often glide in, slaughter the garrison, and occupy the citadel.

Insulted by the Grammar.

The six hundred pupils who meet at the evening school in the North End district of Boston for five months in the year are mostly men over eighteen years of age, recent immigrants, who go to school to learn the English language. The Italians, says the author of "Americans in Process," are the predominating race; next to them come the Russian Jews. Between the adult pupils of these two races there exists the most childish and unreasonable antagonism. The men take offense upon the slightest occasion.

The opprobrious epithets of "dago" and "sheeny" are apparently the words earliest and easiest learned. A class of Italians is said, not long ago, to have got into such an uproar that the presence of the head master was necessary to quell the incipient riot, as the teacher, a man of German extraction, had been unequal to the emergency, and was ignorant of the origin of the outbreak. When quiet had been restored and inquiries were in progress, the class insisted, in the face of the German's protestations, that he had called them "dagos."

After much discussion the mystery was cleared up. The teacher, in course of instruction, had repeated the familiar conjugation of "to go." His Teutonic tongue had transformed the innocent plural into the unfortunate sounds of "We go, you go, dago," and his class, to a man, had furiously resented the supposed insult.

A Society Conundrum.

Newport, U. S., was recently shocked by an ex-waiter gaining access to the social reunions of its "upper ten." He is represented as good looking, refined in manners, and irreproachable in character, but—he had been a waiter and was recognized—horrible dictu—by a lady upon whom he had attended, "tableau"! Now, why this objection to the Newport visitor? Are not all Americans free and equal? Is not social equality one of the pillars of the Republic? Are not the social distinctions of the old world an abomination to Americans? We fear there is too much human nature in the people of the States, to give their social and political theories a permanent foothold, or to allow these theories harmonizing.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Some weeks ago a lecturer, being unable to fulfil an engagement at a certain town, wired: "Impossible to come to-night; give the audience back their money." He received the following reply: "We have given the audience back his money, and he has gone home perfectly satisfied."

An editor who was courting a woman of uncertain age, but positive bank account, was cut out by a gentleman from a neighboring town, who married her and took her home. Whereupon the editor sought a mean revenge by heading an account of her wedding—"Another Old Resident Gone."



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N. S. DOW, Agent, Woodstock.

The Honest Indian.

The honesty of the woods Indian—that is, the Indian of northern Canada—is of a very high order. The sense of mine and thine, says Mr. Stewart Edward White in the Outlook, is strongly forced by the exigencies of North Woods life. A man is always on the move. It is impossible for him to transport all his goods. The implements of winter are a burden in the summer. The return journey from distant shores must be provided for by food stations. The solution of these needs is the cache.

And the cache is not a literal term at all. It conceals nothing. Rather does it hold aloft in long-legged prominence, for the inspection of all who pass, what the owner has seen fit to leave behind. A heavy platform high enough from the ground to frustrate the investigations of animals is all that is required. Visual concealment is unnecessary, because in the North Country a cache is sacred. On it may depend the life of a man. He who leaves provisions must find them on his return, for he may reach them starving, and the length of his out-journey may depend on his certainty of relief at this point on his in-journey. So men passing touch not his hoard, for some day they may be in the same case, and a precedent is a bad thing.

Thus in parts of the wildest countries of northern Canada I have unexpectedly come upon a birch canoe hanging upside down between two trees; or a whole bunch of snowshoes depending beneath the fans of a spruce; or a tangle of steel traps thrust into the crevice of a tree root; or a supply of pork and flour swathed like an Egyptian mummy lying in state on a birch. These things we have passed by reverently as symbols of a people's trust in its kind.

The same sort of honesty holds in regard to smaller things. I have never hesitated to leave in my camp fire-arms, fishing-rods, utensils valuable from a woods point of view, even a watch or money. Not only have I never lost anything in that manner, but once an Indian had followed me some miles after the morning's start to restore to me a half-dozen trout flies I had accidentally left behind. Mr. MacDonald, of New Brunswick House, once discussed with me the system of credits carried on by the Hudson Bay Company with the trappers. Each family receives an advance of goods to the value of two hundred dollars, with the understanding that the debt is to be paid from the season's catch.

"I should think you would lose a good deal," I said. "Nothing could be easier than for an Indian to take his two hundred dollars' worth and disappear in the woods. You'd never be able to find him."

Mr. MacDonald's reply struck me, for the man had twenty years' trading experience. "I have never," said he, "in a long woods life, known but one Indian liar."

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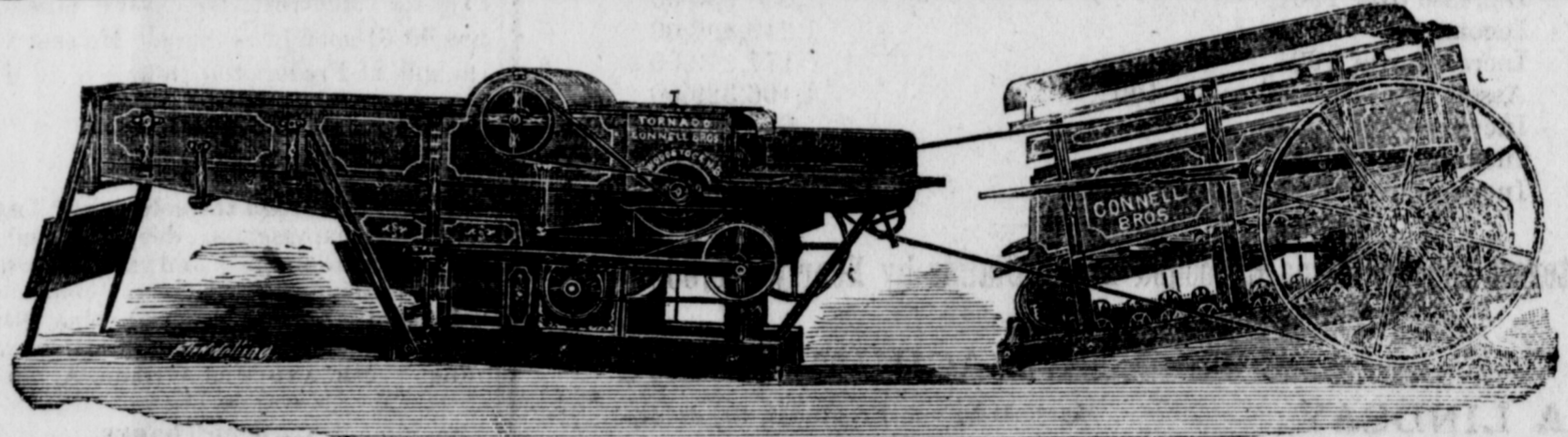
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Yours truly,
EDWIN PHILLIPS.
SPRINGFIELD, KING'S CO., Oct. 11th, 1902.

MESSESS. CONNELL BROS., Woodstock, N. B.
Dear Sirs,—I suppose you are anxious to hear from the machine. To tell you the truth, I think her the most perfect I ever have seen, runs smooth, and does her work complete, will not waste no matter how fast you thrash, can take care of a bushel per minute with all ease. I am running her with a very light team and every day I use her she seems to run faster.
Yours truly,
JAMES H. PICKLE.
Messrs. Cross & Gilliss, of Lakeville, N. B., threshed 610 bushels grain in one day.

CONNELL BROS.,
WOODSTOCK,
N. B.