

A House in A Day.

It may be that joy in a kindly deed, recorded in the New York Sun, put speed into the hands of the workmen and hastened its accomplishment. Whatever the motive power however, the fact was a remarkable one.

Mr. Rose, an Indianapolis farmer, bought material for a house, and then discovered that for lack of means he could not go on with it. The stuff lay on the ground for months, when one day a generous thought came into the mind of a contracting builder. He called his men round him and asked for volunteers to build the Rose cottage, telling them he would undertake to do it within one day if they would contribute their work. Twenty six carpenters, masons and painters agreed, on the condition that Mr. Rose would furnish a chicken dinner, and a time was fixed for all to report at the site of the proposed building.

Every man appeared on time, and all went at once to work. Each worker was assigned to a particular part, and the house began to go up with a rush. When noon came the framework was all up, and the chimney was started.

Then came dinner. Mrs. Rose had fried two dozen chickens. There were ten loaves of bread, four dozen ears of boiled corn and nearly a bushel of mashed potatoes. The dessert consisted of cherry cobbler and various kinds of pie. The contractor had to call off his men for fear they would not be able to finish the job.

The hurry began again. Before the roof was on the plasters were at work, and at exactly six o'clock the cottage was finished, all but the second coat of paint and the skim plaster, neither of which could be put on before the first coat dried. Everything else, even to putting on the locks and hinges, was done before the men was called off, and done well.

The contractor complimented his men when the job was complete. He said that although he had done "hurry" work before, he had never known a house to be begun and completed in a day. The cottage contains five well-lighted rooms and a large attic.

The work is done thoroughly, and the contractor declares that he could have finished it an hour earlier had not the men eaten so much dinner.

Jimmie's Teacher.

Jimmie O'Hara and his teacher did not love each other. The teacher considered Jimmie a little wretch, and the boy did all he could to tease her. So, one morning, when Jimmie presented himself at school, tardy, dirty, and defiant looking, the teacher's lips tightened, and she mentally armed herself for a fray, says the Chicago News.

"I suppose," she said, "you worked so carefully at your toilet that you were unable to get here in time."

The children giggled, but the usually ready Jimmie answered not a word. The teacher

although she had a bit of a temper she had a warm heart as well. Half an hour after Jimmie had gone to his seat she noticed that his dingy shirt-waist over his hunched up shoulders was shaken by sobs.

"Why, Jimmie!" she said. "What's the matter? Are you sick? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Gwan!" said Jimmie. "I ain't sick." He squirmed away from her friendly hand. "You let me alone! The dog-catcher got me dog, and that's what made me late."

His head went down again. The children murmured sympathizingly.

"He was a dear little dog. His name was Ginger," said one small girl.

"He was terrible smart," said a boy. "Jimmie was always learning him tricks."

"It's too bad," said the teacher. "Didn't you have a license?"

"Where'd I get two dollars for a license?" asked Jimmie. "I carried him all the time in the street, but he wanted to play in the park, and I let him down, and they got him—and they dragged him and they hurt him." His voice trailed into a sob. When, I get big I'm going to kill every dog catcher I see."

The teacher, after school, went to the pound and made an effort in behalf of Jimmie and his dog Ginger. But all she got was a demand for five dollars for the license and expenses.

She turned to leave, but the prospect of seeing that disconsolate boy, and the memory of an equally disconsolate yellow dog, proved too potent. She heaved a sigh, and mentally pushed away the chafing-dish for which she had been longing. And although she had always detested a "woman with a dog," she carried Ginger home in her arms. Since then, she has had no more trouble with her bad boy.

It was late at night and a passenger on a Fort Hamilton car, bound southward, was hiccupping at a great rate. His efforts to keep his troubles to himself were of no avail. Half a dozen other passengers looked on and sympathized, half audibly.

A giant who looked like a brewmaster arose suddenly, stepped across to the troubled one and shouted fiercely in his ear:

"You've simply got to let that girl of mine alone, young fellow, or you're going to hear from me."

The other looked up, startled. The big fellow grinned as he struck out a hand the size of a leg of mutton.

"Excuse me for cutting in," he said, "but maybe you'll notice that your hic-coughs are gone."

They were. The passengers laughed approvingly. The young man looked a bit foolish as he mumbled his thanks.

"Never knew it to fail," said the big man, glancing around at the rest of them. "Startle 'em. That's the secret. No man can go on hiccupping when he's scared. But it only works once on the same man," he added, reflectively.—N. Y. Sun.

Decidedly Inappropriate.

The proprietors of many of the saloons in the large cities add music to the other "attractions" of their resorts. Frequently this is furnished by a musician who is both a pianist and a vocalist, whose station is near the street entrance, while the "business" goes on in the back room, behind the screen doors.

Late one night the owner of one of these places observed that his patrons had paused to listen to the clear tenor voice of his musician in the outer room, who was singing an old melody of wonderful sweetness.

Some of them were standing with their glasses half-way to their lips. Others had set their liquor down untasted. He saw one dissipated old "rounder" furtively whip away a tear. This was enough. He rushed into the outer room.

"Say," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "you mustn't sing that! You're killing business!"

The musician had been singing "The Old Jaken Bucket."

Why a Lehigh Conductor Was Dismissed.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that a Lehigh Valley conductor who recently received his discharge called at headquarters to learn why he had been summarily dismissed. The clerk in attendance advised the irate ex ticket puncher not to insist upon knowing the reason, but did not succeed. "Well, if you must know just step into the private office," said the clerk. The discharged conductor did so and in the sanctum sanctorum he was shown a snapshot picture of himself in a baggage car taking a drink from a whiskey bottle. The evidence was conclusive, and it is said the conductor retired without further explanation.

If you are tempted to believe this little fairy tale, just ask some photographer how easy it is to take a "snap shot" in the interior of a baggage car.

The Penalty Was Remitted.

A regular patron had had his watch cleaned at a jeweler's. When he received it and asked for the bill the jeweler told him it was one dollar and seventy-five cents. This, the patron knew was less than the usual charge.

"Haven't you always charged me two dollars heretofore?"

"I think I have."

"Why do I get it cheaper this time?"

The jeweler hesitated.

"Well," said he, "it can do no harm to tell you now. Do you remember bring this watch to me a month or two ago to ask me what was the matter with it?"

"Yes."

"After you had gone away I found there was nothing the matter with it. You had forgotten to wind it. I was afraid to tell you so, for I once lost a good customer by telling him of a similar oversight. So I wound it up and charged you a trifle for doing it, and this is the first chance I have had to make it up to you."

Everything For Christmas

Our Stock of things suitable for Christmas Presents was never so large and varied as it is this season. You are cordially invited to look over our grand array of Holiday Goods when you are out shopping. It is a mistake to put off buying till the last week. Come now.

CUT GLASS,

Vases, Salad Dishes, Bonbon Dishes, Butter Dishes, Knife Rests, Fruit Dishes, Pepper and Salt, Cream and Sugar, Oil Jugs and Perfume Bottles.

CHINA,

a large stock of beautiful articles in Choice China including Royal Vienna, Austrian, Imperial Crown and Limoges.

BOOKS,

Boys' Own Annual, Girls' Own Annual, Chums, Young Canada, Chatterbox, The Henty Books, Pansy Series, Elsie Series, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books. All the late novels in cloth and paper.

LEATHER GOODS,

Ladies' Purses in all styles and prices, Card Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Bill Cases, Letter Cases, Hand Bags, Skirt Bags, Music Rolls, Travelling Cases for both ladies and gentlemen.

TOYS,

of all kinds including mechanical toys and all kinds of games.

DOLLS,

Speaking Dolls, Sleeping Dolls, Dolls with natural hair, Blondes, Brunettes, Large Dolls, Small Dolls, Dolls Dressed and Undressed, Dolls Furniture.

Sleds for boys and girls, Coasters and Canadian Bobs.

A particularly nice line of 1905 Calendars.

A large stock, in great variety, of Framed Pictures, all new.

Souvenir Post Cards in Christmas designs.

Toilet articles of all kinds, Manicure Setts, Puff Boxes, Jewel Cases.

Agents for Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

We are running a Bargain Counter this year. Don't fail to see it. Great Bargains.

We Sell Good Goods Cheap.

MRS. J. LOANE & CO.

Opp. Carlisle Hotel,

Woodstock.

Come to the NEW POTTERY STORE For Holiday Gifts.

Our store is crowded with the most delightful suggestions for the Christmas Season. China and Pottery of all kinds from the cheaper grades to the most rare and perfect products of the potter's art are to be seen here.

Vases, in Glass, Japanese China, Royal Bonn, Royal Hungarian, Imperial Crown, Teplitz, Royal Worcester, Wedgewood. Pratt's Old Greek Ware, a very rich thing, in Tea Setts and Odd Pieces. Plain and Fancy Pitchers from the most renowned English Potteries. A large variety of Teapots from the cheapest to those of very fine quality. Dinner Setts in semi porcelain and in Austrian, German and French China from \$8.00 to \$45.00. Tea Setts in semi porcelain and in English, French and German China from \$1.90

to \$18.00. Toilet Setts porcelain and stone from \$2.00 to \$8.00. Chocolate Setts, Berry Setts, Butter Dishes, Salad Bowls, Pudding Dishes, Biscuit Jars, Marmalade Jars, Mustard Jars, Roll Trays, Spoon Trays, Celery Trays, Pepper and Salt, Cake Plates, Children's Setts, Oatmeal Setts, Water Setts, Muffin Dishes, Nut Bowls, Bread and Butter Plates, Bon-Bon Dishes, Fern Pots, Jewel Boxes.

We give you an infinite variety to choose from at prices ranging from the lowest up.

The New Pottery Store,

Main Street, next above Carlisle Hotel.

L. A. VANWART, Proprietor.

WHERE POPULATION IS THIN ON THE GROUND.

South Africa is a place of magnificent distances. The distances are altogether too magnificent for the hasty traveler. The population is too scant to afford such a vast primeval wilderness even a sprinkling of humanity. As one result of this comparatively uninhabited state of the country, it is a place where we have Nature unspoiled by man. It is a sun-baked, rain-washed expanse of mountain and of plain, across which crawl a few lines of railway, single track and narrow gauge, linking together the few centers of population that have established themselves in the land. Man practically disappears from sight after you get out of the suburbs area. For hundreds of miles, as you travel by rail, you see no trace of human habitation, save the clusters of native huts, which, at a distance, might easily be mistaken for ant heaps, and every now and then, in the center of square miles of prairie, a clump of green trees, through which gleam the white walls of a farmhouse.

JUSTICE AND THE LASH.

Justice MacMahon of Ontario believes that confirmed thieves should get a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Men who have been convicted and sentenced for the third or fourth time get callous, he says, and do not care for a term in prison. But the lash, the judge thinks, they dread. These crimes, it is said, were also very prevalent in the large English cities until the introduction of the whip; now they had almost died out. How would it do to have a meeting of judges to discuss such matters as that. Their opinions and recommendations would have great weight with the pulic and our legislators.

A Scotch doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel.' Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."

SHRINKAGE OF HAY IN THE BARN.

Country Gentleman, in reply to a correspondent who asks as to the amount of shrinkage which takes place in hay after it is stored in the barn, says that an experiment was conducted at Michigan Experimental Station for the purpose of determining this in 1896. Five tons of very dry timothy were drawn from the field, and, after weighing, placed in a separate mow in the barn. Later it was covered with wheat from harvest until the grain was threshed in October. On the 26th of January following, the hay was reweighed and found to have lost 684 lbs., or nearly 7 per cent. Again on the 6th of July, 1898, 5,600 lbs. of timothy hay, just right to haul to the barn, was weighed in. It was weighed on the 18th of the next February, when it was found to have lost 776 lbs., or 13.8 per cent.

William Waldorf Astor, before he set out for his English home, said, apropos of the Russo-Japanese war. I think it is a bad thing. The nations engaged in war not only harm each other, but they lay themselves open to harm at the hands of all sorts of other nations. In fact," Mr. Astor continued, "two nations at war are in the defenceless and gullible position of a certain English married couple. This couple will fall out and cease to speak to one another for a year or more at a time. They have a beautiful country house, and there is a certain elderly matron, a great bore, who visits them continually. Someone asked this matron which of the pair was always inviting her. She answered frankly: 'Neither invites me, ever, but since they don't speak, each always thinks I am the other's guest.'"

George Meredith, the advocate of ten-year marriages, lives in a chalet in one of the most beautiful parts of England, and here, in profound quietude and seclusion, he writes his brilliant novels with slow care. Mr. Meredith, like many other men of talent, is absent-minded. In London, one day, he spoke of a stream near his house, describing with minuteness the beauty of its banks, bridges and overhanging foliage. "Which way," someone asked, "does that stream run, Mr. Meredith—towards so-and-so, or towards so-and-so?" "Really, I don't know; I never noticed," said the novelist calmly.