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Thoroughness Always Pays.

Some years ago, in a small town of the middle West, a young man who was just beginning to work as a journeyman carpenter was hired to patch a fence by one of the petty office holders of the place. Don't put any unnecessary work on it," the man said. "I just want it sufficiently strong to keep out any stray live stock, and being over there out of sight behind the shrubbery, it won't matter what it looks like. It isn't worth more than a dollar; if you're willing to do it

The young man went to work, and spent the best part of the day on the job. When he went for his pay his employer said, "You haven't just finished, have you? What's the matter with you anyway?" and he went out to look at the patch." It was not only substantially done, but with the utmost neatness

"I told you I didn't care how it looked, didn't I?" said the owner, angrily. "Now you'll be wanting three-quarters of a day's

"I said I'd do it for a dollar," returned the workman, shouldering his tools, "because I wanted the money. If I'd finished it in half the time and gone home I should only have been sitting around there doing nothing. I did the work to suit myself. Now if the price suits you, that's the end of it."

"Well, you're a mighty foolish boy, that's all I've got to say," replied the other, turning on his heel as he handed over the money.

Not long after this the young carpenter went to a neighboring town and steadily worked his way up. Some ten years later the owner of the patched fence had risen to the position of county commissioner, and his little town was a growing city, about to erect a number of fine municipal buildings. Among the many applicants for the contract, which besides being an important one financially would undoubtedly make an enviable name for its successful bidder, the commissioner noticed a name that seemed in some way familiar to him. After a moment he recalled the incident of the patched fence, which had really made a much deeper impression on him than he had allowed himself to admit at the time. The estimate of the young carpenter, who was now a contractor, proved to be a reasonable one, and the work was given into his hands.

"You want bonds-" the man began.

"No," returned the commissioner, "it won't be necessary in this case, I think. That patch you once put on my fence is guarantee enough. It's standing yet,"

Chilblains are a form of low inflammation resulting from deficient circulation. They are very often painful, and always a sign that the health is not as it should be. Those who suffer from chilblains require good food and WOODSTOCK, N. B., MARCH 1, 1905.

BULGING GUN BARRELS.

The Ruin That is Wrought by Careless Handling.

I have sold guns for ten years, and in that time four of them have had their barrels bulged, one by snow, one by dirt, one by sand and one by something else getting into it. One man crawling through a fence got a little snow in the muzzle. He could not re move it with his finger, so concluded to wait and shoot it out, which he did, but he found a bulge like a pullet's egg on the end of the barrel. Another got some earth in the muzzle and shot it out, and he, too, found the same kind of a bulge on the end of his gun. Another fired his gun at ducks, which knocked him over on his back and fairly got away from him. When he picked up the the gun he found a narrow raised band around the barrel fourteen inches from thé muzzle. In this case a wad had probably lodged there. This customer thinks the manufacturers ought to give him a new set of barrels. I tell him if the barrel had not been good ones it would have been a burst instead of a bulge which might have maimed or killed him. Another man lying on a point brought down a duck with a broken wing which scurried for the water. The man ran and struck the duck with the muzzle of the gun and in so doing got sand in it. He blew most of it out and shot out the rest of it. Well, after that shot he found a little blister two inches from the muzzle about the size of a man's little finger.

Moral.—Do not shoot obstructions of any kind out of your gun if you value your life or gun .- Uncle Dan in Amateur Sportsman.

A Self-Possessed Traveller.

The late Mrs. Isabella Bishop, whose travels in different parts of the world secured for her membership in the Royal Geographical Society, visited America when she was a young woman. She was amused to travel and was alone when she had the following experience, which is told in Blackwood's Magazine:

Once, in a train going to New York, she was dreadfully tired, and yet she had a feeling that if she went to sleep the man sitting next her would pick her pocket. She struggled for some time against her inclination to sleep, but having for a moment given way, she awakened to feel the hand of her neighbor gently withdrawing her purse from

In her purse, besides some money, which was comparatively speaking, of small moment was her baggage check. That was the only thing that really mattered. If she accused her neighbor of theft, nothing was simpler for him than to drop the purse out of the open window beside which he was sitting. No; she determined she would leave any interference until they arrived at their desti-

She secured the services of a porter, and with apparent calmness, followed her traveling companion down the platform. Having described her luggage to the porter, she at the critical moment bowed slightly to the pickpocket, and, with an airy smile, said, "This gentleman has my baggage check," and he immediately presented it to her.

Her One Failing. (Detroit Tribune.)

"Miss Pounder," said the bachelor merchant, sorting a pile of letters and pausing to look dreamily at the stenographer, "I have been wanting to say something to you for a long time. You're not busy now, are you?"

"N-no, sir," answered the stenographer. seeing a picture of herself telling a retinue of servants where to get off. "N-no, sir; I m not busy."

"Well, what I want to say is this: Your typewriter work is bad enough when you take plenty of time to do it. In fact, some of it is simply rotten. Now I've noticed that when people come into the office to see me you can't resist the temptation to double your speed in order to give them the impression that you're a little bird. Between this vast increase in speed and the wondering you do about what kind of a hit you're making, the work you turn out is something fierce. Now don't you think that if you tried real hard you could cut this out?"

When you notice a vague accusation you give it a reality and turn a shadow into a

You cannot show a greater want of tact than in attempting to console a person by making light of his grief.

This is Orange Week at H. C. WOLLE'S.







Justly Indignant. (Washington Star)

"You claim that the railways discriminate

against you?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corncossel. "Three of my mength as have got damages for cows that were killed. I've let my cattle stray all over the track, and the pesky engineer refuses to hit any of 'em.'

Whilst a second rate man is considering how he should take the lead, a first rate man

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