

Pampered Puppies.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and cast it to the dogs."—Bible.

One of the most pampered pups of the rich is Punchinello, a bull terrier, so homely that he has won a number of blue ribbons at dog shows. Punch belongs to Mrs. Joseph Ullmann of No 10, East 75th St., New York.

"I love Punch," said Mrs. Ullman the other day. "He has only one fault. He is smart and can speak in his own way and just insists on going carriage-riding and he does enjoy his perfumed baths so much—but he will snore. I cannot break him. I thought maybe he was not sleeping comfortably and I got him that handsome fur rug. That did no good. I opened a bottle of perfumery under his nose so that he could dream of nice things, but he kept right on snoring.

"While he plays with other dogs, he seems to realize that they are kept solely for his amusement. Punch has already killed six cats. I get these cats in the back yard for him. He enjoys chasing them so much."

Here is Punch's daily programme: 10 a. m., bath in a porcelain tub, filled with perfumed water. 10 30, breakfast cooked by a \$5000 a year chef; 11 a. m. permitted to chase cats kept in the back yard for the bull pup's sole delight; 12 00, noon, permitted to play with other aristocratic dogs in the house; 1 p. m. luncheon of fine meats and bon bons, costing \$1 20 per pound; 1.30, nap on a duchesse lace cushion in his mistress' boudoir; 3 30, drive through the park in a \$10,000 Victoria; 7 p. m., dinner of whatever the family has, served on Dresden painted china; 8 to 11 p. m., receives society with his mistress; 11.30, to bed on a \$3 000 fur blanket on a leather couch in the library.

—Pennsylvania Grit.

A "dog dinner" was recently given at Newport. Plates at \$20 each were enjoyed by the finest canines owned by the aristocratic denizens of that millionaire resort. Bull pups, collies, Scotch terriers and Irish setters participated in this novel entertainment, which ended in a champagne bath.

Dozens of hungry men, lounging in the New York parks after a night in the cold, probably read of this dinner in scraps of the daily papers picked up from the benches. Certainly hundreds of the toilers eking out a scanty living in coal mines and sooty factories, heard of the affair as they ate cold victuals from their tin pails.

Such episodes cultivate that social discontent which expresses itself in Socialism. A dog dinner makes more Socialists in a day than a dozen resolutions or a month of sermons can cure in a year. Would you therefore stop sermonizing? We do not care particularly. We believe that society must do penance anyway. And the pulpit can neither remit nor postpone the inevitable.

—Exchange.

And then, people will wonder that there are Infidels, Anarchists and Socialists in a so-called civilized and Christian country.

These people are indeed their brothers' (the dogs) keepers, but they have no pity for the hundreds of half-clad half-starved children, from the robbery of whose parents they have received their ill-gotten wealth. The French

revolution will be a joke to the vengeance of an outraged public, when the people awake and unite in defence of their own interests, and hell, heated seventy-seven times hotter than usual will no more than make up the miseries they have meted out to the poor in his world, and if the churches do not wish to be considered the friends and upholders of the robbers and exploiters of the poor, they will follow their Master in hurling their thunder bolts at crime in high places instead of their everlasting admonishment of the poor, TO BE PATIENT AND CONTENTED WITH THE LOT IN WHICH GOD HAS PLACED THEM. It is not God that has placed the poor on the verge of starvation, but their fellow men, the rich, that they might profit thereby.

EDITOR.

Pennings and Pickings j

No nation is strong enough or good enough to govern another against its will.

If the breath of a king can elevate a man to a position of dignity, what might an American cyclone not do?

The only thing that can bridge the gulf between the rich and poor is—dollars and cents.

The only true loyalty from the conquered to the conqueror is—rebellion.

Better a dollar honestly earned than a nation won through strife and bloodshed.

Humanity is above stocks and bonds.

The highest note in the song of life is human love.

If we loved God only and not our brother man we would be guilty of treason.

Those who affect a mincing gait, voice and pose, and who consider it vulgar to appear their natural selves, are casting off the garments with which God at first supplied them, and appearing in their own nakedness and deformity.

A great many claim that the man with the most "push" always gets there with both feet, but we have found that it is always the man with the most "pull" that gets the choicest plums.

Why should a carpenter be an example of honesty? Because he is "plane" and above board in his transactions, does business on the "level," and is generally "square" in his dealings, living up to the old "rule" of "do unto others as you would be done by."

An unfeeling person is like the snow—white and beautiful, it may be, but cold and unsympathetic.

Why are the Salvation Army like carpenters? Because they are such good hands at putting up petitions—(partitions.)

Some people love Christ for the benefits they expect to get later on, the same as girls love paffor a new hat.

When the little man gets off the same joke on us he saw the big man get on to us, we change our smile to a frown and threaten to smash him.

The reformed villain is generally changed to a zealous tyrant.

People who blame others are apt to praise themselves.

It's an easy matter to be honest on a good income.

It's impossible to love your neighbor as he loves himself.

Charity with a string to it uncovers a multitude of sins.

Some men attempt to cure the blues by painting things red.

If a man is prejudiced and knows it there is still hope for him.

Some men make opportunities for others to take advantage of.

When poverty comes in at the window love crawls under the bed.

A certain Bishop was once asked: 'What is the simplest way to Heaven?' He replied—'Turn at once to the right and go straight on.'

Yes, it's quite true, whit y' ca' longevity is gettin' gey common. Y' see, the au' yins don't dye nooa days the wye they used tae dae.

Learning makes the young temperate, is the comfort of age; standing for wealth with poverty and serving as an ornament to riches.

"Well," said his wife's mother, 'there was one home without a mother-in-law, and disaster came to it. It was the Garden of Eden.'

Willie—"Pa, if a warship is called 'she' why isn't it a woman-of-war?"

Father—"It's your bedtime, Willie."

A poor woman was describing to an acquaintance how kind her spouse had been to her during her illness. "He was more like a friend than a husband,"

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