

ing about making folks is divided on that. Some at the perlitical candidates what pays you money for votin' is supported by Scripture authority, and then agin, some don't. And you better keep mum on 'wine is a mocking bird, strong drink is a racin' they've had a parish election lately, and some of the members have left the temperance society. But here we are! You can tie your horse in the Blacksmith's shed 'it's late. See any candy sticking on my face?"

"Wait my boy," said Mr. Coalhole, laying a detaining hand on his friend's arm. Can you tell me the name of one of the prominent members of the church? I want to ask him to take part in the service.

"Why, yes, there's old Beanhole, you'll see him sitting in the front row. Got a little bald patch on the top of his head. You can't miss him. He's one of the high cockalorums."

The somnolent influence of the sermon had been dissipated and the last hymn sung, when Mr. Coalhole stood up and said in his resonant oratund:

"Brother Beanhole will now lead us in prayer! The congregation sank to it's various pairs of knees and silence ensued—so long a silence that the Rev. Mr. Coalhole felt compelled to say again:

"Mr. Beanhole will please pray!" Then a voice quavering and tremulous with suppressed passion said: "Bi Gad I suppose you mean me, that ain't my name, it's only a name the boys call me. Nevertheless I'll pray, bi gad.

That ensued, the reverend Martin Luther Coalhole made his escape, and as he was driving away, the small voice of his friend Johnnie, called out from his hiding place in some fir bushes "Sold Again."

and sent me on to prison by. The men exchanged snuff and a kiss, and then parted. A week latea the young Iclander was returning to Reykjavik, and near the same spot he met the same man. "What?" he cried, Stefan Thorstein. Why, you said you were going to prison! "So I was, and I went; but they would not let me in." "Why not?" "Because I had lost my papers, and the sheriff could not take me without my warrant." "So they won't have you in prison?" "No." "And you are going home again?" "Yes.

Will you walk into my parlour?

Said the sipder to the fly.

Well, hardly, said the insect,

As he winked the other eye.

Your parlour has an entrance,

But of exits it is shy.

So Ill stay outside in safety,

And remain a little fly.

BIRTHS.

LOVELY.—On Jan'y, 1st, at Glassville, the wife of Mr. James Lovely, of a daughter.

HARRINGTON.—On Jan. 4th, at McDonald Ridge, the wife of Mr. Albert Harrington, of a son.

DEATHS.

OWENS.—On Jan'y, 4th, at Esdraelon, Isabella, the tho beloved wife of Alexander Owens, R. I. P.

MAEK.—On Jan'y, 7th, at Beaufort, Mr Thomas Maek, aged, 62 years. Highly respected, R. I. P.

ablins sae; but it may be no' for want o' meenisters.

MAKING IT SECURE.—"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after he had proposed and had been accepted, 'and would you think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart. Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button, and they were very, very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George, after a delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not place implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah, yes," she sighed with infinite content, "indeed I do; but, George, dear, I have been fooled so many times."

ANOTHER TRAIN OF THOUGHT.—Porter how long will the next train be? About a thousand.

"Birds in the nests agree," so warbles Wat always, we have often known them to fall out.

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