

BITS from BOOKS.

PARADISE FROM THE OUTSIDE.

I knew that shop. I halted, as I had always halted on that spot, and looked in at the window. Nothing had changed. There were the bottles of pear-drops and other drops on the shelf, the barricade of boxes of Turkish delight, the penny buns, in one corner the three-halfpenny buns in another, and in the middle the chocolate, the chocolate almonds, and the chocolate creams.

The very glass of the shop window was the same—the glass that made things look wobbly as you balanced yourself on the edge of the crack in the pavement, and pressed your face against the window to look over the Turkish delight at the three-corned jam puffs on the counter. And suddenly my memory slid back to a time when I had stood there before, and longed for chocolate creams. But I had only a halfpenny, and they "did not make halfpennies of chocolate creams." To me nothing on earth could be so desirable as chocolate creams. To buy them at the window would be Paradise. Paradise for a shilling or two, and the gate was closed!

Now, I stood there again, and the gate was open. I entered. The shopman looked surprised when I asked him the price of all the chocolate creams in the window, and said chocolate creams were two-pence per ounce. But I was firm. I would not have them out of the box under the counter. I would have them, and all of them, out of the window. He gathered them up; I watched that none were left behind, and picked a stray one out of a corner. They came to four and eightpence. The shopman put them in two paper bags—no single bag would hold them—and I went out with my prize. I had got what I wanted, and that was the irony of it all. Of course, I knew it all the time. I knew that the chocolate creams would make me sick. I knew that I had simply thrown away four and eightpence. But it was not the chocolate creams I wanted, but the irony of the thing.

These chocolate creams were a nuisance. You cannot carry two paper bags with comfort or grace. And as to eating the horrible things—that was impossible. The obvious thing was to give them away to someone who would appreciate them. The obvious person was a boy who was spinning a top a few yards down the street. His desires were doubtless circumscribed by chocolate creams. I would place Paradise within his grasp, as it had not been placed within mine twenty years ago. He stopped open mouthed, as I invited acceptance of the bags. Then he slowly opened one of them. His face fell. "Don't you like chocolate creams?" I anxiously asked. "I fort dey was brandy balls," he replied. No one gets what he wants.—*Globe Pessimist.*

WHEN ROBIN COMES HOME.

On the heather-clad hill
I am standing alone,
Where I wait for thee still,
Bonnie Robin, mine own!
O'er the space of the firth,
That leads out to the sea,
I am gazing and watching,
My Robin, for thee!
Thro' the day and night still my fancy will roam
To the hour, the sweet hour when my Robin comes home.

It was here that he said,
As he fitted the ring,
We should surely be wed
With the dawn of the spring!
But the summer has passed,
And ripe autumn is here,
And I wait thee, I wait thee,
O Robin, my dear!

Thro' the day and the night still my fancy will roam
To the hour, the sweet hour, when my Robin comes home.

"If he comes not to-day,
If to-morrow must be!"
Such are words that I say
As I turn to the sea!
But the moan of the surf,
As it whitens the shore,
I hear, I hear!

Thro' day and thro' night still my fancy will roam
To the hour, the sweet hour, when my Robin comes home.

Carlton Arden.



McLEAN'S
VEGETABLE
WORM
SYRUP
Safe Pleasant Effectual

An Olio of Oddities

We often have sent to us interesting scraps that are difficult to classify, we devote a space to such, and invite contributions.

WOODSTOCK.—Our friend "Charley" who recently started a newspaper here, had a curious experience a few days ago. In writing of the weather he said: "The copious showers of last week were very acceptable, but were not enough to satisfy the demands of the millmen." The irrepressible compositor made millmen into 'milkmen.' The next day a meeting of the purveyors of milk was held at the Dispatch office, and the manner in which sticks, and umbrellas, were brandished, ink-pots, stereo-blocks, quoms and other missiles darkened the air, was terrible to contemplate. Charley begins to think that running a newspaper is more risky business than he anticipated.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS" in Chinese.—An English paper publishes a Chinese editor's reply to a Spring Poet whose verses were "not quite suitable to our pages." It is as follows:—"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon—Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I kowtow to thee, and beg that of thy graciousness thou mayst grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its most august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it be made the standard, and that none should be published except such as was equal to it. Knowing literature as I do, and knowing that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send the writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Be hold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will.—Your servant's servant,
THE EDITOR.

THE LATEST FROM WOODSTOCK.

Pieces of banana peel,
Dropped upon the walk;
Makes the man who steps there
Let out some naughty talk.

A Minister of Finance with a surplus may be compared to a dog with a bone in its mouth, and a hungry pack in pursuit. Every tooth is sharpened for a snap, even though the destination of the bone is acknowledged.

The world puts on its food every year \$600,000 worth of black pepper.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. This is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the treasures of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

"Now, Professor, have a whisky this time? Don't keep on swilling that beastly beer." "Ach! no, mine vriendt, too much visky iss too much; but too much beer iss chost right."

SPIRITUALISM.—Miss Romantic: Tell me, do you believe in spirits?

Mr. Matter-of-Fact: Well, I don't believe an occasional brandy-and-soda does a man any harm.

"Don't you bother about me," said the debtor; "I would rather owe you the bill for a hundred years than cheat you out of it."

A thing not to be beaten: A drum with a hole in it.

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Improved LITTLE GIANT THRESHING MACHINES,
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SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS,

HORSE RAKES, HORSE NOES,

Steel Cultivators,

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For all forms of pain this Liniment is unequalled, as well as for all

Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism,

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FOR MAN AND BEAST.

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AT ALL DEALERS PRICE 25 CENTS

H. PATTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR

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GARDEN SEEDS,

W. E. THISTLE,
HARTLAND DRUG STORE,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons, and the public generally that he has just received his annual supply of

GARDEN SEEDS,

from the Best and most Reliable houses on the continent.

To his numerous customers residing at a distance and who are unable to call, He will forward through the mail, any seeds they may require, at

USUAL LIST PRICES,
AND

Postage Free.

H. L. BOYER,
GENERAL DEALER,

GLASSVILLE, N. B.

Begs to announce that he has succeeded to the business lately carried on by Mr. F. B. Thomas, and hopes by constant attention to business, and keeping on hand a Large and Well Selected Stock, to merit a share of public patronage.

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A CHOICE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

And My Prices will be found as Low as the lowest.

F. B. Thomas,

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