

Mendacity.

On the Market Hall of the quaint old town of Devizes in Wiltshire, there is an effigy to commemorate the fate of a woman who, like Ananias of old, was struck dead for lying, and its consequences. If such a fate was dealt out indiscriminately nowadays, it would fare hard with a few of our acquaintances, who are not fishermen. When we heard the 'Oracle' pronounce his verdict that 'Professional politicians were privileged liars' we had some doubts as to the veracity of that assertion. More intimate relations with that species, has however, convinced us that there is 'more truth than any' in that sweeping denunciation. We have recently discovered that one, or both of the candidates for parliamentary honours in this county, can descend to the most unprincipled mendacity.

Cherry Cliff.

Where is Cherry Cliff? This is a query that has been propounded to us about a dozen times since the last issue of *The Woodstock Press*; we are not good at conundrums and answer once for all we don't know. It is, most probably, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Beaufort, for we have noticed in the past that the sponsor to that settlement has christened most of the residences there, some, with ridiculous names altogether out of character with the scenery and surroundings. Somehow we had an idea that cliffs were principally confined to the sea coast, or to districts where some convulsion of nature had piled rocks into fantastic shapes with steep and precipitous sides. None of these are found in Beaufort as far as we know, if there are any such we would be pleased to look them up.

Literary Scraps.

A STORY OF DAN O'CONNELL.

Many a story he told me of his famous brother Dan; amongst them the following, which shows how unscrupulous O'Connell could be when occasion, as he thought, required it. He had brought his brother either to the bar of the House or behind the Woolsack—I forget which—to hear a debate on Irish affairs in the House of Lords. A discussion arose on some petition which had been presented to the peers, in the course of which a Tory peer had said, "What are we to think, my lords, of such a petition as this, the first signature to which is that of Hamilton Rowan, an attainted traitor?"

Lord Brougham, seeing O'Connell, came down to him and said, "What am I to say to this?"

"You may say" said Dan, "that Mr. Hamilton Rowan never was an attainted traitor. It is true in '98 he left Ireland for a little time; but on his return no charge was brought against him. He now has a high position, is a magistrate of his county, and has twice served the office of high sheriff."

James was astounded, and as soon as Brougham retired, caught his brother by the arm, saying "Ah Dan, Dan, he isn't a magistrate, and he never was high sheriff."

"Hold your tongue, you bosthoun!" said Dan. "What does it matter whether he was or not? If he wasn't, it will take three days to contradict it, and the whole thing will be forgotten before that."

There were no railways or telegraphs those days. *Seventy Years of Irish Life. By W. R. L'Estrange.*

TIBBIE'S VISIT TO THE WAXWORKS.

Tibbie had never been in a place afore, and she was what wi' the grandeur and the tunes frae the instrument worked by machinery, it fairly put her off her metal. "What a lot o' weel-dressed folk are here," she cried, as she adjusted her specs to hae a better look about her. "Wheesht, woman! speak laigh." Tam whispered in her ear, for he jaloused that she takin' the teegures for visitors, and Tam wasna far wrong in his conjecture. However to test if the deception was genuine, he seized her by the arm, and said in a voice of astonishment, "I declare there's auld Willie Gladstone." "What the grand auld man! Whaur is he?" she cried. Quickly Tam directed her gaze to a corner of the exhibition in which the political veteran stood in the act o' shakin' hauns wi' the immortal Disraeli, and she was brae his side afore he could guess what she was after, and, gravin' him by the extended haun began shakin' it wi' a warmth that would a done credit to ony Lecher, a legislator. While Tam stood spell-

bound. "I'm rale glad to see ye lookin' sae weel," she began. "Rale glad to think ye hae leisure tae honour sic a grand exhibition as this wi' your presence; but hoo's the mistress and family, may I speer? Nae signs of a reply being forthcomin', she continued. "Atweel, I dinna wonder at ye no condescendin' to speak to an auld haverin' fool like me, for ye hae enouch o' thae kind to deal wi' already, sae guid nicht and God bless ye." Anee more he gruppit the outstretched haun of the feegure: out, loch preserve us! hoo Tam wished the floor had opened then and swallowed him, for Tibbie had, wi' her enthusiastic shaking drawn Willie's haun clear frae the coat sleeve, syne wi' the fright, she let out an unearthly screech that was heard, I believe, as far as the Tron Kirk and fented in Tam's arms wi' the wax haun still in her grasp!—*Tibbie and Tam; or the Upecomes, Dooncomes, and Oungans o' Twa Annie Scotts. by Wilson McLareu.*

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

While I was watching, a dew-drop slid from the ridge of a petal down into the heart of a white rose. I suddenly saw the girl I met in the lane yesterday come out of the French window of the dining-room. Alice Eberby! Take some of the fire and firmness so apparent in the Major's face, join them with the benignancy of her mother's, adding the freshness God has given youth that the young, lacking experience, may not fail of attractiveness, and you have the main characteristics of this beautiful countenance. The country has at least one goddess in an everyday garb. She came toward me. Her shining slippers glanced in the grass. She wore a grey homespun dress that fell innocent of flounces, in graceful lines sheer from her reasonable waist—on her head nothing. Nothing? Naught save a cunningly careless mass of hair of a dead-leaf hue, yet with a glorious glaze of young years upon it—such a polish as the laurel wears. But her face! Her eyes of a blue betwixt light and dark; fine and meek, but courageous withal; eyes that seem bathed in the midst of a tear—eyes, therefore, of a startling tenderness. The white brow above them, possessed here and there by stray twinnings of her hair, speaks of consciousness, the understanding of grief, and sympathy to ease it. The tiniest ripple of her nose betrays, I think, a quiet humour, and lips—her lips they are the lips of love, having the fulness of love, the soft moist glow of love. She is midway between eighteen and nineteen. Truly my lot is fallen in a fair place. Her way lies heaven. I must win her.—*A June Romance. Norman Gale.*

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