

WHEN HE HAD LA GRIPPE.

His head was tied up in a shawl,
His noble nose was red,
He thought that he was dying, but
Our friend was far from dead.
I do not wish to be unkind
Yes—he was dying—in his mind.

He bath La Grippe!—about his feet
Hot water bottles rest;
He bath a mustard plaster neat
Upon his manly chest.
He thinks, poor chap, that he is gone,
And this is how he "carries on;"

"I'm done for this time sure;
I know I'm past all cure;
Them doctors don't do a thing to me,
I'll have a post mortem, then they'll see!
An' when my insides do unfold
They'll know whether it's only a bad cold
The folks in the house are far too pliant,
Th' disease I've got would kill a giant,
A cast-iron man—a man of stone—
They never hear me when I groan.
It'd take a rod of steel to rule 'em,
Them cock-robin doctors fool 'em,
I want despatch remedies—strong;
It's a put-up job—that's what's wrong.
What treatment do I get—its cruel
Bonest tea and a bowl of gruel,
'Round me head is gran'mother's shawl,
Used to wrap babies in—hear'm bawl!
A mustard plaster—Queen Anne pill.
An' me so awfully—awfully ill!
They say, 'Oh, you'll be all right soon.'
I'll be in—ahem! before noon;
But what do they care! hear me groan,
Dyin' like a dog here all lone.
With not a soul hearken my cry,
To catch my dying breath—great Scott!
I wish me breath was strong and free
An' robust like I used to be,
I'd [enter nurse]—'What's that you said?
'Gone just three minutes!!!—silence jade!
Three hours! three years!!!—three thousand years!!!
Approaching death has caused these tears.
I'm stone dead clear up to my waist;
Git somebody to pray—make ha-ha.
'Do I want any soup?' Woman!
'I don't want no soup!'—stretch inhuman,
D'y'e want to kill me—what a sin!
Gimme strychnine when yer at it,
As I in death's dark portal stoop,
Is't a time, jade, to gobble soup?"

"You want some one else round here stid uv me;
Give me some gruel, that'll get rid uv me.
No, you wouldn't save me from kingdom come,
By giving me a decent swig uv rum;
Smith called, did he, what diddy want to know,
'If my cold was better?' Oh, woe, woe, woe!
Dying of fifty diseases all told,
An' folks think I've only got a bad cold,
When I in Death's cold clasp am firmly locked;
Won't this here household be supremely shocked?
Oh, they'll be sorry, sorry, then,
Fer me, the most neglected man 'mong men!
Death dews I feel upon my forehead damp—
No, I don't want any gruel—git out uv here
Er I'll hit ye with the lamp!"

—The Khan.

THEIR WEDDING TRIP.

"Then you musn't call me Popsy."
"And you musn't call me Footles."
"Of course not. Why, they'd find us out
at once, Footles, dear."
"To be sure—I say, Popsy, darling."
"My own Footles, what is it?"
"You must be on your dignity, you know.
Try to feel as if we'd been married half a century."

"Footles, dear! just think of half a century of kisses!"
The idea was "too much for both of us.
Articulate speech was suspended, and for the
next five minutes nothing was audible save
series of sounds like the clicking of billiard
balls—still we were not playing billiards.
I think, and Ethel thinks, that there is no
spectacle on earth so foolish as a newly married
couple; so we determined not to give
ourselves away if we could help it. We saw
the first couple in such circumstances who
ever thought of such a thing. We are nothing
if not original. That is how we came to
christen each other Popsy and Footles. We
invented these names ourselves.

Well the ceremony was over, congratulations
had been lavished upon us, telegrams
had come showering in like autumn leaves,
the bride's health had been drunk, and I had
responded in a short, but appropriate speech;
which also was original. I said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—On behalf of my
wife and myself (very firmly—loud applause)
I beg to thank you most heartily for the
kind way in which you have drunk the
health—er—of my wife and myself (Applause,
followed by pause of breathless expectation)
We are both extremely grateful to you for—
er—the—er—kind and graceful way in which
you have (quickly and with decision) re-
sponded to this toast (with emotion.) I trust
I shall always do my duty (sympathetical mur-
mur; one old lady, feeling hysterical accident-
ly drank off a glass of champagne belonging
to some one else) in the new sphere upon
which we have entered today (father-in-law,
approvingly: "Very good, very good.") which
is the happiest day of my life. (Applause.)
Ladies and gentlemen, again I thank you
(very earnestly) from my heart, for your good
wishes, in the name of my wife and myself."
(Loud Applause. The old lady so overcome
that she makes the same mistake again).

Then we went off to change our clothes;
and presently, amid a confusion of hand-
shaking, kissing, showers of rice and tears,
we got somehow down the staircase, and
across the red cloth on the pavement, between
two rows of errand boys and nursery maids,
and so into the carriage and off to the station.
We observed to each other that it was like a
dream, and we didn't believe that we were
really married, and made one or two more
remarks of a similar character, which nobody
before ever thought of making under such
circumstances, and then I said:

"Now, my dear Ethel, let us pull ourselves
together and be serious; remember our con-
tract."

"Yes, Footles, dear I'll be serious. Look
at all those boys running by the side of the
carriage."

"So they are," said I uneasily. "I wonder
what their doing that for?"
"It's very funny, isn't it? Never mind.
They'll soon get tired."

But they didn't. One gentleman in a long-
tailed coat persisted in turning cart-wheels
alongside of us the whole distance. It seemed
very odd.

The carriage stopped and a porter opened
the door. He grinned. I never saw a porter
grin before. All the boys were around the
door when we got out. I handed Ethel out
in the most off-handed way I could. Where
upon the acrobat in the long coat, who was a
little red in the face from his peculiar method
of locomotion, observed in stentorian tones:

Eh, guv-nor be kind to 'er."

I withered him with a glance, and I expect
he has never been well since. But would
you believe it, that ass of a coachman
had forgotten to take the knot of white
ribbon off his whip!

Raddington station is somewhat large
place, but every one seemed to spot us.
People came and looked at our luggage and
walked off sniggering, and that, of course,
was through Ethel's new dressing bag. She
said it was my new gladstone, and the ticket
collector said, "Goring, sir," and clipped our
tickets with a knowing air. The guard ob-
served "compartment reserved, sir?" and was
most officious about the luggage. When I
tipped him he whispered, "Hope it went off
all right, sir." Hang him!

I was thankful to get away. When we
arrived at Goring I felt comparatively safe.
Having inspected our rooms at the hotel, we
went out for a walk in the cool of the late
afternoon. We were both rather quiet,
meditating on the bewildering events of the
day, when I was aroused from a brown study
by Ethel putting my hand on her sleeve.

"Footles," she whispered, in an awestruck
tone, "what are they following us for?"

"Who—what—when?" said I, startled and
wondering if there were bloodthirsty brigands
dogging our unsuspecting steps.

"Cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck—cluck, cluck
—che-aw."

A select procession of fowls was following
us, and evidently enjoying the process. Why
did they do it? Surely they didn't know!
Something dropped from my coat, and two
old hens made a dart for it. Well I do think
that fashion of throwing rice is ridiculous in
the extreme.

We are sociable people, and we like to dine
in company. We were therefore decidedly
taken back when, as we were entering the
coffee room, not unconscious of our striking
appearance, and not unwilling to be admired,
we were promptly stopped by the head waiter
and informed that dinner was laid for us in
our private room.

"Thought, you'd prefer to be alone, sir,"
said he, knowingly. I believe the brute
winked. It's impossible to argue with a
head waiter, and with a longing look at the
crowded room, we went off to our "private
room." We said nothing for 10 minutes with
two wretches of waiters watching us like
lynxes, and then Ethel must need remark,
with a sigh:

"I do hope they'll be careful in packing
the presents."

I frowned at her, and shook my head. But
I didn't lose my presence of mind. I said:

"You mean our presents to Tom and Mary,
I suppose?"

Saved that time. But Ethel has so little
tact. I passed her the mustard, and she
said: "No, thank you; I never eat must-
tard."

I'm sure one of the waiters noticed it.
I quite thought we had done with rice for
that day. Nothing of the sort. When we
retired we had to spend three-quarters of an
hour in picking it up off the floor. It is a
shame to waste the materials for a good pud-
ding in this wanton fashion. However, we
picked it all up and threw it out of the win-
dow. We were awakened next morning by
the twittering of the birds. It is a poetic
way of being called on a summer morn, but 4
a. m. is just a trifle early, as the noise in-
stead of diminishing rather increased. I got
out of bed and went to the window. The
early bird was there in full force. Our rice
again, of course. I wished I had a Maxim
gun with me.

Next evening we dined in the coffee room.
Everybody had shunned us all day, and we
felt a bit lonesome. But Ethel is so impru-
dent. I had stipulated that we were not to
use our pet names in public. Well, now,
what does she do but say:

"Why didn't you write home, Foo—?"

I stopped her just in time. But there was
an old lady at the table next to us, and this
is what I overheard her say next morning:

"I call it perfectly shocking. Just on their
wedding tour, and she called him a fool be-
fore they had been married 48 hours. Well,
judging by his looks I should say small
blame to her."

We have given up dissembling. It's too
trying. Arthur McArthur in St. James' Budget.

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cures Incurable Consumption. It is the best Cough
Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.
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OLDEST CLUB IN LONDON.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales
Especially Honored An Invitation
to Dinner.

The oldest club in London, and one of whose
existence few people are aware, has just been
celebrating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee and
record reign by banqueting the Prince of
Wales. It may not seem so, but this was,
in fact, a singular honor. Though this club
has not been in existence for centuries it
was an old club (no one knows how old) 200
years ago—the Prince of Wales was the first
lay guest ever invited to break the sacred
exclusiveness of its dinner table. Not even
royal blood itself is so select and exclusive as
this little club is. Its title is "The College
Club of the Royal College of Physicians." Its
membership at this moment is only 21,
and a membership of only 22 is allowed.
Last year all the proposed candidates for
the vacant chair were blackballed, and there
is only one election day a year! The heart
burning there is to get into that vacant chair
may be easily imagined. The highest honor in
the profession bestowed upon its practitioners
by the profession itself is the membership of
the College Club. There are public honors
of course, that are highly sought for and
thought of. Titles too, have begun to be
looked forward to as possible by a distinguish-
ed doctor. But all these are as nothing, for
they are easy to get compared with the right
to join that little circle of 22, the College
Club.

As we say, when this club was founded no
one knows. Its present books date back as
far as 1760, and the books relating to a pre-
vious existence do not seem to be in existence;
but that there were previous books is shown
by the way the present ones commence.
Moreover, the present books show that in
1760 the club was known as "The Old College
Club," in distinction from another which had
sprung up and was itself even then already
an ancient institution though called the "Ju-
nior College Club." In 1780 the two clubs
were amalgamated, the distinctive words in the
titles were discarded, and the club became
what it is now, the "College Club" pure and
simple.

But in 1760 the membership was restricted
to the small total of 12. Highly distinguish-
ed men, however, began to spring up num-
erously in the medical profession, and the
club had to enlarge its table and get in more
chairs and knives and forks and plates and
things, to say nothing of glasses. At first
the number was increased to 14. At the
amalgamation there was a further increase,
and gradually it has grown until now the
number of 22, each number being, of course,
a Fellow of the College. The function of
this select and distinguished little coterie is
to dine together eight times a year. On the
last Monday of every month from October to
May the 22 meet, and with solemn festivities
celebrated old times, and, maybe, discuss the
dismal fact that the world is growing so in-
considerately healthy. Till this week no
common non-medical persons had been al-
lowed to join the festive board, and even the
dinner to the Prince was kept a great secret.
But the old books contain records of the cen-
tury and a half of dining, and many of the
quaint entries tell indirectly of the good old
times our grandfathers' doctors used to have.
The bill of the dinner on each occasion is
carefully entered, and not a few afford a
curious contrast to the ways of modern days.
Some of the bills, for instance, contain charges
for "beer" (also "strong beer"), clay pipes
(clearly churchwardens), "tobacco," "match-
es," and "snuff." But the difference in the
cost of the dinner is even more striking. In
those old times it was only 7s. 6d. a head.
Now it is over a guinea. The books are also
very interesting from the fact that they con-
tain autographs of all the most prominent
physicians for the last five or six generations.
In early days the place of meeting was at the
Old Thatched Tavern in St. James street.
Now the dinners are held at the Old Burling-
ton Hotel. Among the present members are
Sir Richard Quain (president). Sir Douglas
Powell, Sir John Williams, Sir W. Priestly,
Sir W. Roberts, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir
Joseph Fayrer, Doctors Blandford (treasurer),
Ogle, Dickinson, Duckworth, Brodie, Live-
ing, Whipham, Pye-Smith, Sovthey, Latham
and Church.

"Success is the reward of merits" got of as-
sumption. Popular appreciation is what
tells in the long run. For fifty years, people
have been using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and to-
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the public. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures.

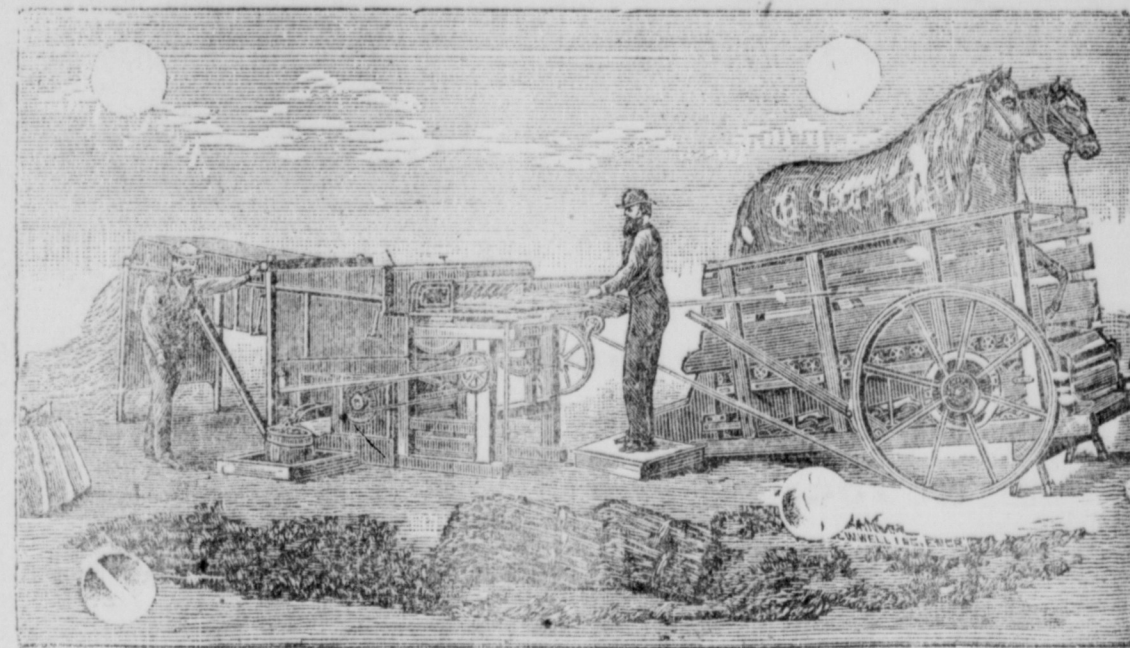
An exchange announces on the death of a
lady, that "she lived fifty years with her
husband and died in confident hope of a
better life."

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It cures all coughs and
colds.

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Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895.

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I can say that it did the work to my entire
satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses,
but does not waste any grain and cleans well,
and always took the lead wherever I worked.
I thrashed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it
did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

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Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant
Thrasher and Sawing Machine is the best
that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894
and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your
Thrasher for six years, and it has given per-
fect satisfaction. I consider your Machine
the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is
so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds
very easily. I can recommend it to the pub-
lic as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Sirs,—We have run one of your Thrashers
for the past five years, and it gives good
satisfaction both in thrashing and cleaning,
and in that time have not lost an hour for
breakage. We are also well satisfied with
the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully,
DAVID DELUCCHI.

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Nov. 25, '96.

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