

Rutherglen.

On June the 28th. a social Pic-nic took place in this romantic locality and was largely attended by the elite of the neighbourhood, the refreshment tables which fairly groaned, with the weight of very inviting and delicious comestibles, were spread.

"Under the greenwood tree," and were for a time a centre of attraction, the swings, which were suspended to the limbs of lofty forest trees, were constantly engaged; and as the day was exceedingly warm the delightful sensation of swinging to and fro, through the heated atmosphere must have brought to mind Tom Hood's lines

"I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing.
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing."

However, night; such a glorious night too; brought these enjoyments to a close, and from the pic-nic grounds, the gay votaries of Terpsichore adjourned to a neighbouring house, where to the enlivening strains of a string band, they footed it merrily on "the light fantastic" till "The wee sma' hours ayant the twal'."

On the following day another of these social gatherings was held at HIGHLANDS it would be but a repetition of what we have already said, to attempt to describe this one, though we hear there were some little heart-burnings anent the fate of a Tantadlin tart, Washington pie or other delicacy of that character. 'N'importe it was largely patronized, and, evidently afforded unqualified enjoyment to all, if we may judge by the expressions of delight which saluted our ears, in the early morning, by those returning from their previous evening's al fresco amusement, and the never-failing dance that succeeded it.

Schools are closed, and children are singing "Oh! Let us be joyfull."

The Audience Responded.

A good story is told about an English conjuror who was performing before a rough-and-ready audience in one of the Prohibition States of America. "I am now about to undertake a feat," he said. "in which I shall require the use of a pint flask of whisky." There was a dead silence. "Will some gent in the audience favour me with a pint flask of whisky?" There was no response, and the conjuror began to look blank. "Surely," he said, "in a south-eastern Prohibition town I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I give my word that I will return it uninjured. Is there no—" "Stranger," said a tall gaunt man, "as he slowly rose from a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do as well?" "Why, certainly; I merely wished—" But before he could finish, the generous, open-handed audience had risen as one man, and was on the way to the platform in a body, each one armed with a quart flask of that delectable beverage.

Query.—Is this a fair sample of what prohibition does for a country?

Some years ago, when Henry Russell, the eminent composer, and musician, was travelling in the United States, he gave one of his charming recitals in a western town. Among other good things contained in the evening's programme was, his beautiful song "The Newfoundland Dog" which he sang in his usual, inimitable manner. When the applause which the song called forth, had somewhat subsided, a man rose up in the midst of the audience, and said; "Mr. Russell, I am Zephaniah Brown, and this gentleman on my right is my neighbour Aminadab Buggins, we have listened to your song, and we want to know if that dog belongs to you, and if it does, we would like to have a pup each."

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