

Argyle.

We never like to say or write disagreeable things. Of course we don't. Still a newspaper correspondent at times feels compelled to notice local derelictions from the moral law, especially when such greatly militate against long established reputation for "whatsoever things are just &c." It is well known that the reputation of New Brunswickers for the strict observance of the provisions of the moral law was for many years proverbial so much so that people never thought of locking their doors at night, or gathering up and hiding away any articles that might be lying around, when old Sol had retired for his usual nap, in order to save them from the clutches of human night hawks. It seems, it would require to be different now, in at least some localities, "'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Your correspondent learned just the other day from a very estimable lady, that one night about a fortnight ago, her outside premises had been feloniously entered by a nocturnal depredator and about forty or more pounds of prime smoked ham and bacon walked off with. No suspicion however attaches to any person, residing in the limits of Argyle. The renegade Jew or Jewess perhaps rather is supposed to have come from a higher latitude, and who evidently knew what was what, and where was where. By the way, over two years ago, a ewe was stolen from the flock of a much esteemed postmaster and exemplary man in a neighbouring settlement. Recently after the great religious revival of Downie & Gray in co, had passed over the district, the sheep-stealer, was it appeared, seized with a *semi* remorse of conscience. So one dark night, the ewe was quietly brought back, and restored to the flock of it's original owner. No doubt the remorse seems to have

been only *semi*. There was no restoration of fleeces or lambs—a very different kind of remorse this from that of little Zacchæus, which wrought such a change on him that he gave half of his goods to the poor, and restored four-fold to all whom he had despoiled "by false accusation." Will the ham and bacon thief be brought into such a state of grace as to follow a similar course?—a question to be asked. We very much doubt it; but then, you know, in the latter half of this wonderful nineteenth century, nothing is impossible, although people are very fond of ham and eggs up here.

May 27th.

M.

The Man who Never Swears.

I've often wondered how he feels,
When trouble comes his way,
When everything goes wrong, & clouds
Obscure his sunny day;
For instance, when a gust of wind
Takes off the tile he wears,
I wonder what he thinks about,
The man that never swears.

Or when to make a business trip
He hastens through the rain,
And gains the station just in time
To miss the morning train!
How does he feel as in the west
The express disappears?
I wonder if he thinks bad words,
The man that never swears.

The world is full of trying scenes,
No matter where we go,
The truly good are tempted sore,
As you, perhaps, may know;
And when I find him vexed and mad,
My sympathy he shares,
For I imagine how he feels,
The man that never swears.

DRUMMER.—"Why haven't you put up awnings over your office windows?"

EDITOR.—"Well, sunlight is the only thing that there isn't a duty on in this country, and I want all I can get of it,"

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F. B. Thomas,

Glassville.