

# The Carleton Sentinel

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

WHOLE NO.—1031

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 44.

**Professional Cards.**  
**W. J. BALLOCH,**  
 DENTAL SURGEON.  
 Office—At the rooms of Dr. Connell, Brick Building,  
 Queen Street,  
 opposite "Cable House."  
 Woodstock, July 2, 1868.—27.

**Dr. C. P. Connell,**  
 WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
 Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.  
 Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

**STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.**  
 Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher.  
 Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two  
 doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.  
 Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door  
 to the Post Office.  
 Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

**N. R. COLTER, M. D.,**  
 (L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND.)  
 Office and Residence, - GIBSON HOUSE.  
 Dr. COLTER has held public appointments in  
 Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital,  
 London. Consultation as above.  
 Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868.—34-p-7

**Dr. REYNOLDS,**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
 CENTRAL OFFICE:  
 UPPER CORNER, - WOODSTOCK.  
 RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-  
 sontown Road. [22-1]

**WILLIAM M. CONNELL,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,  
 NOTARY PUBLIC,  
 INSURANCE AGENT, &c.  
 WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**C. L. RICHARDS,**  
 Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,  
 1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**A FIRST CLASS**  
**HAIR DRESSING,**  
**SHAVING AND**  
**SHAMPOOING SALOON!**  
 NOW OPEN.  
 THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends  
 and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed,  
 since commencing business in Woodstock; he would  
 likewise state a confidence of success, as he is now  
 prepared with enlarged experience and greatly im-  
 proved facilities, to attend to the various branches  
 of his business, as Hair Dressing, Shampooing,  
 and Hair Dressing. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style.  
 Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.  
 Bathers carefully attended to.  
 Saloon over the Hon. Charles Connell's Store, Queen  
 Street. Closed on Sundays.  
 GEORGE STABLES,  
 49 St. John Street, N. B.

**CABLE HOUSE,**  
 WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
 THE subscriber having assumed the Proprietorship  
 of the Cable House, begs to announce to his friends  
 and the travelling public generally, that he is  
 determined to spare no efforts to maintain the  
 character of this house as a first class hotel.  
 Permanent and transient boarders accommodated.  
 Terms reasonable. A. H. PARKES,  
 Woodstock, April 20, 1868.

**WOODSTOCK HOTEL,**  
 ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.  
 IMMEDIATELY situated on the bank of the river,  
 in the most beautiful and healthy locality, and con-  
 venient to the public office.  
 Woodstock, March 25, 1868.—17-13

**GIBSON HOUSE,**  
 OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.  
 QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.  
 ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

**WATSON HOUSE.**  
 THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. JOHN, N. B., is now in complete  
 running order. The House is new, and is  
 situated in the most desirable locality, and is  
 well adapted for the reception of travellers.  
 The situation is most desirable, close by the Rail-  
 road Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and over-  
 looking the St. Croix River.  
 HENRY RUSSELL, Proprietor.

**PARK HOTEL,**  
 KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN.  
 H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.  
 This House is new, is pleasantly situated, fur-  
 nished in a superior manner, and will be kept at a  
 first-class hotel. [24]

**NEW ARRANGEMENT.**  
**COACH FARE PAID!**  
 I venture the Coach Fare of all Travellers from  
 the Railway Station and Steamboat Landing in  
 this City to the Commercial Hotel, King Street, who  
 make their stay one day or upwards, will be paid by  
 the Proprietor.  
**FARE AT THE HOTEL:**  
 TRANSPORT.  
 One Day, ..... \$1.00  
 One Week, ..... \$5.00  
 PERMANENT, ..... \$3.25 to \$4.00  
 The HOTEL is situated on the best business street  
 in the city, and nearly opposite the WAREHOUSE. It is  
 handsomely fitted up, and calculated to accommodate  
 some fifty persons very comfortably.  
 D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.  
 St. John, Nov. 1, 1867.—45-17

**RUSSELL HOUSE,**  
 SPARK STREET,  
 NEAR THE  
 PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,  
 OTTAWA.  
 J. A. GOVIN, Proprietor.  
 March 18, 1868.—11.

**UNITED STATES HOTEL,**  
 PORTLAND, Me.,  
 N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

**AMERICAN HOUSE.**  
 C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.  
 39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

**WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,**  
 STAGE HOUSE—TOBACCO  
 Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest  
 notice for any point. [19]

**EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.**  
 Immediately on the running of the Steamers, this  
 Company will have faithful messengers and safe on  
 board each boat.  
 The public may rest assured that all goods, money,  
 packages, &c., entrusted to their charge will be safely  
 and promptly delivered, and at reasonable rates.  
 We hold ourselves responsible for all goods entrusted  
 to our care.  
 G. W. VANWART,  
 Agent Woodstock.  
 Woodstock, May 1, 1868.

## Business Cards.

### Horses! Carriages!!

THE Subscribers beg to call public attention to their  
 New and Improved  
**Livery Stable,**  
 Close by the "WOODSTOCK HOTEL," where they  
 can furnish a first rate fit out, having excellent horses,  
 Harness and Carriages, at a minute notice.  
 This is the Woodstock depot for the Fredericton,  
 Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.

Extras furnished when Required.  
 A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamer  
 and Cars, for the convenience of passengers. Persons  
 wishing a cab for the Steamer or Car leaving in the  
 morning, should leave their orders at the office, the  
 evening previous.  
 GIBBEN & GILMAN,  
 Woodstock, Aug. 27, 1868.—25.

**LONG'S HOTEL,**  
 FREDERICTON, N. B.  
**THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.**

First Class Accommodation for  
 TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS  
 AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Good Stabling, and a Careful Hostler always in attendance.  
 Fredericton, July 2, 1868.—27.

**Barnum's**  
**EATING HOUSE,**  
 IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.  
 Portland, Me.

Meals at all hours. Suppers and Collations furnished.  
 Military and Fire Companies at short notice.  
 Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '68

**CARRIAGE FACTORY.**  
**SAMUEL T. BAKER,**  
 CONNELL STREET, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

WAGGONS and SLEIGHS of every description  
 made to order at the shortest notice, and on 1  
 terms.  
 PAINTING done in the best style by J. W. Boyer.  
 REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.  
 Second hand Axes wanted.  
 Shop in rear of "Cable House."  
 Woodstock, April 12, 1868.—16

**TRUNK MANUFACTORY**  
 49 GERMAN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail  
 Dealer in  
**TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.**  
 CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.  
 Repairing neatly done at shortest notice.  
 W. H. KNOWLES,  
 St. John July 9, 1868.—12-28

**PATRICK GILLIN,**  
 Importer and dealer in  
**Wines & Liquors of various brands,**  
 Carefully Selected.

**GROCERIES, ALE, PORTER, &c.**  
 Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

**JOSEPH HORNCastle,**  
 SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,  
 GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,  
 For sale of Lumber and all descriptions of Country  
 Produce  
 INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Jan. 1868.—6m-52

**WILLIAM SKILLEN,**  
 COMMISSION & SHIPPING MERCHANT  
 ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

**JOHN J. MUNRO'S**  
 Market for all kinds of  
**VALISES AND TRUNKS!**  
 65 PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 All ready for trade in Trunks and Valises. The  
 attention of Wholesale buyers for the Town  
 and Country trade is called to my various styles.  
 Also—J. MUNRO'S  
 65 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

**ROWE & SHERMAN,**  
 Shipping, Forwarding & General Commission Merchants,  
 Fredericton, N. B.

WE would respectfully inform the public generally  
 that we are prepared to attend to all branches  
 of the Shipping & Commission Business.  
 Having in process of erection a spacious Wharf,  
 to be completed by the time that navigation opens,  
 we are enabled to receive and store all kinds of  
 Wharfing and Shipping all kinds of Lumber,  
 cannot be surpassed in the Province.  
 Consignments solicited.  
 ZEBULON ROWE,  
 P.O. N. B., Mar. 8 1867  
 L. W. SHERMAN.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.  
**JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,**  
 Hatters and Furriers,  
 (CRYSTAL BLOCK),  
 283, NOTRE DAME STREET,  
 MONTREAL.

J. H. BOTTRELL, E. H. BOTTRELL,  
 Hudson Bay Furs, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Indian  
 Curioities, Wholesale and Retail.

**HENRY CONROY,**  
 Hair Cutter, Wig Maker, &c.,  
 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

AS constant for sale and maker to order articles  
 of Ladies' Ornamental Hair, Long Hair, Hairs,  
 Dresses, Caps Curled and Plain, Fritters, Ringlets,  
 Braids, Swirls, Whorls, Curled and Plain, &c.  
 Also—Gentlemen's Wigs and Sashes.  
 Hair Cutting and the various branches of his pro-  
 fession, conducted in a manner to ensure perfect satis-  
 faction. Ladies sending their own hair can have it  
 made up in any style, on moderate terms.  
 31 John July 27, 1867.—49-1

**E. D. WATTS,**  
 FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS!  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
 Corner of King Street and Market Square  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

A choice assortment of New Goods, bought since  
 the decline in price, and offered very low. The most  
 careful attention given to orders from the country.  
 No. 1, King Street.

## Poetry.

### THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
 "To make the dark world bright!  
 My silvery beams cannot struggle far  
 Through the folding fog of night!  
 But I'm only part of God's great plan,  
 And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
 "Of these few drops that I hold?  
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
 Though caught in her cup of gold!  
 Yet am I a part of God's great plan,  
 So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,  
 But a thought, like a silver thread,  
 Kept winding in and out all day,  
 Though the happy golden lead;  
 "Mother said, 'Darling, do all you can,  
 For you are a part of God's great plan!'"

She knew no more than the glancing star,  
 Nor the cloud with its chaotic fall;  
 How, why, and for what, all strange things were?  
 She was only a child at school!  
 Her father, her mother, her God's great plan,  
 That even I should do the best that I can!"

So she helped a younger child along,  
 When the road was rough to the feet,  
 And she sang from her heart a little song,  
 That was all she thought passing sweet;  
 And her father, her mother, her God's great plan,  
 Said, "I too will do the best that I can."

Our best! ah! children, the best of us  
 Must hide our faces away.  
 When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look  
 At our task, at the close of day!  
 But for strength from above—"is the Master's  
 plan!"  
 We'll pray and we'll do the best that we can.

## Select Calc.

### HUNTING A MURDERER.

In the year 1841—I was living in a retired  
 little shooting lodge on the south-west coast of  
 Ireland. About a month previous to the time  
 of which I write a gentleman had been shot  
 down at his own gate at Tipperary. Every-  
 body knew that the murderer was lurking  
 somewhere in the neighborhood, in the hope of  
 obtaining a passage to America. An unusually  
 large reward had been offered for his apprehen-  
 sion, and the police were scouring the country  
 night and day, in every direction.

One fine summer evening, I had returned  
 from a long day's fishing in the bay; and was  
 smoking a farewell pipe for the night, when I  
 heard a tramp of horse's feet on the gravel out-  
 side, followed by a sharp ring at the bell. It  
 was with no small delight I recognized the well-  
 known voice of Frank Butler, a constabulary  
 officer and one of my oldest friends.

When we had seen the horse made up (a  
 splendid hunter, which had carried its master  
 nearly sixty miles that day), and sat down to  
 supper, I noticed that Frank looked more tired  
 and careworn than I had ever seen him before.  
 It was not long until the cause came out.

"You have heard of this murder, of course  
 Harry," he said; "it is what brought me over  
 to-night; it occurred in my district, and then the  
 gentleman was an intimate friend, I would have  
 dined with him that day, but was called  
 suddenly on duty, and sent an apology at the  
 last moment. I was told since that he walked  
 his own avenue gate to meet me. His hand  
 was on the latch when the villain fired from  
 behind a tree, and he did not bring his life to the  
 ground. You know this country well?" he  
 added abruptly.

"So well; that if the fellow is lying out  
 where within five miles, I think I could under-  
 take to put you on his track."  
 Frank sprang from his chair, and walked hur-  
 riedly through the room.

"I would give my right arm to be face to face  
 with him Harry. If you had seen poor  
 wife; her wavy, hopeless face has been haunt-  
 ing me ever since; I can never rest until the  
 murderer is taken; and I have certain informa-  
 tion that he is lying out somewhere. Every  
 house has been searched over and over again,  
 but I cannot think of bringing you over to the  
 business. One victim is enough. If it were  
 known you would be a marked man."  
 "Make your mind easy on that score, Frank;  
 not one of the fellows will touch a hair of my  
 head, especially in a stranger's quarrel. My  
 life is in most of their leases, and the betrac-  
 ling is not such a favorite that they would stoop  
 to bring him in. So now to business. I  
 will get the ordnance map, and we can trace  
 out the plan of our campaign."

Our task was not such a difficult one, after  
 all; the ground to be searched was limited and  
 tolerably open, consisting chiefly of bog, moun-  
 tain and shore, with every foot of which I was  
 acquainted. I pointed out to Frank every day's  
 work on the map; and without assistance, and  
 hunting in couples, three days would be amply  
 sufficient to beat it all.

I had a brace of young setters in training at  
 the time, and to prevent suspicion, it was agreed  
 we should go out as if dog-breaking was our  
 only object; accordingly, early the following  
 morning, well provided with all the "otocars"  
 for such work, we started on our first day's hunt.  
 It proved a blank; but the second day showed  
 us that our game was on foot and not far off.

In a little while glen we came upon several  
 artfully concealed lairs, which were evidently  
 lately occupied, and in one of them I picked  
 up an old pistol flint that had been thrown  
 away and replaced, as there was some paper  
 laid out for a considerable distance from it  
 until they were lost in a heathery bog, and  
 darkness coming on, were forced to give up the  
 search.

"I don't think either of us slept much that  
 night. When I went to Frank's room in the

morning he was already dressed. One word,  
 Harry," he said, "before we go. This man is  
 armed to the teeth, and swears he will not be  
 taken alive. These fellows seldom die game  
 when run to the earth, but he cannot be worse  
 off, and may keep his word. Promise me, if  
 there is any fighting, you will not as a reserve,  
 and leave me to deal with him alone."

"I did promise with some mental reservation,  
 and we started. There was a long day's work  
 before us; all the likely places we had come  
 across in our previous search had to be visited,  
 some of them miles apart. Frank's senses seem-  
 ed perpetually sharpened. A red Indian  
 could hardly have displayed more sagacity in  
 following up his enemy's trail. It was then  
 for the first that I learned how exciting a man  
 hunt becomes under certain circumstances.

Toward evening we reached a mountain—our  
 last hope. There was only one face of it, over  
 the sea where a man would be likely to conceal  
 himself. That side was composed of a  
 number of perpendicular cliffs, separated from  
 each other by green terraces, varying in  
 breadth from a foot to ten; but all sloping  
 downward at a considerable angle; so as to  
 make the footing rather precarious. The cliffs  
 gradually increased in height until the lowest  
 which I began to speculate whether he  
 would reach it before the time was up. When  
 a wren, whose nest was in the bush, perched  
 on a twig near me, and commenced chattering  
 and swearing in my face, nutha hawk came  
 gliding round, and the little fellow, with a  
 cry of terror, disappeared in the grass.

Two minutes had passed away. I looked  
 back at the murderer. It was evident the  
 words were beginning to tell. He was mov-  
 ing from side to side, like a wolf in a trap.  
 Several times he examined the lock of the  
 pistol, and tried to find a place in a rock  
 which would afford him more shelter. Once I  
 thought he was going to speak, but the words  
 seemed to choke him. Then crossing himself  
 devoutly, and having arranged the weapon ap-  
 parently to his satisfaction, he lay sullenly  
 abiding his time.

Would the five minutes ever pass? Frank  
 still stood directly in front, watch in hand,  
 and gun under his arm. He had lit a cigar,  
 and was lounging lazily back against the cliff.  
 Careless as he appeared, I knew too well  
 that he would hesitate for a second in  
 going or firing as he had promised. At the  
 time he was giving his antagonist fearful odds.  
 Then only I began to realize the part I had to  
 play. It was unfortunately too plain. The  
 man must be disabled before he could commit  
 another murder. That could only be done by  
 shooting him down. In a fair fight I would  
 not, I think, have hesitated; but my blood  
 ran cold at the idea now. Yet what was I to  
 do? There was no other way to save my  
 friend's life, and God help me, it must be  
 done.

I had nerved myself up to fire at all risk,  
 the instant I saw the murderer putting his  
 fingers on the trigger of his pistol, and had just  
 brought my gun to bear when Frank's voice  
 rang out loud and clear:  
 "Your time has come—look up!"

Voluntarily he did so, and caught my eye,  
 a spasm of mortal fear passed across his face,  
 He made an effort to raise the pistol  
 but a wire cartridge from Frank's gun mashed  
 on the cliff behind him, passing within an inch  
 of his head. The weapon dropped from his  
 hand; in three bounds my friend had him in  
 his clutches, dragging him over the rock, and  
 the struggle began.

It was short, but from the nature of the  
 ground a fearful one. A false step would  
 have sent the two over the precipice to the  
 shelf below and from that a hundred feet  
 down into the Atlantic Ocean. Both were  
 strong, powerful men, in weight the murderer  
 was greatly superior, but in science and ac-  
 tivity, the murderer was far ahead of his  
 opponent. The wretch struggled hard for an  
 instant, and succeeded in getting to a kind of  
 cleft in the rock, which gave him a slight  
 advantage. It was only momentary; Frank  
 rushed forward with a vague feeling of terror.  
 As I came up the unfortunate wretch cried out:  
 "Save me, for God's sake, sir! He is going  
 to throw me over!"

I looked at Frank's face; there was an ex-  
 pression that I never saw before, and I would  
 never like to see it again.  
 "Let him go, Frank," I shouted; "that's  
 the hangman's work, not yours."

He did not hear me; grasping the fellow  
 with both hands, he swung himself round, and  
 flung him off with all his strength. It was  
 well the coat he wore was made of strong  
 frize; and as it was, they were nearly gone  
 over together. I laid him on his back, with  
 a few seconds in silence and then took my hand  
 and sat slowly—  
 "You are a good fellow, Harry, and I thank  
 you; I didn't know what I was doing."

He turned away with a shudder, while I  
 poured some brandy from my flask, and threw  
 it in the murderer's face. He recovered after  
 a time and sat up, staring widely round and  
 trembling all over. I never saw a wretch so  
 completely subdued; he clung to me for pro-  
 tection, and became as abject and cowering as  
 he had been insolent before. We waited until  
 dark, and then brought him to the police bar-  
 racks. Before sunrise next morning, he was

20 miles on his way back to the place from  
 whence he came. At the following assizes  
 he was tried and convicted; the judge was  
 merciful, and gave him a "long day." In  
 the meantime a fever broke out in the jail, and  
 he proved one of the first victims. The last  
 words he uttered were, "Don't throw me  
 over!" Let us hope that his prayer was grant-  
 ed.

### A Curious Story—A Man Choked under Starting Circumstances.

Yesterday a German named Cadell was en-  
 gaged to do some work in a butcher shop in  
 Market square. While so engaged a neighbor  
 came in and asked why he had not returned a  
 hatchet he had borrowed from him a few days  
 before. Cadell replied that he had returned it.  
 This the neighbor denied, and notwith-  
 standing Cadell's protestations, insisted that he  
 had not done so. Cadell grew considerably  
 excited over the accusation, and after some  
 time with the neighbor, said very loudly, "I  
 hope God will choke me dead with this piece  
 of meat if I don't!" At the same time he  
 placed in his mouth a piece of raw beef, which,  
 without chewing, he belted. The beef evis-  
 cinated lodged in the man's windpipe, for at  
 once he began to gasp as if for breath, and to  
 grow black in the face. A number of persons  
 gathered about, but none of them seemed able  
 to render the man any assistance, and it seem-  
 ed as though he would die in earnest. Some-  
 body had the presence of mind to run to the  
 Police Station, and Officer McDonald went  
 down. He opened the man's mouth, using  
 considerable force to do so, and running his  
 fingers down his throat, pulled out the meat—  
 a shower of cold water brought Cadell to, but  
 he had about as close an escape from death as  
 he would wish for. As he came to his senses  
 again, Cadell looked to his neighbor, and in a  
 sorrowful tone said: "I did bring back your  
 hatchet." The neighbor concluded by this  
 time he had done so.

### A Pithy Sermon to Young Men.

You are the architects of your own fortunes.  
 Rely upon your own strength of body and soul.  
 Take for your motto, Self-Reliance, Honesty,  
 and Industry. For your star, Faith, Perse-  
 verance, and Pluck; and inscribe on your banner,  
 "Be just and fear not." Don't take too  
 much advice; keep the helm, and steer your  
 own ship. Think well of yourselves. Strike  
 out. Fire above the mark you intend to hit.  
 Assume your position.

Do not practise excessive humility; you  
 can't get above your level. Water don't run  
 up hill; put potatoes in a cart over a rough  
 road, and small potatoes will go to the bottom.  
 Energy, invincible Determination, with a right  
 motive, are the levers that move the world—  
 The great work of commanding is to take a  
 fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing,  
 and lays everything. Don't drink. Don't  
 gamble. Don't cheat. Don't swear. Don't  
 drink. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't de-  
 ceive. Don't tattler. Be polite. Be gener-  
 ous. Be kind. Study hard.

Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good  
 books. Love your fellow men, as well as God.  
 Love your country, and obey the laws. Love  
 truth. Love virtue. Always do what your  
 conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the  
 consequence with God.

A Clergyman who had appointed a day for  
 the catechising of some of his congregation,  
 happened to receive an invitation to dinner for  
 the same day, and, having forgotten his pre-  
 vious engagement he accepted it. Just how-  
 ever, as he was mounting his gig to depart,  
 he perceived the first of his class entering the  
 garden, and the remainder coming over the  
 hill, and at once became aware of the mistake  
 he had made. Here was a fix! But the  
 minister's ready wit soon came to his assist-  
 ance. "What have you come for, John?"  
 he asked, addressing the first comer. "Ou  
 dee ye no remember, sir, ye bade us come to  
 be catechised?" "Oh ye; well, no, no,  
 to keep going further John, you is a bernel-  
 or a hummel cod that Noah took into the ark?"  
 "Deed, sir, I cannot tell." "Well turn back  
 and ask the iber falk the same question. And  
 if they canna answer, bid them go home,  
 and find out."

### PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

By a WIFE—  
 I was married for my money. That was ten  
 years ago, and they have been ten years of pur-  
 suit. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my  
 husband and I have scarcely one taste in com-  
 mon. He wishes to live in the country, which  
 I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees,  
 which he hates. He likes to have the children  
 brought up at home instead of at school, which  
 I hate. I like music, and wish to go to con-  
 certs, which he hates. He likes roast pork,  
 which I hate; and I like minced veal, which  
 he hates. There is but one thing we both like,  
 and that is what we cannot both have, though  
 we are always trying for it—the last word.

A poor Irish cripple sat begging at a  
 bridge urging his appeal to the charity of pas-  
 sengers with the eager and versatile eloquence  
 of his country. A gentleman and lady, young,  
 gay, handsome, with that peculiar look of in-  
 dited and complacent consciousness which indi-  
 cates the first few weeks of married life—crossed  
 the bridge. They regarded not the petition of  
 the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he  
 exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord,  
 which brings love, and joy, and wealth, and  
 fine family follow you all the days of your life!"  
 and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic  
 humor, added, "and never overtake you!"

"Keep your dog away from me!" said  
 a dandy to a butcher boy—"Hang the dog,  
 he's always after puppies," said the boy.

## Items Foreign & Local.

There has been a falling off in the Revenue  
 of the Post Office Department of the Dominion,  
 during the first three months of the present regu-  
 lar year, of \$25,000. When it is remembered that  
 the cost of the newspaper postage system exceeds  
 the profits, this deficit is easily accounted for.  
 It is generally supposed, the deficit would  
 amount to \$100,000, hence it is fair to argue that  
 cheap postage has exceeded general expectations.  
 Reporter.

A Frenchman has invented a kind of safe,  
 which, from its appearance, will be known as  
 brilliant Bengal light and assemble a crowd.  
 In England