

AN OFFICE DRAMA.

Why the Telegraph Editor Didn't Eat on the Night Before Pay Day.

It was Friday night. The telegraph editor felt in his pocket and glanced contentedly at his watch.

"What have they got to-night," he said, finally addressing the assistant telegraph editor.

"Pork and beans, stewed tomatoes and apple pie," was the reply.

"And—"

"It's all right. Dead swell lay out."

The telegraph operator ruminated and again felt in his pocket. Then he remembered a little indebtedness of twenty-five cents.

The copy-boy entered.

The telegraph editor scribbled on a piece of paper.

"Take this to the assistant city editor, and be dod-gast quick about it," said the telegraph editor. He handed the copy-boy a piece of paper, which looked like this:

25c. WELL? 25c.

25c. WELL? 25c.

The copy-boy took the paper into the sporting editor's room, where he stopped to listen calmly to the arrangements for a prize fight. Then he went out in a way to throw paper wads at the waiters.

Then he went into a local room and threw a crumpled piece of paper on the desk of the assistant city editor.

"His Associated Press sent that to yeh," he remarked, pushing the paper weight off the desk onto the toe of the Constant Reader.

The assistant city editor apologized to the Constant Reader and looked at the paper. Then he drew a half-dollar from his pocket, carefully laid the paper over it and rubbed it with the blunt end of his lead pencil. Underneath the rough fac simile of the coin he wrote:

"Please send back the change."

"There; take that back, quick," said he.

The copy boy went into the dramatic editor's room and put a moustache on the latest photograph of Helene Mora.

Eventually he reached the telegraph room and handed the paper to the telegraph editor. The telegraph editor studied it for a full minute. Then he remarked calmly:

"That's th' groughest guy that ever struck this joint. He ain't even got manners enough to pretend that he's broke."

Then the telegraph editor pulled the chair up to his desk and wrote a head to the gold exports, which began: "Millions in Our Pockets Still."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Mustard and Cross.

It requires no self-denial for a pawn-broker to keep the pledge.

Even a clothes-line becomes unsteady when it has too many sheets in the wind.

A cross old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of new music.

Uncle George—I trust, Henry, that you are out of debt.

Henry—No, I haven't got so far as that; but I'm out of everything else.

The other day a big Cornishman knocked a three-story house down with a single blow from a hammer.

He was an auctioneer.

Reedley—Why do you smoke continually from morning until night?

Wedley—It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning.

Conundrums.

What bells need no tongues? Dumb bells.

When is a class like instruction? When it is in formation (information).

If your letter is too short, what girl will you ask for help? Adaline.

When is a sailor like a beach? When he is ashore.

Why are cars stopped by snow drift like a kind of metal? Because they are blocked in (block tin).—Youth's Companion.

A Substitute.

"Where are you going this Summer, Maudie?"

"Oh, now; you'd tell."

"No, I wouldn't, either; honest Indian, I wouldn't be so mean."

"Well, then; it's a great secret, but I ain't going anywhere. I've got a new face wash. Oh, it's a butel! Makes you so black and tanny that your worst enemy would swear you'd been at Mt. Desert for three weeks without a bat."

Apropos De Bottes.

"I say, old cap, is that some new kind of boot you're wearing? or are they patent leather?"

"They used to be patent leather, but the patent's expired."

Boy and Man.

It is only guileless boyhood that vows: "Will never do it again." Even when caught in the act, the full-grown man tries to prove that he didn't do it at all.—Roseleaf.

Exceptional Case.

"I told my friend Emma, under promise of the strictest secrecy, that I am engaged to the lieutenant, and the spiteful thing actually kept the secret."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Wild Wind and Tame.

Small boy—Pop, this book I'm readin' says something about the "wild wind," what's a tame wind?

Father—The blowing that never seems to stop in the halls of national legislation, my son.

COULD HARDLY WALK ON ACCOUNT OF RHEUMATISM P. H. FORD Quachita City, La., After TWO YEARS Suffering IS CURED BY THE USE OF Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla Admitted AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

From Suffering to Health. THE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN RURAL COUNTY FARMER.

He Tells the Story of the Disease That Afflicted Him, the Sufferings he Endured and How he Found Relief—Other Sufferers May Take Hope From His Release

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system than that nervous disease known as sciatica.

Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time while harvesting the turnip crop during a spell of wet, cold and disagreeable weather, he was attacked by sciatica.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MILLER'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c.

McNairn. AUG. 16.—Mr. Wm. McNairn has about finished shipping his lumber.

A. Johnson is refitting his mills, taking out the gang and putting in a rotary and planer, and intends doing a large business this coming winter.

Messrs. Morrison and Cameron have sunk wells for A. McAlder, and Jos. McNairn.

Mr. M. Wathen has returned from his vacation much improved by the rest.

Mr. A. McAlder has treated himself to a very fine family carriage.

Ladies' Christian Temperance Union Richibucto, will meet every fortnight at the residence of Miss Ostle.

Rev. J. S. Allen will preach at Mill Creek on Friday, at 7.30 p. m.; Sunday, Richibucto, 11 a. m.; Molus River, 3 p. m.; Kingston, 7 p. m.

Divine services in the "Episcopal churches" next Lord's Day—26th inst.—as follows (D. V.):—Boutouche, at 10.30 a. m.; Kingston, at 3 p. m.; Richibucto, at 7 p. m.

MOLASSES AND CANNED GOODS! BARBADOS, PORTO RICO, ANTIGNA. 250 Casks and Bbls. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67 and 69 DOCK STREET SAINT JOHN.

Alizerine Blue--- AMERICAN DYE WORKS C. Y. OFFICE, SOUTH SIDE KING SQUARE.

IF YOU WANT New and comfortable sittings in your church write for our designs and prices.

HALEY BROS. & CO., 1 TO 23 BROAD STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

RHODES, CURRY & CO., Amherst, N. S. Manufacturers & Builders. 1,000,000 FEET OF LUMBER KEPT IN STOCK.

BARGAINS! I am about moving into my New Store, and for the next three weeks will DRY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, Etc., at extremely low prices to save moving.

SHILOH'S CURE. SHILOH'S VITALIZER. SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

NERVE BEANS. NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the most obstinate cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor and Fatigue.

