

Uncarthed.

Two school teachers from the dove tailed cities of Portland and St. John, while strolling one evening (as usual) in the immediate proximity of our infant Killarney, discovered a carpet bag of an ancient design. One of the gentlemen, with an assumption of bravery, boldly advanced and seizing the inoffensive article, shook it, whereupon a sound emanated from within which caused each individual hair on their heads to remain erected like the "memorial" fountain on King Square. He still retained his grip, when the commotion from within ceased. After a lengthy debate they resolved to return to the city, bearing with them this seemingly undoubted evidence of an atrocious crime. Arrived in the city they hastened to the police station, and depositing the bag at the feet of Chief Marshall, immediately relapsed into a state of insensibility. The chief, with his usual bravado, called all members of the force present to surround him, and aided by Officer Baxter's pedal extremity, succeeded in breaking the lock, exposing to view, not as expected the reminiscence of some dreadful deed!! but the dust covered and well-worn "bones" used by the Rankine Minstrel Troupe of Saint John; also several of the stale jokes perpetrated by that company on our public.

Vouched for as *bona fide* by EUREKA.

Burdette's Advice.

Don't judge a man by his clothes, my son. Can you tell what the circus is going to be like by looking at the Italian sunset pictures on the fence? Do you value the turkey for its plumage? And isn't the skin of the mink the most, and indeed the only valuable part of him?

There be men, fair to look upon, who wander up and down this country, and sit in the coolest places on the hotel piazzas, who are arrayed in fine linen and cardinal socks, and who have to hold their hand over their scarf-pin when they want to see the moonlight, who, unassisted and

unprompted, do not possess the discretion to come in when it rains, and don't know enough to punch a hole in the snow with an umbrella—new soft snow at that, without any crust on it. Now and then, son, before you are as old as Methusalem, you will meet a man who wears a hat that is worth twice as much as the head it covers.

On the other hand, don't fall into the error of believing that all the goodness and honesty and intelligence in the world goes about in shreds and patches. We have seen the tramp, dressed in worse rags than you could rake out of the family rag bag, and more dirt and hair on him than would suffice to protect a horse, who would step up to the front door and demand three kinds of cake, half an apple pie, and then steal every moveable thing in the yard, kill the dog, choke up the pump with sand, trample on the pansy bed, and girdle the cherry trees, because he couldn't carry them away.

Good clothes or bad are never an infallible index to the man that is in them.

with the same spirit, and as a result he drives down his stake and goes to work with the same interest. When, however, he goes to a town and everyone expresses doubt and apprehension in the future prosperity of the place, moping about and indulging mourning complaints about imaginary evils which are likely to befall the town, he naturally feels that it is no place for him, and at once shakes the dust from his feet, while he pulls with all possible speed for some other town. Consequently, try and make a live, enterprising, progressive town; remember when you are working for and saying a good word for your town you are accomplishing all the more for yourself.

"I suppose you have had many prominent men for patients," said a gentleman to a dentist. "Oh, yes; and I have found that their tongues, in most cases, recombined their teeth." "In what respect?" "Because they have been stopped by gold."

Our Bouquets.

THE JURY comes to us from St. John, N. B., for exchange. It is a monthly journal, independent in politics and well filled with bright cartoons and caricatures of a local nature. The price is only 35 cents per year. THE JURY fills an important place in provincial journalism. Shako! Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.

THE JURY, of St. John, is growing better each issue, and displays creditable originality, both in editorial utterances and timely cartoons. It made a slip up in the portrait of A. G. Blair, for which we hope it will not be made to suffer financially, but it makes amends in many other ways. We wish THE JURY success, and hope to soon receive its weekly visits. If St. John knows a good thing it will make THE JURY flourish like—like a green bay horse.—Maple Leaf, A. Co., N. B.

SPEAK a good word for your town and country whenever an opportunity presents itself. More towns die for want of confidence on the part of business men and lack of public spirit than from the rivalry of neighboring towns or adverse surroundings. When a man in search of a home or business location goes to a town and finds everything brim full of hope and enthusiasm over the prospects of the place and earnestly at work to build up the town, he soon becomes imbued



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