

The Awful Fate of the Little Boy who Would not Take Castor Oil.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Once there was a little boy,
His mother's pride, his father's joy.

A right good-natured lad was he,
And hale and hearty as could be.

But once upon an autumn day,
He pushed his dinner-plate away—

"I cannot eat to-day," he said;
"I feel an aching in my head."

His mamma, apprehending harm,
Sent for the doctor in alarm.

The doctor came—"Our little Ned
Is somewhat sickly, ma'am," he said;

"In order we disease may foil,
He must imbibe some castor oil,"

But Ned declined and shook his head—
"I hate that horrid oil," he said.

In vain his mamma, dear, implored;
In vain his papa ripped and swore.

They couldn't get that oil down Ned—
"No oil for me," he firmly said.

So thinner, thinner every day,
He faded quietly away.

No pies, no cakes, no bread, no meat
Did he have appetite to eat.

And all in vain his parents toil
To make him take the castor oil—

That nostrum that would ease his pain
And make him well and brisk again.

But Ned refused—so naught could save
The child from an untimely grave;

And thinner, thinner, day by day,
He faded like a dream away.

Till one night by the parlor fire
Sat Edward, ready to expire.

The draft was strong and fiercely drew
And sucked him up the chimney flue.

His poor mamma went nearly wild,
And loud bewailed her foolish child.

But Ned went sailing here and there,
The sport of currents in the air.

Forever tossed by cruel winds,
No peace, no resting place he finds.

And as he tumbles in the skies—
"Oh, give me castor oil!" he cries.

"Too late! Too late!" the wind replies.

How often in your trundle bed
Have you, my child, heard foolish Ned

Call down the chimney, hoarse and shrill,
In tones that made your heart thrills
Or on the rooster's comb—the
Come tapping once and once again?

The horn of the hunter is no longer
heard on the hill. It is carried in a
pocket flask.—[Augusta News. Nor
does the hunter, now-a-days, wind his
horn, but his horn frequently winds
him up pretty tight.

Samuel Stickney, of Iowa, clasped
his best girl in an embrace so close that
his revolver was discharged, and a boy
standing near was seriously wounded.
The lesson of this sad occurrence is that
boys shouldn't stand around at such
supreme moments.

"Why are editors like chickens?
They scratch for a living."—[Ex-
change.

Yes, they will always scratch and not
make a living so long as they advertise
every humbug that comes along in
order to fill up their columns; better
leave them blank or give more reading
matter.—[Tampa (Fla) Guardian.

A country fellow went one night to
see his sweetheart, and for a long time
could think of nothing to say. At last,
snow beginning to fall heavily, he told
her that his father's sheep would be
lost. "Well," said she kindly, taking
him by the hand, "I'll take care of
one of them."

Out in Austin, Nevada, a young man
asked his lady love if she would ac-
company him to an old folks' concert.
She flared up at the idea of his calling
her "old folks," and now he says he
would rather be a widower than marry
a woman so "touchy" about her age.
—[Cincinnati Gazette.

"Canvas suspenders," remarks the
Detroit Free Press, "now seem to be
worn by most ladies." That is a very
strange remark. We shall ask no
questions, but that is a very strange re-
mark. Is the author of it attending
strictly to business?—[Rochester Chron-
icle.

THE PENNY DIP.

St. John, N. B., January 19, 1878.

WHOM ARE WE TO BELIEVE?

During the present week it has been amus-
ing to read the telegrams to the different
papers concerning the election speeches of the
various candidates in Nova Scotia, and the
people may well ask: When such authorities
differ, whom are we to believe? Here are
specimen "bricks" concerning the nomina-
tion at Digby last Saturday:—

[St. John Telegraph,
January 14th.]

HALIFAX, Jan. 12.

Mr. Vail and Mr.
Wade were nominated
in Digby yesterday. A
meeting was afterwards
held in the Temperance
Hall and speaking con-
tinued from 2 till 9.30
p. m. Mr. Vail spoke
an hour first, followed
by Mr. Wade, who
made himself perfectly
ridiculous. Dr. Tupper
spoke an hour full of
unblushing falsehoods.

Mr. Vail followed in
an able and crushing
reply. Dr. Tupper then
spoke another hour,
more impudent and
reckless than before.

J. W. Longley, of
Halifax, followed in an
eloquent speech. Amid
the cheers of the audi-
ence he scathingly re-
viewed Dr. Tupper's
career.

Thibault, a notori-
ous Montreal attorney,
taken down there by
Mr. Tupper to fool the
French electors, spoke
briefly in broken Eng-
lish. Mr. Vail and Dr.
Tupper made the con-
cluding speeches.

Mr. Vail's election is
safe beyond doubt.

[Moncton Times, Jan. 14.]

DIGBY, N. S., Jan. 14.

The nomination pas-
sed off quietly Satur-
day morning. After the
Minister of Militia
had been nominated,
Mr. J. C. Wade was
nominated, and there
being no other nomina-
tions, the Sheriff closed
his Court at 2 o'clock.

A most ex-
traneous meeting was held in
the Temperance Hall
in the afternoon. Vail
made a rambling, weak
speech, defending his
connection with the
Citizen, and asserting
that he had never re-
ceived a dollar out of
the Citizen Company.

Dr. Tupper answered
him with a brilliant
crushing speech, prov-
ing conclusively that
Vail grossly violated
the Independence of
Parliament Act. The
Dr. was warmly ap-
plauded throughout.

Vail attempted to
reply and made a gross
personal attack upon
Dr. Tupper and Mr.
Thibault, who is here
from Montreal. The
entire audience hissed
Vail down until Dr.
Tupper appealed to
them to hear him
(Vail).

The Dr. then replied,
and on coming for-
ward, he greeted with
three loud cheers from
the audience. The Doc-
tor's second speech was
even more brilliant than
the first and frequently
brought down the
house.

Wade must have a
large majority in
Digby.

"Perhaps they both had access to the same
original sources."

A CARLETON ROMANCE.—ITS SAD END.

It was on one of those quiet back streets of
Carleton which remind one so much of the
thoroughfare of a country village, and where
an air of semi-rusticity prevails, that the rather
romantic episode we are about to relate took
place. The romance was of the highest order,
and must have more than filled the brightest
dreams of those two romantic young ladies of
Carleton; but its wind-up, though sudden and
terrible to all concerned, has a pleasant smack
of the ludicrous when viewed by a disinterest-
ed person.

Well, a gentleman residing on one of the
above mentioned streets is fortunate enough to
be the father of two pretty and extremely in-
teresting daughters, well educated and natu-
rally gifted in many respects, but possessed of
the most romantic notions possible regarding
beaux. Upon one of their many visits to the
city they became acquainted with two young
gentlemen, clerks in a large dry goods estab-
lishment, and took to them kindly, as the
saying runs. Time passed on, and the young
gentlemen, after having safely escorted the
ladies on several occasions through the dangers
of a trip across the ferry, gallantly paying the
fare each time, made it a rule to meet them
(accidentally of course) on the way to church
Sunday evenings, and escort them to and fro.
Now the paternal relative of these two young
ladies being a "pillar of the church," rather
high-toned, and possessed of ideas of propriety
which were easily outraged, was very particu-
lar in regard to the company his daughters

kept, and had also suitable husbands marked
out for them in his mind's eye; so when he
noticed that these two dry good clerks were
paying attentions to his daughters, and that
they rather encouraged them therein, he waxed
exceedingly wrath, and as he considered the
young gentlemen as "fast" and not all desir-
able suitors, he forbade his daughters receiv-
ing their attentions. This, as a matter of
course, but added fuel to the fire; and as the
young ladies still allowed the clerks to escort
them to and from church on Sundays, and
heeded not his injunctions in the least, he was
finally driven to the rather desperate measure
of locking them up every Sunday evening in a
back bed-room on the second storey, the win-
dow of which commanded a view of several
sooty fields and Tower hill; certainly not a
very romantic or pleasing outlook. But
"stone walls do not a prison make" and
"love will find out the way," and the result
of this move was that the beaux after having
seen the old folks safely in church, would
hasten to the house of their inamoratas, clamber
over the fence into the field, and the girls would
hoist them up to the bed-room widow by
means of a rope extemporized of sheets and
blankets, and there enjoyed the stolen sweets
of young love until shortly before church came
out. Then the parting kiss would be given,
and taken, and the spruce young dry good
clerks would go down the rope hand-over-
hand with the agility of a full-fledged salt or a
"missing link." "Stolen fruits are sweet"
runs the saying, and it's a true one; for these
lovers enjoyed these short stolen meetings
more than if they had met in the front room,
and sat up till three o'clock, once a week, and
nearly ruined papa with a gas bill.

But such romantic wooing could not last
forever. One Sunday evening, the gentle
swains having grown careless through repeated
success, omitted to see the old folks safely in
church as was their wont, but waited until a
few minutes after church went in, and then
started for the abode of their inamoratas. Now
on this particular evening, as fate would have
it, paterfamilias returned home on some ac-
count, and noticing something of an unknown
nature fluttering from a back window of his
domicile, proceeded to investigate, and arrived
on the scene just as one of the amorous swains
was about to descend the rope.

Word of warning to his companion, shook the
dust of Carleton from his feet at a rate that has
seldom been equalled at the Moosepath Trot-
ting Park. The old gentleman was equal to
the emergency, and grasped the ascending
clerk by the leg and hung on with the tenacity
of a bull-dog. At first the young buck
imagined that it was his companion who had
grasped him by the leg, and, speaking in a
stage whisper, requested him to let go; but
the old gentleman having caught his game
was going to stick to it or perish. Then the
clerk became angry, and swore as only one so
circumstanced would, and kicked and jerked
in vain endeavors to shake off the old man,
who still stuck to him as tightly as the chain
and ball to a convict's leg. Meanwhile, the
girls, though not aware of the actual state of
affairs, and of the large "catch" they had made,
could not but notice, as they had hitherto
hoisted the beaux singly, that the strain on the
hoisting apparatus was unusually great. As
the dangling her and lover neared the top
the girls, eager to ascertain what made the
hoisting so difficult, and alarmed by the exe-
crations of the clerk, which became audible to
them as he neared the top, looked out and saw
one of the clerks, and hanging from him their
respected father, who, although it was dusk,
they recognized by his bald head, his hat
having been kicked off. With a scream they
dropped their catch "like a hot potato," and
sank upon the floor; while the father and
lover descended through space with the velocity
of a cannon shot, and struck earth with such
emphasis that people in the neighborhood
must have thought an earthquake had landed
somewhere handy. The old gentleman was
stunned by the shock, but the clerk, being
uppermost and a light weight, escaped almost
unhurt, and fled with such swiftness that he
seemed but a faint line drawn over Tower hill.

We are in doubt whether the Reform Club
of this city meant to be polite or sarcastic
when they sent us an invitation to attend a
mass meeting.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

It was thought to be a very strange thing
that the *Globe* said never a word about the
death of the King of Italy until Monday the
14th, or three days after the occurrence and
many were the remarks passed on the subject.

To show the vein of originality that always
characterises the *Globe*, we clip its effort, as
well as an editorial paragraph from the Boston
Globe of three days in advance to show how
great minds often flow in the same channel.

[From St. John Globe,
January 14th.]

The new King of
Italy, Humbert I., is
named Humbert Re-
nier Charles Emma-
nuel Jean Marie Fer-
dinand Eugene. He
is said to resemble his
father physically, men-
tally and morally, being
coarse and ugly in ap-
pearance, bluff and ap-
soldier-like in his bear-
ing, and with decidedly
military tastes. He is
described as straight-
forward and manly,
and strong in his at-
tachments and positive
in his convictions. He
was born March 14,
1844, educated by
Jesuits, with strong
"leaning in favor of
the Papacy," and while
yet a boy was in nom-
inal command in the
army at Magenta and
Solferino. He has
lately held the rank of
Lieutenant-General.
He married the Princess
Theresa Jeanne of Sa-
voy, April 22, 1868,
and has one son, Victor
Emmanuel, Prince of
Naples, born Nov. 11,
1869.

[From Boston Globe,
January 11th.]

The new King of
Italy, Humbert I., has
one more name than
his father. They are
Humbert Renier Char-
les Emmanuel Eugene.
He is also said to re-
semble his father,
physically, mentally
and morally, being
coarse and ugly in ap-
pearance, bluff and ap-
soldier-like in his bear-
ing, and with decidedly
military tastes. He is
described as straight-
forward and manly,
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ber 11, 1869.

A MAN WHO OUGHT TO BE BLIND.

Peeping Tom, of Coventry, has a
rival in a fashionable quarter of London.
A young married couple took a small
house in a pleasant street, and, after
they had been there a short time, they
noticed spots in the ceiling of their
room. The husband, having a practical
knowledge of building, felt sure that
there was something wrong, and as-
cended into the roof. He found that
the thin partition between his house
and the next had been cut away
sufficiently to allow a man to pass from
one to the other. He ascertained also
that holes had been drilled with a sharp
instrument through the plaster, which
enabled any one on the roof to look into
the room below; and he discovered also
a man's pocket handkerchief. He watch-
ed night after night in the roof, but no
one came. One day he found his wife
in a state of great alarm. Steps had
been heard over-head, and in her hus-
band's absence she had sent for a friend,
who even then was watching in the
roof. A few minutes after her husband
arrived they heard a heavy fall and a
cry of "I've got him." The husband
looked up and found two men wrestl-
ing for very life. So strong was the in-
truder that he managed to get away
from his two assailants, leaving, how-
ever, his waistcoat in their hands. But
they recognized him, and in his waist-
coat pocket they found the instrument
with which he had pierced the ceiling.
He was the son of their next-door
neighbor. The young scapgrace was
sent out of the country to another,
where strict watch will be kept upon
his doings.

When the intelligent compositor
heads a column description of a high-
toned wedding "Mirage in high life,"
he should quit setting type and join
the Paragraphers' Association.—[San
Antonio (Tex.) Express.

A man, however innocent he may be,
is always enveloped in a thick cloud of
damaging circumstantial evidence when
he leans up against the hotel counter,
carefully picks out a wooden toothpick
and tries to light it on the top of a glass
cigar case.