

The Herald.

VOL. IV.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 16, 1868.

NO. 48.

THE HERALD
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD REILLY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, Queen Street.
TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."
For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
JOB PRINTING
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch
and on moderate terms, at the Herald Office.

ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER.
MOON'S PHASES.
FULL MOON, 1st day, 11h. 45m., even., S.
LAST QUARTER, 9th day, 5h. 52m., even., S.
NEW MOON, 16th day, 9h. 7m., morning, N. W.
FIRST QUARTER, 23rd day, 11h. 9m., morn., W.

| DAY | MONTH | DAY WEEK | SUN | High | Moon | DAY'S |
|-----|-----------|----------|-------|----------|------------|-----------|
| | | | rises | Water | sets. | LENGTH |
| 1 | Tuesday | h m | 5 22 | 6 35 | 10 24 | 6 5 13 13 |
| 2 | Wednesday | | 26 | 31 11 | 6 6 59 | 8 |
| 3 | Thursday | | 28 | 31 11 | 53 7 24 | 3 |
| 4 | Friday | | 30 | 20 even. | 7 50 | 0 |
| 5 | Saturday | | 31 | 28 1 | 0 8 20 | 12 57 |
| 6 | Sunday | | 32 | 26 1 | 41 8 55 | 54 |
| 7 | Monday | | 33 | 24 2 | 23 9 24 | 51 |
| 8 | Tuesday | | 34 | 22 3 | 5 10 2 | 48 |
| 9 | Wednesday | | 35 | 20 3 | 49 10 50 | 45 |
| 10 | Thursday | | 36 | 19 4 | 30 11 42 | 42 |
| 11 | Friday | | 38 | 17 5 | 25 morn. | 39 |
| 12 | Saturday | | 39 | 15 6 | 19 0 42 | 36 |
| 13 | Sunday | | 40 | 13 7 | 14 1 52 | 33 |
| 14 | Monday | | 41 | 11 8 | 9 2 29 | 30 |
| 15 | Tuesday | | 42 | 9 9 | 5 4 18 | 27 |
| 16 | Wednesday | | 43 | 7 9 | 59 sets. | 24 |
| 17 | Thursday | | 44 | 5 10 | 55 7 5 | 21 |
| 18 | Friday | | 45 | 4 11 | 46 7 42 | 19 |
| 19 | Saturday | | 46 | 3 morn. | 8 18 | 17 |
| 20 | Sunday | | 47 | 1 0 | 33 8 47 | 14 |
| 21 | Monday | | 48 | 5 59 | 1 29 9 28 | 11 |
| 22 | Tuesday | | 50 | 57 | 2 21 10 12 | 7 |
| 23 | Wednesday | | 51 | 54 | 3 12 11 1 | 3 |
| 24 | Thursday | | 52 | 51 | 4 5 11 53 | 11 59 |
| 25 | Friday | | 53 | 48 | 5 1 morn. | 55 |
| 26 | Saturday | | 54 | 46 | 5 50 0 42 | 52 |
| 27 | Sunday | | 55 | 44 | 6 55 1 40 | 49 |
| 28 | Monday | | 56 | 43 | 7 30 2 36 | 47 |
| 29 | Tuesday | | 57 | 41 | 8 26 3 36 | 44 |
| 30 | Wednesday | | 58 | 39 | 9 47 4 35 | 41 |

Prices Current.
CHARLOTTETOWN, September 11, 1868.

| Provisions. | | |
|-----------------------|--|----------------|
| Beef, (small) per lb. | | 34d to 7d |
| Do by the quarter. | | 34d to 5d |
| Pork, (carcase) | | 5d to 8d |
| Do (small) | | 5d to 8d |
| Mutton, per lb. | | 34d to 6d |
| Lamb per lb. | | 34d to 6d |
| Veal, per lb. | | 3d to 5d |
| Ham, per lb. | | 6d to 7d |
| Butter, (fresh) | | 1s 3d to 1s 6d |
| Do by the tub. | | 1s |
| Cheese, per lb. | | 3d to 5d |
| Tallow, per lb. | | 9d to 10d |
| Lard, per lb. | | 9d to 10d |
| Flour, per 100 lbs. | | 26s to 27s |
| Oatmeal, per 100 lbs. | | 18s to 21s |
| Eggs, per dozen. | | 9d to 1s |
| Grain. | | |
| Barley, per bushel. | | 5s to 6s 6d |
| Oats per do. | | 3s to 3s 6d |
| Vegetables. | | |
| Green Peas, per quart | | 6d to 7d |
| Potatoes, per bushel. | | 1s 6d to 2s |
| Turnips per bush. | | 2s |
| Poultry. | | |
| Geese, | | none |
| Turkeys, each, | | 4s to 7s 6d |
| Fowls, each, | | 1s to 1s 8d |
| Chickens per pair, | | 1s 6d to 3s |
| Ducks per pair, | | 1s 3d to 1s 6d |
| Fish. | | |
| Codfish, per qtl. | | 20s to 30s |
| Herrings, per barrel. | | 25s to 40s |
| Maackerel, per dozen. | | 2s 6d to 3s 6d |
| Lumber. | | |
| Boards (Hemlock) | | 4s 4s |
| Do (Spruce) | | 4s 0 5s |
| Do (Pine) | | 7s 0 9s |
| Shingles, per M | | 13s t. 18s |
| Sundries. | | |
| Hay, per ton. | | 50s |
| Straw, per cwt | | 2s |
| Timothy Seed, | | |
| Clover Seed, per lb. | | 4s to 6s |
| Homespun, per yard, | | 6d to 9d |
| Calfskins, per lb., | | 4d |
| Hides, per lb., | | 1s 6d to 2s |
| Wool, | | 2s to 2s 3d |
| Sheepskins, | | 6d to 9d |
| Apples, per doz., | | |
| Partridges, | | |

A. HERMANS,
GUN-SMITH,
BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.
BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally,
that he has again commenced Business on Dorchester
Street, next door to the Reading Room Building,
where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line
with neatness and despatch.
ON HAND,
A neat assortment of Tinware,
Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.
Including the patent **BON TON COFFEE POT**, which received the Gold Medal Prize, at the Paris Exposition
of 1867. Also, **BON TON LANTERNS**, which will
surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either
Farm use or on board Vessels.
A few **WATER COOLERS** on hand, which together with
a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for
Cash.
Mr. HERMANS is Agent for **SAWYER'S CRYSTAL**
BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in
washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed,
and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of
Laundry Maids, &c.
Ch'town, July 24, 1867.

THE OLD FAVOURITE HOSPITABLE
BOARDING HOUSE,
At The Head Of St. Peter's Bay.
ESTABLISHED by the late John Sutherland, Esq.,
is now opened for the accommodation of travellers,
and the Proprietor solicits a share of Public Patronage.
No trouble or expense will be spared to make visitors
comfortable.
ANTHONY McCORMACK,
Head of St. Peter's Bay,
June 17, 1868.

RONALD McDONALD,
Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,
AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868.

CORNS & WARTS
Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of
ROBINSON'S
PATENT CORN SOLVENT.
For Sale by
W. R. WATSON,
City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister at Law,
CONVAYNCER, &c.
Office,--Great-George St., Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
August 22, 1866. E t f

Co-Partnership Notice.
THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into
a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and AT-
TORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Office --- O'Halloran's Building,
Great George Street.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.
Oct. 23, 1867.

KING STREET.
NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.
THE Subscriber returns thanks for past favors, and
begs leave to inform his friends, and the public
generally, that he has on hand a
Large Stock of Ready-made Men's
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
Women's Balmoral, Elas-
tic Side, and other
Boots.
ALSO, 250 PAIRS
Children and Misses Boots,
which will be disposed of low for Cash.
JAMES STANLEY.
Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

COTTON DUCK,
THE Subscriber is AGENT for the Sale of the
celebrated
Russell Mills Cotton Duck,
and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with the
least possible delay.
Also on hand **COTTON BOAT DUCK**, and **COT-**
TON DRILLINGS, suitable for Boat Sails; together
with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Wax, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

DAWSON'S ESTATE.
Important Notice!
THE SUBSCRIBERS have been instructed by the
TRUSTEES of W. B. DAWSON'S ESTATE, to
SUE all parties, without any distinction, whose unset-
tled Accounts, or Notes of Hand, to W. B. DAWSON
or GEORGE NICOLL, are not immediately paid,
ALLEY & DAVIES,
Attys for Trustees of Dawson's Estate.
Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1868.

COPPER PAINT.
CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon
Cans of
Tarr & Wanson's Copper Paint,
which effectually prevents the action of worms on the
bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the
collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.
I. C. HALL.
Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

PACKET
BETWEEN
SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.
THE FAST-SAILING and COMMODIOUS Schooner "A. R.
McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlot-
teton, calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the
navigation permits.
DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.
January 29, 1868.

MAILS.
Summer Arrangement
THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring
Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further
notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown,
as follows, viz:—
For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States,
via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7
o'clock.
For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday
and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West
Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening,
at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:—
Monday, September 7, Monday, September 7,
Wednesday, do 20, Wednesday, do 9,
Monday, June 1, Monday, do 21,
Wednesday, do 3, Wednesday, do 23,
Monday, do 15, Monday, October, 5,
Wednesday, do 17, Wednesday, do 7,
Monday, do 29, Monday, do 19,
Wednesday, July 1, Wednesday, do 21,
Monday, do 13, Monday, November 2,
Wednesday, do 15, Wednesday, do 4,
Monday, do 27, Monday, do 16,
Wednesday, do 29, Wednesday, do 18,
Monday, Aug. 10, Monday, do 30,
Wednesday, do 12, Wednesday, Dec. 2,
Monday, do 24, Monday, do 14,
Wednesday, do 26, Wednesday, do 16,
Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's and Bedouque, to be
forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday
and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
And Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per Steamer,
every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.
Letters to be registered and newspapers must be post-
ed half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.
TROMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.
General Post Office, }
Ch'town, May 4th, 1868. }

Literature.

BACHELOR BROWN'S COURTSHIP.

Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of single blessedness the remainder of his life—greatly to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided; for, be it known, Uncle Richard was worth a cool half million, and unless, as Mr. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, whom should he leave it to but to his two cousins or their children.

Hopeful as poor human nature is of longevity. Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle scarcely expected to survive their cousin, who was their junior by ten years, but Adelaide and Rose, and Charles and William might in all probability be his heirs, and so their parents labored. He had the best room in the house, the best chair, the most particular consideration. His wishes were deferred to and his advice taken on every occasion, and he actually came to be loved; for, with all his quaint old-fashioned ways, and his habit of sitting utterly silent as though he had been deaf and dumb, he was a lovable man. Matters progressed smoothly enough till it was habit and not hypocrisy which made Uncle Richard master of the house.

He was very obliging—wonderfully so in most respects. He would attend to anything for anybody—match ribbons when nobody else could—escort the girls to places of amusement—go dutifully to church with their mamma—attend to marketing and the posting of letters and the gasmetre, and the turning off of the water in frosty weather. He was always ready to search the house with a poker at the dead of night, when one "heard a noise."

He went to the dentist with the people who wanted their teeth drawn, and always seemed to have sugar plums in his pocket. But one thing Uncle Richard would not do, and that was, to exhibit the least sign of politeness to lady visitors.

He never saw one at home. He never even spent the evening in their company. He invariably shut himself up in his own room and had his tea there when one of these individuals was reported to be in the house; and when travelling, had been known in a train to shut his eyes tight when a young lady entered, and remain with them closed until she had left the carriage. As a general thing, indeed, he always chose a carriage where he need not be intruded upon.

It was just as well, after all, said Mrs. Hinkle, but it was a peculiarity not quite as agreeable to Mr. H., when he found the pleasant task of "seeing Miss Smith or Miss Jones home" imposed upon himself. He urged that such duties were Cousin Dick's, though he never told him so. It would not have been pleasant to provoke him, and if anything could have offended bachelor Brown mortally, it would have been to insist upon his offering any gallant attention to the softer sex.

However, a day came at last which set the whole household in commotion.

Miss Amanda Dove had been invited to spend a week with the Hinkles, and Miss Dove, being a stranger, was to wait at the station until some one came for her in a carriage.

The Hinkles lived some way out of town, and had not occupied their residence for many months, so that people were not always properly directed by the neighbors.

It was decided that Mr. Hinkle should escort Miss Dove, but before the day of her arrival dawned, business had called that gentleman to Sheffield. Moreover, Mrs. Hinkle had the influenza, and the two boys were at boarding-school. No one was to be found to drive, and neither Rose nor Adelaide could handle the reins. Miss D. was to come at nine, and what would she think of them if no one came for her?

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hinkle, it would be shocking treatment for the dear girl. I must ask your Cousin Richard.

"You would never dare," said Rose, aghast.

"In such a case, you know—" said Mrs. Hinkle.

"He'll not do it," said Adelaide.

"Of course not," said Rose.

Mrs. Hinkle shook her head.

"I fear he will not," she said, and assuming an expression which would have done credit to a Joan of Arc, mounted the stairs to Cousin Richard's study.

"Are you busy, Richard?" she asked as she entered.

"Not at all—sit down," said Bachelor Brown.

"You see how ill I am," said Mrs. Hinkle; "I can hardly hold up my head, much less drive, and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys, too, and no one can handle the reins, and—"

"Well," said Bachelor Brown.

"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station, with her trunk, by this time," said Mrs. Hinkle, with a gasp.

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown, via pity! Bachelor Brown could not understand what she wanted.

"It's a favor—a great favor to ask, I know," she said, "but could you, just for once, do it?"

"Do what, Maria?" asked Bachelor Brown.

"Go for her," said Mrs. H.

"For Miss Dove?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear, no," said Cousin Richard.

"Maria," said the old bachelor, "young ladies, my little cousins excepted, are my abomination. An affected, conceited, absurd set of creatures. I never had anything to do with 'em, and I never will. No doubt she's capable of finding her way here. They all appear to be, I shan't go for her."

Mrs. H. retreated.

"What will she think of us?" said she, sobbing.

"Don't cry," said Bachelor Brown; "I'll see if any of the hands over at Oat's place can drive over for her."

And out he went; but all the hands on Oat's place were busy with the hay, which stood in danger of a coming shower. Richard returned without the least success.

"A shower, too," said Rose. "Poor dear Amanda; I'll see what I can do with my cousin." And in the study she spent an hour, teasing and worrying without effect.

"Let her get loose," said bachelor Brown, "no doubt she'd like it. And as for her trunk, why can't girls travel with a portmanteau, as we do?"

And Rose departed, fuming. She found Adelaide in an extremely merry mood.

"Don't laugh," she said, "think of poor Amanda."

"I am thinking of her," said Adelaide, "and cousin Dick shall go. I'll tell a fib."

"For shame!" said Rose.

"One ought to make some sacrifice for a friend," said Adelaide. "I'll tell him she's a child. He's always good to children."

"It will never do," said Mrs. Hinkle; "he'll never forgive you."

But Adelaide ran up to her cousin's study and burst in with an exceedingly theatrical laugh.

"What a mistake!" she said, "and so stupid of them all. You think Amanda is a 'grown lady,' don't you?"

"Isn't she?" asked the bachelor.

"As if a little child of nine years could be!" said Adelaide. "Poor little thing."

"Poor little thing, indeed!" hurrying on his coat and hat. "Bless me! why didn't you mention it? Poor little soul!"

And in a few minutes the light wagon was driven down the road, and the Hinkles stood looking after it.

"I'm half frightened," said Rose.

"So am I," said Adelaide. "But it is done, and can't be helped now. I'll manage to coax him to forgive me, and it would not do to leave a friend in such a position, you know; and I didn't say she was a child."

Meanwhile Bachelor Brown drove to the station. It was a long drive, over a bad road, but he kept on his way very cheerfully. He was extremely fond of children.

When, on reaching the station, he saw no sign of her presence, he grew alarmed. If she had been lost through his neglect he never would forgive himself. He ran his fingers through his long curly hair, and peeped into the ladies' waiting room. Only a fine, full-grown young woman sat there, and he retreated. The woman who waited in the apartment came out of her nook with a curtsy as she saw him, and he addressed her:

"Have you seen a little girl waiting for some one?"

"No, sir," said the woman. "There were two come down, but they are gone."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" said Bachelor Brown; "I hope there is no mistake. It's little Miss Dove, and if the dear little soul has gone astray I am entirely to blame. Please make enquiries—there's a good woman."

As he uttered these words, the full-grown young lady in the waiting room was seen to blush violently and to arise.

"I'm Amanda Dove," she said, "and I expected some one from Mr. H.'s."

Bachelor Brown stood aghast! He had spoken of this lady as a dear little thing. His face, also, turned scarlet.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he began; "I expected to find a little girl—I wouldn't have used such expressions for the world—I—"

"I comprehend," said the young lady; "don't mind it in the least. I—"

"Is this your trunk, miss?" asked Bachelor Brown, in a hurry.

"Yes, sir," said the lady, looking down.

In a few minutes the two were driving towards the Hinkle's country seat. Never had Bachelor Brown found himself so close to any young lady, save his cousins before. He was woefully confused, but somehow, he liked it. How pretty she is, he thought. How pink and white; how golden her hair was. How the blue ribbons of her bonnet set it off. Wondering thus, he forgot the road, and suddenly found that he had lost himself. To add to the dilemma, the storm, which had been threatening for hours, burst at the very moment when Bachelor Brown found it impossible to tell whether the left road or the right road led homeward; and the horse was afraid of lightning and grew restive. Amanda Dove was afraid of lightning also. She gave a little scream, and clung to Bachelor Brown's coat sleeve.

Bachelor Brown looked down at her. It was such a soft, plump hand. Her eyes were so round and so blue in her terror that he forgot she was a young lady.

"I'll take care of you," he said; "a flash of lightning, a roar of thunder, and an attempt on the part of the horse to run away, interrupted him.

Miss Dove turned pale. Bachelor Brown looked terrified. He cast a glance about him. Near the road was a parsonage, connected with its church by a garden.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said he; "we will ask for shelter until the storm is over. A clergyman ought to be Christian enough to take us in."

And driving to the gate, he assisted Miss Dove to alight. As he did so, two hired men rushed out and began to attend to the horse and vehicle, and an old lady and gentleman appeared upon the steps.

"So glad you're early enough to escape the storm," said the gentleman.

"Do come in," said the old lady. "Were expecting you—for on such occasions people always keep their appointments, rain or shine, I believe."

"What on earth does she mean?" said the bachelor. "But it's very kind of them." "And so, while the old lady hurried Miss Dove away to dry her things, he sat with the old clergyman in the parlor.

"Do you feel at all nervous, sir?" said the old gentleman.

"No, sir, thank you," said Bachelor Brown.

"Most men do, sir," said the clergyman.

"Yes, lightning is a nervous sort of thing," Bachelor Brown.

"I did not allude to the—"

"Indeed, sir."

"But to the—"

"Eh?"

Bachelor Brown started in astonishment. The truth dawned upon him.

"You expected a—a young couple?" he said.

"Oh, you are quite young enough, sir," said the innocent clergyman. "And I must say the young lady appears a charming person."

Bachelor Brown felt himself blush.

"Should you think she'd make a good wife?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly," said the clergyman.

"Am you think a man is—happier—for entering the marital state?" he said.

"No man can be happy without so doing, and it is every man's duty," the old gentleman said, believing every word.

"She is a dear little thing," thought Mr. Brown. "I never liked a girl so much. It is very awkward to explain. I wonder whether she—"

And just then Miss Dove entered the room, looking angelic without her bonnet, to Mr. Brown. Bachelor Brown drew her aside.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Dove," he said.

"Dear me," said Miss Dove.

"They've made a mistake," said Bachelor Brown. "They think we—we—are—are—people they expect—a—a young couple, you know, about to—"

"Oh, dear! do they?" whispered Miss Dove.

"Yes," said Bachelor Brown. "Now it would be very awkward to explain. And I like you so much. Couldn't you like me too, and let him do it—eh?"

"Do what, Mr. Brown?" said Amanda.

"Marry us," said Bachelor Brown.

"Of course not," said Amanda Dove. "What would the Hinkles say?"

"They'd be delighted," said Richard, growing bolder. Then he put his arms around her waist.

"I don't know much about this sort of thing, but you are the only nice girl I ever saw. Please do. I am not such a bad fellow. I will be good to you."

"I know you are good," said Amanda; "but—"

"But then, I'm not ugly, eh?" asked Richard.

"Ah, no, not at all."

"Well?"

"It would be so odd."

"Well," said Bachelor Brown "that is my fault, and they know I am odd, my dear."

Four hours after, the Hinkles heard the light wagon drive to the door, and rushed out to meet Amanda.

"We have been so alarmed," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"Such a storm!" said Rose.

"Were you frightened?" asked Adelaide.

But Amanda said nothing.

Uncle Richard, too, shrank back, as if afraid of something.

"Tell 'em, Amanda," he said.

"No; you tell them, Richard," said Amanda.

The Hinkles listened in amazement.

"What is there to tell?" asked Mrs. Hinkle.

"What is all the mystery about?"

And cousin Richard answered, sheepishly:

"Nothing—we've only been getting married. This is my wife, Mrs. B."

It was the only explanation ever offered. The Hinkles never comprehended it. It was always a mystery to them; and though they were profuse in their congratulations, and always continued the best of friends, the fortune which might have been Rose's or Adelaide's, rather troubled Mrs. Hinkle, and she always declared in family councils that she was perfectly sure Uncle Richard married out of spite, to punish Adelaide for the trick she played upon him.

A merchant entered his store in the morning, and found his boy, Bobby, attempting to throw all kinds of somersaults. "What are you about?" asked the merchant, looking astonished at the evolutions of the boy. "Obligin' my girl," replied the almost exhausted youth. "She's writ me a letter, and at the bottom of the page she said—turn over and oblige, and I've been going it for more'n half an hour."

Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent in by a lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me—
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

A Connaught farmer who had been brought to an election dinner in his county town, was puzzled with the silver fork which lay before him with his soup; what he most needed had been forgotten. The farmer reminded the waiter by saying, "waiter, will ye bring me a spoon widout a slit in it?"

An observing individual in a very healthy village, seeing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave, sir." "Digging a grave! Why, I thought people did it die often—do they?" "Oh, no, sir, they never die but once."

A Bridget applied to the family of a citizen up town yesterday, with her clothes dripping like a water-spout. On being interpreted as to her condition, she said she understood the lady of the house wanted a wet nurse, and she had come ready for service.

We once knew a man who said to his pastor: "I am going to the other church, after this."

"Ah, and why so?" asked the minister. "Well, if you don't get your shoes made at my shop, I won't get my preaching done at yours." So he went off.

One of the most original juvenile inventions was that of little Fanny, who, in her prayers at night, spread out her bed, and raising her eyes to heaven, said: "Lord! here I am!"