Advice to Old Maids.

When lovely maidens gay and jolly, Find that their hair is turning gray, They never should be melancholy, But live in hopes- and wait and pray.

Their surest way to catch a lover, And hide their age from every eye, When, in the glass, gray hairs discover, Then to the barber go, and -dye. [St. John (N. B.) TORCH.

AFTER GOLDSMITH-A LONG WAY.

Woman condemned with youth to part Still on this hope relies, That though she may not win a heart, Sometime she'll gain a prize,

Hope, like the glow-worm's feeble light, Sheds lustre on her way; She decks herself anew each night, And beautifies each day.

[Luther G. Riggs in Meriden Recorder.

The harp that once through Tara's halls-I cull that line from Moore Is thrumbed all day, and quite enthrals The clerks of each Bowery store: At least if not the identical harp Of which Tom so sweetly sang. I trust no one will sneer and carp Or question its dulcet twang-For the dull-set, swarthy Italian, lean Might stilletto-pinion feel his spleen. [Erratic Enrique in St. John Torcu,

No wonder that the Muse is sick More strange it is that he Survived so long-Death takes his pick Of bright ones, usually, And verses such as these above Betray superior minds-Such stars as Death is said to love. These are the marks he finds, Forbear, O friend, lest too soon end thy day! For Death, Lukens on, may turn thee into Clay. [Luther G. Riggs in Meriden Recorder,

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

When lovely woman stoops-what folly !-And feels too late her skirts give way, She yanks that pull-back up, does Molly, And disappears from light of day .- Puck.

"What is a sea-urchin?"—Brad. yourself to an industrious sea-urchin' through the pages of natural history and you will find out .- Yonkers Gazette.

An old citizen, formerly a sea captain shook off a book agent by yelling, "Man overboard !"-Oil City Derrick.

Did you ever see a goose-berry its eggs? N. Y. News. No, but we have seen a cowhide in a tan vat .- Gowanda Enterprise.

The Hackensack [N. J.] Republican is welcome. There is a clear ring about the jokes which denotes Crystal.—Edenburg, Pa., Herald.

We are gratified to note a marked decline in market values. Five cents will now purchase a sheet of fly-paper that will stick to the seat of a man's pantaloons for the balance of the season.—St. Louis Journal.

War-fare — soldiers rations. — St. John Torch. Hard-tack—the one you sat down on .- Hackensack Rupublican.

The Shah's Paris expenses up to date are 8750,000. This extravagance ie Shah-King.

—Detroit Free Press.

We met a farmer a day or two ago who was so hard pushed that he was on his way to pawn his hoe. We told him we were sorry to see his case so hopeless. " Hopeless!" he exclaimed; "far from it! You know the old motto, 'hoe-pawn, hope ever.' "- Youkers Guzette

C. O. Mic says he was out walking with his wife the other day and she fell down and strained her back. She told him the fall wouldn't have been her lot if he'd showed her more attention. To which he responded that the strain was evidence that she'd had a tension enough.-Yonkers Gazette.

" When," asks the Warrensburg, Missouri, Press, "when is the time to travel ?" When you hear her father's foot on the third step, young man, is about as good a time as any to start, and you can prolong the tour to suit your own convenience and the length of the old man's cane. From the innocence with which you ask the question. we suppose you didn't travel until he was clear into the parlor. Served you right .- Hawkeye.

To drive away sorrow And rouse all your fun, Read that Torch-erous sheet That comes from St. John. [Danielsonville Sentinel.

Its scintillations light

Our sanctum every week ; It flashes on our sight, And don't we vengeance seek. Meridan Recorder.

Nothing will harass a worthy man more than the comparatively trifling discovery that his wife has cut a corner lot out of his undershirt for a powder rag.—St. Louis Jour.

Should a wealthy butcher's footman be dressed in liver-y ?—St. John Токси,

Such jokes are neither meat nor bon.

Would a Chubb-lock be the best for a Herring safe ?—St. John Токси.

It would be suf-fish-ent for a dead-lock. [Hackensack Republican,

The home bird-the coo-coo. - New York Com The home DIM—the COO-COO,—AGE 10'D Com-mercial. The puglishes bird—the sparrer.—Age York Graphic. The burglarious bird—the robin.— Youkers Grazette. The bluleus bird—the swallow, —St. John Tokell. The "paragraphing" bird— York Graphic. -St. John Touch. The the goose. - Toronto Grip.



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Secretary for Agriculture.

F redericton, July 27, 1878

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