

THE CARAMEL GIRL. A NEW SPECIES OF THE "LOVELY WOMAN"

A Description of Her Passage Along the City Street, and What Happened Here—Unable to Express Her Thanks on Account of a Caramel.

We hear a great deal about the different kinds of girl which have been diffused over this arid waste of heart hunger, called the earth, by a beneficent Providence, to occupy the attention of mankind, keep him from getting lazy or lonesome, keep him from getting into all the mischief possible.

However, I was not going to enlarge on her peculiarities—merely to tell a little story about her.

I was strolling wearily homeward the other afternoon, when I encountered a vision of loveliness which speedily chased every thought of tiredness out of my mind, as the sun chased—you know the rest, and I forget. She was a caramel girl.

THE TIP-TILTED NOSE AGAIN.

"Geoffrey's" Answer to "Cheops'" Criticism of Pig-Nosed Girls.

And so my friend "Cheops" differs with me on the all important subject of the dear girl with the heavenward turning nose!

Suppose that hardened little sinner whose iniquities he cites did get engaged three or four deep, it only goes to strengthen my theory, and prove how utterly irresistible she was to our sex, and what a sweet, tender heart she had, since she seems to have been incapable of inflicting pain on anybody by refusing him, or even hurting his feelings by letting him know that she intended marrying some one else, instead of him.

Dear little soul! how she shrank from inflicting pain! And how she must have suffered in secret!

By the way though, "Cheops," a thought dawns upon me—perhaps you were one of the hapless three, yourself?

Now "Cheops" I did not say that every girl with a turned-up nose was an angel, I only said that most of them were huggable, and lovable, and yours must have been too, else she would never have got the chance to be engaged six times; it was very naughty of her I know, but then just think what a temptation it must have been to the poor little soul to make six men happy, if only for a little while!

"Impossible! Who is it?"

"Wm. J. Fraser of the Royal Clothing Store."

"I'll admit that they couldn't compete with him."—A.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question.

THE TIP-TILTED NOSE AGAIN.

"Geoffrey's" Answer to "Cheops'" Criticism of Pig-Nosed Girls.

And so my friend "Cheops" differs with me on the all important subject of the dear girl with the heavenward turning nose!

Suppose that hardened little sinner whose iniquities he cites did get engaged three or four deep, it only goes to strengthen my theory, and prove how utterly irresistible she was to our sex, and what a sweet, tender heart she had, since she seems to have been incapable of inflicting pain on anybody by refusing him, or even hurting his feelings by letting him know that she intended marrying some one else, instead of him.

Dear little soul! how she shrank from inflicting pain! And how she must have suffered in secret!

By the way though, "Cheops," a thought dawns upon me—perhaps you were one of the hapless three, yourself?

Now "Cheops" I did not say that every girl with a turned-up nose was an angel, I only said that most of them were huggable, and lovable, and yours must have been too, else she would never have got the chance to be engaged six times; it was very naughty of her I know, but then just think what a temptation it must have been to the poor little soul to make six men happy, if only for a little while!

"Impossible! Who is it?"

"Wm. J. Fraser of the Royal Clothing Store."

"I'll admit that they couldn't compete with him."—A.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question.

ABOUT RESTLESS PEOPLE.

Johnny Mulcahey Tells of Several Little Things Tending to Restlessness.

Pa ain't broke out yet on his New Year's resolves and ma says what these are happy times. We're a happy family now and some lecturer order come along and see us.

I heard the people down-stairs askin' each other what kinder people the Mulcaheys was, anyhow, 'cause they're always makin' a hullabaloo, and what you'd never know when to expect the house to fall down when we're in it. They said what they couldn't understand how some people was so restless. I guess they'd be restless

too, if they sat on our maltese cat, 'cause she's a sooner to scratch and holler, and I guess they order see some of the trade marks she put on pa. He's a invalid now, 'cause he hadter do his forehead up in a handkerchief.

Anyhow, I guess the people down stairs is restless, too, 'cause when they're all sittin' round the fire on the cold night, they all screamed like fun when I let out the two big rats what we caught up in our attic, inter they're family circle. They run inter the street, and I guess I had-ent invited them inter our house they'd a caught they're death a cold. Them was the dandiest rats I ever saw. They're great big sooner, and they jumped over the pianer when they're runnin' around and made a noise just like the girls does when they're playin'.

I like one of the young fellars down stairs, 'cause there's some fun in him. He's one of a few bit of a fellar, and he filled one of his father's boots half full of mullasses, and there's a orful sticky time. Some people what live in glass houses shouldn't fire stones, ma says, and they say, what no wonder the boy is what he is, when there's such a fellar as me around.

Bill Johnson's workin' in a grocery store now, 'cause they won't let him in school any more since he lassooed the teacher and locked him in the room, afore he could get a chance to beat him, for fallin' down when the scholars was all marchin' in, and makin' them tumble all inter a big heap. I guess the teacher wouldn't a found out though if Bill hadn't caught a fellar what didn't fall down by the leg, and give him a jerk to make it more interestin'.

Anyhow he's a grocery clerk now and he brings things to the people down stairs, and guess they'll be restless enough afore he leaves. But what's the difference so long as they don't have struckness in his store. Some kinds a spices is pretty good for makin' people restless. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A Keen Sense of Humor.

Jack (on his knees)—Oh, Etcel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?

Ethel—Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny.—N. Y. Sun.

Geoffrey.

is the GREATEST DYSPYPTIC CURS OF THE AGE. Test! K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.B., Canada

What the Season Brings.

Mr. T. B. Robinson sends three calendars, this week, of the Insurance companies represented by him. That of the Traveller's Accident is of more than ordinary interest, as it contains an excellent group of the distinguished literary men of the United States.

The Intercolonial railway issues a large calendar containing a view of the new bridge at Bras d'Or, C. B.

A Good Combination.

Mr. F. E. Holman has associated Mr. James Duffell with him in partnership, and the firm of Holman & Duffell has made its bow to the public.

A Royal Quilt.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A Fool.

The man or woman who allows their feet to get wet, when they can prevent it, is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous.

The Lyttel Boy.

Sometimes there's a lyttel boy that wolds not reme and play, And helps like that little toke Ben always in the way.

And then a morder felt her heart How that it beat and she was gray She kissed eche day till she ben gray The shon he use to wear;

HOEGG'S TOMATOES are if than best as not any good better other. HOEGG'S TOMATOES can at best be all the had the Retail Grocers.

FOR BOYS. Your boy's clothes—a big item in the end if you have many boys. Some boys are easy on clothes, some hard, but for all that poor clothes won't last as long as good ones on anybody. Now a suit of boys' clothes bought from the OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE will last well into the summer from now. What more can a mother ask. Try the OAK HALL the next time your boy wants a suit.

COAL VASES, FIRE IRONS, NURSERY and FIRE GUARDS, ASH BARRELS and SIFTERS, STOVE BOARDS, Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods. PRICES VERY LOW. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE, COMPRISING THE LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles. Celery Dishes, Bon Bon Dishes, Individual Salts and Peppers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, &c. FINE QUALITY. LOW PRICES. T. McAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GURNEY STANDARD RANGE is liked by all who have them in their houses. GURNEY STANDARD RANGE is the joy of women, and the comfort of men. GURNEY STANDARD RANGE Cooks well! Looks well! Heats well! GURNEY STANDARD RANGE is the cheapest family stove used at the present time. GURNEY STANDARD RANGE Try one, when next you want a Stove. COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 CHARLOTTE STREET.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, Masonic Buildings. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

PICTURE FRAMES. Having secured the services of one of the best gliders and moulders in the United States, we are prepared to execute all orders in the Gold, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and Combination patterns—these frames being made without joined corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Kinz Street (West), St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

PAI... Once more my hand will Year loved voice I sh But we shall never see The pleasant land we never, on any summer Hear the low music of Or wander down the lea That leadeth to the la Still, borne upon the sc The songs of birds rise As when I gathered rose And haped their glori And still the golden pat At eye across the west And lovers dream bene Which shines no more No more, ah, nevermore They seem so near, then When hope was like a Toehline adown Time I sometimes dream that Will bring them back And that it is but one lo Since we two parted We parted with soft wo And "Farwell till to From sea and sky, and A golden halo round Then as you went, I be "Haste thee, sweet my How could we dream the Not any sorrow there We parted; and that la His shadow on our lif And Time's relentless Between us and our r And now we meet whe Have dulled the part But never can the wear Bring back our golde