-" Pa," said a boy to his father, where are you going?" "To a hog-guessing match, my son."
"What do the hogs guess about,pa?" was the next query.

-It is the young lady with the brand new scalskin who is over remarking. "How awfully cold it is!" while her less fortunate sister, with nothing but a summer jacket, is "just suffering from the heat," though the thermometer be tweaty degrees below zero.

-Moses—"Vell, vat you think?

I hafe gif ourselfs dedt avay dis mornin'!"

Isaac—"How vos dot?"

Make of Silks, and are still able to effer a range of prices of splendid value from 90c. to \$1.80 per yard.

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mornin'!"
Isaac—"How vos dot?" Isaac—"How vos dot?"

Moses—'Vy, dere vas a mans ecome by der shtore in, und I knows dot mans, I says mit mineself—det he vas dot ensherance agint, und ven he makes queschin "bout dem shtock vot ve got, I used dell. him ven he makes queschin bout dem shtock vot ve got, I used dell him Isaac—"Yah—de shtock is vort bout one tousand!"

Moses—"But, who you tink dot Littell's Living Age,

Isaacs-"Ber agint?" Moses—"Agint, mine eye! He THE LIVING AGE has been published for than forty-years, and has met with continuous vos de tax assezzor!" And that evening the firm of Moses & Isaacs made a regular cyclone assignment.

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dot ve used doobled—dot shtock vos now sex tousand tollar—ven ve only got enshored vor three tousand!' 13 and 17 Market Square, and Corner of Union and Charlotte Streets, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever with half sigh, half grasp.
That which from ours falls like dead
fingers twine:
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the Old Year go. Electro-Plated Ware,

G New Year, teach us faith! The road of life is hard; When our feet bleed and scourging winds

Gift and Holiday Books marred
Than any man's; who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet"—and
to the opprest—
"Come ye to me, and I will give you
rest." Sumptuous Bindings, Handsome Al-

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it
is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyek
The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies.

Toilet Articles,

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close—in which like sheltered daye
Each weary heart its own safe nest may Drugs and Medicines. find; And love that turns above

Adoringly; contented to resign All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine. Friend, come thou like a friend,

Where there are neither days nor months

nor years. -Mrs. Mulock Craik. FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN."

(CONCLUDED.)

(C

Index provided the consecution of the consecutive control of the consecutiv

A Psalm for the New Year's Eve. count. Oby yes, I've no doubt she'll terruption occurs that compels Lady warry him in the long run."

A friend stands at the door; "Why?" demanded Stainer, so him alone with Vera. The mission

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three
score:
Why?" demanded Stainer, so
savagely that his companion pauses
to stare at him in simple wonderment through his cycglasses.
"Why shouldn't one?" be replies
at last. "He is all any one's fancy
to annothe made fruitful silt-it die.

O good New Year, we clasp.
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever with half sigh, half grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead
faithful."

A this last word; Stainer winges.

"Why?" demanded Stainer, so
is avagely that his companion pauses
to stare at him in simple wonderment through his cycglasses.
"Why shouldn't one?" be replies
at last. "He is all any one's fancy
could possibly want to paint, and he
is her slave into the bargain. His
love for hor has been earnest and
faithful."

At this last word; Stainer winges.

A mherst, N. S.

Amherst, N. S.

Anherst, N. S.

Anherst and Anherst and Anherst and Anherst and Anherst and Anherst and

faithfal."

At this last word, Stainer winges.
How can he, whose love has been so unfaithful, hope for forgiveness?
There had indeed been moments during the past few menths when he suffered his mind to wander to her, and he had thought of her with regret and longing. During these brief intervals he had pictured her to himself as living always with her grandfather in that old-world village, and lone, companionless; dreaming, perchance, sadly of him, "poor little thing!" He grows hot and shamestricken as memory brings back to:

"At last I can speak to you alone,"
"At last I can speak to you alone,"
"At last I can speak to you alone,"
he says, with a passion in his voice days.
"What tortures I have been enduring ever since that moment, last night, when once again my eyes looked into yours. And you, Vera depirt intervals he had never heard there in the old days.

"Yhat last I can speak to you alone,"
"At last I can speak to you alone,"
he says, with a passion in his voice she had never heard there in the old days.

"What tortures I have been enduring ever since that moment, last night, when once again my eyes looked into yours. And you, Vera "I have forgotten nothing," says the girl, gravely.

"At last I can speak to you alone,"
he says, with a passion in his voice she had never heard there in the old days.

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"At last I can speak to you alone, "At last I can speak to you have she had never heard there in the old days.

"At last I can speak to you alone, "At last I can speak to you have she had never heard there in the old and you."

"At last I can speak to you alone, "At last I can speak to you have

soft cashmeres, white as her own worthless, perfect skin, and with her two companions. Lady Vyner stops to speak to some chance acquaintance and Ner is left virtually alone with Lord Digby. Her hand is resting on his arm under the pretence of "Can you?" says Vera, not

little kind thing to him that lifts his he says, with white lips. "Give me time; place—"
To explain to you about Stainer. When his eyes had fully met hers, and he is satisfied that the radiant, young beauty up above is in very tract, the simple child whose love he had played with for a while and then flung carelessly aside, he turns to the man next him.

"Who is that girl in white in the box up there?" he says hoarsely.

"Be asys, with white lips. "Give me time; place—"
"To-morrow," says Vera, very future husband, Lord Digby!"
Training enables Stainer to ach mode him by Digby, but the sense of utter defeat is crushing him. He has grown haggard and aged in these few last minutes. He mutters some time; place—"
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Training enables Stainer to ach mode him by Digby, but the sense of utter defeat is crushing him. He has grown haggard and aged in these few last minutes. He mutters some chall the minutes since had made his pulses throb with offly half concealed delight.
"Park Lane," Vera is murmuring without permitting himself to look

"Who is that girl in white in the box up there?" he says hoarsely.
"My dear fellow! Not know the reigning beauty of the hour!" says his friend. "That is Miss Wriothesly, the most exquisite creature in England, recognized as such.
"I have been abroad," stammers Stainer, with a poor attempt at indifference. The scent of dying roses, the roar of the far eff ocean is in his that, and bows himself out, without permitting himself to look into her face even once again. "Vera, you meant it?" says Digby, when they are alone. He is scarcely less agitated than the man who has just left the room.
"I have been abroad," stammers clasp, and looking into her eyes with an impassioned gaze, fails to wake in her the poerest spark of feeling. "Come te-morrow at 3," she says, ly."

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"I did," returned she tremously.
"It is but a poor gift, but if you want me, I give myself to you gladent to look into her face even once again.
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"I did," returned she tremously.
"It is but a poor gift, but if you want me, I give myself to you gladent the removal of the far effection of the

thing!" He grows hot and shamestricken as memory brings back to
him these vain imaginings.

And now the curtain falls. It is
all over; and rising hastily, with a
scanty word of adleu to his friend,
he makes for a large hall, where he'
will see her as she passes to her carriage.

Prescrtly she comes, enveloped in
soft cashmeres, white as her own

She interrupts him by a slight but
eloquent gesture.

"I am not heartless indeed," she
says, "and I have felt—too much!"
There is a quiver in her sweet voice
that misleads him. In truth, the
emotion it expresses is not for him;
but for the memory of those past
dark hours when she had mourned
so truly for a love, now known to be
worthless.

Friend, come thou like a riner.

And whether bright thy face,
Ordinwith clouds we cannot comprehend—
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
own upon it.

On his arm under the pretence of "Uan your says that, and severely, but with a steady glange from her great violet eyes.

Own upon it.

Own upon it. wn upon it. "I can —I will," declares he wild"I have been silent a long time ly. "I was mad then—blind. But

time at your command, but I feel I surely the love you once bore me toust speak to night," he whispers hurriedly. "Am I te take my final 'No' now?" He has turned very speak to that?"

pale.

"No," says the girl quickly. Then
the absurdity of her answer striking
her, a faint smile creeps into her
"I swear—"
"Nay, no more false oaths." interrupted she again, with a weary
movement. "They will be useless



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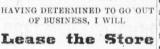
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