



"Hello! Hello!" "Is that Burton?" "Yes." "Well, Joe Bob wants to know if you're going out there to-morrow." "Who is it?" "Griffith, Charlie." "Oh, yes, all right, we'll be on hand. What time do you want to leave?" "About seven, I suppose. We'll get breakfast there. Joe says he's got everything fixed for a good time with the rabbits and chickens, but he asks me to tell you not to forget the case. You know what he means, I guess." "Case, what case? hard case." "It isn't you we want, at least I think not; you're name isn't Burton, is it?" "No, but some one called me." "All right, I called you; Hale, isn't it?" "Yes, who's talking?" "Didymus. Mr. Taplin is waiting to close that Conticook business." "Oh, yes, I forgot; all right. I'll be over in a brace of shakes." "And she wants you to meet her at the station on the arrival of the half-past four train this afternoon, and have the license ready. She would prefer that the Rev. Mr. Thornloe should officiate." "All right. I hadn't made any arrangement as I didn't think she could get away until the night train." "Oh! Johnny, I'm so glad you're there. I just asked Nellie to call you up. Have Mr. Thomas meet us with the marriage contract, and he might act as a witness, so that we can come back on the Island Pond train to-night." "Yes, darling, you can depend that everything will be ready, and I'll just have to move round lively to fix things." "I've just been waiting for that little matrimonial episode to pass over before telling you that your brother Willie has signed, and Mr. Taplin wants to get away by the Portland Express."

"Hello!" "Mr. Paré wants to know if you are going to send those clothes-pins, or not." "Who?" "Mr. Paré, Granby." "You just tell him, please, that we couldn't get them until yesterday, and we've shipped him a case of them. We have hard work to fill orders, but it isn't our fault. We can't get a sufficient supply from the manufacturers, and if they don't wire in we'll have to wire out in the clothes-pin line." "Well, who is it?" "Bob Unsworth, Grand Trunk Depot. Joe wants you to send him down some extra copies of *The Land We Live In*. He wants them as an illustration of Sherbrooke progress. Be sure and direct them "Joseph Unsworth, Government Inspector of Railways, Prince Edward's Island," so that nobody will appropriate them. They aren't interfere with anything directed to him officially." "They'll go all right, but don't you think your respected brother-in-law, Belanger, will think he is responsible for a good deal of Sherbrooke Progress—Progres de l'Est?" "Perhaps so, but he isn't a Judge yet; nuff sed."

"Hello!" "Say, what do you think of the comments made by certain French organs in connection with Judge Brooks' address at last Court of Queen's Bench?" "Think? Think that the writers had a good deal of fool in the head, and that their comments have commenced to operate as a sort of safety valve escape for

Anglophobia and the result of Montreal elections." "Don't show much honor towards his Honor, eh?" "No, poor Honor! but give him a little more rope. Be Liberal for once." "Say, do you know Donald Morrison's address?" "Yes." "Can you let me have it?" "No, Sirree." "Why not?" "Simply because I don't want to be liable for a tax on knowledge." Donald and myself are in partnership so far as resisting attacks is concerned."

"Hello?" "hello!" "Come up and have some oysters with us at seven this evening. That Lennoxville fellow that has such a far-away look is going to be here, and we'll just haze him. You'll come, won't you, Mary?" "Oh, I s'pose so, but I've nothing to wear." "Never mind, put on something that'll stand a good romp. If we don't pull that fellow through a round dance to-night, it'll be because we don't know how." "Don't know Howe? Nor me neither. Is that all you rung me up for?" "I beg your pardon. It's some mistake of the Central, we didn't call you." "All right, I didn't know but what you took me for Royer's City Directory." "Say, Didymus?" "Say on." "Why is the south end of Wellington street like the English Channel?" "On, that's easy enough. Because it's got 'Albion' on the west side of it." "Good for you. And why is there a prospect of an early settlement of the Fisheries Question?" "Because 'Albion' has established a good precedent by being run in the Cleveland interest. Anything more?" "No, only you might have added that there was nothing *scaly* about it."

"Hello!" "Have you got a reliable corn cure?" "Yes, a hair of the dog that bit you." "Oh, bother, I mean these toes corns." "Those hasn't got any corns, not as I know on." "I mean these corns like unto bunions." "Do you mean those that interrupted Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress?" "No, I mean those that interrupted Charlie Griffith's progress. He says that corn cure he got from you is a strong temperance argument, and he don't acknowledge the corn now." "It's applied to the pedal extremities." "Oh, I see! on the Bell organ principle. Furnishes sacred music in a safe way, to use a Latin expression."

"Hello!" "Joe Coté's talking. I wish you'd just say in your next issue that the next time the Boston members of the Megantic Fish and Game Club order breakfast at the Sherbrooke House, I hope they'll make their call-in and connection sure."

"Hello!" "Is that Presby?" "Yes." "Have you got a good photograph of Sub-chief Couture?" "No; I've tried to get one of him, but the plates won't stand it. Why?" "Well, we wanted to send it to our New York artist, in order to make Pete a prominent feature in our 'Market Sketches,' but I guess he can get up a good likeness from a verbal description. If you get a good chance for an instantaneous view of him when on duty, don't forget us."

"Hello!" "Is that Mr. Didymus?" "Yes, who's talking?" "Archib McDonald. Can't you take a run out with me to Black Lake to-morrow?" "I don't know. Why?" "We've had Captain Northey out there prospecting for us, and he's struck a splendid surface show of asbestos and magnesia, and we want you to see it. I'll take over some samples to you. I just wanted to make sure you were at your office."

Mr. Walter Hanover, 116 Broadway, Fall River, Mass., is our authorized agent for this paper. Advertising contracts may be made with him.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is produced by Oxien.

ANOTHER SMALLPOX CURE.—The following remedy is said to be a never failing one for smallpox:—Take one ounce of cream of tartar and dissolve it in a pint of boiling water. When cool enough drink two or three swallows every fifteen minutes. This is said to be an infallible remedy, and also a preventative. It will cure in three days in any case, and never leaves a mark. Hundreds of thousands have been cured by this remedy.

TALK OF THE DAY.

A restaurant waiter takes in the measure of a man from tip to tip.

An item of great interest—paid out by the government each year on its bonds.

People who got hurt in the cotton corner had no idea that the light staple could get so heavy.

Daniel Lamont says he goes to church by proxy. A good many men are represented in church by their wives.

It is strange! A woman who claims to have a mind of her own, takes every opportunity to give everybody a piece of it.

George J. Romanes, in the Nineteenth Century, avers that the crying of a woman is not held to betray the same depth of feeling as the sobs of a man.

The man who can pass the warning notice, "paint," without testing the matter with his finger to see if it is dry, has sufficient will power to give up drinking.—[Puck.]

The Indiana man who sold his wife, had some trouble in collecting the money. Perhaps the other fellow found that he was badly swindled in the trade.

Jones, he keeps a blacksmith shop.

His wife a poultry pen;

Jones he shoes the horse;

And his wife she shoes the hen.

—[Whitehall Times.]

A Dakota woman is commended for her courage in killing a wildcat. It does not take half as much courage for a woman to slay a wildcat as to kill a mouse.

Nature is bound to keep up the average: when she makes a man who can accumulate a fortune, she usually produces a family of spendthrifts to squander it.

The chinook bug eats the farmer's grain.

The bee moth spoils the honey.

The bad bug fills him full of pain.

The humbug saps his money.

—[Flatonia (Tex.) Argus.]

After running a lawn mower for an hour this morning he remarked that if ever he had said anything derogatory or unkind of the snow shovel, he would most willingly take it back.—[Springfield Union.]

"Ma, de fiziology say yer dat de human body am imposed of free-fourth watah."

"Waal, yo' bettah mossey off to school, an' git outen dat hot sun, ur fast ting yo' know yo' be 'vaporatin'!"—[Harper's Bazar.]

"What in thunder did you put in that glass of soda?" he gasped. "Whiskey," replied the clerk; "you wikked." "I wikked! My young friend, one of my eyes is made of glass. I'm a temperance apostle."

Col. Watterson has discovered in New York a drink composed of brandy, eggs and coffee, and called a "Sabbath Calm," and Col. Watterson has put the "Sabbath Calm" where it is apt to do the most good.

A scientist has discovered that widows are more likely to die than widowers. They are more likely to get married than widower, too. And we have noticed that a man generally dies before his widow, but shall not attempt to explain it.

Edward Atkinson has just published a book in which he says that he hopes to be entitled to this epitaph: "He taught the American people how to stew." If he is the clerk of the weather he is entitled to his epitaph, and ought to get it at once.

Somebody sent a poem to a Western journal beginning, "Old friend, companion of my youth, a bumper to the brim!" But when the compositor tortured "bumper" into "bummer" there was a roar in the office, and the editor was obliged to wear crutches for two weeks.

It has been noticed that a girl who has graduated from Vassar and has had \$25,000 spent on her education will, after marriage, hold clothespins in her mouth and gossip over the back fence while hanging out the washing just like other women. You can't change a woman's nature.

Barkeeper—"Deacon Rednose has not been in for a week." "Saloon proprietor—"Eh! What's happened? He can't get along without his toddy, I know." "He goes into Blubson's, across the way." "Blubson's? Let me see. What can be the matter? By jinks, I have it. Our buttermilk sign has tumbled down."

A Michigan man has trained his cat to visit a grocery and steal mackerels for him. And yet, writers on natural history claim that Michigan men have no intelligence.

Parties answering any advertisements contained herein, will greatly oblige by mentioning the fact, that they saw it in this journal.

How To Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

A few days ago a Detroit wife was reading a newspaper article which tickled her almost to death. It was entitled: "How to keep Your Husband at Home," and it was about a Troy wife who turned the sitting-room into a saloon, and thus wedded her husband to his home and kept him in nights.

The Detroit wife cackled and grinned and cackled again, and vowed that she'd follow the plan to the last detail. That evening, when her husband had finished his supper and was making a rush for his hat to go down and see a man on \$100,000 worth of business, the exultant wife led him into the library. There was sawdust on the floor, six big spittoons artistically arranged around the room, and a bar on which rested half a dozen bottles of beer and a supply of beer glasses.

"My angel wife, may heaven bless you!" exclaimed the husband, as he looked around him and took in all the details.

Then he walked around and expectorated in each spittoon, and he walked up to the bar and swore like a trooper and called for beer. When he had drunk it he kicked over the chairs and said he was just as good as Vanderbilt or any other man. When he had imbibed some more beer he kicked over the bar and broke the bottles, and as soon as his wife began to talk politics he blacked her eye and went in to clear out the place. When the neighbors finally got the man quieted down things were end-wise and crossedwise all over the house, while half the neighbors were hunting for a fire-alarm box and the other half for the police. When the hysterical wife had finally explained her plan to the mob filling the parlor the husband sat up on end amidst the wreck, and waved his fists about and shouted:

"You hez your booz! Nicesz s'loon in zhis town! Nicesz wife in D'troit! Everybody come up n driz at my s'pense! Whoop! Wherezer man who wants'er run out nights!"

The Book Agent.

'Tis hard to get rid of a debt,
A birth-mark, a wart, or the gout—
A hang-nail, a corn or a sty
Is a difficult thing to knock out.

The seven-year itch is no slouch,
And the fond who has never a cent
Is constant and stays with a man
Until all his money is spent.

But with calmest contentment and ease
We on all these little things look,
And prefer them; on mase, to that pest,
A female who's selling a book!

Took the Bait.

"Well, dear," remarked Mrs. Smith as her husband started out for a day's fishing, "I hope you will be successful and bring home a nice basket of trout."

"Never fear," responded Smith, "if there are any trout to be caught I am the boy to catch 'em. It's a cold day in the spring time when a trout gets away from me."

"It is, indeed," his wife said; "and, by the way, here is your pocket-book lying on the table. You mustn't forget that. You can't catch trout without bait, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

He Was Suited.

"Well, Jakey, I hear you are going to get married. Is it so?"

"Yes."

"Who are you going to marry?"

"Jane Meters."

"Why, she's old, Jakey, and also homely."

"That's just the kind I want. I want 'em old so they'll know something, and homely so they will stay at home."

—*Kentucky State Journal.*

THE HEART BOWED DOWN WITH WEIGHT OF WOE.

Will find a joy and comfort in the use of Oxien, that the world knoweth not of;