

A Setter.

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder, as he slipped in on Sergeant Bendal yesterday, "vhas dere some confidence game in which you see a dog?"

"There's all sorts of confidence games, Mr. Dunder, and it's a poor one which wouldn't catch you. What is it now?"

"Vhell, if I vhas shwindled again I dunno. Fife days ago a man come to my place mit a dog. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. He like to leave dot dog mit me for two hours. Dot dog vhas a setter. He vhas valuable. He vhas going to sell him for ten dollar."

"Same old game."

"Vhas he some old game? I ueaser see him before. Ho goes avhay, und anoder man comes. Whose dog vhas dot? I dunno. Dot was a valuable dog. He gife me twenty dollar for him right off queek. Ho goes to der depot, und vhill sltup on his vhay back. Vhell, Es doan' be gone long vhen der dog man comes in. Shake und me tak it oaser, und we seo a shance to make ten dollar."

"Of course. And you give him \$10 for the dog?"

"Yes."

"And you are still waiting for the man to come and pay you twenty?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will wait a good while."

"Vhas I shwindled?"

"Yes, sir."

"Und he won't come?"

"Never."

"Hum! Dot's der vhay t belief, too, Sergeant!"

"Yes."

"I vhas going home und kill dot dog! In a leedle while, maybe, some odder man comes along mit a setter. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. I like to leaf dis dog mit you. He vhas a valuable dog. He vhas—pish! thud! bang!—und I like der Coroner to come in by der side door und keep der boys oudt! Good-bye, Sergeant! I paya taxes in two wards, und I vhas all right to gif bail!"—*[Detroit Free Press.*

On the Road.

"I'll tell you a sleeping car story that is a real fact," said a Board of Trade man. "Two commission merchants that I know were traveling from Chicago to some Iowa point, and they occupied the same berth. They were both feeling pretty happy, and during the night one of them was seized with a desire for another drink. He got his pocket pistol, and went to the wash room to get some water to wash down the strong er stuff. Coming back he did what many another has done—mistook his berth. He crawled into one occupied by a Chicago drummer. The drummer was lying in the middle of the berth, so the commission man, thinking it was his friend, tried to push him over. He didn't succeed, and becoming angry, hauled off and gave the drummer a terrible pound in the ribs. That had the desired effect—it woke the drummer. He thought he was being robbed, and grabbed the intruder. They both rolled out into the aisle, and for about

five minutes made the car resound with discordant sounds. When they were finally separated they were both in a sorry plight."

Gems of Thought.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures. —*[Cicero.*

A man that cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's. —*[Saville.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. —*[Tillotson.*

I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.

—*[Shakespeare.*

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?

What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?

To view each loved one blotted from life's page,

And be alone on earth, as I am now.

—*[Byron.*

And 'tis remarkable that they

Talk most that have the least to say.

Your dainty speakers have the curse

To plead their causes down to worse;

As dames, who native beauty want,

Still uglier look the more they paint.

—*[Prior.*

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? That it was a question that none but a blind man could ask, since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. —*[Clarendon.*

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