

HORSE AND CATTLE FEED.

Call and see H. S. Dalkin and get a bag of the above we will recommend it.
Ed. Q. Star

When an authoress names her hero "Claude" and her heroine "Maud," and adopt "Victoria St. Clair" for a *nom-de-plume*, you may know that her real name is something like Sarah Jane Muggins, and that she is a sentimental young thing of thirty-five, with two cork screw curls hanging in front of each ear.

How appropriate, how meet this milkman's name, D Scaver! He works in St. Louis Suburbs.

An often says: "James Rothly was run over at upper station yesterday by a coal train while drunk." And this sad accident should impel temperance men to ask "Whither are we drifting?" When a coal train gets drunk it is high time the brakes were put on the rum traffic. If a coal train can't indulge in "bumpers" without becoming inebriated and running over a man, it should be "switched off" and often.

Foster, the "medium," says: "Once, some years ago, I was playing the piano when it rose a foot or more off its four legs, and an eyeball ran along the keys." So it seems it doesn't affect all alike. Some persons see snakes.

POOR SPITE.

Calling Guibord's grave a profane sport.

There was a grand lurn out of the Tandem Club on Wednesday through the upper and lower town where considerable skill was exhibited going round Tom Levallee's Corner. The members looked well and in good paying Condition we wish we meant what we say.

Thanks giving day has come and gone, and we hope we will have more to be thankful for this day twelvemonth.

Not much to be thankful for this year, barring lots of snow.

We take this opportunity of contradicting the malicious report that Geordie Johnson or F. Johnston is no relation of the celebrated nicodemus Johnston, as nicodemus take whiskey.

THE JEFFERY HALE HOSPITAL.

Is fact becoming an Hospital only in name restrictions being calculated to keep people out, rather than encourage them to apply for medical aid or assistance which we are sure was never the idea of the worthy founder we personally knew the gentleman and are certain he never intended as it at present as there is no fault on the part of the employees but they are controlled by a staff of Governors, who have every thing after their own sweet will to suit their own convenience and Pockets.

"A half a hog to every man, woman, and child in the country is the allotment of the pork crop of the United States for 1875." If any one wants our half for five dollars, let him forward us the money by next mail.

For the life of us we cannot see the philosophy of the petition for a protestant Lunatic Asylum.

We can understand and Inebriate asylum such as Mr. Wakehams good in its way. It might as well be asked to give an asylum for French Canadiens and one for Irish too, we dont believe in half the lunatics there be some of them know more than their reputed sane friends out door.

An agent drove a sorrowful looking horse into town and stopping in front of an hotel asked a small boy to hold him for a moment "Hold him" exclaimed the boy. Just lean him up against the post. That "U" hold him.

Missionaries Ford and Davis are about to start a Temperance paper in the interest of the J.O.G.T.S. We wish them success.

A gent walked into a store in Dalhousie at yesterday and inquired if John Giblin was in. No, replied the proprietor. Poor John is gone. "Gone!" mused the inquirer oh what a said affair. When did he go. About five minutes ago. Pretty well provided for eh. Pretty well I believe replied the Merchant. Glad to hear it said the other solemnly. Poor John is gone-gone-gone. Yes John is gone out to Chalmer's hotel to have a drink. And the subject was changed.

Turkeys are beginning to look serious. Their melancholy time is coming on.

Another \$300 a night lecturer has been forbidden by his physician to lecture this winter, and that physician should continue on in his good work if he wants to earn the plaudits and gratitude of a long suffering public.

USELESS ELOQUENCE.

A young man who was in Town on Friday in the interest of a new heating apparatus, heard that Major Pinkney was building a new house, and speedily hunted up the veteran.

"I hear you are building a new house," he said to the major.

"I ain't exactly building one," said the major in the tone of a man who didn't care to commit himself; "I have built it."

"Exactly! Glad to hear it," said the agent.

"Have you made any arrangements for heating the new building?" and the agent looked anxious.

"Well, no," muttered the major with a stare, as if the heating of the building was a subject that had entirely slipped his mind.

"So much the better for you," explained the agent, "as I think I have just the article you want, combining economy, heat, and cleanliness. We have sold thousands of them throughout the country, and have yet to hear of a single failure on the part of the heater to do all that is claimed for it. It is the sum total of every excellence yet produced in the numerous devices patented for heating buildings, and I am quite confident that I can demonstrate to you the superior advantages which this heater enjoys above all others. Where is your new house?"

"On Essex street," said the major.

"Suppose you jump in the carriage with me, and take a drive over there. I should like to see it."

The major consented, and getting his overcoat he mounted the seat with the hopeful and eloquent agent, and they drove off. On the way the agent rapidly went over the many favorable points of the admirable heater, and was much gratified at the impression he had evidently made on his companion.

Arriving in front of the new building, a large and rather unpretentious structure, the agent said:

"What are you going to do with this, major? Make a tenement or a boarding-house of it?"

"Oh, no," said the major, as he carefully reached the ground, and looked innocently around, "it is an ice house."

"What?" screamed the agent.

"It is an ice house," repeated the major, blandly.

The last seen of that agent, he was applying the lash to his horse, and tearing out of the neighbourhood at a marvelous pace.

Mr. Hiram Mann let his horse run away with him at Crestline the other day. Next time he'd better Hiram Man to drive for him.