

It May be Your Turn Next.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend!
Of him your fellow man,
But draw the veil of charity
Around him if you can.
He once was called an honest man,
Before some trial vexed—
He stepped from out the narrow way—
It may be your turn next.
Fainting upon the great highway
A suffering soul doth lie;
Go staunch his wounds, quench his thirst,
Nor pass him idly by.
God will not brook the swift excuse,
The thoughtless vain pretext,
A fellow-mortal bites the dust—
It may be your turn next.
You heard, one day, a single word
Against a person's name;
Oh, bear it not from door to door
To further hurt his fame.
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember, then, the text,
To "speak no evil," true or false—
It may be your turn next.

Stories of Bench and Bar.

One morning, when Rufus Choate, the well-known American lawyer, entered his office, his clerk rose and said "Mr. Choate, a gentleman has just left here who wants you to undertake a case for him," "Ah! and did you collect the regular retaining fee?" "I only collected fifty dollars Sir" "The regular fee was one hundred dollars, and in a reproving tone, Mr. Choate said "But, sir, that was unprofessional—yes, very unprofessional." "But, sir," said the clerk apologetically, anxious to exonerate himself from the charge, "I got all he had," "Ah! said Mr. Choate, with a different expression, "that was professional—yes, quite professional!"

Sergeant Byles was perhaps one of the most astute advocates of that ever practised at the English bar; but somewhere in the "forties," at a Cambridge assize, he found his match in a certain George Poynter, who was an innkeeper in a village eight miles from Cambridge, Poynter had had a watch stolen, and, having given his evidence, was taken in hand for cross-examination by the Sergeant. "Where do you live?" asked the Sergeant "At Willingham: but I'm not a native." "Oh! Are you an engineer?" "I was an apprentice to Henry Maudslay, partner to Sir Isambard Brunel, of Thames Tunnel notoriety." "Well, what else are you?" "Why, I'm a gunsmith, locksmith, bell-hanger, iron-arm and lathe maker, edge-tool maker, watch and clock maker and repairer mathematical-instrument maker weighing-machine, steelyard, and scale manufacturer, knife maker and grinder, innkeeper and auctioneer." "You can conjure a little, I believe, as well?" "Yes I can show you a trick or two." "What can you do?" "Well, if you will allow me and not think it insulting, I will tell you" "Oh, certainly not. Go on." "Well if you will just take off your wig, and get the gentleman next you to well grease your head, I will swallow you whole, and then you will be no further trouble to yourself or anybody else." Bench, bar, and audience were convulsed with laughter.

The Sergeant quietly told the witness he might stand down.

Magistrates and town councils in Scotland, on entering on a new year of duty, usually attend church together. Dr. Muir, who was once kirking the corporation, said in his prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon the magistrates of Glasgow, such as they are! Make them wiser and better! When the town clerk called to say that the magistrates were much aggrieved at being prayed for in such a fashion, the answer was instant: "Dr. Muir's compliments to the Lord Provost, and he is very sorry to find that his prayer has not been answered."

One would be disposed to believe, by a perusal of 'Reform's' letter in a recent issue of the Woodstock Press; that the magistrates of this province, require the prayers of some divine, "Oh! for a forty-parson power, to preach" for their very necessary enlightenment. When Reform compares them to necessity, we presume it is because, like them, *Necessitas non habet Legem*.

We have been recently informed, that, H. Stockford, Esq. B.F. is looking for a suitable office in Glassville, where it is said; he purposes to carry on an extensive law business. His library is said to be very complete, and a numerous clientele are anxiously waiting to see his shingle fluttering in the breeze.

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Argyle.

"Le Maitre des Forges," Mr. George Guthrie, is removing his place of business nearer towards Glassville, we hope yet, to see our little city the metropolis of the surrounding country, and to see it grow up round our office, like villages, towns and cities, have sprung up under the shelteringegis of some mediæval fortress. Mr. Guthrie, has carried on a business for some years at Argyle, but, having purchased a piece of wood-land, between that place and Highlands, where he is now erecting a new blacksmithing establishment. We might best describe it's sylvan situation, by a paraphrase of Longfellow.

Beneath the spreading forest trees,
The Argyle smithy stands.

Home Rule.

THE LATEST FROM DUBLIN.—John Morley (to Dublin Jarvey): Well, Pat, how is trade these times? Jarvey: Och, begorra! very poor, yer honour, John Morley: Never mind, it will soon be all right when you get Home Rule. Jarvey: Bedad, I'm not so sure, But it may be so jishit for a fortn't. John Morley: a fortnight? Why do you say for a fortnight? Jarvey: Arrah! bekase it'll take about a fortn't to dhrive the gentlemen to the boat, and thin the devil a one there'll be left able to pay for a car at all.