

persuade Teddie to believe John's story about the Brazilian sorcerers seeing spirits. He said he saw his breakfast, his mother, her shingle, but positively no ecstasies or spirits. He is strongly inclined to think that either John Nienhoff deliberately trifled with the truth, or that the quality of tobacco has degenerated in these latter days.

YOUNG BLUENOSE.

Geo. E. Frye, "X. L. C. R."
Editor and Publisher.

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SALUTATORY.

It is with feelings of the utmost pleasure, gentle reader, that we place before you, this small sheet. Notwithstanding our feeble efforts, we hope, with your generous assistance, to make it a success. Our aim shall always be "Excelsior", and by combining pleasure with instruction, it shall become a welcome visitor to both young and old.

Our paper shall be solely the work of juveniles, both in typography and contents.

We cordially invite the youth of both sexes, to send us their literary efforts.

Hoping that our feeble efforts to please, have been successful, we make our bow and retire.

LITERATURE.

What do our boys and girls read? is a question, upon which depend in a great measure, the future of the rising generation, and in our endeavors to answer it, we feel unable, but will do so to the best of our ability. It is a true fact, that there are innumerable books, papers and magazines, devoted to the advancement of morality, temperance and religion; but do our boys and girls seek after such books? do they relish such literature? No! We are sorry to say, that the majority indulge in works of fiction; heart-thrilling, harrowing, hair-breadth escapes, in fact anything and everything that would have a tendency to excite their feelings and arouse their imagination. Now, in making these statements, we do not plunge boldly into the subject without proof that such is the case, and we will admit that our own experience has been such, until roused by a purer motive, we determined to abandon unprofitable literature.

If you visit the news-venders of the present day, you will be astonished to find a miscellaneous spread of papers; on observation you will find that the first page contains—what we would call an elaborate wood-cut—and such a picture! It awakens your feelings! You purchase, and for the next hour or two, all your faculties are absorbed in an exceedingly pleasant story entitled "The Hunchback Detective" or some other equally attractive title: and this is what our boys and girls read. It would be presumptuous on our part, to accuse all, for we are perfectly aware, that in a great many instances, such is not the case. It is for greater pens than ours, to discuss this all-important subject, and at present, we will leave it.

Editorial Effervescences.

—Subscribe!!!

—Effervescing—a bottle of ginger ale.

—"Our Devil's" name is Belzebub. We shall call him "Bub" for short.

—Bub wants to know what is the difference between a Digby her-ring and a cigar? Will some of our exchanges enlighten us on the subject?

—We tender our sincere thanks to all those who have so kindly favored us with copies of their papers. May their shadows never grow less.

—We have not wasted any cash by investing in a waste basket yet, in fact, we have appropriated an empty collar box, until our business enlarges.

—We were sitting in "our sanctum" luxuriating in the delightful task of perusing a comic sketch, when suddenly a loud knock was heard at the door, and "ye editor" always on the alert, arose to answer, but to his astonishment the stool on which he was sitting arose too, so "ye junior editor" had to perform that important duty. He reached the door, but was surprised to find no one, but just as he was in the act of closing it, a figure darted from behind a large ulster, which hung in the hall. "Ye junior" persued. In the meanwhile, "ye senior" was endeavoring to unfasten the stool which seemed so attached to him, but to his intense disgust, it remained unmoved, so he was obliged to anxiously wait for the return of his assistant. At last, he was delighted to hear the "little footsteps" of "ye junior." One moment more, he stood before him, with a triumphant smile upon his countenance. "Who was it?" gasped "ye senior." "Why, it was that confounded imp, Bub." He says that you disputed the adhesive