THE EVENING GAZETTE, SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1889.

WEATHER THE COLUMN TO THE COLU





A COLONY OF RODENTS THAT PUSS
DON'T WANT TO EAT.

Let by the Blind.

Some years ago, in Paris, there was a small restaurant, known as the Blind Men's Cafe, much frequented by the blind, where an orchestra of blind musicians performed for the amusement of patrons.

a Collony of Robents That Pusses

It may be that a Belief is Spooks Is

What Saves the White Rats—A Citizen
Who Wasn't Sure About His Vision, and
He Went to the Dector.

A citizen who had lost his reckoning
and who was pursuing a tortuous country
and who was under man was askident man who was a walking along confidently and boldly,
wentured to say to him:

"Sir, will you please tell mowhere you
and the tent was a walking with such sure
footseps,
"The Iral Kill, Man Iral Kill,

Rrood







RAILROADS.