

Old Grimes' Daughter and Her Wonderful Metamorphoses.

Old Grimes' daughter lives in town;
Her neighbor's knew her well,
Her hair is dark, her eyes are brown;
Her age I cannot tell.

Full many a simple boy and sham
Her infant hours beguiled;
For then she was a little Lamb-
like tender laughing child.

She spent her time in healthful sleep
Or rolled upon the grass,
Until she grew into a Sheep-
ish tittering hoyden lass.

She grew up rosy, fair and fat;
But fits she said, they said;
Her fits soon changed her to a Cat-
eptic, drooping maid.

They gave her bark and wine and nogg,
To heal her and sustain her;
But quickly she became a Dog-
ged mourner and complainer.

Upon her case a jury sat,
And for her health they prayed;
And then she turned into a Rat-
tle-headed boisterous jade.

With wonder all the neighbors ran
To learn the doctor's views;
But now behold she stood a Man-
ufacturer of news!

The children laugh, the women stare;
Was she a witch or hag?
All shunned her when she stalked a Bear-
er of the scandal bag.

She soon, alas! "upset her dish,"
And lost her wonted glee;
And she was transformed to a Fish-
er-woman by the sea.

She grew so fat, all heard her pant;
Henceforth none could surpass;
For she was now an Elephant-
ine, fleshy, breathing mass.

For many days the flesh she had
Was lost for want of pelf;
At last she dwindled to a Shad-
ow of her former self.

Just then a man—God bless them both!
On Grimes' daughter smiled
And married her. She's now a Moth-
er of an infant child.

She has retired, amongst her kin,
(May she be safe and sound!)
To private life, and keeps an in-
convenient gadding round.

TOM.

Oh, but it was cold! freezing, biting,
bitter cold and dark, too; for the
feeble gaslights, leaping and flaming
as the gale whistled by, hardly bright-
ened the gloom a dozen paces around
them. The wind tore through the
streets as if it had gone mad; whirl-
ing before it dust and snow, and every
movable thing it could lay its clutch-
ing hand upon. A poor old battered
kite, that some time last autumn, had
lodged far up in the tallest tree in the
neighborhood, and had there rested
peacefully ever since, believing its
labors at an end, was smatched from
its nest, and driven unspittingly before
the blast. Some feeble efforts it had
made to dodge into corners, lurking
behind steps and diving into areas;
but not a bit of it! Down would
swoop the wind, and off it would go
again.

At last, driven around the long row
of barrels, that stood like wretched
sentinels along the sidewalk's edge, it
flew into the very arms of a small boy,
who seated on the curb-stone, crouch-
ed down in the barrel's somewhat
questionable shelter. Such a very
small boy! He looked like nothing
in the world but a little heap of rags;
and the rags were very thin, and the
small boy was very cold. His nose,
his ears, his hands, and his poor bare
feet were blue. He was almost too
cold to shiver, certainly too cold to
notice the unfortunate kite, which, as
its enemy, the wind approached with
a roar, seemed to cower close to him
as if begging his protection. Round
both sides of the barrel at once came
the wind, shook hands right through
poor little Tom, and, howling with
delight, rushed off with its miserable
victim.

"Tom"—that was all the name he
had. Who he was or where he came
from no one knew, except, perhaps,
the wretched old woman with whom
he lived; which meant just she let
him sleep upon a pile of rags on the
floor of her miserable room, and some-
times gave him a crust, and oftener a
blow. When she was drunk—and
that was the greater part of the time
—Tom took to the streets; and by
night she was very drunk. The boy
was perhaps some six years old, but
as he cowered down on the cold flag-
stones, with his cold worn, pinched
face and drooping head, he might have
been a hundred.

A carriage came rattling through
the icy street, and stopped close by
him. The door was pushed open, and
two children half-jumbled out, and
leaving the door swinging, rushed up
the steps. Tom watched them rapid-
ly, heard the quick, sharp ring of the
bell, caught a gleam of something
that looked very bright and warm,
and then it was dark again. He turn-
ed his eyes towards the carriage, ex-
pecting it to drive off again, but it still
stood there. The coachman sat upon
the box like a furry possum. One
of the horses struck the stones sharp-
ly with his iron hoofs, and cast an
enquiring glance around, but the
monument sat unmoved.

Tom's heavy eyes looked through
the open door into the carriage. Dark
as it was, he could see that it was
lined with something thick and warm.
He raised his head and glanced about
him. If he were inside there the wind
could not touch him. Oh, if he could
only get away from it one minute!
He would slip out again the moment
the house door opened. Unbending
his stiff little body he crept nearer,
hesitated a moment, and, as the wind
came round the corner with a roar,
slipped swiftly and noiselessly into
the carriage. In the further corner
of the seat he curled himself into a
little round heap, listening to the
wind as it swept by.

It was very quiet in his nest, and
the soft velvet was much warmer than
the cold flag-stones, and he was very
tired and very cold, and in half a
minute he was sound asleep. He did
not know when at last the house door
opened and a lady, gathering her
cloak closely around her, came down
the steps—did not even know when
the suddenly animated monument de-
scended from its pedestal and stood
solemnly by the open door until the
lady had stepped inside. But when
it shut with a slam, and the coach-
man, returning to the box, drove
rapidly away, the boy's eyes opened
and fixed their frightened gaze upon
the lady's face. Preoccupied with
her own thoughts, she had not noticed
the queer bundle in the dark corner.
But now, her attention attracted by
some slight movement on his part, she
turned her eyes slowly toward him,
and then, with a suppressed cry of
surprise and alarm, laid her hand
upon the door. The rattle of the
wheels and the roar of the wind pre-
vented its reaching the ears of the
coachman; and Tom, rapidly unwin-
ding himself, and cowering un-
der the bottom of the carriage, said with
a frightened sob:

"I didn't mean no harm. I was
awful cold. Say, just open the door,
missus, and I'll jump out. You
needn't stop the kerriage."
The lady, with her hand still on the
door, demanded:
"How did you get in here?"
"The door was open, and I clum-
ped in," he answered. "It was awful
cold."
The lady took her hand from the
door.
"Come nearer," she said. "Let
me see your face."
Tom drew his ragged sleeve across
his eyes, and looked up at her over
his shoulder. They had turned into
a brilliantly lighted street, and she
could see that the tangled yellow hair
was soft and fine and that the big,
frightened eyes that raised themselves
to her's were not pickpocket's. With
a sudden impulse she laid her gloved
hand lightly on the yellow head.
"Where do you live?" she asked.
"Something in the voice and touch
gave him courage. "With Mammy
Sal," he answered, straightening up
—me and some other fellows. Some-
times we beg, sometimes we takes
the barrels. When we get a haul it
ain't so bad, but when we don't we
ketch it out. She's drunk to-night, and
she drove us out."
"She pushed the heavy hair back
from his forehead. "Is Mammy Sal
your mother?" she asked.
"No!" cried the boy, almost fiercely;
and then added sullenly, "I ain't got
none."
Slowly the gloved hand passed
back and forth over the yellow hair.
The lady's eyes were looking far away;
the boy's face was like, so strangely,
like another face.
"Are you hungry?" she asked sud-
denly.

The wide-open gray eyes would have
answered her without a quick sob and
low "Yes'm."
The carriage stopped, and the
monument, again accomplishing a
descent, opened the door, and stood
staring in blank astonishment.
"I am not going in, John," said his
mistress. "Drive home again." And
she added smiling, "This little boy
crept in out of the cold while the car-
riage was waiting. I am going to
take him home. Drive back as quick-
ly as possible."

As the bewildered coachman shut
the door and returned to his perch,
the boy made a spring forward.
"Lemme out!" he cried. "I don't
want to go home. Lemme out!"
"No, your home," said the lady
gently. "My home."
Tom stared at her in wonder, and
too much overcome by the announce-
ment to resist, let her lift him up on
the seat beside her.
"My home," she repeated, "where
you can get very warm, and a good

dinner, a long, long sleep, on a soft
bed. Will you like that?"

Tom drew a slow breath, but did
not answer. It was too wonderful!
He—one of Mammy Sal's boys—to
go to the lady's house where the
children lived whom he had seen go
in that evening! He looked up sud-
denly. "Were those children yours?"
he asked. With a sudden movement
she drew him very close to her, and
then answered softly:

"No, not mine. I had a little boy
once, like you, and he died."

When the carriage stopped again
Tom was fast asleep; so fast asleep
that the still bewildered coachman
carried him into the house and laid
him on a bed without waking him.
The next morning, when the boy's
eyes opened, he lay looking about
him, hardly daring to speak or move.
I don't believe he had ever heard any-
thing about the fairies, or he would
certainly have thought himself in fairy
land. Best of all the lady of the
night before was standing by the bed
smiling at him, and smiling back, he
held out his arms to her.

I wish you could have seen him a
little later, when arrayed in jacket and
trousers that made him think with
disdain of certain articles of the same
description which he had but yester-
day gazed at lovingly as they dangled
before old Isaac's clothing store, he
sat before a little table by the sunny
window, taking a short, a very short
preliminary view of a gigantic
beefsteak still indignantly sputtering
to itself, a mountain of smoking po-
tatoes, an imposing array of smoking
rolls and golden butter, and a pitcher
of creamy milk. And I wish, too, you
could have seen the same table still
later, for the table was all about that
was left.

That was the first time that I ever
saw Tom. Since I have seen him
very often. And now I will tell you,
only I am afraid you will hardly be-
lieve me, about the last time, and
that was not very long ago.

I was riding along one of the pret-
tiest country roads you ever saw, and
when I came to a certain gate my
horse, without waiting for a sign from
me, turned in. As we drew near the
house I caught sight of two figures
standing among the flowers. One
was a handsome old lady with white
hair, the other a young man. She
was armed with an immense pair of
shears, and he held in his hand his
bat filled to the brim with flowers.
The sunlight, creeping down through
the trees, fell full upon his closely
cropped hair and yellow beard. As I
drew my horse and sat watching
them, it all seemed to me like a fairy
story. But it wasn't; for the tall
handsome man looking down with
such protecting kindness upon the
white-haired old lady was really Tom
—poor, little, thin, cold, hungry Tom.

A Chapter on Flies.

You can sometimes catch a base
ball on a fly.

The most irritating fly is the Span-
ish fly.

The Latin name for a certain kind
of fly is tempus fugit.

The fly is an author. See "Flies
on Horses."

Flies are always on hand early in
the morning.

You have all seen a kite fly.

Longfellow speaks of a bird when
he says, "Fly, proud bird of freedom."

Some people employ the blind to
keep flies from the room.

You can draw a fly better with a
drop of molasses than with a crayon.

I have often seen flies hand-cuffed.

The spider is the only creature
which invites the fly into his parlor.

The only popular fly—"shoo fly."

A conjugal quarrel is a promoter
of hair flies.

Stage flies are painted.

A fly is conservative in reading; he
always sticks to his own paper.

Butchers and grocers exhibit flies
in their windows.

You can't drown a fly in the milk
of human kindness.

Although flies don't stay in one
place long, they always carry a trunk.

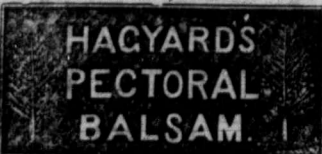
There are musical flies. People
often speak of that base fly.

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