RADWAY'S PILLS

ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

NO STRAINING.

NO GRIPING.

NO TENESMUS.

NO PILES.

FALSE CALLS TO THE WATER CLOSET.
ET A BRISK AND THOROUGH
EVACUATION FROM THE BOWELS
IS ALWAYS SECURED.

Newly Discovered Principles in Purgatives.

Radway's Pills are the Best Purgative Pills in the and the only Vegetable Substitute for Calomel or ery ever discovered. They are composed of

VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM ROOTS, BS, PLANTS, GUMS, SEEDS, FLOWERS, BARKS, FRUITS AND WEEDS, PREPARED IN VACUO.

grain of the extract of the medicinal properRadway's Pills, possess a greater curative power disease than a thousand of the crude and inert als that enter into all other pills in use. These re compounded of the active medicinal properthe Roots, Herbs, Plants, Flowers, Gums, &c. of they are composed. One dose will prove their ority to all other pills. They

ERGE, CLEANSE, PURIFY, HEAL,
SOOTHE, CALM, STRENGTHEN,
INVIGORATE,
REGULATE THE SYSTEM.

Their Great Combinations.

y are Aperient, Tonic, Laxative, Alterative, Stimulant, Counter Irritant, Sedative.

AS EVACUANTS,

y are more certain and thorough than the Drastic of Aloes, or Croton or Harlem Oil, or Elaterium; more soothing and healing than Senna, or Rheor Tamarinds, or Castor Oil.

IN SUDDEN ATTACKS OF

mation of the Bowels or Stomach, Liver, Spleen, eas or Kidneys, Bilious Cholic or Bilious Fever, pelas or Congestive Fever, Small Pox, Measles, or Fever.

TO EIGHT OF DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS WILL PURGE THE PRIMA-CAUSE OF THESE FROM THE SYSTEM.
IN SIX HOURS.

dose of Dr. Radway's Pills will cleanse the intescanal, and purge from the bowels all offending retained humors, as thoroughly as lobelia or the approved emetic will cleanse the stomach, with reducing inflammation, irritation, weakness,

STRAINING,

her unpleasant symptoms. There are no other tive pills in the world that will secure this desiratum.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL.
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL.
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL.

AS ALTERATIVES,

exercise a more powerful influence over the liver its secretions than calomel, mercury, blue pill, e their importance in cases of Liver Complaints Spleen Difficulties, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Bilious at, Headache, &c. In the treatment of Fevers, either us, Yellow, Typhoid, and other reducing Fevers, are superior to Quinine. Their influence extends the entire system, controlling, strengthening, and ing up the relaxed and wasting energies, and regulating all the secretions to the natural performance of duties, cleansing and purifying the blood, and ing from the system all diseased deposits and impure humors.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

E TO SIX BOXES WILL CURE

tiveness,	Jaundice,	Rush of Blood
stipation,	Congest've Fever,	to the Head,
gestion,	Sleeplessness,	Obstructions,
art Disease,	Gen'l Debility,	Dropsy,
ease of Kidey & Bladder.	Dimness of S't	Acute Erysipelas,
ease of Liver,	Fits,	Headache,
lousness,	Lowness of Spirits,	Bad Breath,
phus Fever,	Quinsey,	Inflamation of the Intestines,
ip Fever,	Dyspepsia,	Apoplexy,
lignant Fever,	Measles,	Enlargement of the Spleen,
ss of Appetite,	Melancholy,	Scurvy,
digestion,	Hysteria,	Whooping Cough,
flammation,	Amenorrhoea,	Worms,
pitations,	Fainting,	Bed Dreams,
riet Fever,	Dizziness,	Pleurisy.
dous Fever,	Retention of Urine,	

I AM CURED.

'I have taken six doses of Radway's Pills, of three a each, in six days; they cured me of Constipation, digestion, and Dyspepsia. I have taken B——th's, ——es', and many other pills for years, and could y obtain temporary relief. If I stopped the use of se pills for a week my old complaint would appear. doses of Radway's Pills cured me.
STEPHEN BENNETT, U. S. C. S."

'I have suffered with Dyspepsia and Liver Complint for seven years—have used all sorts of pills—y would give me temporary comfort, but was compled to take them all the time. I have used one box Dr. Radway's Pills; I am cured. I have not taken article of medicine in six months.
C. M. CHILDS, Roxbury, Mass.

PILES, STRAINING AND TENESMUS,
PILES, STRAINING AND TENESMUS,

e the results of inflammation or irritation of the muous membrane of the bowels, induced by drastic s—these imperfect pills, instead of being dissolved the chile, are carried to the lower bowels, and ince a peristaltic movement or evacuation by their itation — *hence the straining, cramps, wrenching ins, piles and tenesmus, and the frequent false calls the water closet, that patients undergo who take these perfect pills.*

f you would avoid these annoyances, whenever a rgative medicine is required, take a dose of
RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

HEY WILL PURGE THOROUGHLY AND
LEAVE THE BOWELS REGULAR.

rsons afflicted with PILES, may rely on a positive re by their use.

OATED WITH GUM.
COATED WITH GUM.
COATED WITH GUM.

Dr. Radway's Pills are elegantly Coated with Gum, o free from taste or smell, can be taken at all times d on all occasions. No danger will result from colds, exposed to wet or damp weather after taking these lls.

SIX OF RADWAY'S PILLS

ave secured a vigorous evacuation, in severe cases, Inflammation of the Bowels, Paralysis, &c., after ecton Oil, Harlem Oil, injections and other means completely failed. A dose of Radway's Pills will remove all nstructions, and secure a free passage. Directions for se are inside each box. Price per box, 25 cents. Sold y Druggists, Medicine Dealers, and Store-Keepers.

N. B.—Every Agent has been furnished with fresh nd new made Pills. As each box is enclosed with Steel Engraved Label, take none others.

RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

WANTED.

BOY from 14 to 16 years of age, who can read and write, to work at the Printing ness. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* [$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Vol 32 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26 1864. No. 43

Poetry.

The Pure in Heart.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I asked the angels in my prayer,
With bitter tears and pains,
To show mine eyes the kingdom where
The Lord of glory reigns.

I said, my way with doubt is dim,
My heart is sick with fear;
O come, and help me build to him
A tabernacle here!

The storms of sorrow wildly beat,
The clouds with death are chill;
I long to hear his voice so sweet,
Who whispered—"Peace; be still!"

The angels said, God giveth you
His love—what more is ours?
And even as the gentle dew
Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends and as of old,
He walks with man apart,
Keeping the promise, as foretold,
With all the pure in heart.

Thou need'st not ask the angels where
His habitations be,
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
And he shall dwell with thee.

Miscellany.

A FIGHT WITH POACHERS.

It's a first-rate gun, Bob; and I wouldn't take—pass the decanter—wouldn't take fifty pounds in hard cash for it. Let's see—two hares, two brace of pheasants, and a wood-pigeon, besides your bag; and I am certain we should have done twice as well if it wasn't for the confounded poachers.

By-the-way, old fellow, said I, passing, but previously taking toll from the decanter—by-the-way, that last cock assuredly belonged to my bag. Winged as he was I was sure of him, without your pouring that second charge into the poor brute.

Nonsense, man; he'd have gone clean off. Such pieces as your are well enough for partridge-shooting; but for pheasant, there's nothing like a breech-loader.

Now, I knew from experience that my old friend, Jack Raynshaw, would have his own way, if I talked for an hour; so I made a virture of necessity, and gave him the disputed bird, which was, on the whole, generous, seeing that Jack had asked me down for a week's shooting, and the bird in question was undoubted his own, probably hatched in the hen-roost, fed on the lawn, and certainly watched over with as much, nay more, care than any old chanticleer on the dunghill. Squire Raynshaw was a stanch game preserver, and had been so ever since he came in for his uncle's estate, and left me the sole occupant of the second-floor chambers in Gray's Inn. But Jack was not a bad fellow. In taking prosperity to his bosom, he had done so without letting it displace his heart; and in spite of a certain amount of egotism, and of his having taken a wife to preside over the hall, Jack was Jack still; and many a happy fortnight we spent together, talking over old times after dinner, and keeping the ladies waiting till out of patience, whilst we, in a happy state of forgetfulness, discussed a bottle of nectar, which glowing upon the old mahogany table, sent flashing back the light of the fire in a spirit of independence that seemed to say; I're not lain forty years in bottle without a glow of my own, that can put your evanescent light into the shade.

Jack got up and poked the fire into a brighter fit, and then made himself a shadowed and disportioned monster on the wainscot opposite, by turning his back to the cheerful blaze, and tucking his coat-tails under his arms.

Now, Bob, a cheroot each, and then tea and the ladies. Ah! if it wasn't for the poachers, there wouldn't be a prettier bit of shooting for fifty miles around; there's no such covirs in the neighborhood. But I believe those fellows of mine are curs. Jones has taken on a new watch this week, who is to do wonders; but I haven't seen him yet. Hang 'em! I dont think they're rogues, or I'd say they were league with some of the poaching vagabonds. However, 'Set a thief to catch a thief;' I'll take one of the biggest poachers in the place, and make him keeper; for hang me if I like having my game kept down in the way it has been. I was over to Stubbleton the other day, and I cou'd have sworn to one hare I saw hanging at the poulterer's. The beggar had no tail, and I've seen it about the nine acres more than once. But we'll have the *creme de la creme* to-morrow, old boy. We haven't been to Copse Corner yet; and we'll have almost a battle there. You must put a stronger charge in that gun of yours, and I'll give you a few—What the deuce was that?

I had heard nothing, and said so.

I'll give you a few shot. There again! By Jove, they're at in the very place; saying which. Jack rattled down the shutters, and flung open the window. The wind swept by in gusts, bearing with it the dry leaves upon the gravel-walk; the night was as dark as a railway tunnel, and we stood with our heads out for a few minutes attentively listening. I was just going to drop a hint about his being mistaken, when "bang, bang," went two guns, evidently at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile from where we stood.

"In my best preserve," roared the squire; "in the very place—hang em." Down went the window. "I'll let 'em know." Jangle, jangle went the bell.—"You'll come with me, Bob?"

"Of course," said I. "But what are you going to do?"

"Going to do?" he re-echoed. "Why take the vagabonds, to be sure.—Here, Thompson," he shouted to the butler; "my shooting-jacket and hat—my boots too," he roared after the departing Mercury. "No, never mind—hang the boots!"

In less than two minutes, we had slipped on our shooting jackets and hats; and Jack armed with a constable' staff, and I with a keeper's bludgeon, were on the point of slipping out of the front door, when a faint scream arrested us; and upon turning round we saw Mrs. Raynshaw and her sister at the head of the stairs. The news had ascended o the drawing-room, and a scene was impending; but Jack rushed up to his "cara sposa; and amid a torrent of expostulations and expressions of fear, I heard him keep up a running fire of "No danger—keepers—plenty of help—constables—jail—vagabond—quiet—care of myself," &c.; and a few moments after we were off at a double quick march over the lawn, when the darkness compelled us to reduce that speed to a walk. We heard another shot in the same direction as we issued from the front door, and then all was silent, with the exception of our hurried footfalls as we hastened on, and I having enough on my part to keep up with my companion. Our route was very dark, and rendered none the more agreeable by our having to squeeze through an occasional hedge, or force our way through a plantation, clothed as we were about the lower extemities in drees boots and trowsers. However, we pushed on until we came to an extensive oak plantation, where Jack began to reconnoitre. He stopped at intervals to listen, but the whistling and moaning of the wind through the half-bare trees were the only sounds that greeted our ears. "Let's go round by the other side," he whispered at last, "and then we can head them toward the village, and so cut off their retreat. I almost wish now that I had sent down to the lodge and brought up Jones and the watcher and then we should have been sure of them."

So do I, said I laconically.

Eh! why, you're not afraid, are you?

O no; I can't say I'm afraid. I replied; but I don't much like the job, which was speaking facts.

There'll be no tussel, said Jack; "all you've got to do is to hit the first fellow you come across smartly on the right arm above the elbow, and he'll give in directly.

All right! said I, taking a fresh grip of my weapon, but not without sundry misgivings that the advice I had received might prove worse in practice than it sounded in theory.

We had now skirted round the edge of the copse, and speaking in a low whisper. Jack said: We'll get over the hedge here, and beat through the cover: saying which, he gave a spring, and leaped over the ditch. There was a rustle, and a crackling sort of crash, and then the squire's voice gave utterance to something that sounded uncommonly like an imprecation.

What's wrong? I whispered.

Oh, hang it! growled Jack.

Well what is it? I reiterated.

Oh, come over, I'm sprained!

I went over, but in a slower and more cautious manner, and found that my friend's person and clothes had somewhat suffered, for he had jumped upon a hedge-stage; and we had to spend five minutes in repair of damages by tearing up our handkerchiefs and binding up the fluttering trowsers to his sacrified leg.

At last we set off again, the squire leading the way, and stopping to listen every few minutes; after about a quarter of an hour's ramble up and down the narrow paths, pricking my legs, tripping over roots, and getting smacks in the face from the rebounding hazel, Jack turned round to me and said; They're going, Bob.

A very good job too, said I, for I felt excessively crusty, and wished myself back by the fire.

Hump! said Jack.

Presently the squire tripped up, and went sprawling in among the bushes. I helped him to pick himself up, and we were both uttering anathemas upon the darkness, when we heard a sharp crack as of a dead branch snapped by a passing footstep, and the rustling of the underwood, as though somebody were forcing a way through.

Now, Bob! said my friend, as, turning in the direction of the sound, he groped his way on.

I wished myself anywhere but where I was, but there was nothing else for it, so I pushed on after him, fully determined to have the first cut at anybody I met. I had but little time for thought, for there was a scuffle, oaths, blows, and then a great brute of a fellow came at me like a bull. There was no stopping for conversation, and following out my preconceived determination, I hit at him, and the bludgeon came down "thub" upon the fellows shoulder. He roared out an oath, and in a moment my left arm fell numbered to my side, all thoughts of cowardice vanishing with the pain. I hit at him single stick fashion and it was give and take with us for the next five minutes. The fellow must have had an iron skull, for I know I caught him over it five times, and in return received several nasty blows, and a cut on the forehead, from which a comfortable warm stream began to flow. Just in the very height of the conflict, I heard some one come blowing and panting behind me, and, dreading a new enemy, I made a desperate cut at my adversary. I believe the blow fell upon his hand, for his bludgeon dropped, and with a sort of howl he turned and fled, just as the squire came limping up.

The field's ours, but it's no use to follow them up, Bob, said he; they know the country; and with that cursed hedgestage, and the scuffle I've had, I'm about done up.

So am I, said I, mechanically putting my hand in my pocket, and leaning against a tree. I've had a fellow like a mad bull to deal with. How have you fared?

Don't ask, growled Jack; I'm half killed.

As we spoke, one of my hands came in contact with a powder-flask; but the other fared better, for I drew out my little leather covered flask, which I always fill before setting out on an excursion, and on shaking it, I found, to my delight, that it was half full. There; old boy, take a pull, said I passing the flask.

Ha! said the squire, drawing a long breath; that's like new. What do you say to a pursuit, Bob?

I was too busy with the flask to answer at once, but when at liberty I returned a decided negative. Which is the nearest cut home? I said, giving a species of groan with the pain I was suffering.

You seem bad, Bob; suppose we try a little more brandy. Now, follow me, said the squire, and he led on, but very slowly, for he limped over the ground at a very different rate from the one at which we came.

There was very little conversation till we reached the house, my friend merely expressing his wonder at what the fellows had done with their guns. We went round to the back entrance and quietly entered the dining room, so as not to alarm the ladies. The butler stared at us with astonish, and the same performance was reciprocated between ourselves. The squire was a perfect scarecrow—face torn, mouth bleeding, and with one eye closed; and upon consulting the glass I found that I was in no better plight. Glasses were sent for; and after the decanter had passed twice—Thompson keeping watch outside, that we might not be discovered by the occupants of the drawing-room—Jack stretched out his hand, squeezed mine, and said, Bob, old fellow, you'r a trump!

Saying which he rose, and we were about to adjourn to our rooms, when we heard voices in the passage, and directly after Thompson pushed in his head with, Here's Jones and the watcher, sir; they've just had a fray with poachers—

And got them said the squire.

And wants to see you about going to the magistrates. They got it horful, sir!

Show 'em in, said his master.

There was at once a great deal of shoe-rubbing coughing and shuffling, and then in came Mr. Jones, the keeper and the watcher. The gentleman had both his eyes nearly closed up, a fearful cut across the bridge of his nose, and a tooth knocked out. Jones was all whiskers and blue handkerchief, for his head was swathed in bandages, in addition to which he carried his right arm in a sling.

The two men stood and stared, or tried to stare at us, for a few moments, when the squire broke out:

Lor bless my soul! where did this happen? The scroundrels are not out in force to night? Here my lads, have a glass of wine.

The lads seemed no way averse to a glass of wine, nor yet to another. As for myself, I sat petrified, and forgot my pain, for a terrible suspicion had crossed my mind.

Now Jones, said the squire, where was it?

A sort of muffled growl came from beneath Jone's bandages as he said:

Heard firin sur, and we tracked it to be in Copse Corner, sur, though he say at first it were in Burnet Bottom; and when we got to the Corner about ten fellows set upon us, an' at last we was 'bliged to give in—worn't we, Bill?

Bill nodded and grunted, and seemed to be looking for a place wherein to expectorate.

The squire began to shuffle about uneasily in his chair looking first at the keepers and then at me. I was aching with pain, and my efforts to keep from bursting out into a guffaw. Just then Jones turned round and caught my eye, and I said to him: And are you sure there were ten, Jones?

The man pushed up his bandages to get a better look at my battered face; then stared at the squire, then again at me, then at Bill, and last of all, threw his hat on the floor and exclaimed: Well I'm blowed!

The squire fumbled in his pocket for a minute, and then got up, giving a groan as he did so, and stuffed something into each of his servant's hands as he said: Have another glass of wine, my lads; and Jones mind, this affair is not talked about in the village.

Jones gave a gastly grin, and swallowed his wine, and Bill did likewise; and in putting down his glass dropped a sovereign upon the mahogany, and could not see to pick in up; this was done for him by Thompson; after which the pair sidled and shuffled out, Jones turning round once more to try and wink at me, but it was an ineffectual attempt, for his right eye would not open sufficiently for the purpose. As the door closed, I turned round to Jack, and roaring with laughter, inquired: What do you think of that?

Oh hang it! said Jack.

We had been fighting his own gamekeepers.

A FAST HORSE.—Dave C— is one of those characters that are to be found in almost every place. He is always driving a horse that he imagines is fast, and even putting on more style than the speed of the horse will warrant. As he was driving into town recently, he overtook Uncle Ike, who is well known as a dry joker, and who resolved to take a little of the conceit out of him if an opportunity offered. As Uncle Ike was on foot, Dave stopped his horse and asked him to ride. "No," replied Uncle Ike much obliged to you, but I guess not. You had better do so, said Dave, eyeing his fast horse with much complacency; I am going straight into the place, and will take you there. Well responded Uncle Ike, as he commenced to climb in, I don't care if I do, as I have plenty of time, and am not much of a hurry to get there. The horse went ahead, but Uncle Ike never again received an invitation to ride with Dave.

THE DUMB BOY'S EXAMINATION.—A minister once paid a visit to a Deaf and Dumb Asylum in London, for the purpose of examining the children in their knowledge of the Bible. A little boy was asked in writing, "who made the world?" He took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created heaven and hearth." The clergyman then inquired, Why did Jesus Christ come into the world? A smile of delight and gratutide rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "this faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ come into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his strongest feelings into the exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never" said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance, as he took up the chalk and wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed best in thy sight."

The young Dumas, cruelly satarical and often unjust, makes this remark:—"For the sake of women, men dishoner themselves, rob themselves, kill themselves; and in the midst of this universal carnage the creature who brings it to pass has only one thhught in her mind, which is, to decide whether she shall dress herself so as to look like an umbrella or like a dinner bell.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, returns and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some time afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in his mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed—

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead."

"So he is, ma'am," replied Patrick, "but the crathur's not sensible of it."

Presence of Mind.

There is nothing like having one's wits about him in the hour of peril, to which end it is above all things necessary that people should cultivate a habit of keeping themselves cool, and facing small evils steadily. Some years ago, a lady bathing on the coast of Cornwall, got beyond her depth and was carried out by the tide. The people on the shore were in a flutter, and did nothing to save her; but she herself knew that she could float, and so she threw herself on her back, determined to utilize her sole power to its utmost. A young shipwright, hearing what had happened, and being a strong swimmer, came down to the beach, stripped, and began to swim after her. After swimming upwards of a mile he came near her, but before touching he asked if she had presence of mind to do precisely what he told her to do, and promised, that on that condition he would do his best to save her. She gave her promise, and the carpenter came close to her, told her to place her hands upon his hips, which she did, and then swam back with her towards the shore. Both of these people had their wits about them, and were both saved.

The Burmingham Daily Post records an instance of coolness equally happy, though different in circumstances. A canal boat at Wolverhompton, was capsized on Monday, having in the cabin the captain's wife and three children. To all appearance their death was certain, when a boat builder, seeing what had occurred ran into the water, and leaped on the bottom of the boat, at the same time sending a friend for an axe. As soon as he got it he placed his ear close to the boat, and ascertaining where the woman and children were, set to work to cut through the timbers of three-inch oak, and in ten minutes made an opening through which a tiny hand immdiately grasped the broken timbers. As the hole increased in size, more hands were held up, till at last the hole was wide enough to admit the egress of the baby ten months old. In twenty minutes from the occurring of the accident, children and mother were all rescued. The process of delivery was simple, but no one thought of it except the man who had his wits about him.—[English Paper.

HOW TO GET RID OF DUNS.—It is pleasant to turn to another house, unfortunate enough in its way, that of Martin of Galway. That house in Connemara, was forever besieged bailiffs, but the King of Connemara had a way of his own of dealing with them. One instance will suffice. A man bearing a writ, once presented himself at Martin's door, stating that he had bussiness with the master. Mr. Martin remarked that no business was transacted at his house till after dinner; and he invited the too happy stranger to dine with him. The fish brought to the table were very fine eels, and the guest could not praise them too highly. "Yes," said the host, "they ought to be fine. A month ago there came a vagabond here who had the impudence to serve me with a writ; but the tall fellow scented a bailiff than he knocked him down, dragged him to the pond, tossed him in—and those eels have been fattening on him ever since, till they were caught for dinner to-day. Allow me to help you to a little more."—[Review of Irish Guide Book.

A candidate for the honor of representing four Fife burgs in Parliament, calling upon an honest shoemeker for his vote and influence, took the liberty of kissing the good wife, who was a middle aged woman, and, in doing so, he took the further liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his mouth into that of the matron. Instead of being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady slyly said, as she pocketed the two guinea pieces, "Gin ye like, sir, ye may kiss my dochter, too."

"Sambo, am you posted in the natural sciences?"

"Ob course I is, startingly."

"Then can you tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?"

"O, dats easy enough. It's all owing to the rotarty motion ob de airth."

—A celebrated painter, taking ther portrait of a lady, perceived that, when he came to draw the mouth, she tried to render it smaller by contracting her lips. Pray do not trouble yourself madam, he exclaimed. If you like I will draw your face without any mouth at all.

"You had better ask for manners than for money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked him for alms.

"I asked for what I thought you had most of," was the reply.

—Mr. Tuck's railway party have removed their camps from Westmorland Point to Abeaujoggin road.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available