

directly up mixes with part of the ventilated in inner without persons in the applied to The amount lated by the h is raised. mple and ef-

er in dealing e. Said the God?" "No." "No." "Did you God?" "Do you God?" The l: "Friend, ns?" "No." ins?" "No." rains?" "No." ny brains?"

f having lived d zealously for

ORNER.

MORNING.

parson,

r, now. ppin' round and hair

took it, grew red, ht to Papa,

apa, bye; said it ery.

at the fever, ere hot, little cheeks ot. a patient her an would.

ng a slow, s in each; pin' reach. her, kills me -bye!"

e night parson, and pray, a little -at to say, is it, my complaint k He's needin' e saint."

e cottage; and dread e the baby er bed. a darling?" little face, ve she knows him; e trace.

tile beauty before essenger s-so tired." his face, s are lifted ace.

grizzled beard s clinging, pered tenderness would wrap -sick-paps- you-to-cry!" on the coverlet-mornin'-bye!"

e baby is falling e and dense; a darling in heaven y her hence? in my voice, plennly knelt, never before eart had felt.

and women around you, and nigh, ble and haughty re the cry; cious darling, ou die?" ite lips whisper-- -mornin'-bye!" -Selected.

T DIDN'T GET.

G. DOLLIVER.

all of passengers when ther got in, every one reading or talking and ll midget with surpris on her, however; for hat as tightly as pos-mouth was wide open, between her rosy lips, e behind two rows of ssued a series of deter-ar-splitting yells, which ot's lungs.

People whispered, "Did you ever?" and "No, I never!" to one another, varied by other remarks relating to Trot, all of them uttered in tones sufficiently loud for the Midget's mother to hear, as she stood in the centre of the car, swaying to and fro, clinging to a strap with one hand, while with the other she steadied the yeller, who was devoted to her occupation so entirely that she might have pitched headforemost into the stomach of the fat old lady who sat opposite had she not somebody to care for her.

The wicked man who was the cause of all this trouble walked slowly up the hill, keeping pace with the car, and crying "Balloons! Balloons!" in a melancholy tone, as if he commiserated the hapless Trot in having such a hard hearted mamma.

For the midget wanted a balloon. She was a pretty good midget, and might not have asked for one had not the man, having a keen eye for business, thrust the whole bunch of rosy beauties into her face, saying, "Buy a balloon missy? Oh, so pretty!"

Her mother pulled her along, and distracted her attention with something else; but the man had seen the wish in "missy's" eye, and kept up with them. Business was slack, and he felt that no chance was to be lost. It had not escaped his sharp eye that Miss Trot was a spoiled child and generally had what she wanted, by making a fuss about it.

According to his expectations she teased a few times and then began to scream.

"Hush, this moment!" said her mother, severely. Trot screamed louder than ever.

"I shall take you right home, if you do not stop, said her mother, who had been recently reading an article on indulgence of children, and resolved to reform. Trot did not believe it, and determined to have her own way now.

"Trot, stop screaming!"

"Will you buy me a balloon?"

"No, I will not!"

"Will you give me one?"-to the man.

"Oh, missy! I'm a poor man!" he said, with a dreadful whine.

She opened her mouth, and began again with fresh zeal; her mother looked determined but distressed, hailed a street car and got in, where she felt less determined and more distressed by the remarks which the midget's behavior caused.

"Trot, are you going to stop screaming?" she said, at length.

Trot opened one eye, looking straight at her mother and said, viciously,

"No, I ain't!" Proving her sincerity by the vigor of the opening numbers of the new series.

Just at this moment a tall woman who had been eying trot with great disfavor left the car, making a vacant seat to the fat old lady; Mrs. Yale took it with a sigh, and lifted her naughty girl into her lap.

The old lady, who had an eye like a diamond, looked with great interest on her new neighbor. Trot was getting tired, but was determined to gain her point if she had to scream until midnight. After a while the old lady said, in a soft, sweet, grandmotherly voice, "what's the trouble, my dear."

Trot had been trained to politeness, so she opened one eye, and gasped, between two yells, "I want a balloon!"

"Oh!" said the old lady, "and you mean to scream until you get one!"

This midget did not exactly approve of this way of putting it, but, after a moments' pause, she nodded assent, and then opening her mouth to its widest extent she prepared to go on with her concert.

"If I was your mamma," continued the old lady, still in the same sweet voice, "I would give you something that you want a great deal more than a balloon." "What?" said the midget, much interested, now opening her eyes to their widest extent.

"A good whipping!" said the old lady emphatically.

Trot sat up straight, the very picture of indignant astonishment.

"My mamma never whipped me in my life!" she said.

"So I thought!" said the old lady,

drily. A quiet grin went round the car; even Mrs. Yale, though she felt much annoyed, could not suppress a smile, which threatened to turn into a tear when Trot added, patting her cheeks, "she's too good, she is!"

"Why, you don't love your mamma, do you?" exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of surprise.

"Of course!" said Trot.

"I was quite sure you did not, from your actions," said the old lady.

"I was bad then, now I'm sorry," said the midget soberly.

"Oh!" returned the old lady. "Well, my dear, I am going to buy a balloon, and give it to the best little girl in the car. Who ought to have it, do you think?"

The midget looked carefully through the car; there is but one little girl there besides herself—a dirty, freckled, round-eyed, Irish woman's baby sat on her mother's knee in the corner, staring placidly before her; the midget looked at her for a moment, and then gazed long and attentively at her own pretty pink shoes. Meanwhile, the old lady signalled the balloon man, and when they arrived at the crossing, where the car stopped a moment, she made the necessary purchase.

"Here, my dear," she said, handing it to Trot, "Give it to the very best little girl in the car. On who loves her mamma, remember."

Trot looked at it for a moment, not admiringly, but with a face as grave as a deacon's; then she slid off her mother's lap, and tumbling up the car someway, until she reached the corner, she put the string into the Irish baby's little red fist, and turning about tumbled back to her mother again.

"You are a dear little girl!" said the old lady warmly; several heads nodded assent, and an approving murmur went around the car; before it had ceased they had reached their destination and departed, the midget throwing kisses from her tiny fingers, and saying "Good bye!" over and over to the old lady, while the round-eyed Irish baby looked like a petrified image of joyful surprise.—S. S. Times.

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Sworn to before me at Salisbury, this 7th day of July, 1877.

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Oct 13

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1877 1877

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At 1.30 p.m. for Quebec and intermediate points.
At 8.25 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., for Pictou and intermediate points.
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