

The Little Scissors.

Vol. I.

OTTAWA, MAY, 1870.

No. 1.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—what? ah me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites and tops and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours on his busy days;
With his queer remarks, and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish, and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who will be a man,
If Nature goes on with her first great plan—
If water, or fire, or some great snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy."

THE FELLOW THAT PUT ON AIRS.

I AM Jack Cade. I live on the hill yonder with mother. Mother takes in washing, and I carry home the baskets; and we are just as good as anybody, if not a little better than some. What's the use of being an American citizen, if that isn't the case? As for putting up with airs from any one, that I'll never do. It was his taking airs that made me hate him—a noisy, mean, contemptible, flat-backed, strutting, head-tossing dandy, dressed to kill, all the days of the week, with a shiny new pin in his tie, and a watch and chain, and gloves, kid gloves to school. I don't know why, but the gloves made me the maddest of all. There was I, you see, in my patched trowsers. Mammy had every color you can think of let into 'em in squares, I do believe; she never let 'em go ragged, she didn't, nor don't; and my old cap, and rough shoes. And I was just as good as he was; at least I thought so. And why couldn't he go to college, instead of the public school, he and the like of him? "His father's principles," said he. And up head he used to get, over us in the red shirts and rough boots, and have the medal too. I know it was partiality—at least I used to feel sure it was, then. Wasn't it enough for him to have his finery and his money, and his white hands, and his airs and graces, without being up head, and wearing the medal too? Put it on his watch chain he did. Bah!

So Ned Baker and Dick Rose and I we got up a party against him. We got a name for him "Stiffy Falkirk"—Frank Falkirk was his name. We spilt ink on his pants a-purpose, when we were ink monitors. We stole his composition on prize-day. We set all the other boys against him that we could, and we tried to get him into scrapes. We couldn't do that though, he was too cute. And as for spoiling his things, he had dozens of suits; and when we stole his composition, he went into a class-room, in recess, and wrote another.

Then, when Butcher Bill made him fight, and we all thought that would teach him a thing or two, he got the best of Bill and gave him a black eye, and strutted around next day as straight and as fair, and with his hair parted down the middle, all the

same as ever. Up in his lessons too. Bill was at home a week, and that made us all the madder. Oh! how I hated him! I used to sit wishing him to miss, wishing his good looks to leave him; hoping his father would lose his money, and he have to come to begging or digging in the canal along with the men from the city. It got so that I couldn't enjoy my nice rye bread and butter for thinking how he ate dainties; nor my new jacket, that mammy made herself and lined with her old red flannel petticoat, for thinking of his fine coat with quilted silk inside, and a velvet collar. If I could have got head in any class, it would have softened me a bit; but there he was, as if he was nailed head. I cursed him once—Lord forgive me!—and mammy made me learn a chapter for it. She said he was a fine boy. That's when—her to praise him—first I said a bad word, and then I choked. The whole world for him, nobody for me. Nobody seeing that it wasn't fair for him to have so much and me so little, when I was just as good as he was. Next day I threw a stone at him. It didn't hit him. He strutted away as fine as you please, and I went to the boys. They were playing ball—Bill and Ned and Dick, and a lot more. But when the game was over, I stopped them.

"Bill," says I, "Stiffy is taking on more airs than I can put up with. Let's fix him."

"I'm your man," says Bill; "only you see, it can't be done. I own up that he knows how to fight, and he's a No. 1 with that confounded teacher, because he's rich."

"Yes," says Ned, "might as well let him have his way in school; he's swallowed the dictionary whole, and made way with the grammar in slices. As for compositions, I know he copies 'em, but nobody can find him out."

"No," says I, "but I tell you what we can do; we can duck him. You know, like his airs, he belongs to a 'Youth's Debating Society,' and goes there every Wednesday evening. Its ten o'clock before he gets home, and from the end of Pike's Lane he is quite alone. There's a pond, as we all know, just past that turning; and if four of us can't put Master Stiffy in, we're fools."

"Good for Cade," says Ned.

"Hurray," says Bill.

"Bully," says Dick. "We'll take the starch out of Stiffy for once in his life, and no mistake;" and we joined hands on it and made up our plan. Before nine, next Wednesday evening, we were all to be together at Pike's Pond, where, under the willow tree the "bread and butter bushes" grew as thick as a hedge, and would hide us; and when he came, whistling his opera tunes along the road, we'd surround him with a rush and souse him.

"Four to one is mean odds," said Bill the butcher. "I'd never jine in this if it was anybody but Stiffy."

"Three groans for Stiffy!" says I. And we groaned; and Aunty Comfort, toddling down the road, thought it was a ghost, and hollered, "Massy on us."

Of course I didn't tell mother; but I kept thinking of Wednesday, as if something good was to happen to me when it came—thinking and thinking, with a kind of fever inside of me, and my heart beating very fast every now and then.

On Wednesday mother was a-bed with headache;

and after I'd made her tea, and lit a candle, I went out to meet the boys. It was a bright night, and we took ourselves over to the pond, and waited. I never shall forget that evening: the sky so blue, and the air so still, and the frogs a-croaking loud close by me. As I listened, one big fellow seemed to say, "Stiffy!" "Stiffy!" "Duck Stiffy!" "Duck Stiffy!" over and over again.

"Won't I enjoy it!" says Bill. "I hope he is in his extra best."

And I remember he'd just said that, when we saw a red light down in the village; first nothing much, and struggling with smoke, and then a great red blaze.

"House a fire!" says Bill. "There's the engine."

"We can't run neither," says Ned. "What a shame!"

"Run, and lose our chance with Stiffy?" says I. "No indeed."

So we watched the light, steady and red for an hour, with the bell a-ringing, and the sparks flying, and sounds of voices coming to us now and then, but at last fading away, and leaving the stars all alone in the sky. It was nearly eleven now.

"Late for Stiffy," said Bill.

"He's stopped to see the fire," said Ned. "Hark! That's him now."

And sure enough, there was the step we all knew well enough strutting along the road, a little slower than usual; and he was not whistling neither, Stiffy wasn't.

The moon was set, and we couldn't see him very well, but there was enough light for us too. Just as we had planned, we gathered around him, and set up a howl.

"You are in for it now, Stiffy! In for a ducking. You might as well just give up. Over with him! Hurray!"

Stiffy didn't struggle. All he said was:

"Boys, dont! I think you wouldn't if you knew how I—"

But we were just glad to have cowed him. In he went. Once! He gave a gasp, and a feeble shudder. Twice! He gasped again, but did not stir.—Three times!

"Lord have mercy! Pull him out—quick!" cried Bill. "You put us up to this, Jack! We've drowned him! He's dead!"

We dragged him out, and he laid on the grass just as motionless as a statue, and dripping with the green stagnant water of the pond. Ned began to cry, Bill to swear, Dick to shake and cling to me. I struck a match, and lit a bit of paper I had in my pocket.

The light it gave fell over him bright and red. Then we all cried out again.

"Water don't burn," says Dick.

"Did we do it?" cries Bill.

The other two of us didn't speak.—There lay before us Frank Falkirk, certainly; and dripping from our ducking too. But his handsome coat was all burnt into holes, his hair singed, his hands blackened, and there was a great red burn on his cheek.

"How could we burn him a-ducking him!" says Bill. "Its one of them miracles."

You see Bill had just been coaxed into Sunday

(Concluded on fourth page.)

The Little Scissors.

OTTAWA, MAY, 1870.

OUR PAPER.

Owing to the temporary suspension of the original *Free Press*, and that title meantime having been adopted by a contemporary, the proprietors of this journal have resolved upon issuing their paper under a different and, perhaps, somewhat more suggestive caption, namely, **THE LITTLE SCISSORS.**

The *Little Scissors* will be printed on the first of every month at the Office of Messrs. **BELL & WOODBURN**, and will be circulated throughout the city and surrounding country **FREE**. Copies may be had at the store of Messrs. **A. J. STEPHENS & Co.**, Sparks street, Centre-town. It is intended to make the paper an interesting visitor to every household, as the "clippings" will be of a moral and interesting character and such as may be read at every fireside.

A few advertisements, from reliable houses, will be admitted within its columns—thus endeavoring to make the enterprise a matter of profit to both reader and publisher.

The Most Stylish Gents' Calf Congress in Ottawa, at A. J. Stephens & Co's.

A Thrilling Adventure of an Old New York Merchant.

One of our oldest merchants, who is soon to pass away, and who formerly carried on business in Beaver street, residing—as it was the custom in old times—over his store, tells the following thrilling narrative, which he occasionally relates, with wonderful effect:

"A party had been collected at his house to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark trace of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintances circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms he met the servant maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand without a candlestick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper table; the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost agitation. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl. "Where did you leave it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs." The merchant dashed down the cellar steps: the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way on, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and the friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters up above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some

moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of dancers responded with increased vivacity; the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle was moved—was falling!—with desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall in the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered; but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every day life.

A pair of Ladies' Prunella Balmorals for \$1.10, at A. J. Stephens & Co's.



A CUTE YANKEE TRICK.

A Connecticut broom-peddler—a shrewd chap, from over among the steady habits, wooden clocks, shoolmasters and other fixings—drove through the streets of Providence heavily laden with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or ever so small a portion of it; but when he wanted the cash, and nothing else, in payment, they had uniformly given him to understand that they had brooms enough and that he might go further. At length he drove up to a large wholesale store on the west side, and once more offered his wares.

"Well, I want the brooms badly enough," said the merchant, "but what will you take in pay?"

This was a poser. The peddler was aching to get rid of his brooms; he despised the very sight of his brooms; but he would sooner sell a single broom for cash than the whole load for any other article—especially that which he could not dispose of as readily as he could of brooms. After a moment's hesitation, however, he screwed his courage to the sticking point—it required some courage, after having lost the chance of selling his load half-a-dozen times by a similar answer—and frankly told the merchant he must have cash. Of course the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase, if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesi-

tate to say so; but the times were hard, and he had notes to pay, and had goods that must be disposed of.

Finally, he said he would put the goods at the cost price, for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the peddler had labored so unsuccessfully at the other stores to dispose of.

"So unload the brooms," said he to the man from Connecticut, "and select any articles from my store, and you shall have them at cost price."

The peddler scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plainly enough.

"I tell you what it is," he answered at last, "just say them terms for half the load and cash for t'other half, and I'm your man. Blowed ef I don't sell out, if Connecticut sinks, with all broom stuff, the next minute.

The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the chance a good one. He would be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell as readily; as for the cost price, it was an easy gammon in regard to that. The bargain was struck, the brooms were brought in, and the cash for half of them was paid over.

"Now, what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant.

The peddler scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor, whistled, and drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By-and-by his reply came—slowly, deliberately and emphatically:

"You Providence fellers are cute: you sell at cost, pretty much all of you, and make money. I don't see how it's done. Now, I don't know about your goods, barrin' one article, and ef I take anything else I may be cheated. So, seeing as it won't make any odds with you, I guess I'll take brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to jest what you paid for them."

And so saying, the peddler commenced reloading his brooms, and having deposited half of his former load, jumped on his cart with a regular Connecticut grin, and leaving the merchant cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove off in search of another customer.—*Providence Journal.*

Buy your **BOOTS and SHOES** at **A. J. STEPHENS & Co's.**, (late Crosby's), 51 Sparks street. They are always willing to show their goods, and to exchange if not soiled or damaged.

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR

LUMBERMEN.

—:O:—

RAFTSMEN'S SHOES

In Large Quantities and of Good Quality.

HAND-MADE KIP BOOTS

Made on the Premises.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of these.

A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,

(LATE CROSBY'S.)

51 Sparks Street.

The worst kind of rule in public schools—Ferule
Wall street is seldom original, but is great in
quotations.

The true girl of the period—One who knows just
when and where to stop.

HAND-MADE CALF BOOTS,

At A. J. Stephens & Co's.

The Boston News consoles Lessep's creditors; it
advises them to Suez Canal.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella?
Because it is used up.

A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,

(Late Crosby's,) 51 Sparks Street.

The latest sensation on the turf as a race between
a clothes horse and a night mare.

In many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen
till some happy moment awakens it.

All the Newest Styles in Ladies' Prunella Boots,
at A. J. Stephens & Co's.

There is a Mormon Elder who has buried so many
wives that they call him Elderbury. Berry good.

"The Hidden Hand" is a popular play with
Western gamblers. It contains the three missing
jacks.

GENT'S PRUNELLA CONGRESS,

At A. J. Stephens & Co's.

They call the girls in the Treasury Department
who scissor sheets of postal currency "revenue cut-
ters."

Byron, Minn., has a new elevator. Everybody
supposed that Byron's elevator was Mrs. Harriet
Beecher's toe.

Handmade Boots for LUMBERMEN and FARMERS
made on the premises. At A. J. STEPHENS &
Co's., 51 Sparks street.

The greatest luxury of wealth is one the rich but
little avail themselves of, the pleasure of making
the poor happy.

We deceive ourselves when we fancy that only
weakness needs support. Strength needs it far
more. A straw or a feather sustains itself long in
the air.

"Learning the mortification table" was the phrase
used by a "woman and a sister" to express the ad-
vancement of an Ethiop child in one of the freed-
men's schools.

If you want to see all the **NEWEST STYLES** and
the **LARGEST ASSORTMENT of Ladies' Prunella Boots!**
go to A. J. STEPHENS & Co's., (late Crosby's) 51
Sparks street.

Habit is like the dropping of water upon a rock,
—it wears into the life, and the marks it makes can
never be effaced without the chisel and hammer of
self-denial and self-discipline.

Old lady to her niece—"Good gracious, Matilda!
but it's cold! My teeth are actually chattering?"
Loving niece—"Well, don't let 'em chatter too
much, or they may tell where you bought 'em.

The difficulties of life teach us wisdom; its vani-
ties humility; its calumnies pity; its hopes resig-
nation; its sufferings charity; its brevity the value
of time; and its dangers and uncertainties a con-
stant dependence upon a higher and All-protecting
Power.

Ladies! it is a well-known fact that there is
nothing as durable and comfortable for the feet for
Summer wear as PRUNELLA. For \$1.00 you can
purchase a Pair of PRUNELLA CONGRESS, and for
\$1.10 a Pair of PRUNELLA BALMORALS—At A. J. STE-
PHENS & Co's., (late Crosby's,) 51 Sparks street,
Centre Town.

A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,

(Late Crosby's,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

—AND—

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

&c., &c., &c.,

51 SPARKS STREET,

SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH BOOT.

ADVICE.

If you want to be a gentleman
And cut a tidy dash,
Just follow up the fashion,—
You will need but little cash;
With broadcloth of the latest style,
Your vest the cut so neat,
And dainty kids upon your hands,
You will nearly be complete.

If you want to be a gentleman
We wish that you should know
Who is the best Shoemaker,
For Boots must be just so,—
Made of the finest calfskin,
The style and fit so neat,
And the only man to suit you
Is STEPHENS on Sparks Street.

If you want to be a gentleman
Just pay cash as you go,
Especially to your Shoemaker,
For his profits they are low.
And when you want a pair of boots,
For summer, spring or fall,
STEPHENS' SHOE SHOP ON SPARKS STREET,
Is just the place to call.

Nothing on earth can smile but human beings.
Gems may flash reflected light but what is a dia-
mond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-
flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that
cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laugh-
ter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the
twilight that hovers gently between both and is
more bewitching than either.

The true object of education is to give children
resources that will endure as long as life endures;
habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occu-
pation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude
pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and use-
ful, and death less terrible.

A lady describing an ill-tempered man, "He
never smiles but he seems ashamed of it."

At A. J. STEPHENS & Co's. you can leave your
measure and get a pair of Boots or Shoes made to
please you. A good fit warranted, made of the
best materials and by first class workmen.

Young women should set good examples, for the
young men are always following them.

Here is something everybody ought to know:—
\$1.00 will purchase a Pair of PRUNELLA CONGRESS,
and \$1.10 a handsome Pair of PRUNELLA BALMORALS!
at Crosby's old stand. A. J. STEPHENS & Co., 51
Sparks street.

They tell a good story of a certain well known
professor of natural science. It was the custom
of the doctor to encourage the geology class to col-
lect specimens and bring them into the class for
analysis and classification. So one day a number
of specimens were laid upon the table, and among
them one broken bit, which although streaked and
stained to impose on the doctor, was really nothing
but a piece of broken brick. In due time the Pro-
fessor came to the specimens. Taking up one he
says at a glance: "This is a piece of baryta from
the Cheshire mine;" holding up another—"This
is a piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries;
the next is a piece of quartz from Haddam; and
this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impu-
dence from some member of this class."

A want long felt by the people of Ottawa has
been a large and varied assortment of CHILDREN'S
BOOTS & SHOES. A. J. STEPHENS & Co. have
given particular attention to this Department, and
a large stock to suit all ages will be found at their
establishment, 51 Sparks street, Centre Town.

(Continued from first page.)

school. And with that he dropped Frank Falkirk's head that he lifted up, while I held the lighted paper over him; and at that minute it went out, and then we were in the dark, with that motionless thing before us.

"We didn't mean to kill him," said Ned. "Jack, can't you say a prayer?"

"I'll go for the doctor," said I, "and pray afterwards in jail, where they put folks before they hang 'em. Oh, poor mammy, she'll see her boy hung, and deserving of it too. What did he ever do to me, after all, only be smarter, and richer, and handsomer? Lord forgive me?"

And away I went down to the village for the doctor. I never knew how a murderer felt before, though I'd often wondered. I didn't dare look over my shoulder, for fear of seeing Frank Falkirk behind me. Everything good and bright and handsome about the boy came up before me, and all my own wickedness and meanness. I hardly knew how I went, or which way, until, all of a sudden, I stood in the green lane I knew so well, for I'd been born there. But the house wasn't there any longer; only a smoking pile of embers, and the quiet place was full of people. And I saw my mother in the middle in a night-gown and quilted skirt—she that was so particular about decency. She turned around and ran into my arms.

"We're ruined," she said. "Everything is gone. But we've got each other yet. And you wouldn't have had your mother, Jack, only for that good, brave young gentleman, Mr. Frank Falkirk. He came into the room where I was smothering with smoke, and the very bed afire, and wrapped me in a blanket and dragged me out. And he's hurt too, I know, though he wouldn't own it, or even stay to be thanked after I came to myself. Go down on your knees, Jack, and pray God to bless him."

"Frank Falkirk saved you?" said I, and I know that I was as white as death.

"Frank saved you. And I, oh, I wish I was dead, mammy. I don't mind being hung, only for you, for I deserve it. I've killed him a ducking him for taking airs—a ducking him in the green pond—and he all burnt with saving you. He's lying there dead, dead, dead, and I've killed him!" And mammy gave a scream and fainted away.

"I've killed her too," says I, meaning it more than any word I ever said.—"Please to lynch me."

But they were all off to the pond. And they carried Frank Falkirk home, and found life in him, and the doctors were with him all night, and for ever so many days; and at last one of 'em, bless him, put his hand on my head, as I stood waiting outside the gate, and said:

"He'll live, Jack."

And then I dared to go down on my knees in the grass, and pray God to forgive me. And one day they told him how I'd waited there so long, and he sent for me. And when I went in and saw him, pale and thin, with all curls cut close, I thought I would die; but he held out his hand to me, and said, "I'm a great deal better, Jack, and am very glad to see you." And not a word more than if I had been his dearest friend.

So I went there every day, and took him flowers—the bright autumn flowers that grew in our poor garden—it was all I could do. And when he was able to ride out, I drove the carriage. I begged so to do it, that they let me.

And at last, one bright, bright day—never any so bright before—we saw the door open, and Frank Falkirk walk in just as straight, just as fair, just as

handsome as ever; and we knew, as we looked at the books under his arm, that he was up with his lessons again, and ready to beat us all in everything. And there wasn't one but felt glad of it, and it was Bill that gave the signal. Up on his feet in a minute, no matter for the master:

"Three cheers for Frank Falkirk!" says he, and we gave 'em—three and tiger; and Frank just stopped and looked at us and burst into tears, yes, cried like a baby, and so did I, I couldn't help it.

I'm a wheelwright's boy now, and just as good as anybody; and Frank Falkirk has gone to college. But in vacation sometimes he comes in to talk to me, and he has told me how, long ago, his father was poorer than I, and earned his bread harder; and how he has told him that here, in these United States, every man who chooses to be a gentleman may be one.

I may never be as rich as Frank, though I shall try to be when I am a man; and I shall never be either as smart or as handsome; but his good looks make me happy now, and I'd die to keep him from harm. And I know as I was a fool for not knowing before, that a real gentleman at heart, a brave, splendid fellow like Frank Falkirk, never "took airs" in all his life, and that we hated him because we did not understand him, and because he was so much better than we were.



Don't Wink at an Auctioneer.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance on agricultural shoulders wink at him. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or a sharp sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked and the man winked, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of old stove pipe, glassware, carpets, pots and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "I don't know who." "Why, you, sir." "Who, me?" "Yes; you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me; hang me if I did!" insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink and keep winking?" asked the auctioneer. "Winking! well I did and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody on this lot of stuff,' and I winked as much as to say 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister!'"

Singular Mode of Telling the Hour.

An exchange gives us the following singular method of telling the time of day or night, which we copy for the benefit of those who wish to try the experiment:

Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table, hold the thread between the thumb and forefinger, and allow the shilling to hang down in the centre of a glass tumbler. The pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and supposing the time of experiment to be at seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the centre; if you hold the thread until a sufficient length of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand otherwise the vibrating movement would be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

HAND-MADE BOOTS,

At A. J. Stephens & Co's.

AN UNFORTUNATE YAWN.

That was an unfortunate yawn which spoiled the pleasure of a party of young men on Lake Michigan the other day. They sailed into a beautiful little cove, and having laid out a sumptuous repast, were sitting down to enjoy it, when Mr. S—, the wit of the party, leaning back with wide-stretched jaws to enjoy a tremendous gape, when snap went his jaw, having sprung out of joint with his mouth open to its widest extent. He tried in vain to close his jaw, looking wildly around upon his friends, who mistook his open mouth and agonised appearance for a joke. It was some time before his indistinct articulation could be understood, the party meanwhile roaring with laughter at the appearance of S—. When finally, they became aware of the truth, their visions of a pleasant day vanished; they hastily bundled their traps and afflicted brother into a boat, took to their oars and pulled twelve long miles to Munising. S—, in the meantime sat in the stern sheets steering the boat, with distorted jaws, and the strong south wind blowing so freshly into his mouth as to make it necessary to stuff in a handkerchief to keep from being suffocated. Arriving at Munising a doctor was procured, and with the help of several men the unlucky jaw was put in place.

FARMERS!

CALL AT THE OLD STAND,
A. J. Stephens & Co.
(LATE CROSBY'S)

And see our HAND-MADE

KIP BOOTS,

CALF BOOTS,

SHORT BOOTS,

and CALF CONGRESS.

Made in every way the same as if the measure had been left for them, and at Low PRICES.

51 SPARKS STREET,
Centre Town.

BELL & WOODBURN, Printers, Elgin Street, Ottawa.