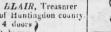
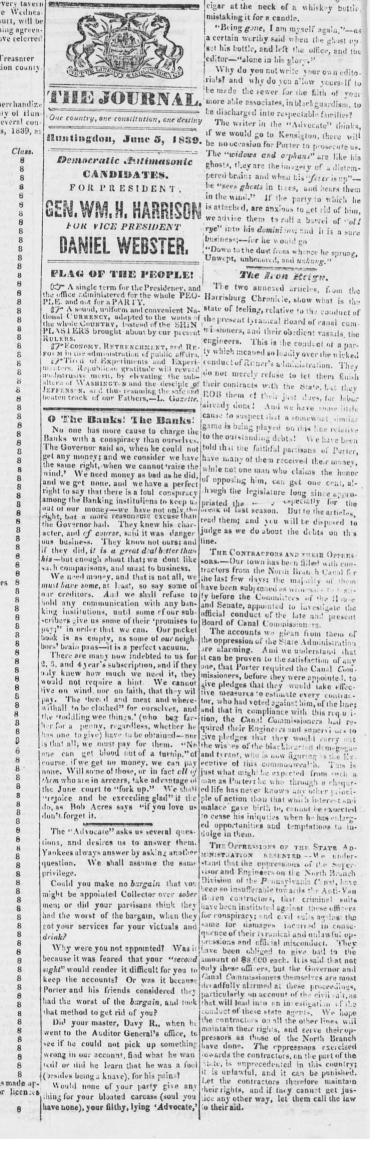
<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

\*Peter M'Nally \*B. E. & Wm. M'Murtrie \* William Pollock \*Peter Shultz Joseph Thompson \*Thomas Johnston \*Hale & Cox John Ewing Charles Cowder

licences



\*Hileman, Tussey & Co 8 \*Sisler & Diller 8 sose marked thus \* have lifted their



and all; or did they think if they baite-with a "salt-lick" sufficiently strong t corn pork, that they would have you saf enough? Have you no friends? or are you san

prains? sans friends? sans office? san every thing but a master? "You'r a friend indeed !" as the edito.

"You'r a friend indeed !" as the cuito said when he grasped the sign-post. "This is the lamp to my feet;" as the same chap said when he tried to light his cigar at the neck of a whiskey bottle.

cigar at the neck of a whiskey bottle, mistaking it for a candle. "Being gone, I am myself again,"-as a certain worthy said when the ghost up, set his bottle, and left the office, and the editor-"alone in his glory." Why do you not write your own edito. rials? and why do you allow yourself to be made the sewer for the filth of your more able associates, in blackguardism, to be diacharged into respectable families? The writer in the "Advecated" thicks?

The writer in the "Advocate" thinks, if we would go to Kensigton, there will

The Rion Reign.