

Business Announcements.

SAFETY BICYCLES! SAFETY BICYCLE

SAFETY BICYCLES! SAFETY BICYCLE
 The latest Novelty in Safety Bicycles is the—
 "NORTHERN",
 manufactured by the NORTH OF ENGLAND BICYCLE CO.,
 44, High Bridge, Newcastle. Send for Price List.
 Second-hand Bicycles from £2 Gu. 6d. 2
 BICYCLES and TRICYCLES FOR SALE. NEW
 AND SECOND-HAND. Liberal Discount

D. RUDOR & Co.,

World,
WORKS: COVENTRY.
EPOT: 15, BIG MARKET, NEWCASTLE
T D OLIVER, Manager.
Splendid New Stock of Rudge Safety Bicycles, a
ventry Rotary and 10 mile Driving Tricycles.
Repairing and engineering Coventry Workmen.

Repairs by experienced mechanics and the management.

BROOK'S HATS,

NEWGATE STREET NEWCASTLE.

GLENDENNING'S INVALID PORT
 now recommended by the leading Medical Men
 the North, as being
THE MOST SUITABLE WINE
 FOR
SICK PERSONS AND INVALIDS

36s. per Dozen; 3s. per Bottle. Carriage paid on bottles and upwards.

W. GLENDENNING,
WINE MERCHANT,

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The Consett Guardian.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14TH, 1885.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

[BY "INCENDO."] .

Beggars are not choosers," is a phrase pretty well understood by most people, but I am prepared to show there are exceptions to every rule—even the ones which apply to the unenviable trade of the beggar. I was passing along one of the principal

its in Newcastle on the afternoon of Saturday
when I was accosted by two men, to whom I
known only by sight, nothing more. They
e a proposal which, had some good genii piped
the official ear of Mr Wilson, of Lancaster.

ld have made him, like Quintilian, "stare and
." They were not seafaring men, so the
er is not on the track. I shook my head, and
last resource one of them addressed me thus:—
ere are four of us, and we have been out of

for months, and have not had a smoke for weeks and days, will you give us an ounce of tobacco?" Knowing that smokers would almost do anything for food rather than tobacco, I replied, "Yes, I will do that;" and being then in front of a shop

...a huge snake made of tobacco was displayed in the window, where it coiled its "brown twist" with clock-like regularity, I stepped inside and called for an ounce of shag. Not being a smoker myself, I was led to believe that shag was

of a dainty; and great was my surprise in handing the packet to the leader of the party, to hear that worthy exclaim with an air of measure—"Oh! but we wanted brown twist!" "Right," I responded, and re-entering the

I made the necessary exchange. A further
and was made upon me, but alas! the spirit
merosity had fled. The needy group were far
astidious for me, for I still believe in the
ly wisdom set forth in the saying—because

st impressions are apt to engender ideas that
around the golden pillars of memory long
changing time has removed all trace of the
undious whence the primal impression

g. I was led into this train of thought by a question addressed to me the other day in reference to the small but beautiful town of Key Bridge. I was distant some twenty miles from Seattle on that particular occasion, and was

consult on that particular occasion, and my interrogator, having seen the advertisements calling attention to the forth-coming attractions at the show, and knowing that I hailed from that quarter, enquired of me what manner of place it was now-a-days? Having answered a

I spoke its praise as one having authority—as the scribes.” The querist, an intelligent, informed man, has not visited the Consett

for a period of nearly thirty years, but the circumstances attending the visit are so vivid in his mind that he is not likely to soon forget them. The man had, it appears, been sent from Westbury to Consett Ironworks on business; and

modus operandi of locomotion not being very in those days, the stranger had to cast about night's lodgings. Things must have been in a primitive condition about Blackhill and Con-Shotley Bridge seems to have been the

at spot where the traveller could calculate a dinner. At anyrate, the then manager of the ironworks furnished the gentleman referred to with an official note, addressed to an innkeeper in Ley Bridge. It was an order for dinner and,

ipped with the missive, the gentleman descended the hill and duly presented the order. The day was cloudy and, anxious to know the exact position of his whereabouts, the stranger enquired of a porter whom he saw loitering near the inn which

"In which direction is the sun at dinner?" Still puzzled, the man exclaimed, "I'm

aw divernt anaw; aw niver teuk ne notice;" the landlady received her visitor graciously, but on a chance of "waiting a little longer" before she was served, for the blooming matron was unable to decipher a single line of the letter.

visitor was a knowing fellow, however, and promptly to the rescue. He had a capital idea, for they read the note between them, but I was not quite sure whether he read between the lines or not. He had a long speech before

ned lodgings for the night; and he laughed
light when I told him that in Blackhill alone
w a hotel large enough and stylish enough to
er His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales
nite.
