

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Pieces and About a Great Number of Subjects.

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—"The coat is about three sizes too big." Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—"Mine friend, that coat make you so proud you will grow into it."

Algernon (his first Western trip)—"Aw, I suppose you see a good many queer people 'round here, don't you?" Native—"Wal, yes, stranger—when the trains from the East come in."

Stranger (to Western citizen)—"My friend you are sadly bruised and battered and parts of your ear seem to be missing. You must have had some bad luck." Western citizen—"Bad luck! Great Scott! Stranger, I got the pot."

"John," said the wife, tenderly, "promise me that if I should be taken away you will never marry Nance Tarbox." "Certainly, Maria," replied the husband, reassuringly, "I can promise you that. She refused me three times when I was a much handsomer man than I am now."

Boston mother (to daughter retiring for the night)—"Did you eat the cold beans, Penelope, that I put aside for you?" Daughter (hiding her face on her mother's shoulder)—"No, mamma; Clarence told me to-night that I am all the world to him, just even beans, mamma, would be in discord with the tranquil harmony that is singing in my soul."

First boy—"Does your granpa smoke a pipe?" Second boy—"Not now. Last week he went to sleep with a short pipe in his mouth, and the fire reached his celluloid teeth and they exploded, bursting his head open." "What a fool! Didn't he have any brains?" Second boy—"Oh, lots of brains! They've ruined the freckled ceiling."

Mrs. Blood (to the colonel)—"My dear, when you came home last night you were quite sober." Colonel—"Yes, I only drank twice." Mrs. Blood (anxiously)—"Well, what is the trouble, dear. Have you heard some bad news, or area't you well?"

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano, 'I'm singing one more song and then go home,' said I."

"Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'can't you go home first?'" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus, I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Mr. Rockaway Beach—Good gracious, Hoffy, you're not going to walk to the club? It's five blocks, you know! Mr. Hoffman—Ar, dear, boy, we must exhaust some fatigue, you know, if we wait to keep before the public eye. I expect to meet a reporter who will write me up as the "wuddy-cheeked pedestrian."

"I want some consecrated lye," he slowly announced as he entered the store. "You mean consecrated lye," suggested the druggist, as he surveyed a smile. "Well, may be I do. It does nutmeg my difference. It's wint' campb' anyhow. What does it sulphur?"

"Eighteen cents a can." "Then you can give me a can." "I never cinnamon who thought himself so witty as you do," said the druggist, in a dignified manner, feeling called upon to do a little punning himself. "Well, that's not bad either," laughed the customer, with a sly, sly glance. "I ammonia notice at the business, though I've soda good many puns that other punters respect the credit of. However, I don't care a copper as far as I am concerned, though they ought to be handled without gloves till they wouldn't know what was the matter with them. Perhaps I shouldn't myrrin-myrrin. We have had a pleasant time and I shall carry away."

"It was too much for the druggist. He collapsed. He was mumbling about tough steak and cold coffee, and making himself generally disagreeable. "Don't growl so over your breakfast, John," said his wife, "nobody is going to take it away from you."

Parson Drymster (solemnly)—"Young man, do you ever put an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains?" Hunter—How's that? Do I ever do what?" "Do you look upon the wine when it is red?" "You will have to say it over again, mister, and say it slow."

"Do you drink whiskey?" "Of course I do. If you've got a bottle in your pocket, uncle, why don't you say so to a man?" "Did the doctor bring the new baby, ma?" asked Bobby. "Yes, dear."

"Where did the doctor get it?" "I little babies come from God, Bobby." "Oh, I see," said Bobby, after sufficient thought. "God sends people to the doctors, and after a while the doctors send 'em back to God."

Forest—Whew! You have been eating onions! Field—Well, yes, I confess I have. Forest—What did you do that for? Field—To tell you the truth, we are going to play base ball this afternoon, and I wanted to be prepared to chin the umpire with some effect.—(Lovel Citizen)

Sometimes it almost seems as if the reason the church steeple keeps pointing heavenward so persistently is because it is trying to distract attention from the debt beneath it.—Journal of Education

Fangle—"What was left in your uncle's will, Cumso?" Cumso (reffectly)—"I was."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Mary Sharpless, the richest child in America, is nine years old and worth \$50,000,000.

A queer flower which grows in Yacatan in the mountain (ditch) bank of the Guarumo. It is in the exact shape of the human hand, with four fingers, thumb, nails and knuckles all complete.

The most valuable manuscript in the United States, judging from the price paid, is in the possession of John Jacob Astor. It is the *Mora Misal*, for which \$15,000 was paid. It is dated in the 15th century, and comprises 484 pages of vellum bound in red morocco.

It is stated that within 27 years past, 34,000,000 serfs and slaves have been emancipated. The war of Russia led on with the liberation of 23,000,000 Russian and 5,000,000 Polish serfs; President Lincoln set free 4,000,000 negro slaves and Brazil has since added 2,000,000 more to the number of freedmen.

The heaviest ox ever raised in the United States was owned by Mr. Sanderson, of Palmer, Mass., in 1863. The ox was raised on his own farm and weighed 3260 pounds on the hoof and 2470 pounds dressed. Mr. Day, of Northampton, Mass., raised the heaviest pair of steers known. When killed and dressed February 22, 1864, the pair weighed 4885 pounds.

In the new number of the usually correct *Oriental Bibliography*, Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" is entered under the head of Old Testament Literature.

The Maine Railroad Commissioners speak in high terms of the general efficiency of the New Brunswick road under Mr. Cran's management, and express particular pleasure with the state of the road bed from the American line to St. John, which is equal to any bit of road of equal length on the continent.

Houlton has made a good growth for a Maine town in the last 86 years, the time that Mr. J. H. Cough has been a resident of the place. When he went there, there were only two stores in town, (or plantation as it then was); they were located on the hill and were carried on by Shepley and Cary and James Houlton. There were none at the Creek village, where the principal business is now done. Mr. Cough states that William Cook is the only unmarried man living, who was there when he first came to Houlton, and of the married men there is not one remaining.

The railways of the United States, if placed continuously, would reach more than half way to the moon (Thomas Curtis Clark declares in Scribner's Magazine for June). Their bridges are estimated to reach from New York to Liverpool. Notwithstanding the number of accidents we read of in the daily papers, statistics show that less persons are killed annually by falling out of windows.

A little elm tree, set out in Fairfield, Me., last spring, at a point where it is in the rays of an electric light, has far outstripped his fellows, in point of growth, at the same time. The explanation of this, given by a scientist in the neighborhood, is that the tree grows both day and night. Under all the circumstances this would seem to be a very plausible explanation, and if it is the electric light will come into general use in hot houses and other places where it is desirable to force vegetation.

A diver named Joe Anderson, of Detroit, while searching for a wreck at Point St. Marks, Mich., a few days ago, set out a heavy box in deep water, which upon closer examination he found to be sunk with heavy weights attached to the box by chains. He returned to Saint Ste. Marie and after procuring assistance managed to raise the box, when set on the shore of all it was discovered to contain the remains of an apparently young woman, doubled up and found in a box.

A. W. Longfellow is a prominent figure on Congress St., Portland, Me., of a pleasant afternoon. He bears a strong resemblance to his distinguished brother, the late Henry W. Longfellow, and this is at once noticeable to any who ever knew the distinguished poet. Mr. A. W. Longfellow was for many years connected with the United States consular service, and is a member of the Maine Historical Society. Mr. A. W. Longfellow, Mr. Samuel Longfellow who has recently gone to Europe, Mrs. Greenleaf of Cambridge, and Mrs. Pierce who occupies the old Longfellow mansion next to the People House, are the only surviving members of the famous family.

A few days since Joel Smith, who was engaged in sinking piling in the sand for foundations for bath-houses below the excursion district, in Atlantic City, N. J., conceived a whim, and he had scarcely entered it when something suddenly wrapped about him like a wet blanket. He was close to the shore and got there very lively. He rubbed into a saloon and was horrified to find that the thing was alive. It held on by suction and required three men to get it off. A scientist, who is stopping at a hotel near by, pronounced it an *Electro carapacea*, or what is vulgarly known as the blanket fish. It frequents the waters of the Polar Sea and is only occasionally found away from it. It is sometimes found in the Pacific Ocean as low as the thirty-fifth parallel. It wraps around its victim and by impeding the motions of the limbs causes it to drown. It was dark brown in color, with black specks, and weighing about fifteen or twenty pounds. It was not over an inch thick. It is thought to have been the first one ever caught in this section.

The poet Whitier, on hearing that slavery was abolished in Brazil by act of Parliament, sent the following cable to Emperor Dom Pedro at Milan: With thanks to God, who has blessed your generous efforts, I congratulate you on the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil. G. W. WINTHROP.

Viscounte Nivac, who is in attendance on Dum Pedro, at once cabled the Emperor's thanks, and stated that his condition is still critical. The Emperor and the poet are personally acquainted with each other.

After Long Years.—"I was troubled with Liver Complaint for a number of years, finding no cure, I tried B. B. B. I took four bottles and am now perfectly cured, strong and hearty." Mrs. Maria Asket, Alma, Ont.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLONY OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

This remarkable story is from the New York World: Some time ago Mrs. Langtry found, to her great regret, when she decided to take up her residence in this country, that the American climate was far more trying to the complexion than the even temperature and moist atmosphere of England. The sudden changes of heat and cold, the furnace-heated rooms, and intense frigidity of the winter air dry up the skin, and lay the ground-work for wrinkles. Then the keen, dry atmosphere keeps the nerves at a high tension all the while, and the pressure of the active life of this country increases the impulse toward nervousness. Before long she was horrified and disgusted to find that the smooth silkiness of her skin was becoming dry and shriveling into slight wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. She sat down promptly and wept, and after the due and natural overflow of feminine distress, dried her eyes and began to search for some unguent, some mollifying cream which would help her to withstand the ravages of an unfriendly air. Nostrum after nostrum was tried and thrown aside in disgust. While she was half-heartedly experimenting with a certain emollient, procured by grating cocoon, twisting it tightly in a thin muslin cloth and rubbing the face with a white cream, obtained in this way, she suddenly discovered what was meant to end her woes. A wandering American, who had lived many years in Persia, and had lately succumbed to the promptings of homesickness, was brought to call, and drifted into talk of the manners and customs of that Eastern land. Incidentally he mentioned that the Persian women ward off their faces, and no sooner had he shut the front-door than one of the footmen was on his way to the nearest meat-shop. There he procured several broad, thin strips of veal and Mrs. Langtry, giving orders for "meat at home," retired to her chamber, disposed herself on the lounge, and, with her countenance entirely covered with veal, allowed herself to be read to sleep by her maid. Ever since then, she has throughout all her travels, gone through this performance twice a week, and finds her skin unfurrowed by any new insignias of the passing years.

Individual stationery is a notion that spreads like witch-grass in the ground. Each woman must have something that is characteristic of herself, something original, something by which her private letter-paper may anywhere be known. A woman who can manage the pencil has the advantage here. She will have a thorny rose, or a heap of sea-shells, or a couple of tennis-rackets, hurling cupid toward each other, or a yacht in a stiff breeze, or a blue-stocking bending over a writing-desk, or any one of a hundred oddities leading her letter-paper. Girls in want of pin-money are earning large sums doing these things for richer friends. They are never pretty, no even tolerable, unless they are done with half a dozen free strokes, and then they are sometimes very pretty indeed.

The respective chord which sometime or other binds all human hearts in uniting sympathy is the sympathy of the Emperor's life than by all the memories of his renown as a great prince and soldier. In nothing has the true sweetness and nobility of his nature been made more apparent than when he placed the Emperor's hand in that of the Iron Chancellor, and with eloquent look signified that they should be friends. The Emperor's star had set; she was no more a power, before her stretched a future devoid of every worldly hope; she could no longer oppose or thwart that great will of Germany. She had become a citizen, a woman full of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and in that bereft and humbled state this dying wish for peace and friendship becomes her law. Probably no word of command could more deeply stir that man of iron and granite than this tender mark of confidence, and we who know Bismarck only by his statesmanship, his magnificent and terrible force of power, can readily believe that whatever there is of gentleness and chivalry underlying these depths came quickly to the surface at this solemn moment, where, naught was to be gained, and all was lost. No episode in the history of Germany throws more light on the character of Frederick III. than this deathbed scene. Be friends!

In the extravagance of the promenade the parasite now in use are indeed wonderful, and are quite enough to strike terror into the male breast. Of the remarkable productions that are now being displayed in the windows, I refrain from saying anything in detail, for I feel afraid that my pen might run riot were I to venture upon descriptions of the eccentric specimens that I have seen. But it

is of the handles that I would speak, for these threaten to become almost a danger this season, and the unwary will, I fear, suffer all kinds of torments from the exceptionally long sticks affixed to the fashionable parasol. Not one woman in ten ever carries this article of summer equipment in a proper manner, and I am therefore anticipating that one's walks abroad this summer will be attended by the pleasurable excitement of dodging these very long sticks that are perfectly certain to be carried at all kinds of dangerous angles by their fair possessors. I believe we also owe this formidable fashion to a Parisian fancy, the Director craze on the other side of the ocean having suggested the revival of large headed canes for ladies' use, of which these elongated parasol handles are evidently the precursors.

The most beautiful bridal chamber ever seen was one recently fitted up by an English Duke for his bride. Her favorite flower is the daffodil, and it predominates in the decorations. The ceiling and the walls are of a pale grayish green and gold. The fringe and dado are of dull-gold canvas silk, hand-embroidered in white daffodils and narcissi. The chandeliers have for globes opaline glass on the same flower designs. The velvet carpet is gray-green, sprinkled with golden flowers. The furniture is of heavy English oak, carved with winged Loves' heads, and the draperies and window hangings are of Spanish lace, in conventional designs of daffodils.

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