

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

A Canadian house will issue shortly, in a limited edition of seventy-five copies, numbered, and printed on large vellum paper, a three part epy in commemoration of Matthew Arnold, by Mr Bliss Carman. The divisions of the trilogy are entitled (1) "Death in April," (2) "Midsummer Land," and (3) "Autumn Guard"; and each is preceded and followed by a lyric interlude. From advance sheets we make the following selection, being the introductory lyric of the first part :

STIR.

A stir on the brink of evening,
A tint in the warm gray sky,
The sound of loosed rivers ;
And spring goes by.

A stir at the rim of winter,
A wing on the crisp midnight ;
A herald from dusk to gloaming
In Northward flight.

A stir in the dawn re-arousing
The wild undeparted unrest,
To forth in the spring time and follow
The infinite quest.

At stir of the golden April
By Indian-willow and stream,
The sap goes upward with morning
And death is a dream.

There is one paradox about Halford, General Harrison's private secretary. The "half" of his name is four-sevenths of it.

Winks—So you married a divorced woman whose husband is still living. Don't you hate him? Jinks—Well, I felt that way at first, but now I'm beginning to sort o' sympathize with him.

A chilly evening. Unwelcome Suitor—"That's a lovely song! It always carries me away." She—"If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both, I should have sung it earlier in the evening."

"How many hours are there in a day" enquired the school-ma'am of Johnny Stubbins in the geography class. "Ten, ma'am," said Johnny, whose father belongs to a union; "but there'll only be eight after 1890."

The wife of a staunch Vermont Democrat had an excellent opportunity to punish her little boy the other day, but she didn't do it. She asked him: "Willie, why do you always make faces at Mr. R—, when he goes by?" "'Tause, ma," was the defiant reply, "'tause he's a Republican and a sinner."

A reward of merit—Bank teller: "Will you take it as a presumption, madam, if I offer you these few roses?" Miss Caramella Goldust: "I don't know you, sir!" Bank teller: "I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever endorsed a check on the right end!"

A musical entertainment given in a city in the United States was sharply criticised by a competent hand. The musical director undertook to reply, and in doing so, said the music was better than the editor of the paper in which the criticism appeared, could have produced. The editorial rejoinder was crushing: "Our correspondent's statement is true, but irrelevant. All the grocers in Raleigh could not together produce one egg; but there is not a grocer of them who is not a better judge of eggs than any hen in Wake County."

"Store packed butter is all right," said Mrs. Slick, "when it is properly tubbed, but there's not one store-keeper in ten that understands packin' butter and that's why we house-keepers have such a time of it, a pickin' of our butter. I've known the time when I've tasted a least forty tubs in a mornin', and what with the butter being too fresh, too salt, oily, rancid, or being amalgamated with furren matter that wasn't butter anyhow, a body's taste would be so corrupted that verdi gris might have tasted sweetish. Samplin' butter's a poor job anyhow."

"Just let me say," said Mrs. Slick "as president of the middle-aged church committee of the ladies tea meetin' society, that if you are arter money you've got to attract the men, and if it's a good time you want to get up why you must attract the men, or it will prove a failure. What attracts the men? Why meat's what does it. Sit a man down to coffee and pie and sponge cake and he'll not show up again, but just give him a good tuck out on meats and he's sure to be on hand next time, and bring his chum with him. Meats are the attractive force to unpetticoated mortals, and we women-folk who have to use our wits to keep the church out of debt ought to recollect the attractibilities of meats, and act accordin'."

"Wouldn't I just like to be an alderman," said Mrs. Slick, "I'd ask the Mayor to appoint a committy of the council to inquire into the rumpus that is a goin' on in our Halifax streets all night long. I mean the noise on the wiers. At first I thought it was the hum of people talkin' on the telephone but they tell me it's the lectricity that makes the noise. I'd just like to know whether decent folk are to be kept awake all night by the ghostly moanin' that goes on now? Why its enough to scare a body to death. What with its moanin' and groanin' and sighin', it gives you the blues and that's a fact, and if the city officers don't stop it quick you'll have half the folks crazy before the winter's over. The Mayor should appoint a royal commis-sion to look into the matter right straight."

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SHIRTS, HO!

When Lazarus lay at the gate quite alone,
Bewailing his sores, rags and dirt,
Fine linen was dear, and white muslin unknown,
And no one could spare him a shirt.

But things in our day are better by far,
And we live in more genial times,
For we, notwithstanding the rumors of war,
Are giving fine shirts for Ten Dimes

Of choicest material, and value most rare,
With fine work from wristband to collar,
And the best in the land such a garment might wear,
Though the price of it's ONLY A DOLLAR

Fine white shirts for a dollar ***
I heard some folk holler
Or was it the voice of the scoller?
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C. S.



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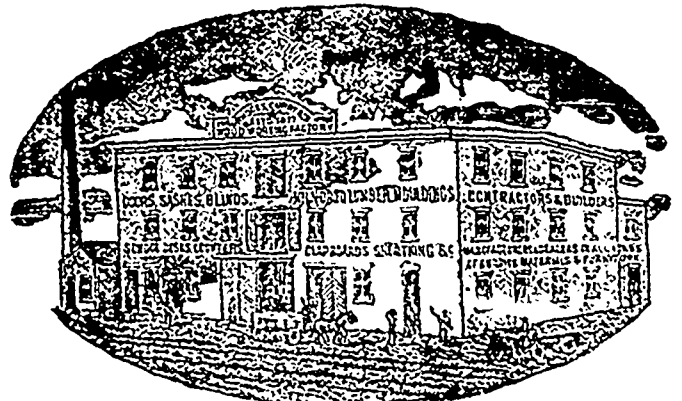
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