

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE ALL-YEAR-ROUND-GIRL.

They talk of the Summer Girl,
Of her flowing and snowy gown;
They go into ecstasies over her
And her sun-kissed cheeks of brown.
And others glow when they even think
Of the Winter Girl in season,
And exclaim and sigh at her coal-black eye,
And rave without any reason.
They're good enough, I suppose, the twain,
The Summer, the Winter Maid,
The latter to court by the fireside,
The former 'neath some tree's shade.
But, ah! as for me, my fancy goes
For the maid with the dark brown curl,
Or the golden locks (be they light or dark,
It little affects the girl).
The girl, I mean, who is always bright,
Who happy is always found.
The queenly girl, the girl of girls—
The Girl of the All Year Round!

It is the man of sound judgment that knows when to keep still.
Sorrow adds beauty to the character when taken in broken doses.

It is well to remember that everything follows a man who goes ahead.
There can't be an honest game of whist. There's always some trick in it.
When a mortal does not know what to do he proceeds to knit his brow.
A bigot is a man who is dead sure of something he knows nothing about.
If a man will associate with thieves he should not complain when he is robbed.

"This thing is worth looking into" murmured the pretty girl as she stood in front of her mirror.

THE BOY'S CURIOSITY.—"Mamma," said little Johnny, "if I swallowed a thermometer would I die by degrees?"

A POET'S POWER.

Bards often write, "Oh, onward flow,
Thou silver stream the meadows through."
Suppose they told it not to go—
What do you think that stream would do?

Doctor.—"You will have to take two tablespoonfuls of medicine three times a day."

Mrs. O'Flynn.—"Then, sor, I'll have to get the loan of a tablespoon, t ekase I only have one, sor."

MARITAL HAPPINESS OF THE PRESENT DAY.—Mr. Peck (sentimentally)—
Ah, do you remember those halcyon days, Marie, when you and I were first caught in love's soft charms, long ago?

Mrs. Peck.—There you go again (sob) flinging my age up to me. You're he-art-less (sob), you're br-r-utal!

DIDN'T SEEM POSSIBLE.—At the theatre—Two young women have sat through the performance. Suddenly one glances at the stage and exclaims: "Why, Belle, can it be possible?—the curtain's gone down. How time has flown! I didn't know it was nearly so late. We've had a real nice chat, haven't we?"

Von Schribbel.—"I just wish to leave those few short stories with the editor. What is customary? I've never done any work for the papers before."

Office boy.—"Well, its the general custom to leave 'em, an' then come back in a day or two—an' get 'em."

MAD AT HIM.—Mother—Why are you so angry with your husband?

Daughter.—I asked him what Mrs. Brown was wearing.

Mother.—Yes?

Daughter.—And I have come to the conclusion that he must have been looking at her admiringly to remember as well as he did.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.—"I tell you," he said disconsolately, "women are altogether too business-like nowadays."

"What's the matter?"

"I proposed to the heiress yesterday."

"Did she accept you?"

"No. She took out her note book, wrote my name and address in it, and said she would consider my application."

A Prominent Lawyer said:—"How stupid some people are. Here are several young men who want to get a start in the legal profession, overcrowded as it is now-a-days, and not one had business wit enough to learn shorthand—the one thing that would accrue an opening almost anywhere. I don't see what they are thinking of."

Why not be wise and fit yourself for the demands of the age. You can learn Simple Shorthand thoroughly by mail—No failures by this system. Write for primer, free.

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VERY MANY SUCH.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 1-3 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

BACKACHE.—"I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence, it promptly cured me of severe lumbago." G. N. BOYER, Carleton, Quebec.

SPRAINS.—"My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling down stairs. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days." R. BURNAND, 124 Tecumseth St., Toronto, Ont.

BRUISES.—Mr. AITCHISON, Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, says he met with a serious accident and his back and shoulders were terribly bruised, but by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he was completely restored.



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