

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

KA-CHING! IT'S SPRING.

Ka-ching! The balmy spring has come,
The sun shines warm on all below;
I thought the streams would surely run,
It seemed so warm within, Ka-choo!

Why, who had thought the wind so sharp?
It chills me, truly, through and through;
I wonder if the mouth of March
Is really spring? O, dear! Ka-choo!

I saw a bird, this morning, flit
Amid the boughs of yonder pine,
And so, I thought, I'd walk a bit
And sun myself. Ka-choo, Ka-ching!

Well, really, I'll not wander far,
Ka-choo! It seems so out of place
To sneeze so when the birds, so gay,
Are searching for a nesting place.

—Vick's Magazine.

The total coinage of the United States Mints during 1888 was \$65,318,614, divided as follows: Gold, \$31,380,808; silver, \$33,025,606; minor, \$912,200.

THE HEIGHT OF GRATITUDE.—A Paisley minister was accosted once in the High street of that town by a poor-looking man. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "I was aince a coo-feeder in a guid way before the ploory broke oot among the kye, when I lost a'. Some o' my freends were thinkin' that if I could jist get a beginnin' again I wad dae weel, an' they hao been subscribing to buy me a coo. Wud ye mind helpin' me awee!" The minister gave the man two shillings. It was evidently more than he expected, for, with an expression of great satisfaction on his face, he said, "I'm very much obliged to ye—indeed I'm extraordinary obliged to ye! Ye are the minister o' the Middle Kirk, are nae ye? Awweel, I maun come up some time and gie ye a day's hearin'."

PASTEURISM.—Human vivisection, or, what is the same thing, experiments on a human being with a deadly disease, will seem to most too awful for belief. This last has just been practised in Honolulu to discover whether leprosy can be conveyed by inoculation. Three years ago, as appears from the record transmitted to the London Times by Archdeacon H. P. Wright, one Keanu, a criminal condemned to death in the Oahu jail, was inoculated with leprosy by Dr. Arning. Last September this sacrifice to science and medicine was examined by Dr. U. B. Emerson, president of the Board of Health, and Dr. J. H. Kimball, the Government physician at Honolulu. "It is our decided opinion," they say, "that this man is a tubercular leper." The experiment is successful. Science scores another victory. The great art of healing has a new triumph, not in curing a victim, but in killing him. —Philadelphia Press.

THE WELLS LIGHT.—The "Wells Light" which is being put on the market by A. C. Wells & Co., of Manchester, is now creating some stir, and it appears to be one of the most important inventions of modern times. The patents are owned by Messrs. Wallwork and Wells, who have worked many years to bring this lamp to perfection. By its use an intense white light is obtained from common mineral oils at a cost many times less than coal gas or the electric light. Not the least remarkable feature is its portability, and a lamp giving out the gigantic light of 5,000 candle-power, can be carried about by two men from place to place. Its use in large out-of-door works cannot be over-estimated, and we understand that it is the only light in use through the extensive workings of the Manchester Ship Canal, and that it has been supplied for the most varied purposes to some of the largest firms. With the extensive supplies of oils which are being opened up in all parts of the globe such a simple apparatus for burning them must have a very large sale in the future.

A TALE IN RHYME.—As a warning to writers who do not use plain English we submit the following as the result of an overdose of Amelie Rives' latest work:

In the swailing swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooming by,
I sit by the bole of a bournful birch with a mean and a soulful sigh;
The mellow mists of the eve are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps
chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh:

Oh where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
And the voice of the fimm flam fowl?
Methinks it moans from the murky mold,
From the home of the hootful owl.

Now swivel me swift from the surging spring: I'm weary of wold and wind;
The gruesome graik of the jabberwock comes jimmering to my mind;
The feeble song of the spotsome frog comes solemnwise, soughing slow;
and again I hear, by the bournful birch, the wail of his wimpled woo:

Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
From the land of the springful sprole?
Must the blue mists blur on the tinkor's drale,
And freight with their fraught my soul?

I dreamed, I dreamed of Amelie Rives, in the dim of the danksome dark,
and methought I rode on a moonful main in the prow of a pullsome bark;
I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along in the stream of a starful gloat;
I awoke at dawn, in the dimpled day, and above is the rhyme I wrote.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.—For Children and Pulmonary troubles.—Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says:—"I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

SONGS OF THE SHIRT.

(Paddy in full dress meets a friend.)—"Where did I get this shirt? Bedad I got it where they can be had
By any decent caller,
At Clayton & Sons on Jacob's Thrate,—
Now aint it illigant and nate,
And ONLY COSTS A DOLLAR!
"A Dollar!" "Yes, bedad its thrue:
And Barney dear! if I was you,
I'd go and git another."
"I'll do it Pat—I will me friend—
Wan for meself—and I will aind
Wan to our Mick, me brother."

(Sandy at market.)—"I guess this is a' I want the noo,
And glad I am at befa' throo.
So I'll be toddlin' ben;—
By George! I heana finished yet,—
To-morrow's Sabba—I maun get
Ane o' thae shirts ye ken.
"Tis but a step to Claytons' place—
There's no needessity to race
And I'll be hame in time;
And Janet lass—the scoldin' jade
Seein' the bargain I hae made
For aince will hush her chime!"

SOUTH-END

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