

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

I am the Chrysanthemum,
I know I'm yaller,
And sometimes yellorer;
But I am in it
Just the same.
I am aware I'm built
Somewhat
After the pattern of a mop;
But yet
I am an efflorescent epitome
Of the great American spirit
Of got thar.
For I struck this country
A stranger
Without a cent
And no capital,
Except my blooming shaps.
But I stood straight up
And held my head high,
And do yet.
And to-day myself
And my descendants
Are in the floral 400.
And the more
Frills
We develop
The more we're admired.

—Indianapolis Journal.

The Banker's Daughter.—He—Didn't my note come to you in time yesterday? She—No; I never received it. He—Strange! I wonder where it went? She—Oh, I remember hearing papa say something about a note of yours going to protest yesterday—whatever that is.

THE POET.

He sings the sunrise hues of red,
The joys of early dawn,
And yet he never leaves his bed
Till twelve o'clock each morn.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked a gentleman of a five-year-old maid. "Mildred Amy Boylos, sir." The next day the same gentleman saw the child again, and for want of something better to say, asked her name once more. "It's the same now as it was yesterday," replied the little girl, stiffly.

PROCRASTINATION.—"Did yer father lick yer, Jimmie?"
"Yep."
"Did yer put the jography in yer pants?"
"Yep."
"Then what ye're cryin' fur?"
"Ah—h—h—I didn't have time to put my pants on—boo-boo!"

A FRAGMENT.

Only an old, old wall, yet doth it form
A picture, in itself complete,
Where trailing wreaths of ivy creeping o'er
And hanging down, their graceful tendrils meet
And intertwine.
And here and there are little tufts of moss,
Seeming more emerald green
In contrast to the old grey stone:
With grass and golden dandelion the summit crowned,
While deep-wooded wal'-w-r- fill the air around
With fragrance. Who shall say,
"Only an old stone wall, there is no beauty there?"
The soul that seeks for beauty find, it *ave-vw-rrro*

London Public Opinion.

Persons with a strong instinctive tendency to contradictions are apt to become unprofitable companions. Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilly atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak; that is sheltered and fostered in our own sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift the sash from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can bear the rain and the breezes, and be all the better for them; but perpetual contradiction is a pelting hail-storm which spoils their growth and tends to kill them out altogether.

It is related of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen that when they first visited America, several years ago, they had a funny experience with a folding bed in a Chicago hotel. It was the first contrivance of the kind they had ever seen, and a servant explained its mysteries to the Countess. During the night, however, their bell in the office rang a long call for assistance, and a chambermaid who was despatched to the suite of rooms occupied by the lordly pair, found the noble Earl, clad in a hastily donned dressing gown, frantically endeavoring to extricate the fair Countess from the jaws of the bed, which had closed on her unexpectedly. The Earl regarded the episode as a good joke, and afterward sent to Chicago for a dozen similar beds for Aberdeen Castle.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. This woman has tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wraper that'll get your money back for you.

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was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

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I obtained a diploma at the HALIFAX BUSINESS COLLEGE during the winter of 1889, and feel amply repaid for the time and money spent there.

I would recommend all who wish to acquire a knowledge of book-keeping to place themselves under Mr. Frazee's instruction. They will find him a very efficient and painstaking teacher, and the course of study such as will give them a thorough knowledge of the subject.

G. W. COLE,

Bookkeeper at A. Robb & Sons, Amherst, N. S.

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