

ON THE FENCE.

Two women leaned over the backyard fence
(The same old fence) as the sun went down,
While each told the other, in confidence,
The scandals she'd gathered around the town.
For women must gossip, or they can't sleep;
They think that secrets weren't made to keep;
So they lean on the fence in the gloaming.

Two women sat out on the front-door stoop,
In the evening glow, as the sun went down,
They told how their children had skipped the croup,
And they sneered at the ministers wife's new gown.
For women delight in a friendly chat,
Without it their lives would be stale and flat;
So they sit on the stoop in the gloaming.

Two husbands came home from the base-ball game
(From the office, they said), as the sun went down,
Both ready and eager to hear the same
Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down.
For men, though they work, love gossip too—
And that's why their wives seek something new
As they meet and talk in the gloaming.

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other autumn.

If people worked as hard after marriage, to keep each other, as they did before the engagement, to win each other, marriage would be more of a success.

Miss Tucker, otherwise A. L. O. E. (A lady of England), and one of the most popular of the English religious writers, is now actively engaged in mission work in a city in Northern India; she is described as a charming old lady, living in a pretty little cottage, and spending the largest part of her days in visiting, praying, and singing with the women of the Zenanas.

First Farmer: "How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?"

Second Farmer: "Why, they are regular swindlers! Last winter, when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss, and gave me a bottle to take to bed with me, and when I opened it, what do you think it was? Nothing but hot water."



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Ladies' Childrens' and Infants' White-Wear, damaged by Water at late fire will be on counters Wednesday, Feb'y 8th, at Ladies' Emporium, A. O'Connor.

GABRIEL'S, 17 BUCKINGHAM ST.

Dr. SEYMOUR: Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Carbuncle.
Mrs. SMITH: Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

Call and Get a gold or Silver Wish-bone Pin, \$1.00 to \$5.00, and 2, 3, 4, 5 strand Fine Silver Cut Bangles. Gold ones with Moon Stone.

"Vivat  Regina."

*** Queen * Hotel. ***

"Mr. Sheraton has fitted up a Hotel which is a credit to Halifax and the Maritime Provinces. Every visitor to Halifax will find at the Queen all the equipments of a first class hotel."—*The Sun.*

"The 'Windsor' of Halifax."—*Montreal Gazette.*

"The cuisine is the best of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces."—*Globe.*

We are still improving and intend to keep on so until the
QUEEN IS THE BEST HOTEL IN CANADA.

A. B. SHERATON, - - - Manager.

THE CLIMAX.

It was only a newspaper story,
And, yet, as I read it o'er,
My eyes grew moist and heavy
As they have not in years before.

It was not the art of the writer
That on my heart-strings swept,
But the story, simple and tender,
Went to my heart, and I wept.

But when I arrived at the "finis,"
It caused my heart to ache,
And I said bad words, for that tender tale
Was an advertising "fake."

Some men must think that the lamp of life is a spirit lamp, judging from the way they pour in the alcohol.

After all men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting for a collar button instead of having an extra supply and letting the wife find the missing one. You never see a woman look for the pin she drops. Her husband finds it when he walks around on his bare feet.

Officer (of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to grocer).—Do you keep the cover over that cheese all the time?

Grocer.—Yes, sir.

Officer.—Well, that won't do. You must lift it off occasionally and give the cheese air.

Norah: "O'i'm sorry to say, sor, that Miss Giddy isn't at home."

Mr. Cole (facetiously): "Why are you sorry, Norah?"

Norah: "Because, sor, it's the biggest shitory Oi ever towld in me life."

Hockstein. "I vos tired of life. Gif me some poison, and so I vill kill meinself."

Chemist (jocularly): "All right. What do you want—arsenic or strychnine?"

Hockstein: "Vich vo der sheapest?"

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene. Sister, I am here see your ring.
His sister: "Why Tommy?
TOMMY:—I want to see if the gaboot told the truth when he said his heart was in it