

Here is the last of a shoe-maker, beyond which let no cobbler go. A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her, "Is that your only objection to them, Madame?" "It is," the lady replied. "Well then, madame, if you take them I think I can assure you, you will find that objection gradually wear away."

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to an apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen seen all the different points in our trade; I wish to give you your choice of work for a while." "Thank'ee, sir." "Well now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shutting up the shop and goin' to dinner."

A sailor is called an old salt because the minute he gets on shore he is in a pickle.

"What is a woman's sphere?" "Why woman's fear is that the centre table isn't high enough to render her perfectly safe from that horrid mouse."

"That's a very soft corn of yours," said the chiropodist. "Yes but it's hard enough to bear," responded the patient.

Statistics show that the largest number of marriages are by persons under twenty-three years of age. Does this prove that as people grow older they become wiser?

The difference between honor and discretion is that honor tells you not to hit a man when he is down, and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

FASHION ITEM.—"A new color is called four o'clock. If it's the color of a man's nose as he goes meandering home about four o'clock in the morning, it must be a very brilliant shade of red."

A little while back a worthy alderman inquired at court, in the case of a man who had not been vaccinated, and who had small-pox twice and had died, whether he died the first time or the second.

Ethel's mother was reading her Sabbath-school lessons to her, when she came to the verse: "But when they next saw Joseph they found him in a position of great authority and power, and—" "Joseph was king, wasn't he, mamma?" interrupted Ethel. "No, dear, he was not king, but he was very high—next to the king." "Oh, I know, mamma, he was jack—jack high!" Alas, Ethel had seen too much card playing.

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EVOLVED BY A PROFESSOR.—German professor: "What a couple of bonny little children, dear baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness: "You have guessed rightly." Professor: "Are they both yours?"

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way they were forced to sleep in the open air; and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then woke him and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair, queried George W. La Duce, "why"—aw—Ponto's caudal appendage like a coming event?" "No, Mr. La Duce." "Well, aw, it is something a cur, don't you know,—ha, ha!" "Very good Mr. La Duce; very good. But can you tell me why your hat like a bad habit?" "Why, er-r, aw, well, no—why is it?" "Because it is something to a void." "Oh, well, now, Miss Fair, you are just too bad for anything, don't you know?"

The other day, on a certain railway a man got into one of the carriages and presently began talking to a fellow passenger. After a time, he asked the gentleman whether he had heard a story about how a man travelled without a ticket. The gentleman said he had not; so the man asked him to lend him his ticket, that he might show how it was done, and began fiddling about with it, but pretending that the story had suddenly slipped out of his head, but he was sure he would remember it soon. After a time the train got near London and, as the man could not remember the story, he returned the gentleman his ticket. The gentleman struck the gentleman as being very curious, and so he watched the man. When the man got to the barrier and asked for his ticket, he said he had lost it; but the ticket-collector demanded it, and, after a good deal of altercation, the man pulled some silver out of his pocket, and was about to pay for his fare, when he suddenly said—producing a small piece of ticket—that he could prove that he had given up his ticket because he remembered playing in the train and tearing off a small piece, and that if the ticket-collector looked would find a ticket with the piece torn off. On looking, the ticket-collector found a ticket with a piece torn off, of course, immediately begged a thousand pardons.