

## CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep;  
Untroubled is their rest, and deep;  
For them why should we mourn or sigh!  
'Neath quiet graves in peace they lie.  
"Thou givest thy beloved sleep."

For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,  
For those whose path is rough and steep -  
For these we lift our voice on high;  
Not for the dead.

For all who 'neath some burdens creep,  
Who sow the wind, the whirlwind reap,  
Who lonely watch the days go by,  
For hearts that bleed while eyes are dry -  
For such, O Lord, our tears we weep;  
Not for the dead.

The girl with plenty of money may be homely, but unless some one of her girl friends tells her she will never know it.

The man who can pass the warning notice, "Paint," without testing the matter with his finger to see if it is dry, has sufficient will power to give up drinking.

Teacher—"Have any animals a capacity for affection?" Class—"Nearly all." Teacher—"Now, which animal possesses the greatest attachment for man?" Class—"Woman."

"And are you really so badly broke, my friend?" he said, as he tendered the tramp a penny. "Broke?" was the bitter response. "I'm as badly broken as the ten commandments."

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, madam," he said as he squeezed by her to go out at the end of the first act. She answered, with a most angelic smile. "Not at all, my husband runs the bar."

Reginald—Elsie, I love you. I— Elsie (interrupting)—Really, Mr. Regi— Reginald (interrupting)—Before you finish come out and have some wine jelly, ice cream, cocoanuts, lemonade, fried oysters and a sherbet. Elsie (fondly)—Reginald, I always loved you.

They were talking about Mark Twain and the jumping frog of the Calaveras, when little Tommy spoke up:

"Frogs can't jump much. I've seen 'em try to jump across the pond, and every time they fell right smack into the water."

A gravedigger, busily engaged in his professional duties, was somewhat annoyed by some youngsters scampering over the graves in his immediate vicinity. His patience at last being exhausted, he bawled out, "Get out o' there, ye young rascals; ye wadna be sae roady jumpin' owre yer ain graves, I'm thinkin'."

The minister was dining with the family, and Bobby thus spoke out:—"Ma, what's an adjective?" His mother explained the meaning of the word, and then foolishly asked him why he wanted to know—"Because I heard pa say that the sermon this morning was a wishy-washy one; and when I asked pa to tell me what wishy-washy was, he said it was an adjective."

On a voyage across the Atlantic a lady received a great shock from seeing one of the ship's officers knock down one of the crew who had inclined to mutiny. She retreated to her cabin, and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she saw at the wheel the man whom she had seen knocked on the head. With deep sympathy she asked him, "How is your head now?" "West and by north, ma'am," was the answer.

The Russian Czarina, though forty years of age, has still a girlish appearance; her sparkling eyes and her joyful smile, her elastic figure, her graceful and yet natural movements, as she shows them when dancing, all combine to impress her with that stamp of youthfulness rare at her time of life. And she laughs so heartily and so naturally, that she herself seems now and then to think it almost frivolous, when a bashful red at once covers her face, and makes her look still more like a girl.

A recent list of titles to sermons advertised by sensational preachers contains the following: "Boycotting the Dead," "The Great Oil," "Straight from the Shoulder," "Hell and the People who are Going There," "Taken by the Throat," "Off Goes the Roof," "Up Comes the Man." It is impossible for a healthy minded man to have anything but contempt for preachers who resort to such sensational methods of arousing curiosity and drawing a crowd. Fortunately Halifax has been largely spared the infliction of preachers of this kind, except an occasional clerical tramp.

The latest novelty on the tennis lawn is a wheeled table. The invention naturally followed the fashion of serving tea and something light to eat to the players after a few games had been played. To get the things necessary to the lawn required the waiter to make several trips. With a tea wagon but one trip is necessary. The vehicle has wheels about the size of those on a baby carriage. They are made of steel, with rubber tires like the wheels of a bicycle. Shackle springs rise above the wheels to support a rectangular tray, perhaps two feet by three and a half large. The tray is made of either papier mache, polished birch, oak or mahogany to suit the taste of the buyer, and the price varies from \$22 to \$25. They are imported from England.

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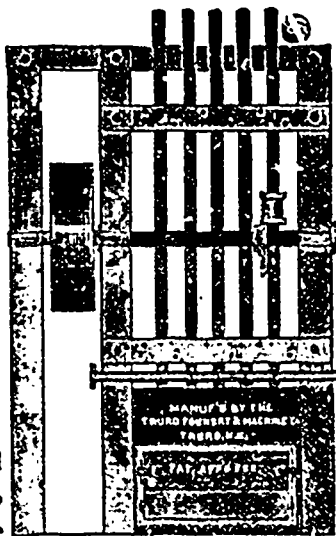
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