

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

MARGUERITES.

Seafoam and sunshine!
Soe the unisles, there they grow,
With hearts of sunlight, and a row
Of petals white as snow,
In stately lines.

When clover breezes blow,
'Along buttercups of golden sheen
And tall amid the yellowing green
Of wheat a-noi, serono
The daisies grow.

North Sydney, July 5th, 1892.

MIGNON.

It takes something more than the annual crop of poisoned ice cream stories to affect the appetite of the summer girl.

The inability of George Washington to tell a lie left a gap in the national system that his fellow-countrymen have used every exertion to fill.

A German doctor has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment—namely, by eating apples at every meal.

Mrs. Lawnville.—'Which would you rather do to-day—go to school or help me in the garden?' Little Boy.—'Go to school.' 'Would you? Why?' 'Cause teacher's sick, an' there ain't goin' to be any.'

What Did She Mean.—She (to Cousin George, who has just returned from the tropics)—Oh, George, dear, how kind of you to bring me this dear little monkey? How thoughtful you are! But—but—it's just like you!

When she gave him her little hand
He was so much in love,
He little thought that every week
'T would need a brand-new glove.

Rather Heartless.—Little Dick—School teachers hasn't any feelin's at all. Mamma—What is the matter now?

Little Dick—My teacher borrowed my new knife to sharpen her pencil, so she could give me a demerit mark.

A SURE TIP.

The racing season now is here,
And, pray you, stranger, don't forget
This tip—the surest of the year:
'Tis better, better, not to bet.

Doctor—My dear sir, you must avoid all head work.

Patient—But then I should have to go begging.

Doctor—Why?

Patient—Oh, because I'm a hairdresser.

SUBURBAN LIFE.—Mrs. Meadow—I hate to tell you, Mrs. Suburb, but really you ought to know it. Every time I've run into the city lately I've met your husband on the return train; and every time he was paying marked attentions to some woman by his side, and everytime it was a different woman. I've seen him with a dozen of 'em.

Mrs. Suburb (quietly)—We have been trying to get a servant girl who would stay.

WHY THEY WERE GOOD TO HIM.—"Who is that long-haired young fellow who seems to have nothing to do?" inquired the casual stranger.

"That's our poet," said the village clerk. "The village clubs together and pays his board and clothes."

"Where are his works published?"

"Ain't never published. He's arranged to have 'em printed after he's dead. That's why we are trying to keep him alive as long as we can."

FOR A TOKEN.

Good bye! God love you, since no sweeter trust
My heart can give you, or my lips can say,
Or grief can utter, since but He alone
Shall stand within the place that I will yield today.

Good bye, for now and ever through the year,
Till we meet out before the golden gate,
You have to fight to win the narrow way
I will serve with you, while I stand and wait.

—C. BROOKS.

A Long, Long Word.—"How did you like the Boston girl that was visiting my aunt?" said one young man to another.

"Very much."

"She used some pretty long words, didn't she?"

"Yes; I think she used the longest word I ever heard when I proposed to her."

"What was that?"

"Never."

A "conundrum social" is a new Western idea. Besides being amusing, it is claimed that the compound conundrums proposed stimulate the memory. As an illustration the Detroit Free Press gives one as follows: "Why is heaven like a baby? Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is is the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is the primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yellor, and a pronounced yellor is a baby."

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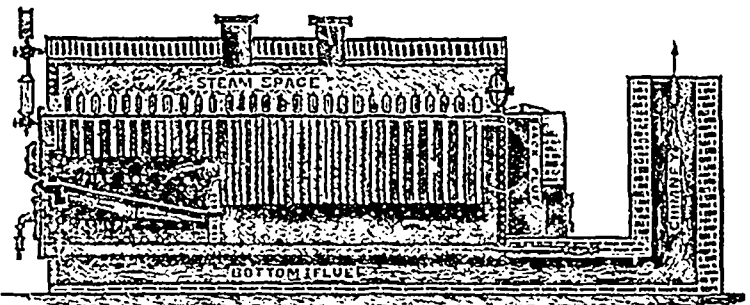
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