

AN ACROSTIC.

Eve's fair daughters seem to find
Man is but a gay deceiver;
Memory's thoughts bring to my mind
A moonlight walk across cantilever.

R.

ANOTHER.

Lazily go the hours so bright,
In gay sunshine happy light
Zephyrs blowing fair;
By one enshrined a blithesome maid,
In a hammock idly laid,
Eating a Bartlett pear.

MAN.

What a queer combination of cheek and perversity,
Insolence, pride, gab, impudence, vanity,
Jealousy, hate, scorn, baseness, insanity,
Honor, truth, wisdom, virtue, urbanity,
Is that whimsical biped called man.

Who can fathom the depths of his innate depravity?
To-day he's all gayety, to-morrow all gravity,
For blowing his own horn he has a propensity,
Even under clouds of singular density,
A mystical clay-bank called man.

He can be the source of beastly brutality,
Be modest and meek, or indulge in hilarity,
Don airs and graces of saintly totality,
Or equal the devil in daring rascality,
This curious enigma called man.

THEY COULDN'T SEE HIS FAULTS.

He was a most emphatic, wilful, stiff-necked, systematic, mental, spiritual, erratic, and a most degraded creature;

He was given to frivolity and most unseemly jollity, and had no single quality as a redeeming feature.

He was full of injudiciousness and insolent officiousness, and countless kinds of viciousness deformed his reputation.

A sapless imbecility, a lack of strong virility, a monstrous incivility and moral obtuseness.

Yet his steps were all attended, all his freaks and whims defended by a retinue of splendid, wrapt extravagant extollers.

For this vicious, mediocre, cracked, inscribable old croaker was a rich and bonded broker, and was worth a million dollars!

D-"Oily" "Car"-te.

A recent analysis by A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., and Political Chemist, has proved beyond doubt that there is a large percentage of grease in the oil used on the I. C. R. car wheels at Moncton, N. B.

A POINTER FOR WIGGINS.—Wiggins' latest prediction of an earthquake, was a complete failure; she didn't quake worth a cent.—*E.C.*

If Wiggins could only predict an earthquake to boom business up a little—his fortune would be made.

THE CHESTNUT BELL.

Have you seen the latest wrinkle?
Hear it tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
When the conversation lags
Some smart Alex, with his gags
Makes himself a beastly bore
As he's often done before.
The little toy will break the spell,
Ring at him the chestnut bell.

Yes, it's better than a gun
If you want to have some fun
With the dudes and travelling "mokes"
Who will perpetrate stale jokes,
Regardless of the time and place,
On the suffering human race.
If you'd stop such nonsense—well,
Pull on them the chestnut bell.

What a pretty comic song
Sings the so-called chestnut gong!
Or a hymn of loud acclaim,
Praising the inventor's name.
Ah, there! punster, have a care,
How you fret and fume and swear;
Do not say: O, go to h—ll!
When they ring the chestnut bell.

BITS OF FUN.

Stands to reason—A debator who won't sit down.

Wanted—An artist to paint the very picture of health.

Affections which is never reciprocated—Neuralgic affection.

Motto for a young man starting a mustache—Down in front.

Advertising is a game, deal like making love to a widow—It can't be overdone.

"Sally what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that misus' orders."

A boy being asked what was the plural of "Penny," replied with great promptness, "Two-pence."

A well in Bay City, Mich., is said to be 2,620 feet deep. N. B.—Cut this out and show it to your milkman.

A man told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that he meant "bad fit."

... said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this I have another point that is equally conclusive."

"Yes," said the farmer, "barbed wire fences are expensive, but the hired man doesn't stop to rest every time he has to climb it."

A New Hampshire woman claims that she has not broken a plate or a cup for thirty years. Her husband must be remarkably well behaved.

"Anything on this counter for five cents," was the sign on a stand in Sixth avenue, and when the girl went up to the tailor's sign who was tending, and said she didn't think he was worth five cents, he felt as if he'd like to fall through a crack in the street.

As there will be no extra session of Congress, we will have to worry along without a good part of that enthralling serial story, the *Congressional Record*.

In what respect do time and a mule resemble one another?—In the fact that it is better to be ahead of both time and a mule than behind either of them.

"Suppose," says an exchange, "all the world went to bed every evening at sunset." Oh, well, the world's gas bill would be just as big at the end of the quarter.

A Dakota paper charges twenty-five cents for a marriage-notice and fifty cents for a death. Marriage would, therefore, seem to be less desirable than death in Dakota.

"Chinese barbers shave without lather." This reminds us that our old schoolmaster used to lather without shaving. One is said to be as painful an operation as the other.

There may be obstacles in the way of the discovery of the North Pole, but they pale into insignificance compared with an attempt to find a fugitive collar button in the berth of a sleeping car, at the end of a journey.

Coup, the circus man, says the three-tailed Japanese carp cost him \$2,200 in gold. Many gentlemen who have been out all day fishing, without a bite, will readily believe this statement. They are well aware that fish cost something to buy.

An old citizen in a country village being asked for a subscription toward repairing the fence of the grave yard, declined. "I subscribed toward improvin' that buryin'-ground nigh unto forty year ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet!"

A needle was recently found in an egg taken from under a Philadelphia hen that had "stolen" a nest. In this instance her owner made a grave mistake in not allowing nature to take its course, as he was evidently setting on the egg with the intention of hatching out a sewing machine.

PLENTY OF MIRACLES YET.—"Well," said McSwilligon this morning, "the day of miracles is not yet over."

"Heard of any lately?" asked Squildig. "Yes, I read this morning that an Ohio man named Miracle is the father of seventeen children."

HIS TITLE.—"Is that a reporter for the press?" asked a guest at an "opening lunch."

The interrogated party looked at the party indicated, who was just getting outside of his third plate of salad, and replied:

"No, I should judge he was a feeder for the press."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—Policeman—"Have you a permit to play here?"

Organ-grinder—"No, but it amuses the little ones so much."

Policeman—"Then you will have the goodness to accompany me."

Organ-grinder—"Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing?"

NEW OPENING OF

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WINTER SUITS, PANTS, &C.

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