

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg, keep him in hot water, and he is bound to become hardened.

"And what have you given up for Lent, Charles?" she asked softly. "Sleigh-riding," he answered between his teeth; and the silence congealed slowly around him.

AT A WAGNER PERFORMANCE.—Conductor. "Sh-schtop! Do piece vas gongluded!" Von Butt wurst: "Vo haf schtopped. You vas geoping time mit dot thunderstorm outside, ain't it?"

Lady—"That young lady over there is my sister." Gentleman—I am thankful that I am not her brother." "What do you mean?" "You see, if I was her brother, I should never be able to flirt with her."

According to an old superstition of the mediæval church, whenever a cock crows, a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crow persistently in the early morning hours, is because the morning papers are being set up.

"Why, Pat, for heaven's sake, what is the matter?" "Well, sorr, I swallowed a peatator bug, an' although, sorr, I tuck some parnus green widin foive minits after ter kill the baste, shtill he's just raisin' th' devil inside o' me, sorr."—*Life*.

Miss Waldo (of Boston, discussing literary matters): "Have you read 'Homo Sum.' Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash (of Chicago, who is keeping up his end of the conversation with difficulty): "Well—or—yes, Miss Waldo, I have read Homo some, but not a great deal."

MORE BRITISH BRUTALITY.—An enthusiastic Omaha girl expressed a great desire to visit England. Said a travelled spinster to her, "England! Never go near that barbarous, detestable country." Enthusiast: "Barbarous?" Travelled spinster: "Absolutely brutal! Why, when a woman dies there, the sexton tolls her age!"

A young financier, aged four, who was given five cents for every mouse he caught in a small trap, finally asked leave to spend the proceeds. The nurse was told to go wherever he led her, to see what he proposed buying. He passed all the toy and candy shops, but paused before a hardware shop, and, pointing to the window, exclaimed triumphantly: "I buy more mouse trap, Fanny."

WHY HE LIKED TOM.—"Why, yes, I have seen a good deal of Tom Bigbee recently. Fact is, he's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Really, I didn't know there was so much in him. He's positively brilliant when you get him talking. Most delightful companion, and so hospitable and—" "I see. Which of Bigbee's sisters is it—the little one with the black hair or the tall blonde one?" "It's the little one with black hair."—*Puck*.

AVIAN LONGEVITY.—It has been observed that many birds, such as the eagle, the swan, and the raven, live more than a century. The parrot, the heron, the goose, and the pelican, have been known to reach sixty years; the peacock twenty-five; the pigeon twenty; the crane twenty; the gold finch fifteen; the lark thirteen; the blackbird twelve; the canary twenty-four; the pheasant fifteen; the thrush ten; the cock ten; the robin twelve; the wren only three.

'T WAS EVER THUS.—An old lady subscriber wrote the editor of the Shenandoah Post a letter of reproof, and stopped her paper because he had neglected to denounce in its columns the skating rink which had just been revived in that town. The same day the proprietor of the rink came in and ordered the paper stopped, because the editor neglected to give the rink the usual local mention due such enterprise. This kind of business is of almost daily occurrence, and the case above cited will serve to give the public an idea of what causes the country editor to live in perfect peace and happiness, always look smiling and continue his efforts for good in behalf of suffering humanity.

"You 'avent such a thing as a dictionary of the Canadian language, 'ave you?" enquired an Englishman of the proprietor of one of the leading bookstores in Toronto. "Canadian language? What do you mean? We speak the English language in this country." "No, 'ang me if you do! I can't hunderstand what the people mean 'ere 'alf the time. The other day, a chap that works in the same shop as I do says 'e to me, 'Did you 'ear that speech of Mrs. Youmans last night? Didn't she go for the whiskey men?' 'You surprise me,' says I. 'Last time I 'eard her she went against 'em.' Well, 'e just larked fit to split because I didn't understand as 'ow goin' for anybody meant goin' agen 'em. Think of that now. Call that English?" "Well, some of our expressions are a little confusing to a stranger." "Confusing! I should smile, as you say in this blamed country. For inst'nce, this same fellow, he ain't 'arf a bad sort, you know, and when I met 'im down town t'oth'r hevenin', says 'e, 'I've a dollar as I won onto a bet; let's blow it hin.' 'Ows that?' says I. 'Well,' says 'e, 'let's go an' 'ave some fried hoysters an' a bottle of beer.' 'I'm with yer,' says I, 'but in our country we call that a blow hout.' Hextraordinary people these Canadians, you know. When they go against a person, they call it goin' for 'im, and talk about a blow hin wen they means a blow hout. Hall I can say his, that hif there haint no Canadian dictionary, there'd hought to be!"

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