

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

Little Boy—What is that lady in mourning for, ma? Little Boy's Mother—Why, my dear, that is a Sister of Charity.

She was sitting in the parlor with her beau when the old man came down stairs and opened the front door.

Miss Van Derrim (unattractive and religious, descends the stairs singing in a subdued voice)—Jesus loves me, yes, he loves me, etc.

At Bar Harbor, He—Why, it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel.

Runaway couple (in Kentucky, to minister)—Will you join us? Minister—Thanks, I don't care if I do.—Washington Critic.

A kiss on the forehead denotes reverence, says an exchange. We have mighty little reverence for a pretty girl. We always kiss her on the lips.

"Talk is cheap"—But not when a counsellor is pleading for you.

The moon is growing, and the young lovers who are in the June moon do not like it a bit.

A man who is light in the head is not necessarily a great light in the community.

If the women are to go to Congress, let the women be married women. It won't do for us to be mis-represented.

The man who is down at the heels now goes to the ward boss to get well heeled.

When a bride is presented with a fan as a wedding present, she looks upon the moment she sees it, as a fan see article.

"A Western editor is publishing the Bible by instalments. He says he is bound to give his readers the news." So says a paragraphist. Extracts from the Bible would be news to a great many Eastern readers, too.

"When I look at the congregation," said a London preacher. "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the offering in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich?'"

The President has the glorious privilege of kissing all the brides who attend the White House receptions. Who was it said he would rather be rich than President?

"Can't you give a poor fellow a lift, madam?" asked a weary looking tramp of the farmers' wife. "Why, certainly," said the kindly matron. And then she turned and called to the hired man to come and help the wanderer over the fence.

Douglas Jerrold was once asked by an intolerable bore, who professed to be a poet, whether he had read his "Descent into Hell." "No, sir," responded the irate wit, "but I should like to see it."

"Dear me!" said the little Boston boy, after intellectual snuffing had failed, and they had skinned him for the first time. "If I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never have invited the experiment."

"Well, how is this, my dear sir?" inquired the practitioner. "You sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by small pox and I find you suffering from rheumatism."

"Well, you see, doctor, it's like this," said the patient; "there wasn't a soul in the house who could spell rheumatism."

The Gaelic poet of the Picton News should be more guarded in his use of language:

Be dambair air an urdar then 'E bka sabail' an an eum; Be dambair air an urdar then 'E bka sabail' an an eum.

He held her hand and her fingers pressed. For he was a clerk, and at her request, He was trying on a glove.

You may note it on de pallin, You may mark it on de wall, Dat de higher up a road free jumps de hicker he will.

Managing Editor (to editorial writer)—"Mr. Granby, I am sorry to inform you that your services on this paper are no longer wanted."

Writer—"Why, my dear sir, my work has surely given satisfaction. My editorials have been copied all over the country, and my views on political economy have been discussed in Congress."

"Yes, I know your articles are very fine."

"Then why do you wish to dispense with them?"

"I don't like to tell you, but you must go, and go at once."

"But I insist upon an explanation."

"Well, if you must have it, I'll tell you. Our base ball reporter has taken a dislike to you."

A rural journalist writes that, if as many people knew how to pay their subscriptions as well as they know how to run a newspaper, editors would have an easier time.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

There is rising in South America a nation which bids fair to compete with the United States in enterprise and population. During the last year the Argentine Republic added five thousand miles of railroad to the four thousand which had been built before.

The Chinese Minister at a leading European court was conferring with an eminent Englishman because his wife had gone to England for the education of their children.

The first pair of India-rubber shoes ever seen in the United States were brought there in 1830. They were gilt, and were pointed like the slippers of a Chinese mandarin.

Once, when the Turks had begun to repudiate their debts, a girl's wish saved the people from capture and death. Behind the scenes was a little from the village of dozen bee-hives which it was the girl's duty to care for.

Miss Sarah Norcross went from Farmington, Maine, April, 1838, and for fifty years has been employed at the Boston Cotton Mills in Lowell, Mass. at the same work and for sixty-five years under the same overseer.

The chains which have been rented for a penny each at shows in Hyde Park, London, have a curious history, which dates back to shortly after the battle of Waterloo, when a English general, who had done good service, found himself reduced to extreme poverty.

A lady living in Rappahannock county Va., had twelve stands of bees, which were very valuable until a distillery started in the neighborhood. Since it started, however, the bees pay frequent visits to the still, get very drunk, and are of little profit.

A grand funeral ceremony is announced to take place in Vienna on the 21st inst., on the occasion of the transfer of Beethoven's ashes to the new cemetery, where they will be laid to rest.

Robert Louis Stevenson says of Dickens, in his article on "Some Gentlemen in Fiction": "Here was a man and an artist, the most strenuous, one of the most endowed; and for how many years he labored in vain to create a gentleman!

Addressing an assemblage of young Henry men recently, Mr. James Russell Lowell told them how he escaped the fate of most beginners in literature, and respect financial profits from his original venture in authorship.

The Waterville Mill says that one day recently, on the arrival at that station of the Bangor through freight, a rat was found on a truck frame, having ridden 55 miles from Bangor.

Literary Notes.

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