

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

MODESTY.

One deeply solemn thought
Haunts me by night and day,
Changing all joy to naught,
Driving all bliss away;
It is the thought of death
That thus I ponder on;
'Tis pity for the poor, poor world,
When I am dead and gone.

For I sometime must go
And leave the world forlorn—
Since I must bring such woe
Why was I ever born?
Dear human race, my grief
Is not for me, but you:
When I am dead and laid at rest,
What will the poor world do?

Will this dark planet still,
As now, go whirling round
Its path of good and ill
When I am in the ground?
And will the glorious sun
Continue to appear,
And will the stars come out each night
When I'm no longer here?

Then ask me not to smile!
What comfort can I find
Tormented all the while
By grief for all mankind?
Oh, millions now unborn!
My absence ye must rue,
Without one spark of comfort, save
To know I grieved for you!

—(George Horton, in Chicago Herald.)

"How do you like my new ball dress, John?" asked the young wife.
"Oh, you look beautiful," replied the young husband; "but you are wrong in asking how you look in it." "Why?" "Because you are head and shoulders out of it."

SHOULD NOT COMPLAIN.—"Say," said a man to the butcher of whom he purchased his daily supply of meat, "that last piece of steak I bought of you must have been from a steer old enough to vote."

"Was it tough?" enquired the man of meat.
"Tough! Well, I should say it was. I could hardly cut it."
"Oh, is that all? Well, you ought to have heard another man kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece that he said was so tough he couldn't get his fork in the gravy."

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

"HE KNEW HOW IT WAS HIMSELF."—Father—"Johnny, there's a button off your coat. Go up stairs and sew it on."

Little Johnny (in surprise)—"Mother will sew it on."
Father—"I know she will, but I want you to learn to sew on buttons yourself."

Johnny (amazed)—"Why?"
Father (solemnly)—"Some day, Johnny, when you grow up you won't have any mother—nothing but a wife."

A FREE TRANSLATION.—Many years ago a large stone was dug up near a church in Ireland, which bore the following inscription:

I Sabilli Hoeres ago
Fortibus es in: Aro
Nosces Mari the be trux
Votis innoem * * * pes and dux.

Some wit who saw the stone observed that though not versed in antiquarian lore, he could give a translation. In sound it is ridiculously like the latin words:

"I say, Billy, here's a go;
Forty buses in a row,
No, says Mary, they be trucks,
What is in 'em?
Pease and ducks!"

Sir Thomas Esmonde, is the only one of the Irish national party possessing a title. He invited none of his colleagues to his wedding. He married the daughter of The O'Donovan of Tralee, a gentleman of good property. The prefix "The" is a usual one with a few of the old Irish families, such as The O'Donoghue of the Glens, The O'Connor Don, etc. It is a very distinctive title, but the late O'Gorman Mahon, M. P., did not believe in its frequency, nor in the right of ordinary people to use it, for once when some one was called by it in the House of Commons, he arose from his place and informed the astonished wisdom of England, in parliament assembled, that there were only three entitled to call themselves by it, viz: The Pope, the Devil, and the O'Gorman Mahon!

Charming people, these exceptional people. Here's a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknown; and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception. And you may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you. Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

EXCELLENCE.



RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C., London Eng. states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvellous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Farris Island, Ont., March 4, 1899, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A. Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica, used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."



IT HAS NO EQUAL.

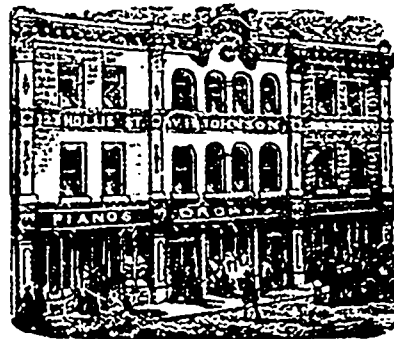
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