

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

SHE GOT IT.

I know a merry little maid,
Whose name is Lottie Lee;
She always gives a funny name
To every one she sees.

So my little, P. K. M.,
Made her so wild with glee;
"I've given you the nicest name,
Canst guess it?" queried she.

"Well if your head's so very thick,
I'll whisper it to thee;"
She gaily whispered in my ear:
"Now listen! Please kiss me!"
PHILIP K. MINDIT.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

Oh, life, so prudish of life!
Oh, love and destiny at strife!
Oh, earth, so full of busy feet!
Oh, woods and hills and all things sweet!
Was there no room amidst you all
For two more feet, so soft and small?
Didst envy me, where thousands slog,
The one bird that made all my spring,
My dove, that had so many ways
Of making beautiful life's days?
No room! Or rather it may be
Earth was too small 't'impish thee,
God only knows. I know I miss
Thy sweet caress, thy loving kiss,
The patter of thy dear small feet,
Thy hand in mine through lane and street;
'Tis little all that now remains to me
Is just a precious memory.
Two little feet 'neath earth's brown sod,
Two white wings somewhere safe with God.

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE—"Are any of the colours discernible to the touch?" asked the school teacher.

"I have often felt blue" replied the boy at the head of the class.

WE HAVE ALL SEEN IT.—Intruder—I would like to show you this "Ode to Winter."

Editor—I don't want to see it. I know already what's owed to winter. It's a plumber's bill.

"Awful Lonesome."—A six-year-old little fellow was forced to wear a shirt three sizes too large for him. After strutting around for a little while he burst out with:—

"Ma, I feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

Edna's Idea.—Edna was looking at the sunset one evening. It was very beautiful; above the golden glow hung a heavy, purplish cloud. The little girl's brown eyes shone with wondering delight.

"O auntie," she whispered, "hasn't God got pretty lambrequins?"

A CORRECTION FOR A CANT PHRASE.—The wife of Professor Robson, who disliked the cant expressions of the religious tongue, had invited a gentleman to dinner and he had accepted with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robson, "if ye're dead I'll na expect ye."

FRANKLIN'S SERVANT.—Franklin had a servant who was always late, but never without some specious excuse. At length he dismissed him with the words:

"I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else!"

Our Servants.—Mrs. Vernon de Court—Bridget, who rang just now?

Biddy O'G'lawy—Mrs. Lowlofty

Mrs. Vernon de Court—Why didn't she come in?

Biddy O'G'lawy—Sure, ma'am. She axed me if you were out this time. I told her "no," an' I shut the door. It wasn't in she was askin' for you.

Went One Better.—Young Mother (in ecstasy)—"Yes, my little niece this is your sony-weeny little baby cousin. Isn't he a darning, bless his itty tootay wootsies! He can talk, too. Sit up, Biby, and talk to your ittie cousin." Baby—"Goo, goo, goo, woo, mawoy, wow, goo, goo."

Little Niece (in disgust)—"I've dot a new doll at home, 'at talks better zan either of you."

She Was Forgiveness.—Young Husband—Why, my dear, this pudding is burnt black! How did that happen?

Young Wife—I'm sure I don't know, I looked at it just before you came home and it was all right.

"But I have been home two hours."

"Dear me! I thought it was only a few minutes."

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little out-door exercise. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in the coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequalled remedy.

VERY MANY SUCH.



RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 178 York St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

BACKACHE.—"I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence. It promptly cured me of severe lumbago." G. N. BOYER, Carleton, Quebec.

SPRAINS.—"My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling down stairs. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days." R. BURNAND, 121 Tecumseh St., Toronto, Ont.

BRUISED.—MR. AITCHISON, Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, says he met with a serious accident and his back and shoulders were terribly bruised, but by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he was completely restored.



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