

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

FIRST LOVE.

The moon rose slow in silver splendour  
One great star glowed alone above  
As, murmuring in accents tender,  
I wandered with my little love.

We two alone. The restless ocean  
Broke billowy on the glistening shore  
"Tell me," I whispered with emotion,  
"Tell me you never loved before."

Her azure eyes thro' tear drops glisten  
And stillings heart-throbs half o'ercome her,  
While wind and wave stand still to listen—  
Soft falls her answer, "Not this summer."

Judge.

No REAL LOSS.—Would-be-purchaser—"These cigars are smaller than usual." Tobacconist—"Yes; you see the cigar manufacturer noticed that the last two inches of the cigar are always thrown away, so he makes them now that much shorter."

"These stockings are all wool I presume," she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap up half a dozen pairs. "Oh, yes miss," he answered in thoughtlessness. "They're all wool and a yard wide." "Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, and before he had fully realized what he had said she whisked out of the store.

"Grand Trunk" is a phrase which has perhaps puzzled more than our French translator of English. It has not, however, been so literally rendered, so far as appears, as it was the other day in a Parisian periodical in an article on Mr. Edison. The Grand Trunk was metamorphosed into "Grande Valise du chemin de fer," or "big railroad valise."

A young man and maiden were seated together on one of our beautiful lawns the other evening, says an exchange, when the young man proposed the following conundrum:—"From the word enough, compose a word or sentence meaning not enough." The young lady softly whispered, "one hug." The proposer of the problem gasped for breath and would no doubt have fallen had not the arm of his fair companion encircled his waist and carried into execution her solution of the problem.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Slick, "the good old days are a thing of the past. Why now they say as their agoin' to give us water-gas, whatever that is, to light our houses, and that the horse cus are to be pulled by electricity. Well all I can say is that I am not accountable to posterity for the freaks of our people, and I am oblivious to these new fangled idears. I'm sure on it, that water is a deal more likly to put out a gas light than to make it, and as to apullin' of horse cars by electricity, its all well enough down hill but agoin' uphill I don't believe in it, and if they try it why I'll just get out and walk. I'm agin this ago which wants a body to be upsottin' of your ideas and a'changin' of things so that you feel uncomfortable all the time."

"Well," said Mrs. Slick, "my nerves is all shook up. I went to Moncton to see some of the critters and hooked mats as they were a'displayin' of to their exherbition. Well, first night I got there I put right up to one of their swellest hotels, got me supper and went to bed. You'll not believe it, I never closed an eye for the noises inside and out. There must have been at least one screechin', bell'in' engine go rattlin' by my window every three minutes with lumberin' trains of all kinds. Inside, the horse men had possession, and the way they rollicked round you might have thought it was a picnic. What with swearin', kickin' of doors, a'throwin' of boots about the halls and a'disturbin' of everyone, they deserved to be shut up in the lockup, but they were horse men and the rest of us folks had to suffer."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.—Dear Sir,—Just observe I've left my envelop unstuck, because I know that it is stylish to write open letters in the papers. What I want to say is addressed to the Mayor and his aldermen.

Respectable Sirs,—The sooner you jig up the brick sidewalks and give us something decent to tread upon the better. The sooner you transact a law a'debbarin' of folks from leaving their gratins and coal dumps open for folks to tumble into the better. The sooner you create a statue makin' it a crime for truckmen and teamsters to drive their empty trucks and coal carts poll-moll through the streets the better. The sooner you exact fines from drivers that think they possess the street crossings the better. I have a heap more to say but will leave it for my next unshut letter, so I will shut up for the present.

Yours, in earnest, Mrs. SAMUEL SLICK.

A teacher was giving a natural history lesson. "Children," she said "you all have seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yes mum."

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yes mum."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Quite right," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Kittens!" exclaimed the boy in the back row.

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