CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"THESE GIRLS."

- "These girls, these girls," said the tired professor, Shutting his deak at the set of sun, "How they perplex and distress one's spirit, Thinking of nothing but dress and fun."
- "Boys are straightforward and easy to fathem; Everyone knows that boys will be boys; Girls are deceitful and hard to manage, Their tongues are restless—artful decoys."
- "These girls, these girls, who could understand them?
 When bent on mischief grave as the sphinx;
 I asked to-day who found work for the idle?
 One cried;out, 'You, sir,' the saucy minx.'
- "I am quite weary and more than discouraged, Trying to teach them geometry; Well, I'll forget them until to-morrow, Forget my troubles and go to tea?
- Then he went home, the poor tired professor. His little girl met him with a kiss, Auother daughter put on his slippers, A third had tea made, like liquid bliss.
- "These girls, these girls," said the thoughtful professor, Placing his hand on his daughter's curls:
 "Now that I come to think upon it,
 How would we manage without these girls?"

-Bu Mary West.

An innocent amusement.—Deacon Dry-bones (at a meeting to protest against inauguration balls)—Dancing, my brethren and sisteru, is simply hugging to music. Unsophisticated sister—Is that all it is? I got an idea somehow that dancing was something wicked.

"Chicago Criticism-Miss Bunker Hill-"I understand that you belong to a Browning society in Chicago, Miss Wabash? What is your opinion of this great poet?" Miss Wabash—"In metaphysical subtleties he is no slouch, but there is no more lyrical slapdash about him than there is in a cold sausage.

Farmer (to Dakota emigration commissioner)-" I'd think you'd be ashamed to ask people to go to Dakota, when so many have been frozen to death there lately." Commissioner—"Oh, my dear sir, you don't understand. It is true people have been frozen to death in Dakota, but then the cold is so very dry and bracing that they never mind a little thing like

It would never do—A contemporary asks why, if men are employed in dry goods stores where the buying is done mostly by women, they are not also employed in the millinery stores? We would say it is because men could never learn the mysteries of women's headgear. Fancy a lady going into a millinery store and saying: "I want to get a bonnet," to the man clerk, and his replying, "Yes, ma'am. What size do you wear."

"Yes, so I've heard." "George, isn't it at the Niagara Falls where people—that is, newly married people—generally go on their wedding tour?" "I believe so." "George, wouldn't it be awful if the falls should disappear before somebody who is dying to go there should—should be able to go there, George?" A fond embrace, whispered words and the customary there, George?" A fond embrace, whispered words and the customary impediments—all of which tend to show that she and George will get there long before the falls take their final departure.

A little girl, aged three, informed her mother that she knew a beautiful story about a giant. "Would you like to hear about it; mamma?" asked she "Well, then," she continued, "once there was a great, big, ugly giant, and she "Well, then," she continued, "once there was a great, big, ugly giant, and he was very fond of cating little girls. One day as he was walking through the woods, he met two little girls—one very good little girl, and one very naughty one. First he took a bite out of the good little girl, and he made up a horrid face, and said she tasted awful nasty; then the took a taste of the bad little girl, and he smacked his lips and said she tasted dreadful nice, 'cause you see, mamma, she had eaten nuts, and raisins, and candy, when her mother told her not to, and that made her taste sweet. Then the old giant said: 'I'll never again eat a good little girl. I'll always eat the bad ones.'" This is how it comes to pass that there are no grown-up naughty girls: they are all eaten up young by the discriminating giant. girls; they are all eaten up young by the discriminating giant.

This is rather a pretty story of the poor Empress Eugenie, who, the set a not overgood example in the way of extravagance, had a kindly heart, and a thoroughly graceful way of doing her kindnesses. One day in 1865, Rosa Bonheur was surprised while working in her studio to receive a visit from the Empress Eugenie, who entered unannounced.

The Empress kissed the artist as she rose to recive her royal visitor, and after a few minutes' conversation, departed as uncoremoniously as she had entered.

The woman artist discovered that the woman Sovereign had pinned upon her working blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Emperor who had hesitated to confer the decoration on the artist because she was a woman, had left the Empress Regent during his absence from France. One of her first acts was to drive over from Fontainebleau, and decorate Rosa Bonhour with her own hand.

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SONGS OF THE SHIRT. (Paddy in ful dress meets a friend.)-"

"Where did I get this shirt? Belad I got it where they can be had By any decent caller, I mose; At Clayton & Sons on Jacob Sthrate,—Now ant it illigant and nate,
And only costs A bolliant? "Yes, bedad its thrue:
And Barney dear! if I was you,
I'd go and git another,"
I'll do it Pat—I will me friend—
Wan for mesiff—and I will sind
Wan to our Mick, me brother."
—I cues this ic'a'l want the upon.

(Sandy at market.)

Wan'to our Mick, me brother."

-I guess this, is'a' I want the non,
And glad I am at bein' throo,
the So I'll be toddlin' ben;—
lly George I I heana finished yet,—
To-morrow's Sabba—I mann get
Ane o' thae shirts ye ken.
"I'is but a step to Claytons' place—
There's no needsessity to race
And I'll be hame in time:
And jenet lass—the scoidin' jade
Secin' the bargain I hae made
For ance will hush her chime!



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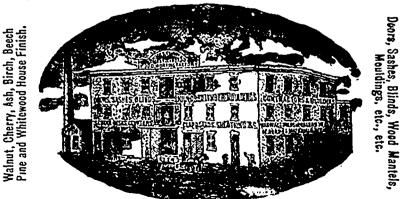
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