

TIP-BITS.

Difficult operation for dentists.—Stopping the tooth of the wind.

An Englishman believes that petroleum is to be the fuel of the future. He may be right, but the good book says plainly brimstone.

Why must the person appointed to wind up joint stock companies invariably be teetotalers?—Because they are liquid-haters.

A musical composer writes: "Have you noticed my 'March for the Piano?' We have not. When we observe anyone march for the piano we invariably march in another direction.

An Irish friend of ours tells of a place where fights are of such common occurrence that when a disturbance of some kind is not taking place great crowds gather to see what is the matter.

"Poor man," said Mrs. Puttington; "and so he's really gone at last. Ninety-eight was he? Dear, dear, to think how if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"—Boston Globe.

"I see," remarked the proof-reader, "that one had error went through in Miss Lilybud's poem. The boys printed padlock for wedlock. Shall I reprint it corrected in the weekly?" "No," replied the editor, "let it go just as it is. Everybody will understand it."

Morimee, referring to M. Viennet, of the Academy, observed: "We must not speak ill of his tragedies. At the siege of Lepsic he had one in his pocket. A cannon ball ricocheted against his breast, but the tragedy saved him. The missile had not strength enough to go beyond the third act."

He had his opinion, anyhow: A very low church minister was reproving his curate with having taken part in a wedding breakfast. "But, sir," said the young man in amazement, "our Lord himself was present at a wedding feast in Cana." "That's perfectly true, young man," answered the parson; "but in my opinion He had very much better have stayed away."—Boston Transcript.

A Dangerous Boarder—The Widow Flapjack got a new boarder the other day. At the first meal he took he choked and had a terrible time trying to swallow some coffee. "What's the matter, stranger?" she asked kindly. "Nothing, except that coffee went down the wrong way. Good heavens! It isn't possible I have secured a boarder with two throats," exclaimed Mrs. Flapjack, who has been complaining very bitterly of the amount of food a man with only one throat can destroy.

It is said that if you have presence of mind enough to face a raging bull and look straight into his eyes he is powerless to do you harm. We tried this experiment once and found it worked admirably. The fierce animal tore the ground with his feet and bellowed with all his might; but something seemed to hold him back like magic, and he did us no injury. Perhaps we ought to add, in order to be correct historically, that the bull was on the other side of the fence. We never try an experiment of that kind without taking the proper precautions beforehand.

Chateaubriand, the celebrated French writer, had all the rare innocence that sometimes goes with genius. Among his most intimate friends was the gifted and charming Madame Recamier. It was a regular habit with him to spend his evenings at the madame's house, who evidently preferred him to all other men, and who took great delight in his company. His growing fondness for the lady in question became very conspicuous, and one day a friend asked him: "My dear Chateaubriand, why do you not marry Madame Recamier?" "Marry the madame!" exclaimed the author, in a tone of amazement. "Why, if I should marry the madame, I would have no place to spend my evenings."

A confirmed stutler went into a restaurant and met a few casual acquaintances, who at once commenced chaffing him most unmercifully respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one of them, a pert little fellow, who had been making himself quite conspicuous by his remarks said: "Well, old man, I'll bet suppers round you can order them without stammering. 'D-d-d—done,' says Brown, and to the astonishment of the company and the discomfort of his challenger tall of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutters, a first-class singer) he beckoned the waiter and sang the order without the slightest hitch. Then turning round to his tormenter, said: "N-n-n—now, y-y-y—you c-c-c—can p-p-p—pay."

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.—"Once on a time" a backwoodsman in one of the Western States went forth in search of game. He was tall, gaunt, and hideously ugly. Scarcely had he reached the woods when he saw, a hundred yards off, another backwood-man, taller, gaunter, and in every respect uglier than himself. Without speaking he raised his rifle and covered the stranger. The latter, horrified, called out "For God's sake don't shoot!" "Stranger," cried backwoodsman No. 1, "ten years ago I made a vow that if ever I met a man uglier than myself I would shoot him. You are the first I have met, and I'm going to shoot you." "You don't mean that?" cried backwoodsman No. 2. "Yes, I do." Backwoodsman No. 2 took a deliberate survey of his executioner, and remarked, "Waal, stranger, if I am uglier than you, shoot away; I don't want to live no longer."

MORE MONEY FOR YOUR WORK if you improve your opportunities Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail, free, full information showing how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live at home wherever you are located. Better write; some have made over \$50 in a day; all now. No capital required; started free. Both sexes; all ages. Success for every worker. Send address and see for yourself.

JUVENILE BOYS' & YOUTHS
CLOSTERS, \$1.75 to \$6.75
JUVENILE BOYS' & YOUTHS
CLOSTERS, \$1.75 to \$6.75
JUVENILE BOYS' & YOUTHS
CLOSTERS, \$1.75 to \$6.75

CLAYTON AND SONS.

BOYS' SHORT PANTS, FANCY
TWEED SUITS, \$1.50
BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, \$1.50
BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, \$1.50

BOYS' SHORT PANTS, FANCY
TWEED SUITS, \$1.50
BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, \$1.50
BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, \$1.50

BOYS' SHORT PANTS, FANCY
TWEED SUITS, \$1.50
BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, \$1.50
BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, \$1.50

CLAYTON AND SONS.

GOOD AND SERVICEABLE
OUR \$7.75 OVERCOAT
OUR \$7.75 OVERCOAT
OUR \$7.75 OVERCOAT.

TWEEDS, WORSTEDS & BEAVERS.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

VERY FINE BLACK WORSTED
OVERCOAT, \$10.00
OVERCOAT, \$10.00
OVERCOAT, \$10.00

CLAYTON AND SONS

EXTRA STRONG AND HEAVY
TWEED CLOSTER, \$7.75
TWEED CLOSTER, \$7.75
TWEED CLOSTER, \$7.75

CLAYTON AND SONS.

A FEW VERY SUPERIOR FINE
HEAVY TWEED
CLOSTERS, \$12.50
CLOSTERS, \$12.50
CLOSTERS, \$12.50

CLAYTON AND SONS.

REAL IRISH FRIEZE HEAVY
DRIVING COAT.

Best Quality and Extra Fine All Wool
Linings.

REAL IRISH FRIEZE CLOSTER, \$15.00.
REAL IRISH FRIEZE CLOSTER, \$15.00.
REAL IRISH FRIEZE CLOSTER, \$15.00.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

500 MEN'S
STRONG TWEED PANTS, \$1.50
STRONG TWEED PANTS, \$1.50
STRONG TWEED PANTS, \$1.50

CLAYTON AND SONS.

300 ALL WOOL, FINE TWEED AND
DARK COLORS,
300 PANTS, \$2.25.
300 PANTS, \$2.25.
300 PANTS, \$2.25

CLAYTON AND SONS.

ONLY A FEW DOZEN LEFT.
HEAVY RIBBED SHIRTS
AND DRAWERS, 25c.
HEAVY RIBBED SHIRTS
AND DRAWERS, 25c.
HEAVY RIBBED SHIRTS
AND DRAWERS, 25c.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

A VERY SUPERIOR ARTICLE
RIBBED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, 50c.
RIBBED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, 50c.
RIBBED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, 50c.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

VERY HEAVY ALL PURE LAMBS
WOOL SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
60c., MARKED DOWN FROM 75c.

VERY HEAVY ALL PURE LAMBS
WOOL SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
60c., MARKED DOWN FROM 75c.

VERY HEAVY ALL PURE LAMBS
WOOL SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
60c., MARKED DOWN FROM 75c.

ALL WOOL EXTRA HEAVY SHIRTS
AND DRAWERS, 60c.

ALL WOOL EXTRA HEAVY SHIRTS
AND DRAWERS, 60c.

ALL WOOL EXTRA HEAVY SHIRTS
AND DRAWERS, 60c.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

CUSTOM TAILORING DEPARTMENT:
GOOD TWEED SUITS, to Order, \$12.00.
GOOD TWEED SUITS, to Order, \$12.00.
GOOD TWEED SUITS, to Order, \$12.00.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

VERY FINE HEAVY
TWEED PANTS, to Order, \$4.25.

VERY FINE HEAVY
TWEED PANTS, to Order, \$4.25

VERY FINE HEAVY
TWEED PANTS, to Order, \$4.25.

CLAYTON AND SONS.

We have recently made a Large Purchase of
VERY FINE BLACK WORSTEDS.

Which we are enabled to offer at Prices never
heard of before in this class of Goods.

SUITS \$16; PANTS \$4.25; OVERCOAT \$12.

SUITS \$16; PANTS \$4.25; OVERCOAT \$12.

SUITS \$16; PANTS \$4.25; OVERCOAT \$12.

CLAYTON & SONS,
JACOB STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.