

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES

LOVE AT REST.

When love was young it asked for wings,
That it might still be roaming;
And away it sped, by fancy led,
Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.
Each daintiness that blooms and blows
It wooed in honeyed metre,
And when it won the sweetest sweet,
It flew off to a sweeter;
When love was young.

When love was old it craved for rest,
For home, and health, and haven;
For quiet talks round sheltered walks,
And long lawns smoothly shaven.
And what love sought at last it found.
A roof, a porch, a garden,
And from a fond unquestioning heart
Peace, sympathy, and pardon,
When love was old.

—Austin Dobson.

A Wichita preacher delivered a discourse last Sunday on "lying," and when he went down town on Monday morning not more than half the people he met would speak to him.

"George," she said shyly, as she withdrew her lingering lips from his, "I think I smell whisky on your breath." "Wrong, Edith dear, you'll have to guess again." And she guessed again.

An appeal—"Now, Smithers, let me earnestly exhort you to take the pledge." "Certainly not, my lady! I'm not one o' your people as can't keep sober without goin' and takin' hoaths about it!"—*London Punch.*

Magistrate—"Madam, your husband charges you with assault!" Madam—"Yes, sir. I asked him if ever he would cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your honor, (tears,) and a woman's life without love is a mere blight."

Honest Confession is good for the soul.—Minister (consolingly)—"Don't be down-hearted, my friend, many years may yet be in store for you; and even though you are called to rest—you, who have led so correct and good a life, should not fear death." Parishioner—"Oh, but you don't know, you don't know (in a subdued voice) I've been so uncommon sly."

Truth refers to base ball as "the fatuous game which we are called upon in columns of twaddle and fustian, to fall down and worship; a game that for science cannot hold a candle to cricket or tennis, to say nothing of lawn tennis and racquets; and that for real active exercise cannot be compared to football. It is a dull, stupid game for grown men, good enough for a school playground, but absolutely out of place at Lord's or the Oval."

Here is a purgatorial story:—

One of the Australian courts is called upon to decide a novel and difficult question. A Roman Catholic merchant left in his will a bequest of \$7,000 to be used to deliver his soul from purgatory. The executor demands legal proof from the local priests that the conditions of the will have been complied with before he will pay over the money.

"The Duchess" is the pseudonym of Margaret Hungerford, an Irish lady now living in London. Hungerford is the name of her second husband. The story runs that her first husband, Mr. Argles, committed a forgery shortly after their marriage, was convicted and sent to jail. His wife, thrown upon the world without any source of livelihood, turned in despair to literature and produced her first novel, *Phyllis*, which proved a great success. Ever since she has maintained herself handsomely by her pen.

WIT IN WALL-STREET.—"Vol's the madder, Isidore?" said Simon Wormser to his brother. "You look as if you had the blues."

"I'm very sick, Simon," was the reply; "I don't think I shall live long."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Simon; "you are all right—as right as a man of sixty can be. Why! you'll live to be a hundred."

"How can you talk so?" answered Isidore, with a sickly smile. "Do you think the Lord would take me at par ven he could get me at sixty?"

Civilization is not so recent an affair as we moderns want to make out. Our remote forefathers knew a thing or two. Their appetites were educated even whilst their intellects were possibly lying fellow to some extent. Shells found in the lower levels of the caves at Dordogne, France, indicate that the Neanderthal man made common use of the oyster, which is thus proved to be the oldest domesticated delicacy known to man. What will the savants some ten thousand years hence think of our cuisine when they dig down and unearth a collection of tinned-meat cans?

An American girl who was presented at the Queen's drawing room was so embarrassed that she made quite a *faux pas*. She wholly ignored the Queen until after she had saluted the Princess of Wales, when she suddenly turned round and astonished Her Majesty by saying: "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam," grabbed her royal hand, kissed it, and then hurried along the line. The Queen, who is a terrible stickler about matters of etiquette, at first looked angry, then, catching a sight of the amused smile of the Princess of Wales, she burst into a pleasant laugh, and sent the discomfited debutante away with a few kindly words.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.—For Children and Pulmonary troubles.—Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says:—"I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

SONGS OF THE SHIRT.

(Paddy in full dress meets a friend.)—"Where did I get this shirt? Bedad I got it where they can be had
By any decent caller,
At Clayton & Sons on Jacob Sthrate,—
Now sint it lillgant and nate,
And ONLY COSTS A DOLLAR I
"A Dollar " "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 meself—and I will sind
Wan to our Mick, me brother."

(Sandy at market.)—"I guess this is a I want the noc,
And glad I am at bein' throo,
So I'll be toddlin' ben—
By George! I heana finished yet,—
To-morrow's Sabba—I maun get
Ane o' thae shirts ye ken.
"Tis but a step to Claytons' place—
There's no needessity to race
And I'll be hame in time:
And Janet lass—the scoldin' jade
Secin' the bargain I hae made
For ance will hush her chime!

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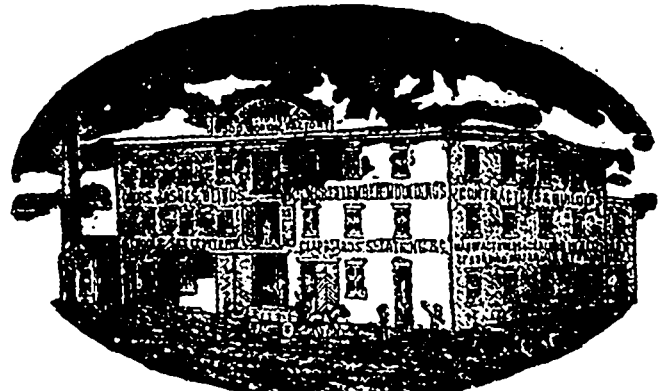
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