CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE "BEAUTY SPOT,"

In good Queen Anne's age, wise and witty, When ruled the Muees and the Graces, The ladies deemed it sweetly pretty To weat black patches on their faces.

'Tis such a patch that I am spying Upon the dimpled chin of Alice, As if a drop of ink were lying Within a lily's snowy chalice.

Beshrew the thought that comes a'stealing Hinting that there's an imperfection Which that black segment is concealing In her most beautiful complexion.

I've thought anon when I've reflected Its being there is accidental: It has no use that I ve detected, Nor do I think it ornamental.

Then why is it her chin adorning? And what—if aught—does it letoken ! It must be Alice is in mourning For all the hearts that she has broken.

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk always pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

The rain-maker says that his rain machine is operated by a crank. Many people firmly believe him.

Some CLERICAL SLIPS.—A clergyman in England, in an earnest address to his parishioners advocating the establishment of a cemetery, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Englishmen living without Christien burisl." This suggests another clorical slip, says an exchange: "When do you expect to see Dea. Smith again ?" a gentleman asked a clergy-man. "Nover," replied the reverend gentleman, solemnly : "the deacon is in heaven."

QUITE APPROPRIATE .- She was the daughter of the village dry goods dealer and she had been instructed by her father to accept a customer's offer for a piece of goods if the slightest profit accrued from the sale, being care-ful, however, to say, "being it's you." She had become so accustomed to the phrase that when her beau saked her to be his wife she blushingly laid her head on his shoulder and softly whispered :

" Being it's you, I will."

BLUE Roses .- An amateur horticulturist has discovered the means of causing roses to grow of any desired colour; in fact, he has in his garden roses both green, blue, and violet. Not being a speculator, but an amateur, he has spread abroad his modus operandi as widely as possible. It is this ; Perfectly white roses only must be operated upon. To make them come blue, it suffices to water the trees throughout the winter with a solution of Prussian blue; and if they are required to be green, sulphste of copper must be used.

SOMETIME-SOMEWHERE.

Somstime, somewhere, the sun must shine Forever bright, without a setting, And all these clouds of yours and mine Be lost in blissful, sure forgetting.

Sin cannot always vex the soul, Nor life be toilsome, sad and dreary, Sometime, the flood shall cease to roll, And rest shall come to all the weary. —Janues Buckham, in Detroit Free Press.

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told: While pre-siding over a certain conference in the West a member began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the bishop interrupted with the question: "Does the brother thank God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said the bishop, in his sweetest musical tone, "all I have to say is that the brother has a good deal to thank God for."

Two EPITAPHS.-The old Moorfield burial ground, opposite Chatham, has many quaint epitaphs that have never been published, most of which are almost obliterated. Here is one that was recently deciphered :

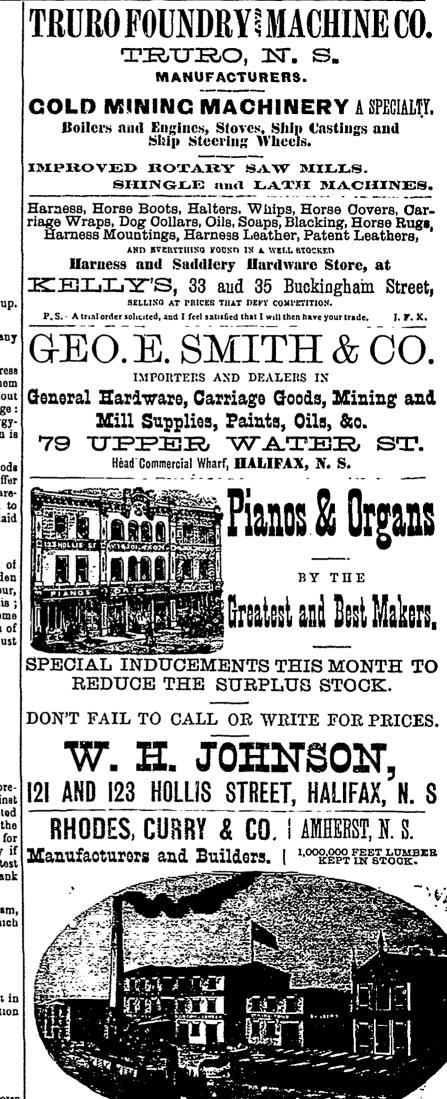
Our darling Johnny's Coul is now On Jordan a stream aflast ; A guldan Harp in his nutlo Hand, And a Codfish Bone in his Thruat.

Here is another one in the same cometry that is fully as explicit in regard to the cause of death, but we change the names out of consideration for the two families concerned :

Here lies my Husband, William Brown, Who called Sam Lauk a liar, And got a crack right on the head That caused Him to go higher.

RACING WITH WOLVES.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travelers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hallets traveler are found to tall the tale. Is our own country thousands are engaged in a life-anl-death race against the wolf Consumption. The beat weapon with which to fight the foe, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of acrofulous affections (and consumption is even of the proved of the strength of the st one of them), it is unequalled as a remedy.



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