

heap L PAPERS, BORDERS, HALL DECORATIONS, &c., will be sold during Exhibition Week at 15 per cent discount.
 Also, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, &c.

ART

THOMAS WALSH & CO.,

and 80 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

At Taormina.

The throbbing bells had ceased their beat,
 The evening Angelus was o'er,
 The star-flowers closed their eyes in sleep,
 The waves lay fainting on the shore,
 When hark! a voice from Mola's height
 Came floating to the vale below.
 As though an angel in his flight
 Had dropped a feather pure as snow;
 So sweet the voice, the words so clear,
 My eager heart stood still to hear—
 Ave sanctissima—we lift our hearts to Thee,
 Ora pro nobis, 'tis nightfall on the sea.

Like soothing balm that tender strain,
 Those words so sacred and divine,
 Crept in my soul to there remain
 Where'er I roam, from clime to clime:
 And now, while in my native land,
 And sore beset by thoughts that pain,
 I hear until my senses stand,

I hear that holy song again;
 And Sicily, so far away,
 Seems murmuring in my heart away—
 Ave sanctissima—we lift our hearts to Thee,
 Ora pro nobis, 'tis nightfall on the sea.

perstown, N. Y.

JOHN WORTHINGTON.

How to tell a Woman's Age.

How to tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, lies in the fact that many brilliant ladies knock off a few stories of years without detection. If art had not come to their rescue replaced to a certain extent the charms of youth, any fellow could tell within a year or two, but art has come to the rescue, wrinkles have been flat-ironed or fissures puttied, eyes belladonna'd cheeks tinted. Of course you cannot take a rake and scrape these fixings. Neither can you always get close enough to peep at the cosmetic crust. What is a fellow to do then?

Well, granted that a woman who had just crossed the storm got under the shade of artistic embellishments, and keeps ad-Scotts at a maidenly distance, there is only one sure way to analyse chemistry of time's decomposition.

Observe well her hair—her back hair. Now don't say it is False or real, you can count her years by the threads time res. Every year adds a hair or two, and no doubt, if a woman long enough, she would become a female Esau.

At twenty-five a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar as a creeper over a flower-pot. Note well the direction of the hair. Hair slants, and at thirty it takes an angle of 50, at thirty-five, 60, and so on. Of course you can't get near enough to apply a mathe-matic tape measure; but your practised eye will be enough. Next note the quality. Hair at twenty-five is *moiré*; at thirty it is *sateen*; at thirty-five it is *passe satinette*; at forty it is *rope*, fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes.

Anybody can tell false hair, no matter who the previous owner was. It has a don't belong-there look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenure of office. So you may reasonably conclude if a woman has false back hair, her age is beyond the interesting point. Never believe her to be under forty-eight unless her sweetheart or some equally reliable person can prove it.

Squibs.

SNOGGS.—I say, is that Madame Topsee a really first-class singer?

JUMPS.—I don't think she can be. I never saw her name among the soap testimonials.

A man who will lie for himself without hesitation will recoil with horror from lying for you.

Every man knows of a good use to which some other man might put his money.

When you see a man who has the same opinions he had early in life, it is a sign that he is a fool and cannot learn.

When you see what pleasure a man can create by saying some-thing nice to his wife, you wonder that men do not oftener make the investment.

The doctors are telling women who wear street-sweeping dresses that they are bacilli-collectors; there seems to be little chance for fashion since science became so fashionable.

TOO SMART.—An Irish genius purchased 5,000 cigars. When he had smoked them all he claimed the insurance money, on the plea that they had been destroyed by fire. He was surprised to get an immediate response in the way of a call from the secretary of the company and a policeman. The secretary gave the genius the alternative of withdrawing his claim or being arrested for arson.

IN A TRAM.—Old Maid (taking seat politely offered by little boy in train).—Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I'm glad to see. Did your mother always tell you to give up your seat to ladies?

Polite Boy.—No'm; not all ladies—only old ladies.

A well-known writer says that a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. This is surely too hard on the dentists.

If there is anything that makes a poor man feel sarcastic it is to read advice to rich men on how to secure a good appetite.

GABRIEL'S—JEWELRY JOKES.—GABRIEL'S

Marbide's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful clock was received and is now in the parlor on our mantelpiece, where we hope to see you often."

JOHN W. GABRIEL, 17 Buckingham Street, Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Ship's Chronometers.

ADDITIONS IN STONES:—Emeralds are being worn by Irishmen. Rubies are worn by those who prefer red to white wines, also by pugilists. Young girls love Turquoises; old men prefer Turquoises. Diamonds find favor with base-ballists, besides hotel clerks. Undertakers love the Beryl. Topaz are played out, while topers are tired. In time of the year young people generally are inclined to Agate. Moonstones are worn by lunatics. GABRIEL can suit them all at 17 Buckingham St.