

Chairs should not be covered with silk but set-in.

Why is a carpenter like a barber?—because he can't get along without shavings.

"Doctor" said a gentleman to his pastor, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," blandly replied the pastor.

A "HIELAN" SPOKE.—Scene—Bar of an inn; two former acquaintances are having a dram. Sandy, after supplying his tumbler with a moderate quantity: "A little water, Tonal?" Tonal, ex-fisherman: "Na, na! She never liked water in her shoon, far less in her stamack."

A lady riding on a slow train handed the conductor a half-fare ticket for her boy. He looked at the youngster and said: "Rather large boy for half-fare." "Yes," responded the mother; "so he is now. It was all right, though, when I bought the ticket. But you see he has grown so much since we started."

EVIDENCE ENOUGH.—A City broker one day received a call from a man who announced that an acquaintance, old Blank, was dead. "Old Blank! Yes, I remember him. So he is dead?" "Yes; and his heirs are trying to set aside the will." "They are?" "Yes; and they're going to prove he was crazy. They want you as a witness." "Want me? Why, I know nothing of the old man, except that I once invested two thousand for him!" "Well, that's all they expect to prove by you." "What?" "Why, if you'll come into court and swear that the old man let you have two thousand to invest for him, the case is made out! When can you come?" He never went.

THE JAPANESE WAY.—In Japan a girl at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf bound round the back of the head; the forehead is left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of a marriageable age, she combs her hair forward, and makes it up into the shape of a fan or a butterfly, and at the same time decorates it with silver cord and balls of various colors. This means everything, and is fully understood by the young men of Japan. A widow who wishes for a second husband puts a tortoise-shell pin horizontally at the back of her head and twists her hair round it, while an inconsolable widow curls her hair short and goes in for no adornment of any sort. These last are very rare.

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THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without a fear;
But fall to each what'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fishes in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fall to each what'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done, be't here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, what'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Be kind to your mother-in-law, and, if necessary, pay for her board at some good hotel.

"If you mus' marry," writes a colored philosopher, "let common sense have a show in de transackshun. Doan' go off yer feet bekause you meet a girl who kin sing like a robin, smile like a rose, an' jump off a street kyar widout boderin' de driver to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' an' cultivatin' dimples. If you an' gwine to marry, ax yerselves how fer ten dollars per week will go when divided up fur cloze an' pervishuns an' house-rent an' fuel an' incidentals. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks to sweet fur anythin' in a red plush saque kinder figger on how many sich duds your income could afford her. Befo' you are all broke up on a gal who plays de pianner, talks French, paints landscapes, an' reads poetry, jist sit down an' figger who am to cook yer meat an' taters, patch yer cloze, darn yer socks, and help yer make twelve dollars buy fifteen dollars' worth of tings. Befo' ye let a pa'r a flashin' eyes an' a cunnin' dimple captivate ye, look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has got a temper like a wild cat. Marriage am a lottery simply bekause people take each odder unsight an' unseen."