MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT



## FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

**WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.**

**Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.**

"I feel very sorry for the rich Duke of Newcastle," said a New Yorker to a friend the other day.

"Why?" asked the latter. "Is he laboring under any misfortune?"

"Well, I should say he was. This is leap-year, you know; the duke has only one leg?"

Miss De Society—Oh, mother, such news! The Olafams have lost all their money and their head dish washer has fallen heir to a fortune.

Mrs. De Society—How fortunate we [illegible] When we call at the Olafam residence this afternoon we must remember to go around to the back door. —[Omaha World.

Reporter—How's business?

President Insurance Company—Immense. We have never in the history of the company had so many applications to act upon.

Reporter—Ah, applications for policies?

President Insurance Company—Er—no; blotting paper.

Col. Hanks, of Garrison Guards—Lufftenan Briggs, yo 's got yo' scabber on der wrong side!

Lieut. Briggs—da' 's all right, Cunnel; I 'se left handed!

GLAD TO MEET HIM.

"What do you mean by jostling against me, sir?" fiercely exclaimed the man with the bristling hair.

"It was much your fault as mine, sir," replied the man with the slouch hat, "but if you want any satisfaction I shall be happy to give it to you. There is my card."

"What!" ejaculated the man with the bristling hair, looking at the card, "'J. J. Slum, cigarette manufacturer!' My dear sir, accept my sincere apology. I am proud to make your acquaintance. Shake! I am the keeper of a lunatic asylum."

NOT TO BE CLOSED UP.

Mrs. Blood (to the colonel). "That was an awful death of Major Goves, my dear—to be shot down without warning, in his own liquor saloon."

Colonel Blood: "Yes, terrible; but there is one pleasant feature about it."

Mrs. Blood: "How so?"

Colonel Blood: "The business will go on just the same under the management of his wife."

WASTE NO VALUABLE TIME.

"My young friend," he said, "do you ever waste valuable time in playing that godless game called poker?"

"No, sir," was the prompt response, "I only play poker on Sunday when I have nothing else to do."

MUST BE BORN ONE.

Gentleman (reading bill presented by Uncle Rastus): "Fer wite-warshin' barn an' wud shed 'tu darlers an' haf." "All right. Just receipt it, please. You ain't much of a speller, Uncle Rastus."

Uncle Rastus: "I 'spec's I gits er few words wrong. Mistah Smif, but 't ain't no reflecshum on er man's eddication kase he kain't spell. Spellin' am er gift, sah."

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS.

Stranger (to Washington hotel clerk): "Will you direct me to the bar-room?"

Clerk: "Yes sir; follow the procession."

COMFORTABLY FIXED.

Brown: "Have you been able to get anything to do yet, Jones?"

Jones: "Yes; I got a nice place last week."

Brown: "Good. I'm glad to hear it! I'm doing well myself and I like to see my friends do well. Is it inside work?"

Jones: "No, outside. I'm collecting for Draper & Tailor; and by the way, old man, I've got a little bill against you that's been running a long time."

A FIRM GRIP.

They were sleighing and the horse bolted.

"George dear," said the frightened girl, after the horse had run a mile or two, "do you think you will be able to stop him with only one hand?"

IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.

Bob by (listening intently): "Ma, is pa putting up a stove in the parlor?"

Mother: "No, dear, he is writing with his new fountain pen."

HEARD IT ABOUT RIGHT.

Hostess (to old gentleman): "I think young Mr. Smarty is so funny Mr Rumpty."

Mr. Rumpty (very deaf): "Ex—excuse me."

Hostess (louder): "I think Mr. Smarty is so very funny, so mirth-provoking, you know."

Mr. Rumpty: "Oh, provoking. Yes, excessively so."

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH.

Lady (to Colonel Blood, of Kentucky): "You have grown up sons, have you not, Colonel Blood?"

Colonel Blood: "Yes; three that have reached man's estate; there is Colonel Tom, the eldest, then Major Bob and Captain Jim."

Lady: "Indeed, quite an army of them!"

A WORLD OF MISERY.

Tramp (to fussy old gentleman): "Will you please give me ten cents, sir; I'm starving?"

Fussy old gentleman (producing a bill): "Dear me, starving. Can you change a dollar?"

Tramp: "Yes, sir."

Fussy old gentleman (pocketing the change): "Dear, dear, starving! Bless me, but this world is full of misery!"

## FRENCH CANADA.

**The Growing Power of the Gallic Element Among the Canadian Provinces.**

[Independent.]

I have never found an American politician even aware of the great fact that under the fostering protection, though against the policy and wishes of Great Britain, a powerful French nationality is growing up on this continent. The French element in Louisiana has been assimilated, sufficiently at least for the purposes of political unity, by the vast digestive forces of the United States. New France, though the hope of Anglicizing it was probably cherished as late as 1841, when the union of the Two Canadas took place, instead of being Anglicized has been growing more intensely French than ever, while, thanks to the rapid increase of its population, its strong feeling of race, and the disciplined unity of aim [illegible] it is rapidly shouldering the English-speaking people out of the Province [illegible] which the Church [illegible] at the Institute, sometimes, when the auditorium is filled with children, I have fancied myself in a great conservatory, with roses, and lilies, and pansies, and camellias, and heleotropes, and snowdrops, all around me, while here and there peeped out among them some modest but no less pleasing blossom of the woods; and then my heart sank within me for,

When last the maple buds were swelling
When last the crocus bloomed below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling,
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow;
Again the maple buds are swelling—
Again the crocus blows below—
In heaven, thy heart its love is telling,
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

When last the April bloom was flinging
Sweet odors on the air of spring,
In forest aisles thy voice was ringing
When thou didst with the red bird sing:
Again the April bloom is flinging
Sweet odors on the air of spring,
But now in heaven thy voice is ringing
When thou dost with the angels sing.

Poetry is the flower of human language, as childhood is the bud of human existence.

And coming back to the flowers of the conservatory, and to those of the garden and the field which will soon arouse themselves from their undreaming sleep, the thought arises,

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things."

"And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

I would like to see the old burying ground enclosed by a substantial iron fence with granite gateways of tasteful design: I would like to see the walks put in first class order; and the money which it would cost to do all this might be much better expended in this direction than in some others that I wot of, which are not likely to be ignored by our worshipful fathers; I would like this for the sake of the living, and to testify our respect for the dead, and some day, these desirable and much needed improvements, no doubt, will be made. One thing, however, can be said for the old burying ground as it is, to wit, that since it has been under the care of

MR. H. S. CRUIKSHANK,

its floral adornments have been very attractive, and in the spring it is his intention to make the place more pleasing and restful to its visitors than ever before.

Mr. Cruikshank is a natural florist, devoted to his occupation and eminently successful in the cultivation and propagation of flowers and plants. His green house in the old burial ground is filled from floor to roof with plants and shrubs of a thousand varieties, for outdoor and indoor culture, all of which are growing vigorously, and many of which are covered with bloom. Among these are several Camellias, one of which is said to be the largest in the Maritime Provinces, loaded with brilliant flowers; a gigantic Brugmansia, one of the pure white trumpet shaped flowers of which would fill a large hall with its exquisite perfume; a great century plant; many new and beautiful Scottish ferns: some Freezias, a beautiful plant with pure white flowers, recently imported by Mr. Cruikshank from Holland; and many varieties of the rose, carnation, hyacinth, tulip, primrose: crocus, iris and snow drop; with a large number of Easter and calla lillies, which will furnish an abundance of blossoms by Easter Sunday. Then Mr. Cruikshank shows several thousand Geraniums, some that were hitherto unknown here, for window and outdoor planting, pelargoniums, in every variety, foliage plants of all kinds, verbenas, fuschias and petunias of every sort, and all the multitudinous plants and shrubs that it is a pleasure to grow in the house or garden.

Mrs. Ivory tells me that flowers are the good fairies that banish discord from our households, and as she has always surrounded herself with flowers, and peace always reigns within our walls, I conclude she is right.

ABSALOM IVORY.

**Depended Upon It.**

Accidents will happen despite all care and painful injuries such as Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns result. Every family should therefore keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand, it is the greatest family remedy for all pains. Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough yield quickly to this excellent remedy.

There are two lady members of the press gallery at Ottawa. One is Miss Brodique, who will represent the London Advertiser; the other, Miss Sarah J. Duncan, of the Montreal Star.—Exchange.

## THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

**ABSALOM IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.**

**A Talk About Flowers.**

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine."

"Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld."

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revalation of his love."

Of early childhood the love of flowers is one of the loveliest traits. That such love should fill the hearts of the children it is no wonder, for are they not, themselves, the buds of human existence, destined, mayhap, to blossom for a brief season, and then to surely wither and [illegible] to be no [illegible] We believe, however, that it is possible to prevent the disease, if not cure it, and that, too, by a simple remedy within the reach of all. We read lately in a pamphlet published by Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., a method of treating pneumonia by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Certainly the remedy is simple, and can be obtained almost anywhere. It is an absolute fact that no remedy known will break up and cure a cold so quickly as this old fashioned household medicine. And a severe cold is always without exception the first stage of pneumonia.

Johnson & Co. will send a copy of this pamphlet to any person, free. The directions given in the pamphlet for preventing pneumonia are based on sound common sense, and, without a shadow of doubt, would succeed nine times in ten.

**Almost a Panic.**

An examination of the weekly report of deaths for the past month in Boston and other towns and cities in the country, reveals an alarming condition, owing to the great increase of deaths from Pneumonia as compared with previous years.

If this increase continues as it has for the last few weeks, a panic will certainly result. For example, the weeks ending January 14 and 21, one-fifth of the deaths in Boston from all causes were the result of pneumonia. More than one hundred people died of this dreadful disease in that short time, and the mortality all over the country seems rather to be increasing than abating. Is it possible that medical skill and science can find no means to baffle and cure this terrible plague? Physicians seem powerless, and all theories regarding the disease, and the persons most liable to an attack, are broken bown by its universal ravages. Neither old, middle aged, or young persons are exempt. Tendency to lung trouble used to be considered a predisposing cause for pneumonia. But this season the strongest and most healthy lungs in men and women seem [illegible] safeguard [illegible]

**Well Spoken of.**

"I can recomend Hagyard's Yellow Oil very highly, it cured me of rheumatism in my fingers when I could not bend them." Ida Plank, Strathroy, Ont. A medicine for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

A tea gown has been despatched from Paris to New York to a belle millionaire. It is composed of delicate gray plush, with long loose front of soft salmon-colored crape, spangled with golden stars very thickly over its surface, and a girdle of gold cord hung loosely at the hips and fastening in front.

**Another Item.**

Mrs. J. Thompson, of Elma, Ont., writes that she suffered from general weakness and was so reduced that at times she became almost unconscious. Three bottles of of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured her, and she now recommends B. B. B. to her friends and neighbors.

The catch of smelt is not large at present, but the fish are of extra size and quality. The buyers are paying 4 cents per pound on the ice for the fish, large and small.—Chatham World.

**One Good Point.**

Out of the many possessed by Burdock Blood Bitters is that it may be taken at all seasons of the year, and by either young or old. In this way the three busy B's are always at work and doing good.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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"TANT MIEUX."

THIS GLOVE, is placed upon our counters DIRECT from the manufacturing tables of a GRENOBLE FRENCH KID GLOVE HOUSE, for which we have been appointed the SOLE RETAIL and JOBBING AGENTS, and owing to its EXTREME LOW PRICE, together with the REMARKABLE SOFTNESS and ELASTICITY of its character, it has gained an unparalleled hold both in EUROPE and AMERICA, and is now offered THROUGH US to the public of ST. JOHN, at almost ONE-THIRD THE PRICE of a "JOSEPHINE" GLOVE, whilst in reputation it is rated with, and (in point of actual wearing value) is allowed to be EQUAL to any "TREFOUSSE" or other high class glove made.

We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARRIAGE PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

Try a pair upon our guarantee that they WILL WEAR WELL and NOT BREAK AWAY in the seams.

PRICE 64 CENTS.

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## FRENCH CANADA.

**Publications.**

In every monthly issue of PUCK'S LIBRARY some public question of vital interest is carefully reviewed in the manner of its witty editors. The February number treats of that abode of happiness, the Great American Boarding House. Among its contents are A Boarding House Symphony. The Lord of the Boarding House, The Boarder and the Hash, The Last Boarding House Dodge, The Haunted Boarding House, etc. The illustrations are inimitable, and the laughs that it contains run away up into the thousands. Sold by D. McArthur.

Routledge & Co. publish and D. McArthur keeps for sale Routledge's WORLD LIBRARY, in which are embraced such standard works as the Spectator, Gulliver's Travels, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Æsop's Fables, The Essays of Elia, etc., all printed on good paper with legible type, and sold at the very low price of ten cents each.

One of the daintiest series of cheap books that we have ever seen is published by David Douglas, of Edinburgh. The paper and type are superb and yet the volumes of 300 to 400 pages each are sold for 30 cents. The series is made up exclusively of American authors, such as Howells, John Burroughs, Dr. Holmes, T. B. Aldrich and H. C. Bunner, who may be reckoned among the most charming writers of the present time. By the winter fireside one could have no more entertaining companion than Burrough's Fresh Fields, Wake-Robin or Winter Sunshine. Sold by D. McArthur.

KATHARINE REGINA, by Walter Besant, is a story of love, marriage and tragedy, the chief scenes of which are enacted in England and India. The characters are well drawn, and are strongly painted and the interest never flags until the last page is turned. Sold by D. McArthur.

JACK AND THREE JILS, by J. C. Phillip's, author of As in a Looking Glass, is not so intense as the work last named, still it is full of excitement and will generally be read at a single sitting. The story is told without a surplus of words and no one will think it tiresome. Sold by D. McArthur.

John Bull, Jr., is the title of a new volume by Max. O'Rell. The work is in the press of Cassell & Co.