

## F A C E T I Æ.

—The following item occurred in a lawyer's bill lately:—"To waking up in the night and thinking of your case, six and eightpence."

The Nova Scotians, of Winnipeg, are forming themselves into a society. They meet at a hotel, and the grand object of the society is to transform the Blue Noses into red ones.

An awkward fellow planted his foot square upon a lady's train on Winter street the other day. "Oh you great train wrecker!" said the lady angrily. "Beg your pardon, street-sweeper!" was the arch reply.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The young man reflected a moment and then replied, "Ah, I see; and you butted all your hair off."

If you presented anybody with a dollar locket on New Year's and hinted that it cost about fifteen dollars, there is no need of any quickened conscience about it. It was taken to some jeweller's to be valued on the 2nd of January, very early in the morning.

It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of her's who had abused her, to an old maid who reproached her for marrying him, "To be sure he is not so good a husband as he might be, but he is a powerful sight better than none."

Sweetly sings a nineteenth century poet, "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on plenty of lint. Or hold a cold door key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip, and hold up your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.

At a juvenile party a young gentleman about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

Emulate the mule. It is always backward in deeds of violence.

In a boarding-house recently a young man on turning off his gas saw the words, "Confess thy sins" in phosphorescent characters on the wall. He was surprised but listening, thought he heard some young ladies outside the door waiting to observe the effect on him. So pretending to be frightened at the match scratch he felt on his knees and confessed out aloud that he had frequently kissed one of the young ladies in the dark—the one whom he had best reason to suspect of playing the trick. That young lady wont play any more such tricks immediately. She thinks he is a mean, horrid thing.

A story is told of a teacher who was talking to her schollars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which they took an uncommon interest. She told them the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who came next, and was readily answered by one boy, "Man," she felt encouraged to ask, "What came next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under defeat in the preceeding question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting out, "His undershirt, ma'am!"

"ANY MAN WILL DO."—A maiden once of certain age, to catch a husband did engage; but, having passed the prime of life in striving to become a wife, without success, she thought it time to mend the follies of her prime. Departing from the usual course of paint, and such like, for resource, with all her might, this ancient maid beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed; unconscious that a grave old owl was perched above—the mousing fowl! "Oh, give—a husband give!" she cried, "while yet I may become a bride; soon will my day of grace be o'er, and then, like many maids before, I'll die without an early love, and none to meet me there above! "Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear; then answer this my humble prayer, and oh! a husband give to me!" just then the owl up in the tree, in deep base tones cried, "Who! whoo! whoo! who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who? Why, any man, good Lord, will do."