

(Concluded from first page.)

men who believed they had nothing but copper, suddenly discovered that their thoughts were virgin gold. Put your thoughts on paper. Test them with pen and ink.

Talk about what we have read. We may just as well converse about what is useful—ay, a thousand times better—than that which is useless; and nothing can be more interesting than the subject of a good book. Talk about what you have read. If it be not worth talking about, it is not worth reading. If it be bad, why debase yourself by reading it? if it be worthless, why waste your time over it? if it be good, why keep it to yourself?

In conclusion, we would say, be *economical*. Make the most of your time. Take care of minutes—the hours will take care of themselves. Devote your leisure time to reading and thinking. Never attempt the first without the last—they should be inseparable. Never be afraid to question your author, and stop him in his lofty flight or profoundest depths with the question, "Is it so?"

BADLY MIXED.

Some queer complications grow out of the marriage of the Duke of Westminster. The Duke's daughter Beatrice was married to the eldest son of the late Lord Chesham, who has since succeeded to the title, and has borne him a son and heir. Now the Duke himself has married Katherine Caroline, Lord Chesham's sister. The Chesham boy, born in 1878, is the nephew of his new grandmother, who is his father's sister; consequently his grandfather is his uncle. From this it follows that his father, being his uncle's son, is his cousin as is also his mother. But it must be remembered that, since his father and his mother are both his cousins, he is his own second cousin. Again, his father, being his grandmother's brother, is his great-uncle, and his mother is his great-aunt.

Rumor has it that buckwheat cakes will be made this season in the form of billiard balls. This is a concession to the time-saving idea of the expeditious American, it being a part of the design to discharge the spherical buckwheat concoction into the needy stomach from a gatling gun set at the head of the breakfast table.

GREAT REDUCTION,

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S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville, N. S. May 20 1883

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TABLE MATS.

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