

TIT-BITS.

A druggist in Philadelphia, who supplied medicine for the Poor House, has been detected in putting up colored water and bread pills for the paupers. Along with this is the strange fact that the patients improved under his treatment.

There is a little poet in New Orleans. She is ten years old, and when, recently, a pigeon's egg was shown to her, in which was a little squab that had just failed of being hatched, she composed these lines:—

Here lies birdie, for whom we mourn;
Birdie that died before she was born;
Oh, what a horrible thing is death,
When it comes before you get your breath.

There is a good story which the Rev. Dr. Rush, Secretary of the Freed men's Aid Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells to the annual conferences, before which he presents the claims of his Society. A young negro had been converted and at once wanted to preach. His elders thought he was not fitted for the important work; but he well nigh staggered them by relating a vision, in which he had plainly seen the letters "G. P. C."—which could mean only "Go Preach Christ." A white-haired negro preacher slowly arose and told the ambitious young brother that, while he had no doubt seen the letters in a vision, he had failed in the interpretation. They probably meant "Go pick cotton," or "Go plough corn." This settled the matter. A preacher in the New York Conference, when the story was told a few days ago, remarked to a friend sitting near: "I wish we had men in our white conferences sharp enough to explain away as satisfactorily the arrangements by which our young incompetents try to convince the committee that they have been called to preach the Gospel."

"Don't you consider it rather remarkable that the Rev. Mr. Snaggs preaches now with as much frequency as he did forty years ago? "Oh! I don't know. I don't think a man's frequency is as apt to wear out as soon as some other parts of his organism."

The late John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, used to tell this story on himself:—

"While lecturing in England I had the misfortune to be introduced on one occasion by a gentleman who dropped his h's from their proper place and put them on where they had no business to be, and who, when he came to make his speech of introduction, suddenly remembered the Scriptural story of Sampson having slain a thousand with the jawbone of an ass, and of being refreshed, when subsequently thirsty, by a stream of water from the dry bone. He introduced me in the following terms: "I take pleasure in introducing you to the orator of the evening. Es' come from the other side of the water, and is going to speak to us on temperance—a very dry subject. But I am sure when you have heard him you will be reminded of the miracle of Sampson being refreshed by a stream of water from the jawbone of an ass."

Minister (dining with the family): "My young friend, you must come one of these days and spend an afternoon with my little boy." Little Johnny (delighted): "And can I see the skeleton, too?" Minister: "Skeleton! Why, what do you mean?" Little Johnny (paralyzing the whole company): "Oh, I heard ma say to pa that she didn't know what she'd do if she had such an ugly skeleton in her closet as you have."

A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan?" replied the Court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, Judge—one of the 'it may be for years, and it may be forever' sort."

Why is it that the "girls of the period" are good housekeepers? Because they make a big bustle about a little waist.

A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded, and then he makes no report.

"And now my dear brethren, what shall I say more?" thundered the long-winded minister. "Amen!" came in sepulchral tones from the absent-minded deacon in the back of the church.

An exchange says—"Monopolies are reaching out further with alarming rapidity." The same may be said of bustles.—*Life*.

An unconscionable punster says that the wife of the Japanese Minister took the cake when she got married. That is, she took the Kuki.

Every man, at some period of his life, is an egregious fool; but by a wise dispensation of Providence no man knows exactly when that time is.

Diffident lover—I know that I am a perfect bear in my manners. She—Sheep, you mean; bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat.

"I don't think my religion will be any obstacle to our union," he urged, "I am a Spiritualist." "I am afraid it will," she replied. "Papa is a Prohibitionist, you know."

"You want to aim very low when you are hunting bison," said the old hunter. "How low?" asked the tenderfoot. "Buffalo," replied the old hunter, without a struggle.

"Say Johnnie, where are you in Sunday school?" Second small boy—"Oh, we're in the middle of Original Six." First do—"That ain't much; we're past Redemption."

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