

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAIL-ETED SCRIBES OF THE HONORABLE PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and about a Great Number of Subjects.

A CONDENSED MILK COW.

"The cow that gives condensed milk? I suppose you have one on the place, Farmer Robinson?" inquired his fair city visitor.

"Well, no. You see, I sold her last year because she would put her foot in the can."—Hartford Post.

Miss Tuttleton (entering suddenly)—It's raining, girls. De Spoonville (hastily rising)—You will excuse me. I want to be outside, don't you know, it's raining girls.—Life.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, "are all men made of dust?" "No, my boy," responded the old man, "some are made of mud."—Life.

TOO CASHED, BY FAR. One day last week old Mrs. Newsyears, one of the wealthiest old ladies in Austin, made an official call on Mrs. Fizzlepop. Mrs. Newsyears was dressed in a elegant silk dress, made in the very highest style of art. It attracted the attention of Johnny, who could not help admiring it, and finally the imp said:

"Ma, don't you think that dress is very becoming to Mrs. Newsyears?" "Yes, my son; keep quiet now," responded Mrs. Fizzlepop, who was afraid Johnny would make some improper remark.

"So you like my dress, do you, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Newsyears, kindly. "Yes, mamma; it's very becoming; it's just like your face, full of wrinkles and folds and creases like—Texas Siftings.

A LITTLE GIRL'S APT ANSWER. "Who was the wisest man?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Solomon," replied a little girl.

"And who was the holiest?" "Moses." "What makes you think so?" "Because I often hear papa speaking of 'Holy Moses.'"—Boston Courier.

NOT A DICTIONARY DEFINITION. Young Hopet— "Papa, what is a stepson?" "A son by marriage, Willie."

"Then a step-ladder is the son of a ladder by marriage, isn't it, pa?"—Puck.

THROTTLED TO THE LAST. Minister (to sick man)—You realize, my dear brother, that you must die? Sick man—Yes, and I shall die with perfect resignation; but please don't mention that to my wife.

"I see," observed Mrs. Snaggs, "that the Sultan of Zanzibar left 27 wives." "Yes," observed Snaggs, heartlessly, "he ripened a heavy crop of weeds very suddenly."

"That wasn't what I was thinking of. What I can't understand is how all these widows will get their thirds."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Magazine editor (to contributor)—Your article, sir, has been accepted, and will be paid for when published. Contributor—who has had some magazine experience—"Thanks, but what if I should die in the course of ten or fifteen years?"

Magazine editor—In that case, sir, the money, of course, would be sent to your heirs.—Epoch.

A modern Lord Chesterfield in Philadelphia was lately giving his son some advice about getting on in society. In answer to the question, "What is the best subject to talk to a lady about at a ball?" he replied: "Talk to her about her beauty."

"But," said he, "suppose she has no beauty?" "Ah, then," replied the experienced paterfamilias, "talk to her about the ugliness of the other women present if you want to get on."—Philadelphia Times.

THE SHARP-TONGUED GIRL GOT EVEN. They were talking about a bald-headed man who had been rather more attentive to one than to the other during the evening.

"I think Mr. Smythe is one of the nicest young men I know," said the favored one, "so extremely polished you know." "Yes, I've observed that—especially about his head."—Merchant Traveler.

POINTS FOR POPPERS. A popular query—Will you be mine?—Washington Critic.

A statistician estimates that courtships average three tons of coal each.—Texas Siftings.

Curiously enough the old man "socks" it into Mandie's bean with his boot.—New Haven News.

Finnegans says his girl always prefers to sit in an arm-chair because it feels so natural, you know.—Whitehall Times.

The rapidity with which the course of true love runs depends upon the gait the lovers do their courting over.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The young man whom the young woman rejected might perhaps feel consoled if he could see some of the bills for bonnets and other necessities of life that the man she accepted has to pay.—Somerville Journal.

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH. A young man doesn't weigh any more than usual when he has on his first silk hat, and probably he doesn't look any larger to strangers, but he always feels his responsibility nevertheless.—Somerville Journal.

Springhill coal mines ahead! One day last week 1320 boxes were hoisted from the North Slope.—This is equal to 1100 tons coal, loaded into the cars, and is the largest output of coal from one pit ever attained in Nova Scotia.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The information comes from Ottawa, Ontario, that John C. Egan is becoming quite a favorite in social circles there. He sat in the speaker's gallery of the House of Commons recently listening to the debate. He dined with Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, meeting several members of the Cabinet, including the Minister of Justice. Mr. Egan returns shortly to Quebec, where he is building a summer residence. Considering the character of some of the titled Englishmen who become favorites in social circles here, we cannot very well lift the finger of reproach against our Canadian neighbors. But, it does seem to be an excess of familiarity on the part of the officials at Ottawa, to show in this marked way its approval of the tendency to make Canada the American rogue's paradise.—Epoch.

According to the Winnipeg Sun, eight millions of bushels of wheat have been carried out of Manitoba and the Northwest by the C. P. R. since September last; and there are still in the country four million bushels, about three-eighths of which is in store in elevators and the remainder lying on the farmer's hands.

Portland, Maine has 7,950 families. The Catholics have a plurality—there being 2,622 Catholic families; next 1,842 Congregational families; next 892 Methodist families; next, 808 Universalist families. Only 108 families in the city have no religion to speak of.

An interesting specialty was worked into the program of a literary entertainment in a western Maine town, recently. It was a bung whittling contest by the ladies. Each of the fair contestants was given a square piece of wood from which to shape a bung to fit a large stone jug. Prizes were given for the best and the poorest specimens, and all these pleasing literary productions were then sold at auction. It is said that some of them realized spring pennies, but two or three were bloody enough to pass for dime novels and that one bung would actually keep the molasses in the jug.

The cost of education in P. E. Island was \$110,484.54 last year, against \$111,992.21 in the previous year.

A butterfly show in the latest fad in New York. It is announced for next week at the Eden Museum. The collection has been gathered from the four corners of the world by all the big explorers, including Stanley and Greely, and it includes insects of every shape and hue. There are insects that, in life, must literally have been able to fly through the eye of a needle, and others measuring a foot across their outspread wings.

Rev. Dr. Prigdon, aged 84, preached his own funeral sermon on Sunday last in a small country church six miles from Athens, Ga. He had a grave dug and a coffin made for the occasion and he and his assistants sang the first song "Shall We Gladly Meet?" He then read the 20th chapter of Cor. 13 verse, and gave a large crowd a short talk in a very flattering manner.

An instance of one paying the penalty of another's crime has just come out at New Haven. In October 1883 Charles E. Sparks of North Haven was convicted of stealing a harness valued at \$25, was sentenced to the State Prison for three years and served his term on it.

Sparks was convicted on it now appears that Sparks was innocent, and made to suffer for another crime. Frank Kicky, who is now dying at Clarendon, Mass., has written a letter confessing the crime, and stating that he sold the harness to Sparks for \$125.

The most profitable piece of fruit land for his size in the United States is the Spear & Ginn grove, Sanford, Me. It comprises 44 acres; this year's yield of limes sold for \$12,000.

The latest trick of the adulteration fiend is to produce the much sought after "blood" orange. It is done by taking the common fruit and injecting poisonous aniline coloring. That will be the end of this wicked and adulterous generation.

With the new Maxim gun an expert can fire 3,000 shots in eight minutes. Solomon in all his glory never fired maxims at that rate.

S. Carley, the big dry goods man of Montreal, has just announced his intention of erecting magnificent quarters for the girls employed in his establishment whose parents do not reside in the city, the building to be erected of sandstone, five stories high and to be one of the finest in the city. It is intended to supply all the comforts of home to the one hundred girls employed in Carley's Notre Dame street store. A carriage will be run in connection with the building, and they will be able to go to work. The cost of the edifice will be \$40,000.

A clergyman in Kansas had his nose bitten off the other day by a member of his flock who took exception to some of his remarks in the pulpit.

The sad tale of two clergymen being killed while walking on a railroad track in Pennsylvania suggests the thought that they adhered too closely to the scriptural text as to walking in the straight and narrow way.

A Harlem, N. Y. lady has a pet dog, two of whose teeth have been filled with gold by a dentist. Within a few blocks of her house is a family who are suffering for want of bread.

Within the last two years Canada has lost \$3,000,000 through embezzlers, who have escaped to the United States with the money. During the same time American embezzlers have taken more than \$20,000,000 into Canada.

There are 33 starch factories in Maine, 31 of them being Aroostook County. The make for 1887 was the smallest for years, as potatoes were scarce and poor. The average capacity of the mills is from 20,000 to 30,000 barrels per year, producing from 100 to 200 tons of starch each factory.

The ball given by the officers of the Sixty-Second Fusiliers at their club room on Thursday evening was a great success. No effort had been spared by the officers to make the large room look well and it is putting it very mild to say that they succeeded. The decorations were the most handsome ever attempted by the Fusiliers. A larger number of invitations than usual had been issued and the room was filled by all the swell young people of the city. Col. Blaine and his officers are deserving of the very highest praise for the excellence of the arrangements and are also to be congratulated upon the success attending the ball which was the success of the past last season.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

INTOXICATED BY ALDERMANIC ELOQUENCE.

Something about the Fishing Tackle made by Joe Dalsell.

I had been attending a meeting of the Portland council, and was very weary when I reached home. I am uncertain whether it was my latch key or the key hole that I was unable to find; it was one for admission. The door was opened by Mrs. Ivory herself, who linking an arm in one of mine, led me to the sitting room, where, as soon as I had seated myself, she assisted in drawing off my boots, and when she had placed a pillow at my back, I fell into a peaceful slumber.

I think it was Laurence Sterne who invoked blessings on the man who invented sleep. It leads us out of many a labyrinth, solves many a knotty problem, clears many a clouded brain. It is better than medicine; it is as necessary as bread. What is more beautiful than the sleep of innocent childhood; what painter or poet ever imagined anything more glorious than his dreams! I am too much of a philosopher to waste the hours in unavailing regrets, but I acknowledge that sometimes, when I lie awake o' nights and listen to the clocks striking one,—two,—three,—four,—I wish that I were a boy, so that the retreating sleep and pleasant dreams of boyhood might again be my pillow's visitant.

Said Mrs. Ivory when I awoke (she was standing at the back of my chair, and I detected something like a quiver in her voice) "Absalom, we are growing old, and we are unable to bear the burdens that once sat lightly upon our shoulders. We can endure amateur theatricals and concerts; the skating rinks are not positively deadly, and slugging matches are not necessarily fatal to the spectators, but we must draw the line somewhere, and I propose that we draw it at the Portland Council meetings."

It was very kind in Mrs. Ivory to use the pronoun, we, for she is at least twenty years my junior, but I said to myself, "Do you know, Absalom," continued Mrs. Ivory, "that were you less steadfast in your principles, when you came in I should have been afraid."

"That I had been drinking! I was intoxicated," intimated by the gery eloquence of the Alderman of Portland. We will draw a line, and we'll draw it light across the door of the Portland Council chamber."

Then the poor, fluttering heart of Mrs. Ivory was quieted, but I said to myself, "Absalom, you may be a man of veracity, but it seems to me you are a little reckless in handling your facts."

Times have greatly changed, since the great fire. The streets are all covered with the locality the appearance of a great business centre. Since Mill Street was widened, it compares favorably with other business sections of the city. Dock Street has become more and more a street for the conservative and substantial merchant, and with Mill Street, will one day become a great business avenue, as it is the great avenue of travel between the two cities. Dock Street has much changed since the fire of 1877. Of all the firms doing business there previous to that event, I believe Lee & Logan, Stephens & Figures and F. Clementson & Co. are about the only ones that are still re-manufacturing in that locality.

As I passed the Market Slip I observed that it was full of floating ice—soon the lakes and streams will be released from their fetters, and soon "ye desplice of ye gentle Isaac" will gather up his fishing gear and lie himself away.

That reminds me of the establishment of a few days since to the establishment of JOE DALSELL, ON GERMAN STREET.

They tell me that as a boy Mr. Dalsell was not proof against the seductions of the rod, such as were then available, but the rods used in those days were very different from those made of lancewood and greenheart which are now in general use. Being a skilled mechanic, and retaining his eye ago, Mr. Dalsell relinquished all other pursuits and has devoted his whole attention to the manufacture of fishing rods since that time, and his rods have acquired a world-wide celebrity. The best fishermen in the world could not make a rod unless he were a mechanic, and no mechanic could make a rod unless he were a fisherman. Being both mechanic and fisherman, it is no wonder that Mr. Dalsell's rods are nearly perfect as it is possible to make them. His trout, trolling and salmon rods are made in four and six sections, of lancewood and greenheart, interlaced with silk and held together with waterproof glue. This style was invented by Mr. Dalsell, and adds materially to the strength and elasticity of the rod. Mr. Dalsell's rods are used by the Marquis of Lorne, the Restigouche Salmon Club, the Dugarron Club, and hundreds of English and American sportsmen, in our own waters and abroad. Mr. Dalsell showed me three rods, a salmon, a trolling and a trout rod, which he has made for Baron Von Tull, of Velson, Holland. Sportsmen say they are the finest rods ever seen in this province. They will be shipped by the "Uluda in a beautiful black walnut case, and will be entrusted by the Baron to the lakes of Switzerland. Baron Von Tull took his first

lessons in fishing from Mr. Dalsell on Lake Theobald and the Restigouche about four years ago; he writes to a friend here. "The Dalsell rods I have kept carefully, never allowing any one else to handle them. My sporting English neighbors envy me their possession."

Mr. Dalsell has on hand a fine stock of salmon rods, ranging in price from \$12 to \$30, and trout rods at \$6 to \$25 each.

Absalom Ivory.

A Family Friend. Dear Sirs,—We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for sore throat and boils, and always can depend on it to cure. We also use it for sore shoulders on our horses. Mrs. Wm. Hughey, Wilberforce P. O. Ont.

Often an economical young man has labored half an hour pulling his shoes; it breaks his heart for the street boot-black to ask him "shine?"—Texas Colonel.

Some time ago being very greatly troubled with colds and coughing, I went to the drug store and got Hagyard's Fecoral Balsam. In a short time I was well. I have found it a sure cure and am thankful that I used it, and it would not be without it. E. A. Schaefer, Berlin, Ont.

A young man may have an honest heart in his voice while talking to his best girl, but it doesn't go unless he has an engagement ring in it.—Merchant Traveler.

Prevalent Stomachs. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Inflammation and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best external remedy for all these and other troubles.

If copper continues to rise in price we fear the best toes of the American youth will suffer dreadfully.—Rochester Post-Express.

Making Sure. There are many people who adopt health and diet rules when attacked by disease of the stomach, liver or bowels, this is quite right, but those who add to this treatment the use of B. B. according to directions, make sure of being quickly and easily cured.

The last issue of the Picton News contains the obituary of two very old people of that county. At River John, John Matheson, a man, passed away at the age of 102. Deceased was a native of Sunderlandshire, Scotland. Barney Matheson, who bore the same name, was 96 winters had passed, died on the 31st March at his home in Merigomish.

Charles P. Bisset, of River Bourgeois, C. B., took honors and Sunderland's gold medal in the second year medical examination at McGill College.

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