

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

YES, SHE DID!

She went the round and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians,
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;

For the tribes round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor scabs of Alaska,
So he did;

She so longed, she said, to buy
Jelly, cake, and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi.
So she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian,
And the poor half-melted Feejian,
And the dear Malacca-egian!
She did.

She sent tins of red tomatoer
To the tribes beyond the equator,
But her husband ate pertater,
So he did;

That poor, helpless, hopeless thing,
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes he did!

As an Irishman was mounting a horse, the animal began to use his hind legs, and got one of his feet in the stirrup. Then the Irishman said:—"If you are going to get on, I am going to get off."

Professor—"Gretchen, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"
Gretchen—"Why, Professor! You are sitting on it."

Rowland Hill was once requested to preach a sermon to the elect. He promptly replied. "Have the goodness to mark the elect with a piece of chalk, so that I may know them, and I will preach to them."

Irish widower, leaning on the fence,— "Do yez think it would be harder, Mrs. Murphy, ter wash fer two."
"Irish widow—pausing over the half-wrung sheet,— "Och, I dunno. It depends on yersilf ter give me an opportunity ter foind out!"

In the days when Oratorio was more popular than now, or perhaps when there was more pretense of appreciation, some musical friend induced an unsophisticated Scotch lady to hear an anthem, and told her that it was the anthem David played to Saul. "Then," said the lady, "I understand why Saul threw the javelin at him!"

A Limit to His ambition.—Female friend—Young Smithers, who is paying you attention, is one of the most promising young men in the city. Miss Lively—Yes, I know him. Female friend—He is ambitious, too. He is a man who will always aim higher than the mark. Miss Lively—Aim higher than the mark? Well, I don't know about that. He has never kissed me on the nose yet.

Street Car Driver—"Me and that off horse has been workin' for the company for twelve years now."

Passenger—"That so? The company must think a great deal of you both."

"Wall, I dunno; last wake the two of us was taken sick, and they got a doother for the horse, and docked me. Gid-up there now, Betsy!"

A recent recorder of some of the jokes or repartees of musicians seems to have no very high general opinion of their wit, which accounts for the tone of one or two of the following extracts, yet some of the *bon-mots* recorded are sharp enough:—

To Corelli is attributed the *mot*, "I fear my music interrupts the conversation." Music almost always does interrupt the conversation, and that is one reason why some persons are not passionately fond of music. There is an old story that when someone brought Condé the news of the death of Molière, Condé replied, "I wish it were he who brought me news of your death." Rossini parodied this. A young musician brought him a funeral march in memory of Meyerbeer. The retort of Rossini may readily be imagined.

Sometimes people have paid back musicians in their own coin. Uno, who tried to learn skating was told it was easy, but complained that he did not find it so. "It is easy enough, but not so easy as fiddling," said the other, who was also a German. Liszt's good things were chiefly snubs to Royal people who talked while he was playing. Apparently there is nothing a musician hates so much as conversation. If it were fair to judge by these anecdotes, this might be attributed to a conscious failure to shine in the exchange of ideas. The only musician who ever said a good thing was the British drummer boy who, being captured by the French, told them that he could not beat the Retreat, it was not used in the British army. The French general being "a gentleman also," as Sokokoani said on a similar occasion, sent the little fellow back with honor. He was the exception which proved the rule.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, had felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NORRIS, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SONGS OF THE SHIRT.

(Paddy in full dress meets a friend.)—"Where did I get this shirt? Bedad! I got it where they can be had By any decent caller, At Clayton & Sons on Jacob Strate,— Now aint it lilligant and nate, And ONLY COSTS A DOLLAR!"
"A Dollar!" "Yes, bedad its thrue. And Barney dear! If I was you, I'd go and git another, 'I'll do it Pat—I will me friend Wan for mesilf—and I will find Wan to our Mick, me brother."

(Sandy at market.)—"I guess this is a' I want the noo, And glad I am at bel's throo, So I'll be toddlin' ben,— By George! I heana finished yet, To-morrow's Sabba—I maun get Ane o' thae shirts ye ken. 'Tis but a step to Clayton's place— There's no needessity to race And I'll be hame in time; And Janet lass—the scoldin' jade Seein' the bargain I hae made For aince will lush her chime!"



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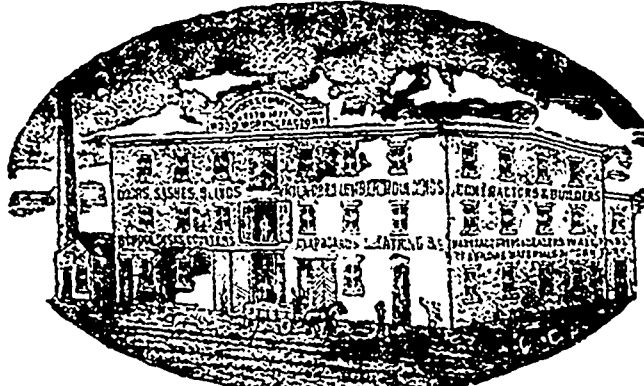
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