

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

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

He (poetical)—But what is money compared with true love? She (practical)—Ah! now I wonder whether my dressmaker would accept that sentiment?

Wife—I mended the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife? Husband (dubiously)—Well, my dear, you are thoughtful enough, my dear; but how the mischief did you discover that there was a hole in my trousers pocket?

"Deacon Spiggle," said a country minister after service, "how do you account for the very poor collection taken up this morning?" "Well, I dunno, Dominie," replied the Deacon, scratching his chin, "nless 'twas the sermon."

"What's that awful racket in the back room?" inquired a customer of one of the clerks. "Somebody trying to yell the roof off."

"It's the silent partner, sir, the firm is after him for more money."

Magistrate (to plaintiff, with lump on his head)—If your wife threw a sardine at you why didn't you dodge? Plaintiff—I did, Your Honor, and that's how I came to get hit.

They were sailing in the little boat together and she said: "Are you running before the wind now, George?" "No, my darling," said he, "our boat is hauling the shore."

"Ah," she exclaimed, "how lovely it is!" "Ah," she exclaimed, "how lovely it is!"

Mr. Oldboy (a bachelor)—It's all over, Gussy, my boy; Miss Smith has refused me!

Gussy—I suppose she let you down easy by promising to be a sister to you? Mr. Oldboy (bitterly)—No, b' thunder! She said she'd be a daughter to me.

She—Sir, what do you mean by patting your arm around my waist? He—Do you object? She—Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm.

Dying Benedict—I bequeath every dollar to my wife. Have you got that down, Lawyer—Yes. Dying Benedict—On condition that she marries within a year. Lawyer—But why insist upon that? Dying Benedict—Because I want somebody to be sorry for me.

"Do I know anything about poker?" echoed a hempecked husband. "Do you see that scar?" he continued, pointing to a mark on his forehead. "Yes, how did you get it?" "Foker caused it."

"How?" "My wife had a full hand and raised me out of the game."

Barber—"Will you try some of my Peruvian hair restorer?" "No. It wouldn't do me any good."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it will bring out a splendid growth of hair." "If it's so almighty good why don't you use it yourself. You're as bald as a door knob."

"Well, you see, I'm married, and I remain bald in self-defense."

Brown made a bet with Wagerly that he could cause nine out of every ten who passed a certain building that day to touch the staircase. Wagerly accepted the bet. Brown simply hung out the sign "Paint."

Office boy (to country editor)—"Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor?" Editor (anxiously)—"What does he want of the editor?"

Boy—"Says he wants to mop the floor with him."

Editor (relieved)—"Oh, show him in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper."

"Don't be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfills his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well-bred, as well-bred, and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a clam."

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, as she hid her blushing face on her father's shoulder, "would you object to having Mr. Hankinson for a son-in-law?" "No, no, I guess not," said the old gentleman apologetically, "he might as well be costing me something in groceries as in gas."

"A Bangor young lady was entertaining a caller the other evening when her small, but very numerous brother, came into the room and commenced playing with the visitor's hat. "You must not play with the hat, George," she said. "Why not?" he asked. "Because it is Mr. A's hat and he will need it very shortly."

From Moropano, Man. The answer was the young man immediately remembered an engagement that he had at just that hour.

From Moropano, Man. Mr. Joseph Clark writes—"All last winter I was so bad with inflammatory rheumatism that I was not expected to live. I used no other medicine but Burdock Blood Bitters and can now get around again feeling better than I ever was before I was taken sick, and I owe it all to Burdock Blood Bitters."

NATION IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION

Japan is Advised to Adopt Christianity - Various Advocates of that Idea.

(Japan Weekly Mail.)

A movement, supported by some very prominent men, is on foot to give an impetus to the spread of Christianity by laying stress on the secondary benefits its acceptance insures. Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well-known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion, and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilized nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure, but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbors, with whom she desires to stand well.

Prof. Toyama of the Imperial University has published a work to support this view. He holds the Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are—(1) the improvement of music; (2) union of sentiment and feeling leading to harmonious cooperation, and (3) the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women.

Mr. Ka'o, the late President of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for the educated, and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into the government schools on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there now exists a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses.

Among the replies to this is one by a Mr. Sugiura, a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years. He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen; the Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thralling of creeds, and free to act according to reason, are so far in advance of Europeans; and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion, Japanese should go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views. To Japan, in an emphatically agnostic mood, came Western science with all its marvellous revelations and attractions. At the shrine of that science she is worshipping now.

CATERPILLARS ON TROUSERS.

The Latest Fad that Found Favor with Philadelphia Envoys.

"Oh!" "What's the matter?" "There's a horrid bug on your trousers. Brush it off, Jack."

A pretty girl and a particularly well-dressed youth were walking on Walnut street the other day, says the Philadelphia News. The pretty girl's face filled with horror at the sight of a long and brightly-colored caterpillar which extended itself lengthwise on her companion's pantaloons above the knee. She struck it deftly with her parasol, but the insect clung to the cloth, which was a fine quality of black cassimere. A second poke with the parasol failed to dislodge it. Finally she stopped and tried to pick it off, but it refused to move.

"Better to leave him alone, sis," laughed the young man, and upon her asking what it was explained as follows: "It's a new wrinkle. You order a jet black pair of trousers with a shine on the cloth. Then after your tailor has cut the pieces, have a spot marked on the piece over the left knee and get some one to embroider there a big butterfly or some such insect. It's only been out a week, and nobody has it outside of Philadelphia. Great idea, eh, sis?"

"Who embroidered that?" "Fannie; great scheme."

He sister cut her lips. "I don't like it," said she.

Floating Homes in China.

At Canton, China, some 250,000 people live continuously upon boats and many never set foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually falling overboard and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while in many instances this is impossible and a child is drowned. China is an over-populated country and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river. The females are without such protection and are usually left to drown.

The Body Had Petrified.

The remains of Samuel Jones, a prominent citizen of Warren, were disinterred at Good Cemetery for burial at the Masonic Cemetery. It required the combined strength of six men to raise the coffin out of the grave. The box was opened, when it was found that the body had petrified. The features were the same as at his death, fifteen years ago. It is one of the most remarkable cases of petrification on record. The cemetery is on high ground, the soil is dry and a yellow sand.

A Fact Worth Remembering.

Mr. Jas. Binnie, of Toronto, states that his little baby when three months old was so bad with summer complaint that under doctors' treatment her life was despaired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her. She is now fat and hearty.

Endless Life Tree.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a sure cure for summer complaint. I was very sick and it cured me entirely." Alexander W. Grant, Moose Creek, Ont.

Horse Talk.

The value of the trotting stock of the United States is estimated at fifty times that of the running stock. Fred Gebhard is going into the breeding of fine stock. For this purpose he has purchased 5,200 acres of land sixty miles from San Francisco. The stallions Eole, Eolist and St. Saviour are to be sent there for stud duty.

Mrs. Cleveland fears notoriety much more than she does horses. In fact, she is very anxious to ride, especially as Mrs. Whitney, Miss Bayard and Miss Doulcott are constantly talking horse to her, and telling of what delightful times they have.

A man at Green River, Wis., had a remarkable specimen of a horse. It is a colt without forelegs, shoulder-bleed and collar bone, and yet in every other way is in perfect condition and quite healthy. The animal's shoulders have to be supported by a sort of hammock. He is now two months old, and his owner expects him to live for some time to come.

Maud S. was brought out on the tracks at Fleetwood, Monday, and given her first real trot of the season. Murphy sat behind her and drove her a preparatory mile in 2:24, and a second in 2:15 1/2. The first quarter of the second mile was trotted in 31 1/4 seconds, the second quarter in 34 3/4, making the half in 1:11; the third quarter in 31 seconds, making three-quarters in 1:42, and the fourth quarter in 33 1/2 seconds. Judging from this speed made on a poor track and with inferior shoe, Maud S., under favorable conditions will probably lower her splendid record of 2:08 3/4.

Mr. August Belmont hasn't stopped racing, but he has stopped betting, except in small amounts. He started out with the idea this year that whenever his mason silk was in a race he could milk the bookmakers. The milk process took an opposite turn, and after the Hon. August B. had scolded his trainer, his jockey and his horses he put a double lock on his betting propensities and ceased to be one of the plungers of the betting ring. His horses, Magnetizer, Raebland and George Oyster, seem to have no respect for the feelings of their owner, and although the three cost a trifling over \$20,000, they will, unless they mend their ways, be worth less by the pound than old junk.

More time, skill and money have been devoted to the development of a fast trotting gait in horses than to almost any improvement in machinery which the inventive genius of man has undertaken. To increase by a few seconds or the fraction of a second on a mile the speed of a single trotting horse has required years of training, and to keep and train a trotting horse costs as much as it costs to keep a small sized family of moderate desires in the comforts and necessities of life. The multitude and quality of horses that have been so kept and trained indicate the vast expenditure that has been bestowed upon these experiments. The best horses, except Maud S., have made the best time long after they had passed their prime. It is not until their maturity, at 8 or 9 years of age, and also may cease to be an exception. Flora Temple, at nearly twice that age, has set the best work. This is another evidence of the expense involved in training trotters. Half the life time of a horse, 10 or 15 years old, is required to develop its best speed at this gait, and often the improvement is but a few seconds or less in trotting a mile.

Forty-odd years ago the best trotting record set at 2:22. That figure was used in slang to illustrate all fast men, fast methods and fast movements. Horses had not then been trained to trotting, and the possibilities of development in that direction were not even faintly hinted at. After this record had stood for years, and was supposed to be the best that could be made, a horse named Bippo, in 1848, completely fractured it by trotting a mile in 2:28. This also remained for years the best time made, and again the world interested in sports settled down into the easy belief that the best possible trotting time had been accomplished. But such was far from the truth, says the Stable. A few years afterwards Jack Rosier, a horse without a pedigree, that had when young dragged a hotel baggage-wagon around the streets of a Western city, and was afterwards trained for the turf, trotted in 2:22. The next reduction was by Flora Temple, a mare also without a pedigree, who broke over this time by 2 1/2 seconds, making a record of 2:19 1/2. This in turn was broken by Dexter at Jersey, Aug. 14, 1877, when he trotted a mile in 2:17 1/4. He was bought on the track by Robert Bonner for \$35,000, and that remarkable amateur owned him to the time of death. Mr. Bonner has also bought each of the fastest trotters on the turf as they have since appeared, from time to time, down to Maud S., with her record of 2:08 3/4.

A Race of Murderers.

(New Mexico Correspondent.)

These mountains have always, until the past year or two, been the range of a band of Indians in the Territory. Here it was that old Nana used to leave his yearly trail of desolation and death. When he finally got his infernal old throat cut Geromino took up the tomahawk and knife and kept the trail bloody. With an armed party often 1,000 he rode through this country to the Black range in 1882. We picked up thirty-five bodies that had been murdered. We rode at night and kept the rocks and brush in the daytime. When I was a good many years younger I used to hear a whole lot of hush about the bravery of the Indians. They are a cowardly lot of sinners and nothing less. Nobody ever heard of a gang of cutthroats attacking a party where the odds, numbers or chance, were even. They won't fight at night unless you surprise them in their camp.

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For accommodation of business men and others, the special train will leave ST. JOHN every SATURDAY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, for HALIFAX, and will arrive at HALIFAX at 10 o'clock. On MONDAY MORNING, it will leave HALIFAX at 8 o'clock, and arrive at ST. JOHN at 10 o'clock. This train will stop at intermediate stations, and will be in operation during the season.

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ON THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to Broome's, Kingsport, Grand Falls, and other points, and will be in operation during the season.

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