

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

"Like a maiden shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and soon.
Frownest now, and now art cheerful,
Spring, Creation's sickle queen.

Winter's withered clutches hold thee,
Doting on thy youthful charms;
Summer longing to unfold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms."

Citizen to plumber—"I wish you would come over and make my gas-meter fit a little better. It seems somehow to be too large." Most householders have experience of this sort of misfit!

It is the chief glory of Scotsmen that next to God and their parents they love their country and their countrymen. So do Canadians, only that a number of them insert the almighty dollar first.

PARENT—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny—"I dunno." Parent—"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" Johnny—"The teacher."

There were visitors at the Skinner school the other day, and a class was put on exhibition. "Now," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about heat?" A small boy held up his hand. "Well, sir?" "Heat expands; cold contracts." "Very good; now give an example." In summer the days are long; in winter the days are short." Great applause by the visitors, and the small boy takes his seat.

Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the stave are cut square, and, when placed together to form the hoop, the outsides are even, and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

Perhaps the highest compliment which can be paid to the actor or the poet is the want of appreciation of the lower classes of what is to them simply natural. When Burns was invited to dine at a Scottish mansion the housekeeper seemed to think the invitation of a mere ploughman beneath her mistress' dignity. The Lady gave her "The Cottar's Saturday Night" to read. She returned the volume with a deprecatory shake of the head, saying: "Nae doot gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me its naething but what I saw in my father's hoose ilka day, and I dinna see hoo he could hae tauld it ony ither way."

"An' d'ye like the schule my mon?" said a good natured Scots farmer to his little nephew.

"Aye," said the boy, looking bashful and wiping his mouth with the cuff of his jacket.

"That's right! ye'll be a braw scholar nae doot; and how far are ye up the noo?"

"Second dux."

"Second dux, say yo, ad mon, ye deserve something for that," thrusting two pennies into the hand of the delighted urchin, "an hoo mony's in ye'r class?"

"Me an' a lassie," was the triumphant reply of the pawky youth.

HE WAS ONLY A DOG.—He was a brindle cur, and had nothing about him to excite admiration. But his loneliness and entire misery drew a sympathetic glance now and then from a passer-by. He did not appear to be a city dog; he seemed too shy and ignorant of city ways for that, and he looked anxiously in the face of each new-comer as if seeking a friend. But none came. He tried to get on a ear, but the conductor yelled and a passenger kicked at him; so he sneaked into the lee of one of the iron posts, and shivered more miserably than before. Two little girls came along, and stopped a moment to speak to the "poor doggie," who attempted a little wag of the tail in response. Then they patted him, and spoke kindly to him, and so cheered the waf that he whisked about them and whined for py. A heavy, lumbering brewery waggon bore down on them. With the rattle overhead and the babel of noise about them the two little tots did not heed the rapidly-nearing danger, nor hear the shout that went out for them from the sidewalk. But the homeless dog did. Springing between the children and the advancing horses, he barked, his shrill treble rising high above the clamor of the street. The waggon rolled on; the children spell bound with fear, stood still; the dog, in a last desperate effort to repay the kindness shown him, hurled himself at the advancing horses. One child is brushed aside and the other clutched by a friendly hand as the horses swerved at the dog's attack. The brewery waggon went on its way, rocking and swaying, and two tear-dimmed little faces peered out from the sidewalk at a little heap on the stones of the street. Their defender had given his life in grateful remembrance of their kindness. He was only a dog; he knew no better.—*New York Herald.*

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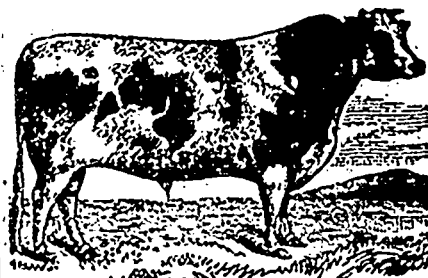
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