

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE LAUREATE ON FOOTBALL.

The sunlight falls on stuffed footballs
And 'anguined 'evens fierce and gory;
The long light shakes o'er frauds and fakes,
And undergraduates howl for glory.

Kick, kicker, kick,
Send the big sphere a-flying,
Answer cripples
Dying, dying, dying.

—New York Herald.

UNANSWERABLE.—First Politician: "My dear sir, international arbitration is all humbug. Why, if you do away with war, how are you going to keep down the surplus population?"—Second Ditto: "Why, we've got foot-ball."

Wool—A friend of mine recently wrote a poem for a magazine with one hand and thumped the piano with the other, to amuse the baby.

Van Pelt—What was the poem about?

Wool—Nothing; didn't I say it was for a magazine?

THE WEALTH OF THE CITY.—Few people probably are aware of that which in the eyes of many citizens constitutes sufficient reason why the City of London—the "one square mile," as it is sometimes disparagingly termed—should retain its municipal government and privileges. The profits assessed to income tax under Schedule D amounted in 1889-90, for the City alone, to upwards of £70,000,000, the rest of the County of Middlesex reaching £41,000,000, and wealthy Lancashire coming in a bad third with something under £33,000,000. These three far exceed the rest of England and Wales all put together.

Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras, has three children—George Golden, Harold and Maud. Of these George is a rancher, Harold is accused of being a stage robber, and Maud, now the wife of Loudon McCormick, is an actress. Maud's story is a sad one. During the entire extent of her theatrical career she has been poor, frequently painfully so. While starring with her husband with their company she gave birth to a girl baby at Hiawatha, Kan. She was compelled to go on the stage the following night, and was attacked by a fit of illness that nearly resulted in her death. The poet's real name is Cincinnati Hyner, but when, in 1854, he went to live among the Modocs he adopted the name by which he is now known.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist" in New York city, was spending a month not long since in one of our backwoods districts. Going to the post-office shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment:

"Sister who?" he asked.

"Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady—"a Sister of St. John the Baptist."

"Well, I should rather think not," replied the man with an uproarious laugh.

"I guess he's been dead pretty near a hundred years ago."

BYRON AS A CRITIC.—One of the treasures of the George W. Childs collection of books and manuscripts presented to the Drexel Institute is a splendid set of Byron's works, in the front of one of which the poet himself pasted a copy of Wordsworth's poem, "Peter Bell," beginning:

"There's something in a flying horse,
And something in a huge balloon."

On the margin of which Byron wrote the following:

EPILOGUE.

There's something in a stupid ass,
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so damned a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once,
I really wish that Peter Bell,
And he who wrote it, were in hell
For writing nonsense for the nonce.

I saw the "light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet babe of one-and-twenty years!
And then he gives it to the nation
And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers.

He gives the perfect work to light!
Will Wordsworth, if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Excise!

—Philadelphia Record.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay;
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb trouble.

EXCELLENCE.



RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 63 Red Lion-st., High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barric Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for 1200 years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., F. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica, used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured."
JACOB L. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRIDE, 11 Tabernacle Square, F. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lameness. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."



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