

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

RONDEL OF SWEETS.

Sweet was the bed of mignonette,
Sweeter my lady's lips and eyes,
As we together, 'neath flushing skies,
Trod the rose-garden, dewy-wet.
The morning star had waned and set,
The green earth smiled to the gold sunrise
Sweet was the bed of mignonette,
Sweeter my lady's lips and eyes.

Rig brown bees in the blossoms met,
Kissed kisses without disguise:
Spurr'd to a deed of bold emprise,
Those I stole were more honied yet!
Sweet was the bed of mignonette,
But sweeter my lady's lips and eyes.

Hessie Gray.

A Kings county man wants to know if barbed wire fences can be charged to keep off berry thieves. Certainly, if your credit is good at the hardware store.

There is among the Circassians an unwritten law that no girl shall be sold without her consent. The fact that many of them are eager to be sold shows that there is a certain similarity between the girls of Circassian and Christian climes.

The evil of dragging little children into church and forcing them to remain quiet during a service of which, to them, nearly every word must be unintelligible, has a great deal to do with making them detest church-going and abandon the practice as soon as they begin to control their own actions.

"Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed one of St. Louis's sweetest girls with a look of alarm when she saw the Italian with one of his dancing bears on the street lately. "No," said her escort, "he cannot bite, he is muzzled; he can only hug." "Oh," said the angel with a distracting smile "I don't mind that a bit."

There are some Waterloo men alive in England still. The most distinguished is the Earl of Albermarle, who was a subaltern at Waterloo, and is now hale and hearty at 90. The Queen sent him a bouquet of roses on Waterloo day. The earl is the writer of a very interesting book, full of the recollections of a long and busy career.

Outraged Erin—"Gintlemen, I wud loike to ashk thim Amerikins wan thing: Who doog the canals uv the coountry but furriners? Who built the railruds uv the coountry but furriners? Who worruks the moines uv the coountry but furriners? Who does the votin' for the coountry but furriners? And who the divil discovered the coountry but furriners?"

The celebrated Kong mountains of Africa are about to follow the Mountains of the Moon and other mythical features of African geography which have been expunged from the maps. These mountains are a legacy from the geographers of the last century, and for many years they have been a conspicuous feature of the maps, stretching across Africa for 10 degrees of longitude about 200 miles north of the Gulf of Guinea. Last year Dr. Supan, of Gotha, in his review of African exploration in this century, expressed doubts as to the existence of these mountains. Capt. Binger, who has now returned from nearly two years' explorations in the almost unknown region north of the Gulf of Guinea, justifies the scepticism of Dr. Supan. He says there is no such range as the Kong mountains. This is only one of the interesting discoveries he made during his noteworthy journey.

"Talk about turning a body's house inside out," said Mrs. Slick, "why this carnival has outdid the record completely. I managed by a squeezin' the gals to get two spare rooms, and then I asked Mr. and Mrs. Squally, the two Hammerhead girls and four of Mr. Slick's nieces to occupy them. To be sure they were crowded, but they didn't mind that. Well, now, just think on it, I had beside to put up two students from King's College, one of whom had to take the potato bin, and four or five other friends who dropped in sociable like for the frolic. I tell you I got weary a puttin' them all to rights at night. There was one for our potato bin, another took the coal cellar, another the kitchen table, still another on our grand square piano, and a lump of a girl had to take the bath tub. My, my, but it tires me to think of what I have gone through this carnival week, but I wasn't agoin', back on Halifax hospitality, and I was bound to keep up my end anyhow."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Slick, as she reached her home, after having witnessed the naval attack on Halifax, "well, I thought I was agoin' to see something and no mistake, but I'm a disappointed woman I am. It's bad enough for a body like me that's a troubled mawl der mare in my stomach to venture on the harbor under any circumstances, but I thought this was a special occasion, and I told Sally we'd go, sick or no sick. Well, what did we see? Nothin' that we understood. The gun boats they thundered away at the city, and the forts on shore thundered away at them, and a lot of fine looking fellows called the Militia had to run up and down through the park like mad, but nobody knew what it all meant, and when the jorking of the boat upset me I just gave in to the attack that concerned me most, and lost all my interest in the city and its anxious inhabitants. Now, thank heaven, I am on shore again, and next time that you hear of Mrs. Slick agoin' out for a time in the harbor, just send me word and I'll send you a copy of THE CRITIC dead head for a twelve month."

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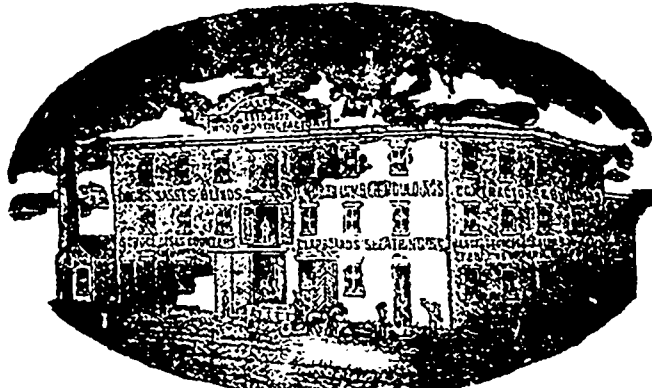
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