

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE YOUNG PHRENOLOGIST.

DESSIE.

Here's Professor Harry, who will judge our minds,
Thoughts, and daily habits, by the "bumps" he finds.

HARRY.

Gentlemen and ladies, this I'll try to do,
If you please, Miss Dessie, we'll begin with you.

First, her bump for dollies—
Large, you'll agree,
Then her go-to-school bump—
Only fair, you see;
Next, for dogs and kitties—
That was never small;
But her washing-dishes bump
I cannot find at all!
Here's her bump for candy—
Biggest on her head;
'Cause it thinks so often
Makes it rather red.

"I wish I was twins," said Willie. "Why?" "I'd send the other half of me to school and this half would go fishing."

The Toys All Right.—Christmas Shopper—(dejectedly)—All these toys are old. Yes'm, but you must remember most of the babies are new.

SURE CURE.—"Did you see Jobson's portrait in the Bagle?" "No. What was he cured of?" "Vanity, I guess, after he saw the picture."

Seek not to shun the rose's thorn,
Nor think 'twill come by luck,
In life a flower of any kind
Must be obtained by "pluck."

A genealogical tree of the Columbus family is being prepared for exhibition at the World's Fair by Madame Regina Maney, of Lisbon, a descendant of the great navigator's wife.

"Tomson doesn't brag about that boy of his any more." "No." "Isn't he bright any more?" "Well, he says about the same sort of things all the time, but he's got to the age when they're saucy."

A neat reply in a book of "Confessions" to the question "what is the difference between our first and last love?" is "you always think that your first love is your last—and that your last is your first."

DESSIE.

(Pushing back her chair.)

Now for once, Professor,
You're mistaken, quite,
That's my tumble down bump—
Mind you touch it light!

A Passion for the Antique.—Urban—I wish to buy my wife a present, can't you give me an idea? It must be something very old; she is dead crazy just now on the antique. Valentine—How would a nice assortment of the latest jokes answer.

Rev. Mr. Extempore.—My hearers, I shall have to ask you indulgence for a few minutes. I forgot my manuscript, and have sent my little boy for it. His son, mounting pulpit (in loud tone)—Mamma couldn't find the writin', but here's the book you copied it from.

—She isn't an angel,
She isn't a goddess,
She isn't a lily, a rose or a pearl;
She's simply what's sweetest,
Completest and neatest
Dear little,
Queer little,
Sweet little girl.

MOST LIKELY A WOMAN.—At a meeting in favor of woman's suffrage, in Birnsley, the other night, the lady speaker said: "Not long ago, when she had been speaking on woman's suffrage, a man got up and asked a question. 'How was it,' he said, 'that women had never produced a Shakespeare?' She replied, 'Haven't they? Who did, then?'"

A HINT.—Old gent (calling from the head of the stairs)—"Oh! Mary."

Daughter—"Yes, papa."

Old gent—"Is Harry down there yet?"

Daughter—"Yes, papa."

Old gent—"Tell him to wake me up for the 5 o'clock train as he goes out, will you? Good night."

Oil on the Troubled Waters.—Lady—A—Our marine pictures represent the sea as being calm. Why don't you put a storm once in a while? Artist—We painters in oil can't paint a storm. I have often outlined a storm on the canvas, but as soon as I begin to spread on the oil colors, the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck pond. Lady—Yes; I've read about the wonderful effect oil has in calming the waves, but I had no idea that it was as effective as all that.

MRS. MILLION'S RIDE.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride, she travels forth in state,
Her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate,
But all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye,
Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

VERY MANY SUCH.



RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 134 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

BACKACHE.—"I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence; it promptly cured me of severe lumbago." G. N. BOYER, Carleton, Quebec.

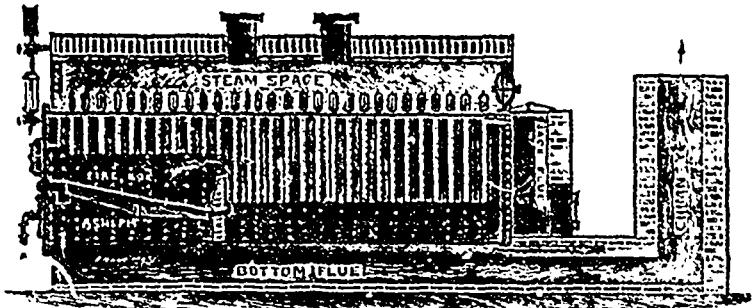
SPRAINS.—"My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling down stairs. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days." R. BURNAND, 121 Tecumseh St., Toronto, Ont.

BRUISES.—Mr. AITCHISON, Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, says he met with a serious accident and his back and shoulders were terribly bruised, but by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he was completely restored.

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