

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The New Court House  
**Dining Hall**  
 21 ALBERT STREET.

Citizens are requested to  
 send Friends and Strangers  
 where they can get a good  
 substantial Dinner at 15cts.  
 each.

All meals one price.

The Proprietor having completed all alterations, now has every accommodation for 1,000 guests per day.

Owner of premises and manager.

**GEO. COLLINS.**

THE PRIMROSE.

The milk-white blossoms of the thorn  
 Are waving over the pool,  
 Moved by the wind that breathes along  
 So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
 The primrose hides below,  
 And on the lonely passer by  
 A modest glance doth throw!

The humble primrose' bonnie face—  
 I meet it everywhere;  
 Where other flowers disdain to bloom  
 It comes and needles there,  
 Like God's own light, on every place  
 In glory it doth tall;  
 And where its dwelling place is made  
 It straightway hallows all!

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings  
 The primrose bloometh lone;  
 And love it wins—deep love—from all  
 Who gaze its sweetness on:  
 On fields—paths narrow, and in woods  
 We meet thee near and far,  
 Till thou becomest prized and loved  
 As things familiar are!

The stars are sweet at eventide,  
 But cold, and far away;  
 The clouds are soft in summer time,  
 But all unstable they—  
 The rose is rich—but, proud of place,  
 Is far too high for me—  
 God's simple common things I love—  
 My primrose, such as thee!

I love the fireside of my home  
 Because all sympathies,  
 The feelings fond of every day  
 Around its circle rise,  
 And while admiring all the flowers  
 That summer-suns can give,  
 Within my heart the primrose sweet,  
 In lowly love doth live.

NICOLL.

THINGS A WOMAN CAN DO.

Of the modern daughter of Eve a Boston paper says:—

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress, while he is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in a half dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be pounding each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice, that it means "yes."

She can walk half a mile with a coffee baby in her arms, without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds, by simply tucking him under the chin, and there does not live that moral son of Adam's misery who can do it.

SARA'S POETRY - The following piece is about as dry as Whitman's, and Sara may yet be a candidate for Tennyson's post as laureate. Bernhardt is a daisy.

We ought to live—to live to love;  
 We ought to live—to live to love,  
 And die, and die not lovin' any more,  
 Not loving any more.

We need a cool lemon drink after reading such exquisite composition.

FAITH FOR THE FOLK.

- All gardeners ought to be Bud-dhists.
- All fishmongers ought to be Mussle-men.
- All conceited people ought to be Glass-tes.
- All men-of-means ought to be Independents.
- All music hall comedians ought to be Peculiar People.
- All opinionated persons ought to be Positivists.
- All yellow haired persons ought to be Sandymanians.
- All agriculturists ought to be Sweede-nborgsans.

LADIES.

49 Kingston. I am a dear little duck of a girl, father was a U. E. L. and has lots of property for me, as I am the only chick. I am 24, and weigh 133, 4 feet 9. Write to me at once, boys, as I believe in annexation.

50 Quebec. I am a real English beauty, pearly teeth, rosy lips, and sing in a church choir, am 22, height 5 feet 8, of fine form and appearance, weight 150, auburn hair, father was an officer. Write if you want both fun and a wife.

51 Montreal. I am a nice Irish girl, smart as a kitten, and a good cook, and can play the piano as well as the wash-board. Father was an officer in the Enniskillen Dragoons. Am 24, 5 feet 6, weight 132. Write if you want a bouncer.

48 Kingston. Am a nice, clergyman's daughter, have a farm, tall, fair and blue eyes, weigh 129, very stylish and am just the gal to go "smux" with a fellow on a paper, or write editorials, when my fellow would be busy. Come on scribblers and write.

EXCUSE - Aunt (to little girl, who has just returned from hearing her mother sing for the first time in public):

Well, darling, how did mamma sing this afternoon?

Little girl (dejectedly): Not very well. They made her come back and do it all over again.

HEAD YEAR. Stella (to Captain Goodcatch): Are you glad your regiment is ordered to the seat of war? Captain Goodcatch: Yes, I am anxious to be man-engagement. Chorus of voices: So are we.

HE. I am resolved to live no longer if you reject me. You you are my life! Speak!

SHE - Well, I don't care if you do take your life, then.

A CAREFUL YOUNG MAN.—Mrs Chinner— Why does young Mr. Gurley always knock at the door when he comes to call on you?

Miss Chinner— He's afraid if he comes with a ring I'll regard it as a proposal.

IT'S THE CASE—When a girl refers her lover to her pa, he feels that it is harder to question the pop than it is to pop the question.—Texes Siftings.