

The Hon. J. W. Longley delivered a very interesting lecture in Reform Club Hall on Thursday evening, March the 19th. His subject was "Men I Have Met," and he talked about some of the most prominent men in the United States and Canada in a delightful chatty and impartial manner. The lecture lasted for about two hours and was replete with interest and humour. It was under the auspices of the Welsford Lodge of Masons. A vote of thanks was fittingly tendered the lecturer at its close. Dr. Willets, Master of the Lodge, presided at the meeting.

The coming of Easter is nowhere more distinctly evident than in the butcher's shops. In some of the larger ones, more especially J. A. Leaman's, the show of beef is worth going to see: it is quite like old times, and the old country, to see such a display of wholesome-looking carcases, with plenty of fat, and no signs of starvation about them.

The Nova Scotia Nursery is open to public inspection to-day and to-morrow. The greater part of the plants on view—which are very fine—are already sold: and this is the last opportunity for people to see the nursery before it is partially emptied to fill the spring orders.

CUSTOMER: "I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane?"

Shopkeeper: "Yes, I sold you that cane."

C.: "And you said the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that is artificial."

S.: "I can't help it, sir. I have my ivory direct from Ceylon, and the only explanation I can give is that the elephants have taken to wearing false tusks."

Young Artist (to friend): "Charley, do you see that lady and gentleman who are looking at my picture, and talking in such low, earnest tones?"

Friend: "Yes."

Young Artist: "I wish you would saunter carelessly by and find out what they are saying. It looks like business."

Friend (after sauntering carelessly by): "She is blowing him up. Gus, for leaving off his flannels too soon."

Bobby has been playing out in the porch while his mother was visiting within. She suddenly appears at the door with hostess, ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries, "Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?"

"No, dear."

"Boo—boo—well, you said you would—boo—boo."

(Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-taking.)

BRIGHTON (at the church parade). Sheppard (looking at a photo.): "It's very peculiar. Ethel's a very nice girl, but she never varies her expression. Seems always to have an air of distrust." Masters: "Yes, her father was a tailor, you know."

EDITOR—Here's a fellow sends me a story called "A sermon on the Mount." It begins: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Stole the whole thing from Shakespeare.

Foreman—It sounds more like Talmage.

Editor—Well, he stole it, too. I'll write an editorial and show him up.

CUSTOMER: "I've been to every place in town to get something to keep my necktie straight, but it's no use. What would you advise me to do?"

Clerk: "Try a matrimonial agency."

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