

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

LOVE WAS TRUE TO ME.

Love was true to me
True and tender,
I who ought to be
Love's defender,
Let the cold winds blow
'Till they chilled him.
Let the winds and sun
Shroud him—and know
That I killed him.

Years he cried to me
To be kinder,
I was blind to see
And grow blinder.
Years with soft hands raised,
Fondly reaching,
Wept and prayed and praised,
Still beseeching.

When he died, I woke,
God, how lonely!
When the gray dawn broke
On one only.
Now beside Love's grave
I am kneeling,
All he sought and gave
I am feeling.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Before we were married," said she, "his displays of affection were positively overdone." "And now?" "They are very rare."

She—I know he isn't a pedigreed dog, but no tramp or beggar can come near the house without his letting us know it. He—What does he do? Bark? She—No; he crawls under the sofa.

Mr. Walton—"Why do they call fishermen anglers?"

Mr. Hooke—"Comes from the angle, you know. Crooked. They never tell a straight story about what they catch."

Wife—You don't tell me that Prof. A. has been struck dumb? Husband—Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages. Wife—Is it possible? And was he struck dumb in all seven?

A NEW COSMOGONY.—Little Willie—Who made the milky way, mamma? Mamma—Why, God, of course. Who did you suppose?

Little Willie.—I didn't know but it was the cow that jumped over the moon.

Or Demise.—He—"The Bostonians are a brave people; they never say die."

She—"Don't they?"

He—"No. They say decaaso."

"There is one thing I don't like about the attaches of the Russian legation—something I don't think is consistent with good breeding."

"What is that?"

"They are forever calling one another hard names."

The Emperor of Germany has his cards like other mortals. They are very simple, although those of the German nobility are generally very highly decorated with crests and crowns. The royal cards have absolutely no ornamentation. In plain gothic letters they read: "Wilhelm, German Emperor and King of Prussia."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.—Two children were playing on the sidewalk and a lady passed them.

"She's a grass widow," said one.

"What's a grass widow?" asked the other.

"Gracious? Don't you know that?" said the other scornfully: "Why, her husband died of hay fever."

THE MOST HONORED BEAST.—He is the ass. May we presume to ask why the Bacteriologists never think of trying to experiment against disease by the transfusion of his blood? No living creature is blessed with a greater measure of immunity against complaints to which flesh is heir. His is the perfection of health. His name has never appeared on the veterinary surgeon's bill. None has a better name in the world's history. It was from an ass' jawbone that Samson drew strength and water. It was an ass that warned Balaam, and another that advised Caius Marius, and another that went with Onigen and the rest of the scholars to listen to the lectures of Ammonius of Alexandria. The prophets, one and all, honored his back; and a Greater than the prophets. Under the Old Law, every first born might be slain for "crifice, except these two—man and ass. Apuleius of Megara's ass was admitted to the holy mysteries of Isis. "The ass carries mysteries," says the ancient proverb; and the wise Agrippa wrote of him: "Of a clean and innocent heart, void of choler, being at peace with all living creatures; patiently carrying all the burthens laid upon his back; as a reward whereof, he is never with lice, or any diseases, and liveth longer than any other beast." Surely nothing but good would result from the transfusion of the blood of a creature so honored and so clean!

A CHILDLESS HOME.—Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living child of my own," Smith often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of healthy offspring unless she is herself in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing-down pains, and functional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign and guaranteed remedy for all these ailments. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

OVERCOATS.

We are showing a splendid assortment of OVERCOATINGS in all the New Shades; in any texture from Lightest Spring and Fall to Heavy Winter Weights.

A Real Good Overcoat to Order for **\$15.**

Silk Linings Two Dollars Extra.

Highest Grades REAL IRISH FRIEZE, impervious to Wet or Cold. Nothing so suitable for Driving Ulsters. Ulsters to Order or Ready-Made.

CLAYTON & SONS, - Jacob Street, Halifax.

Harness, Horse Boots, Halters, Whips, Horse Covers, Carriage Wraps, Dog Collars, Oils, Soaps, Blacking, Horse Rugs, Harness Mountings, Harness Leather, Patent Leathers,

AND EVERYTHING FOUND IN A WELL STOCKED

Harness and Saddlery Hardware Store, at

KELLY'S, 33 and 35 Buckingham Street,

SELLING AT PRICES THAT DEFT COMPETITION.

P. S.—A trial order solicited, and I feel satisfied that I will then have your trade.

L. F. K.

GEO. E. SMITH & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

General Hardware, Carriage Goods, Mining and Mill Supplies, Paints, Oils, &c.

79 UPPER WATER ST.

Head Commercial Wharf, HALIFAX, N. S.



Pianos & Organs

BY THE

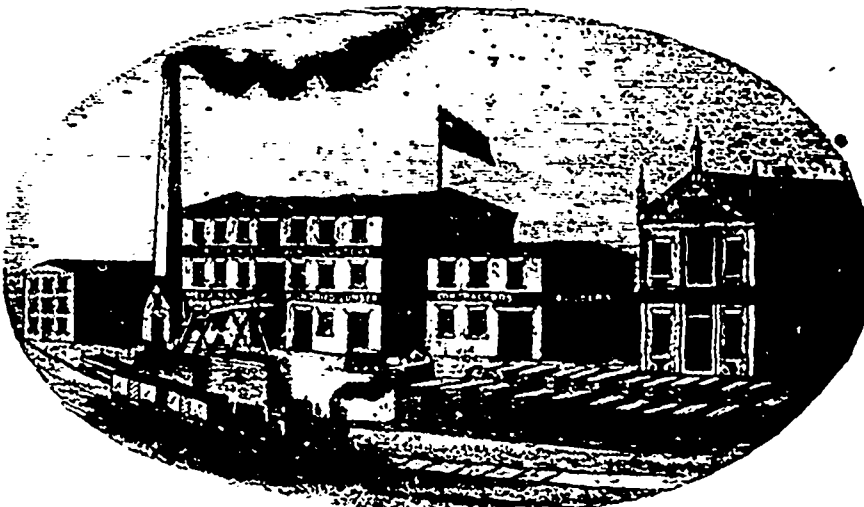
Greatest and Best Makers.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS THIS MONTH TO REDUCE THE SURPLUS STOCK.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL OR WRITE FOR PRICES.

W. H. JOHNSON,
121 AND 123 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

RHODES, CURRY & CO. | AMHERST, N. S.
Manufacturers and Builders. | 1,000,000 FEET LUMBER KEPT IN STOCK.



Walnut, Cherry, Ash, Birch, Beech, Pine and Whitewood House Finish, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Wood Mantels, Mouldings, &c. "CABINET TRIM FINISH." for Dwellings, Drug Stores, Offices, &c. SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH and HOUSE FURNITURE, &c. Bricks, Lime, Cement, Colored Plaster, &c. Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

Send for Estimates.