

CHIT CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

THE SPRING GIRL.

She has doffed the heavy jacket and gown
And tippet she lately wore;
In the silken lined muff of fur—soal brown—
She shelters her hands no more.
To-day she is a picture to charm the eye,
As bright as the morning's beam,
For her dress is a perfect symphony
And her hat is just a dream.

The observer of feminine dress will note
That she wears an empro gown,
And over that is an cypress coat
Which comes three-quarters down;
There's a violet veil on her charming face,
That the gazer's heart ensnares;
Her gloves are tan and a bit of laco
Around her neck she wears.

From the trimmings that look her hat right down
To her gaiters' patent tips,
Collar and gloves and coat and gown
And her eyes and cheeks and lips
She forms a vision so fair and bright
That we cannot help but sing
Her praise—she is made for the world a delight
The radiant girl of spring.

No TIME TO LOSE.—She—Isn't your determination to get married rather sudden? I didn't know that you even thought of it.
He—I didn't. But I have just heard of an excellent cook I can get.

PRECAUTION.—Wife—Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?
Husband—I have been reading them, my dear. After I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane.

A BURNING SHAME.—Museum Manager—Go downstairs and tell the freaks they can't smoke cigarettes here.
Janitor—That ain't a cigarette you smell.
Museum Manager—What is it?
Janitor—The India-rubber man got pushed agin' the stove.

BEATING DANE NATURE.—Drummer—It just beats all. I'm travelling for an umbrella house, and every place I've struck has been suffering from the drought.
Inventor—I am travelling for a rain producing apparatus, and every town I've struck was knee deep in mud.
Drummer.—I say, let's travel together.

FOREIGN TRAVEL IMPROVES.—Successful Farmer—Sen George got some sense durin' that foreign tour anyhow.
Wife—I hain't seen it.
“I have. You know he spent a good while in Lunnon, as he calls it?”
“Yes, an' I'd like to know what good it did.”
“Use y'r eyes, Miranda. He learned to turn up his pants w'on it rains.”

HIS SHARE.

Yes, this is her picture, drawn
By the sun's resistless flash!
Eyes of hazel like a lawn,
Hidden by the drooping lash.
Such a neck and shoulders too!
Ah, I thought you'd like her arms,
Surely artist never drew
Any goddess with such charms!
Flatters her? Oh, no, not much!
Her complexion's like a peach,
And her smile—that soulful torch
Which the lens could never reach.

Lucky man? Well, maybe, sir.
But this picture and one curl
Are all I have left of her,
For Jack Stockton got the girl!

A LITTLE MORE THAN HIS SHARE.—“Martha, does thee love me?” asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up.
“Why, Seth,” answered she, “we are commended to love one another, are we not?”
“Aye, Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?”
“I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that mine heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share.”

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“She Looketh Well

to the ways of her household.” Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

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