

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

ON THE BAY.

Along the prow the tender wavelets lapping, Sang of content through all the dreamy day ! And softly hung the autumn hazes, wrapping The low blue hills that bounded Sodus bay.

My silver hook in gleaming spirals whirling, Like a lost sunbeam chased me on my way. While from my pipe the pale clouds softly curking, Join the faint mist enfolding bluff and bay.

My shining oar blades in the sunlight dripping, Shed opai dews like drops of bright Tokay : And now and then a darting swallow dipping, Grazed his swift shadow in the dimpled bay.

A thrill, a shock, a rush at sudden angles; A glasm of broken circles far away; Alas i a fractured pipe, a line in tangles, But one less spotted beauty in the bay.

"Content, content," the lapping wavelets whisper: "What more hath life!" their sythmic murmurs say, Aye me, what more? Yet in reproachful answer Come gleams of towered cities far away--

Come, sweet blue eyes, a sudden longing bringing, Content? Ah, yes, were she but here to-day To hold the line and join me softly singing, While twilight faded down our sky and bay.

Forest and Stran

FILIAL PIETY.-Ingenious youth : "May I have this dance?" The Bishop's daughtor: "Thanks, no! I never dance round dances in my father's diocese !"

Boss-Pat, I've just lost my day-book, and have to rely on your honesty to tell me the number of days you have put in this month. How many? Pat-Thirty.170, sir.

A MISUNDERSTANDING. - Enraged father : "Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding cheque." Mother: "Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope !" Euraged father: "Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed !"

Holland leads the world in the amount of foreign trade per capits of population. The average business done by the Dutch amounts to \$197.34 per annum; Switzerland comes next, but far behind, with \$99.45; then Eng-land, \$82.09; while Germany and France do a business of only \$19.50 for each man, woman and child within the boundaries.

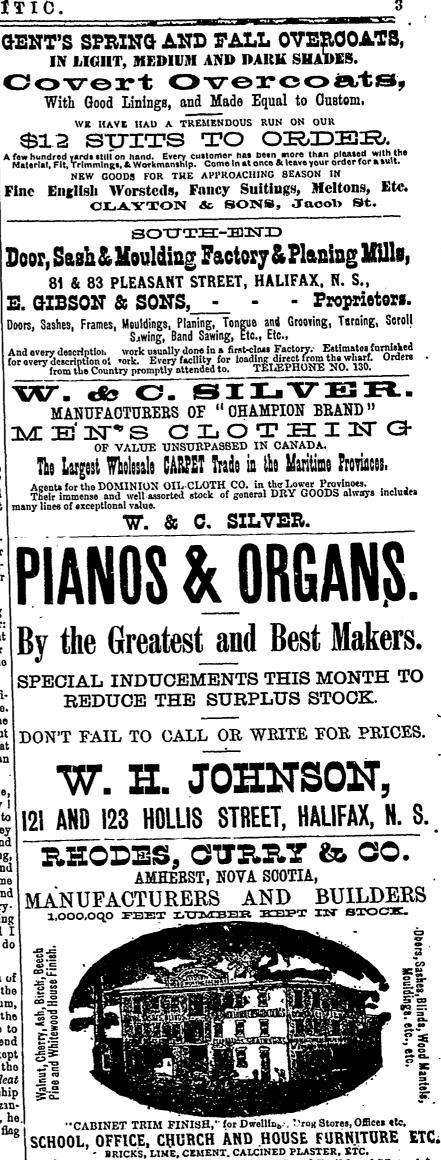
The American Eagle is shead. Touching the marriage of Miss Hunting ton, a well-known American and London banker writes to a morning paper: "In your notice to day of the Hatzfeldt-Huntington marriage you say that Prince Hatzfeldt is the direct heir of a line 900 years old. Surely the Amer ican Eagle can beat this. Miss Huntington is the direct heir to a line of fitnan hundred miles of Cantral Pacific " of fifteen hundred miles of Central Pacific.

A VERY AMATEURISH AUTHOR.—The amateur author is generally diffi-cult to please. This is especially true of ladies who dabble in literature. Quite recently a blue-stocking, according to the *Priniers' Register*, had the usual galley proofs sent her for correction. She was much gratified, but still not altogether bappy. Presently she mildly vontured to suggest that the book might be printed on better paper, and perhaps, too, it would be an advantage if the pages were " not quite so long !"

"Well," says Mrs. Slick "I kinder wanted to see what a social was like, so I betook myself to the Instituot building on Thankegiving night. . My ! but there was a lot of folks there, most 400 I kalkilate; at first I thought to myself well this ere's the stiffest social I ever saw; but by and by they began to thaw out and folks walked round and talked to their friens and enemies, and then a little smooth faced chap got up and sung a little song and then some pretty ladies sang, and another man too, and the president and the parson they made speeches and said as how as we all were as welcome as the flowers in May; then the ladies, bless their hearts, began to send round the coffee smoking hot and tea too, and such illigant cake, and everyone got a talkin' and the noise was puty grate. Howsomever I'm going again, those there institut people are goin' to have five more socials, and I specs by the time the winter is over I'll know lots of folks more than I do now. Take my advice and allers go to socials."

There have been many different theories to account for the adoption of the Crescent by Turkey. Amongst others, tradition says that Philip, the father of Alexander, meeting with great difficulties in the seige of Byzintium, set the workmen to undermine the walls, but a crescent moon discovered the design, which miscarried; consequently the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana, and the crescent became the symbol of the State. Another legend is that Othman, the Sultan, saw in a vision a crescent moon, which kept increasing till its horns extended from east to west, and he adopted the crescent of his dream for his standard, adding the motto, Donec repleat orbem. The Turkish star and crescent is a curious relic of the old worship of the moon and Diana: The goddess was the ancient patroness of Byzan-tium, or Constantinople, and when Mehomet II. took the city in 1453, he. adopted the crescent moon for his device, in honor of the victory. The flag is a red ground, with the crescent and star in white.

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