

Extracts from the Spring Poets.



AN ACCROSTIC.

Just listen all ye who love
laughter and joy;
(Unfailing my plan in
it's power),
Read the *Jury* and then
I'll go bail, my dear
boy,
You will "laugh and
grow fat" in an hour.

WHY NOT?

Burdette were funny if he
would be,
And Perkins would be
if he could be,
And Marcus Twainsever
should be;
Why, then, by all the stars
above us,

And all the powers on earth that love us!—
Why isn't there a joke or two
Every few centuries—that's new?

"THE POET AND HIS MASTER"

The thermometer was up in the nineties,
The mosquitoes were buzzing around,
When a poet arose from a restless couch
And in song some solace found.

"The snow was falling fast," he wrote,
"The air," he said, "was freezing."
Lying about the weather was
To his morbid fancy pleasing.

He mailed the poem to a magazine
Before he dared to slumber,
And it caught the editorial eye
In time for the Christmas number.

—HENRY DENBAR.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

Bell(es) of antiquity—old maids.

A century plant—burying a man 100 years old.
"We will let the 'matter' rest here," said the
editor, as he consigned a packet of spring poems
to the waste paper basket.

In what one particular did the favored candi-
dates at the late election resemble a jug handle?
—By being all on one side.

A St. John baby is said to have inherited the
eyes and nose of his father, but the cheek of his
uncle, who is an insurance agent.

Sunday school teacher—"Johnny, can you
tell me who Adam was?"
Small boy—"Adam, Adam; I might find out
about him if I knew his other name."

One would be led to believe that the St. John
firemen wear out an immense amount of stock-
ings, as they keep three "hose" companies run-
ning for their own special benefit.

SHIPPING.—Tipografikal axident's wil okur in
the best regulated newspaper, which we suppose
akounts for the fakt that the shiping editor or a
Monkton paper inserted the birtns and deaths
in a recent issue under the head ov imports and
exports.

MELLINS' FOOD!
RIDGES' FOOD!
NESTLES' FOOD!
LACTATED FOOD!

Hosford's Acid Phosphates!

HYDROLINE MALTOPEPSYA!

At Wholesale by

R. W. McCARTY,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,

Masonic Temple, 88 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

Increased bus accommodation is anticipated—
after the Scott Act comes in force in Portland,
CONFEDERATION.—"The Maritime Provinces,"
said a Montreal bummer the other day while con-
versing on the interesting topic of separation,
"will find that confederation is not unlike a
'gaol': 'tis blawated easy gettin 'in' but bloom-
ing 'ard' to get out, unless they can pay off the
fine, which I should imagine would be very
large."

The citizens of the city of Portland must be a
very active community. We say this from per-
sonal observation. There is an old proverb
which advises the people not to allow the "grass
to grow under their feet." We notice on Main
street, especially, how much the people have
produced by those words of wisdom, for the grass
is all on the roofs of the houses, over their heads.

"Pa, pa, can you tell me what are Knights of
Labor?" asked a nine-year-old the other night of
his father, who was engaged reading an account
in the *Globe* of the seizure of the American
schooner by the *Laundowne*. "Nights of labor
is it; why yes, my boy. They are evenings
passed in second-class boarding house beds.
That's right, my boy, never be afraid to ask
your father about anything you do not know
yourself," and he resumed his reading.

Fiznibbits, while in conversation with a
young lady on King street, the other day, men-
tioned the fact that a gentleman friend of his,
being about to be married, had chosen him as
his best man, and as he had never officiated in
such a position before, he wished to become
posted in the art of groomman. After asking
and receiving answers to various questions con-
cerning his part, he enquired how the father
gave his offspring away. "Well," said she, "I
do not know how it is done in other countries,
but in St. John the usual parents give them
away with the intention of getting rid of them."
Fitzie thereupon raised his hat very politely,
hurried on, and after suspiciously gazing around
two or three times, skipped into Cronin's by
the Market street entrance to drown his feelings
and the water which he had been compelled to
imbibe in moral Portland.

A certain St. John lady, who prides herself on
being able to do up a "dinner" in first-class
style, once received a visit from a young man
who hailed from Boston. At dinner, while
sampling "a steak" done to a turn, conversation
passed from one thing to another until the sub-
ject, "Boston boarding houses," came up. The
Bostonian surprised his hostess by saying that
the only "steak" he ever ate in his life was
while in St. John. The lady knowing he had
never visited her city before, asked him what he
meant by such an assertion. "Well, Mrs.
Bates," said he, "they do cook up an article they
'call' steak, which has been tested and analyzed
by leading chemists of the day, who have all
failed to solve the problem, 'what is it.' His
hostess being a rare judge of steak, where there
was no mistake, submitted the theory to the
JURY, which body after handling and sifting
the matter thoroughly, thereby consuming about
five hours' time, brought in a verdict of "trunk
hinges."

BITS OF FUN.

Home guards—bull dogs.
Foot pads—corn plasters.
Corn-cutting machine—a razor.
The path of duty—through the custom house.
The physician likes his cough-fee.—*Whitehall
Times*.

A cheap bargain—giving five shillings for a
guinea pig.
Difficult punctuation—putting a stop to a gos-
sip's tongue.

Something for our grammarians.—What is the
plural of daddylonglegs?

Working like a horse: A lawyer drawing up a
conveyance.—*Rambler*.

The girl who said "hand me my fan, Tom,"
is supposed to have believed in ghosts.

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter. "We
haven't got it. Isn't it corn bate ye mane?"

There is many a silent, throbbing corn beats
beneath a nice dress boot.—*Fell River Advance*.

"Tea gowns" are a late novelty in feminine
attire. They go well with a creamy complexion.
—*Cleveland Sun*.

Talking about being in comfortable circum-
stances, did you ever see two lovers occupying
one arm-chair?—*Burlington Free Press*.

A certain professor claims that a person can-
not taste anything in the dark. It is evident
that the worthy man never played "post office."
—*Lowell Citizen*.

An exchange speaks of an actress "dressing
for her photograph." Judging from the usual
photograph of an actress we should think she
undressed for it.

The Smith College girls have organized a so-
ciety for the protection of birds. The larks of
the young gentlemen will receive their first at-
tention.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"Weak tea will prevent baldness," says an ex-
change. That's the reason why fellows living at
three-dollar boarding houses always have such
long hair. That is, that's one reason. There
are others.

Ice cream sets in cut-glass have saucers. Too
bad! This will prevent the girls from scraping
round the dish with the spoon, a delicate way
they have of hinting that more would not be un-
acceptable.

Clergymen, as a rule, make the worst husbands
in the world. Editors rank next. The reasons
are that while editors are away day and night
clergymen are at home night and day.—*Kansas
City Times*.

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class,
after a long preamble. "Ergo"—then he stopped
to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sung out one
of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.
—*Washington Critic*.

He was explaining a Bible panorama. He
came to the representation of the Israelitish
prophet in the den of wild beasts.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "is
Daniel in the lion's den. And there Daniel sat
and sat and sat, all night long, looking at the
show, and it didn't cost him a darned cent!"—
Carl Pretzel's Week'y.

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