

Playing Barber.

Eddie and Kitty puzled their betters
For something new in the line of fun;
Out of the pack of little tools
The game of a barber's shop began.
Eddie with scissars tucked round his neck,
Looked his seat at the barber's chair,
Went neatly out from the nut-brown hair
To shave, shave and snuffler, there.
Next Eddie took a sharp straight shear,
W. another hand over each foot;
But Eddie looked until Kitty's head,
For last of its gold in curls was shorn.

Two little barbers, in mother's room,
Looked very tidy and full of glee;
Two little heads, for a month or more,
Looked very much like a patch-work quilt.

Short Stories of Long Comfort Home.

Put off last
Be prompt at every meal
Take little annoyances out of the way
When any good happens to any one receive

When others are suffering, stop a word of sympathy

Tell of your own faults rather than those of others

A place for everything and everything in its place

Hide your own little troubles, but watch to hide others in theirs

The back of the knob and shut every door behind you without clanking it

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently until your turn to speak

Look for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event

Carefully clean the mud and snow from your boots before entering the house

If from my ease you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things

Do not keep your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad

When inclined to give an ugly answer, press your lips together and tip the shiplab

Always speak politely and kindly to your help, if you would have them do the same for you

"Come now, there's been enough of this cursed foolishness for one day."

An Amusing Mistake.

A laughable incident occurred in one of our large grocery houses a few days since. An old negro man, from the country, had come to town to make some purchases, and among other things a bottle of cold oil and another of bust eye! While the clock was was wringing up some articles, the old man concluded to take a sip on the fly, and hastily running his hand into the bag, he drew forth his bottle, glanced hastily at the clerk, who was silly catching the man under his belt, and with a jerk of the arm brought the bottle to his mouth.

A sound resounding that of pouring water into an old tin bucket followed, and after something like a half pint had been swallowed, the old fellow's hand suddenly darted the vessel into his bag, and with both hands clasped to his stomach, he made his exit out of the back door.

The young salesman comprehended the situation in an instant; and after so long a time, the darkey returned for his wallet, a sicker, if not a wiser man. He pleaded earnestly with our young friend to keep the secret, but it was too good to keep, and hence we are in possession of it. The old darkey had gotten the cold oil bottle, and was in such haste to swallow the supposed liquor that he did not discover his mistake until several mouthfuls had been gulped down.

Ontario Commercial College Kitchener.

Great improvements are being made in that part of the McAnney Block occupied by the Ontario Commercial College. The main stairs leading to the college are being remodeled, and the college rooms are being enlarged and made more convenient and elegant.

The Institution has always possessed very attractive premises, but when the new arrangements are completed it will have the finest suite of rooms for Commercial College purposes that can be devised.

In noting these improvements we are pleased also to note the present prosperity of the College.

The attendance during last winter was larger than for the past four years, and the number of students entering now is larger than usual at this season.

Among the latest to enter are one young man from Bermuda, West Indies, one from Omaha, Nebraska, and one from Alberta College. Three are entering this month from Halifax, Nova Scotia, one from Pennsylvania, and one from Michigan.

An institution whose fame attracts so many young men from districts so great reflects credit on our city, and it has been a pleasure to us as journalists to record from time to time for the past twelve years its great and ever continued success.

The latest circular of the College contains the names of about 50 recent graduates and the positions held by them to-day in banks and business houses.

It is a record to be proud of, and one that proves the practical nature of the teaching imparted, which enables young men to step out of the College into good positions.

There is one single fact, which one may oppose to all the wit and arguments of infidelity, viz., that no woman ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed.

This is the fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy. It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that can make anybody happy or miserable.

He who indulges his sense in any excesses, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance.

Microscopic holiness is the perfection of expediency. If a life will bear examination in every line of it, it is indeed. To live by the day and waste each step is the true pilgrimage method.

We cannot skip the seasons of our education. We cannot hasten the ripeness; and the sweetness of a single day, nor dispense with one night's ripening frost, nor one week's brightening wind.

Experience is the Lord's school; and they who are tangled by "I'm usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with, that they have no strength."

Women often lose the man they love; and who loves them? By mere wantonness or coquetry they reject, and then repeat; they should be careful not to take this step hastily, for a poor, high minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

"He who laughs," said the mother of Goethe, "can conciliate no deadly sin." Yes, but a chuckle isn't a laugh nor any kind of intellectual haw-haw. It's when a man just forgets everything in this life but the point of a joke, lays back his head and lets it rattle up and down his back bone and shake him all over, that he laughs. Such a man can't sin very bad, he's too fat.

An Inexpensive Celebration.

One of the most painful of the accidents happening on Independence Day occurred to a family living on Osborne street. Two of the young sons had impugned a canon from an old gun barrel. The father gave them a pound of powder, and took a lively interest in the firing. It was not an ornate piece, but it made a most astonishing noise, which is of more importance.

"Run her down tight that time," suggested the exultant father, a little impatient to increase the sound.

"But what will the neighbors think?"

"I'll just tell them the truth."

"Fudge on their heads! This is the glorious Fourth, and it don't come but once a year. Run her down, boys, and make her sing!"

They did. They worked like veterans, and put in a lot of grace, and bantered away at the wading like a pair of pile-drivers. Then they fired for touching off. The father was sitting on the fence, weaving to and fro, and smiling with all his might. The match was applied. At the same instant the patriotic father left the fence backwards, and went crashing end over end into the next lot, his eyes and mouth driven full of dirt and sand. The pieces had exploded, and a portion of the barrel weighing nearly two pounds flew across the yard and settled to completely tend the seats from two pairs of new overalls hanging on a line, and then ploughed into the earth just in front of the owner of the garments, knocking him over, as stated. When he got on his feet, and his eyes and sides sufficiently cleared to learn what had happened, he unhesitatingly said—

"Come now, there's been enough of this cursed foolishness for one day."

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—