

"Ah! my dear Monsieur Vilbeurre Vraite," they say to the inventor, "your aeroplaane is graande, splendide, mystérieuse. She fly like the great aigle on the drapeau américain. Will you not make us the plaisir to fly across the Manche (English Channel) before us? We will all be on the shore and applaud very much when you soar above the blue sea." But Mr. Wilbur Wright seems to think that a prolonged sea-water bath would not improve his health just now; so after teaching three different men to operate the aeroplane, he intends to return to the United States.

ALEC.

T. LOVE BOOKS.

To love noble books is to share with statesmen and philosophers the pleasure on which they set the highest price. Time has made trite and common place the great saying of Fenelon: "If the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for books and the love of reading, I would spurn them all." Goldsmith declares that taking up a new book worth reading is like making a new friend; a friend from whom we will never be separated by any of the melancholy mischances on which human friendships are so often wrecked. But good books will do more than this—they will awaken all that is best in our nature, and teach us to live worthier lives. They will do for us what we rarely permit the closest friend to do—they will teach us our faults, and how to amend them.—Charles Gavan Duffy.

Kindly Patronize Our Advertisers.