

Act of Fraternisation. It is not quite the same as *bessabess*, which may be concluded by a Mohammedan with a Christian, and is of Shkipetar or Albanian origin. *Pobratimstvo* is a relic of old heathenism now characteristic of Christians only. Two intimate friends resolve to love and defend each other as if they were genuine brothers. They eat bread and salt together, drink from the same glass wine (or *rakija*), into which a few drops of the blood of each has been infused; then they kiss, embrace and rise up as Brethren for ever after. The friends of the one are friends of the other, and if one be assassinated the other is bound by all laws to take the life of his murderer. There are other usages that are likewise religiously preserved by the Christian Slavs there, most of them relics of the curious, gay, poetic Paganism which formed the basis of their religion before the introduction of Christianity. More than once the Serbs, many of whose customs and folk-songs are identical with those of the Macedonians, undertook to prove that the latter must be Serbs, because of ceremony of *Krsno ime*, which is, they say, a characteristic of the Servian people only. But the argument is worth nothing, for all the southern Slavs had one language and one religion when they first became known to history.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

The following subscriptions have been received since our last issue, and we shall be obliged if our brethren will favor us with notice of any omissions that may occur:

R. T. Butchart, \$1.00; Spitzie Lodge, \$1.00; Central Lodge, \$1.00; G. E. Steacy, \$1.00; D. P. Macnutt, \$1.00; H. S. Mussen, \$2.00; P. H. Belcher, \$1.00; H. Slater, \$1.00; G. D. Butler, \$1.00; Thos. J. Dillon, \$2.00; Thos. C. Macnabb, \$1.00; W. C. Dobie, \$4.50; J. R. Croft, \$1.00,

PLEASANTRIES.

He: "Oh, yes, when I was in London I was enthusiastically received in court circles." She (simply): "What was the charge against you?"

Mrs. S.; "What is the name of your cat?" Mrs. W.; "Claude." Mrs. S.; "Why do you call it Claude?" Mrs. W.; "Because it scratched me."

A soldier leaving barracks is stopped by the corporal of the guard: "You cannot go out without leave." "I have the verbal permission of the captain." "Show me that verbal permission."

Mrs. Pilgrim: "Now, these boys air sister's." The Census Taker: "No, you mean brothers." "No, sir; I mean jes' what I say. They air my sister's. She lives nex' door in the red house."

A little boy came home from Sunday-school one day, saying, Pa, I can beat my whole class singing." "Is that so? What makes you think it?" "Why, when we were singing to-day, I got through before all the rest."

Buzby: "Didn't Wiggins forget his lines at the amateur theatrical last evening?" Baxter: "No: he only got them mixed up a little. Instead of saying, 'I hear the tramp of approaching footsteps,' he said, 'I hear the foot-steps of approaching tramps.'"

In South America.—The Professional Revolutionists: "It's no use! I've seen a dozen of them and not one will go into my conspiracy." His Wife: "How is that? I thought they were all bitterly opposed to the government." Revolutionists; "They are; but every one of them has a conspiracy of his own."

A tiny child was waiting with her mother at the railway station, and a little distance off was standing a soldier in Highland uniform. The child asked her mother if she might speak to the soldier; and, being questioned as to why she wanted to speak to him, she replied, "I want to tell him his stockings are coming down!"

The small daughter of a well-known Boston physician went to visit her grand-mother in the country last summer, and being town born and bred, the singing of the birds was a new sensation for her. "What is that noise?" she inquired. "Birds singing," replied her grand-mother: that is a golden robin." The next day the midget informed her mamma that she would like to hear that brass hen again!

Kentry: "Is your fluteproof?" Towne: "You'd think so if you'd shivered there all winter!"

Near Hartford, Conn., where the aged Harriet Beecher Stowe lives, they tell a good story of her small grandson. A neighbor found him swinging rather too vigorously on another neighbor's front gate, and warned him that Mr. Smith might not like it. Whereupon the independent young gentleman remarked that "I don't care for Mr. Smith, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his." "Do you know who wrote those words?" asked the friend, deeply shocked. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "I d'no,—Grandma Stowe, I suppose!"