

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to be what you desire to appear.

He who wants to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

A man's wife has as good a moral right to get drunk as her husband. But what man wants to be tied up to a female sot?

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.

He who knows his power, doubles it; he who is distrustful of it destroys it.

Success is obtained by mixing two parts of common sense with three parts of will, and stirring both in the bowl of ambition, with the spoon of perseverance.

"Ah!" said a brave painter to me, thinking of these things, "if a man has failed, you will find that he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success, in our art, but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on a railroad all day, and every day."

Moderate drinkers are like swimmers in a stormy sea, who, striving without the aid of a lifeboat to save perishing fellow-creatures, fail; but total abstainers, buoyed up by personal example, and fearless of the dangers of intemperance's flood, can boldly effect many a rescue.

BITS OF TINSEL.

A TRYING MOMENT—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

Is it not strange that the man who has half-an-hour to spare generally drops in and takes up a half-hour of some other man's?

An old miser having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said, "The sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving that I've almost a mind to beg."

"I can marry any girl I please," he said. "Can you give me the name of any girl you please?" she icily inquired. A great gulf separates them now.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"

He had lost his knife, and they asked him the usual question: "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places for it to kill time."

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,

"To sit or stand." If he speaks truth, he lies.

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

A fond mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from the friend, saying: "We will be much obliged if you will kindly take your boys away and send along that earthquake instead."

"I can't get up early," said a poor victim to his doctor. "O, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you only follow my advice. What is your hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

The father who, in writing to his wife, bade her give his love to "the dear girls," his daughters, wished it understood that he used the word in its financial sense—the brute!

A railroad conductor was recently chosen deacon of a church. In taking the collection, he surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation, "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was large.

Paddy's proposal for the making of a cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass round it."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find food for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

An absent minded editor recently copied one of his own articles from a hostile paper and headed it: "Wretched attempt at wit."

"Say, conductor," said an observing passenger on the Central the other day. "I notice occasionally a post at the side of the track on which are the letters R. and W. What do they mean?" "They are directions to the engineer, and mean whistle and ring," replied the official. "Well," responded the o. p., "I can understand how they spell ring with a W., but how in the world do they spell whistle with an R."

For Girls and Boys.

BRAVE.

One or two young men came out of the academy of music and lingered in the lobby to watch the passing crowd. Young Fred Saulter came up to them.

"Nice house eh!" he said languidly. "Well dressed. See Fanny Swan. Wretched taste for young girls to wear diamonds! What d'ye think of the new tenor, eh!—Miserable, I say."

The older man answered him civilly and walked on, leaving him with some lads of his own age.

"What would Miss Swan say if she heard that cub criticising her?" said Dr. Pomeroy. "The most insufferable creature in the world to me is a conceited boy, assuming the tone of a man of position when he has not yet proved his right to be alive."

"I thought young Saulter had money," said one of the party. "He drives a fine horse, wears clothes made by a better tailor than I can afford and lunches at the best restaurant."

"Money!" said the doctor, angrily. "Why, his father is head bookkeeper for Smiles & Son, with a family of six. He strained every nerve to educate this boy, who now looks upon every practicable way of earning his living as plebeian. I'll warrant you the fellow never had twenty cents in his pocket of his own earning. His restaurant and livery stable bills come in to his poor old father at the end of the month."

Meanwhile young Saulter stood complacently twirling his opera-glass and watching the pretty girls as they passed. He caught a glimpse of his dapper little figure in a great mirror—the waxed moustache, lavender gloves, wired roses in his button hole, and looked pityingly after the doctor and his friends.

"How those old fellows must envy us!" he said. "Wine, with life in its sparkle and dregs, eh? Oh, by the way, I saw a curious thing to-day! Dick Knight—you remember Knight in our class, who took the scientific course to fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it appears that, times being so hard, he could get no proper work to do, so he has taken to improper. Instead of laying by as I have done, waiting quietly for an opening for an educated man to step into, he actually is—I'm ashamed to tell it!"

"What? What is he?" asked his listeners.

"Driving an engine on the Central road! Fact! I saw him, all grimy with smoke in his little caboose to-day. 'Good heavens!' I said, 'Knight, are you mad?'"

"Not mad enough to starve," he said laughing.

"I asked him why his father did not support him and keep him from such degradation? Then he was mad."

"Do you think I, with my big strong body, will be a burden on an old man?" he said: and began to talk nonsense about laziness degrading, and that no man was ever degraded by honest work, with more of the same sort of bosh, all very ridiculous and disgraceful. You'll see him to-night, if you take the 11 p.m. train."

"Tut, tut!" the lads said; and "poor Knight! he was a good fellow!" precisely as if he were dead.

Indeed, from the light and brilliancy of the scene about them—the music, the beautiful, low-voiced women, themselves daintily attired, that gay and happy part of the world—there was a gulf like death to the grimy engine-driver in the dark depot, a gulf which no one but a madman, they thought, would willingly cross.

They sauntered out of the opera-house, and a few minutes before eleven reached the depot, in time for the train that ran out to the suburban town where they lived.

"There he is!" whispered Saulter. "He takes our train out, but the engine is not put to it."

The engine was on a siding, puffing and spitting little jets of steam, and Dick Knight, a tall, manly young fellow, was coming at the moment down from the superintendent's office. He caught sight of his old classmates, laughed, hesitated, and raised his hand to his hat.

"Going to speak to him, hey?" said little Billy McGee, anxiously.