

*Pilot.* The magazine throughout is interspersed with beautiful engravings of Irish scenery and is filled with Serials, Poems, Essays, Sketches, Biographies, etc. etc., by the best Irish writers of the day. Two new Serials have been commenced in the present issue,—“The Angel of the Scourge,” by Dennis O’Sullivan; and “Through Night to Light; or, Waiting for the Dawn,” by Mary Kavanagh, which promises to be very interesting. The Editor, Mr. James Haltigan, deserves the hearty support of the Irish people for furnishing them with so readable and interesting a periodical, and we hope he will get it. Yearly Subscription, \$2.50; half yearly, \$1.25.

## F A C E T I Æ.

An honest failure is the rarest work of man.

“Is there any clove or cinnamon,” asks a despairing moralist, “that will sweeten the breath of scandal.”

A young woman in Chicago, who had lost her speech by a severe cold, had twenty offers of marriage in one week.

Some think diphtheria is of recent origin, but it isn’t. The Baptists have had the dip theory ever since they started.

A little girl, after profound reflections, sitting in her chair by the fire, asked, “Mamma, how does a stepmother walk?”

An observing politician says that the difference between those in and those going out of office is mainly this—the former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

The lover who vows that he is willing to die for the object of his choice means no more than the man who borrows five dollars and “agrees to drop around to-morrow.”

WHAT IS A HUSBAND?—He is (said a scolding wife); a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, froward, cross, gruff, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, brutish, fierce, dry, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, rigged, blustering, captious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, uppish, stern, grating, frumpish, humorsome, envious, creature.

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

Speak of a man’s marble brow and he will glow with conscious pride, but allude to his wooden head and he’s mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with.

Two lawyers, bathing at Santa Cruz, being chased out of the water by a shark, one of them said to the other—“It strikes me that that was a flagrant want of professional courtesy.

UPRIGHT LEGISLATOR.—“What, sir! You take me for one who can be bribed? You insult my sense of honor. But in case I really was such a man, how much would you give?”

Butcher: “Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. William’s chops, and put Mr. Smith’s ribs in the basket for him.” John (briskly): “All right, sir, just as soon as I’ve sawed off Mrs. Murphy’s leg.”

## A PEN WORTH RECOMMENDING.

WE have been favored with samples of the celebrated Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them feel justified in highly commending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in England, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility, and quill action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional penmen, in business colleges, counting-rooms, government offices, public schools and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the “Number One” alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually in the United States.

The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer; but, when not thus obtainable, the agents, Messrs. Alexander Buntin & Co., 345 St. Paul Street, Montreal, will send for trial, samples of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty cents.