

LIMITATIONS.

"If youth could know!
How many needless fears were stilled!"
We tell our hearts with trembling lips,
"Twere then less sad that May time slips
Away, and leaves dreams unfulfilled,
If youth could know!"

"Could age forget!"
Again we cry, with tear dimmed eyes,
"Our lips would wear less sad a smile
For hopes that we have held erstwhile;
Earth still would seem like Paradise,
Could age forget!"

If youth could know!
'Tis pitiful to grope through light!
And yet—and yet if youth had known,
Mayhap the heart had turned to stone.
'Twere hard to read life's book aright,
If youth could know.

Could age forget!
'Tis pitiful too late to learn!
And yet—and yet if age forgot,
There were sweet thoughts remembered
not.

To hardness sympathy might turn,
Could age forget.

"If youth could know!
Could age forget!"

We cry; but would we have it so?
Were fewer eyes with lashes wet?
We hug our limitations yet,
While crying, as life's moments go,
"Could age forget!
If youth could know!"

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A woman never hits a hen when she throws a missile; but, alas! a man is not a hen.

Don't you like far off music, Mr. Winkle? Yes, Miss Mary, when it is far enough off.

An Oregon man wants to trade a mule for a wife. Some men never know when they are well off.

He (nervously)—I—I wish to express my feelings: may I? She (coldly)—This is not an express office.

Cashier—Do you know when double entry was first used? Bookkeeper—Yes; when the animals entered the ark two by two.

A western medium has just had a long interview with the spirit of Adam. He reports that Adam still blames the whole business on Eve.

Do you believe monkeys talk? No. They chatter. But they seem to understand each other. Oh, well! What of it? So do the dudes.

Miss Antique is aging very rapidly. You must be wrong. She is only a year older now than she was five years ago. She says so herself.

Intruder—Hello, Tom! You and Jack having a game, eh? Poker? Tom—Thought so when we started in, but now it begins to look like I'll owe Jack.

Employer—I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man. Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour, sir, and I'll easily fix that.

You had better accept Mr. Hipple, said Mrs. Elder to her daughter; it is your last chance. Then you think this is the court of last resort, do you, mamma? asked the girl.

I want you to paint us a big motto in gilt letters, she said to the sign artist. Yes'm. What is the text? It is more blessed to give than to receive. Oh, I see; the ladies are getting ready for another church fair.

First Little Boy—My ma got a new dress yesterday, and she threw her arms around pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress? Second Little Boy—She says she'll forgive him, but he mustn't stay out late again.

Mr. Curtly—Mrs. Rural, this milk is sour. Mrs. Rural—Don't see how that can be. It's only last night's milk and it's been standing all night in the buttery. Mr. C—Well, wouldn't it make you sour to stand all night in the buttery?

Little Jakey Mandelbloom—Fader, our neighbor, Mr. Brown, says there is no such word as fail. Big Jake Mandelbloom—Did he say so? Well, he is a Yankee and de Yankees never fails. Ven his business gets bad he advertises for a partner.

An old farmer said to his sons: Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for something to turn up. You might just as well go and sit on a stone in the middle of a meadow with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked.

The Editor's Weak Point.

Future Greeley—Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?
Busy Editor—No, sir; no, sir. Good da—

Future Greeley—I'm sorry you haven't for it's my only chance to get a position in this town.

Editor (suspiciously)—Eh! Have you been working on the Daily Blower across

the way? Did you come to me after being discharged from that miserable sheet?
Oh, no, sir; I never worked on that paper.

Oh, you didn't? Then I suppose you applied for a position on the editorial staff and—
Editorial staff?
Yes.
Editorial staff! Bless you, no! I didn't suppose from the looks of the sheet that it had any.

Young man, your hand! Sit down! Have a cigar! I'll see what I can do for you.

Satisfied it was the Right Man.

After the lights had been turned down and the spirits had rapped several times the medium announced in a sepulchral voice:
We have a new spirit in our midst to-night. It says it has a strange affinity for some member of the party.

What's its name? asked several in awe-struck tones.

There was some more rapping and then the medium solemnly announced:
It says it was known as Joseph Jacobson when on earth.

I know it! I know it! cried a little man in the back of the room, jumping to his feet excitedly.

Hush! said the medium.

Then there was more rapping and at its conclusion the medium said:
It says it doesn't know you.

That's the man! cried the little fellow. Put me down as a convert. I never did believe in Spiritualism before, but that's the one sure. He never knew me when he owed me money and he borrowed a V just before he died.

How he illustrated his Position.

He settled back in his easy chair, put his feet on a foot rest, lit a cigar, and for five minutes let the smoke curl up around his head. He was a picture of comfort.

Then his wife interrupted his meditations.

George, your getting lazy, she said.

He shook his head.

But when we were engaged, she persisted, you were as active as any man I ever saw. Why, you were always getting up excursions, and you were the life of every party.

He puffed out a little whiff of smoke and nodded his acquiescence.

What's the matter? she asked.

He took another puff at his cigar, and then said:
Ever see a man catch a train?
Why, yes, she replied in surprise.

Ever see one rush on to the station platform just as the train seemed almost gone?
Certainly I have.

Got a pretty lively move on him, didn't he?
Why, yes; he ran the entire length of the platform as fast as he could. But, George, caught the train, did he? asked George.

Yes; he just barely caught it. He—
But he caught it?
Of course he did. But George, you're straying—
Did he keep right on running? interrupted George.

Certainly not. He settled down in a seat and made himself as comfortable as possible; got a palm leaf fan, and five minutes later seemed perfectly contented and happy.

Well?
Well, what of it?
Do you expect me to keep on running?

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

He is a Democratic Official Despite His Title—His Court.

The Lord Mayor of London is a very great man. There are those in London who believe that he sits on a small throne. There are those in the country who believe that he feasts on nightingale's tongues, and lives a life of sybaritic ease. So much has been said about the gorgeousness of the Lord Mayor's parade that some Americans fancy him to be unapproachable to the common people. He is, on the contrary, one of the most accessible of men, and when I called upon him at the Mansion House, Lord Mayor Savory received me with democratic simplicity. He admires the American people and professed great pleasure in meeting Americans.

After chatting for a few moments the Lord Mayor invited me to accompany him into court. It was overcrowded with spectators and lawyers, and was but dimly lighted. When the Lord Mayor appeared he wore a judge's gown over his shoulders and there was deep silence until he took his seat and opened court. One rough looking character was brought to the bar charged with having stolen a pair of boots valued at four shillings. He was remanded without any waste of time. Wm. Gard, a sheepish looking omnibus driver, pleaded not guilty to having been drunk. The Lord Mayor fined him ten shillings. A youth named Fisher was then arraigned for throwing stones from Blackfriars' bridge and he was fined two shillings and sixpence.

Citizens of any big American city would smile at the sight of their mayor sitting in

police court. Englishmen see their Lord Mayor, a man of wealth and high position, doing such work, and think it right and proper. And even the stranger who sees this high official going conscientiously about this petty routine may, indeed, doubt the utility of putting a public officer, so prominent and busy, at this unimportant work that a subordinate might do just as well, but he will scarcely be inclined to laugh. When he thinks it over there is something very democratic that brings the Lord Mayor into a common court so many hours every day for the purpose of meeting out mercy and justice to the lowest and meanest of the inhabitants of the great city of which he is chief magistrate.

The Lord Mayor is connected with all the civic boards that have to deal with the finances of the city and he has to dispense the hospitality of the city to those persons whom it may care to honor. He is a member of the School Board for London, an Almoner of Christ's Hospital, a Governor of the Royal Holloway College, chairman of the Princess Helena College and a governor of the United Westminster schools. Then again he is a governor of Queen Anne's Bounty and of the Royal Hospitals. Besides these he is a church warden of the historic church of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, a prominent member of the Ancient and Honorable Guild of Goldsmiths, a Conservative, and a member of the Primrose League.

The Lord Mayor is paid \$5,000 a year, while to keep up anything like the dignity of the office he must spend at least \$25,000. He can serve but one term of one year in duration. Most Lord Mayors, indeed, spend a great deal more than this, for they do not elect poor men to be Lord Mayors in London.

Lord Mayor Savory will go out of office November 9. It is his intention to visit the World's Fair in Chicago. Americans are pretty sure to like him, as he certainly does like them. He is a sensible, democratic sort of a man, much interested in social reforms, in educational matters and new methods of governing cities.

A Remarkable Instance of Telepathy.

An instance of sympathy or telepathy, which has been related to me in some of its features uncommon, so far as I know, even among strange visions. Two young men, brothers, one being an officer in the British army and the other a well-known and highly imaginative popular writer, were sleeping in the same room. The officer, my informant, was roused by moaning cries from his companion, as of extreme terror and distress.

Shouting loudly to awake him, he asked, "What was the matter?" To this question his brother, when fully awakened, would give no answer; he declared that he could not tell the cause of his distress. While wondering at this, my informant himself began to fancy that there was something in the room. Gradually in the gloom, half way between the foot of his brother's bed and the opposite wall, there developed itself a dusky figure of forbidding aspect.

"What is that?" he exclaimed, but his brother said he saw nothing. "After awhile, to solve the mystery, he rose from his bed and approached the figure, which disappeared as he did so. The next morning the dreamer explained that he had seen standing at the foot of his bed a figure which filled him with intense horror. "It was the devil."

It is very remarkable that in this instance it was not until after the dreamer had ceased to believe in the specter as a reality, and not until after the image had so far faded away that when awake he saw nothing, that the telepathic impression made upon the mind of his companion gradually gathered strength enough to develop itself as a fearful shape.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Human Ear.

The human ear is an organ the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and of late they have found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth.

They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear, as to its internal arrangements, is unapproachable. It is impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at one when the vital spark leaves the body.—Exchange.

Reciprocity.

A little girl in my school recently came to me in tears, regretting the fact that her father's illness made it necessary for her to "leave and go to work."

I bade her goodbye, and with a school-marm's hankering to keep a creditable pupil

added. "When your father is well come back to me."

Then, obeying a sudden impulse to take advantage of what I knew to be, in all probability, my last chance to influence the precious waif for good. I said: "But if I never see you again I hope you will try to do your duty wherever you may be. Whatever work you may have to do, try to do it well. I hope you will be an honest, honorable woman."

"Thank you, ma'm," she replied, putting up her mouth to be kissed. "I wish you the same."

The dear child! I know now what St. Paul meant by the "foolishness of preaching."—Cor. Youth's Companion.

Consulting the "Wise Woman."

The "wise woman" knows the secrets of the cards, and if you cross her palm with silver she will look at your hand, be it hard with work or soft with luxury, and read in its telltale lines the secrets that only you and the heavens know. But her wisdom has been gained by a shrewd knowledge of human nature and a weary struggle with adversity, and whatever she may say to you, it is not so much by the cards at her feet as by the flushing of your cheek and the lowering of your eyelids that she judges what fortune will please you best.

Sometimes carriages will wait at the door, and veiled ladies seek her, as of old queens sought the oracles and breathlessly listened to their words or doom. Again, a farm lass steals over the fields in the dusk and blushing begs to have the curtain lifted from the days to come. Always, unseen, there is the lover in the background; and it is of love that the "wise woman" must speak if she would earn her fee.—Harper's Bazar.

You say your husband has tried to stop smoking but can't. Yes. Why doesn't he try an ocean voyage? What good would that do him? It might cure him. I have a friend who went on an ocean voyage and the first day at sea he gave up everything.

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