

“TIME.”

Time,—that bleak and narrow isthmus between two extremities, rolls on with uniform and resistless velocity. Though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flees as fast in idleness as in employment. No matter what the character of our engagements, the sands run—the moments fly. No respecter of persons, the illimitable, silent, never resting thing pursues its destined course, and leaves behind it well defined marks of its progress. The rich, the poor, the learned, the illiterate, the tyrannical monarch, the oppressed subject, the man of war, the man of business, the big-hearted philanthropist, the mean souled miser, in a word, all men of every kindred and tongue, are alike, subject to its inevitable influences; for time “like an ever rolling flood bears all its sons away.” None, there are, who can bring time back. The keenest remorse is of no avail in the re-calling of a mis-spent hour. Gone once—gone forever. None can hasten the approach of the future. The intensest longing cannot influence the speed of a moment faster than is its wont.

A point of time, a moment, how generally regarded as of comparatively little significance. Yet moments, in their multiplicity, what are they? days, (and yet, how important sometimes is the record of a day?) months, years. As a drop of water is to the mighty depths and broad expanse of ocean, so is the moment in the making up of human life—links in the chain of existence, be it of long or short duration. This multiplicity of moments, these days and months and years have a record. This record is the tale of the past, which we call history, and *to-day* its broad and ample page is rich with the spoils of time.—
Exchange.

Some would-be funny fellows have found a subject of mirth in the dividend checks sent out by the Ottawa Civil Service Co-Operative Supply Association to its members. We fail to see the humor in the matter. The man with the dividend cheque is just that much better off than the fellow without one and if he had done twice as much business at the store during the year his cheque would be just twice as big. No doubt a whole lot of those members who, last year, “didn’t bother” to send or take their orders to the store will become regular customers, now that the return of profits on the amount of purchases is a realised hope.

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a “little fib.”

Anita—“A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie.”

Nelly—“No, it’s not.”

Anita — “Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university.”

Nelly—“I don’t care if he is. My father is a real-estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father.”—The Delineator.