THE MASTERY OF LOVE.

Love was a stranger. Without lock or key
He unlocked my bosom
And took my heart from me. Now my heart is subject
Everywhere I go,
Be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

In a few days and weeks, In a few months or years, Love brought me sorrow, And the salt, salt tears. Oh, Love, come with laughter, Or, Love, come with woe, Deal but gently with the heart That leans upon you so.

The bee's wing is fragile, The lark's egg is small; That you took was little, But it was my all. Bear the captive where you will,
To high estate or low,
But be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

-Dora Read Goodald in Harper's Weekly.

## PHUNNY ECHOES

A

Mrs. Verjnice-Do you admire her playing? Captain Guttergrew-Yes; it drowns her singing.

Greenland has no cats. How thankful the Greenlanders should be. Imagine cats in a country where the nights are six months long.

John, the baby has swallowed your collar stud. Well, for goodness sake, send for the doctor at once. I've got to wear that stud

Doctor-Did you have much of a chill? Fair Patient-It seemed so. Doctor-Did your teeth chatter? Fair Patient-No: they were in my dressing case.

Schoolmaster-Scientists tell us the moon is inhabited. George (from the bottom of then? the class)-Then where do the people go when there is only a half moon?

What ever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket comb? He's as bald as a billiard ball. That's just it. I want to make him think I never noticed it.

A musical dictionary defines a shout to be an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid and small children well punished.

Chemist-Bad to take? Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children, sir, will cry for it. Customer (father of nine, hastily)-Then give me some other preparation, please.

Von Smashkeys-I come next on the programme. What should I play? Pounderthink you'd better play a march. The people are all going out.

Wagaway-So you heard my lectures on Miracles. Do you know what a miracle is, My little girl? Bessie-Oh, yes. My sister said it would be a miracle if you didn't stay for dinner to-day.

Mr. Hooligan-Shure, 'tis a moighty convenient arrangement livin' in wan apartment, Mrs. Finucane. Woi, whin Oi want to go from the dhrawin' room to the shtudio or the kitchen, Oi just stay where Oi am.

Contractor-Did you offer that alderman a hundred pounds, as I directed? Secretary-Yes, sir. How did he act? He looked took the money.

Mrs. Colemigger-I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard out how many times a clock ticked in the course of a year.

It is curious, doctor, that every time I smoke after dinner I have something daz. fect stillness prevails, and in a few mozling in my eyes. What can you do for ments more the village will be so completely that? Eh! said the doctor, with a smile; don't smoke! The patient was nonplussed. He hadn't thought of that.

Little Birdie (nestling up to him)-Tell me how rich you are, will you? Mr. Dashing (good humoredly)-I hardly know myself. Why do you ask? Little Birdie-Well, sister said she'd give a sovereign to know, and I thought I might get it.

Mr. Simpleson is in the habit of punishing his boys very severely. Not long ago he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of trousers. He scolded the boy for wearing out his clothes so fast. Pa, no trousers can last any time the way you hits, replied the son, reproachfully.

Mudge-I'll take those pictures if they are done. Photographer—Yes, sir. You to the only point left open by the troops, understand, of course, that we do not de- who, seeing their comrades falling, wait not liver pictures until they are paid for. for the word of command, but send in a de-What? Why, when I sat for them you told structive fire just as the last of the band, a moving rapidly over the ice. The briefest me I might pay whenever I liked. Yes, but | Cheyenne squaw with babe and child, join that was merely to make you lock pleasant. | the retreat.

The man who stops his paper because something has appeared in its columns of which he does not approve, and does it with an air of regret that it is necessary to drive the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us of the stationmaster who requested an increase of salary and threatened to leave if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story: When I was a young man, said he, I once did as you are doing-I told the superintendent of the line I was then working on what you have told me. He refused my demand and I left; and, would you believe it—that railway line is running yet.

Deceived by Appearances. The most experienced judge of human nature now and then finds himself mistaken. Principal Smith, of the C-school, is considered one of the wisest and kindest of teachers, but watchfulness and incessant vigilance are apt to make him over suspicious at times. In the geography class the other day his eyes fell on a boy who he

thought was eating candy. Jack, said the principal sternly, take that piece of candy out of your mouth immediately, sir. To the teacher's astonishment a titter and a giggle went around the room among the scholars as poor Jack blurted

I can't, sir; it's a gumboil.

He Had Put Up Before.

They had been married since May, and this was in October. He came home in the afternoon, and she met him at the door and took him into the dining room.

Charlie, she began, mysteriously, and he began to shake, before you were married didn't you often put up your overcoat? Yes, darling, he replied, with hesitation

and blushes. And didn't you put up a watch now and

Yes, darling.

And a diamond stud occasionally? Yes, darling.

And you were quite successful at it, were you not, Charlie?

Yes, darling; enough for the purpose. Well, now, Charlie, and he wondered what was coming next, don't you think, with the experience and the success you've had, you could very easily put up that hall stove? She laughed, and he felt so relieved and grateful to her that he went right out and hustled it up without swearing once.

Story of an Editor.

An editor died and slowly wended his way to hell. The devil saw him and said : "For many years thou hast borne the blame for owski (glancing through the curtain)-I the many errors thy printers made in thy papers. Thy paper has failed, alas! For subscriptions were never paid. Thy printers have deviled thee on Saturday eve for wages when thou hadst not a red to thy name. Men nave taken thy paper without paying a cent; yea verily, and cursed thee for not issuing a better. All these things hast thou borne in silence. Thou canst not come in. There will be continual dunning of subscribers (for hell is full of them) and discord will be created in our kingdom. Begone! Heaven is thy home."

Only a Squaw and her Babe.

insulted. What did he say? He said I ing, as the tired troopers, divested of heavy ought to be in jail. What did he do? He | coat, canteen and cup, spurs and sling belt, creep upward through the snow and loose rocks to the place assigned each group along the edge of the bluff that affords protecting as you say. What does he do? Mrs. Pent. shelter from the wintry blast to the little weazle—The last thing he did was to figure | Cheyenne village nestling in the bend of the creek below.

Save the soft crunching of the snow beneath the pressure of hands and knees, persurrounded that escape will be impossible, and daylight will reveal the uselessness of resistance. Then a quick return to the agency must be made, for the thermometer registers twenty-seven below, and even the horses, left for down in the canon, will soon perish for want of shelter.

But the eighty-three miles ride in the touch, and a bit of glary ice brings a trooper and his carbine rattling down among the loose rocks, while the shrill, snapping bark of the Indian dogs awakens the sleepy guard and following this alarm, out from the tepees rush the redskins.

Believing that capture can mean naught else than death, the Indians take deadly aim with their Winchesters, then swiftly retreat

So you have got twins at your house? said A stray bullet shatters the mother's right Mrs. Bezumbe to little Johnny Samuelson. arm, and but for the maiden's quick move-Yes, ma'am, two of 'em. What are you ment, the babe would have fallen. Forging going to call them? Thunder and Light- swiftly ahead, the child does not see the ning. Why, those are strange names to call mother hurled unconscious to the ground by children? Well, that's what pa called 'em a bullet that crashes through the right to rest upon a sufficiently large mass of air, as soon as he heard they were in the house. thigh, and she has almost reached the rocks and moving with sufficient speed horizon-

when a leaden messenger of death touches tally, and your flying machine, so long her heart, and relaxing all hold on the babe, dreamed of and ,so ardently sought, is the little maiden staggers and sinks forward achieved! in a heap on the snow.

Daylight comes quickly, and the stillness that follows this deadly outburst is pierced only by the pitiful cay of the babe stretched for the shelter and warmth of the mother's breast. And then the form of that mother is seen to move forward, worming its way gradually from side to side, and slowly but surely, inch by inch, lessening the distance between self and babe.

Fourteen minutes—an age—have passed, and she has crawled but half the distance. and now lies motionless with her face towards the bluff, An inexpressible agony that finds vent only through her eyes is more than human sight can stand, and dropping his field glasses, a sergeant leaps downward to carry the babe to her side, and-is shot dead before a dozen steps are taken.

The sun's rays bring no warmth, and the piteous cry is growing fainter and fainter. But the mother is again sinking her one hand through the crust of the snow, and dragging her wounded form forward; and reaching the babe, with an almost superhuman effort she rolls over on her back, in the movement divesting herself of the blanket that forms her only outer garment, and drawing the wee tot to her breast, tucks the blanket lovingly around the little body, and folding it in her arm, stills its murmur with a mother's touch. Then she places the fingers of her broken, dangling arm caressinglg on the cold cheek of the little maiden.

When the Indians, chilled and heartbroken, raise a flag of truce, the soldiers hurry to the mother's side. But the baby's lips are tightly frozen to the icy breast, and mother and babe and little sister have crossed the Last Range.—Dorothy Dayda in N. Y. Evening Post.

The Appeal to Single Combat.

A certain lord had a board put up on some land belonging to him, with an inscription thereon to the effect that trespassers would be prosecuted. On taking a walk early one morning, he came across some newly made footmarks, which he followed up, and eventually overtook the trespasser, who turned out to be a navvy, whereupon the following conversation took place:

My man, do you know you are trespassing on my land? said the lord.

Oh, said the navvy, is this your land?

Ah! And where did you get it from? My father left it to me.

And where did your father get it from? My grandfather left it to him. And where did your grandfather get it

Confound your impertinence! said the lord. My ancestors fought for it. Oh, did they, answered the navvy, pulling

off his coat and rolling up his sleeves; well, I don't mind fighting you for it.

The noble lord suddenly remembered that he had another engagement.

Flying Machines.

There is nothing to prevent man from flying, like the eagle of the Alps or the condor of the Andes, except his want of inventive skill; and if the signs be true, this will not The first faint trace of daylight is appear- very much longer prevent the desired con summation.

> Man will never poise himself in the air like the dragon fly, nor zigzag through it like the swallow. Nevertheless there appears to be no adequate reason why he should not, some fine Fourth of July, as-

"the nation An' all creation By flyin' over the celebration,"

if he can only devise a motor, with the necessary accessories, which will not add too much to his own weight. But even great additional weight will not be an insurmountable obstacle, provided a sufficiently rapid motion can be attained.

It takes time for the greatest power to move the smallest mass; that is to say, if a force were applied for only an instant (i. e., a point of time) to a mass, it would move it stinging cold has benumbed the sense of in that instant. If, then, a great weight should press for only an instant against a small resistance—as that of the air—it would for that instant be sustained. As it moved from mass to mass it would not have time to fall through any one of them. Of course, this condition can be reached only approximately; but the closer the approximation, the less uplifting power would be required in the motor.

The principle is strikingly illustrated by Mr. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, by comparing such a mass to a skater pause or diminution of his speed, and his support would instantly yield; but it is only necessary for him to move fast enough to

glide over a film as thin as tissue paper. Here, then, is the problem of ærial navigation theoretically solved. Given a mass of any size or weight, spread laterally so as

Such is, or is to be, Professor Langley's Aeroplane, the realization of the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights." May Fortune and his happy genius bring speedy on the icy crust, and helplessly appealing success !- Julian St. Botolphe in North American Review.

At the Flame of a Candle.

One who looked the crowd over as we waited for the train would not have set us down as hard-hearted and indifferent, but so we proved to be, as a young girl not over 13 years of age, leading an old man who was stone blind and very feeble, passed slowly around the room soliciting alms. They got a penny here and there, but even those coins seemed to be given out grudgingly, and those who gave nothing consoled themselves with the reflection that the pair were frauds and really needed no financial assistance.

When they had made the tour of the room, the girl led the old man to a seat in the corner, and after a few words had passed between them they began singing a hymn. She had a wonderful voice for a child, clear and sweet, and his was a deep bass. The hymn was that entitled "Nearer, My God, to Thee." You have heard it by a full choir, accompanied by the strains of a grand organ, but you never listened so intently as we did there. There was a plaint in that girl's voice that touched a chord, and there was a quaver in the old man's bass which saddened you. They sang low and soft, and they had not finished a verse when half of is were standing up to see them better.

The girl kept her eyes on the floor at her feet. The sightless eyas of the old man-her father-were raised to the ceiling, and over his wrinkled face crept a glad smile as they finished the chorus:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee— Nearer to Thee."

The hymn was not finished when every man began feeling for a contribution, and women opened their portemonnaies. It was different now. They were no longer frauds, and every one was glad to give something. Two or three were ready to move about to take up a collection, but they waited for the end of the hymn. When it came to the chorus of the last verse the old man was singing bravely. Half way through his voice suddenly choked and the last two lines were sung by the girl alone, and died away in a sob and cry. All of us saw the old man's head drop forward and his body lurch. He would have fallen to the floor had not the girl seized him and held him up. A dozen of us were there in a moment, but we were too late. The old man's life had gone out as you breathe upon the flame of a candle, and on his ashen lips still trembled the sacred notes of the refrain:

"Nearer to Thee."

-New York Sun,

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