

"DON'T BE A CLAM."

A CLAM DON'T KNOW MUCH. You can't learn them. All they do know is that they are unhappy at low tide. There are two classes of people in this world—those who believe in Co-operation and those who don't.

Who are the Successful, and Who Become Rich?

You have often heard it said there is one opportunity in every man's career, if he but see and grasp the opportunity. We believe this and far more; we believe there are many opportunities in every man's career; we believe those who are quick to see and grasp these opportunities are the successful ones; we believe that these same successful ones become rich. If you remain blind to every opportunity, you will never succeed. You don't want a house to fall on you or an earthquake shock to arouse your senses to action, or are you waiting in vain hope of some legacy from England? If so, you are a failure; you can't be successful. But if you see the opportunities offered by the Canadian Co-operative Supply Company, take hold with a will; you are sure to be pleased. With thanks to our many customers for their liberal support, we cordially invite all to join our Clubs, with the assurance that it will open pleasant and lasting relations to the mutual advantage and interest of both. Yours very truly,

THE CANADIAN CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY COMPANY,

NO. 60 YATES ST., VICTORIA.

P. J. NOLAN, Manager.

We are the original inaugurators of Low Prices,

THE TIRELESS TOILERS FOR TRADE.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

SOMETIMES go to church. Naturally anyone will imagine my object is in search of spiritual comfort, encouragement in the battle of life, or to hear some edifying discourse. But what do I actually hear nine times out of the ten times I happen to attend? Last Sunday was an instance. I strolled into the Methodist Church, thinking I would like to hear Mr. Watson. That gentleman preached mainly on the quarterly statement of the church. He said something incidentally about some impossible coincident of a dream and the death of a dear friend, neither of which had the remotest connection with the gospel; but the burden of his discourse was money, money, money; and all for the church. Let the children go barefoot; forego your Sunday dinner; pawn your clothes; go in debt, but don't see the church in debt on any consideration. "Give, give,

give," was the cry. Mr. Watson made a capital budget speech of a finance minister with a deficit, but there were no "glad tidings of good will to men" in his discourse, and I came away sick and disappointed. Why is it that, no matter what church I go to, the minister meets me at the door, crying, "Give to the Lord; give freely; give always?" I am not mean, and I do give as much as I can afford; but why this persistent, irrepressible begging?

Speaking of churches brings to mind a fact of which I am painfully conscious every time I attend service, no matter where. I refer to the complete absence of anything like a decent choir. As to organists, those in Victoria are an abomination. One may be excepted. That is Mr. Pauline, of Christ Church Cathedral. He, though, would appear to better advantage had he anything like a choir, although, with the material at his command, Mr. Herbert Kent, the leader, does remarkably well. There was a great hubbub a short time since about the flagrant immorality of the city of Victoria; but when one comes down to hard facts there is very

little attraction in the churches. The speakers, taken as a whole, are far from brilliant, and the number of our learned men among the ministry here is confined to two or three. The music is atrociously bad, and with these two discomforts, with the additional one of begging appeals, there is very small inducement for one to spend four or five hours of the day of rest in church. Not that I would advise anyone, under the circumstances, to seek the opposite diversion of dissipation or vice. But, preachers, up and make church attractive, inviting, pleasant, if you will, and the people will go; otherwise, all the terrors of eternal banishment from the Divine presence will not coerce them into going to church.

There was an amusing instance in the County Court just closed, and I was surprised to see that one of the local papers had the temerity to report the case. It was about a Poodle Dog supper partaken of by some of our young English bloods who wanted to make an impression of princeliness on some theatrical ladies. There was fun in the court at the hearing; mine host