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the Empress City, practically no winter, sunshine all the year round. The city of flowers, beauty and climate. The eyes of the World are on Victoria, and the investor that puts his money in Victoria real estate is going to make money.

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Five-room newly furnished cottage, lot 50 ft. x 135 ft., pretty design, cottage less than 3 years old; Oak Bay district and close to car line. Ren. ed for \$22.50 per month. Price \$2,250.00; terms \$600 cash.

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Pretty cottage, 5 rooms, 5 minutes walk of post office, 4 years old, extra well built, modern in every respect, adjoining business property held at \$5,000 a lot. Price with lot 30 ft. x 120 ft. \$3,100; terms \$1,000 cash.

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Victoria, B.C.

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Nice Homes in Victoria
from \$2,000 to \$30,000.

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'n' not one o' the danglin' things is broke."

But my mother only lay back again, and resumed her unseeing stare at the ceiling. By and by, however, when I got up and began moving around the room, she became more like herself, and permitted us to dress her in one of Mrs. Might's gowns, for her own had all been burned; and then she went downstairs and into the room where my father lay.

Oh, it was a weary sight to see her there, she, who had sobbed her heart out over Sandy Dodd, shedding never a tear over the one whom she had worshipped, but sitting there, with that awful look in her eyes, rocking all the time, and looking up with a perplexed smile that died on her lips before it was well formed, when anyone spoke to her.

When old Chris came the women hoped she would cry, but she did not, even when he stood at the head of the coffin shaking his old head, and talking to himself in his real sorrow.

"It's a grand man ye were, Robert Mallory, though there was them that misjudged ye. An honest man ye were, 'n' just. Aye, it was justice were the prop o' yer life, 'n' if anyone ever called ye hard it was jist because ye wanted others to be jist to you as you were to them. Ye never wronged anybody, no not be the half of a farthin', 'n' ye couldn't stand meanness 'n' trickery. 'N' ye were a good friend to me. 'n' to the poor, 'n' to them that was in any kind o' need. 'N' the good Lord'll not forget it to ye now, that he won't!"

But when Henry Carmichael came in, my mother became a different woman. In some way she seemed to hold him responsible for my father's death, though the doctor had pronounced it due to heart-disease aggravated by unusual exertion at the time of the fire; and as soon as she saw him her face hardened, and the terrified, child-like look all left to make room for one of defiance and hate.

Getting up from her chair, and standing there very erectly, she said to him:

"Don't ye come in here, Henry Carmichael! You who was an enemy to my man since ever he knew ye, even to his dyin' breath! We're beholdin' to ye fer carryin' him in last night, though it's a sore sorrow to me that 'twas your arms were the last to be around him after what the sight o' ye done. But mark ye this, Henry Carmichael—from this day see that ye keep away from me and mine."

And without a word Henry Carmichael left the room.

(To be continued).

HOW CECIL RHODES GOT EVEN WITH KIPLING.

Kipling's recent visit to this country recalls an old story of him that once amused the London clubs and which was cabled to Canada at the time. It is a story of a trick he played on the late Cecil Rhodes and the way Rhodes more than got even. It may not have been a true story—lots of the best ones are not—but it is as true as when first told.

Kipling and Rhodes were fellow passengers on a Cape railway train bound toward Kimberley. Up to the moment of departure from Cape Town, Rhodes had been busy sending despatches, and it fell on the lot of the poet to book their seat and berths. The author is a man of boyish build; the empire builder is a ponderous man and has decided aversion to sleeping in a top berth. Knowing this the poet determined to have fun at the expense of the man of destiny. When that night the ex-premier found that he had been assigned to an upper berth his rage was great. He pleaded with the agile Kipling to exchange with him, but the poet, with a sardonic smile, assured Rhodes that he could not think of exalting himself above so mighty an imperialist, and so the bulky statesman had to climb laboriously to bed.

After midnight the train stopped at a small station on the desolate Karoo and the wife of a colonial officer got aboard. When she discovered that, notwithstanding her telegram, no reservation had been made for her, she lifted up her voice in a loud protest.

The commotion awakened Rhodes, who thrust his head out between the curtains and demanded to know the cause of the disturbance.

"I am the wife of Colonel—," she exclaimed, "and although I wired for a berth none has been saved for me."

"That's all right," thundered the Colossus, "my little boy is occupying the berth just below mine; turn in there with him."

The lady was appeased and proceeded to take advantage of the offer. Presently there was an insurrection in the lower berth.

"Now don't cry and make a fuss," the lady was heard to say, "your father told me I might sleep here."

"Madam," gasped the author of "The Jungle Book," "do you know who I am?"

"You are the little son of the gentleman in the upper berth, are you not?" faltered the now startled woman, peering into the dark compartment.

"Nothing of the sort," roared the poet, "I am Mr. Rudyard—"

Before he could confess further the frightened woman fled to another car. The upper berth shook with convulsive appreciation as the poet, with a mingling vocabulary of several tongues, berated the South African statesman.

"Ring off on the cuss words and swear," exclaimed Rhodes from his altitude of mirth, "and give us something about a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

But with picturesque wrath Kipling stuck to his impromptu programme.

A certain absent-minded professor, who was a deep thinker, and consequently pre-occupied, was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached, and touching him on the shoulder remarked softly, "Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go upstairs and put on your other coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see what detained her husband. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners!" he said, when she awakened him. "I must have forgotten what I came up for, for when I removed my coat I kept on undressing and went straight to bed."

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying.

"Why, sir," cried the Egyptologist, "we find remains of wires in Egypt, which prove they understood electricity!"

"Pshaw!" answered the Assyriologist, "we don't find any wires in Assyria, and that shows that they understood wireless telegraphy."

"My husband always writes me a long letter every day when he goes away from home."

"Dear me! What can he find to write about?"

"Oh, generally, he tells me about the old ladies he meets. It's the most singular thing in the world. Do you know, it always happens somehow that real old ladies are the only kind he ever meets on his travels."—Chicago Record Herald.

Two ladies of the market were wrangling. Having used up all the usual names and insults one virago burst out with: "Get out of it, you Chicago canned meat."—Echo de Paris.

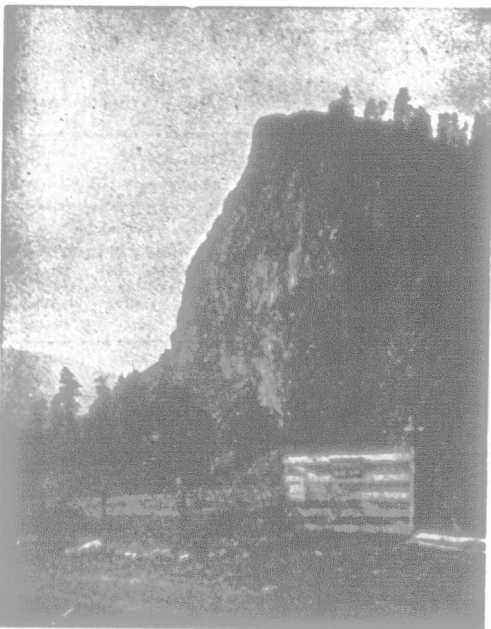
An early morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw. "I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."



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DOCTORS THOUGHT

BABY WAS CONSUMPTIVE.

A LETTER TO ANXIOUS MOTHERS

is written by Mrs. F. W. Kittle, of Kirkdale, P.Q., who says, "My little 4-year-old boy suffered since he was 18 months old from a bad leg. I tried many salves and had doctors attend him, but none did him any good. The doctors told me it was in the blood, and he was in consumption. I only wish now I had had more faith in Zam-Buk, for it immediately healed the boy's leg. He is now nearly 4 years old and looks far from being consumptive. He is now a strong, healthy boy, thanks to Zam-Buk. I hope this letter will help a good many anxious mothers."

Mothers Take Heart. Don't be discouraged because everything has failed to heal your child until you have tried Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is Nature's Healing Balm, and quickly overcomes and removes all skin diseases. It is equally good for young and old.

For all skin diseases Zam-Buk is without equal, it cures ulcers, festering sores, ringworm, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, boils, eczema, etc., etc. All stores and druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50 cents a box, or post-paid from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 3 boxes, \$1.25.