

## GOOD GOODS

IN SMALL PACKAGES

(Selected by L. T.)

When mischief moves Titania's naughty fairies,  
They pelt the royal swans, in elvish glee,  
With any flowers that suit their wild vagaries—  
And that's about the way you're teasing me.

Yet while some marigolds have nubby centres,  
And thorns may hedge a straight-flung rose or two,  
The stately birds ignore their bad tormentors—  
And that's about the way I do with you.

The swans don't match complaints with one another,  
Nor flap beruffled wings and make a fuss;  
For swans and fairies understand each other—  
And that's about the way it is with us.

—Arthur Guiterman in "The Delineator."

Two tramps were discussing their personal appearance.  
One was smooth-faced and the other had a huge beard.

The first one remarked: "I useter have a beard like that  
till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

"Better have left it on, mate," returned the bearded one  
mildly. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the  
glass. Then I growed this 'ere beard."

—"Ladies' Home Journal."

Of course, scientists can explain the echo fully. They  
say it is merely a matter of air vibration, confined in a  
sounding pocket where it reverberates back and forth.

But that is not the echo at all. The echo is the voice of  
Providence.

The sailor cannot see, cannot feel, cannot smell or taste  
his way along. All about him is heavy, wet, sea fog. So  
he pulls a cord, releases his whistle and the sound, piercing  
through the mist, asks for him "Where am I?"

Then the voice of Almighty God, speaking from the hills,  
or a mill or a big rock, or the North Vancouver ferry,  
answers back and tells the sailor just where he is heading.

Men should take an echo sometimes, too.

They should send out a call against the hills, or among  
their fellow men and enquire where they are bound.

There would be less moral and physical wrecks if men  
would do that. For most people do not ruin themselves  
consciously. It is just that they don't know where they  
stand.—From an Editorial in "The Vancouver Sun."

### Letter From Customer in Texas

Send me your catalog of tombstones. I am going to be  
in the market for several tombstones this year, and say,  
could you enclose one No. 4 buckshot in with the catalog  
for a sample, as I have a rifle that looks to be that size and  
I will send you an order for six pounds of round bullets.  
Time for several to duck.—"Everybody's."

Always after having establishd—or re established—this  
picture of Fanny Hurst, I read a new Fanny Hurst story.

And then invariably, I begin to ask myself questions.

Where in that cool forest mind comes that crowd of old  
Jewish fathers and mothers whose sorrows wring our hearts?  
Surely this child eyed girl was in her early twenties when  
she began to tell us of old age. Whence comes that intimate  
knowledge of the poor; their pathetic makeshifts, their tragic

compromises? Surely this sumptuous girl has never shaken  
hands with poverty. Whence comes that understanding of  
the criminal mind—violent impulse—quaking regret? Surely  
this calm-faced girl has never gazed on vice. And above  
all, whence comes that extraordinary fecundity of detail?

Are there hidden in the green heart of the forest-mind,  
invincible cities, teeming with life? If so—when did this  
girl-architect build them? Are there hidden away in in-  
numerable caverns, bales and boxes and bushels of data?  
If so, when did this girl-pirate scuttle the ship of life and  
loot it of its cargo?—Inez Hayes Irwin in "The Bookman."

One difficulty about choosing a husband is that now most  
men are clean shaven. This is much more of a disguise than  
all the rouge and powder women use to enhance their  
beauty. Very few women would marry some of the men  
they do marry if they had seen them with faces untrimmed  
and unshaven. Their beards tell the truth about them. This  
is why they have become slaves to the razor. They are not  
good-looking, not a single one of them born into this world;  
quite the contrary.

Take courage from Nature's sweet and boastful candor,  
and believe in your face as she does. It helps.

—"Ladies' Home Journal."

### THE EASY CHAIR

To lounge by one's  
bookshelf in a chair  
made to ease the mind  
as well as rest the  
body—after a trying  
day, what greater re-  
ward?

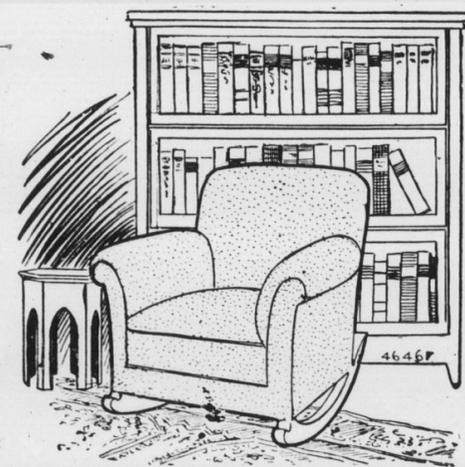
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