

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 grewed 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?

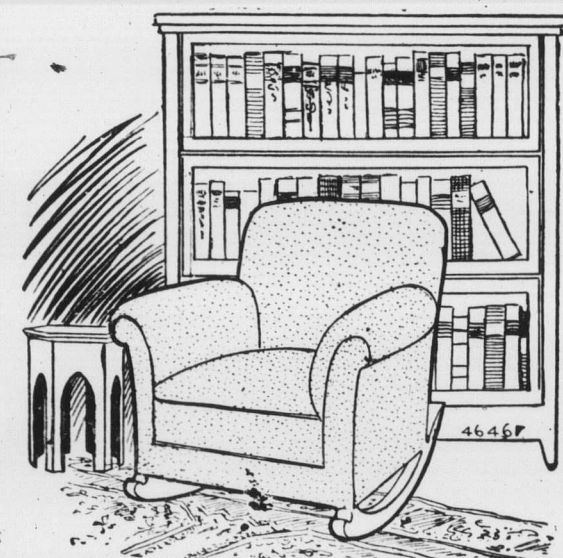
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