# SWEWS AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SWEWS

Tuesday, December 11, 1906.

LOST CON Nov. 18th, lemon and white ter, answering to the name of anger." Notify Mrs. Frank Camp. 1, 731/2 Government street.

59 Johnson St., Victoria, B.C.

MISCELLANEOUS WILL LIKE IT — French violets, nty perfume powder, beautiful packet; iday gift. Try one, 10 cents. Boston mical Co., Bridgeport, Conn. n28

WANTED-MALE OR FEMALE P WANTED-MALE On TED Men and Women to learn bar. trade. Wages while learning. Eight eks required. Catalogue free. Moler ks required. Carral street, Vancounts

HELP WANTED

PER WEEK, BOARD AND ses to person of energy and good racter. The John C. Winston Co., Toronto. TED—For the new year by the School stees of the Municipality of North vicinan, three trained certificated chers at \$50 per month. Applications he copies of testimonials to be address-Jas. Norcross, Secretary, Duncan. n30

OULTRY AND LIVESTOCK

SALE—Shetland pony, cart, harness side saddle. Apply 73 Menzies St. SALE—Fresh cow and calf; good ter. Apply 145 Superior Street. o 12 PPSHIRE RAMS—A limited number good range rams on hand, also some I grown ram lambs. G. H. Hadwen,

SALE Span farm horses, wagon, iess, few good roadsters, buggles, s and wagons; house and acre land room house to let, centrally located by I. J. J. Fishes, Carriage Shop, e street.

e street.

SALE—First class helfer, just fresh, r gentle; also family cow, good milk; gentle. Can be seen after 3 p. m. semyer, Fraser street (take Esquitcar).

FED: Young boar fit to serve. Give weight, breed and lowest price. Ad-s J. D., Cobble Hill, E. & N. Ry. n20 SALE-Lot of Nice Jersey Heifers.

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## NOTICE

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sh to inform their numerous trons that they have in stock a I line of

Satin Finish English Enamel and American Onyx Tiles Latest Old and New Styles in antels. Full Sets of Antique Fire Irons and Fenders pled from designs that were in use during the 17th century. We also carry Lime Cement Plas-of Paris Building and Fire ick, Fire Clay. Please call and pect our stock before deciding.

the Teeth For the Hair For the Hands the Nails For the Bath For the Clothes For the Hat

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY.

RUSH. BOWES Chemist,

GOVERNMENT ST. Near Yates Street.

whom he has conversed puts a meaning upon the words that he is unable to justify to himself. Remember that the best expressed creed is only a device in words to express what is beyond words. The limitations of language are narrow, as is shown by the fact that every day new words must be invented to enable men to express themselves accurately about the greater part of the carth's surface is covered with

COLLEGATION

1. SECURITY

1. SE imitation of language are nervey, as for the support of the control of language are nervey, as for the control of language are nervey as for the control of language are nervey as for the control of language are nervey as for the control of language and a reason for this control of language and a reason for this control of language and the control of language and language an

## CURRENT VERSE

From the Washington Star.

The cynic vows of bitter tongue:

"Some day the songs will all be sung.
This world of ours at last we'll
Bereft of everything that's new!"
In sooth, Sir Cynic, don't you know
That all this happened long ago?
The breeze which through the sedges
Swept.

Where savage loves their trysting kept
In days primeval, did inspire
The love song of the heart's desire,
And when a rival met his fate,
The song of toumph and of hate
That still resounds in martial tones
Was intermingled with his groams,
The songs of penitence and priest
Are echoings from far away
In some remote ancestral day.
For other songs we strive in vain,
We can but sing these o'er again.

## THE REASON.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I never shall feel her light hand in my hair. As of yore,
On the Baicony small that was made for us two
And no more!

I have lost her? you venture to ask. Not at all I declare
She's as faithful and fond as of old. What I've lost
Is the hair.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

Who Would Woo by Rule? Now who would woo by rule?
And who would woo by rote?
He that were such a fool
Should wear a motley coat,

I said unto my sweet,
"You are my morning glow;
Before your joyous feet
The tides of singing go.

"I find you in the flower— Rose, Miy, aster-flame; You bring to every hour A rapture without name,

"Your grace is in the cloud That floats above the earth; No wind voice speaks aloud That echoes not your mires

"I feel your gentlaness , In rain on quiet eves, And your desired caress In the soft touch of leaves."

My sweet's eyes were as fair
As twilight tide. Said she,
"No motley, sir, you wear,
But love's true livery!"
—Clinton Scollard.

### THE DREAD ALLY.

Hark ye, restless race of men,
Mothered of the earth,
Ye that span the five broad zones
And the planet's girth—
Who, one world having conquered
To new world's aspire,
Hearken and give ear to me;
I who speak am fire.

Once ye men were as the beasts
Ere ye yet knew me...
Now ye build upon the land,
Fare the sounding sea.
Deep ye delve your daring mines,
Earth's big bones ye bare...
And we have the lightning yoked,
Stolen from the air.

Water turns your milling wheels, Bears your argosiese; Earth and air, and water serve— Ye have mastered these. One there is ye must obey, Fen while ye dety; Me ye use, ye cannot tame— Servant-Master, I.

Your bread I bake, I warm you,
And I give you steam,
Toll for you, and moll for you,
As ye dream the dream.
But, when the demon in me
Sudden stirs to wrath,
Ye are helpless, hopeless—ants
In a glants path.

Fierce the flame, and famine m Sowing ruin's seed, Desolates the temples reared . To your great god, Greed. Senate halls and homes of art, Mighty marts of trade, Hovels, palaces alike, Are in tribute paid,

So ye men must fear me still, E'en while ye defy; Me ye use, but cannot tame— Servant-Master, I.

Y need we argue?
'Tis absurd,
This letterlessness
Of a word.

What's simpligraphics
But a yle
To lure us to a
Newer style?

Perhaps unysly— Who shall say The old is not the Better way?

But ys or other-ys, it seems A rude awakening From our dream. It's most seditious; Full of strife That leads to parting Man and yfe.

Y should the simpli-Graphic swipe, To certain letters Give the ype?

Y? Y? we ask, and
Still we cry:
Does anybody
Know just Y?
—W. J. Lampton.