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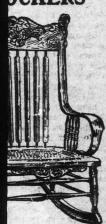
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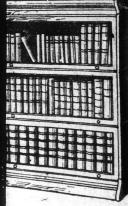
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20 Cln Hour with the Editor 2

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

A correspondent says that a good many people are thinking on religious matters along lines that have been followed in articles printed on this page, and he asks if they would be permitted to have letters printed in the Colonist. The columns of a newspaper are open to any person, who has views which are interesting or novel, provided they are not unprofitably contentious. This rule bars anything of a sectarian character or anything which is calculated to offend any one in his religious belief. Too many people are ant to go to extremes in a matter of this kind, and if correspondents have any views which they care to express they must understand that their letters will be closely scrutinized, and that anything disputatious r offensive will not be printed.

There is a great deal of thinking now going on all over the world on religious matters, a great breaking away from old definitions, a marked disposition to question all ecclesiastical authority. Accompanying this there is developing a broader charity. This revolt against authority and precedent is by no means confined to religious matters, but is apparent in other directions. A recent writer has protested against an adherence to the principles of the Common Law, claiming that it is unreasonable to attempt to regulate society in the Twentieth Century by principles accepted and precedents established in the Fifteenth. This presupposes that the rules of right and wrong have changed with the improvements brought about by human ingenuity-a proposition which cannot be sustained. Neither can it be successfully maintained that the true principles of religion are in any way ifferent to what they were at any previous age of the world; but just as the Common Law has been broadened by precedent so as to make it fit new social conditions, so it seems to be evident that religious dogmas must be varied to conform to the better knowledge of material creation and the wider dissemination of learning. Each generation will interpret religious truths in its own way, just as each generation adapts the Common Law to its own requirements, and as the subtle mind of a trained lawyer can trace the evolution of a legal principle, so, if we could eliminate sectarian prejudices, it might be ossible to trace the evolution of religious thought

and find no flaw in it.

The tendency of religious thought today is towards the simplification of statements of belief, and to get closer to the literal meaning of the teachings of Christ and His apostles. Accepting the New Testament narrative as substantially correct in all essential details, it seems very clear that the Apostles accepted what Christ said literally, and expected what they said to be accepted literally. They made no tempt to interpret "spiritually" teachings, which on the face appeared to mean exactly what they said. Christ taught that they could do certain things by faith; the Apostles exercised their faith and did those things. If none of us can do those things now, the change must be in us, for there can be no change in the principles of truth. Hence the nearer we can get to the view point of the Apostles the nearer we will lizing the meaning of Christ's teachings. The trend of modern religious thought seems to be in that direction, and hence such thought ought to be encouraged, and be directed, rather than opposed, by those who make the religious guidance of their fel-

lows a profession.

Much has been said recently of church union, but there appear to be insuperable difficulties in the way of a union of organization, although in what are regarded as essentials there is already great harmony. The variations between the tenets of religious bodies are due to the same causes as bring about a divergency of opinion in other departments of thought.
Strong men reach certain conclusions and teach certain things, and they are able to attract adherents and hold them together in the form of religious organizations. This is the case in all branches of the Christian Church. It explains the existence of the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church, the Anglican Church, the Lutheran Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, and all the other less prominent religious organiza-tions. None of these differ materially upon the vital human conduct; perhaps it may be said that they do not differ at all. But the human mind cannot be shackled. Men, if they think at all, will accept those teachings which commend themselves most to their intelligence. It does not follow from this that they therefore condemn what appeals to the intelligence of others and not to theirs. A demand for freedom of thought for ourselves necessitates that we shall accord a like freedom to others. Hence in discussing topics bearing upon religious themes the utmost charity towards the views of others ought to be hibited, and nothing approaching levity or unkindness ought to be indulged in.

WHEN IT FIRST WAS COLD

Did it ever occur to you that there was a time in the history of mankind when cold was unknown? While no one can say he is absolutely certain on this point, the weight of evidence is undoubtedly to that effect. Certainly there was a time in the history the world when the temperature never reached the freezing point, the only open question being whether at that time mankind lived upon the earth, and there is very strong evidence that he did. Those, who have followed what has been said in regard to the Glacial Period in these columns, will recall, perhaps, the reans cited in favor of the contention that this was not at such a remote point in time as was at one time thought and they may possibly remember the allusions that have been made to facts, which apparently demonstrate that men lived before the Glacial Period. Accepting this as established, it follows that at the time when it first was cold there were men to observe the unprecedented phenomenon. One might without any very great stretch of the imagina conceive of the surprise felt by human beings when it became necessary for the first time to seek ans of producing warmth, when first foliage and flowers withered "with the north wind's breath," first a thin coating of ice was found upon the pools of water and when the first snow-flakes were seen in the air. If the change was gradual men would have by degrees accustomed themselves to it; but there is some evidence to the effect that it was not gradual, namely the existence of the mammoths in the Siberian ice, their flesh in a perfect state of pre-servation. This indicates a sudden fall in temperature. On the whole, however, the evidence seems to out the theory that the refrigeration was gradual, and continued to increase in intensity until as far south as the 50th degree of latitude, that is the latitude of London, the climatic conditions were about the same as they are today in North Greenland. Previous to this change in climate, the conditions prevalling in high northern latitudes was utterly different from those now obtaining there. The thickness of the ice-covering of the northern lands makes any thorough examination of the rocks impossible, yet thorough examination of the rocks impossible, yet in Greenland in 70 deg. N., 137 species of plants have been found, including 36 species of cone-bearing trees, besides beeches, oaks, poplars, maples, walnuts, limes, magnolias and others now found only in subtropical regions. The fruit of such of these plants as hore fruit has been found in all stages of maturity. bore fruit has been found in all stages of maturity, showing that the plants grew where their fossil re-

mains have been found. A similar number of species of the same nature have been found in Spitzbergen, and the discovery of a vast coal deposit 30 feet in thickness in latitude 81 deg. N. testifies to the existence there at one time of a very abundant vegetation. Says Archibald Geikie, Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain: "In addition to these terrestrial trees and shrubs the stagnant waters of the time bore water-lilies, while their banks were clothed with reeds and sedges. When we remember that this vegetation grew luxuriantly within 8 deg. 15 min. of the Pole, in a region which is now darkness for half the year, and is almost continuously buried under snow and ice, we can realize the difficulty of the problem in the distribution of climate which these

facts present to the geologist." When the cold once began, it probably was not continuous. The evidence rather is to the effect that it was interrupted by periods of moderate temperature, nevertheless the fact may be considered as established that a period of prolonged cold occurred not very long before the beginning of historic times, and that the traditions of mankind extend back to it, and even behind it. No satisfactory explanation of this great climatic change has ever been suggested; but then no satisfactory explanations of the changes in temperature, which occur at the present time can be offered. It is easy enough to understand why it should be cold in the winter and warm in the sum mer. The inclination of the earth's axis explains this. Why we should have severe cold spells one year, and in a corresponding period in other years should have moderate temperature is a question which meteorological science is yet unable to solve.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XL. The two events, which more than any others influenced the history of the world during the Nine-teenth Century, were the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Since Capt. Mahon, of the United States navy, wrote his famous book on Sea Power in History, it has become the fashion to regard Trafalgar as the more important of these conflicts, and hence exalt Nelson to the highest place as the savior of Europe from an all-powerful autocracy. But the victors in both battles were Britons, and however foreign writers may feel called upon to weigh their relative claims to glory and to the gratitude of the world, we who in some measure can call their fame our own and who can feel an equal pride in the achievements of both of them, need indulge in no speculations as to which of them the more is due. We shall consider Nelson first because his greatest achievement preceded that of Britain's greatest soldier, not because it is to be regarded as either the less or the more

Burnham, Thorpe, Norfolk. He was therefore eleven years of age when Napoleon first saw light. He began his naval career at the age of thirteen. He fell at Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, his life thus extending just a little over forty-seven years. The determination of matters of policy never fell to this great sailor. It was his part to give effect to the policy adopted by others. Only in the manner of giving effect to such policies was he at liberty to use his own initiative. He did not both plan and execute, as did most of those whose careers have been sketched in this series, but it sometimes happens that the responsibility for the success of a policy rests more upon the man of action, who is chosen to carry it into effect, than upon the statesman who plans it. If ever this were true of any man, it was of Nelson, for in more than one critical hour his courage and resolution, which seemed almost prophetic, led to results, the influences of which are felt to this day. This remarkable quality was first exhibited in a conspicuous manner at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, when in direct disobedience to the orders of Sir John Jervis he executed a daring and difficult manoeuvre, which made that day one of glorious success for the British fleet. At the Battle of the Nue he violated all naval precedents and achieved a victory, which in point of completeness stood unrivalled until Togo gained his reproductly platford over the Bussley fleet. The transfer of the completeness and achieved a victory which in point of completeness stood unrivalled until Togo gained his wonderful victory over the Russian fleet. The two achievements cannot be compared otherwise, for th Japanese victory was only the result of exceptionally good target practice, while Nelson's victory was won by unequalled genius and unsurpassed daring. The same quality was shown at Copenhagen, where he was second in command to Sir Hugh Parker. On this occasion he risked his fame, his standing in the navy and his whole future career upon an act of direct disobedience to his superior officer. There was some-thing more than chance or rashness in such acts as They show the appreciation of a critical hour. If he had not foreseen that the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir was necessary to the com-plete overthrow of Napoleon's plans he would hardly have risked the unprecedented movement by which he accomplished this result, for although two of the enemy's ships escaped, the naval power of France in the Mediterranean was to all intents and purposes annihiliated. If the victory had been less complete, the history of Southern Europe, Northern Africa and Eastern Asia might have been very different. Ne by this victory completely thwarted the most ambitious of Napoleon's designs. At Copenhagen his glorious disobedience broke the sea-power of Den-mark and prevented a coalition of that power with Sweden and Norway. If this had been consummated and the fleets of the northern kingdoms had acted in co-operation with those of France and Spain, the chances are that there would have been no Trafalgar and even if Britain had escaped invasion, the Berlin , whereby Napoleon sought to crush the commerce of the United Kingdom, might have been effectual for their purpose. Therefore, if we leave his last great victory out of the story, we see that Nelson by the daring of his genius influenced the whole

course of history. There is no need to tell the story of Trafalgar. On that memorable day Nelson set the crown upon his own glorious record and destroyed the naval power of France and Spain. His heart ceased to beat in the very moment of victory, but he left to his country a legacy of naval supremacy, which for more than a century has remained unsurpassed. If we think for a moment upon what this supremacy has meant to the world, we will surely not hesitate to ascribe to Nelson an honored place among the Mak-

Of the personal character of Nelson it is not ne cessary to say much. He was sickly and his physical weakness undoubtedly had its influence upon his whole nature. He was extremely sensitive and in certain respects deeply religious. No one attempts to defend his treatment of his wife or to justify his relations with Lady Hamilton. The best that can be said in this regard is that the remarkable adventuress, who so completely enthralled him, was a wo-man of powers of fascination quite beyond the common. Her life story, while it can hardly be as afford an excuse for Nelson's conduct, at least affords an explanation of it. With all his courage, he wa among the most gentle of men; ready to take and to expect those under him to take any risk in the ho of battle, he was on other occasion his subordinates to the point of affection. All who

knew him loved him.

Nelson's titles were Baron Nelson of the Nile and

Duke of Bronte, the latter having been conferred upon him by the King of Naples. His popularity with the people of England was unbounded.

The Birth of the Nations

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE GERMAN'S EARLY CIVILIZATION

In the year 400 B. C., long before Rome had at-

tained the power and opulence that later made her mistress of the world, the population of that country was composed of fugitives from other parts of the globe. They had formed a republic after the plan of the republics of Greece, and the mixture of the different peoples had resulted in a race hardy and strong. Nevertheless they stood in great fear of the northern barbarians as they termed the German tribes, holding the wild huntsmen in superstitious dread, believing them to have superhuman powers, and to possess a strength almost omnipotent. When two tribes, the Semones and the Boli entered Italy, attracted by the geniality of the climate, the Romans were perforce content to allow them to remain un-molested as long as they did not take the offensive against them. This instance is the first that German history records of any contact between these savages and a civilized people. The old story is worth re-peating. A representative of the sunny clime, laden dicious cargo of grapes and other fruits, had in travelling along the upper Danube met with some members of the two border tribes. He gave them the fruit and described in such glowing terms the charms of his land, that, his stories being repeated, the bar or his land, that, his stories being repeated, the bar-barians knowing no will beyond their own, and tak-ing no thought except to gratify their desire, de-termined to possess the wonderful country to the south. They chose as their leader, one Brennus, a man of enormous strength and stature, and, elevating him upon their shields as was the custom, marched towards the land of desire many thousands strong. They crossed the snow-clad Alps; and, seeing the smiling country below them, descended upon the fertile plains in the valley of the river Po, singing and shouting in a delirium of joy. Here they settled, reveiling in the luxurious climate, and for so had no inclination to wander in search of adventure. Their untamed danger-loving spirits, however, proved too strong an incentive to action to allow them to remain in sweet idleness for long. In the course of their travels the fighting men led by Brennus came upon Rome, the inhabitants of which, stricken with terror, begged for peace. Brennus readily granted their wish, having no desire to take part in an unequal contest, but when the Romans treacher-ously broke their oath and in the peacefulness of the night fell upon the unsuspecting Germans, the latter became savage with rage and returned the attack so severely that the Romans were ignominiously beaten and they saw their city devoured in flames before their eyes. Only the capitol held out, and Manlius, who commanded it, bought the departure of Brennus Horatio Nelson was born September 29, 1758, at and his triumphant warriors with a thousand pounds

Satisfied for the time, the barbarians retired to their life in the fertile valleys. But gradually in the absence of all strong physical endeavor, they became slothful and effeminate, loving ease and having no taste for the warfare or the chase. When Ro taste for the warfare or the chase. When Rome, having recovered from the devastation wrought by them, sent forth an army to drive the invaders out of Italy, after a long and bloody combat the Romans were successful, almost completely annihilating the two German tribes. What few members escaped became citizens of the country of their conquerors and

gave no further trouble. But these two conflicts were only the beginning of long and seemingly engless series of battles between the numerous German tribes and the Romans. For five centuries the struggle for supremacy lasted, the offensive being taken first by the one people, then by the other. Every few years the Germans, spurred on by lust of fighting and a desire to possess land of so many admirable qualities, would leave their forest fastnesses to encroach upon the borders of Italy, where they would kill and destroy whatever impeded their progress. They usually failed to follow up any advantage, however; and returned to their own land, leaving terror and desolation behind. Infurlated and exasperated, the Romans, rapidly growing into a powerful nation, wou disciplined troops into the wilds of the north, there to wreak vengeance upon the barbarians. In the In the latter encounters the Germans were no match for the well-drilled soldiers. They scorned strategy, loving to fight only in the open with the time and place all prearranged. Fierce and bloody were the encounters, for the Romans never spared them if once

they had them at their mercy.

It is told of the Cimbri, a mighty tribe from the North Sea, that it was only their frankness and their confidence in their opponents' honor that was the cause of their annihilation. This horde of Germans had travelled across many miles of country and reached the alps, whose snow-peaks reminded them of the home they had left, where their great delight had been to slide down the glaciers upon their shields. Like the Semones and the Boli they desired to dwell in the land of plenty that lay within sight of those pleasant reminders of their home. But the Romans were of another mind and gave them battle under the leadership of the renewned Marius. It was a terrible and an unequal conflict. Marius took advantage of the enemy's love of fair play. The Cimbri were all killed When the Romans descende or taken prisoners. the solupon the women who guarded the wagons diers, inflated with success and drunk with carnage, showed no disposition to spare the defenceless, and rather than lose their honor the German women killed their children first and afterwards slew themselves. In the year 63 B. C. occurred in Italy that errible insurrection of slaves, consisting Germans taken in war, the Cimbri among them, and led by the famous Spartacus.

Historians tell us that the Romans became greatly impressed with the bravery of the Germans and honored them even though they dared not spare them. Even then it was foretold by the prophetesses that their empire should one day fall at the hands of these men of the north. The prophecy proved only too true, but not before Rome had made the influof her civilization felt upon the savage hordes, and the great empire herself, from having reached the very pinnacle of her glory, had begun her gradual and pitiful downfall, when her citizens, a prey their own immorality, had become weakened and debased, and her soldiers found no inspiration in unworthy leaders. From this time dates the amaiga-mation of the numerous German tribes into the great German nations, the Franks, Alemanni, Goths and Saxons, which leaguing together was probably duced by the necessity of combining their strength in order to subdue the Romans. In recording their achievements, Menzel, the German historian, thus comments upon the result: "These half-naked tribes, after the longest and most glorious struggle for lib erty chronicled in the annals of mankind, after crushthe masters of the world and shattering their boundless empire, now form a great and powerful nation, while the very name of Roman is vanishing

guess," said the Yankee who had been asked to admire an echo, "I guess you don't know anything about echoes in this country. Why, at my country place up in the Rocky Mountains it takes eight hours the echo of your yolce. When I go to bed I head out of the window and shout, Time to and the echo wakes me in the morning."

WITH THE POETS

A rift of light shone in the sky,
An insect flashed its wing,
A smile replaced a long drawn sigh,
A bird began to sing.

Yet one saw but a moth's dull wing And but a gloomy sky,
A bird that moped and did not sing,
Heard but a hopeless sigh. _M. F. Ellis.

A New Year's Wish

God keep thee, dear, through all the years,
Through all the joys, the sorrows, tears
Of life—its commonplaces, too,
God keep thee sweet, and brave, and true
Amid the doubts and fears that rise
In every life—the mysteries,
Things that are hard to understand.
The movings of a mystic hand,
God keep the reason sound and sure,
Thy mind alert, thy heart still pure.
God keep thee always—this I pray
For thee, upon this New Year's Day.

—B. McM. Bell, in Montreal St A New Year's Wish -B. McM. Bell, in Montreal Star.

A Christmas Reader

Without, both garth and glade are drear; The plangent north winds rule; And night by night the faltering year Draws frostily toward Yule

Within, anigh the ingle-glow, I see about me stand,
Long row upon inviting row—
Wisdom from many a land.

Nor lore nor legend do I heed; I pass the garnered store
To take the Holy Book and read
The Bethlehem tale once more. -Clinton Scollard.

A Night Piece (Suggested by Robert Schumann's "Nachtstucke.")

Dim, star-forsaken, spreads the sky; Night hushes Day's last fretful sigh. Far, far away, the ebbing tide Bears the pale waifs of pomp and pride.

The world's insistent call is still; Man yieldeth up his strength of will.
Silence, amid toil's brief surcease,
Makes the heart long for home and peace.

Mother Nature! upon thy breast Thought, weary browed, doth seek to rest; And Hope, from all that men o'erprize, There turns and, dreamless, shuts her eyes. -William Struthers.

Beacon Hill, B.C., Oct. 27th, 1908. On Beacon Hill, I calmly stood,
And view'd the landscape o'er,
And then with vision bright and clear
I saw the distant shore,
Upon which stand huge mountains high
Whose peaks are crown'd with snow,
The sides of which are clad with trees
And flowers bloom below.

The grandeur of the mounains scene Is in my vision yet;
The rugged rocks and crystal streams
I never can forget.
The crowning scene amongst the hills
Which gave to me much joy,
Was the sunset among the glens
Which bade me twice good-bye.

Dense gloom upon all nature fell, In absence of sunshine,
The grandest scenes to me on earth
Are from the God divine.
Who has all things in this old world;
Created by His will,
And hath revealed to all mankind
The product of His skill.

-Thomas Williams Glover Toronto, Sept. 30, 1908.

The Latest Holiday Regulations You mustn't kiss the baby or you'll poison it with

For they lurk where every tiny dimple dips;
Yes, in every hole and corner, and—your auntie—you
must warn her—
There are microbes by the million on her lips.

You mustn't pat the baby, you must tell your Uncle That we can't allow the microbes near the cot; He must boil his hands in soda, and an aromatic odor Must exhale from every finger-tip he's got.

You mustn't touch the baby with your whiskers or your hair,
For the microbes drop like pollen from a flower;
If you really would protect her—get a hot-air dis-

And keep your head inside it for an hour. You mustn't talk to baby, for the microbe bogies

swarm
In all the little syllables that float;
So, before you talk and frolic, get a gallon of carbolic,
And pour it strong and scalding down your throat.

You mustn't sing to baby, nor whistle it a tune,

Unless you heed the scientific rule—
To fix a mask securely and to breathe your music Through a pad of patent Sal Alembroth wool.

You mustn't use a handkerchief to wipe the baby's nose, Or a hundred million microbes will diffuse; or bactericidal laws say that antiseptic gauze Is the only proper article to use.

You mustn't come near to haby in your tailor-made For in every thread the microbes slyly grope; But your body you must cover with an overal rubber, And keep it washed with antiseptic soap.

You mustn't feed the baby till you've pasteurized the And the cow must be of very special breed; And a qualified inspector must daily distinfect In accordance with the last official creed.

You mustn't wash the baby till the water's been distilled—
Mixed with Condy of the proper kind and weight;
nd before the sponge goes in it, you must dip it for
for a minute

In solution of corrosive sublimate. You mustn't dress the baby till its linen has been

In the strongest sterilizer that is known;
The brush must then be heated, and the comb be always treated

With a betting in an arrange of the comb be always treated. With a baking in an oven of its own.

You mustn't put the baby in its tiny cot to sleep,
Till with gauze you've covered every inch of skin;
For the files, without your knowing, are always
microbe-sowing, And at every little crevice they'll creep in.

You mustn't leave the baby for the fraction of an hour,

Till it's covered with a patent glazed wigwum;

It's the only certain shield—if hermetically sealed,

Where the "gobelins" can never, never come.

—W. R. H. in John Bull.

THE STORY TELLER

A man who had been playing golf with a clergy-man heard him swear two or three times under his breath. Suspecting the lapse, he could not be sure of it, until one monosyllable came out with unmistakable clearness. After he had finished the match, a friend

of his said:
"I saw you playing just now with the Rev. Mr.
Dash; of what denomination is he?"
"Some people say he is a Congregationalist," replied his late opponent, "but I should call him a Pro-

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knick-knacks picked up a small hand-

"Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile skin?"
"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer.

"Is shot that crocodile myself."
"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.
"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman.
"That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled

This was overheard in the lobby of a hotel when a bus load of travelling salesmen came from the station. Every man of them, as he signed the register, paused to shake hands with the hotel clerk—fatherly old fellow, who had been there are not sales as the signed to shake hands with the hotel clerk—fatherly old fellow, who had been there are not sales as the sales are not sales are not sales as the sales are not sales are not sales as the sales are not sales as the sales are not sales as the sales are not sales are not sales as the sales are not sales are not sales as the sales are not sales as the sales are not sales are not sales are not sales are not sales as the sales are not sales a

to shake hands with the note: General thicky of the low who had been there many years.

"Ah," said one of them to the clerk, "it's a good thing you're still on deck, Uncle Dave; I don't think the house could run without you."

"Couldn't it, though!" said Uncle Dave. "You fellows would come in here, and if there was a strange clerk you'd say, 'Where's Uncle Dave,' And the clerk would say, 'Why, didn't you hear? He died a month ago.' And then you'd say, 'Well, I'll be darned! That's too bad. Say, when'll dinner be ready?'

A Tough Joint A Cambridgeshire farmer was recently arguing with a French chauffeur, who had slackened up at an inn, regarding the merits of the horse and the motor-

"Give me a 'orse," remarked the farmer; "them travelling oilshops is too uncertain for my likin."
"Eet ees prejuidice, my friend," the chauffeur replied; "you Englesh are behind ze times; you will think deefairent some day."
"Behind the times, be blowed!" came the retort; "p'raps next time the Proosians are round Paris, and you 'ave to git your dinner off a steak from the 'ind wheel of motycar, you Frenchman 'll wish you wasn't so bloomin' well up-ter-date."

The Young Turk

The mother of the six-year-old was discussing with her husband the burning question of the East. She read a paragraph aloud from the paper, which was headed "Austria and the Young Turks."

Presently her little daughter looked very gravely up at her mummy and said, "I should like to punish that naughty Emperor of Austria."

"Why, darling?"

"Why, darling?"

"Cos he can't be good if he's unkind to children."

"To children, pet? Whatever do you mean?"

asked mother in genuine astonishment.

"Well, mummy, you said he wanted to take the
land away from the young Turks!"

An Interruption

A small girl—the daughter of a man I know—has just been brought to England from her father's cattle ranch, where she was born, and had spent the three years of her life. A tiny, fair-haired mite, she sat at her aunt's dinner-table one day, with her rosy face just reaching above the table. "No; no fish for you, pet," said the aunt. "Mummy says you may have a little chicken presently." The hungry face fell, but the mite sat still for a few minutes, while the fish was eaten, and the conversation around grew and grew, until it was suddenly interrupted by the now indignant pink-faced mite, saying in a very shrill voice, "Say! uncle—when's that durned ole chicken comin' in?"

A Delicate Reply Senator Lafollette, discussing the currency bill, said of a certain passage:
"That needs delicate handling. It is like the position of the young man on his honeymoon.

"This young man's honeymoon was peculiar, because, while still in mourning, he had married his

"A friend of his, a chap he had not seen for years accosted him on the honeymoon in a Niagara res

The friend, after being introduced to the bride, "But who are you in mourning for, old man?"
"For my sister-in-law," was the delicate reply."

There is a certain small boy who should be punished. One Sunday evening he crawled under the sofa, and when his big sister and her young man were sitting as close together as possible, adjusted a slip-knot round their feet. When the old gentleman came into the room to look for his cigar, they thought they would occupy separate seats. The young man fell over the centre table, and Mary sat down upon the floor with a 200-to-the-square-inch concussion that shook the whole

The old gentleman thought that Adolphus was fooling, and hit him with his cane several times before he could get himself loose and fall out of the window. The match was declared off.

When President Roosevelt and his party were hunting in the jungles of Louisana, they had with them, as chief cook and bottlewasher, a native darkey, named Sam, whose politeness was only exceeded by his professed fearlessness in the face of danger.

After a camp had been opened, Sam was sent out reconnoitre in the vicinity and report prospects for to reconnoitre in the vicinity and report prospers game. Soon after he had disappeared, unearthly yells were heard, and he was seen leaping and bounding through the thicket, in a desperate effort to overcome time and distance in reaching camp. On his arrival, hatless and breathless, he almost fell into the arms of the chief guard, who exclaimed:
"Why, Sam, what's the matter? What scared you

"I isn't skeered, massa," stammered Sam, as he gasped for breath and rolled his eyes in the direction from whence he came; "I jis come back to ax you ef it wud be perlite fon dis niggah to shoot dat bar dat chased me, befo' gibben da fust chance to da Prisident ob da United States?"

Bentley had been out late the night before, or rather, he had stayed in late at a little affair at bridge, and about all he had left to show for it in the morning was an old-fashioned away-from-home-made headers. In home orning was an old-lashioned away right his old ladache. In hope of relief, he had sought his old lend the barber, and the latter had been busy on

Bentley's head and face for the past hour.

"By Jove! Karl," said Bentley, as the barber rubbed the top of his head, "that feels mighty good, I can tell you. The man who invented massage was not beneficially on the whole human. only a genius, but a benefactor to the whole human race. They ought to put up a statue to him. There's

nothing like it when a fellow feels seedy. There's only one trouble about it."
"Vot iss it?" asked Karl, hoping that perhaps he might overcome the difficulty.

"Why, it's all on the outside," said Bentley. "If there were only some apparatus that would enable you to get inside a fellow's head and clear out the pains of the morning after, what a blessing it would

"Vell," said Karl, "I t'ink that maybe dose vaccuum-cleaner fellers vill do dot already yet,