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Quilts bed Promptly are from your country you may confidently price limit and a genensure safe carriage to values being assured.

IMMORTALITY

There are many people who be the first are consistent in the Ship where at the surface of the state of the constant of fact there is very little in the Ship whereas at the Jews of the carry days of the period of t

dissemination of this faith, because it who combined physical attractiveness he rarely replied to their questions up waters was widespread centuries before personal magnetism, strength of char-without asking her views first. "The Christ, and is held in countries where acter, tact and intellectual power to power of Madame de Maintenon a greater extent than any other whose says St. Simon "was, as may be imagress. The ancient Egyptians believed it, so did the people of Babyon and the cities which preceded it.

In ancient Egyptians believed it, so did the people of Babyon and the cities which preceded it.

In ancient Egyptians believed it in the history of ined, immense. She had everybody in her hands, from the highest and home most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to their ocean most favored ministers to the meanest determined to the meanest determi better known as Madame de Main- subject of the realm." Under her inaccepted it in the earliest historic tenon. The Duke of St. Simon, in fluence Louis XIV became one of the accepted it in the earliest historic ages, the Norsemen avowed it unquestioningly and the Greeks believed in it long before their philosophers debated concerning it. In short, to debated concerning it. In short, to lously aiding her talents." How is the concerning in the concerning in the concerning it is short, to lously aiding her talents." How is the concerning in th debated concerning it. In short, to disbelieve in immortality, is to set one's self against the consensus of mankind in all ages. The Buddhists markind in all ages. The Buddhists marking mark were inclined to look upon immortal- point, inconstancy her weak one. Her own letters. It will be quite ridicuity as a burden, while it continued in portraits show a countenance that is lous before long to be of that religion" the form of individual existence. Hence the doctrine of Nirvana, which is not as some allege, one of absolute extinction, but only of absorption into the Divine Essence. It can hardly be said that immortality is directly ting the Gorpales it is not as each and where he was a proselyte, have to seek his bread, and where he was a proselyte, have to seek his bread, and where he was a proselyte, have a countenance that is lous before long to be of that religion" ascend A messenger conveying to the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born in the American Islands, where her father, perhaps a gentleman, had gone to be of that religion" ascend A messenger conveying to the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born in the American Islands, where her ing been a staunch Protestant in her latting been a staunch Protestant in her early childhood, abandoning that faith, guilt, and the protection of the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born in the American Islands, where her ing been a staunch Protestant in her early childhood, abandoning that faith, guilt, and the protection of the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born in the American Islands, where her ing been a staunch Protestant in her early childhood, abandoning that faith, guilt, and the protection of the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born the better judgment in the work of peliver, mighty love the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born the better judgment in the work of peliver, mighty love the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. Simon says of her: "Born the better judgment in the work of peliver, mighty love the sky Our hymns and offerings—form, which was slight yet well rounded. St. the Divine Essence. It can hardly be said that immortality is directly taught in the Gospels; it is rather implied. The Epistles seem to suggest that immortality is a gift rather than a universal possession. Thus we see that while the doctrine of a resurrection and a future life may be essential to Christianity, it is by no means continued to the faith. The common belief of mankind perhaps proves nothing, but it is inconceivable in the Gospels; it is rather to seek his bread, and where he was satisfied by obscurity, she returned alone and hap-hazard into France. She landed at La Rochelle and was received in pity by Madame Neuillant, and was reduced by that avaracious old woman to keep the keys of her granary and to see the hay measured out for the horses. She came to Paris, young, common belief of mankind perhaps proves nothing, but it is inconceivable proves nothing, but it is inconceivable that such an idea would have ever that such an idea would have ever Simon says that her mother died in who have dealt with her career. Her lead on high possessed the race unless it is due to some unerring instinct in our nature. It is hopeless to think of discovering who can be called its originator.

Simon says that her mother died in America. His account of her birth does not seem to be accepted generally. The encyclopedias say that she best of all authorities on the doings of tawk, like heraids, who have dealt with her career. Her lead on high contemporaries saw her in different lights. St. Simon, who is perhaps the best of all authorities on the doings of the stars slink off like thieves in company with night. who can be called its originator, and that the belief has been best of all authorities on the doings of company with night the court of le Grand Monarque, so Before the all-seeing eye, whose beams

ages by practically all men seems to years old; that she returned to France old nobility chafed under her control with speed beyond the ken of morestablish either that it originated with her mother and was educated by because they looked upon her as an with the race itself, and has been her father's sisters and afterwards carried by it down through all the with the race itself, and has been carried by it down through all the countless centuries since man first appeared, and been taken with him into all parts of the earth into which he has found his way, or it has been evolved by humanity from its own natural instincts. It would be rank folly to claim that it is a mere deception, for it is impossible to conseive the field.

The father's sisters and afterwards sent to a convent. She herself admitted to a convent. She herself admitted her humble origin. Frequently sent to a convent. She herself admitted her humble origin. Frequently she that it is a more favorite prayer, which she herself composed, is full of a humility and yearning after divine guidance, which can hardly be surpassed in all literature.

Seemed to stand up on its head for all.

Thou dost create the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire. Thou risest in the sight of the present excluded thought of the present excluded thought of the future.

Surpa with flaming locks, clear-sighted, god of day. They seven ruddy mares bear on thy trusted early the property of the field.

The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the upon her father's sisters and afterwards upstart. Protestant France looked upon her father's sisters and afterwards all.

Thou dost create the light and with it doubt illume. The universe enfire the upon her father's sisters and afterwards all.

Thou dost create the light and with it doubt illum on, for it is impossible to conceive lowed a flock of turkeys to the field of mankind being universally de- carrying her lunch in a basket. Indeed no two of her biographers agree If we attempt to prove immortality as to her early life, but in view of We must rely upon something else the fact that St. Simon greatly disthan the mere statement of teachers. liked her, it is altogether probable that Dismissing the question of inspira- he stated the case as unfavorably to tion, one man necessarily knows as her as the facts warranted. Certain much about it as another, unless we it is that her childhood was passed accept as true the evidence of those under very adverse circumstances, and who say that they themselves have that she reached young womanhood seen the dead alive in spiritual form. without any advantages except those Here we reach the most debateable of that nature had given her. all grounds, for there are so many things to be considered before such a statement can be accepted, that the who had been a priest, but had become

who had been a priest, but had become a comic dramatist and a sort of buffood any one except the person who address it. The most that any of us an hope to do is to fall back upon the common belief of humanity and our own consciousness. These argue for immortality, and upon these as a base we may construct a fabric of belief with all reasonable assurance that it rests upon a substantial foundation. We repeat that in these observations we dismiss all considerations arising from the teachings of the Bible. Our appeal is to those who either do not read the Bible at all, or, if they do, deny its authority on matters of this nature. It is to such propose that in rejecting to the person who addident that he was sufficient and the first person who had been a priest, but had become a comic dramatist and a sort of buffoon. He was without means, yet managed to attract to his house many of the brightest people in Paris. Her name was associated with many scandals. Scarron was a cripple and the flowery valleys, its walls the season was a cripple and the flowery valleys, its walls the season was a cripple only of a formal kind. Attempts have been made to discredit her because of her marriage with Scarron, but the fact seems to be that he was so impressed by her beauty and talent that he offered to secure her a sufficient sum of money if she wished to enter a convent, but at the same time gave her a alternative proposing marriage. It is to such the proposing marriage with a spark of the Divine intelligence, impressed by the majesty of the visible universe, felt the influence of a power far above and beyond them, and offered their homaers and our homage and our homage and our homage and our thomaer are not our prayers and our homaers and our our consciousness. These argue to attract to his house many of the brightest people in Paris. Her however orthodox we may be it in the same remained to a comic dramatist and a sort of buffood with many scandals. Scarron was a cripple and the flowery valleys, its walls the search was a cripp of this nature. It is to such and he 42; she was beautiful and acomple that we say that in rejecting doctrine, not the Christian docless; she was refined and he ribald and anxious for notice—lived to-

Perhaps it is just as well not to worry after death, but in the stone age, the dead were buried with food and implements for hunting beside them, and this we may conclude, from its analogy to the practices of modern savages, indicated a belief that death did not end all. At present the belief in a life one who wraps the drapery of his future life is all but universal, the few people who disclaim it forming them to her presence or calling upon thy bolts.

The main the presence or calling upon the bolts.

The main the presence or calling upon the bolts.

The main the presence or calling upon the bolts.

The main the presence or calling upon the bolts.

The main the presence or calling upon the bolts.

The main the presence or calling upon the bolts.

and that the belief has been her father was confined; that she cordially detested her that his opinions was taken to Martinique when four are too partizan to be accepted. The

Ancient Teachers of Religion and Philosophy By N. de Bertrand Lugrin.

THE VEDAS

There is a question in the catechism

less; she was refined and he ribald anxious for notice—lived to going contrary to the opinions of wast majority of mankind held every age and in all counties. Of course any man may, if he hisks fit, consider himself wiser than any one else, but most of us will attate about doing so, and moreometric in the sun, the sky, the ribald anxious for notice—lived to gether for nineteen years, during which time she maintained an unsulfied name and made her home a centre for course any man may, if he hisks fit, consider himself wiser than any one else, but most of us will attate about doing so, and moreometric in the sun, the sky, the ribald anxious for notice—lived to gether for nineteen years, during which time she maintained an unsulfied name and made her home a centre for the wit and brilliancy of France. When Scarron died in 1660 he left her absolutely destitute and she proposed going as a governess to Portugal, but the sun, the sky, the rotal and anxious for notice—lived to gether for nineteen years, during which time she maintained an unsulfied name and made her home a centre for the wint and brilliancy of France. When Scarron died in 1660 he left her this interest the solutely destitute and she proposed going as a governess to Portugal, but the sun, the sky, the rotal and anxious for notice—lived to gether for nineteen years, during which time she maintained an unsulfied name and made her home a centre for the wint and brilliancy of France. When Scarron died in 1660 he left her the state of the powers of earth and sky. No one knows quite the hymns to the powers of earth and sky. No one knows quite the hymns to the powers of earth and sky. No one knows quite the hymns to the powers of earth and sky. No one strong at the sun of the wint and sky. No one knows quite the hymns to the powers of earth and sky. No one shrows quite the powers of earth and sky. No one shrows quite the sun of the year, and no one can mane they date from the time of Vyass. The one sole ord of all that is—who the one of the work of sun of the

an insignificant minority. It is not correct to suppose that Christianity has had very much to do with the if one were asked to name a woman, their consultations with the King, and the pent-

rushing car rusning car
With these thy self-yoked steeds,
seven daughters of thy charlot.
Onward thou dost advance. To thy
refulgent orb
Beyond this lower gloom and upward to the light,

among the gods." There is a little hymn to the dawn, which for beauty of imagery is quite equal to any poem ever written in praise of that wonderful time which precedes the sunrise.

Would we ascend, O sun, thou goo

"Hail, ruddy Ushas, golden goddess Upon thy shining car, thou comest like A lovely maiden by her mother decked, Disclosing coyly all thy hidden graces To our admiring eyes; or like a wife Unveiling to her lord with conscious pride,

morn.

Through years and years thou hast lived on, and yet
Thou'rt ever young. Thou art the breath and life.

Of all that breathes and lives, awak-

ing day by day
Myriads of prostrate sleepers as from death, Causing the birds to flutter from their And rousing men to ply with busy Their daily duties and appointed tasks Toiling for wealth or pleasure or re-nown."

Many people not unreasonably claim that the purer faith of the Hindus is monotheistic and the following poem to the One God furnishes some proof

Seasickness as a Cure for Terror "John, you you realize that there is only a plank between us and eternity?" asked Mrs. Tremoirs solemnly. To her the ocean had ever been a bodies of water larger than a bath tub had for her an aspect of menacing danger—but the expostulations and flights of stairs. "I wish," murmured the gentle editor, "that you had prevailed over her terrors, and she had troken the news more gently." Office Topics. embarked upon this voyage to Europe for their holiday. But now, in the darkness and desolation of this first night out, all her fears had returned,

"All right, my dear," murmured Tremoirs, drowsily, "it's lucky there is."

"Oh, John, John," cried Mrs. Tremoirs, starting up in her berth as an unusual sound reached her ears a few moments later. "Oh, John, do you moments later. "Oh, John, do you?

"He—He, yes. I drew it out of my pocket, but I didn't dare to fire; I was so afraid of missing them.—Bon Vivalent, it's the Atlantic ocean," muttered Tremoirs, sleepily.

"This ain't eternity, it's the Atlantic ant.

"My body downward into careless dust; I think the grave could not suffice to hold."

"You wretch!" shrieked Mrs. Tremoirs springing from her berth and standing white and trembling in the middle of the state room, "Oh, you abandoned wretch! How dare you abandoned wretch! How dare you wear. Mke that with only a plank between us and eternity?"

Tremoirs groaned aloud in bitterness of, spirit. "Martha." he queried with pathetic resignation, "are you tever gring to stop jabbering like a camp meeting, and let me get some sleep?"

"Sleep! Oh, how can you, how dare you sleep?" demanded Mrs. Tremoirs wringing her hands wildly, "with only a plank betw—ulp, ulp, ulp!".

For right in the middle of her most terror-filled imagination the ship seemed to stand up on its head for one long dizzy moment, and as it sank slowly, sickeningly back into the fathoness deep, she dropped gasping to the floor.

And thenceforward the actual misser eries of the present excluded and set.

Twould be my kiss, and you would understand.

Twould b And thenceforward the actual mis

F. H. Harriman, said a New York broker, 'talked the other day of the decline in the value of securities. He said we must be careful not to legis-late too harshly against the country's vested interests, or the prosperity of these interests, and with it the coun-try's propsperity would be impaired. "He illustrated his meaning with a story. There was a school teacher, he said, who exclaimed impatiently one afternoon: 'Johnny Jones, what are you fumb

ling with there?
"'Johnny hung his head and was si-lent. But the telltale of his class spoke

"Tt's a pin he's got, ma'am.
"Well, take it from him,' said the teacher, 'and bring it here to me.
"This was done, and then, in a mollified voice, the teacher said:
"Now, Johnny Jones, zet up and see the your history lesson. Now, Johnny Jones, get up and recite your history lesson.

"But Johnny did not obey. He blushed, hung his head, and sat still." "Johnny," said the teacher, "raise I tell you."

"Then the little fellow blurted out distressfully:

At the Dentist's "Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man, who rushed into a dentist's.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"
"It does."
"Sound alseep, so you can't wake ılm up?" "You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing about it."

"How long does he sleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, of probably a little less."

"I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"I expect that's long enough. Got with sleepless eyes watches the lights, Thro' the misty nights, Thro' the misty nights, Thro' the misty nights, While a soul sings its lullables.

Mrs. Flatwell—William Henry, have you been letting the janitor stuff you with any such fairy tale as that?—

Mrs. Flatwell—william Henry, have you been letting the janitor stuff you with any such fairy tale as that?—

Mrs. Flatwell for it is a specific to dear, Someone with sleepless eyes watches the lights, Thro' the misty nights, While a soul sings its lullables.

Mrs. Flatwell—william Henry, have you been letting the janitor stuff you with any such fairy tale as that?—

Mrs. Flatwell for it is a specific to derive the lights, Thro' the misty nights, while a soul sings its lullables.

Mrs. Flatwell—william Henry, have you been letting the janitor stuff you with any such fairy tale as that?—

Mrs. Flatwell for it is a specific to derive the lights, Thro' the misty nights, while a soul sings its lullables.

Mrs. Flatwell for it is a specific to derive the lights, Thro' the misty nights, Thro' the misty nights,

The Wrong Man Warned.

Gypsy Fortune Teller (seriously)—
Let me warn you, somebody's going to cross your path.

Motorist—Don't you think you'd bet-

Sensational.

darkness and desolation of this first night out, all her fears had returned, magnified and illuminated by a weird and in explicable "gone" sensation where her stomach used to be when she was home.

"Oh, John," she repeated still more solemnly, "do you realize that there is only a plank between us and eternity?"

Sensational.

Maud—Is your new minister a sensational preacher?

Belle—Oh, very.

Maud—What subjects does he use?

Belle—Oh, I don't know about the subjects, but I do know that I have the most delightful sleepy sensations as soon as he begins to talk.—Toledo Blade.

you now."

It is said that the buyer was so pleased with the answer that he pardoned the rudeness of it and became a steady customer.

Several years ago a rivalry in the production of large hogs sprang up among the farmers in Kansas. A sign that seldom failed to attract the attention of passersby read:
"Any one wishing to see the biggest hog in Kansas call at my farm and inquire for me.-Silas Lowe.

probably a little less."
"I expect that's long enough. Got you been letting the janitor stuff you it all ready for a fellow to take?"
"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and Puck."

Gypsy Fortune Teller (seriously)—
Let me warn you, somebody's going to cross your path.

Motorist—Don't you think you'd better warn the other chap—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Gentle Remark.

The office boy had pied his first page by dropping the form down two flights of stairs. 'Il wish," murmured the gentle editor, "that you had by broken the news more gently." Office Topics.

Song of the Press.

Here I stand, the bounteous giver of the latest word, forever am I listening to the whisper of the wire; near and far.

Good and bad the news—no matter—in an instant I will scatter

A most marvelous translation through the crowded streets afar.

Banks may fall and bonds may falter, and on ancient hearth and altar Strange new fires may burn unbidden may rust.

All the rack and change of ages doth but murmber me new pages.

All the rack and change of ages doth but number me new pages,
While the slow red tide of freedom humbleth sceptres to the dust.

I alone am tireless, deathless; day by day the starved crowd, breathless, wait for me to feed them, for new falsehoods ravenous—
Hence, with truth perforce I mingle harmless fictions and the jingle That the multitude call poems—jest and fable dolorous—
Banal narrative and the hollow cant of Pharisees they swallow, Mixed with modicum of knowledge, here and there a saving grain—
Here and there a crystal holy, and Truth's essences are slowly Conquering the world's black blindness, driving out the old blunt pain.

—William Hurd Hillyes.

"Forget that you want to be an angel, and go to sleep, Martha, now do!"

"Oh, John! Oh, my husband!" screamed Mrs. Tremoirs, as to her excited fancy a moment later the vessel seemed on the point of rolling completely over. "Oh, do you realize that there is only a plank between us and eternity?"

"Dad bust it! Martha, are you going to keep it up for ever? Why can't you go to sleep and quit bothering about your blasted old lumber yard?" smarled Tremoirs impatiently.

"You wretch!" shrieked Mrs. Tremoirs, springing from her berth and on the camels went so fast that the moirs, springing from her berth and the camels went so fast that the moirs, springing from her berth and the camels went so fast that the moirs, springing from her berth and the camels went so fast that the local mandarin is not certain whether he ought not to indorse the motorist's license.—Bystander.

"My luck's dead out." sollloquized to sleep and with only a plank between the ought not to indorse the motorist's license.—Bystander.

"My luck's dead out." sollloquized to sleep and with only a plank between the ought not suffice to hold My spirit prisoned in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be. A resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be, because L love you so, The speechless spirit of all things that grow. You could not suffice to hold My spirit prisoned in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be. A resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be passed in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be. A resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be passed in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be. A resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be passed in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be a resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be passed in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be memory of you would be a resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be passed in the sunless mold. Some subtle memory of you would be a resurrection of the life of me. Yen would be passed

She—This isn't the fist time he was ever married.

He—How do you know?
She—When the clergyman faltered he prompted him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"But," said the foreigner, raising the old, old objection, "you have no ruins

The white guils swing from a neckless sky,
And cry as in days of yore.

But the hope I heard in the siren's song I is lost in the breakers' roar,
Far. far out, where the sky and sea Meet in the mist, on the boundary Of Life's vast tide, I look for sails That I sent away—but naught avails—They're gone forever more.

old, old objection, "you have no ruins in this country."

The cliffs are bleak on the dreary shore, Shadowe healds the tree dreary shore,

old, old objection, "you have no ruins in this country."

"Come around the corner," replied the prominent citizen, "and let me show you the pavement in the next street."—Chicago Record.

"They call the town you live in a woman's paradise,' do they?" said the man with the pointed nose. "Because the men outnumber the men five or six to one?"

"Not at all," answered the man with the bulging brow. "Because the men outnumber the women five or six to one."—Chicago Tribune.

An Irishman who was traveling in England for a dry goods firm, the Strand says, was once showing a line of sample dress goods to a merchant who was woefully slow in making up this mind.

He handled them and rehandled them, until the commercial traveler was at his patience end. Finally the merchant asked if the goods were fashionable.

"They were when I first began to show them to you," replied the trav-large and account the defense of the sea.

And each one looms a spectre grim, Mocking the memory,
Laden ships come from lands afar, And I see them cross the harbor bar. But the ships I sent in the long ago, Stanch, with sails unfurled of snow.

Are lost—all lost to me!

"They earl the women five or six to one."—Chicago Tribune.

The earth is our mother, but thou—thou art father of us and of time:
For the Sea

The earth is our mother, but thou—thou wast strong in thy prime.
For all things now were not when thou wast strong in thy prime.

There was silened for a dry goods firm, the strand says, was once showing a line of sample dress goods to a merchant who was woefully slow in making up the its infinite mysteries.

And God alone was aware of thy presence and power and form:
And out of His knowledge foresaw His will in thy calm and storm.

And bade the kingdoms of man to worship thee and bow down.

For earth He made out of dust, for change and defeat in the blast:

But thee eleans to least.

The cliffs are bleak on the deach one looms a spectre grim, Mocking the memory.

Laden ships come from lands afar, And I sea then cross the harbor bar.

But the s ionable.

"They were when I first began to show them to you," replied the traveler, "but I'll be hanged if I can tell you now,"

It is said that the buyer was so pleased with the answer that he pardoned the rudeness of the area.

In marked by sun or wind, and supreme where thy waves are tossed:

Not an inch of the pearty to perish, nor an ounce of thy might to be lost.

-William Stanley Braithwaite in the September Century.

Ride of Faith Life is a whir of wheels,
A shriek of escaping steam;
Life is a mumble,
A roar and a rumble,
A fash of the headlight's gleam.
He hath much to dread; he hath mu
to fear
Who hath no faith in his Engineer.

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth, nothing," said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."—Tit-Bits.

A woman member of the bar gives to our correspondent the following correspondence, with the reservation that no names shall be quoted.

The first letter was from a man lawer, and was as follows:

"Dear Miss Blank: We agree to the compromise as proposed in your favor of this date. Net because your client is has a just right to such settlement, but from the fact that we do not care to when it is boiling.—American Illustre.

With any such lairy tale as that?—Puck.

Native—"Well, what do you think of our city?"

Visitor—"Delightful place! The train service is so good that you can leave at any moment you please."—Gil Blas.

Father—Have you ever seen under the miscroscope all the animals that there is in a drop of water?

Son—Yes, father. Are they also in the water that we drink?

Son—Ah, then, now I know what makes the water in the kettle sing that it is boiling.—American Illustre.

With any such lairy tale as that?—Puck.

Native—"Well, what do you think of our city?"

Visitor—"Delightful place! The train service is so good that you can leave at any moment you please."—If almy robes of Mystery for garments do I wear.

And though no one has seen my face, yet all men call me fair.

The dream-child with the wondrous eyes, the poet's soul. I claim; I kiss your eyes and weary brow, peace over you doth steal.

Son—Ah, then, now I know what makes the water in the kettle sing say "Thou art the Real!"—Flora B. Davis in New England

TORIA, B.C.