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**TEUTOBORG FOREST**

The plans of Augustus, after he had subdued his enemies within the Roman Empire, contemplated the extension of his sway over Central Europe, and for this purpose two expeditions were launched, one commanded by Tiberius, who succeeded Augustus in the imperial office, directed against the Pannonians, who lived in what is now called Hungary, and the other led by Varus, which endeavored to subdue what is now Western Germany. The former expedition was successful. It is of the waste of the latter that mention will be made here.

Dion Cassius, who wrote about A.D. 200, says that the Romans held certain spots in Germany, not connected, but as they could take them by force here and there, and at these places the Roman soldiers made winter quarters and built villages. The barbarians soon adopted their ways of life, came together in the market places and mingled peacefully with them; yet their own ancestral usages, their ingrained habits, the influence of liberty and of arms were not wholly forgotten. Cassius is here speaking of the people who were the ancestors of the English race, as well as of the Franks. It is doubtful if the modern Germans were descended from them. Varus was not satisfied with the peaceful conditions existing in Germany, nor was he content to extend the Roman dominion by the peaceful process of absorption. He determined to reduce the people to a condition of serfdom, and to compel them to submit to any taxation, which he might see fit to impose. At first the Germans exhibited every appearance of submission. They even encouraged him to advance from the banks of the Rhine, where Roman supremacy was unquestioned, and the Roman legion stationed in Gaul were within easy reach, to the West, which is in central Germany. Meanwhile the German leaders were actively plotting. At their head was Hermann, known better by his Latinized name Arminius. He was born in B.C. In his youth he entered the service of Rome, and accompanied Tiberius in his successful expedition against Pannonia. Well versed in the arts of war, proficient in the use of the Latin tongue, and a young man of good address, he found little difficulty in persuading Varus to undertake his march eastward from the Rhine in order that he might extend his operations far enough to reach the region over which Tiberius had established the Roman dominion. Arminius himself remained in company with Varus, with whom he appears to have been on terms of warm personal friendship, which after events showed was assumed on his part the better to enable him to carry out his plot for the liberation of his country. When the Roman commander had been drawn sufficiently far from his base of operations to make his isolation possible, some of the German tribes in what is now Central Prussia took up arms and proclaimed their intention to drive the Romans out of the country. This was done with a great deal of unnecessary vehemence, the intention being to draw Varus yet further into the interior. The plan was successful. Varus hurried on and so confident was he of the peaceful intentions of the people whose lands he was traversing, that he took with him a vast train of carts, carrying the wives, children and servants of the soldiers and an enormous camp equipment. He neglected the making of roads of a far more passable character than would have been sufficient for soldiers, and Cassius says "the Romans, before the enemy attacked them, were like a flock of sheep, and the roads and roads were like a maze of mazes, and many other things of the sort they had to do." To make matters worse, heavy rains and high winds set in, and the roads cut through the forests were littered with fallen trees and in some places became mere quagmires. Then the blow fell. The Germans on all sides arose against Varus, and having overtaken him while sticking fast in the pathless forest, inflicted vast and varied havoc on the Roman army.

The account given by Dion Cassius of the fight in the Teutoborg Forest shows that the Romans were absolutely at the mercy of their assailants. They suffered, he says, without being able to retaliate, for the Germans, familiar with woods, craft and unimpeded by baggage, fell upon the isolated bodies of Roman troops, accustomed to fight in solid formation and in clear spaces. The slaughter was terrible. Varus ordered the destruction of as much of his army train as could possibly be spared, and sought to escape from the forest, but this only led to his men becoming crowded together so that they could not fight with advantage. On the third day of the fight, a furious rain and violent wind began. The Romans could neither advance nor retreat because of the storm. Falling trees killed many of them. The rain soaked through their leather armor and shields, wetted the strings of their bows and made their bows absolutely helpless. The Germans hung around them like wasps, their numbers being hourly augmented, while those of the Romans as steadily decreased. Varus and his principal officers "summoned fortitude" for a deed of dreadful necessity, and slew themselves. Dion Cassius adds: "When this was announced no one defended himself any longer, even if his strength was sufficient for it; all imitated their leader, and, casting away their arms, suffered themselves to be killed them; for on one side they would fight, however much he wished. So now every man and beast could be safely slain. And all might have been killed or captured had not the barbarians been occupied in plundering the spoil: whereby the strongest made their escape."

After this terrific defeat the Romans were driven from their German fortifications one after another. The horrors of the retreat were never fully told, but we may form some idea of them when it is mentioned that only force, seeking to evade one of the German bodies by a night retreat, was discovered because the women and children accompanying it wept loudly on account of their sufferings in the fierce rains. Creasy, writing of the triumph of Arminius, says: "Never was a victory more decisive; never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were cut off, and within a few weeks after Varus had fallen, the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader." Dion Cassius says: "Then Augustus, when he heard of the calamity of Varus, rent his garment, and was in great affliction for the troops he had lost, and for the terror respecting the Germans and the Gauls." The invasion of Italy was looked upon as imminent, and "there remained no Roman youth fit for military duty but were worth speaking of. Men of all ages were chosen by lot to serve in the field. Those who hesitated were put to death. Slaves were emancipated on condition that they would bear arms. There were fearful portents on earth and in the sky. The Alps, the Alps were said to have fallen; three columns of fire blazed up from them. The temple of Mars in Rome was shattered by lightning. The heavens glowed as if on fire. Many comets blazed forth. The status of victory of the German army, which had stood facing Germany, turned on its pedestal. Such are the stories told by the Roman writers of the day, who said also that for months after news of the dreadful fate of the Roman troops had reached him, Augustus would spring to his feet, pace wildly about his apartments, beat his head against the wall and cry: "Varus, give me back my legions."

The battle of the Teutoborg Forest was a turning-point in the history of mankind. It is a waste of time to speculate upon what might have taken place if Varus, from the West, had been able to unite his conquests with those of Tiberius from the South, but it seems certain that in such an event the overthrow of Rome would have long been deferred, because the

Empire would have been extended across Europe from the Mediterranean to the Baltic and would therefore have had only one frontier to defend, namely, that corresponding to the western border of modern Russia. But with the defeat of Varus, the occupation of central Europe became impossible and the Rhine and the Danube were necessarily the limits of Roman power. It is true that many years elapsed before the barbarians were able to cross these boundaries and establish themselves permanently in the conquered lands to the south and west, but if Varus had been successful the conflict between Roman civilization and Teutonic barbarism would undoubtedly have been fought out in what are now Austria, Hungary and Prussia instead of in Gaul and Italy. Possibly it is no exaggeration to say that the battle of the Teutoborg Forest is the most important recorded in all history. It was the first great triumph of human liberty after the guardianship of this heritage had passed from the hands of the Senate and Roman people. The descendants of the men, who refused to submit to the tyranny of Rome, afterwards laid the foundations of popular government in Britain, and we in America today enjoy the fruits of the terrific struggle in the pathless forests of Germany.

Varus was defeated in A.D. 9, and the leader of his foes, Arminius, was then only 25 years old.

**THE BOOK OF GENESIS**

Several requests have been made for an article on the Book of Genesis from persons interested in the discussion precipitated in Toronto by a lecture delivered by Rev. Jackson, the principal points of which were given in a late Sunday's Column. The subject is one, in which profound interest is taken by many people for the reason that they have been taught to regard the book as absolutely true, because divinely inspired, and being unable to recognize the statements made in it with known facts, they fear that the whole fabric of Christianity rests upon an insubstantial foundation. Because the Book of Genesis is in the Bible and the first book in it, they think that if there is any doubt about its accuracy, the doubt extends to all the contents of the volume, which is much as if one should say: Because there is some question as to the historical accuracy of the 'Virgin's Aeneid,' we must reject Caesar's history. In order to understand fully the contention of those who insist that the story in Genesis shall be accepted as literally true, it is necessary to inquire why it should be accepted as such an acceptance of human salvation depends upon such an acceptance of it. If that is not the reason there is no valid reason. If a belief in Genesis is not essential to salvation, it is surely immaterial whether one believes it or not. The argument of those who insist on its literal accuracy must in the end require a belief that an All-Wise God caused the narrative to be written, in order that there should be a means provided whereby men can be saved from their sins and fitted for eternal life, and yet as soon as we begin to examine the ascertained facts of history we find that the chronology of Genesis cannot possibly be accurate. As was mentioned recently in an article on Minos, the history of Crete and the civilization based upon it, and in previous articles the antiquity of other civilizations has been mentioned. But according to the accepted Chronology of Genesis the Flood occurred a little over 4,000 years ago and the world was created less than 6,000 years ago. If the chronology is at fault, the literal accuracy of the narrative can no longer be insisted on, and that being the case, the assumption that the book is inspired and infallible foundation for a plan of human salvation falls to the ground, for the suggestion of divinely inspired error is an absurdity.

If we do not accept the narrative contained in Genesis, what becomes of Christianity? Christianity does not rest upon the Book of Genesis. Christianity does not rest upon any book or sets of books. It is a thing as Christianity, that is to say it is an actual thing, a thing as humanity can be saved from the consequences of sin and win eternal life, it is as much an actual thing as light, heat, life, electricity and a hundred other things are actual things. You cannot destroy it by messages are transmitted depends upon your belief in them. Get this idea well into your mind. It is only logical to say that one must believe before he can be saved, for the process of salvation relates to that side of our nature which believes, and the process which we call believing, although the word in its ordinary sense hardly conveys the full meaning, is the process whereby a man is able to receive salvation. Here is a wide opening for the material and the spiritual phenomena so far as they relate to ourselves. We do not have to believe that we will drown in water in order to be drowned; but we do have to believe in salvation in order to be saved. But because we believe that there is a divine agency which can be saved from the consequences of their sins and be fitted for eternal life, it is not necessary that we should believe that Methuselah lived 969 years, that the world was created in six days, that there were six days or that Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs. The proof that there is such a thing as salvation is not that the Bible says so, but that its effects are seen in the lives of individuals. We accept the Bible only because it is accepted by the Church Fathers, and the value of this endorsement of it consisted in the fact that they claimed to have experienced the salvation which it teaches. And so we come down to the personal demonstration of what is the final test. In other words we accept the Bible only because it was accepted by men whom we believe had experienced the salvation which it teaches. Readers may recall the case of Apollon, to whom reference was recently made on this page. He was "mighty in the Scriptures," but he was not a Christian until he had come personally in contact with those who had accepted Christianity. Then basing his arguments upon their scriptures he convinced many of the Jews that Jesus was the Christ. In other words, he convinced the Jews that Jesus was their long-expected Messiah. We know that the Jewish expectation of a Messiah was of something very different from Jesus. They looked for a national leader and resented the suggestion that the Gentiles could be the beneficiaries of his coming. The argument from the Hebrew Scriptures was an argument addressed to the Jews, just as Paul in his famous speech to the Athenians quoted from the literature of Athens.

After nearly nineteen centuries of practical demonstration Christianity cannot stand unless we accept literally the fragmentary accounts given in the book of unknown authorship of things contrary to all human experience and absolutely opposed to ascertained facts, the Church must have fallen far short of what it was in the days of the Apostles. But, some may ask, are there not many instances where Jesus and the Apostles referred to the books of the Old Testament? Undoubtedly there are, and it is altogether probable that if we had full reports of what he said on other occasions than his speech to the Athenians, we would see that Paul often quoted from the literature of the people whom he was addressing. That there is a power which "makes for righteousness" is beyond all question. Jesus of Nazareth is equally certain. That in millions of instances this power has transformed the nature of men, and, if given free scope, elevate humanity and remove sin and misery from the world cannot be called in question. It is to enjoy the benefits of this power, to be able

to live noble lives, to be prepared to love our neighbors as ourselves, to fit ourselves for the present life, to enjoy divine favor here and hereafter, we must accept as literally true everything that the Book of Genesis says, is absurd. Hence it makes no real difference whether Genesis is history, a collection of legends or a pure invention. It is undoubtedly in some respects a history, but it is probably no more accurate than other ancient histories. It is probably in some respects a collection of traditions, which are more accurate than other traditions. Yet it is a book that is full of usefulness especially because it is the fundamental exposition, so far as we know, of Monotheism. Of all religions it is the one that is the most conception of one Supreme Deity, who is immanent in the affairs of men.

**The Birth of the Nations**

XL  
(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

**NORWAY UNITED**

The history of this country's kings is the history of a race of heroes. For the most part our knowledge of the earliest affairs of this nation is gleaned from the old sagas, and no doubt the skalds or poets drew upon their imagination to embellish the themes of which they sang. Be that as it may it all makes very pleasant reading and we have been assured by the contemporary histories of other countries, that the so-called barbarians in the north of Europe were a people among whom fear was practically unknown. Not only were the Norsemen distinguished for their heroic qualities, but they were endowed by nature with a magnificent physique and beauty and regularity of feature. Their eyes were a piercing blue, their hair abundant and of the color of the sunlight on the northern snows. They were intrepid sailors as well as warriors, and fought with equal valor on sea and land.

The first king of which authentic history gives us a satisfactory account was Harald the Fair-haired. He was the son of Harald the Sward, and was known to the States of Norway became united. The story of this union is a romance.

When Harald had reached his maturity he looked about him for a wife, desiring to find a woman who should possess all the domestic qualities and yet should be beautiful and dignified enough to grace a throne. In Valders there lived a rich blonde who had a foster child, a daughter of king Erik of Hordaland. Gyda was very lovely, very wise and very proud and the fame of her many charms had spread through Norway until Harald hearing of her desired to meet her. No sooner did he see her than he fell in love with her, and he determined to send emissaries to demand her hand in marriage. But Gyda refused his offer with scorn. "I shall not marry a man whose kingdom consists of but a few paltry districts," she said.

"I shall conquer the whole of the Northland for myself," she said. "I shall conquer the whole of the Northland for myself," she said. "I shall conquer the whole of the Northland for myself," she said. "I shall conquer the whole of the Northland for myself," she said.

He was as good as his word. He fought by land and he fought by sea. He never attended him in 972 all the Norse kings acknowledged him as king. Thereupon he made a great feast and when the people had assembled he bade Morejarl (the Earl of More) to cut the long and matted locks which had grown undisturbed for 30 years.

Once more the emissaries were dispatched two woe Gyda for their king and this time they brought her back with them to Harald, who wedded her amid the country's great rejoicing. Under Harald the Bondes (peasants) were not allowed so much independence but were forced to pay land dues and to acknowledge an overlord. These measures were very objectionable to them, and many of them left Norway to settle in the Faroe and Scotch islands from which places they returned periodically to make Viking cruises to the land of their birth. Thereupon Harald sent a fleet to fight against the Vikings. His ships which sailed in the following order: the leading Northmen sought a refuge in Iceland, where they founded a free state.

King Harald never let sentiment stand in the way of duty. The son of his king, the eldest son, was named Gang-Rolf and as he had committed a crime against the state, King Harald named him an outlaw. Gang-Rolf left Norway and joined the army of Vikings. He became greatly feared in all the countries of the North. He was a man of great courage and wonderful strength. It is told that so heavy was he that no horse could be found large enough to carry his weight and hence his name Gang-Rolf or Rolf the Walks. He compelled the French king to cede to him a large province which he peopled with Norsemen and which he called Normandy. Having fallen in love with Gyda, a daughter of the king of France, he demanded her hand of her father. In order to establish peace the king consented on condition that Gang-Rolf would give up paganism and become a Christian. Gang-Rolf agreed and in 912 was baptized and christened Robert. He ruled his new country well and was the first of those mighty earls of Normandy, who in time, conquered the kingdoms of England and Naples.

Harald had many sons, among whom Haakon was probably the most distinguished. He was born when the king was seventy years of age, and his first cradle was a great rock close to the sea, for his mother had been brought from the Earl of Ladis' ship to the shore that she might bear her son upon the land of his father, and he was born there the same night "with the smell of the sea in the first breath he drew."

Haakon was sent to England to King Athelstan, that he might be baptized and brought up a Christian. His courage and his many other good qualities so endeared him to his kingly preceptor that it is said the latter loved him as a son. He presented him with a wonderful sword, the handle and hilt of which were gold and the blade was silver. Haakon cut a path for himself to the centre eye. When King Harald died King Athelstan gave Haakon men and ships that he might return to Norway and claim his father's throne. He met with some opposition and fought many battles, but he was ultimately successful. He was known as King Haakon the Good, so many were the reforms he introduced, and so wise his institutions. He endeavored to establish Christianity in the country, but he was not successful. He ruled for six and twenty years, a worthy son of a worthy father. He was killed during a battle with the brother of King Harold, Erik, surnamed "Blood-Axe," who had become a Viking, and he was carried to "Haakon's Rock" where he had been born, to die.

Only the bare outline of these two reigns has been given, but the history of King Harald and King Haakon in its entirety is most thrilling and interesting reading than the most romantic fiction.

**the Editor**

**WITH THE POETS**

**A Little Song**  
Roses are but for a day,  
Amaranth endures forever;  
Joys there that fade away,  
Dreams that perish never;  
But, whatever the future's holding—  
Crown of all, all else enfold—  
Love lives on!

Well they know, who with content  
Hear his oft-repeated story,  
How to earthly glooms are lent  
Reflexes of glory!  
Rapture's first and final giver,  
Star of Charon's rayless river—  
Love lives on!

—Florence Earle Coates, in Lippincott's Magazine.

**Love's Seasons**  
If spring's glad days are full of bliss,  
And sweet as honeyed clover;  
I'll never ask for aught but this,  
That my love's lips are here to kiss,  
And my lips hovering over.

If summer skies are blue and wide,  
And oft with twilight's gleaming  
The sun and moon God's dome may ride,  
I'll ask no other lamp beside  
My lady's eyes a-beaming.

If autumn whispers earth today,  
From yellowed tree-tops sad,  
I'll leave the golden mound of hay,  
Where I have dreamed the world away,  
And serve my lady gladly.

If winter comes—with subtle art  
I'll woo her still, ne'er fear it!  
Her eyes, her lips, each witching part  
Of her I'll seize, and win her heart,  
With my heart beating near it!

—Margaret Hunter Scott, in March Smart Set.

**My Motherland.**  
O thou, my soul, ignoring night,  
Thou searchlight far transcending day!  
How swift thy race!  
Nor may I chide, nor tempest stay,  
Nor lightning rival in thy flight  
Thou' farthest space.

At even, when my peace has come,  
My spirit flies in filial love  
At my command.  
Aboard the wave and far above  
The cradled bird, to yonder home—  
My Motherland.

As one in patriot-impulse lost,  
Who would a soothing song outpour  
To calm the heart,  
O wondrous Land! I near thy shore—  
Thy snowy surf and jagged coast—  
Thou mighty mar.

Like stately, crowded forest trees—  
The glory of our western soil—  
They stand upland  
Proud symbols of victorious toil,  
Thro' rival fleets and wrathful seas,  
To every land.

The gates of Europe feel thy hold,  
Ye seas, ye winds, ye waters see thy sway  
Of naval might;  
And thy belated reverent pray  
That, morn, thy power uphold  
The might of right.

Devoted Britons shed their blood  
That fettered freedom might be free,  
And by their life  
Made men a higher vision see  
In purple mood and darkling wood,  
In righteous strife.

Where may I tread thy sacred ground—  
In cloister-vale, on beacon-hill,  
Or by the sea?  
By sword-bride stream or lowly rill—  
And not find history profound,  
O Isles, in thee?

In tortuous street, dark alleyway  
And battlemented castle height,  
With dungeons cold,  
In hushed church with softened light,  
In wrecked cathedral, abbey gray,  
With tombstone old?

I wend my way in reverent quest,  
Mid monuments upraised and spoiled  
By heavy years;  
I've mused in fields my fathers told,  
And now—I read the end, their rest  
From toil and tears.

Ah, Motherland! who fearful gave  
Thy sons and daughters, leaving thee  
For lands afar,  
The Book of Hope, inspiring, free,  
A light beyond the blinding wave,  
Their guiding star.

Britannia, mother of the free,  
Ancestral home and ethnic school  
Of influence rare,  
Imperial, democratic rule—  
What shall we render unto thee  
For all thy care?

The captive Jew, by Babe's stream,  
Thine cune invoked with quenchless will,  
In faith grand—  
That his right hand might lose her skill  
If he forgot his people's dream—  
Their hallowed land.

I kneel in no taskmaster land  
When I beseech Israel's God,  
Remember thee;  
Can I forget the bond of blood,  
And to thy love, my Motherland,  
A traitor be?

I love the dream of the oak tree strong,  
Or heather wild and foxglove bell  
That lures the bee;  
I breathe the dew-dipped clover smell,  
And in the rapturous skylark's song  
I'm lost in thee.

Sweet shamrock, triple heart in one,  
Be thou the symbol, sacred, sure,  
Of union fast,  
With England's rose, responsive, pure,  
And Scotland's thistle—be ye one  
While nations last.

I dwell where native prairies bloom,  
Where streams and inland seas renew  
The thirsty land,  
Where virgin forests sigh in gloom,  
And snow-corned mountains cleave the blue  
Replenished dome.

I dwell where the voice of hopeful morn  
Awakes a nation, youthful, free,  
To grasp the hand  
Of earth-transforming Energy,  
And lo! industrious hands adorn  
Our gladdened land.

We praise our God for the golden scene,  
For freedom's breath from sea to sea,  
For our glad land,  
And grateful praise we give for thee—  
Among the nations thou art queen—  
My Motherland.

—Grant, Balfour.

**THE STORY TELLER**

**A Straight Pointer**  
Senior Walter (to rather green assistant at a recent banquet in a celebrated London hotel): "Now, then, young man, do a bit o' somethin', and don't stand a-gaping and staring there as if you was the bloomin' guest of the hevinin'!"—London Teller.

**Spelling Reform**  
Richard Grant White once said that a radical reform in English spelling is, first, unnecessary, second, undesirable, and third, impossible, thus recalling the story of the old Scottish preacher, who, upon meeting one of his hearers after the service, inquired how he liked the sermon. "I dinna like it," he said, "for three rixzens—first ye read it; second, ye dinna read it well, and third, it was na worth readin'."

**A Delicate Hint**  
Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.  
"Maggie," he said at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath night?"  
"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."  
"An' wasna I here on Monday night?"  
"Aye, so ye were."  
"An' I was here on Tuesday night and Wednesday night and Thursday night and Friday night?"  
"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."  
"An' this is Saturday night, an' I'm here again?"  
"Well, what for, no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."  
Sandy (desperately)—"Maggie, woman! D'ye no begin to smell a rat?"—Success Magazine.

**A Gentle Remonstrance**  
Herr Hager, a rich and influential banker, frequently had his watches picked from his pocket. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one morning he took no precautions whatever and quietly allowed himself to be robbed. The next morning, on returning from his business, he took up the evening paper; he uttered an exclamation of delight. A watch had exploded in a man's hand. The victim's hands were shattered and the left eye destroyed. The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded in the operation of winding.—London Daily Telegraph.

**A Simple Problem**  
A gentleman of some scientific attainments was one evening poring over a wine list at his club, when his interest was excited by the prices shown.  
"Barber," said he to the waiter, "I observe that the list offers some sherry at seventy-five cents and some at four dollars. Now, what is the difference between the brands?"  
The waiter looked surprised. "Beg pardon, sir," said he, with that frankness permitted an old servant, "but it does seem remarkable that such a highly educated gentleman can do a simple bit of arithmetic like that!"

**The Mummy Died**  
A big Yorkshireman had come all the way to London to see the British Museum. Unfortunately, it was a day when the museum was closed. The indignant Yorkshireman refused to take no for an answer from the policeman at the gate. "Ain't this public property?" he cried.  
"Ye' admitted the policeman: 'but,' he added, struck by a bright idea, 'one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in it?'"

**Speed of Swallows**  
A dozen different birds have been credited with a speed of sixty miles an hour and over, but it is only the swallow that has been proved that the swallow is far swifter than the wild duck or the carrier pigeon. A hen swallow was taken from a nest near a railway station, and fitted in a basket by express to Compiegne, a distance of over 146 miles. There, at 7.30 in the morning she was liberated. At 8.38 the bird was seen in her home nest at Antwerp.

Work this out and you will find that the tiny creature had travelled a distance of 22 miles an hour. At this rate it would take a swallow only half a day to fly from the coast of Belgium to North Africa.

**A Prompt Response**  
During a recent meeting of hotel men in this city, when there was discussed certain proposed means of protecting hotels against "bores," a Western hotelier told of the sad case of one proprietor in St. Louis who had been "done."  
"Many months afterward, learning the whereabouts of the gentleman who had decamped without the formality of paying, the owner sent him the following note:  
"Dear Sir: I would esteem it a favor if you would at once send me amount of your bill."  
By happy coincidence, the hotel man when in a few days he received an answer in these terms:  
"Dear Sir: Certainly. The amount of my bill is \$17.50."—New York Sun.

**Biblical Matters**  
The doubt of a University of Chicago professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of seven hundred wives, is the best authority for the world of today upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.  
"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old woman, after reflection.  
"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."  
"Lor, mum! It was the comment. 'What privileges them early Christians had!'"—Judge.

**The Ultimate**  
Can it be said that in the illimitable and inconceivable there is an Ultimate? Must there not always be infinity beyond?—Goldwin Smith, in the Springfield Republican.

The Ultimate is big game. Theodore Roosevelt has been chasing him around the country for eight years, and hasn't got him yet. He ran a race with him over the principal railroad tracks, and he played hide and seek with him in the halls of Congress. Now Theodore is going to look for him in Africa.  
Professor James, of Harvard, has been after the Ultimate also. He invented, or rather adapted a modern trap called Pragmatism, and put some nice words in the entrance for bait, but the old Ultimate is a sly dog. He wouldn't get caught.  
Dr. Lyman Abbott has been "beating up" the Ultimate for some years—almost ever since we can remember.  
We guess the Ultimate knows his business. But if he is ever to be caught, we suspect that some woman will do it.—Life.

**Polyglot Saskatchewan**  
Out in Saskatchewan the mingling of the peoples is beginning to make the editor take notice. Cosmopolitan—as New York or London almost—so many sorts and conditions of people that to find the real Simon-pure Canadian is sometimes a matter of mathematics, at least so thinks a writer in one of the western newspapers, who hits off the situation with a little editorial sketch:  
"There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours, said Mr. Flannighan to his wife on his return from a political meeting. He began to count them off on his fingers. 'There's Irish, Frinch, Eytallians, Poles, Germans, Rootians, Greeks an'—'"  
Mr. Flannighan stopped and began again: "There's Irish, Frinch, Eytallians, Poles, Germans, Rootians, Greeks—an' ain't it queer I dismember the other way?"  
"Maybe 'twas Canadians," suggested Mrs. Flannighan.

"Sure, that's it," said dher husband, "I couldn't think what the eighth could be."—Canadian Courier.