

ness, and here a note book and pencil, or a commonplace book for extracts, will aid you in securing the book's contents in mind and memory. If the chosen volume be biographical, it will be well to make a note of the period under review. Every strong human life embraces in its progress a multitude of other lives, so that the story of Lord Lawrence, of Sidney Smith, of Macaulay, of Motley, or of any great man, becomes a crowded picture gallery, where many figures appear and reappear. The fascination which the memoir possesses for all thoughtful minds inheres in this fact of its strong, ever widening human interest. Be respectful to the outside of the book you are reading. Don't leave it face downward on the grass, or open it so carelessly that you tack the binding and loosen the leaves. It is a piece of portable property, your own, or that of your neighbor, and to wantonly injure or mar it is to show yourself lacking in care of a possession intrusted to your handling. In days to come, if you have read with careful thought and loving touches and genuine attention, you will find yourself remembering precisely how a certain book looked at a certain time. It will be the golden clasp of a chain of pleasant recollections.

THE LEADER.

The public soon began to ferret
The hidden nest of so much merit.
They thought him certain of election,
For had not he confessed perfection?
As member mayor, in fact, as man,
He posed as only seraphs can.
Not only blameless in his actions,
But censor rude of other factions,
He bared to brave of truth the light,
Each mis-step made, however slight,
To points of order he would rise,
Greet Speaker's rulings with surprise;
Hour upon hour would he debate,
Proving how not to legislate.
Twere better so, the public could
Expect from Davie nothing good,
And, therefore, if no legislation
On statute book should find a station,
To Heaven would the glory fall,
Since bad is worse than none at all.
The public bow to the logician,
Will they accept the politician?

An eastern "professor" is about to establish a school of journalism. The "professor" says that he is not going to turn out journalists, but is going to put the aspirants for newspaper positions through such a practical course that they will be intelligent beginners. If the school can take a would-be journalist and educate him to the point where he realizes that he is in a position to begin to learn to be a newspaper man, he will confer a great boon on the profession. A good school of this kind ought to turn out good material for future needs.

The coupon rage has reached Victoria. The Daily *Hoo Doo*, always seeking to benefit its readers, has made arrangements to procure for them the latest styles of coffins at slaughter prices, provided that all orders be sent in on the coupons printed on the second page. These articles are peculiarly useful to a certain class of people at this season. They are necessities, not luxuries. You may not

belong to this class now, but life is uncertain, and if you die without taking advantage of this great offer, you will live to regret your carelessness. The person who sends in the most coupons will be awarded a beautiful rosewood, silver-mounted casket, which will be delivered to him on April 1, or at any date he may name as most convenient for his purposes. Everybody who has tried our coffins has been delighted with them. Here is one of the many letters we have received from coupon holders:

"Editor *Hoo Doo*—Coffin received. It is so beautiful that I am consoled for the loss of my husband, and I know he admires it as much as I do as he looks down on it from another world. The silk lining is so lovely that it is a pity to consign it to the earth. I am going to get some just like it for a gown when I go out of mourning. It will serve to remind me of my departed love and the goodness of the daily *Hoo Doo*."

"A BEREAVED WIDOW."

What struck many Victorians as peculiar was the rather odd reception accorded the football team on their return from San Francisco. These young men, all manly specimens, and all a credit to the province, went down to the Midwinter Fair celebration and nobly upheld British Columbia's reputation as a country of manly young men. In doing this they did more to advertise the province than can be done by a good deal of the unwisely incurred expense in doubtful advertising, yet what sort of a home coming had they!—they were allowed the inestimable privilege of riding, at their own expense, or a street car from the outer wharf, and were then at liberty to pay for any other sort of welcome they might devise for themselves. Verily a footballer is not without honor save in his own country.

French Canadians insist that if you want to break a fit of hiccupping all you need is to do is to grip the sufferer's wrists with both hands and look him squarely and fixedly in the eyes. For chilled feet that are too cold to be toasted before a fire they recommend the victim to simply kneel upon a chair—a hard bottomed chair—for a few minutes. To warm one's self all over after a chilling ride in winter they say is to sit down, double both fists and hammer your knees vigorously for five minutes. They believe in these little tricks as heartily as any other people believe in medicine.

A correspondent writes: "Who was Joe Miller, the author of the jest book bearing his name?" Joe Miller had nothing to do with the jest book with which his name is coupled, and was not even aware that such a book existed, as it was not published until a year after his death. Joe Miller was a popular actor and comedian who made his appearance at Drury Lane in November, 1709, in the character of Teague in Sir Robert Howard's comedy, "The Committee." During the same season he also played in Congreve's "Love for Love," and later, during his long connection with the Drury Lane Company, in the "Funeral," "The Tender Husband," "The Drummer," by Addison; "George

Dandin," by Moliere; in Fletcher's, "Wit Without Money," and in all of the versions and preversions of Shakespere's plays which were very popular at the time. He must have been an excellent actor, for the journals of that time contain frequent notices of his parts, and speak in high terms of his ability. With all his popularity and skill as an actor, he was an unlettered man, and could not even read. It is said that the only reason he ever got married was to have somebody always around to read his parts to him. He died Aug. 17, 1738, of pleurisy, and the paper spoke of him as a "celebrated comedian, much admired for his performance in general, but particularly in the character of Teague in 'The Committee.'" The jest book which bears his name, and which did not appear till after his death, was the work of one John Motley, a man of good family but of straightened circumstances, who was obliged to live precariously by the inky sweat of his pen. He was ambitious in the field of literature, and wrote several dramas, but nothing of his has endured except this book of jests. The work is a compilation of jokes and bon mots of the time, some of which Joe Miller had undoubtedly used in his characters, but none of which were probably originated by him. The work was humbly inscribed to "those choice spirits of the ages, Capt. Bodens, Alexander Pope, Prof. Lacy, Orator Henly and Joe Baker, the kettle drummer."

Moses the clothier chuckles loud,
And rubs his hands with glee,
Full well he knows the fickle crowd
To him will bend the knee:
For the edict goes forth to the south and the north,

To the east and the west, that all men shall rest
On Sunday, and stay home to tea.
No man shall sell so much as an ell
Of dress goods to make a lady look well.
None shall buy an ounce of candy,
Even the boot blacks cannot be handy.
Included in Index Expurgatorius,
Bibles and literature uproarious,
Such as the Colonist, Journal and Times,
Lest the Sabbath be broken with quips and rhymes.

Sad the fate of that smoker forgetful,
Who fails of tobacco to lay in a pocketfull;
His only chance the want to supply
Is to fume away at a sermon dry.
Even the preachers—dear, good men—
Must cease to earn their salaries then,
Though yards of doctrine they donate,
No quid pro quo must appear in the plate.
But Moses chuckles and chuckles with glee,
For will he not have a monopoly?
His Sabbath falls on a Saturday,
And he can sell whilst others pray.

British Columbia hops, it is satisfactory to be assured on such good authority as Hon. MacKenzie Sowell, have given great satisfaction in the Mother Country. Indeed, he has been advised by the eminent British dealers, Norman & Co., that the East Kent character being maintained, British Columbia hops are preferred to any that are imported, and would carry all before them. Our climate and soil are, in many parts of the country, particularly well suited to hop cultivation, and here is one more industry which we may largely and profitably develop.

Favorite masculine jokes are those at the expense of woman's uncharitableness