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CORNER OF BROUGHTON

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Has ever seen a little girl
Whose merry eyes and glossy curls
Would set the dullest heart awhirl?
Well, that's the girl for me.

A girl that's lovely every way,
Who doesn't give for mere display,
But gives thro' love. Again I say
That's the girl for me.

Her alma bestowed with gentle grace
Doth beautify her gentle face,
The gentlest of her gentle race,
A very lovely girl.

Performs her father's least demand,
And with some friends has joined a band
Whose mission 'tis to lend a hand,
So sweet a girl is she.

She uses every moment so
That whether weal or whether woe
They're always better, those who know
This charming girl of mine.

And when her loving acts I see
Her captive I would long to be,
For certainly she seems to me
The dearest girl of all.

Has ever seen this little girl
With merry eyes and silken curls,
Who sets the dullest hearts awhirl?
Well, she's the girl for me.

—Harold McGill Davis, in Brooklyn Eagle.

HANDY WITH FRACTIONS.

Alan's Uncle's Experiences With
Applied Mathematics.

"I can do any example in fractions, uncle," said Alan the other evening as he experimented with the cat to see if he could hold that patient animal near enough to the grate fire so that its hair would shrivel without any marked protest from pussy.

"Indeed," said uncle, indulgently, lacing his fingers across his waistband and extending his feet toward the fire; "I used to be quite handy with fractions myself. In fact, I excelled in mathematics. Your poor father, now, had no faculty for them. It is singular how diversified talents are in the same family, singular, indeed."

"Henry was considered the best mathematician in his class," said Alan's mother, with a little flush.

"In pure mathematics, Mary, in pure mathematics, only," responded uncle; "but in the applied article he was lamentably weak."

What Alan's mother might have replied to this was lost in interest in Alan's experiment in which the cat suddenly ceased to be a passive agent. By and by, when Alan had bathed the scratches on his hand and convinced himself that the wound on his ear was only a superficial one, he said: "Give me an example, uncle."

"Certainly," said uncle, affably; "add two-thirds and four-fifths and subtract one-seventh."

Alan worked away for a minute and then asked: "What is the answer, uncle?"

"Er—I think you had better let me see how you have done it, my boy. That will do you more good. Um—ah—35, no, 105—yes, to be sure. Why, no; the one-seventh is to be subtracted. Fifteen, 10, 13, 23, seven over; that makes one and seven-fifteens. Now let's see—yet, 108. How will that come out? Yes, that's right—one and thirty-four one-hundred-and-fifths. Quite right. Alan, you have the answer, only your way of doing it is a little peculiar."

"It took you a long time to do it, uncle."

"Yes, the light was bad. I couldn't see the figures very well. You could improve on your figures, Alan."

"Give me another, uncle, please. Make up a tough one, can't you?"

"All right," John and James—you'd better write this down.—John and James had 30 cents between them; John bought three apples at 1½ cents each; James bought a jack-knife with four blades; for the big blade he paid 4 cents; for the little blade, 1½ cents; for the file blade, 5 cents; for the blade with a nick in it, 3½ cents, and for the handle twice as much. How much money did they have left?"

"Twice as much as what?"

"Twice as much as—why twice as much as for the little blade, of course. That is what I said. Now, how much did they have left?"

"Nobody ever bought a knife that way."

"Probably not, but that is applied mathematics, applying principles to every-day transactions such as you will engage in when you get older. Still, perhaps, that is a little too far along for you?"

"Oh! I can do it easy enough," said Alan, and he went to work. In a few minutes he began to look puzzled; then he asked: "What do you want to know?"

"How much they had left?"

The puzzled look grew as the figures multiplied. "Why," said the boy, finally, "they wouldn't have any thing left. They would owe, or James would owe, 154 cents on the knife, or John would have to give up some of the apples."

"Eh?" said uncle, with a start; "how's that?"

Alan went carefully over the problem step by step, and, as he proceeded, uncle's confidence in himself disappeared, and in its wake ran embarrassment and humiliation. But uncle has not lived two score and more years in this world of perplexities for nothing, and when he was led to see that Alan was right, uncle was himself again. "Ah, yes," he said, "you are quite right, my boy, entirely right. I was wondering if you would find it out."

"But I don't understand how there can be any thing left."

"There isn't," said uncle, composedly. "I didn't intend there should be. You may remember that I told you this was applied mathematics—applying principles to every-day transactions were, I think, the words I used. It is nothing uncommon for men to buy more than they can pay for. In this simple problem you have gained an insight into one of the great principles of business life. It is well for you to mingle theory with practice, an excellent idea, indeed."

The paper behind which the face of Alan's mother was hidden was shaking, and there was a look on her face of merriment struggling with mild indignation. Uncle settled back in his chair, laced his fingers again, and realized that he had crawled through a very

small hole and saved all the buttons on his waistcoat.

"Let me give you an example, uncle," said Alan, thoughtfully. "Not a made-up one, but one from the book. I'll come to them pretty quick and I would like to know how to do them."

"Er—perhaps you had better wait till you get to them," said uncle. "It is just as well not to cross a bridge—"

Just then the eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the top of the paper and looked straight into uncle's. That gentleman cleared his throat and said, hastily: "All right, my boy, all right; let's have it."

Alan turned the leaves of his arithmetic and then read:

"A father left his eldest son three-sevenths of his estate, his youngest son four-sevenths of the remainder, and his daughter the remainder, who received \$1,738¼ less than the youngest son. What was the value of the estate?"

"Please read that over again," said uncle, nervously. Alan did so.

"Well, the first thing to do," said uncle, "is to find out what is the value of the estate."

"That's the last thing in the book."

"Eh? I am afraid I did not understand the example. You should learn to read more plainly, young sir."

Alan read the example again and uncle said:

"Oh, yes, I see. Please get me some paper and a pencil; you might get several sheets of paper so we will be sure to have enough."

While Alan was getting the paper uncle said: "You don't mind my lighting a pipe, do you, Mary? I can always work better when I'm smoking. It's a habit I acquired in college. It seems to brighten my reasoning faculties."

"Not at all," sweetly said the lady addressed. "I believe the reasoning faculties should be as bright as possible."

Uncle did not say any thing in reply; in fact, it was some time before he uttered a word. Then he looked up from a sheet of paper crowded with figures and said, impatiently:

"There never was an estate in the world divided in such an idiotic fashion. A man who would make such a will would be declared insane in any court on earth, and the will would be broken."

"Perhaps that is pure mathematics," suggested a voice behind the paper.

Uncle broke his pencil point in some way just then, and when Alan sharpened it he got up on his knees in the chair, with his feet tucked under him, and took a fresh sheet of paper. When that was nearly covered he said:

"There! there's your answer; \$1,334 9-77, and a pretty small estate that is to put into an arithmetic."

"Why, uncle," said Alan, "I don't see how that can be, for the daughter got \$1,738¼."

"What kind of an arithmetic is this, any way?" growled uncle. "It's an outrage to make such books. When I was a boy we had sensible school books and—"

"That is your old arithmetic, Robert," said the lady behind the paper. "When I found they were using that kind, I told Alan he might as well take yours as to buy a new one."

Uncle got down from his chair, walked slowly around the table, climbed up again.

"Is that to change your luck, uncle?" asked Alan. "They say it will do it."

"Mary," said uncle, indignantly, "you ought not to let Alan get such vulgar superstitions into his head. Mathematics, sir, are not to be conquered by luck."

Fresh sheets of paper were taken and a maze of figures grew under uncle's hand. Around the edge of her paper Alan's mother saw experiments in proportion, alligation, arithmetical progression, and here and there a dash of algebra.

The domain of mathematics was ransacked from center to circumference, and victory came at last. "That estate," said uncle, impressively, "was worth exactly \$3,111 18-83," and he said it in the tone of a man ready to fight if his word was disputed.

"I presume that is right," said Alan. "Any way, that is the answer in the book. Now here is an easy one—at least, our teacher says it is easy," and he read:

"If 30 men in 21 days, by working 10 hours a day, can dig a trench 30 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 18 feet deep, when the ground is called 3 degrees of hardness, how many men in 36 days, by working 8 hours a day, can dig another trench 45 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 18 feet deep, when the ground is estimated at 5 degrees of hardness?"

As step by step the features of this problem were presented to uncle, that gentleman slipped further down into his chair. When the voice of the reader stopped, he looked like nothing in the world so much as Grandfather Smallweed, if that unamiable old person could be imagined as deprived of even the presence of the "Brimstone Cat!" The eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the paper and the abject appeal they saw in uncle's eyes could not be resisted.

"Alan," she said, "it is your bedtime. Uncle is tired."

Alan gathered up his books, kissed his mother, bade the figure in the chair good-night, and said cheerfully: "We'll try pure mathematics next time, uncle."

—N. Y. Sun.

"Society" Disappearing.

In this democratic nineteenth century, "society," in the old aristocratic sense of the term, is disappearing. People of a certain class and certain means do certain things at certain times because other people of the same class and the same means do likewise. There is a universal tendency toward the equalization of luxury and of the exterior manifestations of refinement. Social habits are formed on the models established by two or three great centers of civilization, and all the life that you find elsewhere is a more or less pale reflection of the real article. With the increase of facilities of communication originality of all kinds decreases, and the search for local color becomes more and more hopeless.—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

—Tooth In.—Maud—"I have such a terrible pain in one of my teeth, but I am afraid to have it drawn." Cholly—"Why don't you have it photographed?" —Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.