

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Mr. Bower Makes an Unhappy Mistake in Taking Down a Bedstead.

The Usual Chapter from the "Arizona Kicker"—Uncle Jim Left Out.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"When you go down in the morning I wish you'd do an errand for me," observed Mrs. Bower as she looked up from the stoking she was darning.

"What is it?" queried Mr. Bower. "I want to change a couple of the bedsteads up stairs, and I want a man to come up from a furniture store."

"What's the matter with me doing the work? I haven't got anything particular to do for the next ten minutes. It's no use in fooling around a week to get somebody up here and pay him two dollars for a quarter of an hour's work. I'll do it and give you the two dollars."

"You are real good, Mr. Bower, but it's hard work lugging bedsteads around, and you'll—you'll—"

"I'll get mad and blame you, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Never made a bigger mistake in your life! You haven't seen me mad in ten years, and I'm not the sort of husband to blame my wife for anything! And what can I blame you for, even if I was that sort of hysens?"

Mr. Bower whistled a merry air as he took off his coat and cuffs and proceeded to take down and changed. The first thing was to remove the mattress. He seized it by the roots, and gave it a flip and a twist and landed it on the floor.

"The idea of sending up a man!" he exclaimed as he pushed up his sleeves and reached out for the springs. "And the idea of my getting mad about—"

"ARE YOU GETTING ALONG ALL RIGHT, DEAR?"

The two foot stools fell down, the springs made a sudden dive and Mr. Bower's shins brought up against something antique and hard. It was not a railroad sandwich. He stopped back and was about to begin a speech when Mrs. Bower looked in and queried:

"How are you getting along, dear?"

"Beautifully, and you can't help any?" he replied, as the red spread clear back to his collar button.

She retreated and he spat on his hands and surveyed the springs from six different sections. It finally and suddenly occurred to him to drop the other slats and let the springs fall to the floor, and he was rubbing his hands when Mrs. Bower looked in again.

"Just a little scheme of my own," chuckled Mr. Bower. "I think I could give some of these furniture men a pound or two to handle bedsteads."

"Well, don't get all heated up, and don't lose your temper."

There are seventeen different ways to take down a bedstead. It was some time before Mr. Bower discovered any of these ways. It suddenly flashed upon him that the ends of the rails lifted up. He lifted; no go. He tugged; something wobbled. He kicked; both ends of the rail came out at once, and without any particular object in view Mr. Bower plunged forward and sprawled out on the mattress.

"Now, by the great horn spoon, but I will do somebody or something a mortal injury!" he howled as he kicked out in every direction. "The idea that a free born citizen of these United States can't take down an infernal old bedstead in his own home without being insulted and degraded is enough!"

He gave the footboard a kick. It wasn't any such kick as a mule with a hind leg fourteen feet long could give, but just an ordinary fat man's kick, with a good deal of mad behind it. His intention was to smash the whole bedstead into toothpicks and knock down the hall partition, but it didn't pan out. Mr. Bower was leaning against the wall holding his kicking foot high in air and gasping for breath, when Mrs. Bower looked in and kindly asked:

"Are you getting along all right, dear?"

He looked at her a long time in silence. His face had a chlorotic lime color, his ears were working vigorously and it was evident that he was boiling within.

"Mrs. Bower!" he whispered as he limped over and glared into her eyes like a long suffering animal brought to bay. "You know how this thing would result, and you deliberately put up the job to revenge on me!"

"Why, Mr. Bower, I warned you at the outset!"

"Never did—never! You had the thing all planned before I got home! If you want to murder me, and it seems

that you do, why not shoot me in my sleep?"

"How can you talk so? I told you you'd get mad and—"

"I'm not mad," Mrs. Bower. "I've simply got my eyes opened at last! No further words are necessary. The limit has been reached. I am now going to the library to look over certain papers and arrange matters as quietly as possible, and I must not be disturbed. My lawyer will probably consult with your lawyer to-morrow!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

EXPLANATORY.—The editor of The Kicker, who is also mayor of the town, was left for Phoenix, this territory, presumably to marry a widow reported to be worth \$50,000 in cold cash. This issue of the paper is in our charge. We are not the agricultural editor. We are the horse editor, and feel ourselves entirely competent to run the business. Our salary is nine dollars per week, and is supposed to cover all personal risks. Anybody looking for the mayor will also be accommodated. Come early and avoid the rush. First come first served.

HE CALLED.—Monday afternoon, hearing that the editor was out of town, General Ashburton, of Clinch Valley, called at the office intending to wreck things. He fondly expected to find the agricultural editor in charge and to hold a regular picnic, and he was considerably embarrassed when we stopped him with a couple of six shooters and asked him to renew his subscription. We don't think he had the slightest idea of subscribing to The Kicker for another year, as he is not at all literary, but under the circumstances he laid down two dollars and backed out of the shop as gracefully as a dancing master. The general is looking particularly well this spring, and we understand that his crops promise big results. We shall always be pleased to have him call.

HE WAS LOOKING.—On the same afternoon, and just after the general's departure, Ben Williams, bad man, came our way looking for the mayor. He was drunk Saturday evening, and his honor took his gun away for fear of accident. Bad man felt that he had been degraded. Wanted to wipe out the insult in blood. Wanted to do it right away. Stood before us and shrieked for gore. The horse editor (who is myself) had him kicked in two minutes by the office clock. He had only one dollar in each in his wallet. Bill took that and credited him with six months' subscription to the best weekly paper in the world. Bad man went away declaring that he loved us. Next!

IN POON LOCK.—Tuesday morning we received a telegram from the editor saying, "Make things red hot this week." While the horse business is our specialty, we can slash around on most any line to the extent of a column or two. We strapped on our guns and took a walk to see what could be done to gladden the heart of our chief. When in front of the post-office we met Dave Smiley. Dave has often declared that he would perish before he would subscribe to The Kicker.

We intended to get the drop on him, but he was up to snuff and got the first shot. Indeed, he did all the shooting. When we came to draw we found our guns empty, the office boy having drawn our cartridges and used them to ornament a display in an auction bill. We were two bullets through our hat and then bolted. We are no runner. We are a horse editor with a stiff knee, and now and then one of our victims escapes. If Mr. Smiley will give us a fair show we'll wager \$100 that we'll either have his name on the books or his body in the editor's private graveyard.

IN THE KICKER ORDER.—The editor of The Kicker left rather hurriedly Monday morning, but we turned to and had everything in perfect shape within an hour. Members of the vigilance committee wanting the rope and our assistance will give the usual signal on the alley window. The editor of our contemporary need not feel at all put out, but we are not up to snuff and got the first shot. Indeed, he did all the shooting. When we came to draw we found our guns empty, the office boy having drawn our cartridges and used them to ornament a display in an auction bill. We were two bullets through our hat and then bolted. We are no runner. We are a horse editor with a stiff knee, and now and then one of our victims escapes. If Mr. Smiley will give us a fair show we'll wager \$100 that we'll either have his name on the books or his body in the editor's private graveyard.

CONGRATULATE ME, MISS BELLA. In a few days Miss Goldthwaite will be mine. "She"—"I am glad to hear it; but I didn't know you were—" He—"Of course you didn't, nor any one else. Didn't want any competition, see? But it's all fixed now. She'll be worth ten thousand a year to me." She—"Really? The name's unfamiliar. New York family?" He—"No, Kentucky family, and one of the best. Sired by Bang Up, dam Queen Elizabeth—why, you must remember her. She made two-thirteen last season, and not half trained at that." She—"Oh, I thought you were speaking of a marriage engagement." He—"Now, Miss Bella, that's pretty hard. I know I spend half my time in the stable, but that's no reason you should take me for an ass."—Life.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

REDUCTION IN MILK. Owing to the high price of milk, ask your grocer for Highland Brand Evaporated Cream, which is a Child, also cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CATECHISM OF LOVE.

HOW MANY OFFERS OF MARRIAGE HAVE YOU HAD?

Mr. Frank Leslie Suggests a Census of Matrimonial Proposals—Every Woman Has One—Maid for Proposer—Hints to Men and Maids.

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"I don't like to dispute you, but I bet you five dollars you can't."

"Well, sergeant, you see what a soft snap dat vhas," grinned Mr. Dunder. "I lako dot bet to quesk his head shivins around, and he pulls out a piece of paper and says:

"If you can write, den my five dollar vhas gone oop der spout. Put it right here."

"IT WAS A NOTE OF \$200 FOR SIXTY DAYS!"

"And you wrote it?" asked the sergeant.

"I did. I put him down in two minutes und took in dot money—ha! ha! ha! I like to make five dollar dot vhay esafery day of my life. How is it now? Why you loko out on dot vhat?"

"Mr. Dunder, have you a bank account?" sobberly asked the sergeant.

"Of course. I does poeness mit der Third National."

"Well, you have indorsed a note for somebody. That bet was a trick to get your name on the back of it."

"No! Doan 'speak like dot to me!" "Better go right up there as quick as you can and see about it. If you have time come back and tell me the news."

"Well, how was it?"

"It was a note of \$200 for sixty days!"

"Humph! Mr. Dunder, how often have I warned you to—"

"Sergeant!" interrupted Mr. Dunder, as he rose up, "it vhas no use to speak to me I vhas five years in America and I dook out on dot Nothing vhas two times alike, und eseferybody vhas full of tricks. Maybe you like to do me a favor?"

"Always glad to accommodate. What is it?"

"I vhas shut a leedle thing. When corner den me hanging by der neck und takes me down I like you to say to der jury dot I vhas too innocent und confiding for dis wicked world, und dot I belief vhas better I make dot change of location. I dook out on dot men, who had a hale of cotton on a truck, lowered it and turned to ask:

"Caahus, has yo' dun bin to de pos-offis?"

"Yes, sah."

"What's de mail?"

"Didn't dun git no mail."

"What I did yo' inqur fur Moses Washington White?"

"Yes, sah."

"An fur Miss Evangeline White?"

"Yes, sah."

"An fur Miss Louisa White?"

"Yes, sah."

Uncle Jim was left out.

A colored boy about twelve years old came into the warehouse slapping his bare feet on the floor, and in one hand he had a bale of cotton on a truck, lowered it and turned to ask:

"Caahus, has yo' dun bin to de pos-offis?"

"Yes, sah."

"What's de mail?"

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"Yes, sah."

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"Yes, sah."

"An fur Miss Louisa White?"

"Angela Loftus, born Angela Airey, says she had two offers. The first was from Tom March, who said, when she had been singing 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' to him one Sunday evening:

"Say, Angie, let me drive that sweet chariot, and you go passenger? Angie thought this irreverent and said no, but she did not suppose she was going to drive the poor man to despair and make him marry Kate Burr, as he did in three weeks. As for Mr. Loftus, he was her clergyman, and when she knew that Tom was engaged she felt so sorry and afraid that she had done wrong that she went to her clergy about it, and he took her by the hand and said:

"Angela, you are worthy of a higher destiny than to marry Tom March. Be the partner of my soul, Angela."

"And she said she would, because she thought it right to do as her minister said, and she did."

Next comes—"Elizabeth B. Bullion, born Elizabeth Tattersall. Had no other real offer except her husband's, but was expecting every day that Arthur Montague, a gentleman on the stage, would offer himself to her. One day, however, Mr. Bullion called to her and said:

"I have come on the 8:30 train and ought to return by the noon train to take up a note for \$10,000 which otherwise will go to protest. I have left myself just an hour and a half in which to become engaged to you, and I have brought this ring on approbation. It is worth as much as the note, and if it is not returned to the jeweler today he will not take it. Now it remains with you to lose me \$20,000, or to save it, for I shan't take the noon train unless I leave the ring on your engagement finger."

"Of course," pursued Mrs. Bullion, "I didn't want to make the man lose \$20,000, so I slipped the ring on my finger and he went back on the noon train."

Pursuing his researches our student finds that one gentleman remarked that he had for a long time felt himself to be a stray hair in the beard of a lion, but recognized the lady addressed as the other half.

Another suitor invited his chosen one to drive, and asked her if she had any prejudice against fried onions, and upon her assuring him that she had not, he confessed that his favorite dish was beefsteak and onions, and onions and beefsteak.

"And if you'll see that I get it five mornings in the week for breakfast at 8 sharp, we'll buy a barrel of onions to-morrow."

Seventeen widowers, in slightly varying forms, are found to base their offer on the need of some one to look after their "motherly little ones," all seventeen used that exact phrase, and I have noticed widowers usually do. Also, I have occasionally wondered why "motherless little ones" is considered so "fetching," while "motherless young ones" would be quite the contrary.

Two doctors confessed that they would get more and better practice as married than as single men, while one clergyman who had cherished thoughts of celibacy makes the startling announcement that "the world, the flesh and the devil had conspired to make his wife's nature and mind become my better."

It is pleasant to note that the young lady responded that she did not wish to go into the firm whose style he had quoted, and should by no manner of means become his wife. Shortly after, the chaffing girl received an offer from a young man who told her that she showed herself so good a daughter that he was sure she would be a good wife, and wanted her for his wife. Him she accepted because she thought he would make such a good son-in-law.

It is reported that a girl who had been going with a party from one city to another to pass an evening at the theater, they lost the last train home and were obliged to spend the night at a hotel. There being no married lady in the party it was proposed that one of the girls should get married and so bewilder the party, and selecting a few specimens he turns to the cases referred to, as, for instance, when among the successful offers he reads:

"Put it on if you want it," and turning to the cases reads:

"Mary Jones, born Mary Smith, states that she has only received one offer of marriage. This was from Samuel Jones, who calling upon her one evening, took a ring-gold band set with three imitation pearls—out of his waistcoat pocket and showing it to her said: 'See here, this is an engagement ring.' Dependent upon what you want of it."

"Whereupon Jones handed it to her, saying, 'Put it on if you want it,' which was, as she considers, his offer. She accepted because she wanted to marry somebody, and liked him as little as anybody else."

Finding this form a little crude our student reads the next report, which runs thus:

"Birdie Bowers, born Birdie Lovering, states that she has received 'forty-seven' offers, and would repeat, as many of them as the auditor cared to hear, but that Toffy, as she calls her husband, only said:

"'Itty Birdie want to be Toffy's ownie Birdie?' Div him tweety tweety tias, den."

"She accepted him because he was the cunningest old darling she ever saw, and she loves him dearly."

"That's a little too soft for me," comments the student, and tries another.

"Kate March, born Kate Burr, says she will go to prison for contempt of court or pay a fine or anything else, the auditor has power to inflict, but as for going back on the men she has refused, she won't do it. The only offer she ever accepted was Tom March's, and the way he made it was in driving, when he said:

"Don't you think, Kate, you and I might drive pleasantly in double harness?" to which she replied:

"I dare say, if you didn't undertake to make it a tandem team, with your own horse on the lead." And they were engaged. She accepted him because she liked him."

"Two horses for me," remarks the student, and tries another.

watched, but never trusted with affairs of importance.

In such a state of society it is doubtless better that marriages should be arranged between the parents or guardians of the contracting parties than between themselves. A girl brought up in such an atmosphere is, I dare say, truly incapable of deciding upon the real merits of a suitor, and a man trained under such conditions would never know how to make a really manly, self-respecting and respectful offer of his true and whole life to a woman whom he would not consider capable of appreciating it.

If the English language is not the language of love, it has certainly proved itself the language in which the best offers of marriage can be made.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

PARIS FASHIONS.

A New Reign of Modified Directoire Styles Predicted.

I think it is certain now that we are to have a new reign of the Directoire styles, but they will be modified to a certain extent and the chief Directoire effect will consist in the ruffs at the sleeves, the fichus, the revers and the hats and that general ensemble that is indefinable and yet is unmistakable.

The races always call forth that which shall reign in general, and two of the present leaders of Paris fashions were toilettes that were the envy of all beholders, and since then Directoire has fairly bristled every where.

One of the toilettes was of reseda faille, cut en fourreau form in the skirt, which had a rose plating of the same around the bottom only one inch wide. The corsage was a narrow ribbon was laid flat on them worked with silver. At the neck the beignaine spencer was drawn in a puffed ruffle. The forearms of the sleeves were of white satin embroidered with silver. A white silk and chiffon parasol, the chiffon edged with silver, and a beige straw hat completed this ravishing toilet. What is Directoire about if? Why, the revers.

The other was of Nile green bengaline and striped silk, trimmed down the front with a narrow edge of black silk grosgrain and with a small fichu, with all ruffs and a beige straw hat completed this ravishing toilet. What is Directoire about if? Why, the revers.

Today I was told by a leading modiste that the present prospect for fall silk is for the richest velvet of one couple, that can be worn with velvet with even more pronounced chameleon effect than ever. And I heard, too, that dress velvets will be made with a sort of twist beneath the pile which will show iridescent effects as the lights change. Terry velvet, very heavy cord, will be presented for trousers the rest; lots were drawn to decide which of the young men should become a benedict, and he who drew the longest straw stepped up to a girl he had been introduced to some three weeks before, and said:

"You and I might as well be the victims, Sally, of the party."

Sally assented, a justice of the peace tied the knot between two sleepy yawns and Sally matrimonized the party.

If you think that story too extravagant I will assure you that Sally told it to her friend, and added that "her folks were real provoked" about it, and she rather thought Jim and she would go through the court and make another start, for he hadn't any way to support her and had a real ugly temper.

Closing our big blue book, we look into our own experiences, we women, and mentally smile as we rehearse the forms and methods in which men have made known to us the fact that they wished to marry us, for I take it for granted that most of us have received at least that big blue book, whether we accepted it or not.

My own impression is that the most effective offers are the most unpretentious, consisting more of looks, half sentences, significant pauses, a timely gesture, a half-supplicant, half-pretentious case, which if accepted seals the bargain, and if rejected carries with its rejection in toto.

Of course most American women have heard more domestic than foreign offers of marriage, and certainly men's manners differ as much in this as in any other national custom. Here American and the Englishman sincerely respect woman. They perceive that her mental and moral powers, if not identical with their own, are quite as important to the common weal; they consider that in offering marriage they ask for fellowship and intelligent sympathy, and an added strength and power in their lives; while the Continental, the Italian, the Frenchman or Spaniard prostrates himself in extravagant homage at the feet of the woman he would win, and when once she is won treats her as a toy, a slave or an irresponsible child, to be petted, governed and suspiciously

watched, but never trusted with affairs of importance.

In such a state of society it is doubtless better that marriages should be arranged between the parents or guardians of the contracting parties than between themselves. A girl brought up in such an atmosphere is, I dare say, truly incapable of deciding upon the real merits of a suitor, and a man trained under such conditions would never know how to make a really manly, self-respecting and respectful offer of his true and whole life to a woman whom he would not consider capable of appreciating it.

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EDUCATION OFFICER, Victoria, 28th April, 1892.

WHEREAS, the Council of Public Instruction is empowered, under the "Public School Act," to create School Districts, in addition to those already existing, and to define the boundaries thereof, and from time to time to alter the boundaries of existing Districts; it is hereby notified that the Council has been pleased to create the following tract of land to be a School District, under the title of "Gallano School District":

All that tract of land known as Gallano Island.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to create the following tracts of land to be a School District, under the title of "North Vesuvius School District":

All that portion of Salt Spring Island lying north of the boundary line between Sections 11 and 12, extended westward and eastward to the sea-shore.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to alter and re-define the boundaries of Vesuvius School District, as follows:

All that portion of Salt Spring Island lying between the Northern boundary of Bargon Bay School District and the eastern boundary of North Vesuvius School District.

S. D. POPE, Secretary, Council of Public Instruction. m29-wkly

Flaming Headlines are not always Vile Distortions calculated to Deceive and Disgust and especially when

ROWBOTHAM "THE GROCER,"

advances in this case. He believes he when he says he is the best man in VICTORIA to do business with.

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