

"Tulip, I wish to introduce to you Miss Eccles," said the nautical man.

"How do you do, Miss," said the Tulip, making his profoundest bow. The blonde shivered and bobbed her head till her flaxen curls shook and the cherries on her hat quivered again. "I've heard of you often, Mr. —, Mr. Tulip," faltered the lady.

"Have you really, now?" returned our friend. "What will you take, Miss?" "No—no—this is on me."

"Here, Tulip! Don't you go flirting with me gal!" said the sailor, returning from an animated discussion with "de bar keep." The Tulip looked reproachful. "Well, I'll have a gin-fiz," said the fair one, with a gruffness of tone that made the Tulip wonder if she had contracted a sudden cold.

"Beg pardon, Miss, but would you be so good as to step into the parlor. Ladies not served at the bar." "Oh, aren't they? How's that?" queried the dizzy blonde. "Not the custom of the country," returned the mixer of cocktails.

"Oh, I'm English," returned the lady; "we manage things differently there." She herewith seized the glass from the hands of the astonished bartender and bestowing a maidenly wink on the Tulip, proceeded to "neck" her drink with a gusto and celerity only to be arrived at by considerable practice.

"Well, we'll see you later, Tulip," remarked the jolly far as he drank up his whiskey and made for the door.

"See you later, old chap," cried the fair one, bringing her hand down between the Tulip's shoulder blades with a force that made his eyes water and the drink go the wrong way. Before he could recover himself the lady and the sailor had vanished: the last impression he had of the former being the sight of a splendid specimen of a "Chicago boot" disappearing round the corner.

The Tulip has since been heard to say he "does not approve of midshipmen disguised as blushing damsels." He says "it's not dignified. Besides, it's taking a blamed mean advantage of a feller."

NOCTURNE.

That nest among the moss, sweet pink-eyed daisies:
When night hath spread her sable vesture
o'er ye?

And stars of heav'n as ye of earth doth lighten
the path before me,
As on my way I pass, sweet pink-eyed daisies!
Awhile there weeps a tender dew upon ye,

To jewel o'er your petals by the morning;
Like to the tears that Love brings to the eyelid,
With smiles them scorning,
And every drop a mirror serves to gladness.

Dear stars of earth! Sweet flow'rs of heav'n that
guide us—

Bright emblems of a love that ne'er shall falter,
But holier grow till time itself shall alter,
And find our hearts still one, sweet pink-eyed
daisies.

MRS. D. H. PARRY.

"Every silver lining has a cloud."—New version.

THE BOAT-TRAIN.

An English Channel trip, say I,
Is bad enough in Channel boats;
But when to cross the Gulf you try,
Within a railway train on floats
You may feel scared, until you know
'Tis run by Bodwell, Duff & Co.

Should I, with child, and nurse, and wife,
Thrust forth upon the seething main,
Upon the Bodwell-Patent-Life-
Insurance-Breaking-Railboat-Train
Would I turn pale with fear? No, no:
'Tis run by Bodwell, Duff & Co.

And when in course of time we spy
A monster rushing down the street
Towards the market-place hard by,
Where two world-famous lines shall meet,
"Now praise the Lord," we whisper low,
"And also Bodwell, Duff & Co."

Now I am rather fond of jokes,
And wish to view this Ferry Scheme
As but a sort of genial hoax,
Instead of as a dotard's dream,
And yet, as I more hap-py grow,
I think of Bodwell, Duff & Co.

Alas! how hopeless to object
To what these mighty brains have planned,
As well might puny dwarfs elect
To plough the bare unfertile sand,
'Tis sanctioned "ore publico,"
I mean, by Bodwell, Duff & Co.

G. A. C.

I will not ask if thou canst touch
The tuneful ivory key.
Those silent notes of thine are such
As quite suffice for me.
I'll make no question if thy skill
The pencil comprehends,
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw thy dividends.

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