

Seattle et qui paraît consolante et pleine d'espoir pour certaines de ses lectrices!! C'est que: "A Seattle on y rencontre infiniment plus d'hommes que de femmes, et les jeunes ou vieilles filles qui désirent un mari auraient plus de chance d'en trouver là que nulle part au monde. Elles y en trouveraient même plusieurs successivement; car les lois de l'Etat de Washington admettent le divorce avec une grande facilité."

Une des comparaisons du même auteur, qui me paraît très juste: "Seattle est comme une fiancée qui sait le prix de sa fortune et celui de ses charmes."

CA ET LA.

Les Statues de Paris.

Une des dernières statistiques nous indique que Paris possède 187 statues d'hommes et de femmes illustres ou simplement notoires; et cela va sans dire que toutes les statues logées dans des niches et qu'on ne saurait supprimer sans nuire à l'harmonie de l'édifice dont elles font partie ont été comme il est naturel éliminées.

PENSEES.

Les femmes emploient leur plus fine adresse à vous passer un bandeau sur les yeux, puis elles vous reprochent de trébucher.

PAUL BOURGET.

Le cœur est comme ces sortes d'arbres qui ne donnent leur baume pour les blessures des hommes que lorsque le fer les a blessés eux-mêmes.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Nous ne sommes point créés pour nous croiser les bras. Nous vivons (pour faire quelque chose) ou du mal ou du bien.

PIERRE DE COULEVAIN.

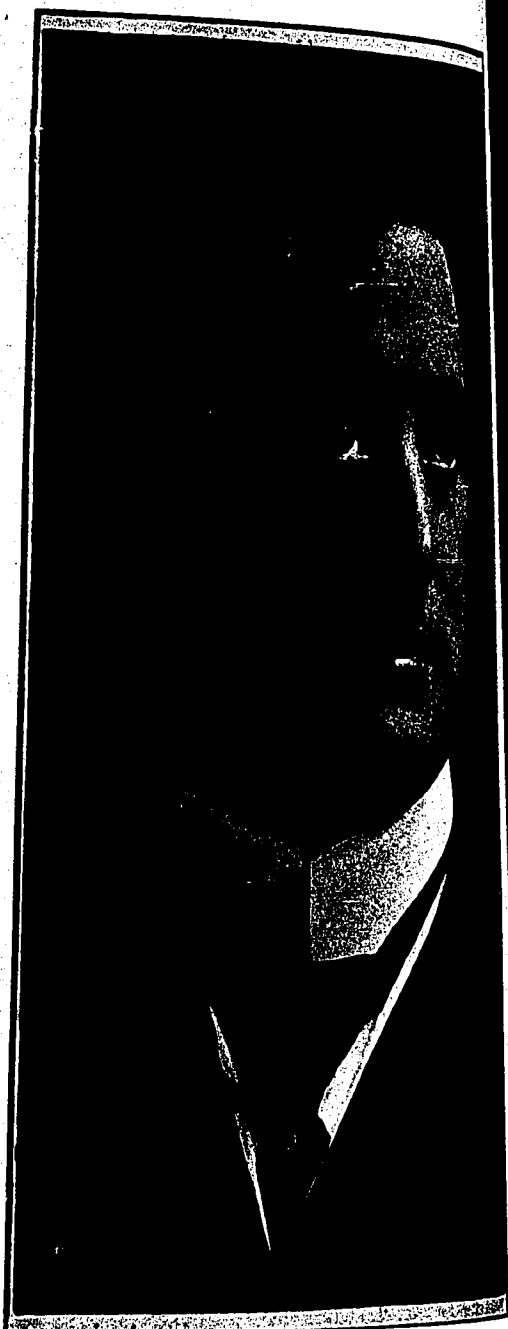
Napoléon III. demanda un jour à Eugénie, sa femme: "Madame quelle différence y a-t-il entre vous et un miroir?" "Je ne sais pas Monsieur," répondit-elle. "Un miroir réfléchit et vous Madame, vous ne réfléchissez pas toujours."

A mon tour maintenant: "Dites-moi quelle différence il y a entre vous et un miroir?" "Je ne sais pas," dit l'empereur.

"Un miroir est poli et vous, Monsieur, vous ne l'êtes pas toujours."

Deux jeunes gens, un américain et un français se séparaient à l'embarcadere de New York. Le français était sur le ba-

teau; l'américain agitant son mouchoir lui cria, "au réservoir (au revoir)" français lui répondit, "Tank."



CLIFFORD DENHAM.

IT WAS A PLEASANT SURPRISE TO THE THEATRE GOERS OF VICTORIA, B. C., WHEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE THAT MR. DENHAM HAD ACCEPTED THE POSITION AS MANAGER OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE.

WE COMBINE OUR CONGRATULATIONS WITH THOSE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE CAPITAL CITY AND TRUST CLIFF WILL CONTINUE TO DISPENSE THE GENIALITY AND COMFORT FOR WHICH HE IS SO FAMOUS.

"GOOD LUCK TO YOU, CLIFFORD!"

A BRIGAND IN LOVE

By LOUISE WINTER.
(Continued from Last Month.)

VI.

"Tell me of Dr. Hoffman." Loring joined with the Grays, and after having elected to remain with Miriam's husband while Miriam herself attended a party of Frances' young friends to the theatre.

Gray looked up. A flash of realization dawned in his light blue eyes. "Hoffman? It is a long story, for I go back to my school days."

"Was our hero, then? How seldom do childish enthusiasms last! I remember him as a school idol at boarding school; I met her there, and was disgusted with her attitude, which in earlier days I had so much admired."

David Hoffman was an unusual boy; he was an unusual man, a humanitarian, in the true sense of the word. At school we all looked up to him. He was the strongest boy in his class, a brilliant scholar and an athlete. When he left college we felt a personal loss, and he was not the only one who followed his career with interest. He studied medicine, and went in for surgery, going to finish. When he returned he opened a clinic in Chicago, and we heard from time to time performing some wonderful operation. I saw him there as a dominant figure, sure of himself, inspiring confidence by his own superb strength and disarming fear by his gentleness.

With his enormous private practice he found time to devote several hours a day to the poor, whom he treated without giving them the same consideration he gave to his wealthy patients. But when he was at the zenith of his fame his health failed him suddenly. It was diagnosed at first as a common nervous breakdown, and he was advised to take a long rest. He disappeared and was gone for two months. He returned apparently cured, but a month ago after he resumed work he handed the knife to his assistant at

the operating table and walked out of the hospital. He never went back."

"His nerve failed him?"

"At a critical moment; and he realized that his weakness was deep seated. Since that time he has lived apart. He spent years searching for a climate that would build up the nervous tissues, and he has found it at last. Do you remember a couple of years ago, when I was run down, I went into the woods?"

"Yes."

"I was with David Hoffman. It is the most wonderful country, a breathing space in the hills. Here he has established himself; and his dream is to induce other nervous invalids to join him and regain health. He has a house—a cabin—rather—and there he lives. He reads, studies, works, dissects symptoms and evolves theories; and not long ago he wrote me that he had about completed his investigations and was ready to seek converts."

"What is his theory?"

"That open air, the pure air of the wooded mountains and outdoor labor, will accomplish results that no medicine can. I was with him six weeks. I walked, worked in the garden, planted seeds, pulled up weeds, hoed the potato patch; and the physical exercise tired me so that I slept throughout the night, something I had not done in years, and awoke each morning to feel the wine of life coursing through my veins. The atmosphere is magical, and every breath brings healing."

"Henry"—Loring had listened with the deepest attention—"do you suppose Dr. Hoffman would take me up there?"

"You! Why, what ails you?"

"Don't you see how ill I am? Can't you notice the change?"

"You do look bad, but I thought—," Gray was a diffident man and he was embarrassed. He knew of a reason for the