

R & CO Agents, Street, B. C.

Street on either side
den land, \$850.
\$30 per acre, short
it, with two houses
ced, \$4000.
y—Lot on front, 104
120x80, small, new
res on the water
inus, \$1,200.
and 7-room house,
nce in 2 years.
nes Bay, next street
oad—12 to 14 trees,
, by switch of Tram
o houses, renting at
s of land, all fenced
rt of the city and
1,000.
r side—7-room house
r bathing facilities,
\$1,650.
Sanich District for
crest; also farm of 76
ul lots, very suitable
8, Block 70, good gar-
good business, with
of first-class quality,
ly clear and 30 acres
r, \$6,500.
acre lots, \$800 each,
ed. Also one acre of
improvements—\$3,200.
lot, beautifully situ-
550.
Johnson Street—A fine
ing 8 rooms, closets,
,
w 5-roomed house on
uation, \$1,200.
welling house, seven
month, \$1,300.
s partly cleared, situa-
out one acre of land
2,500. \$500 cash.
ul house and lot, every
200.
West—Very good lot
ores of beautiful land,
hing complete, capable
st class home for right
8—Lot 21 113x118x120,
house to sell, 5-rooms,
d cold water laid on all
very easy terms. Two
\$16 per month, respec
st.—Lot 60x120, fenced,
w), water laid on, \$1,200.
lots 60x120, \$500 each.
s lot, 30x175, \$175.
ont—Large lot, 60 feet
120 feet on water, \$1,000.
-Lot, 40x120, \$450.
—Two 7-room houses
North Park St—3 lots,
Stanley Avenue—Two
2,000.
wderly Avenue—A fine
sh.
7—100 acres excellent
o rock, adjoining Public
—102 acres land, 4 acres
ed, two log houses, two
e.
bath and pantry, \$1,400.
—
ichmes, but solid bar-

THREE GOOD MEN.

A Parable Which Some May
Construe as Having Refer-
ence to a Recent Event in
Victoria.

(Written for The Home Journal.)

IN the days of old there lived three men famed throughout the land for their honor and integrity and ability. They were successful men, too, had made much money and were respected, because that not one of them had ever refused to give money for charitable purposes, or to lend assistance for the general good of the community. They died and were buried. Over the grave of one there was placed a lordly monument with large brass plates on either side. These plates bore many inscriptions extolling the virtues of the dead; and carved in the marble itself was a summing up of the whole. The words were: "HE WAS GOOD; HE KNEW THE EVIL AND HE AVOIDED IT; HE SPAKE NO WORD OF IT LEST ANY MAN, HAVING HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED, SHOULD THEREBY BE LED ASTRAY." The passers by saw and marvelled. The world had produced one man whose life was pure and holy.

The second grave was covered by a giant marble slab of pure white. The noon-day sun illuminated the golden inset letters, which told of the virtues of the departed. It was there written: "HE WAS GOOD; HE SAW THE EVIL AND HE POINTED IT OUT TO OTHERS THAT THEY TOO MIGHT AVOID IT. HE TOUCHED IT NOT LEST HE MIGHT BE SAID TO HAVE BECOME CONTAMINATED."

Naught but the green grass-covered mound marked the third grave. There was no tall stately monument; there was no alabaster slab. The summer came and went and years rolled by, leaving their rust and stains and mildew upon the monument and the slab of the adjoining graves until the legends written thereon were moss-covered and could not be read. The grass and weeds had likewise grown tall and rank, except on the third grave, where it was smooth and neatly trimmed. Fresh flowers in neat arrangement bespoke some kindly attention, and passers by might now and

then have seen a comely, motherly woman, with her children at her side, lovingly tending the unmarked plot in God's Acre, and might have heard her saying to the little ones: "HE WAS GOOD; HE SAW THE EVIL AND HE ACTED AGAINST IT; HE WAS PERSECUTED AND REVILED, YET HE DID NOT FLINCH; HE SAVED ME FROM FALLING INTO SHAMEFUL WAYS; THE WORLD WAS BETTER FOR HIS HAVING LIVED, FOR HE SAVED OTHERS, TOO."

"Hope not the cure of sin till self be dead,
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul and it shall save thine own."

PICKED UP AT RANDOM.

IS the earth a hollow sphere? Nature is not prodigal. There are no things created but for use, and so material is sparingly employed to embody usefulness. Geology when a crude science ventured to declare, through its disciples, that this planet is an eggshell minus the meat. Later geological discoveries have not dissipated the idea. We are said to live on a thin crust beneath which are molten waves, the perturbation of which causes the earth to shiver with earthquakes and belch forth its melted material through Etna, Hecla, Chimborazo and other outlets of safety. The fact remains that the wisest of the geologists know nothing at all about the interior of our little globe. Some philosophic minds hold that the earth is a huge animal, the rivers being arteries and the forests being a hirsute covering, and human beings but insects that inhabit the surface. These investigators think there is a great earth soul, which breaks into moaning and convulsion when disease overtakes it. Here, again, man must confess his feebleness in estimating cause and effect. One thing seems to be probable, and it is that our planet, and all other planets, are rushing through ethereal space at tremendous speed, and the resistance of ether to such bulks of matter must bring on a perpetual shrieking appalling to human contemplation, and, most fortunately, far above the human sense of hearing. In the midst of the confusion of opinion some theologians hold that the centre of our globe is the seat of hell, and all bad disembodied souls go thither. The same theologians fail to locate heaven. Captain Symmes, of Kentucky, held that the earth is hollow and the poles are the entrances. Now comes William R. Bradshaw, who in a new book called "The Goddess of Atvatar" fancifully claims that there is an interior world

with land and ocean, which are illuminated by a great sun. The writer makes it very mortal, as is our globe surface. There is this difference: the interior world people worship soul; otherwise they love and hate and fight as in our external habitation.

The following from an American exchange will be amusing reading to English and Canadian people:—"Curiosity to see the Queen, who is not now often to be seen in public, might excuse some American women for the idiotic self-abasement involved in accepting the cheap and vulgar privilege of being presented at a 'drawing-room' so-called in Buckingham Palace. The scene in London recently when a number of supposed Democrats of the female sex belonging to this Republic made themselves of curiosity to curbstone Cockneys was not one calculated to inspire respect for American institutions. It was known in advance that the Queen would not be present. Her place was taken by the Princess Christian, the least aristocratic of the royal set. Notwithstanding this, Americans in London resorted as usual to petty intriguing that attaches to the favor of the chamberlain and some of them, in hypocritical black for the mourning of the Court, others in colors, took their places in the waiting herd, and were permitted, after hours of delay that they would be very reluctant to spend in a better cause, to approach for an instant the person of the princeling. Such performances, if they have any value whatever to those who engage in them, may well make the people of the United States wonder whether American women of this generation are worthy descendants of those earlier women who sustained husbands, fathers, sons and brothers in a tremendous effort to cast off the trumpery of a social system to whose dregs these democratic toadies are so anxious to pay homage."

I hear that Edwin Booth has definitely decided not to appear again on the stage. He has been urged by his professional and business associates to announce his retirement and to make a tour of the country, which would be in the nature of a farewell engagement and which would give old theatre-goers an opportunity to revive their memory of his acting and young theatre-goers a chance to see a historical figure of the American stage. But the reticence of Mr. Booth's character, which has always been pronounced, has grown stronger of late years, and, as his health is not robust, he has retired. He has a fortune of \$750,000, and his ambition has completely died away.