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THE TOWER OF BABEL

One of the greatest obstacles to the acceptance

of the teachings of the Church is the insistence on the part of some clergymen of all denominations upon unquestioning belief in the literal accuracy of every statement contained in the first chapters of the Book of Genesis. Nowhere does the writer of these chapters make any claim whatever for the infallibility of his statements. He, or they, for there may have been more than one person concerned in the composition of of these chapters, relates what is therein told as one might write today, if he endesvored to deal with the history of the Roman Empire in the space of a magazine article. Just when it was written in the first place and how many transcriptions of it were made until these versions were reached from which modern translations have been made is purely conjectural. The history of the English language how the meaning attached to words changes in the process of time. It is necessary even in reading the King James translation of the Bible to explain occasionally that some English words used therein are casionally that some English words used therein are not employed in the same sense now as they were when that translation was made. Therefore to insist that the words used by translators now are to be understood as a literal and absolutely accurate representation of the meaning, which an unknown writer, in an unknown language, at an unknown period, and under unknown circumstances, intended to convey, seems to demand a degree of credulty which an intelligent man is justified in declining to which an intelligent man is justified in declining to concede. No difficulties need ever have arisen out of the chapters referred to, if ecclesiastical authority had not insisted that they possess a character, which is not claimed for them by the authority had not insisted that they possess a character, which is not claimed for them by the authority of contracts. authors. This view does not in any way affect they are absolutely accurate or not makes no real they are absolutely accurate or not makes no real difference to the welfare of mankind, nor does it affect in the slightest the duty of man to his God and his neighbor. It has no bearing upon the life that now is or upon that which is to come. True, certain dogmas may depend upon the acceptance of those chapters as literally correct in the Twentieth Century meaning of the words therein used, but though we read in the New Testament that "by faith ye are read in the New Testament that "by faith ye are saved," we nowhere read therein that we are saved by the ingenuity of more or less ingenius and learned ecclesiastics in framing up creeds and dogmas.

The story of the Tower of Babel is one of those

narratives upon which nothing of any importance depends. It is introduced in the midst of a genealogical table, having no necessary connection with what preceded it and none whatever with what felwhat preceded it and none whatever with what fellows. It is apparently intended to show how it came about that the descendants of Noah spoke different languages. The divergence between the speech of the several nations of mankind must always have been a fruitful topic of speculation, and especially when it was a part of the Hebrew tradition that at a comparatively recent period in point of time all people were sprung from a single family, it seemed necessary to suggest some explanation of the many varieties among the languages of the surrounding tribes. There was an actual Tower of Bab-el. It was a prodigious edifice, supposed to have been 600 feet high. On its summit was a silver shrine doveted to the worship of Baal, the Sun-god. It was feet high. On its summit was a silver shrine doveted to the worship of Baal, the Sun-god. It was built in several stages, so to speak which were of various colors, and it must have been an object of marvelous beauty. The imagination can hardly conceive anything more imposing than the appearance that would be presented by this towering structure, when its silver summit caught the rays of the rising sun. The people called it Bab-el, or the Gate of God. The Hebrews, misled by a similarity of sound to that of their own word "baibel," or purposely desiring to draw a lesson from the destrucarity of sound to that of their own word "balbel," or purposely desiring to draw a lesson from the destruc-tion of the great edifice, called it the Tower of Confusion. Dean Stanley thus describes what the view from the top of the tower must have been like: "The white or pale brown of the houses, wher-ever the natural color of the bricks was left, must have been strikingly contrasted with the rainbow hues with which most of them were painted, according to the fancies of their owners, whilst all the in-tervening spaces were filled with the variety of gigantic palms in the gardens or the thick jungles or luxuriant groves by the side of the silvery canals, or in the early spring, the carpet of brilliant flowers that cover the illimitable plain without the walls, or the sea of waving corn both within and without, which burst from the teeming soil with a produce so plantiful that the Grecian traveler dared not risk

his credit by stating its enormous magnitude."
Such was the Tower of Babel of which we know historically, and it is not surprising that traditions of it preserved by the descendants of Abraham sepresented it as a structure built so that the top thereof would reach to Heaven, and they with their customary practice of thinking of Jehovah as not very unlike themselves, should attribute to him a belief that a mselves, should attribute to him a belief that a people, who could erect such a tower, could accomplish anything that they set out to de. St. Gregory of Nyssa, one of the earliest of the Christian Fathers did not hesitate to characterize the story of Babel as "Jewish babble." Two ancient writers say Babel as "Jewish babble." Two ancient writers say that the tower was overthrown by the winds. The most recent description of the structure has been deciphered from cuneiform tablets in the British Museum. From these it is inferred that it was erected before 2000 B.C., and its builder was said to

be a demi-god named Etanna. The Hebrew tradition of the tower finds a counterpart in the legend of Xelhua, one of the seven giants, who survived a deluge, who is the reputed builder of the great pyramid of Chohula in Central America, which was erected to enable men to invade The legends say that the gods destroyed fire and confused the language of its builders so that they were unable to restore it. A somewhat similar story is preserved in the Mongolian legends, and Dr. Livingstone found traces of another like it between the Central American legend and that of the Babylonians has been cited as a reason for believing that, at a very remote period there was close intercourse between the peoples of these widely separated countries. The peculiarity about the Hebrew version of the story is that the confounding of the tongues of the tower builders is at-tributed to fear on the part of Jehovah as to what mankind might accomplish if left to their own de-

It seems very clear that the story of the Tower of Babel must be classed among the myths, which are a part of the common heritage of a large part of humanity. Belief in it is of no importance one way or the other, and to lay stress upon it, as some religious teachers yet do, is to run the risk of casting discredit upon the essential teachings of the

Dr. Warren, the author of "Paradise Found," a work containing a great number of myths and traditions bearing upon the pre-historic era, advances the theory that in pre-glacial times mankind had reached a very high state of civilization and inhabited the regions around the North Pole. At the Pole itself was a great mountain, the summit of which was swathed in clouds, and upon its sides was the city wherein the sovereign of the whole world resided. This mountain, which disappeared at the be-ginning of the Ice Age, is the Mount Meru of Asiatic mythology, and the efforts of the tower builders of the period when Babel was erected were inspired traditions handed down to them from a very distant past. Dr. Warren sought to prove by com-

north over the eastern and western hemispheres sim-ultaneously. He cites a good deal of scientific proof of the claim that vegetation was diffused throughout the world from the north, and, from this and the similarity of myths at points widely distant from each other, argues that the earth was peopled in the same way from the common centre around the Pole. In the Tower of Babel and other great structures erected at various points in Asia, in the Great Pyramid of Egypt and in the pyramids and pyramidal mounds of Central America he thought he discovered evidence of the similarity of origin of a very large evidence of the similarity of origin of a very large part of mankind, and he found further proof of it in the remarkable resemblance of certain words in languages apparently having no relation to each other. The last word as to the divergencies between the forms of speech used by the several peoples of the earth is far from having been spoken. It is possible to detect resemblances where none on a casual examination would appear probable.

PHARSALIA

So connected are the various links in the chain of human events that it is not possible to say which of them are the most potent in their influence upon the affairs of mankind. As we all know, occurrences, which at the time seem unimportant, carry with them a train of consequences of the gravest possible character, so that it has been well said and that there are no such things as triffes, for what may appear insignificant might be found on examination more than ordinarily momentous. Yet as the searching out of the minor influences, which may have determined the careers of individuals and the searching out of the minor influences, which may have determined the careers of individuals and nations, is impossible, we must content ourselves in the study of history with the greater occurrences, and regarded thus, the battle of Pharsaffa, fought near the town now known as Farsala in Thessaly on August 3, B.C. 48, between Julius Caesar and Pompey, must be regarded as one of the pivotal events in the history of the human race. The number of men engaged in it was not large, as armies went in those days. Pompey had under him not much more than 60,000 men, and Caesar less than half that number. Of these by far the greater part were Romans, although Caesar had some cavalry from Gaul and Germany, and Pompey had a contingent of light-armed troops raised in the cavalry from Gaul and Germany, and Pompey had a contingent of light-armed troops raised in the Asiatic provinces of Rome. It was, however, distinctly a battle of Romans against Romans. One of the best descriptions of the battle is that of Marcus Annaeus Lucanus, usually spoken of as Lucan, who flourished about a century later. He tells us that "the fiery darts and rocky fragments," discharged by the Arabs, Medes and Itrureans, did little injury, but

"Roman hands uperring mischief send And certain death on every pile attend." And certain death on every pile attend."

Lucan tells us that Caesar concentrated his first attack upon Pompey's light-armed auxiliaries, which he speedily put to flight. The poet was an ardent republican, and the establishment of absolution by Caesar was to him the greatest of all calamities.

He blamed Pompey for permitting his auxiliary troops to meet the shock of Caesar's first onslaught. To quote from his poem:

"When soon, alas! the loose barbarians yigid, Scattering their broken squadrons o'er the field, And show, too late, that slaves attempt in vain The sacred cause of freedom to maintain."

(The translation used is by Nicholas Rome, and was made about the year 1700). When Caesar's troops

made about the year 1700). When Caesar's troops came into collision with Pompey's Roman legions, the fate of the day was for some time in suspense. To quote again:

"There the last force of laws and freedom lay, And Roman patriots struggled for the day." What parricides the guilty scene affords!
Sires, sons and brothers rush on mutual swords!
There every sacred bond of nature bleeds:
Then met the war's worst rage, and Caesar's blackest deeds."

During this part of the fight Caesar was everywhere conspicuous, encouraging those who fought, comforting those who fell wounded.

"Now with his voice, his gestures now, he strives, Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives; The weak he strengthens and confirms the strong,

The weak he strengtheas and confirms the strong, And hurries war's impetuous stream along."

The slaughter was terrible. Pompey, who had viewed the battle from a distance, for being now 54 years of age he was hardly fit for the hand-to-hand fighting of those days, hastened to the thick of the conflict, hoping by his example to encourage his troops, but all in vain. Lucan said that Pompey tried to find death upon the battlefield, but was persuaded to fly, when defeat was certain, rather than remain and cause the shedding of more Roman blood. He escaped safely and took refuge in Egypt, where he was assassinated not long after, by a miscreant, who took that means of ingratiating himself with Caesar, who showed himself to be above any such narrow revenge, for he caused the murderer to be executed.

After the victory of Pharsalia, Caesar went to Egypt, where he remained for some time, a victim to the charms of Cleopatra. Thence he marched into Asia, and subdued Mithradates, one of the most formidable enemies with whom Rome ever contended. Then he returned to Rome. He was now the master of the republic, the only opposition to his power being from the sons of Pompey, who collected a large army in Spain. They were overthrown and Caesar returned once more to Rome, to find the nation at his feet. The principal events of this re-markable man's career have already been dealt in one of the articles on the Makers of History series, and the brief reference just made is to show how complete the victory of Pharsalia was from a politi-cal point of view. Under Brutus and Cassius the democratic spirit struggled awhile until it was crushed at Philippi; but the Roman republic pershed at Pharsalia.

ished at Pharsalia.

There is perhaps no history better worthy of study than that of Rome, not solely or even principally in order that we may familiarize ourselves with the chief events in the progress of one of the greatest of the nations of antiquity, but because our institutions and principles of jurisprudence and political organizations are to a large extent founded upon those of Rome, and because no people of whom we have any record tried so many experiments in the way of government as the Romans did. Mon the way of government as the Romans did. Monarchy, a broad democracy, oligarchy, representative institutions, benevolent dispotism, military despotism, absolute government in its extremest form, all were tried by the people whose capital was that wonderful city on the Tiber. Socialism, communism, paternalism and almost every conceivable form of social organization had their day, and failure attended upon each of them. The final collapse of the contribit was undoubtedly due to the amassing of was undoubtedly due to the amassing of great wealth by's few and the dependence of the many upon their bounty, to the pernicious influence of a servile class, to the prevalence of luxury and to the absence of any true religious sentiment among to the absence of any true religious sentiment among the people. The Romans, whom Caesar ruled after Pharsalia, were unfit for freedom, and therefore the Goddess of Liberty left them to their own devices, seeking a refuge in the wild wastes of Central Europe, where the yellow-haired Teutons were al-ready preparing for the overthrow of the edifice of civilization and stateoraft, which had been built up through many centuries of endeavor and at the exthrough many centuries of endeavor and at the ex-

The Birth of the Nations

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE PERUVIANS

Let us look back along the procession of years, and pause in fancy at that picturesque time when the romantic history of Spanish America was in the making, and was being enacted amid scenes of spiendor and magnificance; when under the wise and tolerant rule of the Incas, the Peruvians lived simple, happy, contented lives, undisturbed for the most part, happy, contented lives, undisturbed for the most part, until the day came when a Christian foe under the pretence of friendship, accepted their gracious hospitality, and, their eyes dazzled by the unlimited richness of the country, did what all civilized people have learned to, do for the sake of gold—forgot all honor, friendship, and fair promises, and turning upon the trusting Indians, robbed them of all they loved.

The king passes. The fields in the valley are golden with maize, the woods are brilliant with the varied hues of millions of flowers. On the hillsides,

ied hues of millions of flowers. On the hillsides, green with verdure, the silken-haired llama are feeding, and above the foothills the mountain peaks gleam like vast jewels in the rays of the sun. Midway between mountain top and valley wends the road leading from Quito to Cuzco, the road that passes over the grand platesu, over pathless mountains eternally snow-covered, through tunnels and galleries hewn out of the solid rock, across wonderful swinging bridges suspended over bottomless abysses, a mag-nificent road truly, built of great blocks of freestone covered with cement, a road that in its wonderful length of eighteen hundred miles winds through fair farmlands, countless villages, and cities fair with palaces and wonderful gardens. Today from every palaces and wonderful gardens. Today from every hamlet along the way the people run out to strew the path with flewers, and to sing songs of welcome. The

king passes. Here is a village from which the people flock to line the road. As the litter of the great, the all-power-ful Inca draws near those who have come to greet him bow to the ground. Then while the royal escort passes, the men who carry the sedan advance and set their burden down. The golden draperies encrusted with jewels are parted, and the king steps out and smiles upon his people. His is a royal figure truly, in form he is stately and tall, his features are applied and the stately and tall, his features are aquiline and cleanly cut, his eyes are of great depth and brilliancy and his smile at once gentle and proud. His dress is of finest llama wool, richly dyed and embroidered with priceless gems, about his head is a vari-colored turban, from which hangs a scarlet fringe, and within the turban's folds are the two featringe, and within the turban's folds are the two feathers of the coraguenque, that rare and curious bird whose home is in a desert country among the mountains, and the penalty for shooting which is death, as it is reserved solely to supply the royal head-dress. With gracious and kindly air the king bids his people recite to him their grievances, and he listens to them with grave attention, promising them aid or redress. Then amid thankful acclamations he once more steps into his litter. The grateful people commemorate his stop among them, and at the roadside near ate his stop among them, and at the roadside hear the spot where his feet have rested a monument is erected, which is daily made beautiful with offerings of flowers. The king may pass that way again but that he will stop in the same spot is not likely. The periodic journey is only made once in several years, and there are countiess villages and towns that crave the honor of an audience with him.

om the great fort which crowns a rugged eminence the king's warriors come to do him honor. Again the curtain of the litter are parted and the Inca looks with pride upon the scene before him. Behind the great surrounding wall twelve hundred feet long, rise three huge towers, under which subterranean galleries lead down to the city of Cuzeo in the valley. And all the vast pile, the walls, the towers, the galleries, is represed of heavy blocks of stone as adjusted the the vast pile, the walls, the towers, the salt server composed of heavy blocks of stone so adjusted that without the aid of cement they fit solidly togethen. "Some of the stones are full thirty feet long by eighteen broad and six feet thick. They have been wrought and fashioned by people ignorant of the use of iron, and brought from quarries four or five leagues ported across rivers and ravines, and raised to their elevated position upon the sierra and adjusted there with the nicest accuracy without the aid of machinery or tools familiar to the European." No wonder stant without the aid of beasts, of bury the Inca smiles with conscious pride as he views the fortress and realizes that this marvelous specimenof architecture is only a small part of a vast system of fortifications established throughout the whole

kingdom.

The great squares of the city of Cuzco are thronged with cheering crowds, the streets are carpeted with flowers, the paleces are gay with decorations, but the litter does not pause here. The people of Cuzco often have the honor of a visit from their king, and the royal traveller grows weary for his long journey is almost at its end. He passes through the capital four leagues beyond, to the valley of Yueay. Here is built the most beautiful of his palaces, nestling amid gardens and groves of rarest loveliness, where the fairest flowers grow and the most graceful trees shed a grateful shade and where streams fed from shed a grateful shade and where streams fed from subterranean pipes flow into basins of pure gold. The palace itself of unpretentious exterior is a marvel of beauty within. The interior walls are thickly studded with gold and silver ornaments and images of plants and animals fill the niches about the rooms. Couches and chairs are upholstered in gold and jewelled tap-estries, and here in their splendid solitude with the music of the garden coming drowsily to his ears, the

perfume of the flowers making the warm air sweet, the king rests after his journey is done.

At the time of its conjuest by the Spaniards, the Empire of Peru included the modern republics of Equador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. The sea was its boundary upon the one side, and upon the other the "Mountains of Gold" formed a mighty bulwark. The origin of the Peruvian Empire is shrouded in mystery, but the old fable tells us that there was a time when all the people on the continent lived in a state of savagery, continually at war with one another and leading deplorably immoral lives. The Sun, the great leading deplorably immoral lives. The Sun, the great father of the world, was filled with compassion at the eight of this misery, and sent two of his children Manco Capac and Mamo Oelfo Huaco to teach the unhappy people the arts of civilization. So the celestial pair bearing a golden wedge flew across the plains, and at the spot where the wedge was dropped and sank into the ground of its own accord they founded the city of Cuzco. The natives floked to hear their teaching and Manco Capac instructed the men in ag-griculture while his wife taught the women how to weave and spin. The heavenly couple showed them moreover that suffering was consequent upon evil living and proved to them the worth of morality. The of the Spaniards, claimed a direct descent from these reigns endeavored to extend the teachings of their first parents throughout the land. In fact, the Inca's sole reason for the wars in which they constantly negaged was their desire to spread their religion among the savage tribes beyond the frontier. "Like the followers of Mahomet," writes Prescott, "bearing the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, the Incas of Peru offered no alternative but the worship of the Sun or war, though like the great luminary they adored they operated by gentleness more potent

than violence. They sought to solten the hearts of the rude tribes around them and melt them by acts of condescension and kindness—when all pacific expedients failed they resorted to war."

No man could be rich nor any poor in Peru. Each person had his own allotment of land, which he was required to cultivate for his own maintenance and the payment of his taxes, and if by chance any were reduced to poverty the government was prompt to aid them, taking care to offer relief in such a way that the assistance would cause no humiliation. (To Be Continued)

WITH THE POETS

Failure

My child, I gave you simple tasks to do;

Why do you long to fly against the sun?

Straight paths were set wherein you were to walk,

Yet itch your feet the world's highways to run!

Oh, foolish, dreaming, blinded mortal child! The narrow paths your vain feet spurned to tread;
The simple, homely tasks you left undone
Were steps from which your task to glory led! -Louise Paley.

The Thought.

Why, once the very thought of him was vital As is some crimson rose Flaming, defiant, in a quiet garden Among pale lily blows. And yet today the thought of him is only A rose closed in a book—

A rose closed in a book—

A lifeless thing long shut between dull pages
Where she forgets to look.

And yet I think an old love thought forgotten
Somewhere not wholly dies.

It may be of such roses angels weave us

The wreaths of paradise. -Theodosia Garrison in Metropolitan Magazine.

Moonrise In a Wood Twilight—a darkling wood.
The ancient trees, like hoary sentinels
All silent stand. Down the dim aisles
The distant, fading sky of dying gold.
Is veiled in purple mist. Above, the heavens
Of darkest sapphire; one clear star
Already looking forth expectantly.
The winds are hushed, the very leaves are mute.
The purling brook singeth in undertones,
Her daylight song too loud, too unrestrained.
To match the universal hush.
Lo! where she comes, threading the leafy ways,
Cynthia, the Goddess, casting silvery rays!
—By Theodora Taylor.

-By Theodora Taylor.

The Wind and the Rain and I The wind and the rain have come for me.
They have found me here in the city room.
They have come from the open plains for me,
To take me back where the wild things bloom.

The hard, steel ways are strange to us, And noisy and bare to our vagrant feet:
Here rain must run in just one way,
And the wind must follow the long straight street. The wind from off the barren grounds is pausing under my prison eaves. The naked rain from the northern marsh Stops here with me and with me grieves.

I have lived my years with both of fhem. They have thught me the freedom that they know; So now I love the pathless wilds Where I can go the way they go.

On the Stairs He said "Good-night," and he held her hand In a hesitating way,
And he hoped that her eyes would understand
What his lips refused to say.
He held her hand and he murmured low:

"I'm sorry to go like this."
It seems so frigidly cold, you know,
This Mister of ours, and Miss."
"It thought—perhaps——" and he paused to note,
If she seemed inclined to frown;
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote,
As she blushingly looked down.
She said no word, but she picked a speck.
Of dust from his coat lapel,
Such a small, such a wee little tiny fleck,
"Twas a wonder she saw so well. "I'm sorry to go like this.

Twas a wonder she saw so well

And it brought her face so very near, in that dim, uncertain light, That the thought, unspoken, was made quite clear, And I know 'twas a sweet "good-night." -Edward Everett Nelson in The Smart Set

What is patience? Can you tell me.

Bonnie blue-eyed little maid?

"Bide a wee and dinna weary,"

These the artless words she said.

O maiden fair from Scotia's strand.

O maiden fair from Scotia's strand,
From the north or from the south,
I'd love to grasp thy dainty hand,
Love to kiss thy rosy mouth.
Thou'st sent into our'weary bearts
A glint of heaven's brightest ray.
So, though the road be rough and long,
We'll hum the Scottish maiden's lay,
"Bide a wee and dinna weary!"
Sing the sweet words o'er again;
"Bide a wee and dinna weary"
Is like sunshine after rain,

Is like sunshine after rain.
In Patience we'll possess our souls
Though clouds may frown and skies look gray; With loving heart and kindly hand Help. our brothers on the way, Continuing still in doing well, Guarding feet that fain would stray,

Guarding feet that fain would stra
Striving always to excel
And live out life's little day.
"Bide a wee and dinna weary"—
Short and simple all she said;
Yet in our hearts we'll sing them ever,
And bless the little Scottish maid.

-Mrs. Leyden

The Newsboy Unmoved, among the motley of the market place he with the deeds of divers races in his little grimy hands;
Round the press of thronging thousands, in the thick of straining strife,
He will cry you for a copper all the traffickings of

Though you hall from sunset islands girt by seas of jewelled foam,
He can cheer you on your journey with a greefing from your home;
Though your heart is linked by memories to the countries of the morn,
He can barter you a message from the land where you were born.

Through the strident stress of noontide, through the blazing bloom of night,
Down the slow, slack hours of morning, ere the coming of the light.
In the times of joy and laughter, in the darkest days He can give you brave adventures from the farthest ends of earth.

ends of earth.

At the portals of the city, at the gateways of the sea,
Where the ringing wheels of commerce shout their
sounding symphony,
Where the flags of every nation are to all the winds He will sell you for a penny all the romance of the world.

-Henry M. Hoyt, fr., in Appleton's for March.

THE STORY TELLER

"Say, pop, what's the race problem".
"Picking the winners, my son."

- Good Service.

Guest-Waiter, boil my eggs four minutes. Waiter-Yes, sir be ready in half a second, sir.

"They say baby looks just like me."
"Well, that's just what I wanted to say, but I was afraid you might be offended."

speare class?"

"He's no good. Why, he can't even sing or dance!"—New York Herald.

Nell—I hear their engagement was broken off through a misunderstanding. Belle—Yes; he understood she had money and she understood he had.—Philadeiphia Record.

Why Worry? "But, my dear, why should you worry over a bill just after you have been married?"
"Well, it does seem trifling when one thinks of

Sunday School Teacher—What was Adam's pun-ishment for eating the forbidden fruit, Johnny? Johnnie (confidently)—He had to marry Eve.— Life.

Johnny-They're makin' shingles out o' cement now'days.

"Dicky—I don't mind that so much, but if maw ever gets a pair o' dement slippers I'm going to run away.—Chicago Tribune.

Up-to-Date Machine.

City Boarder (to farmer)—This milk seems pretty Farmer—The pasture here ain't what it ought to City Boarder—And yet I saw lots of milkweed in the fields this morning.—United Presbyterian,

How It Works.

Abundant Proof.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension, "I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."
"What are you so scared about?" asked the pa-tient. tient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

When the Democrats held their state convention at Rochester, N. T., last fall to nominate Chandler for governor, one of the leaders thought it would be a grand idea to give a dinner to the Democratic editors and newspapermen of that part of the state. He sent out the invitations and ordered the dinner. Then he decided it would be a good scheme to have some music. A Rochester friend told him there was an excellent quartette that could be secured and sent the leader of the quartette over to see the big man.

the big man.
"Kin ye's sing?" he asked. "Yes, sir; we can sing very well."
"Have ye's dress suits? Them's necessary."
"Yes, sir; we all have evening clothes."
"How much will it cost?"
"We get ten dollars aplece for such an engage-

ent."
"I knew; but how much'll it cost? How many ye's is they in this quartette?"—Saturday Evening

The Midnight Marauder.

The Midnight Marauder.

He had promised his wife that he would reform. The principal condition laid down had been that he keep better hours. For several days his conduct was beyond reproach, but then there came a day, or rather a night, when he found himself in his front hall at an hour late past all ordinary excuse. Following an old custom, he took off his boots, overcoat and hat and stole softly into his wife's room. While he was in the act of hanging his vest on the gas jet his wife awoke.

awoke.

"What on earth are you doing up at this hour? It isn't daylight yet!" she shrilled.

"My dear," explained her husband with a readiness born of necessity, "you know I've reformed, and I want to make an early start. There are a lot of men I want to see before business hours." And he deliberately put on the rest of his clothes and walked out. With a fiendish chuckle his wife turned over and

"In the province of Holstein," says a traveler who apends a good deal of his time abroad, "where of course, nothing is more important than the breeding of superior cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from a characteristic story current there:

"It appears that one farmer was welling sadly Tactful

"It appears that one farmer was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met

him.

"'Why so downcast, friend?' asked the pastor.

"I have a sad errand, pastor,' replied the farmer.

"Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him.

"'A hard task, indeed.'

"You may well say so, pastor, but I shall break

it to him gently."

"And how will you do that?"

"Oh, I shall tell him first that it is his father who is dead; and then, having opened the way for sadder news still. I shall tell him that it is not his

The unmarried man is bored everywhere; the married man is bored only at home.

Family Likeness

"Why don't you have Balder in your Shake-

Customer-It must be a frightful experience to run over any one.

Salesman—But not with our car. We fit it with
the best shock absorber on the market.

Smiley—The Wall street bears have a great game, haven't they?

Dobson—How is that?

Smiley—Why, in making a raid they first cover their tracks and then they cover their contracts.

"See here, Mr. Editor, I thought your paper was friendly to me. See what you have done. I made a speech at the banquet last night and you haven't printed a word of it."

"Well, what further proof do you want?"

Director—Our work is so divided that each of our men has the work he is best fitted for. Jones is treasurer, Smith secretary and Brown is—"
"But Brown is deaf as a post?"
"And Brown has all the complaints referred to

Mrs. Blunder had just received a telegram from India.

"What an admirable invention the telegram is!" she exclaimed, "when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet."—Sacred Heart Review.

That is an exploded ficea—so is a notion of millionaire plumbers; the ain't any! The plumber has to we hard to earn a decent living—to we early and late, in all kinds of weath in dirt and danger, and he well deserved praise for his labors. We are expolumbers, and make a specialty of quie cheap, and conscientious work. Es mates for new work or repairs given Telephone 1854. HAYWARD & DOD SANITARY PLUMBING.

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LAND ACT Form of Notice Coast Land District District of N Westminster.

Take notice that Guy Frederick F Vancouver, B.C., occupation, lum's an, intends to apply for permission ase the following described lands:lease the following described lands:—
Commencing at a post planted on northeast shore of Frederick Arm the land point between Frederick Arm the land point between Frederick A and Estero Basin and about two minorth of the northeast corner of We man & Edmonds lease No. 99; the south ten (10) chains; thence west to (2) chains, more or less, to low we mark; thence north ten (10) chains; thence east two (2) chains, more or is to the point of commencement contain five (5) acres more or less.

GUY FREDERICK FOX Date, January 16th, 1809.

PURE BRED LIVESTOCK STANDARD Bred S. C. White Leghor pullets and hens, for sale, from \$ up, from Captain Mitchell's fam laying strain, Santa Barbara, (Ernest T Hanson, Cowichan Stat V. I.

STUMP PULLER for sale or for h made in three sizes; also contra taken, J. Ducrest, Burnside Road.