

25 almond-immigrants arrived in that city from Vancouver, where I am told there is a large Chinese population, and that evening they were escorted outside of the city limits, where they boarded an old schooner and were stowed away in the hold. Sail was set and the brave ship sped forward on its unlawful errand at the rate of about two miles an hour. At the dawn of morn the human freight in the hold was informed that "the land of the free and the home of the brave," as Sir Matthew quotes it, had been reached, and they were quickly taken ashore in row boats. That morning the citizens of Scarboro, a little Ontario town, were surprised to see a large number of Celestials in their midst. The tricky white man had merely taken them for a sail along the lake shore on the Canadian side at a profit to himself of over \$400. For schemes to make money and thrift, a Toronto man is hard to beat.

Mark Tapley, one of Dickens' greatest characters, was a person who could be happy under the most adverse circumstances. No matter how black the outlook was, Mark felt constrained to remark that there "was no great credit in being happy under such circumstances." Mark was a myth, but right here in Victoria is to be found a living, breathing reality who has experienced a much greater misfortune than Mark Tapley or Charles Dickens ever dreamed of, and still he is supremely happy. I refer to Arthur Murphy, the young man who is minus hands and feet, and who sells lead pencils and other trinkets every day upon our streets. During the great storm of January, 1888, poor Murphy left Elkhorn, Manitoba, to go out and see his brother, who lived only a few miles distant. Before he had proceeded far, a blizzard sprang up and for two days and two nights he wandered around in the blinding snow, enduring untold tortures from the cold all the while. When he reached a habitation, it was found that his hands and feet were frozen. He was taken to the Winnipeg hospital where Dr. Good amputated the frozen limbs. Since that time, poor Murphy has had to make a living by selling little things to those who pity his unfortunate and helpless condition. But he never grumbles, and makes light of his misfortunes. Perhaps there is something in his Irish nature that helps him to bear up where others would fall by the wayside and perish.

The fact that Dr. Duncan, the city health officer, receives the enormous salary of \$60 per month for his services leads to the conclusion that the city council is strongly in favor of economy. The Doctor is without exception the most energetic civic officer in the employ of the council, and the time devoted to the city given to his profession would yield him at least double therevenue. Why do our city fathers then, ask him to do work for \$60, which is worth at least double the amount?

PERE GRINATOR.

It is passingly odd, at least, how badly we get important matters of history mixed. Ask any well informed person who invented the sewing machine and it is ten

to one he will say Elias Howe. Various reference works make the same mistake. As a matter of fact, the first sewing machine was patented in England way back in 1760, the inventor being one Thomas Saint. One of these crude old machines has regularly been on exhibition at the Islington, England, Industrial Fair. —*Philadelphia Press.*

ANCIENT HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

AND it came to pass in the days of John that there was great strife in the tribe of Saint Andrew:

And the elders and brethren spake one with another saying:

Let us send a messenger into a foreign country for a chief priest to rule over us.

And it came to pass that Patrick, the high priest, came to dwell in the land and rule over the tribe of Saint Andrew, and there was great rejoicing.

And the tribe of Saint Andrew saith unto Patrick the chief priest, we shall give unto thee three thousand shekels of silver, for there was abundance in the land.

And it came to pass that the tribe of Saint Andrew increased and multiplied and the high priest and elders caused to be built a new temple wherein to glorify and give praise.

And the people marvelled and saith the chief priest that ruleth over the tribe of Saint Andrew is exceeding wise, and we shall give unto him five hundred more shekels of silver.

After many days, it came to pass that there was a great famine in the land, and the elders called the tribe of Saint Andrew together in the new temple.

And while they were yet assembled, Robert the son of Mickin arose and saith unto the chief priest, we cannot give unto thee the shekels of silver, for there is great famine in the land that will last for many days, but we will give unto thee two thousand shekels of silver.

And Axel the son of Yure arose and saith in a loud voice, nay, we shall give unto thee eighteen hundred shekels of silver.

And there was much wrangling amongst the brethren which was not seemly in the temple.

And behold they had conspired against the chief priest to do him much evil.

The chief priest arose and saith, I have labored long in the vineyard, I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field and thou hast increased and waxen great, and I know that there are evil men amongst ye, yea, even some whom I have succored with my own hand, who desireth my downfall.

I am troubled on every side but not disheartened, I am perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken.

And when there had been much disputing, they cast lots amongst them and behold the followers of Robert the son of Mickin had assembled in great numbers, yea, even to the children of his followers.

And it came to pass on the twelfth day of the second month, whilst the tribe of Saint Andrew were assembled in the temple to give praise,

The chief priest arose and saith it is not seemly that the sheep shouldst lead the

shepherd and judge ye not that ye be not judged.

And Robert the son of Mickin and his followers wept and were sore afraid.

BAD RHYME, GOOD REASON

IN MEMORY OF HARRY CAMPBELL,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE ARM ON SUNDAY FEB. 12, 1893.

Departed friend, young, kind and brave,
The pride of one fond mother's heart,
We mourn thy death, thy early grave,
As if, of thee, we were a part.

We saw thee on that fatal morn,
Methinks I hear your laughter now;
We saw the thee from the cruel waves borne,
Death's hand had touched thy noble brow.

Within thy narrow casket laid,
We saw thy form silent and still,
To thee, there our last tribute paid,
While burning tears our eyes did fill.

We mourn, and mourning, would that we
Could move those silent lips to speak,
Could make those glassy eyes to see,
Restore the bloom upon thy cheek.

Alas, no more thy pleasant smile
Will greet us like the rising sun;
No more the happy hours beguile,
With thee, dear friend, thy joys are done.

For He, who made the stars to shine,
The sun to shed his mystic light,
Hath called thee to a world sublime,
Why question, be it wrong or right.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

Act number one: Beside the fire
Sits Levy, dressed in work attire;
Within the precincts of his shop
A man sits, munching at a chop,
While deepest silence reigns profound,
Unbroken by a single sound.

Act number two: The man at last,
Regaled, arises from his task;
With noiseless tread he takes a chair
Beside his host, asleeping there,
And tries his level best to gain
Possession of his watch and chain.

Act number three: A gentle tug;
Joe blinks and gazes at the thug;
With one eye op'd, he blinks until
Success rewards undaunted will;
Then, while his heart beats high with joy
Joe grabs him as he would a toy.

Act number four: Police appear;
The thug goes to the station near;
And as he sits in durance vile,
With gloomy thoughts the hours beguile;
And while in sadness beats his heart,
The future grows more darkly dark.

Act number five: The morning breaks;
Of breakfast lightly he partakes;
"Hats off in court!" the bobby yells;
Out file the victims from their cells,
And in their midst the vanquished thug
With downcast eye, and twisted mug.

The case is called, and Joe tells why
He sleeps but only shuts one eye;
The thief repents, the guilt he owns,
And gets a year at breaking stones.
So at this stage of his career
We'll drop the curtain for a year.

GUFF.

Mr. F. H. Doty, of the Doty Engine Co., Toronto, is in Nanaimo with the object of meeting interested persons there, who propose constructing a powerful tug for towing vessels and also barges which it is proposed to build to take coal to San Francisco.