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In a village near Edinburgh there lived an old baker and his son. Their trade was in a flourishing condition, but, unfortunately, in the midst of their great prosperity the old man, who had once been a great drinker, turned insane. The son, who was renowned for his love of money, was forced to put him in a lunatic asylum, and, according to the terms of the establishment, to pay a fee for three months in advance, amounting to £30. The old man was scarcely in a fortnight, however, when he died. The son, thinking to raise an action against the establishment for the recovery of the (as he termed it) unused money, inquired of an old lawyer, who was a bit of a wag, whether he thought it would be prudent to try to recover the money or not. The chip of the law, putting on a grave face, replied seriously:

"D'ye no think it wad be best to gang and put in the rest o' the time yersel'?"

One Sunday the minister of a small country parish church had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out Psalm 119 (containing 176 verses), while he hurried home for his sermon.

On his journey back to church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door, waving his arms and urging him to hurry. On reaching the door he exclaimed:—

"Are they all singing yet, John?"

"Ay, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're cheepin' like sparrows."

In the original Greek this story is entitled "At the last gasp."

A quaint story of a master builder and a British workman is told by a trade journal. Having heard that the men did not start work at the proper time, the employer thought he would drop down about 6:30 one morning and see. Going up the yard he caught sight of a joiner standing smoking, with his kit not even open. Simply asking his name, which he found to be Malcolm Campbell, he called him into the office, and, handing him four days' pay, ordered him to leave at once. After seeing the man clear of the yard, he went up to the foreman and explained that he had made an example of Malcolm Campbell by paying him off for not starting at the proper time.

"Great Scott, sir!" ejaculated the foreman, "that chap was only looking for a job."

The following amusing story of a religious service in the Southern States of America is related: A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church in North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit, he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white: "Oh, Lord, gib him de eye ob the eagle dat he spy out sin afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel plough. Tie his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head wey down between his knees, and his knees wey down in some lonesome, dark, and narrow valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile of sal-vashun and set him on fire."