

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

IV. THE PERSON WHO NEVER GETS ANGRY.

FEMININE, of course. There are heights that the foot of mere man may not hope to step to. She isn't numerous, even among 'the sex,' perhaps it is as well; poor, weak, passionate humanity cannot live in too highly rarefied atmospheres. She's one of your superior women that annoy other women. She never gives way to temper, she merely provokes it in other people. No chance of her ever, in a row, giving you as good as she gets; she always goes you one better, in her nice, quiet, lady-like manner, and evenly modulated voice. She smiles when you rage, and sits, (sewing in hand) in the seat of the scorner when you rampage round. She quotes copy-book proverbs when you are not in a state of mind to appreciate them, and if there is one time when she is awfully solicitous about your health it is when you don't care a continental about your physical well-being, and the mere mention of cooling draughts makes you hotter. Her "sympathy" is a near relative to the contempt that goads one into making an exhibition of oneself, and puts her in the position of a mournful spectator of your excited actions. In the space of five minutes she'll prove you an utter idiot, and leave you without even a redeeming hidden wish to be any better than yourself. You may have just cause and provocation for being in a temper, and you may storm away for more or less time, but she is certain in the end to have the last word, and prove there was nothing to justify your outbreak. Her memory is great and so is her resentment, something she regards as a virtue, and gives you the benefit of it, in her own amiable manner, in off moments when you are feeling exceptionally satisfied and happy, and in your cool hours she makes you pay with interest for any little out-breaks you may have indulged in—and forgotten.

Her pride in her amiability is only equalled by her knack of upsetting the equilibrium of every other member of the household, as she goes her smiling way, taking everything she wants for herself. Conscious of her one virtue she thinks she owns them all, and her relations go on suffering and giving up to her, and being obliged to hear the aggravating creature called the amiable one of the family. Her sisters sometimes "round-up" on her, but her brothers need never hope to do so, or get even with the person who never gets angry.  
*J. M. Loos.*



A MATTER OF TASTE.

MR. CUMSTOCK STERNE—"I call it scandalous. Such posters ought to be suppressed!"

MR. ROUNDER—"Why? I see nothing indecent about that figure."

MR. STERNE—"No, not indecent; but see how ugly she is!"

Route. (See the Company's guide book "Outward to the Inside"). This tour includes a trip to the hanging gardens of Babylon and Belshazzar's palace on the wall of which the historical handwriting is in excellent preservation with the spelling adapted to the modern American tourist, forethought having been one of the distinguishing traits of the ancient Assyrians. The Company's own expert has discovered that this handwriting was a prophecy of the opening of the Arctic and Antarctic railway, and the Antiquarian from the head office has satisfied himself that Belshazzar died of disappointment at having been born too soon to travel by it.

For full rates, cut rates by unauthorized Seattle scalpers and all other particulars, apply to any crowned head or member of the nobility.

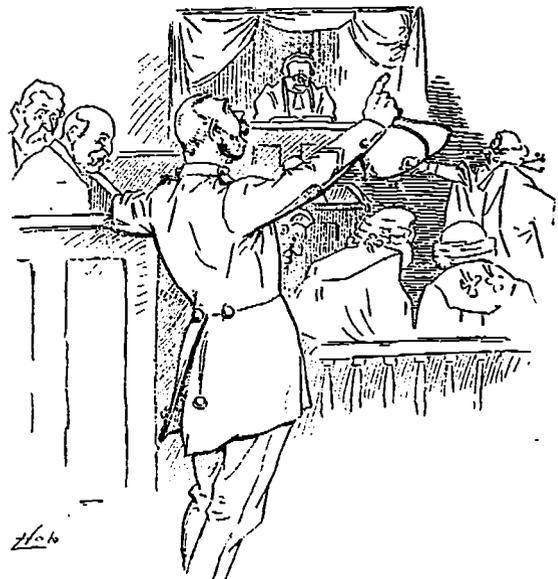
This is the outline of an advertisement we trust shortly to see with amplification of conveniences offered, and in the case of one railway with which we are more or less familiar, we have every confidence that if such an advertisement appears, the fulfilment will be fully up to the promise.

*M. St. J.*

THE B.C. ELECTION.

The struggle's over in B.C.,—  
 The powers that were are the powers that be;  
 The Opposition's up the spout,  
 Squelched, quashed, abolished and knocked out,  
 And Premier Davie's full of fun,  
 And counts his henchmen two to one!

If Alderman Lamb has his way about it the Civic Administration will have a separate and distinct policy for every property holder in town.



SILENCE IN COURT.

SARGINT X (with reference to the shuffling of feet in the gallery): "Howld yer tongue with thim feet of yooors!"