

CANADIAN SWITZERLAND.

In another paragraph will be found an account of the profits which annually accrue to Switzerland through the tourist trade. Of course the little European republic, (its area is about the same as that of Kootenay) has immense advantages from its position in the centre of the wealthy, leisure classes of Europe. It is full, too, of cities and towns, some of considerable size and many of them of great beauty. The whole country, too, possesses the peculiar charm which a long and storied past alone can confer. It will be long before British Columbia with all her wealth of magnificent mountain scenery will be able to compete with the many attractions of "the playground of Europe," as a rival for the tourist business. At the same time it may be doubted whether we in British Columbia fully realize what a resource in the way of actual dollars and cents we possess in our splendid mountain ranges. The Alps are better known and more celebrated in song and story but it is the unanimous verdict of those travellers who have visited both countries that this wonderful province of ours quite holds its own for sheer magnificence of scenery with Switzerland. And there is this further attraction out here to the lover of mountain scenery, that while every foot of Switzerland has been traversed over and over again, in British Columbia all the delights of exploration and discovery are still to be obtained and that without a journey from the main highway of the C. P. R. so extended as to become toilsome. We who live in the midst of this wonderful mountain land scarcely give it a thought. It is a common expression that we cannot live on scenery. But Switzerland is a standing example of a nation that practically does live on its scenery. And there is very little doubt that we do here possess a resource in this respect which might be turned to much greater advantage than it is.—Revelstoke Herald.

At the montly conclave of a certain rural council, it was decided that an honorarium be awarded to the secretary, whose fidelity had won the esteem of all. One worthy, but illiterate, member, however, put an amendment as follows:—

"Gentlemen, our faithful secretary really don't need sich a thing. If we give 'im a honorarium, he couldn't play it. I propose we give him some money instead."

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They are here and comprise a nice assortment of Weaves and Shades for early Fall Wear. We are making them up in a style that only Artistic Cutting and First-class Workmanship can produce.

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CUSTOMS, SHIPPING and
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Agents for Natural Mineral SHASTA WATER.

REV. SHELDON ON OFFICE DEVIL.

The 'devil' of the composing room wrote the following in his diary:

10 a.m.—Hain't swore to-day, nor smoked a cigarette stub since last night. Got a awful queer feeling'.

11 a.m.—Wonder wat's happenin' to me? De office boy, Mike, jest slapped me face and I turned my odder face toerd him.

12 noon—Caught meself calling the editor "Mr." Sheldon, and bowin' to 'im, an' actin' like a kid wot's been brought up in Easy Street.

1 p.m.—Asked Mr. Sheldon for a Sunday school book and told 'im I was goin' to subscribe fer his paper and de War Cry. Hully gee!

2 p.m.—Bin whistlin' a hymn tune wot I didn't know dat I knowed it meself. Begged de foreman's pardon for knockin' a galley out of his hand. He asked me if I wuz dead crazy.

3 p.m.—Gettin' so I make meself sick.

4 p.m.—Commenced to wish for clean cloes and knickerbocker pants an' a velvet collar an' a big yellor tie an' a cake of soap.

5 p.m.—Feel a funny kind o' itching on my shoulder blades.

6 p.m.—It's wings.—Boston Post.

A clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys when one of her daughters called in to have a friendly chat. It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a large basket more than half-filled with buttons. The visitor could not help remarking that there seemed a very good supply of buttons. Thereupon she began to turn them over, and suddenly exclaimed:—

"Here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should know them anywhere."

"Indeed," said the clergyman's wife, quietly. "I am surprised to hear it. All these buttons were found in the collection bag. I though I might as well put them to some use."

A country barber was just finishing lathering a customer, and was talking volubly, as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "there's no carelessness allowed by our employer. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined sixpence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a shilling."

Then picking up and brandishing his razor, he added:—"But I don't care a rap to-day. I've just won a sovereign."