

if I should attain the patriarchal age of 70. I would spend at least four in a barber's shop. Think of it! Condemned to four years in a barber's shop! That settled it, and although that was 10 years ago I have never been shaved since."

Rev. R. G. McBeth, of Winnipeg is supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. McBeth is one of the rising men of the Presbyterian Church, and is rapidly winning for himself a name and fame as a pulpit orator. At Winnipeg he has surrounded himself with a large and influential congregation. The Presbyterians of Victoria may not have another opportunity of hearing Mr. McBeth, and therefore should turn out in large numbers at both services to-morrow.

The following from the Spokane *Tribune* is printed for the special perusal of Superintendent McCrady, of the Tramway Company:

One of Spokane's bank president's has a habit of taking an airing each evening on the front end of a street car absorbing ozone and throwing off the cares of business while chatting with the motorman. The other night he met a genius and his match. The story was too good to keep and finally reached the Spokane *Tribune*, which publishes it as follows:

After the usual exchange of courtesies the motorman said:

"Mr. Blank, you consider yourself a financier, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the banker, "I guess I am, or I could not hold my job."

"Well, you don't know anything about financiering," the motorman made bold to state. "But my 'boss' (referring to the president of the street car company) is a first-class financier, he is. Why, do you know that every Sunday he advertises for a servant and Monday twenty or thirty girls ride out to his house near the end of the line to get the place, but find madam can't see them; so they ride back, and repeat the journey several times before they are finally told that the old girl has decided to stay for awhile. Now that's financiering. Fifty cents paid out for advertisements and \$8 or \$9 taken in for car fares to swell the annual dividends of the boss's company."

The banker saw the point, told the story on his friend, and the "boss" is looking for that particular motorman with blood in his eye.

Why, it might be asked, are some people so keen in manifesting their desire to hate one another for the love of God? Recently at the meeting of the Tacoma District of the Epworth League an illustrious divine declared that Romanism was incompatible with free institutions and otherwise displayed his excellent

horsemanship while astride the Protestant equine. This reverend gentleman has evidently forgotten the past and has probably sat at the same feet as the man who once destroyed a Presidential candidate by his denunciations of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, which he bracketed together in his ignorance.

PERE GRINATOR.

### A MINING CAMP COOK.

ONCE a long time ago, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson lived out in a western mining camp. That was before the brilliant English essayist and novelist saw her and fell desperately in love with her, but even then she must have possessed some attractions for the stronger sex, since she was the recipient of frequent presents. These gifts, which were of a simple but touching character, such as red apples and "sage hens," were always made anonymously, and, try as she would, Mrs. Stevenson never succeeded in surprising one of the donors in the act. Although the white men in the camp were thus gallant, she received rather a bad impression of the courtesy of the noble red man, as may be guessed from the following incident, which Mrs. Stevenson relates with considerable enjoyment:

"I had always been led to believe that the Indians called their wives 'squaws,' that their conversation was principally 'Ugh! ugh!' and that first, last and all the time they demanded 'firewater.' Instead of this, the unsophisticated savages with whom I came in contact shuddered at the taste of spirits, had a fair command of English and called their wives 'mahalas' and themselves 'hombres.' My cousin Ben, a remarkably handsome youth, whose few years came to an untimely end in that forlorn country, was always very good in helping me with my household tasks, much to the disgust of Shoshone Jim, an Indian who often came to the cabin. He regarded with extreme disfavor the spectacle of Ben washing dishes.

"Why you wash dish?" he demanded.

"Oh, the Mahala makes me," was the careless reply.

"You mahala?" inquired Jim.

"Ben replied in the affirmative, whereupon Jim rose, walked out of the house and disappeared on a trail leading to the distant hills. Late in the evening he returned, greatly fatigued with his long tramp, carrying a young sapling carefully peeled and denuded of its leaves and branches. 'Stick,' said he, offering it to Ben. 'You whip you mahala. No good hombre wash dish.'

"His face clouded at Ben's refusal, then brightened with hope as he said in a most insinuating voice. 'You like I whip?'

"My first, last and only dinner party

in the camp was an occasion of much tribulation. We had no vegetables, but as there were plenty of cattle I made roast beef the piece de resistance, while of calf's brains, sweet-breads and tongue I made a presentable vel au vent. Vegetables there were none, but I made an imitation plum pudding; which did very well.

"In the pride of my heart I refused all help in my preparations for the dinner party, only allowing Ben in the kitchen after everything was well under way. As I opened the door for him to enter a hen that had long been my bane fluttered in between his feet. This hen belonged to a gang of Chinamen, who were fattening her for their coming New Year's celebration. I had several times found her in the house, doing more or less damage, but was afraid to complain to her owners. She began flopping about in the idiotic manner of hens, upsetting dishes and utterly refusing to go out of the door we had set open for her exit. Never was a creature more exasperating than that hen. Finally she plumped into a pan of dough I had set to rise. Ben let fly a hatchet he had picked up from the hearth. It went straight to the mark, and the hen was decapitated. It was a good throw, but the result filled us with consternation. We closed the door, shot the bolt, drew the curtains and sat down in council to consider the question of what we should do with the body of the hen. A fowl in Reese River was an article of untold value. Its price might ruin us. Ben suggested installments.

"And become bond slaves to China for the rest of our lives," returned I. Besides we found that neither of us had the courage to confess the deed and say, like George Washington, 'I did it with my little hatchet.' Burning in the kitchen stove would not be safe, for the odor of burnt feathers might betray us. Time pressed, and we had come to no decision. 'Steps must be taken,' cried Ben, and catching up the fowl he buttoned it inside his coat, snatched up his hat and disappeared. In a short time he returned, unbuttoned his coat and produced the fowl, plucked and ready for roasting.

"Into the oven with it," said he. 'I had meant to shy it down that old shaft behind the house, but hadn't the heart to waste the good meat. It will look well at your dinner party, and guests do not ask questions.'

"But the feathers and the rest?" I asked doubtfully. 'No danger,' returned Ben. 'I lay down behind a big bowlder and plucked it into my handkerchief. Then I put in a stone, tied up the handkerchief and flung it to the bottom of the shaft. There's not so much as a pinfeather of evidence against us. After dinner I'll send the bones the same road.'

"I detected a look of surprise in the faces of my guests when the hen was served, but I think I was the most startled when a miserable child who had been spying on us unobserved (who would have suspected treachery from an imp hardly weaned?) piped up with, 'Oh, is that the chicken you and Ben stole?'"