

MRS. NATION

When Mrs. Carrie Nation
Desires some recreation,
Or lively occupation,
With due deliberation,
And grim determination,
She leaves her habitation
And makes a demonstration
Against intoxication.

She scorns expostulation,
Ignores all explanation,
Puts ax in operation
At every liquor station
That comes in observation
And there's no hesitation
Until the devastation
Has reached its termination.

There's sudden agitation,
There's widespread consternation,
There's fiery indignation
O'er "booze" in percolation;
But Mrs. Carrie Nation
Displays no trepidation:
In fact, her conversation
Is full of exultation.

With sorrow and vexation
And sad-eyed contemplation
Of work of ruination,
The man whose occupation
Had angered Mrs. Nation
Makes heated declaration,
That he'll start litigation
And get remuneration.

No sign of perturbation
Is shown by Mrs. Nation,
For to her habitation
She goes in jubilation
And vows that ruination
Will have continuation
Till Kansas legislation
Has stopped intoxication.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Why did the little fly fly?"
Jane asked the girl beside her.
"Because," she answered, with a sigh,
"The little spider, spied 'er."

Current Literature.

"The Phantom Future": by H. Seton Merriman. Mr. Merriman's works are always very much the reverse of dull; and this one, though its field of operations is confined to one quarter of London and a quiet country district, is no exception to the rule. The reader's interest—and sympathy, too—are held to the end. There is nothing of cant or religion in the book, yet one lays it down feeling braced anew for life's battles, and seeing clearly that the most real comfort in our paths lies in ignoring our own worries and imperfections, and turning our worldly knowledge to the help of those who are weaker.

For sale by T. N. Hibben & Co.

"From Sea to Sea": by Rudyard Kipling. The title of this book is rather unhappily chosen, the average book buyer being liable to mix it up with "The Seven Seas," also by Mr. Kipling, but poetry, as did the present writer. The first half of the book deals with the author's experiences on a trip from San Francisco to the Eastern States. His observations on the men and things that came under his notice are excruciatingly funny, but have a keen and biting edge that is bitter to the taste of the sons of the screaming-bird-of-prey. His comments, while severe, possess all that unpleasant quality of truth which our cousins so much dislike to hear about themselves, and after reading them one ceases to wonder that Uncle Sam's polyglot people have never really taken Mr. Kipling to their hearts, in spite of the fact that he married into the family. The rest of the book is taken up by "The City of Dreadful Night," which is clever but horrifying, and a series of Indian sketches.

For sale by Victoria Book & Stationery Co., Ltd.

"An Enemy to the King": by Robert Neilson Stephens. Some complain that there is a surplus of stories of the "Gentlemen of France" kind, and there can be no doubt that the talented author of that charming work has had a host of base imitators. But there are some clever and painstaking writers of fiction who, seeing the attractive field presented by the religious struggles in France during the latter half of the sixteenth century, have developed the resources of that field with care and skill, and produced most attractive results. Among these writers Mr. Stephens must certainly be classed. The manifold dangers and adventures of the *Sieur de la Tournoire*, the hero of the present work, are well and dramatically told, and do not display that lamentable lack of historical accuracy which is so common a feature in novels dealing with that period. If the book has a fault, it is that the hero, who writes in the first person, is apt to become too prolific over his amatory entanglements. We are under the impression that the hard-riding, hard-fighting knights who followed Henri of Navarre gave but little time to self-analysis.

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Mrs. Snakebite—Well, come now—nobody could tell by my face that I had a fiery temper, could they?
Mr. Softy—No; certainly not. But they might from the face of your husband.—Funny Cuts.

God help the sheep when the wolf is judge.

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