

facturers and Dealers in Saddles and Harness, Seattle, Wash., arrived in Vancouver last Monday and will remain for a few days in the interest of the Company. Bro. Bemiss is much pleased with Vancouver, and expects to do a good business in his line. Bro. Bemiss is also a member of Uniform Rank, and an enthusiastic Knight.

POEMS WORTH READING.

A Tragedy in Three Parts.

[Anon, in Current Literature.]

PART I.—The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand;  
Bows of ribbon and lace:  
Wire sufficient to make them stand;  
A handful of roses, a velvet band—  
It lacks but one crowning grace.

PART II.—The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,  
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;  
From morning till night she brings and brings,  
For growing birds, they are hungry things—  
Aye! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped;  
A crimson stain on the grass:  
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—  
Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;  
Some things it were better to pass.

PART III.—The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,  
She has surely a quently air  
The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and lace;  
But the bird has added the crowning grace—  
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,  
In a lady so faultlessly fair?  
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,  
He hears when the starving nestlings call—  
Can a tender woman not care?

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

[W. E. Penney, in the New Haven Register.]

My friend, have you heard of the town of No-  
good,  
On the banks of the River Slow.  
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,  
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air  
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,  
In the Province of Leterslide.  
That Tiredfeeling is native there.  
It's the home of the reckless Idontcare,  
Where the Giveitups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,  
And is easy to reach, I declare.  
You've only to fold up your hands and glide

Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan slide  
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,  
And it grows with the flight of years.  
It is wrapt in the fog of idler's dreams,  
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes  
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Colleebredfool and the Richman's heir  
Are plentiful there, no doubt.  
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew,  
With every class except one in view—  
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about  
By the mountains of Despair,  
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,  
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,  
For cowards alone are there.

My friend, from the dead-alive town Nogood  
If you would keep far away.  
Just follow your duty through good and ill.  
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"  
And live up to it each day.

LOVE COMFORTLESS.

[Katharine Tynon Hinkson, in Littell's  
Living Age.]

The child is in the night and rain  
On whom no tenderest wind might blow,  
And out alone in hurricane.

Ah, no,  
The child is safe in Paradise!

The snow is on his gentle head,  
His little feet are in the snow,  
Oh, very cold is his small bed!

Ah, no,  
Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!

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