

CAMPBELL'S PRESCRIPTION STORE

7

2nd Month.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

28 Days.

Day Month.	Day Week.	HISTORICAL EVENTS.	Moon's Con- stellation	VICTORIA, B.C.			Moon's Phases	P. E. ISLAND	TORONTO	WINNIPEG	VICTORIA
				Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Sets					
1	MON.	De Cassagnoc died, 1880 <i>frost</i>		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.					
2	TUES.	<i>Purification</i>		7 30	4 57	5 10	D.				
3	WED.	Dr. Nesbitt, r. O. L. '06		7 29	4 59	6 7	H.				
4	THUR.	John Rogers burnt, 1555		7 27	5 0	6 55	M.				
5	FRI.	Dr. Nesbitt re'n's Par		7 24	5 4	5 27	a.				
6	SAT.	Sir Henry Irving born 1838		7 23	5 5	6 33	D.				
7	Sun.	<i>Septuagesima Sunday</i>		7 21	5 7	7 39	H.				
8	MON.	Pope Pius IX died '78		7 20	5 8	8 43	M.				
9	TUES.	Treaty of Paris, 1693		7 18	5 10	9 46	a.				
10	WED.	H.M.S. Dreadn'ght laun. '06		7 16	5 12	10 51	D.				
11	THUR.	Thos. A. Edison born 1847		7 15	5 14	11 56	H.				
12	FRI.	British Mission tr. China		7 13	5 15	morn	M.				
13	SAT.	New B. H. of C. as'd, '06		7 12	5 17	1 4	a.				
14	Sun.	<i>Sexagesima Sunday</i> <i>fair</i>		7 10	5 19	2 14	D.				
15	MON.	Marcus A. Hanna died 1904		7 8	5 21	3 24	H.				
16	TUES.	Jap.-Amer. school agreement		7 6	5 22	4 33	M.				
17	WED.	Battle of Paardeberg, '00		7 5	5 24	5 34	a.				
18	THUR.	J. A. McCall, died, age 57		7 3	5 25	6 27	D.				
19	FRI.	B. P. op. by King Ed. '06		7 1	5 27	sets	H.				
20	SAT.	Tumult in Paris, 1848		6 59	5 29	5 50	M.				
21	Sun.	<i>Quinquagesima Sunday</i> <i>sleet</i>		6 57	5 30	7 24	a.				
22	MON.	Geo. Washington born 1732		6 56	5 32	8 47	D.				
23	TUES.	1st Transvaal Ministry, 1907		6 54	5 33	10 8	H.				
24	WED.	<i>Ash Wednesday</i>		6 52	5 35	11 28	M.				
25	THUR.	Wallenstein died, 1634		6 50	5 37	morn	a.				
26	FRI.	R.R. Livingstone died, '13		6 48	5 38	0 45	D.				
27	SAT.	Gen. Cronje sur'd's, 1900		6 46	5 40	1 58	H.				
28	Sun.	<i>1st Sunday in Lent</i> <i>showers</i>		6 44	5 41	3 6	M.				

F—Oh, you did?

J—Yes. You see, I had been given an order to write a play.

F—But what had that to do with being in a cemetery?

J—I was looking for a plot.

J—By the way, how is your wife, Fred?

F—Run down.

J—Over work?

F—Nope, under automobile.

J—How did that happen?

F—Cross-eyed chauffeur.

J—Didn't he look where he was going?

F—Yep, but didn't go where he was looking.

J—And yet automobiling is fine sport?

F—Yes, indeed. I paid ten dollars fine to-day.

J—What business are you in?

F—Bee culture.

J—How is business?

F—Humming. By the way, I heard a rumor that you had fallen and hurt your head?

J—Nothing in it.

F—Yes, I know; but did you hurt it badly?

J—There's nothing the matter with my head. It's you that isn't looking well to-day.

F—I'm not feeling well.

J—What's the matter?

F—I ate a chicken for lunch.

J—Why should that effect you?

F—I can feel the chicken "laying" on my stomach.

J—Is that the best joke you can tell?

F—No, indeed; I've got a story about a sponge.

J—Is it interesting?

F—Very "absorbing."