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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WOMEN have no fear of marriage because they are so occupied in imagining the happiness it may bring them that they never think of the possible misery it includes.

The man who, after studying a hundred women thought he knew the sex thoroughly, admitted, on intimate acquaintance with the hundred and first, that he was densely ignorant of the nature of any of them.

It is far easier, if not more natural, for a man to love all womankind than to be permanently devoted and loyal to a single woman.

When a woman tires of a man she has once truly loved, there is reason to believe he has outraged her affection and wounded her inmost self-esteem.

Love is so closely allied to war that its fullest expression is an appeal to arms.

Any man or woman may, contrary to received opinion, live to ripe age without loving or being loved in the romantic sense. We are no more predestined to romantic love than we are to smallpox, or any other disease.

A great many men are without fear of any other man. They are grandly intrepid. But lives there a man who is not in dread of some woman? The highest heroism has its limitations.

When a woman says that she is afraid of a particular man, it is a covert, perhaps an unconscious, confession that she is strangely drawn to him.

A man's question that has answered

itself before he can ask it: "Shall I marry her?"

A woman's love for a strong, chivalrous man moves and controls him more than does his love for her.

Some women are so devoted to the man they love that they become selfish to others in his behalf, demanding of them what he is unentitled to and what they have no right to claim.

Not a few men are so abnormally susceptible to love in their first youth as to exhaust their capacity for loving before they have reached an age to love with discretion.

If an American strikes a woman he knows that he commits moral suicide, and moral suicide is opposed to his racial instincts.

Most men are attracted to their mental equals, most women to their mental superiors.

Nearly every man is managed by some woman, consciously or unconsciously on the part of the man. The men who are unconscious of such management and would resent the intimation are the most managed of all.

Some women are too admirable to be in the least lovable. They are so amiable, so conscientious, so free from any defect, that they awake continual resentment by the uniformity of their tempers and their perfections.

Under ordinary circumstances, when a man proposes to woman, it is the best evidence of his love for her. If she accepts him it merely shows her desire to be married.

The poorest marriage a man can make is with a rich woman.

Scarcely anything can be more sus-

taining to a married couple in meeting the adversities of fortune than a vivid and exhaustless sense of humor.

When a man thinks he understands a woman completely the gratification to his self-love is so overflowing that he is liable to mistake its overflow for a love for her.

A man often tells a woman so many things he does not expect her to believe that, when she believes any of them, he distrusts her judgment.

When a man says to a woman "I love you," he may be completely sincere and yet convey a false impression to her. She understands his love to be as hers; but no one can love beyond his capacity. Love so varies with the individual loving that one love, compared with another, may hardly deserve the name.

Love, which woman always worships as an ideal, has, in one form or another of its masquerading, probably cost her more unhappiness than anything she detests as an evil.

No matter how many rude awakenings a woman may have from her dream of love, she closes her eyes again and resumes her dream. The ruder the awakening, the sweeter her dream.

No one is worthy to love or to be loved whose nature fails to include the loftiest spirit of self-sacrifice.

A woman is seldom tenderer to a man than immediately after she has deceived him.

What remarkably sentimental women call the hunger of the soul is frequently the greed of vanity, which springs as much from absence of heart as vacuity of mind.

It is surprising how bitterly some women hate the man with whom they have been violently in love. But more surprising still is the intense love some men feel for the women they have once cordially hated.

Unromantic as it may sound, when our senses are at rest our hearts are little liable to be distressed by love.

One cause for the passion of love being so intense while it lasts is that it is totally impervious to any sense of humor.

In love, as in friendship, there must be, for durability, one dominant mind. When both minds assert themselves the strain is so great that, unless one yield, the relation is almost certain to give way.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.