

THE CHARM.

(From the "Southern Pythian").

In direst need, alone I stand
 Within a crowded thoroughfare;
 Appealing gaze or outstretched hand
 Still fails to find a brother there.
 The eager, hurrying throng rush by,
 In worldly strife or pleasure lost,
 Till, hopelessly, this charm I try;
 An open Book by saber crossed.

Say, what is this? A friend indeed
 My simple, golden bauble brought.
 He gave me succor, met my need;
 My mystic friend denied me naught.
 My stammering thanks aside he threw;
 With meaning looks his charm he tossed,
 Where I, with tear dimmed vision, view
 An open Book by saber crossed.

Backward my memory takes its flight,
 O'er twenty years of checkered life,
 To when, a young and careless Knight,
 I donned my armor for the strife.
 The lessons taught, the odes then sung,
 The charges given—all, all are lost,
 Since fell my vows from lying tongue
 O'er open Book by saber crossed.

But there, within that crowded mart,
 Again my Knightly word is given;
 With clenched hand and covered heart,
 Anew my vows ascend to heaven;
 And when in death life's turmoils calm,
 When earthly things to view are lost,
 This simple shrift place in my palm:
 An open Book by saber crossed.

TIMELY ALARM.

A young woman who lives near a railway crossing, looking out of the window the other day, saw a laborer jump from one track to the other to escape an approaching freight train. He was apparently dazed by terror and stood still, not seeing that an express train was rushing down upon him. The girl saw that before she could make him understand his danger it would be too late. She therefore threw up her arms, shrieking wildly—"Help! help! help!" trusting to the impulse which sends a man on the instant to the relief of a woman in distress. "I'm coming!" shouted the laborer, springing toward her in time to escape the engine as it rushed past. He stared back at it, and then at the woman crying and laughing in the window, and, taking off his hat with shaking hand, said, "I owe you something miss," and walked away.

SYDNEY SMITH'S REPORT.

On one occasion, when Sydney Smith was at Brighton, listening to the bands on the pier, a few medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and, accordingly, one of their number went up to him with outstretched hand, and said—"Ah! good morning, Mr. Smith. How do you do?" "I am quite well, thank you," replied he; "but I really have not the honor of your acquaintance." "What!" said the student; "you don't know me? Why, I met you at the Zoo." "Young man," said Sydney, "accept my apologies; but really I saw so many monkeys there that it is impossible for me to recognise them all again."

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