

is noted as being the birthplace of four illustrious characters—Hon. John J. Haggart, Senator Peter McLaren, Barney Malone and Biddy McGee. These persons, in their respective spheres, have written their names in large capital letters in the book of fame. And if my memory does not play me false at this moment, there is distilled in that same town of Perth a really excellent article of malt whiskey. It used to be remarked—remember, I do not vouch for the absolute truth of the assertion—that Perth malt, properly diluted with hot water and a trifle of sugar added, would exhilarate even the gods. To this fact I always attributed the popularity of Perth as a pleasure resort. As I shall have more to say of this famous town in the next paragraph, I will remark before proceeding further, that I trust Mr. Cairns will enjoy his well-earned rest.

Perth, the county town of Lanark, holds an honored place in history. It was here that the present Minister of Railways and Canals conceived the construction of that important commercial enterprise and magnificent waterway—known as the Tay Canal—which is capable of floating the largest row-boat built in the Lanark County shipyards. It was while carrying out this stupendous undertaking that the attention of Sir John Macdonald was directed to the wonderful executive ability of Mr. Haggart, and the result was that the latter eventually became Minister of Railways and Canals. The Tay passes through an auriferous stretch of country extending from Pike Falls to Perth, which was one of the reasons advanced for the cutting of the Canal. The other was because South Lanark had always followed Sir John through victory and defeat without ever asking impertinent questions.

Hon. John Haggart is a remarkable man in his way. Almost freezing in outward appearance, he possesses a heart generous in the extreme; and, fearless in debate, he never resorts to trickery to down an enemy. And it is worthy of note that in his own country his political opponents are his warmest private friends. This may be accounted for by the reason that whatever his private faults are, and, like others, he has many of them, he was never known to desert a friend. But he never went out of his way to make friends. Of him it can truthfully be written he never bent the suppliant knee that thrift might follow fawning. Even while canvassing for votes in his own county he never resorted to the blandishments of the average politician. His whole demeanor and bearing simply implied "I am John Haggart; if you want to vote for me, all right; if not, I don't care." For that nineteenth century exotic—the dude—he has no love, consequently he is not popular with the departmental clerks at Ottawa. I have often thought that the place the Minister of Railways and Canals holds in the hearts of the people of his county will never be fully appreciated until his death, which I hope will not occur for many years to come.

It was remarked on the first concert of

the Arion club that if it had not been an invitation affair, there would not have been such a large audience present, but last Monday evening's repetition of the concert, when the usual admission fee of half a dollar was charged, proved a very strong denial of such a statement. There was both a large and very critical audience present. The programme rendered was practically the same as on the first occasion, somewhat more smoothly rendered perhaps, although there was so little room for improvement on the previous one. To select any particular numbers or performers would perhaps be an invidious task, the whole being one sweet dream of sound from beginning to end. Indeed the surprise to the average member of the public is that so much splendid talent has been for so long hiding its light under a bushel of obscurity. It is to be hoped, though, now that it has come forth, that this will not be the last to be heard of this club. They are all musicians, that is patent to every one who attended the concert; but they are more, they are musicians of rare and exquisite taste and refinement in execution. A great number, in fact the majority, of people pronounce the name of this club with the accent on the first syllable, as *Aireon*; it should be placed on the second, pronouncing the "i" with its natural sound, *Arion*.

I was sitting in the Anglo-American Club the other evening discussing the Derby Sweepstakes and other recent sporting events, when I observed a gentleman passing along Government street, on the opposite side. I could see at a glance that his gait had in it the manner and the measure of the court, and curiosity getting the better of me, I inquired of a friend sitting by who the gentleman might be. My friend, who is on terms of intimacy with English royalty, replied, "That is the eminent barrister, Mr. S. Perry Mills, and," he continued confidentially, "I venture to remark that if Mr. Mills appeared in any European capital, he would have much difficulty in convincing the residents that he was not the Prince of Wales travelling incog." "Is Mr. Mills aware of the remarkable resemblance he bears to the first gentleman of Europe?" I asked. "Well," was the response, "the truth is Mr. Mills is so completely absorbed in the delightful study and practice of the law that he seems utterly oblivious of the honor. This is the more to be regretted as there is another gentleman in this city who trades on the prestige which such distinction affords him. But," said my friend, as he smiled contemptuously, "the latter is in every sense of the word an usurper. The genuine claimant is Mr. S. Perry Mills. Why, sir, his manner, his complexion and delicate hand indicate royalty as plainly as parchment." Hearing these remarks, I dropped into a contemplative mood, and marvelled not at the ambition which inspired this distinguished ornament of the British Columbia bar to chisel out for himself a niche so exalted in the ladder of fame as he has achieved.

I heard a little story, the other day, which I think will bear repetition. A few years ago, a well known real estate man of this city decided upon making a present

to a young lady belonging to one of the F. F. V'S. In a jewelry store, one day, his eye fell upon a diamond garter, and, as money was no object, the real estate man bought the garter. Meeting his female friend a few days afterwards, he presented her with the diamond circlet. A few Sundays later, he was invited to dinner at the house of the young lady's parents. Judge of his surprise when the young woman appeared on the scene with the diamond garter around her neck. She evidently mistook its sphere of usefulness, and the donor, being a modest man, although in the real estate business, could not summon up enough courage to explain the mistake.

It is interesting to note that the vast gathering of brainy women assembled in congress at Chicago did not seem to care much about dress reform. There was a comparatively small attendance at the dress reform session. This, notwithstanding the fact that such lovely exponents of the advanced dress reform as Bertha Morris Smith, Henrietta Russell, Octavia Bates, Rachel Foster Avery, Helen Ecob and May Wright Sewall were present to expatiate with glowing eloquence upon the beauties and conveniences and symmetry of a number of advance garments. There were women exhibiting themselves in Syrian dresses, with full skirts reaching only four inches below the knee. One lady appeared in a delightfully easy gown reaching but one inch below the knee. But even these were declared too long by Henrietta Russell, who insisted that the garment should never go a line below the knee.

Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the meeting was rather slimly attended. Most women prefer to have their dresses a little longer. It is not necessary to reform a skirt up to the knee in order to adapt a woman's dress to her environment. What the work-a-day woman needs is a perfectly easy dress, which leaves the body free to natural movement. And this can be accomplished with graceful flowing lines and in perfection of taste. The Doctor Mary Walker dress idea carried her away from the female wardrobe into an alien realm, and Doctor Mary now runs around in coat and boots and breeches. The precedent step to this was Bloomerism, ruled out by accordant female acclamation. But some of the advanced dress reformers are still hovering on the outskirts of Bloomerism, and herein is their peril. They can't get the sex to follow them in their vagaries, for after all, most women modestly prefer that their bodies should not be in evidence further than by a suggestion through freely flowing lines of drapery.

Speaking of dress reform, it occurs to me that the male sex have made considerable advancement of late years in this direction. There is a vast difference between the paint and feathers of the savages and the smart cutaway of our present day civilization. Last Saturday night, I watched with some interest a band of Indians performing a species of the bon-ton dance, lead by Chief James, and I could not help thinking that if we adhered to our original savage condition in matters Terpsichorean, we had at least made rapid