

dressing-room of several leagues in extent, with a wall of rock, and no more immediate roof than that of heaven's fair canopy. Nor is the feeling a peculiar one. What a boon a few bathing machines would be, and just as much enterprise as would remove the driftwood from a couple of our convenient beaches?

I also think Beacon Hill Park might have a little more life introduced. I am not alluding to the so-called zoo, although I am convinced that the major portion of the collection might be advantageously removed. White mice, a white rat, a few guinea pigs, common pigeons, rabbits and other house pets! What a collection for a zoo in the capital of a country where the moose, the grizzly, the panther, the caribou and such like animals abound! How contemptuously a stranger must look upon such a collection of live stock, which even fails to interest the children who frequent the park. True there is a band stand and music stands, but no band and no music. I will no doubt be told that I am very rash in thus speaking of Victoria, but I will run the risk and be candid. If we want to do a legitimate tourist business, we must "get more on."

And, talking of business, it is generally admitted that little indiscretions do creep into most lines of business, except, possibly, that of journalism, conducted on THE HOME JOURNAL principle. Baking is a business, so is banking, but it is the former branch to which I now more particularly allude. From many of the ovens of this city there is turned out an article which will be known to future generations, and it is to the present, as "the five cent loaf of the hard times of 1894." One generally gets a ticket for a five cent loaf, or 20 tickets for a dollar. These loaves are more ornamental than useful; they should never be used in case of hunger. The bread is light—that is, the loaf is light. It is also air tight. If varnished, these loaves would be invaluable as life-preservers—I mean they would save a man from drowning, but not from starvation. They are called five-centers, or vacuum loaves. At the same figure, colored balloons are sold, the outer coating being of rubber, while that of the five cent loaf is of crust, or browned dough. The inside of balloon and loaf are identical—air. Is there not a city by-law to regulate the weight of bread? I should very much like to see it enforced.

The Illustrated American tells of an over enterprising New York lawyer who proposed to furnish wives en vacances with accurate information of their husbands' doings in their absence. The circular setting forth the lawyer's dubious project was spread broadcast, through the mails, among married women so-

journing at the most modish watering places of the East. It hinted of wild and wayward hilarity on the part of the husband, whom the trusting wife fondly imagined sweltering and paling under the heat and toil of the town. The true inwardness of affairs, it was suggested, might be kept within the certain knowledge of the wife at a very moderate cost, and "if you do not require our services now," the circular concludes, demoniacally, "save our address; for you may need us sooner than you can now imagine." The promptitude with which the entire community cried out against toleration of any such scheme as that proposed by the New York lawyer is noteworthy. Like a flash came the protests from the public—from the bench, from the police, from husbands, and, strangely enough from wives.

A peculiarly gruesome case, according to the Toronto Empire, was investigated in the Division Court of that city the other day, before Judge Morson. The evidence given is something for the political party concerned to moralize over and blush for, if it be possible for them to feel any touch of humiliation. It is not believed that the political methods of any country or community in the world can furnish an analogy to suit this ghastly drama. The grand son of a poor old man named Mills was dead beneath his roof. The old man himself was sick unto death, but the Toronto Liberals wanted his vote. They had got their candidate, Dr. Ogden, to examine him on the Saturday before, and it is to be fairly presumed that the sequel of the examination was the sending of two party "workers" on election day with a hack to take the poor old man to the polls. Hemorrhage seized the victim on the way, and the "workers" hastened back to the house with what in fifteen minutes was a second corpse. Grandfather and grandson were dead together, and the politicians who had desecrated the house of the dead quarrelled over the question of legal responsibility for the funeral expenses, and ultimately left the whole wretched business to be exposed in the courts. For the good name of the city and of Canada, the washing of the shrouds from the graves of old Mills and his grandson in public is to be regretted. What will respectable people think of Toronto and of the election methods practised there?

A correspondent complains bitterly of what he terms the exclusiveness of the Victoria lawn tennis players. He alleges that the Tacoma visitors—numbering 40 or 50—were permitted to wander around the grounds alone, and that the Victoria enthusiasts received them very coldly, indeed. I know nothing about the matter; but I trust the local players will be able to explain the charge satisfactorily.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

SOME of the papers speak of Mrs. Potter as the actress. Mrs. Potter is not even an actress.

HE—"You are the one girl among a thousand." SHE—"I didn't suppose there had been more than a dozen or so."

THE following bill is posted in large letters at the door of a Brussels theatre: "Moral pieces every Sunday and Thursday."

"HAS that young man proposed yet?" "Not ye", mamma, but he has been inquiring if your cough was anything serious."

THE childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way; but when at last some years have passed, it's different they say.

It is noted in the Vancouver World that the law libraries will soon be enriched by the addition of "Cotton on Partnership."

HICKS—"The paper says there was a fire started in our street early this morning. Mrs. Hicks—"Well, nobody will suspect you of building it!"

FIRST DARLING—"Didn't George squeeze your hand when he said goodbye last night?" SECOND DARLING—"Yes, love, and I'm in hopes he'll ring it next time he comes."

THE retort financial: Mr. Goldstein—"I would rather see my daughter in der grave dan your wife." Mr. Silverstein—"Is dot so? I did nod know you haf her life inzured."

DICK—"What are you kicking about the income tax for? You haven't any income." PHIL—"Perhaps not now; but perhaps I may marry a girl with fifteen thousand a year."

"MRS. BLIMBER is very nervous about there being thirteen at table to-night." "Do you think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes, she only has a dozen knives and forks."

THE retort courteous: "What kind of men do you like best to eat?" asked the traveller. "The kind your mother used to make," rejoined the cannibal, with a hard, significant look.

EDITOR—"I regret, Mr. Barnstormer, that my paper referred to your starring tour in the provinces as a 'starving' one." Mr. Barnstormer—"Don't mention it. Your statement was absolutely correct."