

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

As a Christian should, although a vagrant, I went to church on Sunday last to hear the anthem. It was fine. It put me in mind of a story I heard once of a Jack tar who got leave from his ship to attend Divine worship on shore. Of course all his messmates wanted to know all about the performance, and asked him what he had heard. "I heard a hanthem," says Jack. "And wot's a hanthem?" they asked. "Lor," says Jack, "don't ye know what a hanthem is? Well, I'll tell yer. If I wos to say 'Bill, 'and me, that ther marlinspike, that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I wos to say 'Bill, 'and me, 'and me that ther, that ther, Bill 'and me that ther, that ther marlinspike, 'and me, 'and me, Bill, 'and me that ther marlinspike, that's a hanthem."

We hear a good deal of the pros and cons about the reading of bibles in school, but the only cogent reason I ever heard of its expulsion was at Minneapolis. It is a well known fact that St. Paul and Minneapolis were always rival cities, and the jealousy between them reached its climax when the school committee of the latter excluded the bible, giving as their reason that while it was full of St. Paul there wasn't a word in it about Minneapolis.

I see the theatrical business in the shape of "Tableau Vivants, etc.," encouraged by the church, has raised the virtuous indignation of a "mother" in Victoria West, and there also comes a shriek from Cowichan where this semi-religious business finishes up with a dance. But it is wonderful how squeamish some people are. I knew a divine in the Emerald Isle that was so particular of observances that during Lent he always followed the hounds in a black suit.

Since writing the above, I find there is a boom in clerical theatricals. I see the young people of the Sunday school of St. John's Church reproduced the operetta "Cinderella," those taking part knowing their lines perfectly. The minuet was very prettily danced by Miss This and Master That, etc. Now it is a long time since I went to Sunday school, but I can't ever remember rehearsing Cinderella or learning to dance minuets. I have a sort of hazy remembrance that we used to sing hymns and occasionally read the bible, but I suppose it is all changed now since my young days. But verily in Victoria the church, the world, the flesh and the devil are curiously mixed up. A more rational way was spent by the sabbath school children of the Centennial Methodist Church last Wednesday evening. We are told that they had a splendid supper and finished off with songs and recitations, but no Cinderella nor minuets. But, of the two, give me St. John's, for I always liked theatres and I see there is to be a succession of entertainments during the winter. The next advertised is "Trial by Jury," to be followed, I suppose, by other pieces suited to religious circles. I forgot to say that the end fully justifies the means, as the proceeds are in aid of the organ fund—I wish I was an organ.

That proposal of yours in last issue re sending you to Chicago to see the exposition, seems to take well with the intelligent portion of the community. Instead of thinking you are possessed of an unutterable amount of gall, they are charmed at your self denial in giving up your lucrative literary work here and sacrificing yourself in that city of vice for the benefit of the people of your adopted home. They think it would be much better a lay brother should go than a clerical, for the former is much more likely to be posted in the different kind of drinks dispensed there, and I take it sampling these would take a considerable part of your valuable time. The only ones that have refused to subscribe (and there name is legion) are those that can't bear to part with you for such a prolonged period as your visit to Chicago would necessarily involve. There are some on the other hand who insinuate that you want to try what the Golden Cure can do for you. I would volunteer to go myself at my own expense, in fact I did get part of the way but my cash ran out in Vancouver and I had to borrow the money to bring me back to Victoria, but the will was there all the same to benefit my fellowman. My heart's in the right place anyhow, but, I think, in my impecunious state, a trip to Frisco would pay me better, for I can get a schooner of beer there for five cents that would cost a quarter here, and then when I had saved enough in that way I might go from there to Chicago.

I see there is a better way of going to the World's Fair than either begging from the public or being under an obligation "to the young people of the congregation" and an additional advantage of not having the bother of lecturing on what you didn't see when you come back. An enterprising firm advertise that they will give a free trip to the World's Fair and a great number of prizes to others, if they comply with the following terms: Take the words "World's Fair" and make as many words out of the letters contained in them as you can. The first one sending seventy words will get a free trip to the Exposition and back also, hotel expenses and fifty dollars besides; the same to the first sending sixty words without the money for extras; and so on down to \$10 to first twenty sending thirty-five words. Now, sir, I think this is too thin, as I made ninety *bona fide* words out of these letters myself. I should think the child that lived nearest the store of the enterprising advertisers would gain the much coveted prize or prizes, and, although I object to getting a cheap "ad" in the columns devoted to literature, you can tell them anybody can have my ninety words for a "V," as I don't want to go to the World's Fair, myself, that is, at present, nor do I like to take advantage of good nature, nor do I like to send thirty cents for a packet of flower seeds, which is one of the conditions, for I know they would not grow at Campbell's Corner. Weeds flourish there much better.

I am not given to growling, but I must say it makes my dander rise when I meet a friend in the street coming diagonally and looking behind him. Have you ever

experienced it? I went to the same auction room, last Saturday, that on a prior occasion I had to animadvert on the perambulator nuisance. I found things much improved—not one of those infernal machines of modern science was to be seen. But another evil arose out of this. Having left their babies at home and not having much to do, the dear ladies beguiled the time in conversation. Were you ever near a rookery? If so, you can have some idea of the noise. The auctioneer, several times, asked them to give him a show. So they did, but only to get breath and go at it again.

I see I will have to change my name, for fear of arrest. In Thursday evening's *Times*, and I believe it is a reliable paper, I see a young gentleman was arrested for no other crime except that he was out of employment (the police did not insinuate he was stumped). However, he brought a couple of friends to speak for him and he was at once discharged. Now, if this is a crime, the boys in blue (or "officers," as they are called here—I always call them "cops" myself) can come to where I live—Campbell's Corner, as aforesaid—and if they arrest all of us who are out of employment and have no visible means of support, His Honor Macrae will have the largest levee he has ever had since he graced the bench. But don't you think, Mr. Editor, "officers" are sometimes too officious or just a wee bit too big for their boots?

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

## DOTS AND DASHES.

"You say that scamp took you in his arms? What did you do to say to him?" "I said hold on!"

THE City of Mexico has not a foot of sewers in its limits. There is an epidemic of typhus fever there, though.

THE up-to-date kiss for young ladies, according to a feminine authority, is to lay the left cheeks together and kiss out into vacancy.

THE young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a re-occurrence of the accident.

"THE crinoline resembles truth," he said who saw a girl in vain essay to sit in easy grace. "Though chrushed to earth 'twill rise again."

MME. GREVY, who died recently, regretted by all France, was a domestic servant before becoming the wife of a statesman-President.

AN eastern paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds: "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

"THIS is my busy day" has given place to "Don't go! If you do, I'll have to work, and I need rest." Neither is of much use when the man who is "reminded of a little story" tempts the fool-killer.