

maintain that any thorough school training is of inestimable value when placed to the proper use, but it is ridiculous and puerile to assert that it is strictly essential. The fact that there are thousands of failures of those who have had every advantage in the way of education can in no wise be construed as an argument against the acquiring of knowledge through textbooks and teachers. It is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and human ingenuity has never yet discovered a way of making education take the place of brains. That there are many men of unquestioned ability who have utterly failed, after a thorough educational preparation for the duties of life, only adds additional force to the truth that upon the man himself, and not upon that which is pounded into his head, depends his success or failure. Unfortunately, there are those—and they are by no means few in numbers—who labor under the impression that their college course has fought the battle of life for them, and that after receiving their diploma they have only to decide upon the many advantageous and profitable positions seeking them. There are those who could not succeed under any circumstances, and an education only brings out more clearly their weakness of character and paucity of brains.

School and college work, no matter of what character, can be only as the arming of the soldier for the battle. The medical student must acquire a certain amount of knowledge before he can intelligently practise medicine, but the highest education is to be obtained only in his actual practice. The law student studies law to enable him to learn more valuable knowledge from its practice. In the great volume in which are recorded the failures of men are found the names of the thousands who expected to jump from the institution of learning into success. In the record of successes, to compensate for these failures, are found the thousands of names of those who carved success out of a solid rock of obstacles and discouragements, and who were forced to appreciate their acquired knowledge because it was acquired under circumstances that not only intensified its value, but which taxed their energies instead of their finances.

I am convinced that every city and town should have its history written with some detail for use in the schools of that town, and with this should be included a proper treatment of the geography of the region. The local text-book may be put in the form of a catechism, with questions and answers, or in the narrative form. It should begin with a clear statement of the location of the place, to be followed with something on the topography, the geology and the botany; then the history of the settlement of the town; the establishment of the first church; the growth and municipal history; notices of the important public buildings; military history; to be followed by accounts of the industries, railroads, principal highways, commerce; a brief sketch of the schools and other educational institutions; something about the noted men and women who were born or have lived in the town, or have visited it. These topics need not be arranged in

the order here given, but according to the plan best adapted to the locality. This study, I believe will be found very helpful. It is one to awaken interest in pupil and teacher. The child loves to read and talk about places and things with which he is familiar, as we older people are more interested in anything about countries we have visited than about those we have never seen. The local history and geography are the easiest for the child to grasp, and he will learn other history.

If you know a man making a roaring success  
At a thing you can't try without making a  
mess—

Which is sad;

If he does quite a number of things that you  
can't.

You must go and explain to your favorite aunt  
That he's mad.

If he works all day long and well into the night,  
And starts again early as soon as it's light—

While your lazy;

Excelling you, too, in the size of his brain—  
And using it better as well—why, it's plain

That he's crazy.

Suppose he has traveled on African sands,  
And shot little niggers and measured new lands

Which are palmy!

And while you've been hiding at home in your  
shell

He's built up a fortune and come home a swell—  
Why, he's balmy.

If he sings a song well from the back of his  
throat,

And gets a big puff from a critic of note  
Whom the tune struck;

And keeps on improving till managers fight  
To offer him hundreds for one song a night—

Why, he's moonstruck.

If he paints a great picture or writes a great  
book,

Or gets to the summit by hook or by crook  
Of his craft;

If he fights to a place with a fortunate few,  
And shows himself better and smarter than  
you—

Why, he's daft.

In short, if he's got before you in the race  
For fame and for fortune, for honor and place

(Which he's noosed);

If he isn't insane or something as bad,  
If he's not off his nut, and a sawney, and mad—

Then he's boozed.

While returning from listening to an excellent sermon on temperance last Sunday evening at the Baptist Church, I was treated to a sorrowful illustration of the fearful evil of intemperance. It appears that a party had been held at a certain hotel, and the participants, on that blessed Sabbath evening, partook of a little too much liquid refreshments, with the inevitable result that they became uproariously drunk. While in this condition, their behavior was not by any means as circumspect as it should have been, and the landlord was compelled to call the meeting "to order." The public would not be benefitted by learning the names of the persons referred to, and I merely mention the incident as emphasizing the fact that Victoria is a great and wicked city.

A good story is being told of a well-known gentleman in this city, who claims to be something of a sport. Some weeks ago while the pile-driver was down at Esquimalt, some ingenious navy men

stuffed a duck and fastened it to the top of the pile-driver. When it was removed to the inner harbor the stuffed duck remained on top, and attracted the attention of the sport. Knowing that it was against the law of the land to discharge firearms within the city limits, our hero one evening filled his pockets full of stones and took his stand on the bridge. He then divested himself of his coat and proceeded to attack the stuffed duck. For two long hours he kept up the fusillade, and would have probably remained there until the present, had it not been that a passing friend enlightened him as to the inanimate condition of his target. The sport now wears a funereal smile when fowl of any kind is mentioned, more especially ducks.

In my younger days I thought to be a poet,  
Surpassing Virgil, Homer—perhaps Milton,  
And I intended that the world should know it—  
So, although at the time I had a kilt on,  
I ground out yards of verses with a zest—  
Iambic, trochee, dactyl, anapest.

When I grew older, and, of course, much wiser,  
My zeal straightway took quite a new direction  
Instead—my muse, I know it did surprise her—  
I wrote long odes on soaps for the complexion—  
That was four years ago—and now! how young  
ambitions taper—  
I'm writing verses for a comic paper.

The skirt dancing rage has struck Victoria with full force. A lady, who has been teaching the new fad in Vancouver for some time, has arrived in this city, and has already succeeded in forming a large class, composed of representatives of the first families. It is the intention, I am told, to make the skirt dance a feature of fashionable parties in future.

I enjoyed a pleasant hour's conversation with Miss Margaret Marshall, the well known actress, the other day. It will be remembered that Miss Marshall was here a year or two ago with the Belmour Gray company. During her short stay in the city that time she demonstrated the fact that she was an actress of more than common mould. Wherever she appears along the coast she is well received, her conceptions of her parts being always artistically and historically correct.

PERE GRINATOR.

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Organist of St. Andrew's Church.

## REMOVAL.

The Chicago Candy Factory  
has removed to No. 30  
Government Street,  
three doors below C. E. Jones'  
Drug Store.

G. A. McCULLOCH.