

TALES OF THE TOWN.

THE Parliamentary Union of Victoria adjourned last Monday evening in order to take a recess. I have watched the proceedings of the young Parliamentarians with no small degree of interest, as the political future of this province doubtless, in no small measure, depends on them and the young men of the sister cities. Much good in the way of discussing the leading political topics has been done, and although at times the debates were decidedly animated, yet owing to the zeal and discretion of the Speaker, Mr. John Stevenson, the proceedings were always creditable to any legislative body. I hope to see the Union resume its hitherto successful career next fall, and bespeak for it continued prosperity.

The conventional remarks which are made at the close of a reception or party are usually about as meaningless and senselessly mendacious as those matutinal ejaculations concerning the weather. Mrs. A. goes to the hostess and says, "Good night, my dear Mrs. H., I have had such a lovely time! Everything was simply perfect." Then Mr. B. comes up and, with a forced smile, remarks: "Ah, Mrs. H., I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed this charming evening. It has been perfectly delightful." And so it goes on, and each prevaricator goes to his or her dressing room and begins to tell the nearest neighbor how stupid the whole thing was and how much they are bored by being obliged from a sense of social duty to attend such monotonous affairs. But there is one man in town, and a well known one too, who doesn't believe in this conventional lying. The other evening, attired in dress suit and a broad, clean shaven smile, he attended a reception given by a popular hostess, and resolved before he started that his ad ux should shatter the ordinary conventionalism of departure from such a gathering. So when the time came to leave he sauntered leisurely to the parlor where madame was saying good night to her guests and in a tired tone remarked: "Well, Mrs. H., I've been here all the evening, and want to say that I've had the devil of a time." "Indeed!" replied the hostess, who had known the gentleman for years and who immediately caught his point. "Well then, Mr. B., I'm d—d glad

of it." I am opposed to profanity, but in this case I believe the recording angel will appreciate the humor which prompted the reply, and overlook the formality of making an entrance.

An appointment with a friend last Sunday evening detained me until I was too late for the regular church service, and, in lieu thereof, I went down to the Methodist Mission. The building wherein services are held is situated in what might be termed the White-chapel of Victoria. Cabins, the occupants of which are Indian men and women, are to be found on every side of the little chapel, while along the sidewalk are women in whose faces are reflected their evil life. Truly, this is a place for mission work. In compliance with certain arrangements, the Methodist Church provides a person each Sunday to conduct services at this mission. The lady who had charge of the services last Sunday evening was Miss Shelvey, and certainly a work of this kind could not be placed in more capable hands. Miss Shelvey has a gift of speech not often met with in one of her sex. I was particularly struck with the intelligent and rational manner in which she explained the meaning of several passages of scripture which she read, and I believe that several clergymen, who sometimes exaggerate their subjects, might take a lesson from this unpretentious young lady, as to the most effective means of teaching the Bible. She is earnest in her work, and teaches Christian doctrines, I believe, as Christ intended they should be taught.

I am informed that Miss Shelvey has accomplished a great work in connection with the Provincial jail. For some time she has been a visitor to this institution, and while there talked to the prisoners in a manner that forced the conviction upon them that, with all their sins, they are not beyond redemption. In her own way, she has wrought marvels, and last Sunday when she bade the prisoners good bye, the scene is said to have been very affecting. There are very few Christian women, or men for that matter, who will carry their convictions to this extent.

Miss Shelvey is about to leave Victoria, if she has not already left. While here, I am told, that many have been converted through her teachings. To

one who has heard her, it is not hard to believe that such is the case. I will watch Miss Shelvey's future career with interest.

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