

though we could never maintain one in England. In San Francisco I was entertained at a little luncheon in the Woman's club. It was delightfully planned and carried out. I enjoyed myself immensely."

"We were reading last evening that some reporter told Mr. Irving that Minneapolis audiences were very cold. Is that true?" asked the actress.

"You know one can't act to a cold audience, it kills enthusiasm. The idea of any one's going to the theatre in an icy mood. One must be receptive to enjoy. One cannot reach your soul if you will not, and if you mask your emotions. Acting is so subtle that the slightest error has its effect. The actor feels his mistake in an instant. We are supported by the force of those in an audience who understand and appreciate."

"I have heard that your admiration of Madame Duse is very great," said the newspaper representative, "will you tell me what you think of her?"

Haven't you heard her? What a pity. I can not say what I think of her. I can not say enough for her. She is a great genius. She is the only actress, by the way, that I know of who plays only three performances in a week. That is enough, I think. Art can not be hastened, it is as slow as nature. Only see how the flowers grow, they must have time to mature. But we live to fast the whole world over. We are all under the weight of that idea life is so short."

Miss Terry has been besieged with requests for autographs to such an extent that she felt she should be obliged to refuse them, absolutely. One day she had an idea, a very kind one, too. She decided to sell her autograph, as it was so much in demand, and with the proceeds establish a child's bed in a hospital. In this scheme she has been very successful, and the bed in London has already relieved many a sufferer.

She no longer is bored at requests for autographs and cheerfully responds to any contribution to her pet charity, taking pleasure in signing her name as often as may be.

Love at first sight has become a characteristic particularly noticeable in connection with several recent matrimonial alliances. Last week I heard of a young lady who married a man after an acquaintance of a few days, and here is another instance of the celerity with which Cupid accomplishes his purpose. A gentleman from a neighboring city recently visited the World's Fair. Hardly had the train pulled out from the Vancouver depot when this gentleman felt his attention attracted to a lady of striking appearance who occupied a neighboring berth, and it was not long before the two became acquainted and were exchanging experiences. The lady, he discovered, was a widow, and the pretty little girl who was with her, was the only token of a brief but happy period of conjugality. Before the train had reached Chicago the little one had learned to call the susceptible gentleman "papa," and this, of course, was a strong influence which brought the elders closer together in what were rapidly becoming more than friendly relations.

Of course they stopped at the same hotel, and it was only natural that he should be the escort of the pretty little girl and her charming mamma. Together they visited the principal buildings, and enjoyed the varied exhibits with sympathetic interest. But then it was nothing but a feeling of sympathy that held them together. It was not until they wandered into the romantic maze of the Plaisance that all of a sudden, the strong man staggered as if mortally wounded, and he realized that a pointed shaft had penetrated his heart and that

the sweet poison was rushing through his arteries to the most remote capillaries. This accounted for the strange thrills he felt, and he knew he loved. His ardor was such that the fair widow was equally inflamed and a contract was signed for the delivery of a brand new papa to the little girl as soon as the necessary preliminaries could be arranged. The happy affair has not yet been consummated but it is stated for an early date.

Billy Burnes has returned from the east, where he engineered the victories won by the Victoria Lacrosse club. After leaving the club, Billy took in the World's Fair, and succeeded in capturing two chameleons which had strayed away from their keeper on the Plaisance. These he brought back with him to Victoria, and, although he has only had them for a week or so, he has already instructed them to perform the seductive dances which prevailed in the theatres along the Plaisance. At the sound of Billy's voice, his pets will turn all sorts of colors from a deep carmine to a St. Patrick's Day green. I have not heard what the owner intends to do with the chameleons, but I more than suspect that they will be donated to the Park Committee, provided the chairman gives bonds for their proper maintenance.

It is complained that several sportsmen in this city are in the habit of shooting fowl belonging to people along Oak Bay avenue. One lady, who possesses numerous valuable geese and ducks, has had her flock decimated to an alarming extent by the aforesaid sportsmen, and the worst of it all is she can see no way of securing redress for her loss. It appears to me that in a country where game is so plentiful as in British Columbia, there should be no need for lovers of gun sport to kill the birds of their neighbors. No doubt recourse to the law would have the