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TALES OF THE TOWN.



TWO ancient and honorable institutions are falling into absolute disrepute in fashionable circles, or at least into innocuous desuetude. They are the honeymoon and the wedding ring. At least two-thirds of the fashionable young matrons have ceased wearing that outward and visible sign of matrimony. At a dinner where there were twelve married women the other night, but two wore wedding rings—one a lady who has been married twenty years, and the other the bride of a week. It was seeing the latter that caused me to mourn the decadence of the honeymoon. Twenty, even ten years ago, nay, even five, what would one have thought of the bride and grooms who were not only willing, but anxious, to hobnob with their fellows within a week after the bridal! Now the young people who set out with the intention of spending their whole lives together find a fortnight's solitude a *deux* absolutely unbearable.

I often wonder what people would do if they didn't have the weather as a topic of conversation on the street, in the theatre, and, in fact, no matter where they may meet, not even excepting funerals.

You come down town in the morning, and the first friend you meet greets you with, "Howd' do! Nice morning, ain't it?" And you, anxious to let him know that your opinions agree, reply: "Yes, indeed, it is beautiful!"

A little further on another acquaintance bears down on you, and says:

"Mornin'. Pretty cold, isn't it?" He asks it as if his happiness depended on your answer, and you look serious and say:

"Yes, 'tis cold—colder than yesterday, I think."

The next one you meet remarks briskly:

"Howdy, old man? Pretty spring-like this morning, ain't it?" and you