

As, however, it appears that practically the requirements of the Act has not been complied with, as far as the Court records show, it is probable that but few persons are aware of the provisions of the Act, one of which is the imposition of a fine of \$100 on every person who shall fail to comply with the requirements of the Act. In the case of partnerships formed subsequent to the coming into force of the Act, registration of them is required within three months of the date of their formation.

There is such a thing as being economical to a degree that is hurtful. And many business men fall victims to it. For instance, I saw a transaction closed a few days ago that involved a matter of nearly \$20 profit to one of the parties. In making the payment, the second party made an error in the count of five cents, and the first party dunned him for it. This was a misake. It is all right to be accurate in money matters, but as in everything else, circumstances must count, and in this instance it would have been better to my thinking if nothing had been said about the five cents, for the second party is a broad-gauged business man, and the first party lost ground in his opinion probably. At least rather than take the chance of losing the ground, I would have kept still. A man can practice economy until he becomes stingy, and if you want to see a poor specimen of a man, look at one who is stingy. When that stage is reached, the man is practically of but little use in the world, for he begrudges every outlay and consequently he is unable to enjoy anything that money can procure him. He doesn't enjoy clothes because they cost something, and he doesn't let his children or his wife enjoy them for the same reason. He doesn't develop his home life because he is incompetent by reason of his stinginess; this keeps him so busy thinking how he may avoid the expenditure of a cent that he has no time to devote to his children and he becomes a narrow, mean man. So I am afraid of economy when it is carried too far; like tipping, it may end disastrously. In order that I may not get entangled in the meshes of this disagreeable habit, I buy what I need reasonably with no thought of the cost, never going beyond the limit that I know I can maintain.

It is a great mistake to be too attentive to customers. I mean by this, that a salesman should always be quick to act on a customer's wish, he should never annoy a customer by too many suggestions, especially when the customer has stated a wish as to the article desired. I watched a transaction in a crockery store this week that illustrates the point. A lady

asked for a fish set, and told the salesman what she wanted, referring to a blue set in the show window. There was no blue set on the counter, but the salesman annoyed the lady with suggestions; here was a yellow figure that was pretty, and here was a brown one. The lady reminded him once that she wanted blue, which was equivalent to saying that she was as good a judge of decoration as the man, who gave evidence of good intention but poor judgment in handling the goods. It was a mistake to attempt to force goods against a clearly expressed wish as to pattern. And it was useless, too, for the customer was undoubtedly competent of choosing for herself, and a competent clerk will have tact enough to discover when this is the case, and when suggestions would be helpful.

The Victoria papers are evidently determined to soil the "spotless reputation" of that clever young man—Hon. Percy Whittall. It is alleged that Mr. Whittall assumed the name of William Johnston in order to pledge certain deeds which he had in his possession. Now, if the Hon. Mr. Whittall has been masquerading under the somewhat plebeian name of Johnston, it does not follow that he is other than the young man who, at the expense of Manager Robert Jamieson, enjoyed a short season of comic opera at The Victoria. English noblemen have travelled incog before, and has not the immortal bard of Avon remarked that a rose by any other name smells just as sweet. It is high time that the press of Victoria should cease its criticisms of English gentlemen. When a scion of British nobility comes amongst us, surely it is not asking too much to request that he be accorded a little more liberty than that given to an ordinary "colonial."

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION.

AS I was passing along Government street, I stepped aside into a store where an auction sale was in progress. I heard a voice saying "Who'll bid! Who'll bid! Who'll bid! How much am I offered?" I left the sale; and, as I strolled, I pondered, and methought I saw another auction sale advertised to take place soon, and, to my utter astonishment, I saw that the advertisement read as follows: "Annual Winter Sale of Youths and Young Men. Season's crop is quite equal to those we offered last year. All bidders are invited to take front seats. The goods will be delivered to the highest bidder. Come early and avoid the rush. N.B.—Last year, many good people came late and lost some of the best goods." As I read the notice and rubbed my eyes and read it again, a gentleman, who, I found,

was the auctioneer, stepped up to me and asked me why I looked so surprised. I said I was a stranger in Victoria, and so was not acquainted with your way of doing things, but that I was surprised to see such a notice. He laughed and said, that it was nothing new; he was kept pretty busy all the year, but generally had a little rush of business in that line as the winter began. He said that, some years, the bidding was pretty fair, but, other years, the saloons and liquor sellers had it much their own way. "You see," said he, "those fellows are right up to time, and it is cash on the spot, and they are not particular on spending an extra thousand dollars, if they see a promising batch. They know their business; they keep a fine set of social young men, whom they pay well and set behind the bars so as to make it kind of pleasant for the Boys when they call around. Then they fit up their places in style; they don't stop at trifles, if they can hold their men. Now, just to show you how things go, there is all that batch of sealers; the majority went awful cheap—scarcely a bidder, except the saloons, and they got a good catch." "Do you mean to tell me that the churches did not bid for them?" "Well, you see, they don't get in their work in time. Now, next Sunday and for the next month or so, the sealers are invited to special services at the churches. You see, by that time, they will have lost their spare cash, and the saloons will be in a position, from the proceeds, to run till next year. Your church people are too slow—same way with the young fellows. Now, I'll warrant you that the saloon and liquor men (I say liquor men, for they bid, too—you see so many of our young men live in cabins, and they drink a pile of stuff on the quiet) will get a big share of this season's crop." "But," I said, how about your churches; don't they bid?" "Oh, yes," he said, "they run riot on Sunday, and 'Old Nick' has a hard time of it for a few hours, but, I guess, he winks and says 'Never mind; to-morrow is Monday.'" "But," said I, "have you no active competitor to these open dens during the week?" "Well, no," said he; "except the Public Library and the Y.M.C.A. The library doesn't pretend to be a social attraction, but quite a few go there to read; and, as for the Y.M.C.A., well, they used to do a good work, but, then, somehow, the folks starved out the specialist they had there, and it went down. I hear that another specialist is now trying to tie up the scattered ends and make the rooms attractive for young men; but, if I came across him, I should advise him to go home or else buy out the concern and open a bar; then he would get both young men and money. Good day, sir; the sale is about to begin—Who'll bid! Who'll bid! Who'll bid!" SPECTATOR.