

place and see things through. Perhaps though, the real cause is to be found in the irresistible charm and attraction of our young ladies.

In my school days, one of the first performances of the day after the formal good morning to the teacher, was to form in single rank for the daily inspection of our personal appearance. Our hands and faces were examined, and the possessor of an untidy head of hair was told to step out. That took so many marks off the number allowed for cleanliness. Boots and clothes were next scrutinized, and either passed muster or were condemned; dirty boots were never tolerated, they had to be clean, not merely the fronts, but the backs as well. The second offence against cleanliness in any one month brought punishment, and for the third, the sinner was sent home.

Now, why should not this be the rule in our public schools here? Would it not be advisable to constitute personal cleanliness a part of the curriculum, instead of some of the abstruse subjects that are now crammed into children's brains and are as useless to them as a suit of fourteenth century armor. I see children, boys especially, go to school with half washed faces, untidy clothes and boots that have never had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of blacking or brush. There is no excuse for that; poverty or straitened circumstances cannot be put forward as a plea for dirt, the defective water supply notwithstanding. Neither are the girls always what they should be; sometimes a neat little dress hangs over a very muddy or dusty pair of boots. All this means a dirty, slovenly generation of men and women, who may be great scholars but very unsavory companions.

The bricklayers on the sewers have resumed work, in order, as they allege, to save trouble to the

contractors. Perhaps the more truthful way of putting it would be that the men saw the foolishness of the course they were pursuing, a sort of cutting their noses to spite their faces. There was no cause, of any justice, to be advanced for that strike; it was a mistaken and misguided effort from first to last. There was no principle at stake that was worth contending for, and no object to be gained in a fight that had no cause. In any event, men should think twice before they throw up jobs in times like these, for there are at least ten idle men to fill every vacancy that occurs, and these surface drains were a godsend to some of the working men of Victoria. It is much better to let well alone.

At the Arion Club Concert the other evening, it was my misfortune to sit behind a young lady whose figure made an interesting study from a physical point of view. Let not the witnessing of such self inflicted torture ever be mine again, for the monks of old could not have endured half the penance suffered by that misguided girl. Her poor waist was pinched so that there could not have been more than six inches across. She could neither sit comfortably, talk or laugh with any degree of naturalness; the agony she suffered had pinched her face out of all expression of ease. The miserable creature would tilt herself in every possible direction in search of the comfort that could have been obtained at once by loosening those murderous stays; but would she do that? no, that would make her figure large and vulgar, which would never do. If these poor wretches could only see themselves as common sense people see them, with their wasp-like waists and pinched faces, they would never put on a pair of stays.

In connection with this spirit of unnaturalness, one cannot help thinking what liars men and wo-

men are; liars to themselves and each other. During the intervals between the numbers at the Arion concert, several little passages of what is vulgarly called "mashing" took place, and oh how good and noble those young men would have those young ladies think them! And how sweetly those feminine faces beamed, as though they never wore a pout or frown, and their owners could not do wrong. Why all this hypocrisy? Cannot a man go up to a lady, wearing the natural smile, and the open honest demeanor he would have to assume among his fellow men, or be shunned as a "sneak." A man will never go into a crowd of his companions "bowing and scraping," with a bland idiotic smile intended to be polite, showing his teeth like a cat about to spring. He would either get those teeth broken, or he would be ostracised as such men are. Then for pity's sake why not be manly before those towards whom it is their duty to be manly.

If I were a public spirited and moneyed man like John Coughlan, I would apply for an injunction to restrain the city from allowing deep and dangerous ditches being dug along Chatham street, Spring Ridge. The city sold the sand-pits, and has now to purchase sand from the owners of those pits. These people are now digging immense holes on the roadside which are left there for any one to fall into. Another example of aldermanic wisdom.

Prentice, the book-keeper and generally good young man who left the city a short time since without taking a formal farewell of his friends, has written to an acquaintance here stating that it is his intention to settle up all scores against him. His letter is dated at New Orleans, so that he may be figuring on winning over the Corbet-Mitchell fight sufficient money to pay his debts; that is if the contest should come off