

Yes, the modern sailor hat is an Æolian harp on which the summer girl can play many tunes. It is a good thing to know just which to choose. There is a great deal in knowing how not to do it, a Victoria lady informs me.

One of the saddest facts that one meets in society is that the ugly girl is not given even half a chance at the good things. She may be witty, clever, accomplished or graceful, or all of these things together, but if these charms are topped off with a plain countenance she is doomed to social defeat. If her family has money or position, she of course, obtains recognition from the local 400, but, alas! the poor dear is often made to feel that she is only tolerated. She is never asked to take part in the tableaux at charitable entertainments, but is given the booth where gingham aprons are for sale. When she makes her debut the society papers describe her as "a most accomplished young lady." When a society paper makes such a statement as that, you know at once that she is homely as sin, because had she the slightest claim to good looks it would ignore her mental charms and describe her physical ones in such glowing terms that a stranger would think she was a second Helen of Troy. Alack, in these sad times a straight nose is counted a greater virtue than a perfect knowledge of Greek, and the woman who can look unutterable things is held in greater esteem than the one who can say them with her tongue.

Talking about different types of women always suggests society itself, and I remember how I laughed once at a man saying that history could not discuss society. You might know that a man said that; a woman would have better sense. She knows there was no history until society existed and that history only

grew interesting when there were more than two people. That is, when the serpent appeared. Before that time Adam and Eve undoubtedly enjoyed seeing things sprout and enjoyed looking at the animals; but history began with an appearance of a third party; it gave Adam an opportunity to discuss Eve's morality and gave Eve a chance to dilate on Adam's rather mean cowardice. Adam felt that he was taking to an amusing chap, and he told him his experience with women (I say women, allowing that the story about Lilith was true), while Adam could listen to all the clever epigrams and amusing remarks of the versatile snake. It is all bother, you know; about history not condescending to society. One would a great deal rather know that a great man took his chocolate in bed than who he gave his vote for, and it is immensely more interesting to hear whether a great beauty wore silk petticoats or whether she curled her hair on papers or with tongs than her opinion of a hereafter. The histories that really interest and educate are those that tell of the manners of people, their mode of living and the mistakes they make. Then the great politician seems human, the great beauty seems feminine and near to us and all the powers that were are living, breathing blessings to us. This sounds very moral, doesn't it? But then you never know when things are going to turn out songs or sermons. It is all a question of luck.

Appearances are sometimes deceiving. I offer the following as proof of the proposition: The young lady was particularly gracious and the young man was correspondingly happy. He felt that he had made an impression at last. She let him hold her hand a minute when she welcomed him, and he thought, in fact he was quite sure that she responded

to the gentle squeeze he gave it. And heretofore she had been so distant, so cold. Surely it was enough to make him feel happy. Then she laughed at his witticisms, and there was something in her manner that invited him to draw his chair closer to hers. Of course he accepted the invitation, and almost before he knew it he found himself whispering all sorts of silly things to her, while she listened with downcast eyes. It was blissful, and yet there was greater pleasure in store for him. She blushed and hesitated a little as she asked if he had a photograph of himself. Of course. He would go for one at once. She protested that that was not necessary, but he insisted. She should have anything that she wanted. She thanked him so coyly and sweetly when he brought it that the boy was nearly insane with joy. Then, as he walked away with a light heart, she handed the photograph to her maid and said with decision: "Mary, hang that in the servants' hall, where every one can see it, and remember that I am never home when he calls. I must stop this thing somehow, and mamma changes servants so often he gets in every week or two now."

The scheme to send the Victoria lacrosse club on an Eastern tour has materialized, and after playing the schedule game to-day at Vancouver, Victoria's pride will leave for the East. It will be something in the nature of a vacation for many of the boys, and there is no elixir like a vacation. We plod along the ruts of life, we grind at the old mill like grim death for a year and just when we begin to hate ourselves and our work, and almost hate our fellow men we discover that what we want after all is a holiday. "It ain't no use" to try to supplement a frolic with tincture of iron and quinine. The doctors know a good deal these days, in fact they know too much,