

no doubt turn out in full force to do honor to their patron Saint.

A novel idea has been recently advanced by the temperance people, which is to compel the removal of screens and other obstructions to the public gaze in saloons. The opponents of such a measure will no doubt argue that the scenes which takes place within saloons ought to be veiled from the vision of the young and impressionable, but by doing this they will be admitting that scenes do transpire in saloons which would be highly injurious to the public if witnessed from the street. The argument destroys itself. If the taking down of the screens will expose the hidden mysteries it is the best thing which could happen, for the public who do not go into saloons would see how many offences are committed against the law. I will watch this matter with more than ordinary interest.

A writer in the *New York Mercury* says the girl is unlucky who finds out suddenly that she has something nice the matter with her. I knew one who was told that she had lovely hair. She took to doing it up with one hairpin, and her head began to look like a mop on the third day of a house-cleaning. She took to jerking her head, too, so that the hair would come down, and then she did look lovely, especially if it happened at the theatre, at luncheon or in the cars. She would wiggle her head so that her words would come out scalloped, and her nose got all spread around. A girl with a neat foot is the worst nuisance I know. She always has it stuck out in the car. Her shoestrings is always coming undone. She is forever lifting her dress and making you nervous. It just about spoils a girl if she finds out that she has fine eyes and pretty teeth. Good-by to quiet expression at once. Her eyes roll, droop, snap, shut, open, dance and sparkle all over the place until you wonder why they don't get sprained. Meanwhile her teeth are working just as hard. She smiles twice a minute and often her eyes are getting in some fine touches that don't go with a smile at all. The effect is awful. I got so tired looking at a girl the other day that I wondered why the man with her didn't marry her just for the sake of tying her eyes fast to her nose and knocking her teeth out.

I read "Chatty Cheerful's" interesting letter last week, and really I think it contains enough to keep the ordinary woman thinking a week or so at least. As for my own belief, I frankly confess that money has certainly a good deal charged up to its account, but that a greater factor of evil is woman, who is at the same time the greatest source of human happiness. If I should size up the different causes of masculine divergence from the straight line I would place them in the following order: Woman, vanity and then money. For you see a woman excites a man's vanity, and then for her sake he wants money, and there you are. Just think how Anthony tipped his hand and made all kinds of bad breaks on account of Cleopatra. He wouldn't have done it for money, and you know it. His vanity had

an attack of elephantiasis because he had made such a distinguished Egyptian mash, and of course he had to hypothecate and raise funds to keep up his gait and hold himself in line. And I know that he would not have done the same for the sake of mere money. Study history, "Chatty Cheerful," and you will see that woman has been at the bottom of nearly every sin that man has ever committed. And we will still keep on doing all in our power for her, and more too, and the more we succeed in pleasing her, the vainer we become. Now, when any one tells you again that money is the root of all evil, you just tell him that he had better think with his brain instead of talking through his hat, and if he gets on to the force of your remarks he will be greatly benefitted.

There are a variety of subjects which interest the female sex, but there is one thought, above all others, which takes possession of the mind of the true mother, and that is, whether her bright little boy will be

THE COMING MAN!

A pair of very chubby legs,
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little chubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little hat, a little coat—
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's coming man.

His eyes so brown will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Hidden within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp!

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whatever the future holds in store,
God bless the coming man!

The coming man must have brains and education, and if the charges made by Trustee Marchant be true, he will not secure the latter in Victoria. I am not prepared to endorse Mr. Marchant's remarks in full, but I know that he is a man of more than average intelligence, and, therefore, is in a position to speak on the point. It is a lamentable fact that the school system of British Columbia is not what it should be, and this state of affairs is accounted for by the interference of our local government in matters which should not come within its province.

A lady at the theatre the other night remarked of one of the actresses, "It must be terrible for a refined woman like Miss—to put on tights." Here is what the actress in question says of the matter: "You want to know my feelings when I first appeared in tights? Your question is a leading one, decidedly. But why

shouldn't I answer it? I remember the feeling very distinctly, and in fact never shall forget it. I think it seems very funny now," and she gave a merry, musical laugh, which seemingly awakened echoes, since it started a canary bird in an adjoining room into a merry trill as if in response. "The night when I first put on tights—why wouldn't that make a good funny poem? You may have the idea. But I shall always keep that memory. It was five years ago. It was in an opera. I had been cast in a feminine role, but after the first act of the first dress rehearsal the manager sent for me and I answered the summons with some trepidation, fearing that I was to be reprimanded for some little blunder, but he abashed me still more by saying that he had decided to change the cast and put me in a boy's part, as he thought I would look nicely in tights and felt that I could do justice to the role. What did I say? Absolutely nothing. I began to stammer something about never having worn tights, to which he paid no attention, but remarking that the stage manager would furnish me with the costumes and the part and give me any suggestions I needed, he bowed me out and turned to speak to some one else. When the night came I was very nervous and apprehensive and felt a peculiar sort of a dread. Natural and womanlike? I suppose so. But I don't want to feel so again. However, I suppose that is one of the feelings that, like our youth, we can have but once. When I got my cue and went on—whew! how dizzy I felt at first! Then it seemed as though I were stepping out into space and I wondered if wings wouldn't be a good thing to have. The entire audience seemed to be looking at me and for an instant the audience appeared to be magnified into the universe. For an instant I thought of trying to hide behind some of the other girls and then a sudden fear came that I should forget my lines and my song. But the first came and the orchestra lead to my little warble brought it all back to me, and I fixed my eyes on a little red-headed gamin leaning over the railing in the front row of the gallery and sang directly and deliberately at him, and knew nothing more till a storm of applause told me my song was done and my probable field on the stage for the future was decided." I hope the mind of the lady who made the remark referred to above is now at rest.

Truly Victoria is becoming a great and wicked city. If any one doubts this fact, I would quiet their fears by stating that we have amongst us at the present time no less a person than a female who possesses in addition to her other accomplishments the faculty of shop lifting. As yet, she has not settled down to work, but I am told that she is making observations with the ultimate object of pursuing her avocation at an early date. She was in Vancouver for a few days, but became thoroughly disgusted with that backwoods town. Merchants would do well to keep their eyes open for this woman, when she makes them a visit.

Did it ever occur to the reader that there is one thing in which the Jews surpass all