

guest in a country house has a good part of the day to dispose of as he or she may fancy; and, as a result, a pleasant, home-like feeling much to be desired pervades the atmosphere of the house. Neither host or hostess appears to be laboring to provide perpetual entertainment for their guests, and the latter have plenty of time to write their letters, read their books and enjoy other like peaceful amusements. In a town house a masculine visitor receives a night-key as a pleasant intimation that he is to come and go as he pleases.

The small attendance at the Market Hall concert given by the "C" Battery and Royal Arthur bands, last Saturday evening, was commented upon by many. The Battery band has always been popular in Victoria, and the slimness of the audience is therefore attributed to the unpopularity of the Royal Arthur band. It is believed that the refusal of the admiral to permit his band to play at the picnic held on the Canadian national holiday in aid of the funds of the B. C. Benevolent Society, has had much to do with this. Even so, it is scarcely right that the men composing the band of the Royal Arthur should suffer for the actions of their superior officers. Heretofore the navy bands have been popular at this port, and it is really too bad that the one belonging to the Royal Arthur should be made an exception to the general rule.

Many men are valuable, but no man is indispensable. The truth of this proposition was forced upon me the other day by a commercial traveller, who related the following incident: "I've quite conquered the idea that my services are indispensable to my firm. The notion took complete possession of me once, years ago, but the experience resulting from it cured me forever. I had a good trade and, like many other young salesmen, fancied that I owned

the house, and made demands that were altogether unreasonable. Not being granted, I threatened to leave the house and go to some other firm, and to my surprise, was told to go. Smiling in derision at my principal's shortsightedness and confident that the old concern would fail very quickly without my service, I went out. And then I began to experience other surprises. I applied for a good position in vain. They were all filled. The old house did not recall me, and seemed to run right along as usual. I was put to sore straits, but found a cheap situation at last with a retail firm, and was glad to get it. Time passed. Instead of going to the wall the old house appeared to be doing better than ever. It didn't break worth a cent. One day the principal met me on the street and asked me how I was prospering. I told him frankly and acknowledged my fault. He took me back, and I've been with that house ever since. It was a needed lesson and will last for a life time."

Parson Gorman, the distinguished looking gentleman who opens the *Colonist* Chapel every evening with prayer, a few months ago became very disgusted at the bad odor into which the cloth had sunk through the conduct of one Parson Reams, and he therefore shook the dust of Victoria from his feet and departed for Australia. But "the parson" discovered that human nature is about the same in the Antipodes as on this continent, and he has returned to Victoria, where he will set type at the rate provided by the Typographical Union, and resume the pastorate of the *Colonist*. Parson Gorman tells wonderful stories of things he saw in Australia, many of which coming from anyone else would be open to doubt. For instance he says that there are 5,000,000 people out of work in New South Wales. From other sources I learn that the population of that country falls considerably short of that number, but I accept

the Rt. Rev. Parson Gorman's word as fact. He would not be the first gentleman of the cloth to drop into the very common error of exaggeration.

A gentleman, who is evidently disposed to mourn for the days that are gone, sends me the following:

Oh, the old school exhibitions! will they ever come again,
With the good, old-fashioned speaking
from the girls and boys so plain?
Will we ever hear old "Iser," with its
rapid roll and sweep,
And "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's
danger on the deep."

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like
Mary did of old;
Their fleece is not "as white as snow,"
they're wandering from the fold.
The boy upon "the burning deck" is not
one-half as fine—
He was not "born at Bingen—at Bingen
on the Rhine!"

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in
cotton jeans;
They've changed the old-time dress 'long
with the old-time scenes;
They smile and speak in ancient Greek in
broadcloth and in lace,
and you can't half see the speaker for the
collar 'round his face!

Oh, the old exhibitions! they are gone for
evermore!
The old school house is deserted, and the
grass has choked the door;
And the wind sweeps 'round the gables
with a low and mournful whine
For the old boys "born at Bingen—at
Bingen on the Rhine!"

Here is a crumb of comfort for those whose wardrobe is limited to a few becoming gowns only. A nice young bachelor confided the following comments to his neighbor at dinner the other evening: "I do like a woman who sticks to one or two becoming dresses. She and her dress then become identified with each other, and one gets a distinct idea of a girl in one's mind. But if she is one day in blue and another in yellow and the next in red, the individuality of the wearer is quite subservient to that of the gown, and it is just like looking at so many fashion plates or a kaleidoscope."

A physician who is a specialist in nervous diseases says that women should sleep at least nine