

had stuffed her sleeves with two sugar-cured hams, and distorts the graceful lines of nature in the most shocking manner. The Greeks, who came nearest to perfection in the matter of dress in that they followed natural contours as closely as possible, never had an idea of crinolines or bustles or puffed shoulders, because they thought nature was good enough for them, and any variation in outline was an insult to the taste of the great Designer. But we of this age are apparently fascinated with our own ideas, and in our dress, go to work to intensify all the bumps and protuberances which nature herself has modified into graceful and pleasing curves. For example, take the bustle and these monstrosities of shoulders. It would seem just as sensible and artistic for a man to build out his nose with wax or wear a square boot. Nature is all right, and the old saying that "beauty unadorned is most adorned" is as nearly true as anything I know. But if you're not in the fashion, you're not in it, and so the ladies continue to deform themselves with hideous exaggerations, and probably will until the ripening of some millennial epoch.

This is a gala time for the oldest inhabitant, and he is getting all the fun out of it he can, chasing his memory back over a long series of winters and resuscitating the good old-fashioned lies which were as much in vogue regarding the temperature as they are now. If some of the stories are to be believed, winter in Cariboo used to begin in October and end in May, and the snow was always about eight feet deep on the level, with the thermometer averaging somewhere in the vicinity of 50 below. Those were certainly charming days, but still people listen to the stories and admire their magnificent proportions.

The tramway company has requested the Mayor and Council to shovel the snow from the tracks, so that the cars will no longer be impeded in making their semi-monthly trips. I see much reason in this proposition. The city pays a mayor \$2,000 per annum, and nine councillors each \$200, and what for? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Now, they have an opportunity of doing something for their money. President Higgins, courteously requests Mayor Beaven and his satellites to shovel the snow from the tramcar tracks, and it remains with them to undertake the work at once. In fact, I understand that so pleased are Ald. Belyea and Miller with the idea, they have already secured snow shovels and are anxious to proceed with the work immediately. I nominate Mayor Beaven to boss the job.

If Mayor Beaven finds his political duties too exacting, I can see no obstacle in the way of securing Capt. Harmon to take his place. The captain has been engaged in similar work over at the Government buildings for some days past, and so faithful has he been in the performance of his duty, there is a reasonable prospect that the snow will be completely obliterated on or before Jerusalem fair day.

One night during the recent storm

Charlie Rhodes was slowly plowing his way through the snowdrifts, endeavoring to reach home before it was time to get up for breakfast in the morning. Every now and then Charlie stopped and laughed to himself, as he thought of some little joke Dave Ker had told him, and then moved on again. He had not gone far, however, when he espied a stranger, muffled up and wearing a heavy overcoat, ahead of him, and desiring to be civil, he thus accosted him:

"Cold night, stranger?"

"Yer," was the reply.

"This sort of night makes a man appreciate the comforts of home life," said Charlie, contemplatively, as he proceeded to discuss the prospective beauties of a sweet little wife, a crackling fire, hot supper, etc.

The stranger looked at Charlie, with a suspicious eye, and in the most innocent manner imaginable, remarked: "Well, I'm sure it's my own fault that I'm not married. There are two or three girls in Seattle who are just dying about me; down east there are half a dozen more in the same condition, while here in Victoria there must be nearly a dozen running after me night and day."

"Well, well," said Charlie, in his dry way, "you've got a snap—several snaps, in fact."

The moral of this story is in the application of it.

Snowballing is excellent fun, when practised in its proper place and at the proper time. Probably, next to a toboggan ride or a snow shoe tramp, there is nothing so exhilarating and health giving as a rattling good game of snowball. It brings color to the cheeks, light to the eye and generally drives away any feeling of biliousness; while it gives a better appetite than all the tonics in a drug store, and aids digestion more than a whole book of prescriptions. But there is a species of snowballing that is not so beneficial, in fact it is dangerous. That is where a lot of great loafing fellows gather at street corners and snowball passers-by. They generally have a mass of something that through careful kneading has become as hard as half frozen ice. This they project with no slight force at the head of some person who has just passed, and the blow, if the missile does not miss its mark, is, in school boy language, a stunner. There is no fun in this; it is rather cowardly sport. A friend of mine is still confined to the house from a blow in the head from one of these loafer's weapons of sport. This is a matter the police should look to. As I said before, a friendly game among friends, is the best sport imaginable, but that which I have alluded to is criminal and cowardly.

The city council is going to consider the advisability of assuming the charter of the street car company. There is only one thing to be said in this connection, and that is, the public do not know which would make the greater bungle of it. It is on record that President Higgins managed the system on a plan peculiarly his own. He had original ideas as to rail-roading, and the conduct of a transportation company, and brought those

ideas into effect with a vengeance. What the result has been, everyone who has had occasion to use the cars, knows. But as to what the city would do to remedy this, the public does not know. There is the sewerage system, a complete hole in the ground; something so horribly bungled that the people's money might as well have been thrown into the harbor, and I am told that the fun has yet to come, when the final settling day with the contractor arrives. There is the water service, a failure, both as to quantity and quality; there is the electric light system, a mockery. Add to this a street car system, and it will be confusion worse confounded, if not a tool to work the electors by. In any event, something must be done in the direction of compelling the company to reasonably act up to the terms of their charter. If the city does take it over, they should not attempt to run it. About the best way of dealing with it would be to let a contract for a certain number of years, and have the contract lived strictly up to.

Mr. W. H. Ellis has just returned from San Francisco. In an interview with Mr. Ellis the other day, I learned many things concerning the Bay City which have never appeared in print. He informs me that from observations he made he believes the population of Frisco must be at least three millions, which, of course, includes the Chinese. One thing which grieved Mr. Ellis greatly was the large number of pitfalls existing in that city, seemingly designed to catch the unwary. However, he followed the instructions given him by a friend before he left this city, and passed through the flames scathless. The people down there appear to have peculiar notions as to the inhabitants of this island. When it became known that Mr. Ellis was in the city, several hundreds called upon him at the Palace Hotel, where, by the way, he occupied the whole second flat. Many of them were disappointed, instead of a full-blooded Indian with a blanket round his shoulders, to see a man of magnificent physique, faultlessly attired in garments even superior to those worn by the latest importation from Piccadilly. There were doubting Thomases, however, and one lady, after beholding Mr. Ellis' nude cranium, remarked to her companion, "He must have lived among Indians, anyway; don't you see he has been scalped." Jestings aside, Mr. Ellis enjoyed himself while away, and his many friends are glad to see him back again.

A word or two to the lawyers this week. What leads me to talk to them is this: A friend of mine who is a leading attorney in the Queen City of the Sound (which one is that, now?) took a flying trip over the other day for the purpose of looking up some Canadian and English authorities here with reference to a case in which he is engaged. I introduced him to another legal light, who obtained for him the entry to the Law Library in the Court house. He said he did not usually like to look a gift horse in the mouth, but from what he let fall in the course of his remarks, I gathered that the library which our legal luminaries possess is not equal to the best in the world, and that from