

black silk tights, to contrast with the pure white lace of the outer garments, in case her evolutions should throw the latter into such a position as to exhibit the limbs at all. This is a sort of preface to what I am about to say in connection with my entertainment a few evenings since.

I duly donned my white tie, and black coat, before presenting myself at the door of my friend. All went merrily as a marriage bell, cards, conversation, coffee sipped out of delightful little china cups in the cosiest corners of a well appointed house, music of no mean class, for my friend is one of those excellent managers who will bring only the elect of the intellectual about her, and whose parties are the talk of society here and elsewhere. But he had a surprise in store this evening, and as I mention no names, I am not giving any secrets away. An hour or so before the little throng began to thank their hostess for her hospitality, she stamped her dainty foot, and the large corridors separating the apartment were in from the drawing room glided open and displayed a scene of fairy splendor; I have rarely observed anything so delightfully picturesque as the sight that met my gaze. The room was darkened, being illuminated only by some two dozen "fairy lamps" of as many different hues, but the light subdued, and throwing fantastic shadows over and around everything. What attracted my gaze most, however, was a bevy of fairy-like figures in the centre of the room, arrayed in white lace costumes, looking more like angels whose wings were folded out of sight than anything else I can imagine now. In obedience to a cue given by some unseen person, a hidden band of stringed instruments commenced playing, their sound being something like violins played with mutes. The music was in keeping with the surroundings, and in time with the music the figures began to move in graceful evolutions. They had not been through many movements before I recognized a remarkably good imitation of the serpentine dance performed by that winsome little lady in the Siberia Company here lately. It was somewhat weird, but most fascinating to watch the graceful curves and intricate movements of the young ladies, none of whose features, unfortunately I could recognize in the dim and fitful light of the lamps: but I must say that I did not enjoy so much the professional dancer's performance as I did those of the set of graceful young creatures, most of whom I no doubt know, but through some arrangement on the part of my hostess, I failed to meet after the dance. She said it was the young ladies' wish that their identity should be kept secret for the present. As I went towards my lonely bachelor quarters I could not help reflecting on the desire that must be inherent in woman's nature to copy any thing that takes her fancy, from a bonnet to a ballet dance, but that did not detract in the least from the real enjoyment of the evening, a return of which I hope for at an early date. How would it do for those young ladies to give the same performance in public for some charitable object? It would draw like anything,

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and from what I saw in my friend's drawing room, there was certainly not the smallest approach to anything like immodesty.

A lady friend has contributed the following little idyll, which I have much pleasure in publishing:

ANTEROS.

"The heart thus left once desolate
Must turn at last for ease to hate."
Yet can I hate thee? I have loved
As never man by passion moved,

Forgotten country, kindred, friend,
In pleasant moments thus to end
Was it that I in every clime
A wanderer, to pass the time,
Unwounded then by Cupid's bow
To every thought of love a foe,
Must here pay to the Queen of Love
The tribute which I would reprove.
Can I then hate thee? Since to die
Is every mortal's destiny,
Let me at least when death is near
Think of the one to me most dear,
And may no thought of hate arise
To mingle with my dying sighs.

PERE GRINATOR.