

of this column has on more than one occasion in the past criticized the management of the tramcar company, and will do so again, when other subjects are scarce, but he feels that it is only fair to print the opinion expressed by a disinterested authority. However there is one thing to be said against the gentleman quoted above. He writes poetry, and many people will hesitate before accepting unqualifiedly the bare statement of a man as to what constitutes a good tramcar service who writes such dreadful stuff as that which appears in the next paragraph, and labels it poetry. I infer that it is intended to describe the scenes to be witnessed on the Midway Plaisance.

The Moors, the Turks, wild men with dirks,
Here show their custom curious;
The Japanese, and folks like these,
Wear knives that are injurious.

Here are balloons and foreign tunes,
That skirl both fast and furious;
And Cairo folk as brown as oak,
And Zulus true or spurious.

The dancing girls make startling whirls,
Be careful how you look at them;
All innocent and shy I went,
And—well—a peep I took at them.

Men from Ceylon you'll see anon,
From Sitka and Tokio;
For sights so rare you everywhere
Fees to men white or smoky owe.

Here mosques you see and Japan tea,
And clams they serve romantically;
And sliding cars and foreign jars,
For which they charge gigantically.

The Ferris wheel with arms of steel,
High as a tower will wind you up;
If you should fall, for good and all
The doctors they would bind you up.

To the unprejudiced observer it is becoming more and more apparent that our present board of aldermen does not even rise to the dignity of an ordinary village council, Mayor Beaven to the contrary notwithstanding. In support of this proposition, consider the action of the aldermen as regards the removal of the hackstands from Government street. In order that the health and convenience of the community should be preserved, it is desirable that the hacks should be removed, and at once. Even some of the aldermen who voted against Ald. Belyea's motion have privately admitted as much; yet

when the time comes for action they wriggle and squirm and desert the only man who had the nerve to act upon his convictions. Professional men who have made sanitary matters a life-long study boldly assert that the continual presence of manure on our streets is prejudicial to public health. Yet this so-called "city" council sets up its opinion against that of experts, and says that no danger is to be apprehended and that the horses and manure shall remain where they are. This is only one of the few grievances, and perhaps not the most serious, which the people have against the men who compose our present, what has been aptly termed, alder-maniac board.

A statistician of some note once made a calculation as to the exact number of suckers born into the world each day out of the 365. The result of his investigation demonstrated the somewhat startling fact that there was one large, fully-matured sucker born every minute, or sixty per hour. Assuming the correctness of this calculation, and there is no reason to doubt it, the grand aggregate of suckers born in one day of 24 hours would amount to the considerable number of 1,440. Following up the investigations of the statistician it would be interesting to learn how many of the above number find their way to Victoria and go into business on their own account, propagating their species and perpetuating the sucker family *ad infinitum*. Certain it is the number is large. In evidence of this assertion I refer to the fact that any travelling fakir can come to the town and spread his net, and the suckers will fall over one another in their hurry to get caught.

Quite recently an advertising solicitor came to Victoria and canvassed for a blotter which was to be placed in the principal hotels. Now, the delusion that that class of advertising is worth

anything to a business man has long since been exploded, yet the fakir corralled dozens of the suckers, who paid out their good money without getting any return therefor. There are several good advertising mediums in this city, THE HOME JOURNAL for instance, and I might even go so far as to mention the *Colonist* and *Times*, in which money spent is a good investment. But you cannot make the suckers look at the matter in this light.

There were quite a few bright and lovely girls launched upon the social wave during the early months of last season, and a debutante's ball or reception was an affair of great interest. A society matron informs me that the most popular or fashionable way of introducing the daughter or younger sister is by means of that much abused, much misunderstood function, the afternoon tea. These entertainments offer a meeting ground for old and young. If one's visiting list includes about 50 names, as it is very apt to do in the conventional circles of Victoria, it becomes a simple solution of the problem to let these people know that they are to be welcomed formally on a certain afternoon, when tea will be served and perhaps a little music provided for their pleasure while sipping it. PEBE GRINATOR.

**LADIES,
ASK YOUR
DEALER
FOR THE
GRANBY
STORM
RUBBER.**