

teachers had accomplished since those branches were established. They had no public exhibition as had the other schools, and it was only in a kind of secondary way that anything for the benefit of the public was developed in connection with them. The scholars occupy the position, as it were, of the juniors of the different classes, and are being raised to the classes themselves without anything like a flourish of trumpets as one would have expected that they should have received. If they were as it seems worthy to take their places on the forms to which with the opening of the new term they are in effect raised, something more should be said about them. It is poor encouragement certainly to allow things to go just as a matter of course.

The new Canadian Criminal Code comes into force to day, July 1. I find two sections in it which should interest those parasites who toil not for a living and who are particularly conspicuous in Victoria at the present moment. Section 207 reads:

Every one is a loose, idle or disorderly person or vagrant who—

(a) not having any visible means of maintaining himself lives without employment;

(b) being able to work and thereby or by other means to maintain himself and family wilfully refuses or neglects to do so;

(c) openly exposes or exhibits in any street, road, highway or public place, any indecent exhibition;

(d) without a certificate signed, within six months, by a priest, clergyman or minister of the Gospel, or two justices of the peace, residing in the municipality where the alms are being asked, that he or she is a deserving object of charity, wanders about and begs, or goes about from door to door, or places himself or herself in any street, highway, passage or public place to beg or receive alms;

(e) loiters on any street, road, highway or public place, and obstructs passengers by standing across the footpath, or by using insulting language, or in any other way.

(f) causes a disturbance in or near any street, road, highway or public place, by screaming, swearing or singing, or by being drunk, or by impeding or incommoding peaceable passengers;

(g) by discharging firearms, or by riotous or disorderly conduct in any street or highway, wantonly disturbs the peace and quiet of the inmates of any dwelling-house near such street or highway;

(h) tears down or defaces signs, breaks windows, or doors or door plates, or the walls of houses, roads or gardens, or destroys fences;

(i) being a common prostitute or night walker, wanders in the fields, public streets or highways, lanes or places of public meeting or gathering of people, and does not give a satisfactory account of herself;

(j) is a keeper or inmate of a disorderly house, bawdy-house or house of ill-fame, or house for the resort of prostitutes;

(k) is in the habit of frequenting such houses and does not give a satisfactory account of himself or herself; or

(l) having no peaceable profession or calling to maintain himself by, for the

most part supports himself by gaming or crime, or by the avails of prostitution. R. S. C., c. 157, s. 8.

Section 208 provides the penalty as follows:

Every loose, idle or disorderly person or vagrant is liable, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars or to imprisonment with or without hard labor, for any term not exceeding six months, or to both. R. S. C., c. 157, s. 8.

The Loyal Orangemen of the Province will celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, at Vancouver this year. The Victoria brethren have chartered the Joan for the occasion, and for the small sum of \$2, any one who so desires can participate in honoring William of pious and immortal memory. In connection with the origin of the Orange order it might interest many to learn that Master Walter Williscroft, who resides with a family on Penwill street, is a great grandson of one of the founders of the organization. The Order was instituted in latter part of the last century, and flourished under the patronage of the Beresfords. It is most popular among the Irishmen of the north of Ireland, although there are a large number of Orangemen on this continent.

I must travel a little out of my sphere this week to secure something of interest for readers of the "Tales of the Town." In fact I shall have to go as far as Philadelphia, in which city lives, or at least did live seven years ago, an old woman with a history. She used to play a hand organ at the corner of Ninth and Vine streets, and the story of her life shall be given in her own words, as nearly as I can recollect them: "I was born," she said, "on the 4th day of August, 1817, in Werinland, Sweden, and am now, you see, seventy-three years of age. My name is Anna Svenson. That is not my full name, but it is enough and will do. Our family was well known in Sweden, and also in Russia; in fact, our family is Russian. In the time of Catherine our family estates were of the largest held by the nobility. My mother was a direct descendant of the Vasa dynasty. I never knew her, as she died when I was born. You see that on my mother's side I am of royal lineage, and on my father's side I descended from the proudest of Russian aristocracy. My father was a proud man, morose and stern in the extreme. The soldiers in their summer camp at Visby, whom he commanded, would often be flogged by his orders for some trifling offense. I remember little of Werinland, for as a child my time was passed in the school at Stockholm, and as a young lady I was at court more than anywhere else. When I was twenty years old we were at our Stockholm home, and daily in attendance at the palace or at Drottningholm. I was the especial favorite of the Princess Eugenie. I was constantly her companion. She loved me, and spoke to me as I think my mother would have done.

"There was at court at that time a nobleman named Baron Phegren, of high

rank but as poor as a beggar. He had a son Carl, a captain in the navy, whom I met at the court balls and receptions. Carl and I during that summer met very often. We walked and talked and rowed together until I found that I loved him. Princess Eugenie said to me one day: 'Ah, my dear, this love of Carl's will give you trouble some day.' I smiled at her, but thought nothing of it. But one day at Drottningholm Carl told me he would at once speak to my father. I hated that, but I said 'Yes, do so,' and he went away happy. Poor Carl! I don't know what passed between him and my father, but the next evening my father sent for me to come in the library. I went there; he was tall, cold, stern; a man of iron. 'So, so, my little countess,' he laughed, 'you love Carl, do you? Well, well, I'll soon stop that,' and then he began to tell me how poor Carl was, that he wanted simply my money, that he was a drinking man, a bad man. Oh! how that night comes back to me.

"I never said a word in answer; simply stood there trembling from head to foot. At length my father stopped, and, putting his hand heavily on my shoulder, he said: 'Go to your room; you shall never marry Carl Phegren, never.' Carl met me the next day in the garden. He was haggard and pale. 'You know all,' he said, and then, without waiting for an answer, he urged me to leave Sweden—to go with him to America to build a little home here in the land of the free. I would not. I could not. I respected my father. I did not want him to curse me. Then Carl left me and I never saw him again. A few days afterward, they found him on the beach at Waxholm dead, with a bullet in his heart. They never knew whether he killed himself or was murdered.

"I lived on. I was alone, that was all. One day my father told me I was to marry. He had a husband for me. I refused to obey him; then, in his passion, he struck me, and, as I lay on the ground, he told me he would kill me as he did Carl. He stopped as he said that, and then quietly, with a white drawn face, he left me alone. My father was a murderer!

"I left the house that night and Sweden shortly afterward; first I went to London, and then I came to this country. I saw notices about my strange disappearance in the papers, but I wanted only to die. I went through the rebellion as a nurse in the South. Then I wandered from one place to another, and I descended still lower and lower in the social scale, until now I am what you see me. Little do the people who give me a cent for my poor organ music think that once I was a belle of the Old World's nobility; that I danced with kings, and that the blood of the Vasa is running in my veins."

Those men who insist the millennium will come when our government owns and operates all the railways, should note the following statement made by James Kerr, a wealthy Australian who comes from Victoria, where the government operates the railways, but without success: "Railroads are purely business in