

of the week, and of course he had not many sympathizers. I remember the rest of us had no particular feeling against the bells. But now that I am grown up and live in town and have drifted on the tide of circumstance to dwell in the shadow of an austere, old Episcopalian house of worship with a clock, bell and services three or four times every day in the year, I, too, devoutly wish that the bells were abolished. In the Catholic countries of Spanish America, there is a terrible amount of religious noise. In the first place, there are a great many churches. Then every church has several bells of various sizes and pitches—not chimes, either. The bells are not rung, but are beaten upon, and give out the sound that one used to hear for an alarm of fire in one's childhood days in country town or village. Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang-bing, etc. They are rung—or beaten—every day in the year at six, eight, ten in the morning, at noon, at two, at three, at six and eight of the afternoon and evening. Fortunately, the tropical towns are otherwise very quiet, having smooth pavements and nothing much in the way of vehicles. If there were other noise to speak of, the people would all go crazy. Foreigners who go down to these countries raise a terrific complaint about the bells, but they never seem to suffer at home from similar afflictions; probably because there is so much miscellaneous racket that their attention is diverted. Of what use are the church bells in a town of torturing noises? When the world is resting on the Sabbath, they are in place perhaps, even if they merely serve to call up memories of the pleasant days of childhood and fosters a sort of vague regret and bitterness at growing old. But on week days? I wonder if they don't add their feather weight to the nerve torturing, brain destroying circumstances that induce the commission of crime? Listen to the bell of _____ Church every Sunday morning. It has a whining, petulant, peevish, diabolical sound; it makes you think of a shrew belaboring her husband, of a cross infant at 2 a. m. with extra good lungs, even of a tremendous tomcat molesting a moonlit midnight and challenging you to throw brickbats and old shoes. One can't throw things at the bell; one can only shut all the windows and stop one's ears and pray fervently that some

time in the future orthodox church accoutrements may be adapted with a view to the preservation instead of the destroyal of the nervous system of poor sinners in the immediate neighborhood."

The book agent is a much-abused man, and possibly he deserves a good deal of the abuse which he receives for his persistency and his unwelcome importunities, but if comparisons can be made, he is not in it with the typewriter agent. This paragraph is being written on a machine, and if the writer had ever known what the possession of a machine meant, he would have preferred to write forever with a stick of charcoal on a shingle, instead of placing himself in a position where he was regarded as the natural prey of the rival manufacturers. Why, a life insurance agent is the paragon of patience and modesty compared to the individual spoken of. If one owns a machine, every agent in town thinks that the unfortunate possessor wants another or else wants to make a change. He is generally a suave and pleasant-mannered fellow, with an abnormal development of cheek and a protruding desire to visit with you when you want to work, and make himself agreeable. Time seems to be of no object to him, and if he spends an entire morning conversing and lauding the merits of his particular invention, he thinks that the time has been well spent. He is, of course, doing his business in his way, but the way is not always pleasant for the victim.

PERE GRINATOR.

CAVIN BROS.

\$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST MADE

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS.

94 DOUGLAS ST.

E. Mallandaine, Jr.,

ARCHITECT

70 DOUGLAS ST., VICTORIA, B. C.

PIC-NIC PARTIES

Can be supplied with all kinds of Fruit
at the

BON MARCHÉ,

44½ GOVERNMENT STREET.

E. A. McEachren,

DIRECT IMPORTER

OF FRUIT, VEGETABLES, AND GENERAL PRODUCE. GAME OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON.

OSBORNE HOUSE,

BLANCHARD ST. COR. PANDORA.

FIRST-CLASS BOARD

By Day, Week or Month, at reasonable rates.

C. W. MONK, Proprietor.

James Mortimer,
AUCTIONEER.

Cor View and Broad
VICTORIA.

S. F. McINTOSH,
ROCK BAY

Coal and Wood Yard

Telephones 470 and 512.

SAMUEL MATSON,

Manager for B. C. of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

Life rates for \$1,000 with profits:
Age—30, \$15.00; 35, \$16.04; 40, \$17.20
45, \$19.04; 50, \$22.64; 55, \$29.24; 60, \$41.50

Office—With Morrow, Holland & Co., 46 Broad Street.

HOMŒOPATHY.

Dr. JOHN HALL, 98 Yates street, over Cochrane & Munn's Drug Store. Chronic and Children's diseases a specialty. Office hours, from 1 to 4 p. m. only excepting Sunday and holidays.