

BATHS, BATHS, BATHS.

The Victoria Electric, Medicated
and Steam Baths,

76 YATES STREET, VICTORIA.

HOURS FOR BATHERS:

For Gentlemen, 8 to 12 A. M. and 6 to 9 P. M.

For Ladies, 2 to 6 P. M.

A Lady Attendant During Ladies' Visiting Hours.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

She reclined in the shade,
And my heart thrilled with pride
As I saw that my poems
Were close by her side.

Then I glanced once again,
And I almost could weep!
My poems lay near her,
But—she was asleep.

"What Kind of Women Do Men Prefer for Wives," is a subject that has been troubling the London Spectator, and after much correspondence and parleying back and forth, it concludes that they prefer "plain and clever girls," thus showing the great and stupendous pig-headedness of man when he tries to reason in cold blood about his ideas of women. Mr. Labouchere of the London Truth knows his sex much better.

Mr. Labouchere throws his ideas into petticoat form in the following way: "If I were a girl on the lookout for a husband I should play the game by adroitly flattering my contemplated victim; listening with rapt attention when he spoke, and generally seeking to create the impression on him that I thought him in wisdom and in charm, not inferior to the angels. At the same

time I should endeavor indirectly to bring home the fact that in me he would find a person with a heavenly temper, brimming over with domestic affection. I should take care to be becomingly dressed, but my 'get up' would look as if it cost nothing. I should eschew slang and manly games, and I should be severely proper in my general behavior. My likes and dislikes would be those of my victim."

Mr. Labouchere recognizes the fact that man in the present day rarely deliberately contemplates marriage. He likes toying with the hook, but he does not intend to swallow it. The fly has, therefore, to be very adroitly thrown to catch him. The mistake girls make is not to distinguish between flirting and fishing. "One hears a great deal about the vanity of women," continues the Truthful editor; "men are just as vain, and it is by keeping this fact well in mind that a girl gets a husband. I take the world as it is, and I would back the girl who follows my advice in the matrimonial stakes against the girl who acts on the recommendations of the Spectator."

Somebody has said that while

any man cannot marry any woman he wishes, any women can marry any man she deliberately sets about to enmesh. While this may not be absolutely true, it comes dangerously near being true. "Dangerously" to the man, I mean. He may nibble tentatively at the bait, but if it is made savory enough, ten to one he will bite. Then comes the process of landing him. To be sure, it often takes a skillful angler, but women are great fishermen, and the struggles of the victim only add to the sport.

Parents with marriageable daughters are wondering why it is that their Angelina and Seraphina are wasting their sweetness on the desert air, when those horrid Scroggins girls (and such a crowd as there is of them) have all been happily mated. Ah, sharp old Scroggins; he knows why it is. He has made it a point all his life to live in a house where the chimneys and fireplaces worked in harmony, and the consequence is that the available young man who dropped in for the evening found the fire so cheerful that he called again and again, until at last he concluded he must have a fire of his own just like it, and of course must have Miss

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