

Brown, and the latter being found, delivered himself of the following remarkable declaration of independence: "I'll be — if I pay you another cent of that bill. What are you hounding me around for? I've got a wife and a child to support, and if I pay you I'll not be able to save a cent for two years, and dashed if I will work two years for nothing for anybody."

It will be said that Smith should have been more cautious in making his sales. But it is altogether probable that he used ordinary caution. Where is there a merchant in this city who has not with the best of caution, run against such a scoundrel as this? The fellow knows that with impunity he can dead beat out of a hundred dollar bill, for he has nothing but his worthless hide upon which his creditors can make an attachment. It will not pay the creditors to send him to jail, and he can change his business as often as his debts accumulate to such an extent that he is badly harrassed by them. During these hard times, the latent dishonesty in a man is certain to come to the surface, for many a man who would be honest when money is plenty will lie and steal when times are hard. The closest attention should be given to the publication and constant revision of a dead beat list, and also to a list of men who live close to the line of dishonest dealing. Every merchant body, and not alone the grocers, should combine to ferret out these bad men, and they should be forced to be honest, because they cannot be otherwise.

There has been a great deal of discussion in private and in public—about suicide. To my mind all comes of the denial of a Personal God. I preach no sermon, but simply desire to say that organized life must be a resultant of organized design, and that no man and no woman has a right to take life, because he or she is not its author, save for personal defense. The universal instinct of human intelligence is in favor of a continuance of our present life in the same or some other form. Christians say we shall have a spiritual body. Theosophists say we have an astral body—a distinction without much difference. At any rate, we shall live in a hereafter life and recognize each other. The infidelity of to-day is not a whit in advance of that of the blatant demagogues of the French Revolution. This infidelity is increased by preachers who delight in mere secular topics and spend their vacation in fishing for sport, and yet denounce horse-racing or other popular sports. Just here it may be said that the disciples of Christ, who were fishermen, when called to follow Him left off fishing, and became, as Swedenborg happily says, "fishers of men." Every animal save man seems to

enjoy life. Man would enjoy it in a lofty sense were he not given to set his reason against that of the Diety when he really knows nothing of the great mystery of cosmic and physical existence. Be content with life. It will end here soon enough by the natural wearing out of its wonderful machinery. Contentment brings longevity and venerable birthdays.

It is observed in the New York *Sunday Mercury* that Marcus Mayer, the guiding spirit of the International Theatrical Agency, with offices in London, Paris and New York, will control the best foreign attractions to be brought to this continent the coming season. Jean Gerady, thirteen years of age, is considered the finest cello player in the world, Freida Simpson, nine years old, it is claimed, is a wonderful pianist, and Miss Nethersole, the great English actress, are all included in Mr. Mayer's list of celebrities.

I mention the above, as it will be a matter of interest to old time Victorians to learn that Marcus Mayer, a former resident of this city, has reached the highest rung in the theatrical management ladder. Mayer is a son of Alex. Mayer, of Nanaimo, and also brother-in-law of Marcus Wolfe of the same city. While yet a boy, he learned the printing business in the old *Victoria Chronicle* office, owned at that time by the Hon. D. W. Higgins. Even then Marcus Mayer took great interest in theatrical matters, and when he had completed the time required to learn his trade he left for San Francisco, where he embarked in a theatrical venture. Since that time his record as a manager is an open book. In 1866 he began the career that now in 1894 has placed him among the foremost managers in America. In the early days traveling was usually accomplished on horseback, and it needed all the energy of his strong will to stick to it. Many of those whom he had heralded at that time afterward became prominent stars. Among them may be mentioned Charles Kean and Ellen Tree, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Forrest and John McCullough. In answer to inquiries as to his age, Mr. Mayer says he is "neither as young as Orlando nor as old as Lear, somewhere between, you know."

The *Ottawa Citizen* is waging furious warfare against careless writers. It asks, why do people write illegibly on hotel registers, and then proceeds to answer the question by saying that in business a man ordinarily exercises a certain amount of care in the delineation of his signature, but even the person who most affects the distorted array of characters which passes among some for the sign manual of distinction, rarely manages to conceal his identity so securely in his regular signature as he does in the inscription of his

name on a hotel register. It cannot be that concealment is the covert design of this habitual rockiness in writing. Most travellers would be seriously inconvenienced by the failure of the hotel clerk to recognize their signatures. Yet even the hotel clerk, adept though he be in the solution of autographic problems by reason of long practice, must often resort to other means of identification rather than trust to the rendition of some scrawl on the hotel book.

But it is only when these ill-written names have gone through the successive stages of transcription and composition that intervene between the hotel register and the personal column of the daily papers that the deadly result of illegibility is really exposed. If any reader doubts it let him watch the hotel arrivals in two or three successive issues of the papers which publish all the arrivals at the leading hotels. Out of a score of people mentioned they will find that the names of many will be mis-spelled, half of them beyond the possibility of recognition. Nor is this preponderance of error the fault either of the hotel reporter or the printer. Between them the reporter and the clerk decipher the registrations as carefully as they can, and when it comes to setting names, the printer, you know, is supposed to "follow copy" if it flies out of the window. No; the fact is that while the signature of your intimate acquaintance with all its defects, is as plain as the proverbial pike-staff, the superscription of the pilgrim and stranger usually passeth all understanding.

An eastern exchange believes that as between the farmer who drives his team to church on Sunday, and the wheelman who takes himself there by his own muscle, the advantage in a moral sense is with the last named. He keeps himself only from the Sabbath rest; the farmer keeps his horse at labor. There was a time—when the bicycle was looked upon as a useless or even ungodly toy—that many not noted for narrowness of mind, frowned upon its use for church-going purposes. They preferred that the man who believed in the wheel should walk, use his horse or remain at home. With wider knowledge and enlarged experience, this narrow belief is passing away. The bicycle has taken its place as a vehicle of practical use in the work of every day life—why should it not become a servant to those who would worship? There are many signs to show that this idea is finding general acceptance. The liberal minded among the clergy are opening the doors of their churches, not only to the wheelmen, but also to their wheels. Dr. Scudder, of the Tabernacle, Jersey City, has announced from his pulpit that storage would be provided for the wheels used to convey members of his congrega-