

ornaments to pass as gold and real stone, whilst the dude with a double brass watch-chain, heavy curb pattern, would be insulted if it were insinuated that he wore in his left vest pocket a bunch of keys and in the dexter *poché* was an old knife, the watch being *non est inventus*. How many centuries would the philosopher of Chelsea consider us to be from cavemen in these decorations?

APROPOS of Oscar Wildeism, we are in possession of the following incident: An æsthetic young lady wrote of her engagement to a young man, likewise æsthetic, or in her own language, "consummately artistic." After expatiating upon Edward's fortune and family she added: "We shall have no embarrassment in fitting up our drawing-room, for *dear Edward's beard and complexion are perfect*, they would not hurt any background. With a little gentle admonition to his tailor to be more careful in future, I am confident in being able to manage the wall—so important, you know." What splendid colonists these folk would make!

In a recent number of the London *Times* appeared this very singular advertisement—"The gentleman who received an unsigned note on Friday last, desiring him to be at a certain West-end theatre on the 11th inst., begs that the writer will send a signed communication in confidence." Thereby hangs a tale. That night the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre were filled with some sixty gentlemen, carrying the Napoleonic violets in their button holes, and all of them looking out for a lady wearing in her bosom a bunch of geraniums. The lovers of the violet had all been drawn to the theatre by a note in a lady's hand begging them to be at that particular theatre on that particular night. Most of the invited came—all of them, apparently, expecting to find an entertaining partner, and all of them disappointed at the discovery of fifty-nine other gentlemen hoaxed like themselves. They looked very silly at each other when they saw that a joke had been played upon them; but it is to be hoped that they were consoled at finding so many fools bitten by the same folly, and that they enjoyed the play.

"MAX O'RELL" does the English wrong in an amusing little letter to the *Standard* the other morning about American publishers, and the strange fact that they "should not yet have come across the precept, 'Thou shalt not steal.'" America, he says, "is a country possessing 189 religions, thus beating England by five;" but the number of religious denominations in England is not 184, but 200. However, Max O'Rell's information is in this particular only one year behindhand, for the sixteen new denominations which make up the difference were added to Whitaker's Almanac for 1884. And as for America being "no other, it appears, than the tribe of Manasseh," why, the English, it appears on equal authority, are no other than the ten lost tribes.

WESTON, yclept, "the wobbler," has completed his 5,000 miles. He deserves credit for pluck and endurance, but what benefit is to result from his accomplishment of the feat is not easy to see. He will have proved that it is possible to walk 5,000 miles without the aid of alcoholic stimulants, but even if we had not known that pretty well before we should not be any better off, for few of us propose to start walking fifty miles a day for several weeks, with or without alcohol.

HERE is a new idea to enable ladies to captivate their husbands. It is from the letter of a lady correspondent in London, England:—"I called recently on a bride of a few months early one morning, and found her pouring the breakfast coffee for her husband. She was fairly submerged in the foamy billows of a sea-green robe, and on her head was a cap of more intricate construction than I could clearly describe in half-a-column. After she had kissed her spouse, said good-bye for the day, and we were alone in her boudoir, she threw off the head-dress and changed the elaborate gown for a plain one. 'Good gracious me!' I said, 'Is it possible that you put on such a careful toilet simply for your husband?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'You mean to marry some time? Well, take my advice. When you have once taken a husband, keep him. Don't let the charm of fascination be broken through your own carelessness. The greatest danger is that the sameness of one wife will tire him of you. Now, you can't effect any actual changes in yourself. Whatever novelty of person you present must be extraneous. Isn't that so?' 'I believe it is.' 'Well, I came to the conclusion that the time to show myself in new aspects to my hubby was in the morning. Nightgowns can't be varied much, and one can't arrange one's hair to any extent for the bed; so I have made it a point to get a number of odd toilets to appear in before him at breakfast. This captures him afresh every morning, makes him think about me all

day long, and brings him back to me at night an ardent lover.' I quote this advice for what it is worth. At all events it seems reasonable, doesn't it?"

THERE were thirty-one failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against thirty-seven in the preceding week, and forty and eleven in the corresponding weeks of 1883 and 1882 respectively. The United States had one hundred and sixty-two as compared with one hundred and ninety-two in the preceding week, and with one hundred and seventy and one hundred and twenty-nine respectively in the corresponding weeks of 1883 and 1882. About 85 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was under \$5,000.

THE C.P.R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—IX.

THE SUMMIT OF THE SELKIRKS.

HAVING heard so much of the Selkirks as the terror of railway men, we were astonished to find a fair trail and a well-defined open valley leading right into the heart of the range. After travelling for about sixteen miles south-westerly in the valley of the Beaver, and then following up a large tributary called Bear Creek for two or three miles in a north-westerly direction, we came upon Major Critchelow's camp and accepted his hospitality for the night. The summit, we were told, was only six miles farther west, and, had it not been for our four hours' detention in the morning, we could have made it before dark. Certainly, we had not expected to reach the summit of the Selkirks in one day's march from the Columbia; but here we were within touch, without having had any difficulties worth speaking of to encounter. True, I had lost my watch on the way, but that was my own fault; and then, I—or rather Al.—had found it again. This was how it happened: After lunch, Al. and I had remained behind our party to make up a bag of fool hens, after a fashion that I am well aware will bring down upon us the wrath and contempt of all sportsmen. There are various kinds of grouse in the mountains, all easily shot, but none taken so easily as the fool hen, or ruffled tree grouse. These sit on logs or underbrush, or the branches of trees, and gaze placidly at you, even when you are drawing near to knock them over with a stone or stick, or to snare them in some primitive way. Dr. Hector says that he never found much difficulty in catching them with a short piece of sinew twine, made into a noose and fastened on a slender pole. As you approach slowly, the bird does not seem in the least frightened, but sits gravely watching your proceedings, till you pass the noose over its head, or—perhaps when the noose is close—it obligingly dodges its head, and then you have only to pull it off the tree. The flesh is sweet and tender, and half a dozen fool hens in a stew are to dainty appetites a welcome addition to the invariable bacon and bannocks of the camp supper, though packers and ordinary men disdain anything less solid than pig in some form or another. Well, Al. secured four or five in ten minutes. I knocked one over with a stone, and, chasing another into the bush, struck at it two or three times with a long stick, and at last brought it down. Farther on, we peppered with volleys of stones an old cock who had perched on the top of a tree, and who looked calmly down at us the while, occasionally changing his position to another tree, as if to give us a better chance, and at last—disgusted with our bad practice—flying away too far into the wood for us to follow. The gun had gone with the horses, and by this time was a mile or two ahead. We now had to run for it, each of us carrying his game, I for one, occasionally catching tremendous croppers as my feet stumbled, or became entangled in networks of roots that stretched across the trail. Scarcely had we caught up to the horses when I made the discovery that my watch was missing. The words announcing the loss were no more than out of my mouth, when Al., exclaiming "I'll find it!" wheeled his horse round and was off out of sight. I had no idea of going on what seemed the fool's errand of looking for a watch over miles of wilderness and amid thick underbrush, especially as there was danger of being separated from the party, which, of course, had to press forward. But, after going on for half a mile more, and in rather sorrowful mood, for the watch had been presented to me in old student days, I felt that it would never do to desert Al., and so I too turned back, greatly against my horse's grain, who retraced his steps with a reluctance that no amount of cudgelling could overcome. I soon came upon Al.'s horse tied to a tree, and inferred at once that the plucky fellow had done this that he might be able to scan each side of the trail more closely. The minutes seemed hours, as I moved wearily back over the ground. There was nothing to break the silence of the sombre woods but the noise of the Beaver, heard now and