

litical influence make it dangerous to put any slight upon them. The Ward McAllister who is the instrument by which the patents are issued is, I am told, the Lieutenant-Governor's private secretary, who came from Ottawa—headquarters for shoddy aristocracy—imbued with the idea, and enlisted the willing services of a representative of the native nobility to obtain the local knowledge to carry the scheme into effect. The respectable citizens outside the "set" are for the future to be invited only to functions of the second class, and to be kept upon the list at all it will be necessary for them to make three "party calls" after each invitation before the next is received. I would be inclined to say that the whole matter was a private one, between the Governor and those with whom he chooses to associate, if only he would refrain from publishing a list of his chosen friends as the elite of society.

I heard the following little story the other day, which I believe possesses a grain of humor. The narrator told me that the circumstances related occurred here in Victoria, but I have a suspicion that the application was localized in order to enhance its interest. A few weeks ago, a lady, in passing through Victoria on the way to San Francisco, thought herself of an eastern acquaintance living at Oak Bay, from whom she had not heard for a long time, and having a few hours at her disposal, determined to pay her friend a call and renew old associations. Accordingly she summoned a carriage and was driven to her destination, the ring at the door being answered by a domestic who bore unmistakable traces of her Celtic origin in face, manners and brogue. The query, "Is Mrs. D—— at home?" was met by a frank stare of astonishment on the part of the handmaiden, and the reply, "She is out at the cimitery, ma'am."

"Indeed," Mrs. A—— responded, innocently, "can you tell me how long she will be gone?" "Shure, ma'am, she's gone for good," was the announcement that caused the inquirer to retire precipitately.

The following, which also may have had a foreign origin, is good enough to be told of a certain young woman who, while not a conspicuous beauty, is by no means as homely as she affects to believe. A young man has been devoting much of his time to her, and she has given him reason to think that his society pleased her. The other evening he said:

"Do you believe that you could learn to care for anybody well enough to marry him?"

She caught her breath, and then answered in a low tone:

"Yes; I am sure I could."

"Have you—have you anybody in your mind now for whom you could care in this way?"

"Yes."

"Tell me; am I that person?"

She opened her lips to speak, and then closed them without speaking. She looked at him narrowly for a moment, and then said:

"First answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"Are you doing this on a bet?"

I read some place the other day that Charles Harris, had made a fortune out of his song—"After The Ball." There is very little in the song, but it appeared to catch public favor, and within three months from publication it was lilted and whistled in every city and town of any importance on the continent. A gentleman who recently returned from Chicago, says he left that city, and went East to his old home—a little village of 100 inhabitants—in the hope that he would no longer be pestered with "After The Ball." Here, he felt, he would be secure from the harrowing story of the old man who suspected a certain female [name

not given for family reasons] faithless after a terpsichorean event which occurred in his neighborhood. The gentleman of whom I speak the second night after his arrival at his old home was invited to spend the evening at the house of a friend, and during the evening, at the request of those present, a handsome young lady favored the company with a solo. The visitor expected to hear some old standard song, but he didn't. The young lady ran her fingers along the keys of the instrument at which she was seated, and then broke out into the strains of Harris' song. Although she sang it really sweetly, the gentleman left there the next day, possibly never to return again. I have taken the liberty of applying the title of the song in a different way from which it was intended, not with the hope, however, that it will become as popular as the original.

#### AFTER THE BALL.

Hon. Robert Beaven will become premier again.

The police will capture the highwaymen.

The *Colonist* and *Times* will write editorials without black-guarding each other.

The society lady's young man will want more money to stay away from Victoria.

Allan Cameron will visit Victoria a little oftener.

Ald. Bragg will be elected mayor of the capital of British Columbia.

Victoria will have a new stone post-office and custom house.

Collector Milne will be knighted for his services in connection with sealing matters.

Many of the would-be elite of Victoria were mad they were not invited.

Victoria is not the only city which has just grounds for complaint at the manner in which it has are duped by barustorming companies. Winnipeg theatre-goers are also up in arms from the same