

strides in the matter of dress. After all it pays to dress well. A Winnipeg clothing firm lays it down as a golden rule that it pays to dress fashionably. A member of the firm, who is evidently of a literary turn of mind, writes in his advertisement: "A well-fitting suit of clothes is a magic key to society—not clothes by themselves, of course, but considered as adjuncts in the make-up of the man. The fact that Lord Beaconsfield was an exquisite dresser lent an additional interest to his great individuality. No man ever accused him of being an animated fashion-plate, but the public respected him all the more because he had the outward signs of a man of taste." There is much truth in the above, although it is only an advertisement."

I see that the American papers are again discussing the Hon. Theodore Davie's wearing apparel. The *Lacoma Ledger* says the Premier is eccentric in dress, wearing rather loud patterns. The *Ledger* then proceeds to re-hash the libel of J. Armory Knox (or as we used to call him round Printing House Square in Gotham, "Armory" Knox) that the Hon. Theodore's pants were so loud that they drowned the roar of the Broadway cable car. The fact of the matter is Mr. Davie is not partial to loud clothing, but rather prefers subdued patterns. When it comes down to airy dressing, the leader of the Opposition could give the Premier the choice of all the blarney tweeds in Ireland and then beat him. Didn't I behold the Hon. Robert floating around the Gorge on the 24th of May with an extremely elongated linen duster, and he looked all right, too. However, I am willing to acknowledge that the Premier's hats are not above reproach.

Kickers, like corns, are grown in all communities, so that they have come to be looked upon as something of a necessary evil. Take my friend, the Hon. Amor De Cosmos, who, when there is nothing special to kick at, will kick on general principles; or there is my other best friend the Honorable the leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition of four (of a kind) in the legislature. The latter gentleman will kick because the Government will insist on bringing down measures that thoroughly fall in with his ideas. There is another equally good friend of mine, Ald. Harry Munn, who is kicking now because he can't "agree with the last speaker" when the last speaker happens to be the mayor. Then there are the Mainland kickers, whose latest kick will explode like a burst gas bag, leaving just as little effect. There are also the kickers of St. Andrew's, whose kick resulted in giving their pastor a three months' leave of absence, and there are the other kickers at Christ Church who are kicking because candles and other adornments are being introduced into the church; and many others too numerous to mention. This, however, would be a dull world without the kicker and the grumbler; he is a change, if not a novelty, and is often the cause of making us think that things might be a good deal worse than they are.

Manager Jamieson informs me that he has about concluded arrangements with a

Chinese dramatic company to produce, for one night only, the brisk little comedy known as "The Belle of Pekin," as performed for four hundred consecutive years at the leading theatre in the Chinese capital. The piece is said to abound in grotesque situations, humorous dialogue, witty sayings, bright songs and clever dances. The dresses worn by the leading lady are said to be marvels of the milliner's skill, and cost hundreds of dollars. A feature of the evening's entertainment will be a chorus played with chop sticks. The Chinese company bring their own orchestra with them. Interpreters can be procured at a slight additional expense. The performance will be given on the evening of June 10.

There are numerous people in this city who would like to know where to place the responsibility of the presence of a large number of skin games at the Gorge on the Queen's Birthday. That the game was run wide open and in contravention of the law in such cases made and provided, no one will deny; but why the crooks were permitted to engage in their nefarious practices is the subject which is now agitating the public mind. Hundreds of innocent people were fleeced out of their hard earned money, betting on a sure thing, and while there can be but little sympathy for them, still the well being of the community demands that such a spectacle should not again be permitted to harass the public.

PERE GRINATOR.

ORGIA, SONG OF A RUINED MAN.

WILLIAM WINTER.

Who cares for nothing alone is free,—
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me.
With a careless heart and a merry eye,
He will laugh at the world as the world goes by.
He laughs at power and wealth and fame;
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;
He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear,
And at memory's dead leaves, crisp and sore;
He laughs at the future, cold and dim,—
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.
Oh, that is the comrade fit for me;
He cares for nothing, his soul is free;
Free as the soul of the fragrant wine;
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine.
For I heed not custom, creed nor law;
For I care for nothing that ever I saw.
In every city my cups I quaff
And over my liquor I riot and laugh,
I laugh like the cruel and turbulent wave;
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.
I laugh at joy, and well I know
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.
I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,
When I think that the hour of death is near.
For I know that death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.
And he cares for nothing! A king is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!
With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.
I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.
I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe
In the diamond morning of long ago;

To a heavenly face, in sweet repose;
To the lily's snow and the blood of the rose;
To the splendor, caught from orient skies
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes—
Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the South—
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.
I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death bell chime.
I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.
I will drink to my soul in its terrible mood,
Dimly and solemnly understood.
And last of all to the monarch of sin,
Who has conquered that fortress and reigns within.
My sight is fading—it dies away—
I cannot tell—is it night or day.
My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.
I cannot see you. The end is nigh;
But—we'll laugh together before I die.
Through awful chasms I plunge and fall!
Your hand, good fellow! I die,—that's all.



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