

she always take with her a little reticule and deposit the dainty receptacle of a lady's cash in that. But it is easy to forget the bag. Besides that a thief might snatch it out of her hand as easily as he snatches the purse itself from her slender fingers. And a lady's purse is valuable. One picked up not long since is said to have contained a hairpin, a sample of black silk, a recipe for bleaching the hair a red gold, a lock of short hair, apparently a man's, and 10 cents in money. To think the girl lost all this precious property! Yet another kindly meant word of advice recommends the lady to stick the pocketbook in her belt. But the girls say their belts are so loose—they really are—that it would fall out. Where, then, shall a lady carry her pocketbook? Suppose she should try carrying it in her pocket.

The actress on the stage and the woman in private life are two distinct persons. A short time ago, I was sitting in the office of a hotel, after having visited the theatre. The heroine of the play had been so spirituelle and romantic that it seemed to me that she could have no thought of worldly matters. Love, heroism, bravery and duty seemed to absorb all her attention. The young lady who took the part in the play was a little creature, and one would imagine from her natural portrayal of the heroine that she was utterly ignorant of the ways of the world. It seemed as if she did not know enough to get from the theatre to the hotel. But she did, and she walked up to the night clerk, and in a large, round tone of voice and a touch of Bowery patois, remarked:

"Kin I get some beer?"

She was assured it could be ordered for her.

"Well, send up two bottles to me room and be quick about it. See!"

Then the heavy villain appeared. I expected to hear him ask to be directed to an all-night saloon and gambling house, but he didn't. He was very mild and gentlemanly. Waiting for a chance to catch the clerk's ear, he quietly asked if it would be possible to get a little milk. It would, and he said: "Please send a small pitcher to my room when you get time."

It has not been without reason that many people, not alone in this Province, but in other parts of Canada, have become alarmed by the latest developments in fishery regulations, which the combined brain power of C. H. Tupper, Wilmot and others has produced. These regulations are so crude and withal so sweeping in their character that they may easily be construed into compelling the small boy, who starts out with a crooked pin, a piece of shop twine and a long stick, to take out

a license before he dares to invite fish to partake of the writhing worm which he temptingly hangs out for them to take hold of. It is all very well for gentlemen of their calibre to sit at ease in their offices and devise means by which, in the readiest manner, they can make the people believe they are doing something, and then when they visit the localities affected, to do so *pro forma* and get out again as quickly as they can. The sooner the Fisheries Department is overhauled and some of the "ornamental" barnacles removed the better.

It may be all right and be strictly within the letter of the law for the Canadian fishery cruisers upon the lakes to interfere with and capture American fishing parties who happen to get on the wrong side the line; but it certainly seems hardly the thing, particularly when the parties are made up for pleasure and not for profit, save to the owners of the steamboats. I am inclined to admit that the latter should be made to understand that they must keep within the limits; but, as was the experience of some of our sealers the letter of the regulations was enforced with regard to them. Two blacks, however, do not make a white. The Canadians howled when they were hurt up North, and now the Eagle screams with all his might.

If Lord Rosebery's speech delivered in London the other day means anything, it certainly conveys the impression that he is not quite ready to make peace at any price with the Parnellites. The Government majority in the Commons would appear to have been going down for some time with considerable steadiness, and lately the Parnellites, "cock sure" of the power they possessed, had no hesitation about declaring that they intended to vote bodily against the second reading of the Budget Bill. The premier has seemingly taken up the gauge thrown down by the Parnellite section of Home Rulers and made no bones about declaring that the Government had made up their minds to fight the battle to the end. Whether the Government majority should be twenty or ten or only two, the Government would persevere.

Talk about ambitions realized. Earl Rosebery has almost attained all the objects which as a college student he declared were those to which he aspired. These were to marry the richest woman in England, to become the Premier of Great Britain and win the Derby. The two first he has already obtained and upon the lines which sporting men lay down he has the blue riband of the turf within his grasp unless something unforeseen should occur. His Derby horse Ladas captured the Two Thousand

guineas run at Newmarket on Wednesday, the winner of which is generally regarded by Turfites as having a dead sure thing on the Epsom Derby.

It is very amusing to notice the infinite pains which Americans in Congress make in the direction of twisting the lion's tail. The other day a proposition was made in Congress to coerce Great Britain into falling in with the ideas of the bi-metallists, the idea being that double duties be imposed on imports from Great Britain until such time as that country changed her present views on the subject. Strange to say the suggestion was not laughed out by the members; but was held over for further consideration. This idea, I should think, found encouragement in the fact that of late the British authorities have apparently been disposed to submit to a little coercion and have even gone back on principle for the sake of peace.

PERE GRINATOR.

#### SAFER THAN A BANK.

The Emperor Duc-Tu of Cochin China is a smart man. As is the case with most monarchs, he has an enormous amount of wealth for which he cannot find use. To store this he has built himself a treasure house of a most unique pattern.

It is nothing more nor less than a huge tank, situated in the middle of his royal palace. The water contains the trunks of several large trees floating about.

These unassuming logs in reality contain hundreds of thousand pounds' worth of jewels and coin, which the cautious old Emperor places there when he has no immediate use for the money.

His subjects are allowed to stand on the banks and gaze on the strong boxes to their hearts content, are even allowed to plunge in, swim to the trunks, and extract whatever they like, if they care to, and the humane guards would simply stand by and smile.

But the attempt has never been made, and the reason will be sufficient when it is known that 20 evil-eyed crocodiles are lazily waiting for the first person who endeavors to avail himself of the monarch's generous offer.

Few ladies know that the beautiful lace known as fayal lace is made from the fibres of leaves of the bitter aloe, a relative of the common century plant. This lace is manufactured by women, and the necessary skill is so rarely attained that there are about 25 persons on the islands—the Azores—who can make it. The art needs to be practiced from childhood. In that respect it is like glass blowing among men. The art cannot be acquired late in life—that is, the kind of glass blowing practiced in manufacturing factories of glass for commercial use.