

throw out your chest and snuff the air and say in similar tone: "Yes, 'tis like spring; the air seems really balmy." And all the time you know you are lying. And so it goes on all day, not only between you and your friends, but between all the other people in the city and their friends. Just notice it some time, and you will see how absurd it sounds and how limited and curt our greetings and salutations would be if we didn't have the weather to supply us with friendly remarks.

On a certain hill in the city of Victoria stands a church in which hundreds of respectable citizens congregate each and every Sunday to worship their Creator and He who died on Calvary that we might be saved from perdition. The congregation of this church evidence by their attendance at divine worship that they are pure and desirous of advancing the great cause of public morality. The neighborhood in which this church is situated has hitherto been highly respectable, and, excepting in a few instances, may be considered respectable at the present time. To make a long story short, several creatures, whose existence depends entirely upon repeated breaches of the laws of morality, have taken up their residence in this neigh-

borhood, and it is rumored that others are about to follow. I do not propose to lecture upon the "social evil" question; I leave that to our spiritual advisers; all I desire is to draw the attention of the authorities to the great evil which may result if the matter is not attended to immediately.

When George Berry, the new manager of the Imperial Theatre, was a much younger man than he is now, he studied and practised law in Colorado. Such remarkable headway did George make when he was a student that his friends banked a great deal on what he would accomplish as soon as he had secured admission to the bar. At last the young student received the permission of the law association to practice, and a few days subsequently he was sent for from a neighboring county to defend a man in whose possession was found a brass watch that belonged to a neighbor—an occurrence, by the way, very common in Colorado. George's appearance in court was the signal for repeated outbursts of applause, and the way he badgered witnesses was a caution. The judge and jury swooned at his eloquence, in fact one authority says that at certain stages of his address to the jury they all went to sleep. George's modesty forbids him telling

how the case resulted; but it is on record in the law reports of Colorado that so successful a defence did he set up for his client that the latter—instead of receiving the penalty of the law for stealing (two years)—was sentenced to death. George then turned his attention to theatrical matters.



PERE GRINATOR.

TOPICS TALKED OF.

SOMEONE has been good enough to remark that men are flagrantly apt to err in their notions of good and evil, virtue and vice. At least I think someone at some time made such a statement, and I wish it understood that I do not claim the originality of idea even if I do concur in the principal. It strikes me that this choice piece of philosophy is peculiarly fitted to the Barnard-Kellie incident over which there was such talk a week or so ago. Mr. Barnard who represents the constituency of Cariboo in the Dominion House of Commons had some dispute with Mr. Kellie the representative of West Kootenay in the Provincial Legislature. The compliments exchanged were jug handled. In other words Kellie kept his temper; Barnard didn't. Kellie soothed his wounded feeling by bringing the matter to the attention of Mr. Speaker and this being done, Barnard apologized. To Mr. Kellie? No, to that august body known as the Legislature Assembly of British Columbia, whose dignity was so ruthlessly trampled upon. That is the case stated in as few words as possible. Unpleasant as is the recollection of this most unfortunate affair, I cannot refrain from briefly commenting on it. As a sincere friend of Mr. Barnard, I regretted the mistake he had made, but I must say that having been so indiscreet as to commit the breach of decorum, he was peculiarly happy in his method of recovering himself. Yet notwithstanding this fact, the stigma remains and will I am afraid cling to him for a long time. As a stern matter

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 MR. COMMISSIONER DAVID—"Oh Ab-salmon, Ab-salmon, my son, my son".....MR. HIGGINS

—AND—

SOAPY SAM—"The persecuted author without a copyright....MR. WILMOT