

is prepared to go a very long distance, but is not ready to be treated to further doses of Imperial reservations and subjection to favored nation stipulations and that kind of thing.

Mr. Andrew T. Drummond, of Montreal, who is the Canadian Hennicker Heaton, has a letter in the *Ottawa Journal* on his favorite topic, post office rates. He suggests a compromise or trade-off. Let the Government, he says, reduce the letter rate to two cents, and to make up for the loss of revenue let postage be charged on newspapers. Which, the *Winnipeg Nor'Wester* thinks is very kind of Mr. Drummond. He belies his name and locality if he is not a protectionist of the highest order. Why should not newspapers be protected as well as sugar refineries, or cotton factories or iron mills? There are several times over more capital, enterprise and intelligence employed in making newspapers in Canada than in any other manufacturing industry that can be named. Why should they be taxed in order that the rest of the population should get cheaper postage? Will Mr. Drummond answer that? If Mr. Drummond is under the impression that the subscribers would pay the newspaper postage, it would only go to show that he knows very little about the business of publishing newspapers.

An action was recently brought in the Edinburgh Sheriff Court by a widow, to recover from the British Legal Assurance & Loan Company the amount of a policy on the life of her husband who had committed suicide while suffering from "softening of the brain." The Court held that the Company was not liable, finding that death was "caused by suicide" in the sense in which the words were used in the policy, and that suicide in law simply meant self-destruction. The case opens up the question whether companies should or should not pay such claims? It seems to such a capable authority as the *Insurance Chronicle* that the usual distinction drawn between the irresponsible act of an unsound mind and the deliberate one of a perfectly sane man should apply in life assurance as well as in all other matters. The latter is rightly held accountable in law, the former is not. A deranged person may kill another without incurring punishment; why should his act be penalized because it is directed against himself? The argument commonly urged against the payment of suicide claims, viz., that it is against public policy, does not hold good in the case of a deranged man. Insanity should be classed as a disease, the risk of death from which in any shape should, and may safely be assumed by life companies. On broad humanitarian grounds,

it would be politic for them to do so. Insanity is of itself a sufficient misfortune to the assured and his family, and has special claims upon the consideration of assurance institutions.

A veritable craze raged in England, last year, against the substantial, heavy build of which Englishmen were formerly so proud. Edmund Yates and Labouchere, both of whom are quite shapeless and utterly guiltless of the lines of beauty, have been abusing the anti-fat people vehemently in public and private, but the anti-fat crusade goes on with unabated vigor. According to Yates and Labouchere, one-half the people of the upper circles have given up trying to get thin. About two-thirds of them have succeeded. One duke—whose name is not given, and who is probably the Duke of Portland—has taken seventeen inches off his waist measure by living on beefsteak, dry toast, and prunes. He has not varied from this diet in six months, and he now has a beautiful small waist. But he is not beautiful. Like a number of other fat people who have reduced themselves, it is found that the skin, which had been stretched by abundant avoirdupois, refuses to contract after the fat has been melted away, and the duke's face is a mass of wrinkles. So are the shoulders of a famous duchess and the cheeks of a once beautiful countess, who was once plump, and rosy, and pleasant to look upon. Now she is slightly stoop-shouldered, emaciated, and poetical; but she does not please the anti-fat reformers in any way. An essayist, who has taken up this weighty subject in the *London Times*, attributes all the hubbub over it to Du Maurier, of *Punch*. All of his men are built as though they stood six feet four in height, with a chest measure of fifty-two inches, and a waist measure of about eighteen inches. It is the ghastly struggle of the English race to live up to the Du Maurier standard that is causing all the trouble.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree.
His mind on politics ne'er ran,
He sought not gratitude in man,
And so that dome built he,
But had he built on public ground,
Poor Kubla very soon had found,
In twenty Opposition speeches,
Himself and colleagues christened leeches,
For sermons that you preach in power
Are orthodox but for that hour.
If Beaven had a railway planned,
From Esquimalt to Saanich Arm,
Which could not be as fate ne'er fanned
Into a flame the spirit hand
That points to power calm,
He would have proved by verse and text
That in importance it was next
Unto the C. P. R., which lies
A witness to sunset and rise,
And Beaven's fame in all Victoria
Had been proclaimed with many a gloria.

But Beaven, being in opposition,
Makes things appear quite otherwise,
Hence he assails, with a petition
Before the N. & S. commission,
The conduct of his adversaries,
Assails them he with fiery speech,
Whose vehemence is meant to reach,
Not with convincing force, his hearers,
But those outside, to him adherers,
For well he knows that old time trick,
Sling mud enough and some will stick.

I happened to meet several gentlemen from Nanaimo, the other day, and the impression left on my mind, after discussing political matters with them, was that Mr. J. McGregor will be the next member for the Coal City. Each and every one of them believed that apart from other considerations, his personal popularity gave him an advantage which his opponent would find it extremely difficult to overcome, and as in addition to this the majority of the electors failed to foresee any good could accrue either to labor generally or to colliery labor in particular from a continuation of Mr. Keith's stewardship, Mr. McGregor's election seems assured. Conceding that Mr. McGregor will be elected, it looks very probable that the Government will make a clean sweep on the Island. Outside of Victoria, they will carry every seat, and in Victoria itself the odds seem in favor of the Government candidates.

AN INDEPENDENT'S KICK.

Call it politics if you will,
And if you will you may,
But when men stack the cards like that,
For myself, I don't play.
Here's Beaven says that D. revoked,
That Forster saw him do it,
And goes before the Royal Com.
To try to make him rue it.
There Beaven hopes to score a point,
But Forster stays away,
And if the trump card does not suit,
He will refuse to play.
A very cunning game forsooth
A little too well planned,
To try and hold the Premier
Whilst Forster stacks a hand,
And lest perchance a card falls in
That is not on the list,
Cotton comes down with many a frown
Of wisdom to assist,
But what a policy they evoke,
A platform national,
That every plank contains but one,
And that one rational.
I've seen the shellman twist the shells,
I've tried to find the pea,
But that was quite an easy game
To finding their policy.

It has been remarked by the enemies of THE HOME JOURNAL—especially the *Colonist* and the *Times*—that while this paper never failed to announce the additions to its subscription list, it rarely if ever referred to those who had stopped their papers. I am free to confess that perhaps THE HOME JOURNAL has been a little backward in this respect in the past, but in the future it proposes to adopt a different plan. This week, one name has been marked off the list—that of Mr