

BRIEF MENTION.

It will cost about \$3,000,000 to build the Island Railway.

Corporations are proverbially soulless, and Mr. Van Hounne says that the only politics his company knows are dollars and cents.

Through to Kamloops by rail in a few weeks, when the busy conductor will gather in the tickets and

"Punch, punch, punch with care,
Punch 'em in the presence of the passenger."

The Sockeye salmon has returned to Mother Ocean, and the catch on the Fraser is practically over for the season.

The very air is resonant with reports of rich finds of placer and quartz gold, besides other useful and valuable minerals and metals.

Crops of all kinds will be fully up to the average yield, and the honest tiller of the soil is correspondingly jubilant.

Victoria is crowded with pleasure seekers, who are profuse in their expressions of unlimited praise regarding the surpassing scenery of our country and the healthful geniality of our climate. Welcome, guests.

The West Coasters are petitioning the local Government to subsidize a steamer to ply on that route. These new settlers deserve a recognition as pioneers of husbandry in those isolated districts. Let them have an outlet for the fruits of their toil. It is said that a small subsidy, only, would be required.

Port Moody or Coal Harbor, is the great terminal command of the day, and the real estate sharpeners are about equally divided on the question. A prominent Syndicate official while on a recent visit to the inlet, has given much encouragement to both parties, and has even gone so far as to ring the Royal City into the charmed circle. Each aspirant for terminal honors is dead sure to win the coveted prize, and no doubt they will all get it—in a (van) horn.

If A stands for answer and Q for question, does it follow that the members of the Commission now in session will take their Qs (queses) from the Chinese, and from their manufacture such As (answers) as may suit their purpose?

"No, no," says a fiend at our elbow, "if they took all their *Queues* from the Mongols, the Commissioners would require a special train to freight their *Esate* trophies to Ottawa."

Another impudent fellow, peering over our shoulder as we write, exclaims: "O what jangling! The very thought of such an occurrence causes the hair to rise on my *Glophthum* from my head—old and Gony as I am, I never before heard of anything so absurd."

A voice comes from a gentleman surrounded by a crowd at Campbell's corner: "I am a Christian, and I believe that the lamb may yet lay down with the lion, but the white man with the drab man—never. When I return to Ottawa I will *Shake* this jug-handled commission. They will never beat my *Spear* into a spinning hook."

Another voice: "Yes, you are right. We will prove that the rice-bedecked cake they are trying to force down our throats is very sour dough indeed, and we will make the oven of public opinion too hot for them or I am no *Baker*."

A COMPLIMENT TO GLASGOW.

The Glasgow millionaire has suffered a good deal at the hands of sarcastic poets and novelists, and some essayists have also displayed a disposition to run him down as a Philistine, which he sometimes is, perhaps. But the lady novelists are coming to his rescue. In the best story she has written in a long while, "The Wizard's Son," Mrs. Oliphant gives a very pleasant picture of a Glasgow plutocrat, Mr. Williamson, a modest, good-natured, and exceedingly hospitable man. And in a story written for the *Weekly Mail* Miss Keddle, better known as "Sarah Tyler," waxes eloquent over the good points of the rich men of Glasgow. Describing a recent decade in which the prosperity of the city advanced by leaps and bounds, she says:—"Grand improvements were inaugurated and brought to pass worthy the public spirit of the mediæval Italian cities. Magnificent acts of charity, which the middle-ages hardly knew, were performed without a grudge, almost without an effort. The citizens of St. Mungo's city seldom button up pockets. Her big, burly merchants are very humane, whatever their faults. Many of them are as liberal hearted and open-handed as any men in Christendom, dispensing their bounty without hesitation or fuss. There is a gruff "Say-no-more-about-it" tone in their generosity which has a delicacy in its very abruptness. The fellow-feeling among the inhabitants is strong. In order to buy fresh machinery for a burn-out or sould-out manufacturer, or to furnish the means of independence to the helpless, destitute children of a former townsman, five thousand—ten thousand pounds have been subscribed for within an hour on the Exchange, with no stipulation made except that the names of the donors should be withheld in order that the recipients of the gift might remain in ignorance of their benefactors."—*Christian Lawler*.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.—While grace teaches the sanctity of life, it inspires us to live for something higher than life. That man is not worth the name of man who only lives to take care of himself; whose life is a chronic panic; and whose heart is in his mouth at the sight of danger. He who is for ever sunk, lamed, frozen, and spectre-smitten before "the shadow feared of man," is incapable of noble action or high ascent.—*Charles Stanford, D. D.*

A SCEPTIC, who was badgering a simple-minded old man about miracles, and Balaam's ass, finally said—"How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Oh well," remarked the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it aint as easy for an ass to talk like a man, as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

SIR WM. JONES AND THOMAS DAY.—One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of the former a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth said: "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' How should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more obnoxious animal than a spider."