

and especially at morning, noon and night on the Fort street route. Having to stand up most of the time doesn't bother or annoy the passengers a bit, because the majority of them are people of sedentary occupations, and it seems a positive luxury to stand for a short time and to cling fondly to a leather strap. And it is easy to believe that if the street railway management should adopt the long, wide and roomy cars that are used in some of the eastern cities, which would allow seating for all, a loud, rumbling voice of protest would rise to the Heavens. And if an arrogant and self-willed monopoly should supplement such an innovation by the addition of double-decked long cars on the most crowded lines, public indignation would find vent in some terrible manner. Heaven forbid that any departures should be made that would deprive the dear public of their inalienable right to stand in public conveyances and get the rest and change they need.

Did you say hog—human hog? Why, sure I've seen them, wallowing and grunting everywhere. But there is one I don't think your attention has been called to, and that is the insensate and fat-covered "puerco" who takes a street railway passenger car for a freight train or a baggage van. The main purpose pose of his life is to board a crowded car with a trunk or a satchel large and bulky enough to contain all his possessions, including real estate; and to place it in a position by the entrance steps on the rear platform where it can serve as a welcome and convenient accessory for stumbling and tumbling and all kinds of healthful gymnastic exercises which ladies like to indulge in when they enter a car. The porcine pup proprietor of the obstruction always stands guard over his treasure, blocking the steps, and acts as a graceful impresario for the saltatory entertainment. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, his infinite ubiquity, and all he needs is about 1,500 volts from a live wire to endear him to the public.

The arrest of Peter Wilburg, without even the faintest suspicion that he was in any way connected with the murder of May Hunter, at New Westminster, is another instance of the risks we are all running of arrest and detention to suit the whims of over-zealous, ignorant

policemen. When a crime is committed it is the duty of the officers of the law to ferret out the guilty person; but it is not a part of their duty to fasten the crime on any or every person who happens to miss a boat or carry a trunk with him. Incompetent policemen are a great inconvenience to the public, and care should be taken not to select a man for the force simply because he wears No. 10 boots or happens to possess the faculty of running his nose into other people's business. Peter Wilburg will always be under suspicion, and the policemen who caused his arrest have not the power to redress the wrong they have committed against an innocent man. Some one should suffer. We leave it to the intelligent reader to name that person.



PERE GRINATOR.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

On dit, that Harbottle did it to the least of one of these.

It is a bleak, barren, malarial day when Victoria's merchant prince—Mr. R. P. Rithet—will permit men of the Sam Wilmot stamp to sit on him.

Sawdust and molasses are all right enough in their way, but cannot be realized upon to as great advantage as the real all-wool, yard-wide dope.

CAMPBELL THE TAILOR

Leads them all in

Spring Suitings.

The arrivals this week of spring goods are again unusually large.

See our Way-Down Prices,

Society

[THE HOME JOURNAL would be pleased to receive the dates of parties and the names of persons attending social gatherings. To insure publication, this information would have to reach this office not later than Thursday noon.]

LENT began last Wednesday, and that means a partial suspension of animation in society's realm for a month or so. Hitherto, every day had its share of good things, and there have been many of them, too. Balls, receptions, weddings, luncheons, everything in the social line has been on the galore order. The previous week was one of the gayest of the season, and fittingly closed the antelenten period.

The Spinsters' Ball, which took place last Monday night at Duncan's, was a grand success, being largely attended. There was a sumptuous supper provided by the committee. The music was furnished by Mr. Frank Bourne and his son, of Victoria.

Mr. Burns, Principal of the Victoria High School, delivered a very entertaining and instructive lecture on Charles Dickens, in the lecture room of St. Andrew's Church, last Tuesday evening.

A highly successful concert and dance was given at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Spring Ridge, on Tuesday evening, by the officers of the Columbia Lodge, Sons of St. George. A varied programme was given, of which Mr. Wybert Hall's recitation, the "Last Shot," by John P. Ried, was undoubtedly the gem of the evening, and in response to an encore he rendered the "Charge of the Light Brigade." After supper was handed round, dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours of the morning, by the large party present.

The concert last Friday evening at the R. C. Cathedral being such an unlooked for success, the two ladies of the committee, the Misses McQuade, owing to numerous requests, decided to repeat the same on Tuesday with some slight variations as to the programme. The splendid edifice was again well filled by an appreciative audience, the