

most frequently and thoroughly discussed. At the expiration of the twelve-month during which priceless privileges from time immemorial have been granted the sex, a report is to be made by each individual to the secretary, and that report is promised to the public. Unnecessary to say, it will cause no little surprise, comment and criticism.

In the January number of the Metropolitan Magazine, I notice a story by an old friend, Mr. W. J. Lampton. I believe it will furnish a whole world of speculation among women, and no end of conversation to those who may be in need of something to talk about. It is entitled "What do the Women Say?" The story, in brief, tells of a beautiful woman who had two lovers. One was rich and handsome and she loved him and married him. A very common result ensued. He dissipated his fortune and hers, treated her cruelly and finally died. She did as women usually do in such cases, she loved him to the end. The other lover had gone on loving just the same and had amassed a fortune. He came to her in her widowhood, and was kind to her, finally married her, and treated her like an angel. They lived a long life together and she was very happy. Finally he died also. In a short time she followed, and in the better land, an angel opened a gate and showed her both her husbands, saying: "Which choose you for eternity?" With a glad cry she sprang forward into the arms of —which one? That is the question. What do the women say?

I don't often avail myself of the advantages or otherwise attaching to membership of the Union Club, and, accordingly, I do little else on a visit to that institution than pay my dues or have a chat. But I happened along there last week and met a fellow member (I can't call him friend, nor yet acquaintance) and was surprised to see him wearing a heavy band of crape. It occurred to me there was some trouble in the family; he had lost a friend most likely. I therefore proceeded to offer my condolence. "Sorry to see that such trouble has overtaken you," I ventured, pointing slightly to the badge of mourning; "but," I continued, sympathizingly, "it comes to all of us and we have to meet it resignedly." "Oh,"

he replied, "it's for the poor prince; you know; beastly shame, you know, he should have to die so young." I was simply staggered by this sweet loyalty and sympathetic devotion on the nation's bereavement, and I felt sadly wanting in the proper dutifulness and loyalty. I went away abashed. There was some consolation for my unfeeling conduct, in the thought that I had not the same ties binding me so close to royalty as my club acquaintance had.

To what extent opium smoking is carried on in Victoria, I leave it to some one who is better acquainted with the habits and names of the nocturnal visitors to Chinatown to answer. Some people say that if this matter was thoroughly gone into, there would be surprises in store for many. This brings to my mind that a while ago, there was organized in London a society for the suppression of the opium trade. The society is collecting a large amount of information about the calamities which opium is inflicting. They corroborate the statement that even smokers condemn the practice. In a statement of the prevalence of the opium habit in China they say smokers wish to be free, and yet cling to the pipe as its slaves. Fifty years ago, the opponents of opium smoking in China had to contend only with the foreign imports. They have now in addition the large native growth. Fifty years ago, there were probably not over 2,000,000 smokers in China. The number is now estimated at 20,000,000. Formerly the habit was confined to adult males. It now numbers among its victims women and even children, particularly in the large opium-growing regions of the upper Yangtse River and southwestern China. The habit is particularly common in these opium-producing regions, where it is estimated that from 80 to 90 per cent. of the men above twenty years of age smoke, and 50 to 60 per cent. of the women, not to speak of many young people in their teens. In the non-producing districts, the evil is chiefly confined to the cities. The villages are comparatively free. In Canton, over seven-tenths of the officials smoke opium. In Hunan not one-tenth of the same class are addicted to the pipe.

I was pleased to meet, the other day, Capt. A. L. Howard, the gentleman

who, in company with Corporal Wishart, late of the Royal Grenadier Guards, Toronto, (retired retaining rank) speedily brought the Riel rebellion to a close. To hear these two veterans discussing incidents of campaign life was enough to bring tears to one's eyes. The slaughter done by the Yankee gatling gun at Batouche was something terrific; to so great an extent in fact that curiosity prompted certain persons to look over the field and examine the bodies of the dead with the result that a consumptive Indian was found, it is believed from the effects of several shots from the gun. It is a question in the minds of many whether Captain Howard or Corporal Wishart did the greatest execution at Batouche.



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