

but they haven't yet discovered a chemical that begins to have the potency of good, sound fun. I wish we could have vacations all the time. I wish that we could learn to make all work a pleasure and instead of going about every hour of the day with grim determination written on our faces, we could bubble over into laughter every hour or oftener. Good hearty laughter sends a wave of pleasure to the innermost tide of life. It is a stimulant pleasant to take and good in its effects. But it seems to get rarer as we grow more civilized. I wonder why? No doubt the boys will come back determined to play even better in the future than in the past, and honor the city which has dealt so generously with them.

I observe that Mayor Cope of Vancouver has been asked by the San Francisco *Examiner* how many people from the Terminal City will probably visit California during the Midwinter Fair, and His Worship telegraphed a reply stating that likely about 1,000 would go providing advantageous transportation arrangements are made. If Mayor Beaven had been asked the same question he would no doubt have replied: "I have been unable to find any authority in the Municipal Act for expressing my opinion."

There are thousands of men of more than average intelligence who are willing to stand by the assertion that crime is hereditary, and the incidents and facts which have been compiled by the many different advocates of this theory would go far to convince even the most sceptical unbeliever that there is some foundation for the belief. Really, the principal objection that a great many urge against the full acceptance of such a theory is that it interferes with that independence and individual responsibility which is claimed as one of the chief distinctions between mankind and the various

other specimens of advanced animal life. Without entering into further discussion on this question, it may be mentioned that it was introduced merely because it led me to speak of the record of a young man, who started a career of crime, which will probably eventually lead him to prison.

Henry Behr, the smooth young Hebrew, who is remembered with sorrow by creditors in Victoria and Vancouver, is now located at Seattle. Henry's morals do not appear to be improving. One Dr. Smith, of the latter city alleges that Behr sold him a Government bond for \$500, which upon examination, proved to be worthless. It occurs to me that our laws are deplorably lax in their operation when such people as young Behr are permitted to run at large and swindle people right and left. His record in Victoria was bad, and no doubt he will duplicate it in Seattle.

Behr is a transparent cheat, but I do not believe he is as bad as the young Englishman who recently maligned a most estimable young lady of this city. Society is formed on a wrong basis when it extends to young men minus reputation open arms without looking into their previous records. The fact that a young man plays lawn tennis for a living and sports a 2-bit walking cane should not serve as a guarantee for good character. Victoria has had too many swindlers and cheats for its own good and great care should be taken in future to prevent them imposing on our citizens.

But there are other slanderers besides those who ruin the characters of young women. These people slander the community in which they live, and speak evil of every one. These people say "thousands" are out of work, and that there are "thousands" leaving the city every month. They use "thousands" and "tens

of thousands" without stopping for a moment to think what the words import. They do it without malice, but evil results from the statement exactly as though malice was intended. It is only when the cold figures of the demographer are cited against them that the absurdity and wickedness of such assertions are made manifest.

The following is related of a gentleman who recently returned from a short visit to Chicago. When his friends got hold of him they plied him with all sorts of questions about what he had seen and what his impressions of the fair were. He answered cleverly in all cases, and finally when asked about the art exhibit, said: "Oh, that was out of sight. But there are some funny people who have charge of the statuary. Why, we saw one statue which didn't have any arms at all,—I think they call it the Venus de Milo,—and though one could see what was lacking, they had a sign on it of 'Hands Off.'"

PERE GRINATOR.

REV. P. McF. MACLEOD

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