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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
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SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Now that the Council is considering the advisability of taking over the Hospital, it may well be said to be in the dumps.

WE offer it as a suggestion to our American friends that they permit the Pinkertons and the Anarchists to fight it out.

VICTORIA is one of the poorest markets in the country to ship inferior goods to, and the sooner shippers understand this the better it will be for them.

If some of the *News* staff do not cease speaking disparagingly of brother members, they will be reduced to the ranks at the next meeting of the Clan-na-Gael.

WE mention it merely in a casual way that the newspaper which uses an electric motor to run its presses cannot be spoken of by this journal as "our 'steamed contemporary."

TORONTO *Empire*: Russia's Government has the reputation of being the most stupid constitutional authority under the sun.

What's the matter with the Victoria city government?

"No, Mr. Wharfstreet," she said, kindly. "I am sure I could never learn to love you."

"Oh, maybe you could," rejoined Wharfstreet cheerily. "Never too old to learn, you know."

TAPPER—So you don't altogether like the new pastor's sermons, eh?

Dapper—No, they are too profound; they necessitate too much headwork.

Tapper—Quite true. I noticed you were nodding through his entire discourse yesterday.—*N. Y. Mercury*.

WE attach no significance whatever to the fact that a few days subsequent to the call made by the *News* for clothing for the quarantine station, the staff of that paper were observed to be wearing pretty good clothes themselves. We merely look upon it as a great stroke of enterprise.

SHE—No. Papa forbids me to marry you.

He—Why?

She—He objects to your family.

He—Isn't it old enough?

She—I don't know. Chief Sheppard didn't learn the age of your wife and children.

WE have never claimed for Victoria that she had an invincible lacrosse club; but we do harbor a well-defined suspicion that if a test of proficiency in sport resolved itself into marbles, or any like game of desperate chance, we, in the classical language of our Government street contemporaries, would be quite "out of sight."

EDITORS of the party journals in the United States are tickled exceedingly with the idea that Uncle Sam has succeeded in "squeezing" Miss Canada, as they put it. When such liberties with a loyal British subject like Miss Canada take place, Uncle Sam will quickly find good reason to laugh at the wrong side of his mouth.

PAT. EGAN persistently remains at Santiago, although given leave of absence, presumably to gloat over the great recent international triumph of the American eagle. Poor little crushed Chili is anxious to get rid of the obnoxious individual, but the grand and noble Government of the United States is still bent on maintaining its "dignity."

"The largest coin I find in the collection basket this morning," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "is a ten cent piece. If the members of this congregation are expecting to pay their way into a better land on the installment plan, it seems to me that they are calculating on a much longer mundane life than has been allotted to man since the days of Methuselah."

THE reports through Yankee cable sources about the Queen being guarded and fearing attacks upon her person must be taken with more than the traditional grain of salt. Fiction concerning the hated British royalty and aristocracy, as well as about British and Canadian "Tories" is one of the incidents of the present electoral silly season.

THE native Canadians are having an innings in the management of Canada's public. A few years ago it was Scotchman Macdonald against Scotchman Mackenzie, but now the men on the front benches—Abbott and Scott in the Senate; Thompson, Foster, Carling, Haggart, Laurier, Cartwright, Mills and Paterson in the Commons—are men born in Canada.

THE news that one million dollars will be spent on defenses in the vicinity of Victoria comes a trifle late. What has Victoria to defend now? is a question worthy of serious contemplation. Our lacrosse club can no longer be defended; nobody wants our Mayor and Council, and in fact the only thing in sight that really requires fortification is Judge Crease's wild, untamed Assyrian donkey.

THE *Colonist* on Friday morning did us the honor of editorially copying some remarks with reference to THE HOME JOURNAL from the pen of Mr. Edward Delille in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the caption "The American Press." When we said last week that we would live to see the day when the *Colonist* would take back its cruel, hard words, we had no idea that the returns would come in so soon. But in the words of the old song:

"For while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

It is authoritatively announced that the baseball season in the United States is a failure. This is largely due to the rains that have prevailed. But there are also indications of a dearth of interest in the games. Men do not wait eagerly for baseball returns as they did several years ago. They are not baseball mad. But while there is manifestly less interest in baseball than there was, the subsidence is not in amateur or non professional playing. There is nothing to indicate that the passion that brings a crowd into a vacant lot at any time of day to play ball or to watch others play is subsiding. The rains have not quenched its ardor in the least or modified the enchantment. It is simply ball-playing as a business that the public is a little tired of. Even if the big clubs of professionals were to go out of existence the game of baseball would be likely to continue in high favor indefinitely.

TORONTO *Empire*: It is satisfactory to learn that the smallpox in Victoria has been absolutely eradicated. For a time the situation was sufficiently alarming to justify the action taken in Vancouver and the concern which Toronto and other cities felt about the transportation of the disease eastward. The awkward mess, however, which has developed in Vancouver is to be regretted. Now that the cause of the trouble has been removed, the twin cities of the Pacific slope should do nothing that would reflect upon their character as good neighbors. There has been too much officialism on the one hand and too much popular heat on the other, but such things are likely to occur in the best regulated communities in times of scare.

For the information of the *Empire*, we might say that the hour for reconciliation on the part of Victoria has gone by. Vancouver will in future keep her hens out of our backyard, or we will let them see what sort of neighbors we are. However, if the Vancouver *World* retracts, we might be willing to recognize them when there wasn't a crowd around.

OUR FRIEND, THE MILKMAN.

When the baby is being weaned it is a milk shake for him.

After it gets in the can, it is a wise cow that knows her own milk.

The prettier your servant girl the better measure you are apt to get.

While they all claim to be milk dealers, many of them are manufacturers.

Don't expect to get trusted just because you know he chalks up his milk.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That city people visiting country houses continue to astonish the natives.

That many people absolve themselves from churchgoing in hot weather.

That the shop girls off on their vacation are disposed to make an impression.

That fashionable morals were, perhaps, never so bad as at the present time.

That some of the summer novels are bad enough to be suppressed as indecent.

That wise business firms discharge clerks who are "patrons of the turf."

That a college graduate in some families is something akin to a white elephant.

That the society dame is foolish who makes known her intention to smuggle if she can.