

sufferings of others, complacently entertain expectation of treading the jasper streets of Heaven!

To what a miserable, sordid basis has life fallen in this boasted nineteenth century. What are the pursuits, the aims of man? Gold, gold, gold; vanity, egotism and selfishness; the desire of a Vanderbilt to have a \$100,000 yacht, because friend Gould has purchased one for \$90,000. Come, this is time for help, for benevolence, I was going to add—charity, but that is not the word. It is a duty for those who have plenty to give to those who are in distress. Religion is put off with one's Sunday clothes. Religion, the teachings of Christianity, the business man argues, are well enough theoretically, but are not suited to the practical issue of week-day competition and gain. What hypocrisy! What a commentary on the labors of the church! Men toil for years, practise self-denial; hard times come, and in order to conserve the volume of business, they extend credit, and in turn are obliged to ask for credit. Their debtors become delinquents, and then each lender harrasses each borrower, the extremes through a host of intermediaries, being the bloated capitalist, living in luxury and ease, and the penniless laborer without a bite to eat.

It is easy to imagine how one who has striven hard for a comfortable existence should end all with a "bare bodkin" when he sees the earnings of years ruthlessly swept away. The man of fifty has not the heart, the ambition, the hope of the downy-lipped youth. To begin anew, to face all the vicissitudes and trials again fills him with despair. No one, however, is justified in taking his life. It bespeaks cowardice; it confesses defeat. It may be hard for the proud, sensitive man to prune his luxurious habits, to take the car instead of a landau, to dine at a restaurant instead of the club, but these changes should not be regarded as humiliations. True nobility is not the prerogative of the rich, and many a poor man in Victoria to-day is richer than the majority of plutocrats in the esteem and good-will of the people.

I listened to a tale of woe this week, from a man who is honest and deserving, and who has a wife and two children. "You may not believe me," he said, "but it is the God's truth, that day after day I leave the house without a bite to eat. I tramp the whole day in quest of something to do. I would do anything. If it weren't for the wife and little ones, I would have given up long ago. A crust of bread and water has been my daily fare. I planted a few vegetables, but they are gone now. Do you know that I sometimes feel like stealing when I pass baker, butcher and grocery stores. I feel more like a beast than a man. Ah, you don't know what it

is for a young fellow to feel gnawing hunger from day to day. It can't last much longer; rather than see my loved ones starve, I'll steal and serve a term. If the magistrate sentences me, I will be punished for trying to live—that's all." This is not fiction. The name of the unfortunate man will be given to any one who may desire to lend him assistance, by applying at this office.

It behooves those that have to shew a spark of generosity, to be active in relieving distress. Let the creditor be indulgent, else the gold he covets will be stained with human blood. The one who mercilessly drives another to desperation and suicide for the sake of gain deserves unstinted reprobation.

I observe that sales for distress of real estate are still fashionable, but am glad to learn that since my remarks on this sad subject, last week, several contemplated expositions of this class, where the sufferers would be people in the humbler walks of life, have been postponed, if not abandoned. If a landlord of the grab-all-class allows his tenant to run into arrears of rent, I am not disposed to accuse the aforesaid landlord of any particularly friendly feelings toward the tenant, for just at present it is very hard to let a house in Victoria. Would-be occupiers, too, have a big list to pick from, and they are not likely to choose bailiffs' haunts. Mr. Harry Helmcken, one of our recently elected city representatives, is pledged to remedy this landlord and tenant grievance in the Local Legislature, and we may rely upon him to do so.

Victoria has been honored with visits from two distinguished persons this week, and although their fame sprang from widely divergent sources, yet they merit, each in his respective sphere, all the regard they have won from their fellow-countrymen. The first is a scion of the noble house of Marlborough—Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph is but a shadow of his former self. His face is strikingly pale, and the eyes which once flashed fire are now almost lustreless. Those who saw His Lordship on his first visit to Canada 17 or 18 years ago, cannot help remarking on the great change which has come over him, then a handsome young man of 22 years of age. Now he is a physical wreck. The career of Lord Randolph has always been watched with interest by Canadians, no doubt largely due to the fact that he was political leader of the new school. Since setting foot the second time on Canadian soil, he has received the most considerate treatment, and many are the expressions of sympathy for him from Canadians.

The other visitor is Dr. E. W. Keeley, who was one of the Queen's passengers to

Alaska, last Monday. Dr. Keeley's failure resulted from his cure for drunkenness the "gold-shot" process, and at his "stipulates" at Dwight, Ill., and elsewhere while he was shooting gold in its liquid form into his patients, they in turn have been shooting it—stamped and milled into his pockets, until now he is reputed to be worth a cool million. The victims of drink, who have been delivered from its thralldom, can best testify as to the position which Dr. Keeley should occupy on the list of benefactors who have conferred blessings on their fellowmen.

The city of Victoria and her surroundings are ever popular with tourists. Nature has done much for British Columbia capital and art not a little, but there is yet a great deal to be accomplished before we can attain a really high reputation among that numerous class of money-folk who so freely patronize scenes of enjoyment and recreation which cannot compare with ours in point of beauty. Why is it that the briefest visit to Victoria will invariably gratify, if it does not fully satisfy, the ordinary visitor? There must be something wrong somewhere. The tourist season is now at its height and yet look at the hotels of the city—not a single one of them in full swing. We have first-class hotels here, as all will readily admit; but it is not lack of accommodation which is at the root of the matter. The truth is that Victoria must be made more attractive to visitors. As it is the fact of having an Indian reservation at the very heart of the city, and a Chinatown of our own similarly situated, make a visit to Victoria a memorable one, although the impression left upon the stranger must be that we are a sleepy, take-it-easy people to tolerate such a state of affairs. There are many very beautiful drives in the immediate vicinity, but all these can be "taken in" in a few days, and then where are the attractions for which the tourist naturally looks? Here we are in a city charmingly situated on the water's edge, with a beautiful climate—at this season of the year at least—and yet there are no facilities whatever afforded for sea bathing. There are very many choice little beaches and fairy-like spots along our shores, but the typical summer girl—she of the water nymph species—is not to be encountered at any of them, nor is the summer young man. What an attraction it would be to Victoria if it could but be known as a watering place! I have been told that the water along our shores is too cold for bathing. Bosh! I have been in it. 'Tis not the water that's too cold, but the shores that are inhospitable. Were it not for my proverbial modesty, I would more frequently enjoy the luxury of a plunge into the briny, but I do object to an open