

This Mr. Duff regarded as nothing more than due appreciation of his eloquence as a clergyman and his popularity as a citizen of no mean city. All at once it dawned upon him the true meaning of the presence of this throbbing mass of listeners in his church—they imagined he was going to express dissatisfaction at the construction of the Parliament buildings. He disabused their minds of this belief, however, when he prefaced his sermon with these words: "I hope I have not brought you here under false pretences. I resisted the temptation to refer to political matters when your interest was excited, and, now that you have become utterly nauseated, I am not likely to begin."

The *Commercial Journal* has been publishing a series of articles on the subject of industrial enterprise. In its last issue, it says:

"We wonder what will be the next development in connection with British Columbia industries. The season is getting far advanced and it is high time that something were done looking to the thorough development of some of our latent resources and dormant energies. Who will make the necessary move? We can quite realize that the political excitement of some months past has not tended to the consideration of our manufacturing interests. We have been temporarily removed, as it were, from every day business. But now that the Canadian tariff has been amended and that provincial politics are not pressing, surely some attention can be paid to the subject of taking further steps to develop our trade and industry. If some of our people do not take some decided action, we cannot expect that outsiders will come in and invest their money. It is the capital which we want. Let there be some well digested plans for attracting it and for turning it to advantage."

It may occur to many that this matter might well be taken up by the Board of Trade. The committee on manufactures is composed of Messrs T. B. Hall, G. Leiser, D. R. Ker, Wm. Templeman and F. J. Claxton. Every one of these gentlemen know that if Victoria is to retain her commercial pre-eminence manufacturing industries will have to be established.

The *Harbord Review*, a paper published by the students of the Harbord Collegiate Institute, tells a story of the meeting of two young men who, as boys, sat together in a public school fifteen years ago.

One of them is father of four children, has been engaged in several occupations and business ventures, made an assignment once, but is now doing well and worth about eight thousand dollars. The other is taking an Arts course in the University, has another year of study ahead of him, is not quite decided what occupation he will enter, and draws his expenses from his father's purse. The

first one either had not a father or his father had not a purse, so he early plunged into the thick of life, marrying at eighteen and failing for three thousand dollars at twenty-one. The other at thirty will only have left school, and will probably toss up a copper to see whether he will apply for a clerkship in a bank, or take a further course of study and become a land surveyor. Those two young men present quite a contrast, and it would be very interesting to compare their worldly positions twenty years hence. One has been puttering around the brink of life all these years, playing with the pebbles, putting on cork vests, making scientific measurements of the speed of the current, the depth of the stream and the height of the sky, analyzing the water and studying the geology of the river bed. He has been testing his strength on expert contrivances, gauging his upward reach and his downward reach, theoretically buffeting imaginary waves, while being safe on shore all the time. He has been going through the motions of life while not living. The other is in mid-stream. He plunged in without theories, without calculations as to the depth of the stream or its width or the speed of its current—it had to be crossed, deep or shallow, wide or narrow, fast or slow. He plunged in and began to buffet with all his might. Waves have washed over him and he knows what the initial terrors of drowning are; he knows, too, how to relish the moment when he gets upon the top of a wave and is bathed in sun and intoxicated with pure air. He has no theories yet, but he is drenched with experience. He cannot tell you the speed of the current, but his arm instinctively put forth strength enough to match it. Which is the better off? Twenty or thirty years will tell the tale, it will then be known which one will be tossed up a battered ruin on the other shore, and which will land in fine trim, amidst plaudits, to enjoy the comforts of age.

Once more I feel constrained to congratulate the efficient and energetic Superintendent of Provincial Police, Mr. Fred. Hussey. His work in connection with the arrest and conviction of the murderer Lynn is said by lawyers and others to have been highly praiseworthy. Before the prosecution moved in the matter he placed in their hands a chain of facts, which, when placed before judge and jury, resulted in a speedy and righteous conviction. In working up his case Mr. Hussey received valuable assistance from Mr. Biedsoe, and to these two gentlemen all credit is due for the vindication of the majesty of the law in the instance of Hugh Lynn, the red-handed murderer.

The recent appointment and installation in office as harbor master of Montreal of an individual who had no more knowledge of the shipping trade than some of the most abstruse of scientific questions, continues to call forth loud protests from the Board of Trade and others. But Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is inexorable and has snubbed the Board of Trade of the chief commercial city much in the same way as he has repeatedly done that of this city. In fact the "boy Tupper" appears to have lost all regard for the representations of those who are most directly concerned with matters in regard to which he happens to have the official patronage.

Despite the great expectations which have been built upon Imperial intentions regarding the transportation of Australian and New Zealand mails the British Postmaster-General is reported to have said that the Government could not hold out any hope that the Canadian Pacific route would be substituted for that *via* San Francisco. This must have been disappointing to the advocates of those proposals which have recently been discussed at the late Colonial Conference in Ottawa the more so since the tendency of Rt. Hon. Arnold Morley's remarks were decidedly favorable to the United States route.

Of all the calamities that ever descended upon this already sorely afflicted community I regard the "New Syndicate Circus, and Menagerie" as one of the worst—perhaps not as far-reaching in its bad effects as the smallpox; but nearly so. To begin with the parade, it was a matter of comment that a more poverty-stricken looking lot of animals, outside of those rented in the city, never disgraced the streets of Victoria. There were camels without humps and dromedaries with something on their backs that very much resembled artificial humps. There were horses whose bones could be counted without the aid of spectacles, and trick animals dwarfed in their growth.

It might be said that it speaks volumes for the charitable inclinations of Victorians that they subscribed liberally towards providing coverings for these poor dumb animals. Our esteemed and eminently respectable contemporary of Broughton street contributed a blanket for the elephant, whose step, by the way, betokened a life inured to long suffering and want. But notwithstanding all this, the monster of the jungles evidently felt its degraded position, for it nodded apologetically to the strangers along the line of march. Evidently the poor beast's mind wandered back to its home in its native fastnesses where it was respected and