

raise about enough on them from Uncle Aaronson to take me up to the Gorge on the Queen's Birthday.

I don't wish to be dog-matical, but I should like to know was there ever a town so over-run with worthless curs as Victoria. Nine, out of every ten of them don't seem to have any owners and just loaf round restaurants and hotels. Is there no such thing as a dog tax? And, if so, is there no distinguishing mark—a collar or anything—to show they are registered, for it is safe to say the majority are not worth the price of a collar. You find them strewn all over the pathways as if the whole place belonged to them. I saw one, the other day, get a good lesson just in front of the post office. He ran after a brother dog which turned on him and threw him under a street car that was coming along. The brute was dragged for about twenty yards before the car could be stopped, when we all expected to see a mangled corpse, but, to our intense surprise, he was nothing the worse and ran home with his tail between his legs, so if a street car can't kill them they must be taxed to abate the nuisance.

I have had quite an original idea from a friend of mine who is going to the Exposition at Chicago next month. He is quite sure he is the only one that has thought of it, and what do you think it is? He told me, in all seriousness, that he had conceived the idea that selling sandwiches would be a profitable speculation. He would get an old packing case and turn it upside down, using the top for a table and have his stock inside. It is really wonderful the originality of some people, and it shows how sometimes two great minds clash, for I had thought of the same thing myself, but I was more cute than my informant and had already written to the chief commissioner on the subject and offered to supply him free gratis for nothing all the sandwiches he could consume during the show, if he granted me the privilege. To my intense astonishment, I got a letter written by some flunkey, I suppose, saying he was directed by the C. C. to inform me they had already had 375,000 applications from other geniuses and that the contract had been awarded to some one who represented Jay Gould when he was in the flesh, for catering to the public in the sandwich line, in consideration of the sum of \$500,000. This is the first intimation my friend has had of the fact, and whether he will grace Chicago with his presence after this, deponent knoweth not.

Where was the Sanitary Inspector on Wednesday, and why did he not take those 200 Celestials into custody, who have lately been released from quarantine, for overcrowding? There were at least forty of them in each wagon, and, if he had done his duty he would have arrested the lot and enriched the city to the extent of ten dollars a head on them. Thanks to Dr. Duncan and Mr. Chipchase, the city makes a very decent revenue out of this overcrowding business, and it is not nearly so repugnant to one's feelings, as a more questionable means that used to be in vogue and which shall be nameless.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

A MISTAKEN SCHOOL TEACHER.

LAST WEEK a lady school teacher, who did not mention her name for reasons of modesty no doubt, declared in the columns of THE HOME JOURNAL, that she, as a free and independent earner of her own bread (and butter) was finally systematically and positively opposed to marriage. The life of "single blessedness" was represented by her to be a paradise as compared to the miseries of marriage and, in short, she openly avowed her intention of waiting until she should be a prime and trim old maid before she should pick up a husband to care for her in her old age. So far as the old maid who wrote that paragraph is concerned—permit me to diverge to remark that no one but an old maid would have written it—I have not anything to say. She, having arrived at years of discretion (and valor) is her own mistress, so long as she does not see fit to marry, no one is any the loser but herself. And if the height of her ambition is to live and die an old maid, the accomplishment of the climax will not have any perceptible effect upon the question. Those to whom I am writing now are not the bright old dears who claim to be men haters, not the angelic creatures who living in a boarding house are content to spend their evenings alone or with meagre company, not the philosophical females whose rare example will add to the lustre of the martyrs—not to any of these but to another class, the sweet, bright, hopeful womanly girls who as yet have walked only a little way along that path of life towards the great goal. That a woman of talent, or taste, or refinement and of education may remain single even to the end of a well spent life I do not deny; but when one stops just for a moment to consider the great possibilities, the "might have beens," if only this good life had gone to strengthen and be strengthened by some one else's, then comes the realization or the fallacy. What are the arguments used to show that girls should not marry? They are the same old ones I have always heard. "If" says the old maid, "I had married a drunkard, if my husband should die and leave me with small means and a large family"—and so on. It takes a great stretch of an elastic imagination to grant this good reasoning, but supposing for the sake of argument it is. Let us apply it to the other side of the question and see how favorable the comparison will be then. Take the case mentioned; a school teacher, fair salary, some money saved, attractive, she is a desirable wife but declines the honor not because she does not like the man but on general principles. "Marriage is a lottery, I may draw a blank." Now, (follow this closely) if the bank in which the savings are invested becomes bankrupt next day, if smallpox breaks out and the schools are closed cutting off the income, if the teacher has no relatives, or if she has some and if they die, if blindness or sickness or a paralytic stroke or deafness should cut off the bread earning power, if other avenues are closed against her, if "friends forsake and brothers flee," if the visitation of God should make her homely or ugly or repulsive, if scandal should fasten its fangs on her, however innocent—if a thou'

sand and one conjectures were to become realities, where would our fine unmarried lady teacher be. True these afflictions are also likely to befall the married woman or man, or both, but they are part of the chances in the game of life. To-day I am alive, to-morrow I may be dead or a cripple or a pauper. There is no one who is more secure than his neighbor. But they say men drink and become drunkards, they play cards and become gamblers, and they do many wicked things of which we women do not know. Yes dear girls, men do, not all men but some men. Women take morphine and become victims, they take medicine and become hypochondriacs, and they do many other things of which we do not know. Yes this is true as you know yourselves many of you, not all women but some women. I know a woman whose heart is simply being broken by the neglect of her husband, who has turned out a worthless sot. I also know a man whose mind is nearly giving way beneath the strain of the burden which each day a despicable wife is adding to. And yet I say with every honesty and feeling, marriage is the honorable ambition of a noble woman. The world cannot be rid of all unhappiness. There must be some which will be divided most unequally, yet all will get a little and if they can't get it will make it. There is no paradise on this side Jordan's wave, and I don't care who the woman is, whether she earns her own living or has it as a dependence, or has an income of her own, she is a fool if she thinks she can simply by remaining single avoid doing her share toward bearing the burden of life, sorrows and joys, misery and happiness, all in all.

W. B.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA

Derby Sweepstakes

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\$20,000

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Second Horse..... 3,000 00  
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