

in large cities. The new development of rural lines of electric rapid transportation, which has scarcely more than begun as yet, it is hoped will counteract this influence, by giving the people greater freedom of movement, and enable them to secure the benefits of the many facilities of intellectual life which large cities afford, and at the same time retain their homes in the country, with fresh air and all other like advantages. This does not mean that the population will not continue to gravitate toward the large cities, but the area of the latter will be enlarged, so that there need not be such a density as to be uncomfortable, unhealthy and dangerous.

Already the old lines of railroad are feeling keenly the competition of electric railroads in many places, and it is even said that in some instances in the East the local trades of standard railroads have been withdrawn, but that is scarcely probable; on the other hand it is known that at least one road contemplated the project of constructing a trolley road to relieve its main line of a multitude of slow local trains, but there are few roads in the country that feel any such necessity. What probably will occur in the not remote future, when electric lines become numerous, will be a greater withdrawal of trade from the villages and the concentration of it in the city, where large and attractive stores and lower prices prevail, which are attractive to those who have been accustomed to dealing in village stores, with much more contracted facilities.

In the departure of Mr. W. A. Ward for the ranks of the Benedicts, Victoria batchelordom loses a most popular member and a thorough gentleman. He was led away last Wednesday evening in the presence of a vast number of his friends and acquaintances, the event being one of the most brilliant for a couple of seasons past. Mr. Ward is a young man, a native of Victoria and a credit to it both socially and commercially, being connected with one of the most enterprising and patriotic business houses in the Province, namely that of Robert Ward & Co., Ltd. His new partner, the one to share his joys, (for we all trust he will have no sorrows), is the daughter of Dr. J. C. Davie of this city, and is also a native Victorian, and popular in society circles.

The cable between here and Vancouver was in working order quite accidentally for twenty minutes during one day last week, and advantage was taken of the occasion to transmit some startling news. Victorians will tremble with fear when they learn that the people in Mr. Van Horne's village think they are big enough to walk by themselves, and want to be made a separate Province. But then youth is ever hot headed and, more often than not, misguided in its actions, so that I look upon this latest phase of the stupid cry for division as the ravings of a spoilt and pampered child. What would happen to Vancouver if Victoria turned away her countenance from the growing

child she is so proud of springing up beside her? There would be desolation pure and simple. Mr. Van Horne, its father, would not help it, for has it not mortally offended him by voting for to bonus an opposition road, and has he not shown that he intends to build right past Vancouver, first making it only a flag station on the line, that now circles this little footstool of the Divinity, and ultimately blotting out the name of Vancouver from the maps of the C. P. R. With the father cold and obdurate, and the protecting care of the mother cast off, what would the holy man who once sold bibles do? Victoria mortgages on Vancouver property would be foreclosed, and Mr. Van Horne would only allow one train a week to stop with mails.

Speaking of the severance of the sore-head section of the Province from this Island, I am of opinion that in Vancouver Island we have all the material which, if properly handled, will go to form a section of the Dominion powerful and rich enough to dictate its own terms to either the Government at Ottawa or to any other power. Of course, if the proper spirit prevailed, there would be no necessity for any severance; but there is a dog-in-the-manger crowd in and around Vancouver who would breed dissension among the angelic host itself. As Mr. Burbank remarked of one alleged gentleman from Vancouver, when the latter tried to raise the laugh on the former, if some one will drop that crowd from the top window, I will pay their funeral expenses, as their "whistle is not in the proper key."

A late issue of the *Astorian* contains a long article from the pen of its editor, Mr. John R. Rathom, who was for some time connected with a *Victoria* daily, on the evils of gambling. It will be no surprise to Mr. Rathom's friends to learn that he proposes to keep the *Astorian* "on the side of morality and of municipal and private honor." John R. tried to do the same thing with one or more papers during his residence in this city, and every one knows how well he succeeded.

I am pleased to see that the Chief Justice is no respecter of persons. The other day, in County Court, a legal light, who is said to resemble the Prince of Wales, attempted to have a case in which he was interested brought in before it was reached on the list in due course, thinking, no doubt, that his resemblance to royalty should weigh more with the Court than even the nobility. This the Chief Justice refused to allow, stating that other solicitors and suitors would claim the same privilege, thereby causing endless confusion. Not even for Lord Baltimore, the friend and favorite of the Court, could this be done.

A correspondent of the *Colonist* recently made a suggestion which I would like to see taken up in real earnest. After remarking that June 1st will be the fiftieth anniversary of the colonization of Vancouver Island, he says that it would not be a bad idea to extend the celebration of the Queen's Birthday over the last week so as to make June 1st a grand gala-day.

This seems to me a reasonable proposition and one which would prove of great benefit to the city. It would bring a large number of visitors to this city and consequently circulate a corresponding amount of cash. I hope to see this matter taken up at an early date.

Everyone with a normal appetite relishes a good square meal. If not there is something radically wrong with the running gears of the constitution. A hungry man does not want to sit down to a table covered with an untidy cloth and a beggarly account of empty dishes. Neither does he care for an elaborate show of fine plate and napkin rings. It is food, substantial, solid grub, something that will stick to his ribs, and make him vigorous and strong, that he hankers for. Besides he does not want a sameness of food. Liver may do for fifty or sixty meals in succession, but he does not want it as steady diet. No more does he relish all corned beef and cabbage, nor warmed over hash too frequently. He delights in a variety, daintily served up, fresh and hot. He relishes a delicate tit bit now and then by way of dessert; something to top off with, as it were. It is just the same with the hungry man who hungers for mental food. He wants something hearty to chew on. Food for solid thought that will increase his mental vigor and strengthen his brain power. He wants now and then a dainty morsel by way of joke, a bit of verse, a crumb of comfort. He enjoys a little pungent spice, even if a little tart now and then. Publishers of papers you cannot palm off stale hash, "liver diet" or mush to the satisfaction of readers. You can not fill their "hollow spot" with stale advertisements, and old "boiler plate," any more than you could nourish their stomachs with old scrap iron. You can not hope to nourish the brains of your readers with all dishes and no victuals. You can not cram their mental receptacles with long, dry, prosaic, articles. Why not give them a variety? Season their mental food with a dash of spice. Not pork and beans for every meal. A few bon bons, a little salad, a tempting dessert will make their meal all the more enjoyable. This is the kind of a paper THE HOME JOURNAL is, and that is the reason why it added nearly 800 names to its subscription list within the last four weeks.

PERE GRINATOR.

HE WASTES NO TIME NOW.

He was seated across the room.

"George," she said, "if a fire were to suddenly break out in the house, what would be your first impulse, do you think?"

"Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety and then do what I could to extinguish the flames."

"It would be very nice of you, my dear, to think of me first; but, if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time in running across the room?"

The Home Journal is copied every week by over 100 papers in Canada and the United States.