

These are the days of Messiahs and prophets, a large number of whom have sprung up lately. The latest is a Henry B. Foulke, whose hailing place is not far from the cultured Boston, so that it may be taken as assured that he is a person of much refinement. He claims to have gone through the process of incarnation quite extensively, no less than seven times, in order to become the saviour of this modern Israel. It is not known yet what his attitude will be on the silver and Chinese questions, or whether he will include tariff reform in his saving vocation, but his prophecy that socialism will "come out on top" is definite enough as showing his views in that direction. Of course he also prognosticates war and bloodshed, the old standbys of all these people who "gull" the public.

Notwithstanding the fact that the lacrosse boys played a draw game with the famous Shamrocks, the occasion was virtually a victory for the British Columbia contingent. It must have been a splendid spectacle, any of those matches, to see the veterans of the national game bite the dust before this team from the far and comparatively unknown west, but there seems to have been general good feeling on both sides over the result. That is the proper way to take defeat and bear the honors of victory, and it is to be hoped that the boys will be just as quick to take that pointer as they were to get onto the beautiful combination of the Shamrocks. Even if they do not win another match in this tour, the boys have placed a feather in British Columbia's cap that British Columbians may well be proud of, for the easterners will have been shown that we grow something else in this province besides mountains and big trees. From all quarters the reports of the team are favorable, both as to their personnel and playing; not

an unfavorable comment has been passed upon them anywhere. Well done, boys, let the good work go on.

The Cornwalls declined to put up the necessary guarantee to cover the Victoria team's expenses, and therefore the match in that town was declared off. This is to be very much regretted, for it was one of the events to which the team principally looked forward. It cannot surely be that the very stronghold of lacrosse feared to meet the western lads because the latter had humbled Montreal and Toronto, but the casual observer would say that such is the case. However, the matter may yet be arranged before the homeward trip is taken. The result of this tour suggests the advisability of instituting a Canadian championship series which shall embrace Canada as a whole. It has been shown that the west is not behind the east in the national pastime, why then should the championship of Canada be confined to Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Cornwall? The matter is no doubt worth thinking over. The details could be arranged at a conference of the various authorities of lacrosse, so that the expense of transportation might be minimised.

One of the fathers of confederation has been swept away by time's scythe, in the person of Sir A. T. Galt, whose career has been closely identified with that of Canada from the time when she really commenced her career as a nation. He was also a shrewd investor, and took advantage of the opportunities which offered, and from which so many who were before then obscure men, emerged millionaires and public figures. As a public speaker, the deceased gentleman was more brilliant perhaps than forceful, except when he came to handle monetary statistics, in which he excelled. Sir A. T. Galt

will be missed in Montreal, where, besides having large interests, he did a great deal of good.

The Merchant's Exchange is the latest institution to make its appearance, and is one which, if properly conducted, will fill a long felt want. Some place where merchants and business men could profitably spend the midday hour, was badly needed; a place where they could be brought together for mutual benefit, and where they can read the papers and magazines relating to their respective callings. In fact, this should have been started long ago; but better late than never.

"A Local Preacher" takes Magistrate Macrae severely to task for some utterances of the latter in the course of his magisterial functions. It seems the worthy magistrate made some remark about a local preacher, which the gentleman first mentioned took as an insult to the fraternity, and forthwith proceeds to preach to Mr. Macrae. The sermon would be all right if it were not that "Local Preacher," in defining the brotherhood, only mentions three names—the Apostle Paul, Spurgeon and Moody—and states that this brotherhood receive no money for their work. I am not in a position to speak authentically about Paul's disinterestedness, but I certainly know that neither Spurgeon nor Moody went into the business for their health; on the contrary, they made a good thing out of it, and earned lots of money on the side from the publication of hymn books, tracts, pamphlets and so forth. "A Local Preacher" must be mistaken in this instance, however, for Mr. Macrae is too much of a gentleman to insult anyone, either directly or by innuendo.

PERE GRINATOR.

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL.

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