

is ours? I never dreamt that there were so many adjectives in the dictionary, or that *caed mille failthe* could possibly be expressed in so many pleasant words. And his poor excellency! He meant to say "thank you" in reply to each and every address, and yet he had to beat around the bush and speak for hours to get at it. But I suppose this virtue of bearing what would be to an ordinary man persecution, is inherited by Governor General's and such exalted beings. Is their life an enviable one? They cannot see things as others see them—they have not the opportunity. Before a distinguished visitor arrives in a city, special preparations are made for the reception, and he sees everything in its best shape. Public institutions have to be visited, and they no doubt are made to look their best for the occasion—everything, in fact, is presented in bright colors. But the visit over, things are seen as they are, not as they ought to be. It is the latter view the visitor gets.

Sir Charles H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, will reach here within a few days. The Young Conservatives of Winnipeg are arranging a reception for Sir Charles on his return to that city from the coast, and no doubt other cities along the C. P. R. will follow suit. I have not heard if any movement in this direction is being made by Victoria Conservatives. Sir Charles is an eloquent speaker, and no doubt he would be able to brush away a few of Laurier's "freedom in trade" theories. By all means let us hear Sir Charles. "This is no sapling chance sown by the fountain; the longer it stands the firmer it grows."

This paper is in receipt of several letters in reply to "A King's Daughter." For various reasons, with the exception of the letter signed "S. L. W.," which fol-

lows this paragraph, it was considered prudent to deny them publication. The one signed "Scarlet Woman," from the fact of its insolent tone, could not be published under any circumstances, but for the information of the writer it may be said "A King's Daughter" is a woman, and a respectable woman. A careful perusal of her letter should have revealed the fact that she has the merit of frankness, and despises hypocrisy. The following is "S. L. W.'s" letter:

"SIR.—Will you allow me a small space in your valuable paper to touch upon a few points which struck me on reading the letter published in your issue of last Saturday, from a "King's Daughter," and touching the question of social evil. It was with much surprise that I read the sentence: "I loathe fallen women as I loathe a running sore." Is it possible that a woman calling herself a Christian (the title "King's Daughter," I presume implies that fact) can hold for one moment so uncharitable a sentiment? I think she will find that Christ through all his teachings, condemns more severely the sins of uncharitableness and hypocrisy than that for which our "fallen sisters," as they are termed, suffer so severely. Those amongst us whose surroundings have been such as almost to prevent the possibility of a deviation from the orthodox paths of rectitude, must not dare to sit in judgment upon the lives of those less fortunate women, of whose circumstances, dispositions and temptations we can know nothing, and the misery of whose lives none but themselves can realize. My heart is indeed full of pity for the wives and children, but also for my "fallen sisters," for they are as much a part of humanity as the so called virtuous, and I hold firmly to the belief that it is only through women joining hands together and helping women, of whatever class, that any change for the better can take place in the

present social conditions, and not by loathing one set of victims of such conditions.—S.L.W."

As a delicate acknowledgement of my deep friendship for President Robert Irving, of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society, and as a slight recognition of the anniversary of Scotland's patron saint, I publish in another column a letter from the *London Times*, which gives a beautiful word picture of the famous relief of Lucknow. I have not the honor of being a Scotchman myself, but I can assure my Scotch friends, as a man who in his time has rendered some trifling service to his country and Queen, that the music of the bagpipes is dearer to me than that which is produced on any other musical instrument. In Britain's history the pibroch has played a noble part.

Sir Adolphe Caron's decision to hold back the provisional allowance from the striking post office clerks and mail carriers will not have the effect of redeeming his reputation in this city. Sir Adolphe, by his action, has demonstrated that in addition to his other bad qualities, he is a tyrant. It was not the fault of the letter carriers that they struck. After making repeated applications to the Postmaster-General to redress their grievances, they were compelled to quit work in order that their case should receive attention. It looks as if Postmaster-General Caron had about completed the process of self-strangulation.

The annual social dance of Court Vancouver, No. 5,755, A. O. F., will be held in A.O.U.W. hall, on Wednesday, Dec. 12th. Richardson's orchestra will be in attendance.

On account of slim attendance, the debate advertised to take place under the auspices of the Diocesan Literary and Scientific Society, Tuesday evening, was adjourned.