

shores and on the banks of lakes and streams through the various localities in the district. Such a road would quickly make parts of this district one of the choicest suburban territories adjoining Victoria.

Another road which has long been contemplated, is an automobile road along the sand beach outside the lagoon extending parallel with the coast from Colwood; and which would extend on through a beautiful wooded country and on, connected with the other well-known roads in the vicinity.

shores in the summer-time, and as it is a natural highway, there would be comparatively little labor making it, except for bridging the space between the Mainland and the beginning of the beach.

The sense of prosperity which reigns in all of these districts speaks more than mere words of the richness of its resources, and the advantages which have been taken of these riches. It is an old-settled district. The farmers have an air of permanence. The very fences show signs of age.

more eagerly sought for than the present inhabitants may dream they will be. For summer residences, there are a myriad of advantages. And in the winter the mildness of the climate makes it a most enjoyable residential abiding-place.

A number of poultry farms are found in different localities in the districts, and they have been uniformly successful. There is a splendid field for the poultry raiser in this particular part of the island, and with increased and better transportation, the industry would be largely developed and increased.

Already these districts have taken a notable rank as sheep-producing localities, the

grade of mutton raised and the quality of wool both being taken into consideration. Altogether the Colwood and Methosin, the Rocky Point, William Head, Albert Head, Goldstream, Highlands and Happy Valley country presents innumerable attractions to the home-seeker and the colonist seeking fruit-growing and mixed farming-land.

At such close proximity to Victoria, it seemed astonishing to me that there were no sawmills of any size, as the dimensions and quantity of the timber certainly appeared to warrant the running of some big mills. Some particularly fine fit and cedar timber was observable from the roads we travelled over, together with some clumps of spruce that were as fine as any I have seen on the Island.

There is plenty of excellent water all through the country. Indeed, the districts are

noted for the purity of their water supply. The proximity of the sea to many of the fruit-growing districts not only is not a detriment to the horticulturist, but a positive benefit, for nowhere than close to the shore did I find apple-trees showing such vigor and perfection. Many of the farms have springs of good size, and can, if they choose, irrigate their places at a nominal expense.

Coming home through roads scented with the health-giving odors of the surrounding woods, mingled with the salt tang rising from the adjoining shores, was a journey unmarked by the presence of anyone until we met Mr. C. E. Griffiths, on his faithful and dale, down with him we curved over the twilight, until the lights at William Head twinkled a welcome through the curtaining shades.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

By Prof. Frederick Star

THE WOMEN MEN MARRY

By Prof. Frederick Star

The conservatism of woman is perhaps her most striking characteristic. If this is true, it is certain that in the life of woman we must expect to find more of the characteristics of barbarism and savagery than in the life of man.

Take the matter of daily dress. Why among ourselves is the dress of the two sexes so different? Because woman is conservative. Space lacks for the full discussion of the history of dress; we must content ourselves with a mere sketch.

What is the origin of dress? Three answers have been made. It is due to modesty, to the need of protection, to the desire for distinction.

It is probable that the first has never been the actual reason for dress development. The feeling of modesty appears to be subsequent to dress and due to it.

Dress begins in the desire for distinction; in other words, it is decorative and of conventional value. It is carried on the body seem to have been trophies of the chase or killing. The successful hunter carries on his skin the teeth or claws of the animals that he has slain.

Lippert recognizes two types of dress to which he gives the names of northern and southern. The southern type of dress is directly developed from the shoulder cape and waist skirt. Its idea is covering and decoration.

The northern type of dress embodies as its chief idea convenience and practicality; the ornamental element is but a secondary consideration. It includes the skin clothing of the Eskimos and the protective idea is evident.

It would be, however, a great mistake to assume that woman only is conservative. The draped dress of an ancient Rome remains in use among the certain class of men of all men the ecclesiastic is conservative. We may find many a survival of the past in the life of woman, but we find quite as many in the life of the priest.

The toga of the old Roman was indeed far from savagery. In our latest illustrating an interesting survival, is far from savagery; but in her fondness for genuine trophies, for evidence savagery is still more notable. The other day, upon the streets of fourteen birds set upright side by side as decorations. Outside of a few admitted primitive trophies, for skins and furs which man has passed away, but women still love to load themselves with the bells of seals, walrus and lynx.

The more realistic fact of death is made, the better on the whole. The men seem to be satisfied. The horrid of the killed animal adds to the attractiveness of many of these trophy

decorations. The wearing of feathers and breasts of birds is an example of woman's fondness for bright colors, a characteristic of savagery.

This shows itself of course also in the fabrics used for woman's dress. In the whole the more brilliant and striking these are, the better pleased the wearers. It is true that this season is notable for the rich but subdued colors of our great establishments must impress everyone who inspects them.

There are no doubt some who feel that these rich and subdued colorings are a hopeful sign for the future, but be sure it is a passing fad. Another reason of two at most will see us at the other extreme; the woman herself will not be long content with the present state; we shall again see the most brilliant and startling colors.

In the upper Congo district the women of many tribes wear labrets. These are carved holes in the lower lip. The river banks near Ekulu are graced by these labrets.

The savage custom of perforation of the ear for the carrying of ornaments has practically disappeared. In men and color are added; the woman still continues to wear ear-rings. It is true that for a period she showed signs of abandoning the custom, but the tendency appears to be toward its reappearance. And aside from ear-rings, woman, of course, is still the pebbles and the smooth stones and gaudy flash of precious stones.

For her they have the same attraction that the shining quartz pebbles have for her savage sister. Jewelry in civilization is an incongruity. In a democracy it is even worse. Where the savage man is in growth and favor, under a republican government, the signs for the future are indeed threatening. In such a democracy, the signs for the future are indeed threatening.

The savage and the barbarian are strong signs of savagery. Hair-dressing among the central Africans is a matter of labor, time, and art. Among both men and women natural deficiencies in bulk are compensated by artificial substitutes.

But of course it is not only in dress and adornment that woman keeps savagery alive. There are scores of ways of doing things in which men differ from women among ourselves, which ultimately find their reason in the survival of savagery. Woman does not even turn a doorknob as man does, nor is her method that suited to the survival of savagery. Woman does not even turn a doorknob as man does, nor is her method that suited to the survival of savagery.

Why should woman have these conservative methods of procedure? It is not easy to fully answer the inquiry. It is probable, however, that it has to do with the religions of savagery. Throughout savagery and barbarism considerable stress is given to ceremonial circuit. Suppose the Pueblo Indian is sprinkling sacred meal; it is a matter of consequence in what order he observes the cardinal points. He sprinkles to the north, the

west, the south, the east, and up and down; he is careful to observe this order exactly. It will be noticed that this circuit is contrary to the clock hand movement. It is called "sinistral." The circuit from north by east through south to west is dextral, or clockwise.

When Indians of any tribe are seeking the peace pipe it is passed from hand to hand around the circle. The direction of movement in any case is fixed. When a sacred object is carried in religious procession, the ceremonial circuit may vary from people to people, but for a given population is fixed and definite. In other words, direction of circular movement is a matter of serious consequence through savage and barbaric life.

Through it ideas of "proper" ways of movement have become fixed. There are some reasons to think that, on the whole, sinistral movement is the favorite through savagery and barbarism. For whatever reason, man, in making tools and mechanisms, prefers the dextral movement. The fact that woman so constantly prefers the other is no doubt due to conservatism.

anted in fact; while the savage cannot give a reason, he can often afterwards say, "I told you so."

Among ourselves, woman's intuition is proverbial. Her inability to assign a reason is daily evidenced by constant answering of inquiries with the simple word, "because." It is partly through this intuitive feeling and instinctive action upon intuition; that on the whole, woman is quicker than man among ourselves to respond to the appeal of principle. Probably there are nine times as many women as men among ourselves, who have reached a sound conviction regarding the problem of the Philippines. The savage is rarely politic; he does not hold his decisions in the balance. He is of the whole less cautiously influenced by selfish motives than the civilized man. So, too, is civilized woman.

Religion is conservative. We have already emphasized the conservatism of the religious. Generally, man grows away from religion. Among ourselves the churches maintain their hold on men only, by be-

heard one say to her son, "God don't like little boys who won't wash their hands and face."

Yes, woman lives in an old, old world; she thinks the old thoughts, feels the old emotions; she is moved by the old impulses; she dresses in the old gauds; she is thrilled by the world-old hopes and fears. There is only one older member of society; there is only one other that can contest with her. The child, of course, is the older of human beings; the woman is next nearest to the childhood of the race; and the priest comes third.

Savagery is not bad in itself, nor is barbarism; civilization is no better than either. They are different. Conservatism is not a thing to be condemned; it is essential. Without conservative elements there would long since have come chaos. Woman is conservative because "Anabolic" words imply each other.

The difference between the sexes begins in plant life. To overlook the profound difference between the male and female is suicide. Woman is and will be conservative as long as she

considers only those in the intellectual life; the habit of letters in education. What is true within that field is equally true in the world of business and labor. The prosperity may be the continuance of the race depends upon the rigid assertion of the fundamental difference between man and woman.

No one in his senses denies that woman can take a course of higher education. She can sit in the same classes, recite to the same teachers, take the same degrees as man. She can at times make a phenomenal record, and I suppose it is true that in Boston University she has even taken all the honors in her class. In the nature of things she shines in certain lines of study. On the whole she does not take to science; nor does she excel in those subjects where reasoning and logic are demanded. Can one anywhere actually point to a single first class achievement in literature in science, in art by woman? In literary clubs and study classes—really a most interesting subject of investigation—the standards and methods which astound the serious male student. Nothing more interesting can be imagined than the conversation of a group of women who are discussing the programme and the papers of their last gathering.

But nature is not fooled. The difference between man and woman is not a matter of degree, but of kind. What is the franchise? It is not a privilege of the educated or wealthy. It ought not to be subject to property or educational qualifications. It should not be the property of an ever-increasing class hemmed in by district schools. It is not a reward to be given as the reward of merit. It is the only defense of rich and poor, of wise and foolish, of strong and weak. Woman needs the franchise and is right in asking for it. Nothing in the demand threatens the male functions. It is only in her struggle to secure what is her simple right, that there is danger of her neglecting her duties.

both halves of the higher classes enter the same field, turn out the same product, demonstrate their similarity, perpetuation is impossible. Pollen is made only as a harvest.

It is often asserted that the male college graduate is loth to marry; he marries less certainly, and at a later age. The more he devotes himself to a truly intellectual life, the more likely this uncertainty and postponement of marriage becomes. It is also a matter of common observation that the families of intellectuals are being dwindled. It is also a matter of common observation that the families of intellectuals have been produced in fact, presumably a considerable part of the reason is to be found in the recent higher education. The intellectual man is little likely to look much outside his group for a life partner. He does not care much for the blue-blooded and the on her part has all the tendency to defer marriage and devote herself to literary pursuits which, in a later stage, shows. The result is an increasing number of unmarried of both sexes in that group. It is suggested in this same line to those who often too pushing and aggressive man of business, who plans and does great things for his people, to the slight and the gloomy butterfly, who retains with savagery, sufficient anabolism to give at least some hope for the future.

In the future, however, the present demand of women for the ballot. In it there lies no danger for the race. The woman who demands the political right of franchise does not thereby unfit herself for natural living. To seek to do man's work and to ask a vote are not in the same category. What is the franchise? It is not a privilege of the educated or wealthy. It ought not to be subject to property or educational qualifications. It should not be the property of an ever-increasing class hemmed in by district schools. It is not a reward to be given as the reward of merit. It is the only defense of rich and poor, of wise and foolish, of strong and weak. Woman needs the franchise and is right in asking for it. Nothing in the demand threatens the male functions. It is only in her struggle to secure what is her simple right, that there is danger of her neglecting her duties.

ASLEEP AT THE CIRCUS

By J. W. Foley

Now the last roasted peanut is swallowed. The last clown has gone on parade. The last sugared pop-corn been followed. The last of the last-come, Jewry, His eyes, once so big, that shone brightly through at the glad afternoon. Are shut and his fingers close tightly. And cling to his gaudy balloon.

The last acrobat's been applauded. And shuffled his way from the mat; The last bareback rider's been lauded; The clown, with his sugar-loaf hat has gone with his powder and spangles.

The diver has made his last leap. And here in my arms are brown tanglers Of curls, and a boy fast asleep.

One stinky hand rests on my shoulder. One holds fast the gaudy balloon. That shrinks, and before it's much older Will fade like the glad afternoon.

His dreams, it may be, of the maddest Of somersaults, recklessly hurled; The trestled, sleepest, gladdest And stickiest lad in the world!

And oh, but the spangles were splendid! And oh, but the music was grand! The side-splitting clown laughter blended With soul-stirring airs by the band. Till naught of his glad marvels remain Save what in his dreams he may keep.

As he clasps his balloon with close fingers. And rests in my arms, fast asleep. And so from these joys without number. Ere aught of the glitter was gone. He went to his dream-laden slumber. Where on plays the music, and on. For him all the revel is maddest. For him not a flag has been furled. The trestled, sleepest, gladdest And stickiest lad in the world!

—Youth's Companion.

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is of indisputable Hibernian origin, though the date of its composition is not certain; but Arthur O'Neill, the celebrated harper, informed Bunting, the greatest authority on Ireland's ancient music that we have, that it had been taught him when he was little more than a child (he was born in 1780) by Owen Keenan, who had had it from a previous harper. O'Neill died in 1815, at the age of eighty-five. As the British army has been largely composed of Irishmen, especially in the foot regiments, ever since the days of Ellinboro, it is conceivable that the musical men of Erin brought the tune into the English bands as a sort of heirloom of their native land. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," according to military tradition, became the parting tune of the

British army and navy about the middle of the eighteenth century. The air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was appropriated by Moore for his poetry in "The Slow Air Slow Our Ships." The tune, since it first became popular, has been played for nearly two centuries as a march to depart, a man-of-war weighs anchor, and when a regiment quits the town in which it has been quartered; consequently it has been carried wherever British soldiers and British mariners go. I give the two first stanzas of the Irish version of the song, as sung in camp and on the battlefield; though, of course, it is not the lyric that was first done in Ireland—that is lost in obscurity.

The dames of France are fond and free, And French ligs are willing, And not the English are fond of me, And Spanish eyes are thrilling. Still, though I bask beneath their smiles, Their charms will all fade, And my heart falls back to Erin's isle, To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And purer than his water, But she refused to be my bride, Though many a year I have been here. Yet since to France I sailed away, Her letters oft remind me, That I promised never to gainay The girl I left behind me.

In one of the regiments quartered in the south of England a century and a half ago, there was an Irish bandmaster who had the not uncommon peculiarity with the song, as sung in being able to fall in love in ten minutes with any attractive girl he might chance to meet. It never hurt him much, however, for he fell out again as readily as he fell in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town the regiment passed through. Whenever the troops were leaving a place where he had a sweetheart, he ordered the band to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which, even then, as I have indicated, was an old Irish melody. The story of his accommodating heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of the officers and soldiers, began to use the tune as a parting melody, and by the middle of the eighteenth century it was accounted disrespectful to the ladies of the garrison and the town to march away without playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and in this wise it became a stock piece in the repertoire of every British band throughout the wide world.—T. P. S.

A False Promise. A prominent Western attorney relates the following story recently at a dinner in Washington. "My dear friend," said he, "I attended in New York City a certain dinner, and I was very near me leaped hurriedly to his feet and said to his wife who was with him: 'My dear, I hear an alarm of fire, and must go and see where it is.' He, however, in this wise it became acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' he remarked on his return. 'No water, either,' said his wife, 'soberly.'



Why is Vancouver Island Called "Treasure Island"?—A Fruit-Grower's Answer.

However brave and warlike, the savage recognizes his own weakness. Savage warfare is by strategy and ruse. So deep-seated is savage distrust and suspicion that even in argument and discussion he prefers the round-about instead of the straightforward. Savage ingenuity in gaining ends through deception, ruse, and treachery, has become proverbial. Civilized woman retains these practices of savagery. When it would seem equally easy for her to gain her end by straightforward and direct methods she delights to resort to sinuous means and duplicity. Woman's treachery is largely guided by his instinct and intuitions. He thinks to be asked the cause and purpose of his action; frequently because he has no genuine reason. He is quick and sudden in his likes and dislikes. He will form the most remarkable self-sacrificing friendships with no evident reason, and on the other hand will cherish deep aversions toward those who have never harmed him. On the whole, it must be confessed that these unreasonable prejudices prove often to be war-

coming social clubs or "keeping the emotions highly strung." In the more scholarly sects the number of men diminishes notably. It is unnecessary to name the denomination, certainly when the most logical and scholarly, where it is laughingly claimed that "there are seven women to one man." When the hold of religion loosens upon a community, woman remains its chief supporter because of her innate conservatism.

But woman's religion is also notably that of lower culture; she is always seeing signs in everything; she avoids having thirteen at her table, and starting on a journey on Friday; she is the chief supporter of the spiritualistic mediums. She is the founder of new sects in which the religious attitude of savagery is given high sounding names and maintained by the most select individuals; she dabbles constantly in the occult. And spiritualism and mental science and the occult are among the oldest ideas of savagery. And when she reaches the ideal of God, how naive and crudely anthropomorphic is her real conception! A few days since we

race lasts. She will continue to be a better picture of the savage than man. She is neither worse nor better than man in the abstract—what ever she may be in the concrete—but she is different. She complements the man, hence, of course, she is encouraged and will be encouraged to be the savage. Man likes her trophies, her skins and her pelts, her paints and rouges, her gems and lawdy fineries. Even if she preferred the lovely shades and refined gowns of the present season, he would tire of them; and in this, not only his own taste for these savage displays shows itself, but the idea comes in of his desire, through her, to show his wealth and success in the world of active strife outside.

We live at a moment when a great experiment is in full swing. Woman today demands an equal opportunity with man; she wishes to enter into open competition, with him in every field of labor; she wishes to demonstrate her equal ability with him to achieve great things in civilization. The conditions might be discussed in each field separately. We will con-

SEN'S FARM MEHOSIN

future; here might come the seasons and smiling harvests, and plenty. Just the white buds above to wave a signal as st, just the rare note of a low-lark to echo in the stillness. A few dust of the country road in its own lethargy, and the beside hives echoed of Hybla's and the drip of treasured sweets oombs. Here the clover lifted tops, or reddened on the s. Scarcely was there the ob-man form; or the clash of a mar the sense of brooding flowers, and grasses, long yellow sunshine, a bird-note, green leaves by wayward s, and the spirit of dreams. ppy Valley!"

one famous farming country all around in these districts, all capable of producing mag-pops if properly handled. There is which this district should particularly a system of electric h a system could go through s farming districts and would ood in opening up territory utalized in small fruit farms ns, and which would afford tant carriage for the farmers usiness. Such a system could hails, and in this way facilitate ough the different districts. It and thing also, if one or two arves were built, especially at roads now being opened up to e district. This would enable ight in by water, and pending of an electric tramway would ice in sending in produce to a receiving mail and supplies road would open up parts of ch are eminently fitted for beauty-spots that lie along the