

dependence. The Minister of Finance, Mr. Jas. H. Falconer, who proudly recognizes the whole British Empire as his country, and rejoices that Canada is a part of that nation, was not prepared to go as far as his colleagues in advocating the disintegration of the Empire, and resigned his portfolio. He gave good reasons for his manly course, and contended, rightly so, that his devotion and regard for the achievements of British genius all the world over did not detract from his loyalty to Canada or his love for the emblem which we all love, the maple leaf. Mr. Falconer admires British institutions and rule, and is not prepared to deprive himself of the honor of being a citizen of the greatest country on earth. All honor to Mr. Falconer for the noble course he has pursued.

The question now arises, will the Government resign? It would be the most honorable course to pursue, and I know for a fact that the leader of the Government "is an honorable man; so are they all, all honorable men."

Now that I am discussing the political situation, I would like to suggest that there is no excuse for the coarse personalities sometimes indulged in by a certain honorable gentleman. It is a pity a word of criticism cannot be offered against a political opponent without descending to a kind of abuse, so popular among the very lowest types of common humanity. Some men mistake violence of utterance for argument, forgetting that it is their own vocabulary which is short. Vituperation in argument weakens the point. I have no desire to single out the person who thus resorts to abuse in order to knock-out an opponent; but I would say that his venom is, like his sarcasm, too transparent to effect the desired end. It is a boomerang which, when it recoils, must result in the complete annihilation of his party.

The daily papers have another bone of contention to pick, taken out of the carcase of the school question, and they are gnawing at it with all their might, and with the most unreasoning frenzy. I glanced down the columns of the morning paper, the other day, and in one of those domestic quarrel editorials, I counted the name of the evening paper no less than ten times. In the

evening paper, the number was repeated, and gone five better. All this is edifying to the public who like to see these public questions discussed with soberness, learning and dignity.

In the recent municipal elections not a word was said, although it is of the utmost importance that proper men be elected. Yet the papers were silent, and every Tom, Dick and Harry with an axe to grind was running for municipal honors. It struck me that if the greater portion of the crowd that ran had been elected, the first duty of the new board would necessarily have been to pass an appropriation for soap and towels; the second, to establish a night school for aldermen. Yet the public never received a word of advice or guidance in selecting their representatives to the civic government.

I think, though, that the electors made a very good choice out of the material they had to select from. There certainly could not be a better mayor than Mr. Beaven, and of the Council, the re-elected ones have already been tried, and although probably they could have done better, they have not done badly.

There are murmurs in the divorce court of pending proceedings between a gentleman in holy orders and his wife, a medical practitioner of some repute being the co-respondent. This is sin indeed in high places; and where are we lesser mortals to look for an example?

I learn on good authority that a new league, to be known as the Leap Year Club, has been organized in this city. So quietly have all the preliminary arrangements been made that no hint of them has crept out to the scoffing, jeering public, which could be expected to greet these preparations for a most important campaign with anything else than a roar of laughter. To give too many details of this new club would be to incur the wrath of its members, old and young. They range in point of age anywhere from 17 to 75, and each one has pledged herself solemnly to offer her hand and heart to some man before the midnight bells on the 31st of December ring the knell of 1892. The best methods of proceeding to this momentous undertaking have all been

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