

unable to compete with their more who, instead of inability and hard- at our hands en- stance. Let any- matter impartially, that this kind of almost exclusively businesses of a ker and the miller are but different of production, each community. Mill- re rapidly central- wealth than baking, ally carried on by way. The inves- the baker is com- eral rate of taxa- ed in the business, ever city water he , and to pay a ege of earning his food for his fellow thy miller is given tion from taxation . The carrying of k or in a street car ins to the same end, ons they furnish a le the hackman is ence for using the common with all ence gives him no -in a business which and is only profit- ublic requirements, a as handed over to ear up and obstruct es, and leaves them ury wretchedness for o the inconvenience ublic, to build lines d suburbs, more with cketing speculative ng passengers; to s to a management commodation of the the least considera- n its employes, how- cient, in a subordi- ne hardest toil and at which humanity k and live; to bor- duct the enterprise the city, and to per- of the disagreeable day of a generation

THE COURT.

Assizes held in this caused an unusual it on account of the cases on the docket the offences. The do not, however, of serious reflection ad political condition the prisoners belong might be expected in

this western country. From the nature of the offences one would expect to see hardened-faced criminals step into the box when the indictments are read; but in many cases you are disappointed, for men of prepossessing appearance very often have the gravest charges hanging over their heads.

The appearance of the Court-room is not striking, and there is nothing in the manner of conducting the cases that is strange to an old country resident, although to a citizen of the United States the wigs and gowns would be subjects of curiosity. The spectators, as a rule, attend out of morbid curiosity, as was demonstrated when Mr. Justice Crease cleared the court during the progress of one of the cases. Those who were excluded showed their displeasure by grumbling and rushing into the court again when the doors were opened.

Everybody was pleased with the manner in which Justice Crease conducted the court. His lordship, when he first entered the court-room on Monday morning, told the jurors and spectators that he would hurry things up as far as was consistent with justice, so that jurors would not be kept away from their business any longer than was absolutely necessary. He kept his promise by always being present at the appointed time and not allowing the lawyers to waste too much time. He took the best way of quieting the court when necessary, viz., by just saying "gentlemen." After that word had been uttered the court-room was as sweet as could be. His lordship was very considerate to the prisoners, who were not represented by counsel, giving them advice by which they could take advantage of legal points.

There was some talk about the Chief Justice hearing the Musgrave case, but that is easily explained by the fact that Mr. Lindley Crease, son of Mr. Justice Crease, was acting for the defence. The law journals have published a number of articles lately commenting on cases wherein a justice's relative practised before his father.

It was very noticeable that a great many of those brought up for different offences got off "scot free." This does not reflect on the prosecution, although the only case that was stubbornly fought was that of John Day, charged with receiving stolen goods. In the other cases the jury was left to decide upon the evidence without any long speeches from counsel.

BLACKSTONE.

DOTS AND DASHES.

All the literary work of THE HOME JOURNAL is done by contribution, and

consequently expresses the opinions of the writers. No attempt at consistency is made; but contributors should refrain from writing anything that will give offence to any person. This week several articles have been refused on account of the grossly offensive style of the writers. There is no law to prevent people from being ladies and gentlemen.

First Lady, on the electric car—Please let me off at Blanchard street.

Second Lady—Let me out at Vancouver street.

New Conductor—Well, begorra, the two o'yez got arn tergether and yez'll get arf together.

A certain class of Canadians sometimes grumble to the effect that, if they had a good magazine, they would support.—Empire.

Modesty forbids us asking "What's the matter with THE HOME JOURNAL?"

At the marriage of a young and charming girl to an old and infirm man: Mr. B.—"Poor Clara! What a pity she should sell herself to that wheezy old skeleton." Mrs. B.—My dear, it is not a sale, only a lease.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

I HAVE always been more or less partial to that young lawyer, Mr. E. V. Bodwell. He's capital company and thoroughly whole-souled; but, unless one thoroughly knows him, that is about all one would give him credit for. But he is coming out very rapidly. He had charge, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Wilson, in a libel suit against the Times recently, and I was surprised to see the tact he used and the ability he displayed in handling his facts. He makes a capital speech, too, particularly in appeal. His declamation is not very grand, nor is his style original; but he is clever and convincing in a straightforward, open way, and, to use a vulgarism, "he gets there every time" with the Bench. His speech at the assizes in defence of young Musgrave the other day was, to say the least, clever. Ernest, my boy, eyes are upon you. Go on.

Speaking of judges, juries and lawyers the other day, the Hon. Robert Beaven gave expression to the remark that one was struck with the "more intelligent appearance of the judges without those wigs," and I really agreed with him.

The old reliable and screamingly funny farce The School Trustee Meeting was repeated, with new scenery and added effects, on Saturday night last. There was not a very large audience,

but those present were keenly appreciative, particularly the press representatives. At that part of the performance where the chairman of the disorganised and mutinous board is supposed to call wildly for the police, the press men, mistaking the performance for real life, rushed out for the officers of the law. The obliging and law-abiding press men returned with not only the chief of police, but armed themselves to the teeth with an old Hudson's Bay revolver, an ancient six-muzzler with flint lock. This was laid on the press table for use if necessary; but with the self-sacrifice characteristic of the profession, the newspaper men, seeing that the chairman was in probable danger, magnanimously placed at the disposal of that dignitary the use of the protective weapon. It was declined, and the disappointed journalists retired to the nearest saloon to grieve over the ingratitude of human nature generally. A full account of the performance will be found in the daily papers. It was well worth seeing, and was dirt cheap at the price.

As was naturally to be expected, my remarks anent the city church choirs last week has raised a perfect hurricane of abuse round my undevoted ears. Why were not such and such and sundry circumstances taken into consideration? Why was not this and that allowed for? Really, I don't see where any injustice was done. In several of the churches a fairly good effort is made, but generally there is more or less an absence of musical culture, ability or taste. There are a few good soloists in town. Mr. Clement Rowlands is a finished musician, with a voice full of resonance and power, but his articulation is faulty and he is indistinct at a distance. Still, one almost overlooks this in view of his finished execution and vocalization. Mr. Herbert Kent has a voice not very resourceful, it is true, but very carefully trained. He makes a great deal of music out of it. And there are two or three others. But the choir singing is not good. Time, method—everything, is thrown to the winds; the organist goes one road and the choir another, while the congregation suffers the excruciating agony of being compelled to listen.

PERE GRINATOR.

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