

Government Buildings, advertises in all Sound papers for foreign architects to send in plans. One American architect has already established himself here to prepare plans so as to avoid paying duty on imported plans, which, very justly, is rather high. A Mr. Skillard, an American architect, has also received the attention of the Land office in reply to his enquiries for particulars. These gentlemen officials must know that their very salaries are in part paid by the local architects, and, in return, strangers are pitted against them, whose very country is so keenly on their side that even poor Indian hop pickers are debarred from earning a few dollars on the sacred soil, in case they prejudice the native sons of toil. Is that the way for us to encourage local industry?

In the name of the widest latitudinarianism, how is it that successive city councils have tolerated the insufferable Chinese nuisance of burying in our cemetery? What Philo-Chinese introduced them at the start? What caused our Indian mutiny? Too much toleration in religious matters. Look at Quadra street cemetery. Their heathen altars erected and subsequently part torn down, their pagan rites and orgies carried on to the disgrace of a Christian community, in the very spot hallowed to our departed dead! In most instances, our cemeteries or church yards are consecrated with solemn ceremonies to the repose of absent friends. Here we love to linger over the graves of remembered friends or relatives to recall endearing traits of character, to imagine the sound of a voice silent forever! We lift our eyes and there is a band of thoughtless heathen revelling in roast pork and accompaniments, at other times disinterring the remains and bone-scraping preparatory to shipping off to their beloved Flowery Land. It is not right nor should it be tolerated. Let them acquire their own piece of ground where all the disgusting processes need no longer shock our feelings or senses.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, etc. Never was this hackneyed distich more aptly illustrated than in two instances lately before our eyes. One instance is that of the unmanly and unneighborly quarantine regulations of the terminal city which have at last mildly been turned against them by Nanaimo. The other is the unmanly and unneighborly treatment of our sealing schooners and everything connected with them by the United States government. The Russian Bear has taken a hand in the fur seal exclusion business, and most impartially and bearishly has he borne himself; Yank and Briton tarred with the same brush. The same insolent disregard of justice, humanity and the common laws against pilfering, characterized his conduct to both. Hurrah! Who are the poachers now? Who are the pirates—the sealers or the Russians who coolly appropriated all their belongings? Will the Americans submit to this? I guess so, judging by the conduct of the Majestic who, for pay, was willing to bring away subjects of both governments and also kept the sealers' boats. As for the British Lion, he may humor his American cousins, but unconscionable Russia who,

if such a term can properly be used at all, is his natural enemy, may have cause to rue her unwarrantable action.

Vacation days are almost gone,
And school will soon begin;
The children who've been running wild
Will all be gathered in.

The teachers, much to their regret,
Must study up square root,
And teach the struggling young ideas,
The proper way to shoot.

Vacation's almost gone, alas!
And every child thinks this:
'What 's the use of going to school
When ignorance is bliss!'

There is not a grocer or a general merchandise storekeeper in the city who does not know what a "grabber" is, remarked a grocer to me the other day. This individual is not a thief or a kleptomaniac, but he or she seems to delight to walk away with an apple, a handful of nuts or anything else in reach, even before the eyes of the proprietor. Their smile, like the "Heathen Chinese" is innocent and bland, but like a gigantic trust their methods or peculiar actions is a terrible drain on the retail dealer, and what is still worse no way can be devised to stop them.

PERE GRINATOR.

A GREAT BREACH OF FRIENDSHIP.

On the death of a celebrated French journalist the following story was related of him:

He was once very sick and the visiting physician give him up as lost. "I cannot do anything for you," he said, "you must die."

Another doctor was, however, called in, who succeeded in curing him.

The first time the convalescent took a stroll he met his first doctor, who greatly surprised said he thought him no more among the living.

"Well, you see," said the patient, when you left, Dr. V. was called in and he succeeded in building me up again."

"Oh! well! well! A man whom I thought my friend! Really it was not at all nice in him."

THEY ALL DO IT.

"Here, you get out of this! Don't let me catch you in this store again."

A little feminine shriek followed this rough salutation.

The writer turned and beheld a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady in the clutches of a floor walker. He had torn open a little bundle which she had just received from the package desk and forced back her money into her hand, and with considerable roughness was hurrying her to the door. The face of the young woman was a picture. She looked like an angry queen. Her eyes were half aflame and half drowned in tears. Her magnificent teeth showed through the reddest kind of lips, and her clear complexion was like marble touched with the fine scarlet of flowers.

I was tempted to interfere, but the tales of kleptomania and other strange things which happen in our great bazaars, and

knowing the man, besides, to be a gentlemanly floor walker—for this drama was taking place in one of the most fashionable stores in this city—I withheld my hand.

"Do you know that lady?" said the floor walker, with a laugh. "I should say I do. She is a very grand lady, indeed. My dear sir, she is one of the tricks of the trade."

"That bewitching lady in Paris-made gown and imported bonnet is a sales girl in the store of our enterprising neighbor on the next block. She gets \$11 a week. She came down here disguised as a customer, bought a dozen handkerchiefs as a blind, and proceeded to price a number of our goods in which our enterprising neighbor suspects we are underselling him. This is so as to give him a tip how to mark his goods. In short, she is a spy, and as we are not permitted to hang spies in this warfare of trade, all we can do is to escort them to the picket lines and let them go. Now that this young lady has been discovered, her occupation in this line of usefulness is gone; but our neighbor will have another rigged up in less than no time."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of underselling."

"But do all the big stores keep these spies, as you call them?" I asked.

"Well," said the ungallant floor walker, with a sly wink and smile, "they all of them do but ourselves."—*Dry Goods Retailer.*

ALASKA'S SILENT CITY.

Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City mirage, which makes its appearance near the Pacific Glacier in Alaska.

The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who would tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from 5 to 6 p.m. It rises from the side of the Pacific Glacier. It first appears like a heavy mist, and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the spectre city, well defined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd-shaped buildings, which appear to be ancient mosques and cathedrals.

It is a city which would seem to contain at least 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles. Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell what or where it is. The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to one one like a dead city; there is nothing that would indicate it is inhabited.

One instance in which a lady has changed her name three times in one day is on record. Mr. Croft, son of Sir A. D. Croft, was married at Weigh Hill, Hants, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Marsh, at one time M. P. for Salisbury. The same day the old baronet died suddenly and his son succeeded him. Thus the lady was in the morning Miss Marsh, in the afternoon Mrs. Croft and at night Lady Croft.