

of nominally Christian peoples everywhere. Christian church establishments have become identified with worldly respectability, with privilege and class; they openly confess that their efficiency in the work they proclaim themselves called to do is chiefly dependent on the power of gold.

Mankind even when in the condition described by doctors of divinity as "total depravity," have ever turned from systems that substitute respectability, and the influence of wealth, as agencies for good, for the living power of true sympathy that looks deeper than the surroundings or antecedents to find the man and his needs and yearnings, and reaches out to him the hand of fellowship and equality as a help in his gropings after a better condition, present or future. Men's minds are now in that condition in which great changes in religious beliefs have resulted, which brought about the revolt of non-conformity against episcopacy in England, the disruption in the established church in Scotland, in the spirit of unrest and investigation that broke out beyond the power of the Church of Rome to control in the reformation all over Europe, that raised the shout of hosanna to the humble rider on an ass's colt in the streets of Jerusalem which filled the hearts of Jewish priests with craven fear.

I was exchanging a few old yarns for new ones with a drummer the other night ~~at the Drury~~ when the conversation took a turn in the direction of the general hardships in the life of a commercial traveler. There are a number of hardships and trials in a drummer's life, said my friend, but one of the most exasperating is to have a merchant make an appointment and deliberately break it. Very few merchants stop to consider that drummers are not on the road for their health, but are sent out for the purpose of selling goods; but this fact apparently cuts no figure. A merchant should take into consideration that hotel and traveling expenses are high, and that the expense account of a drummer will foot up pretty high at the end of the year. If a merchant thinks he can become interested in a certain line, and is asked to name a certain hour to examine the samples, he should endeavor to state a time when he is positive he can leave

his business, and when such an hour is set he should make it a rule never to break his appointment. Another matter is the taking of sizes. When a drummer asks if his sizes are ready, he gets a quiet laugh and is requested to call again. Merchants should remember that is not business. What a howl these same merchants set up if their goods are a little slow in being made! How the traveler is asked to write or wire his house and see what is the matter, and yet the same man will hold a traveler several days before he will give him a few sizes, and think nothing of breaking an engagement to look at samples.

There is probably no man in this part of the country who is better acquainted with the bowels of the earth and their valuable contents than Mr. Jas. Brady, the mining engineer. He doesn't wear a divining rod, but he can size up a location or a prospect as well as if he had a whole bunch of them. When it comes to shafts, tunnels, crosscuts, stoping, fissure veins, blanket deposits, kidneys, auriferous slates, wet or dry ores, rebellious and refractory ores, free, milling, chlorinating, leaching and also assaying, Mr. Brady waxes eloquent and will talk you a bound volume of metallurgy or mineralogy while you wait.

A correspondent, in speaking of our beautiful weather, says: "A reverse of seasons is supposed to take place upon this earth once in every 10,500 years, due to the varying inclination of the earth's axis. About 1,500 years ago, we entered the epoch of a more genial winter temperature, and if nothing happens to prevent, we may expect a gradual softening of our winter climate during the next nine thousand years, when another glacial epoch will begin." It is consoling to know this, but, for the present, I might say, that British Columbia can boast of the most beautiful climate to be found in any country in the world. This is a reality.

In connection with the great number of libels that are ever cropping up in the British Columbia courts, the following decision recently given by Judge Bundy, of Ashland, Wis., may prove interesting. His lordship, or his honor, as they say over there, has de-

ecided that no newspaper can be expected to disclose the authorship of an article appearing in the paper when said paper is held responsible for same.

A policeman paused upon his beat
And heard the sound of revel
But walked along and did not stop.
This copper's head was level.

Another chanced along that way
And heard the clink of glasses.
He stops a bit and winks one eye
And then along he passes.

And so all through the Sabbath day,
The brimming growler rushed,
And spite of ordinance and laws,
The misdemeanor's hushed.

To cure this evil, educate
The men who want to drink
And then to disobey the law
An awful wrong they'll think.

For if a man desires to booze,
There's no harm if I tell it,
On Sunday or on Saturday,
There's some one sure to sell it.

Among the many things we have to be thankful for at this balmy season of the year is the presence in our midst of the ubiquitous human hog. This creature is often distinguished by a marked porcine corporosity which forms an ulster of flesh for a diminutive but adipose cerebral development which is generally so small that it amounts to little more than a knot tied in the end of his spinal cord to prevent it from unravelling. One of the most noticeable habits of this animal is to locate his wide and ponderous bulk in the rear of the aisle of a street car, and to assume a deafness to all entreaties and demands to "move up," while ladies and children are crowded on the rear platform, and others are unable to board the car.

I saw another kind of hog at the theatre the other night. He grunted during scenes which demand perfect quiet to be effective. His walking stick which was worth as much as ten cents, was hooked on the railing surrounding the orchestra, and to vary the monotony of the performance he let it drop once or twice on the floor. His boots—ammunition ones—which could not be purchased in any pawn shop for less than fifty cents—were number 11's, or nearly twice the size of the hat worn by "the hog." With these boots on, "the hog" would, if the performance was getting a little dry, take a promenade along the front row. "The hog" must certainly be something of a dramatic critic, for did he not elevate his snout at certain parts in the play? "The hog" had a