

times, malicious prosecutor, and some unfortunate victim whose reputation is sought to be injured. Many a man owes to-day to a grand jury, his relief from a prosecution that, of itself, would have ruined him, even if it failed to secure the verdict of a petty jury. Grand juries are very apt to take a far too indifferent view of their responsibility, they take their cue from the foreman too readily.

To lessen the number required to send in a "true bill" is to increase the chance of a decision that has not been considered with proper care. As the *Canadian Trade Review* puts it, it would be far easier to get seven men to follow a leader than it is to get twelve, and proportionately the value of the grand jury system will be lowered. This body has powers also apart from finding true bills or otherwise, which render it highly necessary to retain the present number of jurors.

The proposed reduction has no reasonable pretext. If, after hearing all the witnesses that can be brought to substantiate a charge, without hearing those for the defence—who do not appear before a grand jury—twelve men cannot be got to find that such a charge is justification of a public trial of the accused, he may be certain that such a charge is groundless. Better leave this very ancient body alone, it has done splendid service in the past in the cause of liberty and justice, and no friend of either desires to see its power or prestige or usefulness mutilated, as the Bill alluded to intends they shall be.

There is no place where you can form a better opinion of the early training of a man or woman than at a social gathering. They may tell you that their ancestors came over under William the Conqueror; they may assert that they have been accustomed to moving in the best circles in the Old Country; but if they do not know how to behave themselves in a gathering of ladies and gentlemen, it is safe to conclude that they lie deliberately. Disgust is scarcely a strong enough word to express my feelings towards the persons who created so much unnecessary noise during the progress of the Arion Club concert the other evening. This club gave a free concert, and it was only fair to expect that those who were invited to the entertainment would know enough to behave themselves. Unfortunately, this was not the case. Interruptions were numerous, and the effect of two or three of the best selections was lost, on account of the clamor created by several persons who could be appropriately designated hoodlums. The members of the Arion Club are gentlemen, and as such should have received more considerate treatment.

PERE GRINATOR.

HOOLAGHAN AND THE CHINESE

VICTORIA, April 23, 1894.

DEER TIM—I wound up me last letter in a drame, I believe, and I promisht to tell ye what 'twas all about. Well, as I was sayin', the Chinamen gave me a smocke of what they sed was Limerick twist, but I found out since that it was opium. It put meself to sleep after half-a-dozen whiffs, and oh the drames I had! Me furst thoughts were on the poor old sod, and wons more

I stood on the deck, and we parted,

Away and away evermore;

The sails seem'd as filled with the blessings

That wafted to me from the shore,

Till faint and then lost grew those voices—

How Hope seemed to vanish in me,

As I took me last glimpse at ould Ireland,

Me own, me bright gem of the sea.

Then I dramed, Tim, that I went the same three months' voyage to Quabec, and that the same doctör come to me in the same bunk and towld me the same ould story, when I bet him a dose of kastor-caster—quastur oyle (I donno how ye spell it) that I was the most sickest sowl on board. "You've thrown up everything, Hoolagan," says he to me, says he, "but yer religus and political principles," and he gave me somethin' to keep them down. They were the only support I had for over nine weeks, till we reached Quabec; but I didn't get fat upon them. But that's nothin to do wid it, Tim. I'll go on wid me drame. Well, I thought I went over all me thravells from Quabec, where I landed fifteen years ago, till I come to Chinatown—Victoria—Chinatown I mane—a couple of months gone by, and I was telling ye what happened me here up to the time I smoked the opium. In me drame, I thought they introduced meself to Joss, and in'givin' the introduce all the Chinamen give salaams (salaams isn't money or value, ye must understand, if it was, they wouldn't give it, but only Chinese kurtsies.) Be gob, Tim, but the Joss was a big chap—bigger than our own Bryan Boru—and he's the high-yu-cockalorum of the Chinese. He's their God and their devil, their St. Patrick and their Oliver Cromwell all rowled into won, and he's big enuf for the lot. "What's the state of Oireland?" says the Joss to me, says he. "Bad' enuf," says I; there's not a State in the Union could bate it; but as soon as we get Home Rule over there," says I, "things will brighten up, and the Jews 'ill be goin back to Jerusalem, and the Irish to Ireland." "Will ye have any of me people there?" says the Joss, says he. "Oh the divil a man," says I, "if they were to see one of ye chaps in Ballyhooly, they'd play Bill Hayses wid ye." "We wont be after troublin' ye, Mr. Hoolagan," says he, "for be that time we'll have this country all to ourselves. We're gettin'

there. Ye're aware," says he, "that I'm the Joss, and can see into the future, and be yer lave I'll lift the screen for a while and show ye some transformation scenes—changes that's to take place very soon," says he. Wid that he lifted up his chop stick or wand and put meself to sleep within a sleep and drame within a drame. Then I thought I seen hundreds of the natest and the purtiest girls I ever seen. "Who's the yung ladies?" says I. "Thims helps, or domestic sarvants," says the Joss, "but presto," and lo and behold ye, Tim, if all the young women weren't changed into Chinamen. "That's how it 'ill be here," says the Joss, "for my people will do anything a woman ever did, and I've trained them in the art of depeption. They can come to their own shacks every night, and anything they don't want to do they purtend they don't know how to do it, but the poor young women ye saw before can't call even their sows there own when they go to work outside there own house." He lifted up his stick agin, and—presto, the Chinamen were turned into a lot of tailors—dasent tradesmen. Another lift of the stick—and the tailors were all Chinamen, sittin on the same saits and usin' the same needles and thread, and working on the same garments. He did the same with shoemakers and bricklayers and stone masons and carpenters and sailors and manty makers and every other class of men and women. "Thim's some of the transformation scenes," says he, "but there's better than thim, Mr. Hoolagan," and with that he gives another presto or two, and he shows me three Chinamen on the Boord of Aldermen, four Chinamen on the Boord of Trade, and seventeen Chinamen on the Hospital Boord, "bekase," says he, "we supply all the disease, and we must have a say in the killin' of the community." He demonstrated to me, Tim, that all the best stores on the best streets are goin' to be run by Chinamen, "and when Chinatown is spread over the whole of Victoria," says he, "we'll have more strangers comin' here to look at us, and wont we take them in!"

Well, Tim, when I woke out of my second drame—me drame within the drame—I couldn't believe I was draming at all at all, and I thought that I'd take a sthroll through the town to see if the Chinaman were everywhere and at everything, as the Joss towld me they'd be. And faix but I found they were gettin' there, as the Joss said. There was Chinamen workin' in all the gardens, Chinamen doin' nearly all the tailorin', Chinamen doin' all the peddlin', Chinamen makin' nearly all the boots and shoes, Chinamen workin' at all the buildings, Chinamen cooking at all the eating houses and hotels, Chinamen in every house where