

and the disposition of the female sex to gossip. Occasionally one runs across something that brings the lie home to the door of their male traducers. A few months ago, several Victoria young ladies met together to discuss some plan whereby they could assist suffering humanity. After a little discussion (nothing can be done these days without discussion) it was decided to give a bazaar and musical entertainment in aid of the funds of the Jubilee Hospital. With that end in view they have been practising day and night under the supervision of Prof. Buck, and on April 3 at 3 o'clock, they will be ready to receive visitors. The entertainment will take place in the evening. THE HOME JOURNAL trusts that the young ladies will be liberally rewarded for the time they have gratuitously devoted to a worthy object.

Three thousand and forty HOME JOURNALS are issued from this office to-day—the greatest number of papers ever issued by an independent weekly west of Toronto. The growth of THE HOME JOURNAL has been phenomenal, and, to-day, it is recognized, as a writer in the *Toronto Mail* recently remarked, as the very brightest paper of its kind published in Canada. It is the intention of the publishers to still further enlarge its sphere of usefulness, and, in the course of a month or so, it is proposed to push the circulation of the paper as far east as possible. At the present time, THE HOME JOURNAL enjoys a large circulation in the east. It would add much to the interest of the paper at home if the various musical, literary and social societies would appoint some one of their members to report their proceedings and forward the same to this office. The benefits of such would not only assist the societies, but would also increase the interest in the paper. These remarks apply with equal force to the other cities of the Province.

Officials of the Great Northern Railway (Jim Hill's) have been in Vancouver and other parts of the Mainland recently. Their object is, it is said, to spy out a location with a view to extending their road in this Province. We can do very well with increased railway service on the other side of the Gulf, with the acquisition of which we might look forward to the early obtainment of those closer connections and better service which Victoria and the Island of Vancouver have long been demanding, but which they will never get from the C.P.R.

Gifted with superior abilities to the ordinary run of juries as becomes a body with such high responsibilities and duties devolving upon them, the school trustees after officially decapitating Mr. Ross, teacher of the second division of the central branch school, have as deliberately replaced the severed head on the victim's shoulders in a tentative sort of way. Mr. Ross was accused of not preserving proper discipline among his pupils—absence of tidiness in the room and the young ideas under his charge were said to be shooting badly or missing fire altogether. Thereupon off went his head. But protests against being condemned unheard gained

him a hearing before the trustees last Tuesday, when, after due consideration of the evidence presented on both sides, that august body, by another decision (I had almost written indecision) brought in a genuine Scotch verdict of "not guilty, but don't do it again." Mr. Ross conducted his defence with ability and spirit, and the result was some very lively tilts between him and his principal, Mr. Netherby. To quote the words of a trustee, the evidence was "a stand off," the two teachers, whose rooms adjoined Mr. Ross', giving directly contrary testimony. To the impartial onlooker, it certainly seemed that the trustees had taken their previous action somewhat hastily, and it would not be amiss to respectfully ask them to bear in mind for the future the little lesson to be drawn from the present case—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Sealers very naturally complain that once more at the last moment they are to be prejudiced by the putting into force of prohibitory legislation just as vessels have all left, believing from all that was officially said, there would be nothing done at any rate this year. I am not at all surprised at their indignation, for the result will certainly be, I am assured, to drive the business from this port to Japan or elsewhere, unless the latter nation should fall in with the sealing regulations. Till then, we may expect schooners to be fitted in Japan, thus taking away not only sealing trade but a large amount of that done by ship chandlers here. The sealers are talking pretty loudly now, but they should have talked long ago when there was yet time. Then they were afraid, as it were, to open their mouths.

PERE GRINATOR.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER IN INDIA.

Mr. Francis Robinson, an Englishman at Buxar, India, being desirous of marrying the sister of his late wife, and being under the belief, as most persons are, that there is nothing in the law of the country to forbid such a union, made the usual preliminary statutory declaration to the effect that he knew of "no let or impediment." Subsequently, however, he was indicted before the magistrate at Benares for making this declaration, on the ground that it was false. Finally, the magistrate acquitted the accused on the ground that the declaration was made in good faith, and this view has, after a careful hearing, been upheld by the High Court. Some remarkable facts were elicited in the course of the appeal trial. Mr. W. Kemble, of the Indian civil service, said that when he was magistrate and collector of Purneah, he had married a deputy magistrate to his deceased wife's sister, the daughter of a missionary, and that this marriage was performed under the advice of the Advocate-General of Bengal. Further, it appeared that the Rev. Mr. Jones, a missionary clergyman, had written to Mr. Robinson, expressing his complete willingness to solemnize the marriage desired. Nevertheless, the principle has been upheld that Lord Lyndhurst's Act of 1835 does apply to India, though in Ceylon,

Mauritius and the Australian colonies such marriages are legal.

SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD BETTER.

"Do you really mean it, Mr. Spooner when you say I am the best girl in the world?" asked Miss Flypp, after the young man had suggested that she could be Mrs. Spooner.

"Indeed I do, Miss Flypp," asseverated the young man. "I say it again—you are the best girl in the world."

"And the loveliest, I think you said?"

"The loveliest without doubt."

"I think you said something about accomplishments too?"

"I did. I said they excelled those of other girls."

"I believe you called me sweet?"

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath," quoted the ardent lover.

"You used the word 'perfect' too, didn't you?"

"I did. I also pronounced you the picture of perfection, propriety and modesty, the empress of my heart, the peerless among the beauty of your sex, a maid adorable, enchanting, and worthy of the hand of the best man on earth. Say that word that you will make me the happiest man on earth, my own Dora."

"Before I give you an answer, Mr. Spooner, I should like to ask you a question."

"A dozen, if you like."

"One will be enough. Don't you think that you have a great deal of assurance to expect a woman with all those excellent qualities to marry such an ordinary man as you?"

Then Mr. Spooner went home.

DOTS AND DASHES.

Plato never rode down a toboggan slide.

Nero couldn't have guessed the use of wooden clothes-pin.

Rome in its palmiest days knew nothing of buckwheat cakes or codfish balls.

Cato never sat down on a carpet-tack or touched a buzz-saw to see if it was running.

Joan of Arc couldn't have set a rat-trap, pickled a jar of cucumbers, nor cut the baby's hair.

Cicero shook a nation with his words, and yet he could not bridle a donkey or tack down a carpet.

Demosthenes died without knowing that three deuces beat two pairs, and he never saw an educated hog in his life.

Helen of Troy couldn't have sharpened a table-knife on a stove-pipe, nor hit the head of a 10-penny nail once in forty times.

Empedocles was called the greatest of all Greek philosophers, but he couldn't tell where the material went to when he found a hole in the heel of his stocking.

King Solomon couldn't have hung a screen door to save his neck, and if he had been asked to hang a roller curtain or put a new lex on the family lounge he would have been as helpless as an infant.

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