

by appearances in snowy weather—that is, don't judge him by his walk.

I have heard many complaints this week of the carelessness of the men employed shovelling the snow off the houses along Government street. On Friday afternoon a young lady was completely deluged with snow, and this is not the only case on record by any means. It appears to me that with the exercise of a little precaution, much of the annoyance to which pedestrians are now subjected could be avoided.

It doesn't matter where you stray,
Go where you will by night or day,
Sly Cupid's ever "making hay;"

He doesn't waste a minute,
Between the daylight and the dark,
On steamboat, train, hotel and park,
There's not a spot but you can mark
A spooney couple in it.

At church or play, there, too, one spies
Some couple making honeyed eyes,
With sweetest smiles and softest sighs—
They're certain to begin it.

Until at length you gravely doubt
If you should search the world about
That you could find a spot without
A spooney couple in it.

And who would have it changed? Would you?
I love to hear the lovers coo,
And in their softest lisping woo
Some gentle heart and win it.
In all of life there should not be,
From Eden to eternity,
A place without—it seems to me—
A spooney couple in it.

The movement inaugurated by Mrs. Herbert Kent and Mrs. J. McMillan, should receive the hearty endorsement of charitably disposed Victorians. There are many poor people here who find it difficult to keep body and soul together, while others have enough and to spare. Let those who have plenty encourage the two noble women who have undertaken the task of helping the poor and needy, by giving freely and at once.

There are no statistics to show the number of spooney couples in Victoria, but the police court records for the year will no doubt give us some information as to "the other side" of married life. I refer to the wife beater. The other day, before Magistrate Macrae a man named Johnson was sentenced to two months imprisonment for resorting to physical force in order to maintain his position as head of the household. Two months imprisonment is not too severe for a brute who would beat his wife, and if to it were added a hundred lashes, no one would grumble.

But there is a class of creatures who, although more dangerous to a community, cannot be reached as easily as the wife beater. I refer to slanderers. The slanderer appears everywhere and in many guises. No matter how he dresses or how he uses his weapons, he is a slanderer, and is known as such by all who come in contact with him. Let it be understood here that I do not use the pronoun he for the sake of convenience, but because I refer especially to the male slanderer, or "male gossip," as he is better known. The ladies, "God bless 'em," usually

confine their delicate sarcasm to each other, and are satisfied if they can pick other ladies' bonnets to pieces, or tell how careless Mrs. Noname is in the care of her children. They cause a good many little heart pangs, but seldom work irreparable injury. I spent last Sunday evening with a couple of gentlemen friends, part of whose early education was to speak reverently of the female sex, and the conversation drifted to the male gossip. They agreed with me, that the slanderer is not always satisfied with gossiping for the sake of gossip, but is really inspired with the desire to speak ill of all who are unfortunate enough to be acquainted with him. No importance should be attached to his gossip, inasmuch as everybody knows he is both unreliable and vindictive, and yet, although he often does great harm, he escapes punishment. This paragraph is written with special reference to a young man in this city.

In the same category with the wife-beater and the slanderer should be classed the man who refuses to support his wife. A case of the latter character came under my observation during the week, the details of which are enough to make any honest man blush for his sex. Briefly stated the circumstances of the case are that a married woman, who was all that a faithful wife should be, discovered that the resources of her husband were being squandered in riotous and licentious living. She remonstrated with her lord and master, but he refused to give her any satisfaction. As a result she has returned to the home of her parents, and the husband in name only is now diligently circulating lying reports concerning the wife. Surely such a man should be made suffer for his outrageous conduct.

I met a rather peculiar character, the other day. He is a late arrival in the city, but already he knows the private history of every man here. He is a person who inspires contempt at the first meeting, and I can think of no better name to call him at this moment than an "insinuating" scoundrel. His methods are as inscrutable as numerous. He never utters a word of condemnation. Indeed, he rather creates the impression that he is anxious to say something good about every one, but so adroitly does he frame his sentences that his warmest praise is his strongest slander. He possesses the faculty of making his listener think evil of the person of whom he is speaking, and yet if called to repeat his language, there could be found nothing in it to criticize. He does not possess intellect of a high order, but he is bright enough to get along in a mediocre way and keen enough, when it comes to following the peculiar trend of his nature to carry his point in the majority of instances. He is suspected by every one, but cannot be committed of falsehood. Of all the persons referred to in this connection, I dislike him the most. The slanderer may have redeeming features, the wife beater in moments of reason may be kind enough, the wife-deserter you can locate, but the insinuator goes on forever with reasonable

assurance that he cannot be convicted of any crime.

I am informed that the Provincial Government contemplates some radical changes in its policy. There was room for this, but I trust that the rights of the people will not be wantonly violated. However, I intend to drop over to the legislative buildings next week, and I will use my influence in the direction of securing good legislation. Any attempt at bartering away the heritage of the people will meet with my most earnest opposition, and it may be taken for granted that the country is safe.

A correspondent wants to know "what are the duties and powers of the Prime Minister of England and how he is chosen?" The executive government of Great Britain is vested nominally in the crown, but is practically in a committee of ministers called the cabinet. The cabinet depends upon the party having a majority in the house of commons. When a new parliament is elected, the sovereign summons the leader of the party having a majority in the house and this leader becomes chief of the ministry or prime minister. It is at his recommendation that his colleagues are chosen. The chief dispenses, with scarcely an exception, the patronage of the crown, and is in effect the president of Great Britain. When any measure proposed by the government is defeated in the house, the cabinet resigns, parliament dissolves, an election takes place, and the chief of the successful party is summoned by the Queen to form a new cabinet. The prime minister or the cabinet originates such measures as the party desires to have carried out.

The following verses are the production in the young man who maintains with becoming dignity the position of Satan of THE HOME JOURNAL office. As this is his first offence, it is earnestly hoped that he will be forgiven.

I'll sing you a song before I go—
A song that is full of woe,
The cold weather comes and then the snow,
And the bleak wind whistling high and low—
Oh, listen to its tale of woe!

I started to see Kate Putman's Show
And wasn't it a tale of woe,
The side-walks blocked with two feet of snow,
Were not half as cold as the orchestra row—
Oh, listen to her tale of woe!

The chief for a day laid the sergeant low,
And told his tale of woe,
But the sergeant will not have to go,
For the council have decided so—
Oh, listen to their tale of woe!

A question now most apropos
And one that is full of woe
Will the new bishop be "high" or "low,"
And will burning candles be the go?
Oh, listen to a tale of woe!

Married folks fear not the snow—
It brings no tale of woe,
But when in the night the chilly winds blow,
Single folks find cold feet a foe
That sings a tale of woe.

PERE GRINATOR.