

the face of all human nature at every turn. These people will never learn moderation, but it is comforting to know that they will always be in the minority.

I see that no change has been made in matters at the new quarantine station, the contractor still retaining his cheap, foreign labor, and yet these contractors are the loudest and biggest kickers if an outside party secures a job from them in honest competition. They are hoggish in the extreme, and would employ Chinese on these works if they dared; not daring, they do the next thing to it. There still remains a chance for the Victoria working men to obtain their just share of what is to be had from the remaining public works that are contemplated here. Let them form themselves into a body and proceed en masse to the parliamentary representatives, Mr. Earle and Col. Prior; let them state their case to these gentlemen and urge upon them the importance of having a clause inserted in the contracts specifying the class of labor to be employed. I am not one to interfere with individual rights, but fair play is a jewel, and the amiable contractor, who is so patriotic when he loses a job to an outsider, is generally a hog.

In a short time, thousands of Chinese will be driven out of the United States. They refused to register before the fourth day of May, and fought the Geary Act in the Supreme Court. The decision of the highest authorities in the United States was rendered on Monday last. That decision sealed the fate of the Chinese. The unregistered Mongolian must go. The question arises: Will the Chinese return to their native land? For many years, British Columbia was the dumpingground for China. Is there any law to prevent the Chinese from crossing the border and settling in the Dominion when the Geary Act is enforced? The head tax of fifty dollars will not deter them. Sooner than return home where millions of their fellow countrymen are starving, the unregistered (sixty thousand in number) will swarm into Canadian territory. The population will increase; but are the Chinese a desirable acquisition? Australia is tired of them; the United States will get rid of them; Canada admits them. The American government will care very little whether the Chinese return to the Flowery Kingdom or seek homes in another country, and the sufferers will surely be the working classes of the Dominion.

Physical culture is the latest craze which the girls—God, bless 'em—have got hold of, but I notice it has made no change in the fashions this season. The dear creatures still suffer exquisite torture inside of corsets tighter than ever, for the sake of showing their Spartan-like disregard for pain. They wear shoes this year the usual size—three-quarters too small for them—and pinch their little feet till they blossom out in unsightly corns and bunions. I notice, too, that the leaders in this reform movement, in this community at least, are themselves poor martyrs at the altar of fashion. It is painful to see some of the poor things drag their cramped, pinched bodies along. I give physical

culture the usual nine days' wonder existence, and I prophesy that next year the girls will be greater wasps than ever, while the seed that will be sown for bunions will be tenfold that of any previous year.

With toothpick shoes, notebooks in hand, flaming badges, and visages on which were written in language stronger than words the legend "No. 1 Hard," the northwest moulders of public opinion swooped down upon Victoria in the twilight of last Wednesday evening. Their whiskers were a standing reproach to the breezy blizzards of the wild, untamed west, while the smoky color of the epidermis of one, or perhaps more of them, betokened the sleep to be gained round the camp fire with prairie grass for a pillow. Altogether the chroniclers of abnormally developed eggs and disseminators of thought for the Northwest are a sturdy lot, and I have no doubt their appetites are all right.

Of course, the boys have a great time playing jokes on one another, some of which are of a highly amusing character. One occurs to me just now which is told at the expense of a former Winnipeg newspaper man. It appears that he had been the victim of a little play on the part of the editor of a Winnipeg daily, and he made up his mind to get back when an opportunity presented itself. And that time came—at least he thought so—the other morning, on the Pullman. When he awoke, he saw a portion of the anatomy of his tormentor protruding from the curtain. "Now, Rich," he murmured in sepulchral tones, "thy time has come," and with that he let out his five digits and smote the offending protuberance. A gentle scream pitched in a key so high that it could not possibly emanate from "Rich," or any other man in the party, warned him that he had mistaken the section. An apology to the injured one was duly made and accepted, and every member of the association was sworn to keep the secret. But they reckoned not that in Victoria there was printed a paper, by name THE HOME JOURNAL, which keeps its credit with the public by printing all the news at a uniform rate of five cents per copy.

It appears that the idea of emancipating their minds from the trouble and worry induced by engineering a Washington hand press and chronicling the arrival of the latest addition to Mr. Brown's large and interesting family side by side with the sanguinary details of a dog fight, did not originate with the brainy men from the land of wheat. There is a well-defined suspicion that the first press association excursion was inaugurated during a hard winter down in one of the States, and the object for which it was designed was successful. Thus the germ took root and subsequently spread to Canada. The regular annual excursion has now become an institution. Railroads furnish the necessary transportation, and the towns or cities which are honored by a visit from the gentlemen of the press usually vote a sum sufficient to cover expenses of entertainment, etc. The members of

the association considerably carry their own wearing apparel with them.

Last year the city of Victoria threw open wide her doors to welcome an American press association. The council voted a considerable sum of money to entertain the distinguished visitors, advancing as a reason that the beauties of the "Queen City" would be heralded broadcast throughout the land. If anything was said from which Victoria derived any benefit the fact was so carefully concealed that even unto this day no one has heard a word about it. True, a Hoosier editor in writing of his trip exposed his ignorance of the geography of Canada, by stating that the manager of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway placed his cars at their disposal for a trip through the Dominion! And it was for this notice that the good money of the ratepayers of Victoria was expended. The Northwest editors, being gentlemen and scholars, etc., will probably do a great deal to advertise the Province.

The wives, daughters and sisters of the Northwest editors came along just to see that the good men would not fall by the wayside. Many of the latter are fair to look upon, aye; beautiful as the spring flowers which adorn the broad, expansive prairie. In fact, a lawyer friend of mine, who has journeyed much in other lands and who is in a position to speak wisely and well on a subject of this kind, tells me that the beauty of one of them surpasses all understanding. The wives are mothers, and what greater compliment can be paid to a wife? Altogether, the visit must have been an enjoyable one, and I will not be surprised if it results in closer relations with the residents of Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia, in more ways than one.

I am afraid that I have dwelt rather long upon the subject of the press excursion, and is it not a remarkable fact that in these days of steam and electricity and quick despatch, that to gain information upon any subject there should be so frequently long spun out and interminable discussion? No matter whether it be leading articles of newspapers, original correspondence, speeches of counsel, judgments from the bench, platform orations or sermons, there is continually before us this long-winded propensity and absence of concentrated thought in dealing with them. Quantity rather than quality is the order of the day, and the reason is obvious—it is much easier to furnish quantity than quality. "How long," said a young minister addressing an aged divine, "will it take to prepare a sermon?" The answer given was it will take a short time to prepare a long one, and a long time to produce a short one. A useful lesson may be taught by those given to prolixity by the answer once given to the man when asking a girl on her return from the village of "How deep is the ford and what's the price of butter?" was told "Up to knee, and ninepence."

I visited the Ross Bay cemetery, a few days ago, and really I was pleased to