

employed as a class is one that interests the cities of British Columbia, but not, however, to the same extent as it does those of the east. There is only a small number of unemployed in Victoria, and Chief of Police McLaren, of Vancouver, is my authority for stating that there are only a few who are really desirous of securing work who cannot obtain it. Similar reports come from Nanaimo and New Westminster. It strikes many that there is really more work about the unemployed than what is necessary. If able-bodied men, instead of turning their attention to developing the illimitable resources of the country, prefer to live in cities and take chances of doing work for which their training has not fitted them, they have only themselves to blame. John L. Redmond, a well known wholesale grocer of Tacoma, offers a suggestion which offers a solution of the present congested state of the labor market. He believes that a company should be formed for the purpose of developing fruit lands, and that those desiring work should be given employment in clearing it, getting a cash remuneration of 75 cents or \$1 a day and \$1 to \$1.50 a day inland. Such a scheme, if properly carried out, would not only relieve the cities of the pressure of idle men, but would also assist materially in developing the advantages of the adjoining country.

The *Colonist*, as might be expected, waxes wroth, because Mr. S. H. Blake, at a recent meeting of the Prisoner's Aid Society in Toronto, referred to the daily newspapers as engines of evil. I can scarcely believe that Mr. Blake had in his mind the great moral daily of Victoria when he delivered himself of such scathing abuse. The *Toronto Empire*, evidently took the gentleman's remarks to itself, for it comes to the defense of the daily newspaper by printing a story of how during the progress of the recent Borden murder trial the Boston papers were day after day filled with details of the evidence, and many timid people were alarmed about the possible consequences of so much publicity. One mother resolved that her children should not be allowed upon any account to see the newspapers, and the sequel is recommended to the attention of Mr. Blake. Coming into the nursery one day this lady, whose intentions were excellent, found her children singing the following chorus, which they had heard on the streets or from the servants:

Lizzie Borden got an axe
And gave her mother twenty whacks,
And when she found what she had done
She gave her father twenty-one.

At all events, before the growth of the newspaper press, the evidence in murder cases was gossiped from mouth to mouth, and the statistics do not show that that means of communicating news was conducive to the morality of the people, but I have one great fault to find with daily newspapers, and I am not sure but what the public have a similar grievance against some weekly newspapers. I refer to the seeming indifference with which publishers permit advertisements of a highly indecent character to appear in their columns. During the last week or so, I have noticed

in several papers advertisements of this description, and really they contained material, as they say in divorce court reports, "unfit for publication."

It's very peculiar that those who are out
Must grumble at those who are in;
They rave and gesticulate, blather and shout
In a whirlwind of deafening din,
Accuse their opponents of wasting the cash,
Predict that the Province will soon go to smash
Unless they themselves should get in,
Which is very unlikely, for though things are
bad
Electors are not stuck on men with a fad,
Especially when it is tin.

Of course if the Mayor, who but late lost a race,
By some lucky turn of the wheel
Should be summoned to occupy Theodore's
place
He would certainly out of place feel.
The least he could do to please the Times gal-
lery
Would be to refuse to accept any salary.
And if he should travel, of course
From the Treasury not one cent would he draw.
Lost in his good record it might leave a flaw—
He'd hire and sit straddle a horse.

I am in receipt of the first issue of the *Globe Reporter*, a paper published in the Chinese language at Vancouver. The first number contains a couple pages of advertisements and a "vast amount of interesting reading matter." The new paper evidently intends to traffic in sensation, as well as opium, if the following extract can be accepted as an indication of its future policy:

店老隆福
頂舊公煙
貨真價實如假包換
舖在上環大街開張

The public is impatient to hear what Messrs. Beaven, Cotton and Keith have to say in answer to the above charge. Is it fact or is it fiction? Furthermore, can the *Vancouver World* dispute the direct charge contained in the second paragraph? Did Arthur Dutton, the labor leader, work for the Chinese a considerable portion of the summer? In all seriousness I hasten to urge the *Colonist* editor to clear himself of the imputation that he is developing a queue.

The *Globe Reporter* is fearless in its de-

nunciation of what it conceives to be a "subversion of the inalienable rights of a free and unconquered people." For instance, the following may be regarded as having an important bearing on the injustice of the taxation system, to which Mr. Cohen referred in a powerful oratorical effort at a recent single tax meeting:

店老隆福
頂舊公煙
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The third paragraph, somewhat vaguely it is true, attempts to justify the attitude of the *Times* and *News-Advertiser* on certain points of the Parliamentary practice which governs the debates of James Bay Highbinder Society, No. 1:

It will be observed by those gentlemen who have recently evinced an ambition to make Chinese the language of diplomacy, in Victoria, that the *Globe Reporter* has no sympathy with the officer of a certain swell club in this city who recently called another member a d—liar. In fact "our steamed contemporary" (which, by the way is printed in a laundry,) makes bold to state that such coarseness has no precedent in Chinese club life. However, as it is understood that the insult has been erased from the records by an "ample apology," perhaps the less said about it the better. I am not prepared to state that the above or any portion thereof is true; but I only voice public sentiment when I remark that the persons against whom the imputations are made should not lose a moment in squaring themselves.

The short sketches which have recently appeared in the *Times* from the pen of Mr. Alex. Begg possess a great amount of interest to the general reader and more particularly to those conversant with the early history of Manitoba. Mr. Begg was for many years a resident of Winnipeg, and at a time when the Prairie Province was emerging from a state of barbarism into civilization, consequently his opportunities for observing the peculiarities of the red man were unprecedented. During this time he was an interested