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off and blowing a hole through the boat below water mark. Then he tried to stop the cavity with unserved writs, but the sea, which is said to have had the temerity once to disobey the mandate of an English King, refused to be kept back by legal processes, and the party only reached Trial Island in time to jump out of the boat as it sank.

It is not a matter of surprise to me that my name is mentioned in connection with the Vancouver Island constituency, made vacant by the death of Mr. Gordon. It is only what I expected and what I deserve. All that does amaze me is that my peculiar ability was not recognized long ago. I regard the suggestion, not in the light of an empty blast of popular favor nor the applause of a giddy multitude, but rather, as was written of Cicero, as the consenting praise of all honest men and the incorrupt testimony of those who can judge of excellent merit, which resounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice. Modesty forbids me remarking further on this point.

I apprehend that the electors, of whom I am proud to say I am one, would rather hear something of my qualifications for the honorable position with which they have seen fit to couple my name. I opine that a necessary adjunct to a brilliant parliamentary career and satisfactory representation of the sovereign people is the inspiring quality of music. On this score my intelligent constituents, as they are already in spirit, will have no just cause for complaint. The gods have been lavish in this their choicest gift in so far as I am concerned, and if I do say it myself, I stand without a peer in the rendition of that soul-thrilling nautical song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." It is an old story, that when I sing it, the seamen in Victoria harbor can hardly be restrained from "hoisting sails." So much for music.

My views on military matters are clear and well defined. Too long have the people of Nanaimo labored under the disadvantage of inadequate protection in case of war. I will therefore, gentlemen, if elected, strongly urge upon the Dominion Government the urgent necessity of transforming every outhouse in Nanaimo into a strongly fortified drill shed, in which the young idea may be taught, if not to shoot, those military movements which I have popularized in Victoria. Nanaimo, gentlemen, by virtue of its position, possesses all the natural facilities for a grand military encampment.

If the Government does not immediately comply with my demands, I shall threaten to resign my seat, which will have the effect of bringing about the desired end. I will resort to this as a mere matter of expediency.

As to my social qualifications, I might say that I have long been accustomed to good society. Once upon a time, and not so long ago either, I was a welcome guest at the court of the Bishareens and sipped coffee with the queen of the tribe herself. My manly form attracted the attention of Her Majesty, and she recommended me for a post of trust, which, however, for State reasons, I respectfully declined. It will be seen

by this that Ottawa society, which is reputed to flavor strongly of the bush, will be highly honored by my presence—when I mingle with it. Further, post-prandial oratory is my forte, and I hold that this accomplishment should commend me for the position.

Briefly as to the labor question, I contend that the horny handed son of toil should be free—to work or not, just as he sees fit. I may change my opinion on this point, however.

Before the day of election, I shall take occasion to explain my views on the leading questions of the day; but, in the meantime, I leave myself in the hands of my friend.

Many people are complaining of the loss of various articles of household usefulness, supposed to be the work of sneak thieves. I have been a sufferer myself and therefore mourn. Until a few days ago I was the proud possessor of a trifling article of plate—not valued so much on account of its intrinsic worth, as the associations connected with it. The fact of the matter is, one of my greatest pleasures was to point out to my visitors that the plate was an heirloom, having descended in direct succession from my great grandfather. This paternal ancestor, I might remark, early in life, went to sea, and in the particular branch of the service in which he was engaged, he had unprecedented opportunities of picking up little articles of this kind, and I have no doubt if it had not been for the interference of the law, he would have in time become very wealthy. He died in the vain attempt to get a foothold on the deck while suspended from the yardarm of a pirate ship. I feel confident if the thief who appropriated my plate was aware of this fact he would return it.

A matter which came under my notice the other day confirms me in the belief that there is scarcely any one in this world who has not been an actor in a romance in real life at some period of his or her existence. And strange it is indeed, how the past will occasionally rise from its retirement and obtrude itself on the privacy of the present. But to my story. There is a certain medical gentleman in this city who is well known, dignified and popular with his people. He has not always lived in this city, because some men were born elsewhere, and he was one of them. When a young man, before he ever dreamed of surgical instruments, he was of a roving disposition, as many young men are, and went to sea, and for three long years he served before the mast and sailed in many waters. It also happened at the same time he was deeply enamored of a beautiful young lady, who seemed to return his affection and whose heart ever beat responsive to his own while he was on shore. Previous to his departure this young lady gave him a gold locket, which enclosed a ringlet clipped from her wavy tresses. This he has ever since worn. Well, the years rolled on and the young sailor, deserted the briny, and drifted into medicine. The fair inamorita was for gotten or left behind as one of the sweet

and bright recollections of the past, and she, tired of waiting, went and married some other young fellow. A few more years rolled by, and my medical friend took up his residence in Victoria. One evening, he received a summons to call upon a lady who was at the point of death. He obeyed the summons and before many minutes was in the sick room. At first he did not recognize his patient, but, during the progress of the diagnosis, he observed that it was no other than the woman which he once loved dearly. For nights and days, he sat by her bedside and his vigilance and attention were rewarded by her ultimate recovery. But a sweet little baby which was born during these days of sickness will receive at the baptismal font the name of the good doctor which brought its mother back from the valley of death, and the father, knowing all, will not be jealous either.

I learn that the Point Comfort Hotel will be ready for occupation not later than May 15. The site for the hotel is situated midway on the line of travel between Vancouver, Westminster and Victoria. The building now in course of construction is planned on the lines of an old English inn with its manifold conveniences for comfort. Grounds for recreations of all sorts, lawn tennis, lacrosse, archery and cricket are being made a special feature. Hot sea baths in the hotel will also, no doubt, attract many visitors in delicate health, and those guests whose systems require toning and invigorating will find great benefit from drinking the waters of the mineral springs in the grounds. As a holiday resort, I am sure it will not be surpassed, and many Victorians, Vancouverites and people from the Mainland will be able to meet and spend from Saturday to Monday in a truly enjoyable manner. The large wharf which is being constructed allows all steamers (which are under agreement) to stop. The various yacht and boating parties will find Point Comfort a most suitable rendezvous. It is often said that the people of Vancouver and Victoria are "slow" and that enterprises are difficult to float, but, in this particular case, it would appear, judging from the manner in which the stock of this company has been disposed of, that British Columbians know when they have a "good thing" and "go in" for it.

The scheme to form a canoe club composed exclusively of the female sex is meeting with much favor. There seems to be no reason why the male sex should have a monopoly of this famous sport, and I am pleased that the women look at the matter in this light. Canoeing has a tendency in the direction of strengthening the lungs, and medical men say that it is a sure cure for consumption in the first stage.

In the past travelling combinations have complained bitterly of the lack of appliances to set the stage of The Victoria. To obviate any further dissatisfaction, Manager Jamieson has added fifteen extra sets of lines and pulleys to the original five, so that twenty drops can be accommodated. Travelling companies can