

long one, and is comprised of nearly all the products of the province. Of course, the early date at which the exhibition is held will preclude the possibility of a complete and satisfactory display of the agricultural products of the province, nevertheless, enough will be on view to demonstrate to the nations of the earth that in British Columbia is to be found rich and varied resources.

Exhibitions of the character of the one to be held next week are of great benefit to the community. They encourage the farmer to produce the best, and the manufacturer is afforded an opportunity of displaying to advantage the product of his machinery. And it is to the interest of the latter class that they place on exhibition only the best of their productions. An inferior article might result in irreparable injury. It is to be hoped that the exhibition will prove a great success.

Some queer things happen in church. A lady friend related to me recently a queer experience her father had while pastor of a church. Before he did anything else in the pulpit as he arose to give out a hymn Sunday morning, he always took out his handkerchief and wiped his spectacles. On this particular morning, he followed his custom, of course, looking, as was his custom, as he wiped his spectacles, out over the congregation. He couldn't understand the cause of the titter of laughter which he had noted until he looked down at his handkerchief and found that in the hurry of preparation for church that morning he had tucked a tiny baby's shirt into his pocket instead of his handkerchief and was in the act of wiping his spectacles with it, the main part of the little garment dangling down in the sight of the amused congregation.

Another lady sends the following: "The physical beauty of women should last until they are past 50. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of 35 or 40. Helen, of Troy, comes upon the stage at the age of 40. Aspasia was 36 when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure 30 years thereafter. Cleopatra was past 30 when she met Antony. Mlle. Mar was most beautiful at 45, and Mme. Recamier between the ages of 35 and 55. The

most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two-decade beauties. The old saw about sweet 16 is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell in immaturity. For beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring as found in the waxen doll. The dew of youth and a complexion of roses sometimes combine in a face that is unmelting and unresponsive, as though lacking utterly the life spark. A woman's best and richest years are from 26 to 40. It is arrant error for any woman to regard herself as *passé* at an earlier day."

It appears that Victoria is not the only Canadian city which is suffering from filthy streets. Rev. W. G. Henderson was preaching in Winnipeg on a recent Sunday, when he suddenly surprised his congregation by an incursion into the domain of the Board of Health. The rev. gentleman said: "I believe I am in the discharge of a sacred duty in calling attention to the unsanitary state of many of our streets. The condition of many back yards within a stone's throw of Main street is simply revolting. I am not a public scavenger, yet in self protection I have with my own hands dug a grave and buried the rotting remains of dead animals, gathered from the gutter of one of the most pleasant residential streets in our city. The stagnant pools of vile water, green with corruption within a gun shot of the main thoroughfare of Winnipeg, are a standing indictment of incapacity somewhere. For some days a stately procession of sewage wagons down our streets poisoned the atmosphere with their horrible effluvia, until in self-protection residents on that street were compelled to close windows and doors. As for the removal of garbage from kitchen doors, the direction given to housekeepers to deposit offal in convenient receptacles till called for by the scavenger, was simply a mockery, as we consider ourselves fortunate if that dignitary makes his appearance once or twice during the summer. Disease is God's verdict on dirt and no wonder we have had unnecessary mortality among children."

If half the stories which are told concerning the methods and practices of certain individuals in Victoria be true, the mission of Her Majesty's

preservers of the peace would appear to be a failure. It is alleged that blackmailing has been resorted to by both men and women, and that one person at least is following up the game with shameless assiduity. The mode of procedure is inditing anonymous letters to gentlemen of position, requesting them to meet at places appointed by women of loose character. Of course the result can be easily surmised. The Blackmailer is a dangerous person in any community, and it is a duty which every man owes to society to hand over letters of the above description to the police.

On Sunday evening last, the Rev. P. McF McLeod preached his farewell sermon in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church. Mr. McLeod referred in the course of his sermon to the work that he had accomplished during his residence in this city and felt that the time had now arrived when he should sever his connection with St. Andrew's and labor in other fields. He was very sorry to leave the many friends he had labored with in the good cause, but as he was called he deemed it his duty to go. There was much regret expressed amongst the members and adherents of this church at the loss of their popular pastor. Some of the congregation were moved to tears, but with the patient spirit which is born of Christianity, they hope to meet their beloved spiritual counsellor and guide in that other world, where all is love and sorrow must not enter at the gate.

A French governess writes:

Truly this is the land of kisses. It seemed bad enough to me when I was in England, where everybody kisses everybody else without the slightest provocation; but in this country they kiss without rhyme or reason, and, strange to say, the only kiss they know is the kiss on the lips. Nothing else counts. They rub noses in Greenland, pat heads in Japan, kiss cheeks in Russia, forehead in Germany, hands in France, feet in Spain, but in this country they don't seem to think that a kiss can be a kiss unless it be planted straight, firm and forcibly on the lips.

I said to a group of my pupils one day:—"Young ladies, why do you always kiss each other upon the lips?"