

day and dispenses justice, as I said before, impartially. His decisions are received as the inevitable, and are invariably carried out as quietly as they are given.

He has many old acquaintances. Jimmy Chickens, for instance, who comes up with unfailing regularity. Jenny, the beloved spouse of Jimmy, accompanies her lord and master on nearly every occasion. These old faces, if lost to the police court, would be a disaster to the wellbeing of that establishment. In them are centered all the traditions of this indispensable institution.

I must not forget that historic figure in police court circles, Phillip Chalk. Phillip generally looms up in all the dazzling splendor of a linen duster. The duster was, in its early days, of a color tending towards white. Phillip has worn it on all state occasions for a number of years till every vestige of its original hue has become merged in the atmosphere. Personally, his mission on earth seems to have been to save the police and police magistrate from dying of ennui. He was born with a legal dispute bump well developed, and he has been at loggerheads with the law ever since. The magistrate says goodbye to him for a month at a time, but scarcely has the month expired or the farewell tears are dry on Warden John's cheeks, when Phillip has an argument with the policeman down Humboldt street, and the pair have to submit the question to the arbitration of the police magistrate. "Five dollars or a month" says that inconsiderate dignitary, and poor Phillip is hustled off to his home on Topaz Avenue. Thus life flows on.

Some of my religious friends were talking to me the other day on the question of Sunday shooting. They considered it a deplorable fact that many of our young men devote the Sabbath to hunting the wary pheasant or the swift flying grouse, and I am sorry to confess that I positively smiled at the genuine holy horror manifested by these good people at this terrible depravity. I am not religious myself to an extreme limit. Perhaps that will account for my lack of sympathy in the case. But I am not in favor of Sunday desecration. I believe in observing the Sunday as a day of innocent recreation and rest. That is the Roman Catholic belief, and a very good one I think it is, although I am not a Catholic. I take it that a man tied down all the week to a desk or to any occupation where only or chiefly his mental faculties are employed, needs physical recreation. He cannot get that better than by a good tramp. If he chooses to take a dog and gun with him in the

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tramp and make it enjoyable, I can't for the life of me see any awful sin in it. For such a man to go to church, would be torture; his brain is already sick and he must have fresh air and physical recreation. I know many will disagree with me, but I am only expressing the opinion of one person and surely every person is entitled to an opinion.

I notice the portly form of my good friend William Templeman, of the Evening Times, again on the street. Mr. Templeman has just returned from eastern cities which he was visiting on a holiday trip; by the way, a thoroughly well earned holiday. He is one of those men one has to know before one thoroughly understands him. Then he proves to be the most genuinely whole-souled and good natured fellow in the world. Thanks to his energy and careful administration, the Times has crept along to a foremost place now and is making rapid headway.

Speaking of Mr. Templeman and the Times, I have seen an advance copy of the Christmas Times, and I was a little surprised at first. It is a beautifully illustrated, well written number, and accompanying it is a handsome colored picture. The production speaks well for the Times.

If may interest some Victoria ladies to know that the new fad called poker work, which is being interpreted, burning designs on wood with a red-hot metal point, is popular in the neigh-

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boring republic. A set of points and handles and a spirit lamp are the necessary outfit and also some fancy forms of designs for borders. A great effect may be produced by an expert with the hot point, a bold design and a piece of suitable board. Some of the etchings are really handsome. Holly, sycamore and lime are the best light woods for the purpose, while basswood, carefully selected, is cheap and satisfactory for beginners. Holly for striking and sycamore for light and delicate strokes are the choice. The outfit comes in a neat box, and my lady can enrich the panelling of her halls, her door panels, and any of her furniture that permits, with charming designs in flowers, fruit, scrolls, or any suitable object which takes her fancy. The Sunday-best name of the new art, or rather revived ancient art, is Pyrography.

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