

purposes, and he therefore reduced the number until he got down to three. Even that small number left an odor antagonistic to the fine art of kissing, and so he dropped the habit altogether. Then, deluged with perfume as he was, nobody more kissable could be desired.

"The doctor called on one of the city job printers, and got some fancy cards printed, deadhead, on the strength of being in the profession. These cards were a pledge for a certain person to abstain from liquor for the remainder of her natural life. She did not drink, he said, but the cards were a nice thing to have. The doctor while here was a guest at the Ottawa Hotel, King Square. He was on his way to the World's Fair when he left. It is not often that so stylish a journalist visits St. John, and when he writes a book about the place it ought to have a ready sale."

However, "Doc" Griffin paid the penalty of his misdeeds, and that is more than may be said of some, who are yet outside of prison walls. I know of a wife beater, who, if he had his deserts, would be filling the position lately vacated by the "doctor." How to make a happy home is a problem which has worried the heads of households ever since Adam tried his first experiments in pomology, and the searchers after the solution are just as much at sea to-day as they ever were. Some homes are happy because they cannot be otherwise, but when a home is not happy *per se* what is to be done? After years of diligent and patient research the question has finally been answered by a Victoria man, and again this city leads as she does in commerce, wealth, growth, prosperity, religion and all matters of a material or scientific nature. The man who has discovered the solution of this troublesome problem is young, and is neither a sage nor a philosopher, but his keen mind has struck at the root of domestic unhappiness, and now he waits for his reward, which should not be long delayed. His method is simple, and as it may be of benefit to countless benedicts, a description of the cure is here given.

When he wakes in the morning, and perceives lowering clouds and all the indications of a thunder storm behind the coffee urn, he meanders deliberately to that side of the breakfast table, and pats his wife gently on one cheek—just a little 20-pound pat to clear the air. She, of course, in a Christian spirit, turns the other cheek, and the act is repeated as often as it may seem necessary. This gives both a good appetite for breakfast, and everything remains serene, until the husband starts for his place of business, and his wife reminds him that she needs a little money, as the two dollar bill he gave her three weeks ago has been entirely consumed. To this request he replies with a short arm counter in the ribs, followed by a tap on the nose, and so without trouble or words, settles the financial question for the time being. His wife at this response glows with appreciation of his touching manner, but if she glows too much, so that the glowing looks as if the glowing be bad for her health he takes the lawn hose and

douches her, until, entirely cooled, and laughing with glee, she runs to the house and playfully wafts him a kiss as he goes away with the proud consciousness that he has done all in his power to make his home happy and to insure a cheerful and cloudless day.

When he comes home after his arduous toil, he playfully kicks her, and she is so overcome by his humorous greeting that she sinks on the floor in such a paroxysm of mirth that she does not revive until a doctor has been summoned. In this way he keeps his home cheerful and free from those petty annoyances which sometimes grow to such gigantic shapes if allowed to run on without correction. The husband is well known in town, and belongs to a prominent family, and will doubtless give a fuller exposition of his system, if properly approached by those who have a sincere desire to learn. That a suitable reward for his masterly solution of a troublesome problem be not long delayed is the earnest and heart-felt wish of all who know him and are acquainted with his humanitarian methods.

When Mr. Kennedy, the gentleman with a gun, threatened to annihilate the inhabitants of Vancouver Island, he evidently overlooked the circumstance that the Provincial Government, in its wisdom, had secured the services of one Frederick Hussey to safeguard the property and lives of the people. And to this fact Mr. Kennedy can now attribute his swooning in the affectionate embrace of the law as administered by the aforesaid Frederick Hussey. The Davie Government has made many appointments during its term of office, but not one has been fruitful of better results than the one which constituted Mr. Hussey Chief of Provincial Police. He possesses all the qualities which go to make up a first-class officer—personal bravery, caution and determination. Over-officiousness is an element which is lacking in his composition, which in a great measure accounts for his popularity, as an officer and a gentleman. In making future appointments the Government can not do better than to constitute Chief of Provincial Police Hussey its model.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is determined to display at every possible turn its animus towards Victoria. Not content with snubbing us by taking the China boats pass our door (a privilege for which we pay a substantial slice of the subsidy they receive), this company has now decided to take Allan Cameron away and put him down in Portland. In this change, the company loses a first rate man here, and the town one of its most popular young men, one of the solid, business-like, energetic class, a man who is at the same time a credit and an ornament to the place. No doubt the company is acting in its own interests in this matter, but there is a great number who will be sorry to lose his cheerful smile. The face of the genial Al. Cameron will be missed at weddings, more than one happy bridegroom living at this day being indebted to him for services rendered at the tying of the nuptial knot.

A writer signing himself "Neptune" addressed a very sensible letter to the *Times*, the other day, on the question of the "Victoria" disaster, and expressed sentiments which are entertained by every intelligent person who has had to deal with British naval or military officials. There is certainly more attention paid to precedent and formality, one cannot call it etiquette, than there is to good practical common sense. A titled flunkey with some unpronounceable, double-barreled name and a long pedigree generally gets the preference. These individuals may not have the respect of the general body of the service, but they are placed there, sometimes by "the special intervention of Her Majesty," and it cannot be gainsaid that they have the "pull" on more deserving men. Some of these days there will be an awful clearing up in the British navy, if all the ships are not lost before the grand sweeping match takes place. I hope to live to see the day when Albert Edward ascends the throne; some of those fat sinecures in the army will go to natives of Great Britain, from whom they have been shamelessly kept for foreign favorites and beggarly princelings.

Should the weather be fine and other circumstances favorable on Sunday next, it is my intention to worship at Christ Church Cathedral, as I understand, on the best authority, that a stock of incense has been laid in, along with a supply of pure olive oil for the sanctuary lamp, which hereafter is to be kept burning continuously. It is also stated that the "priestlings" (as Archbishop Farrar calls these would be Romanists) of Christ Church are at present considering plans for confessionals, which are to be constructed on the most modern and readily absolving principle. This is in accordance with a recent utterance of one of the "little" priests. They prayed for the repose of the souls of the victims of the Victoria disaster last week, so now all that is wanted is the establishment of a special purgatory to constitute these aspirants a sort of half-breed branch of the Roman Catholic church. This no doubt will soon be forthcoming, with all its attendant penances, absolutions and other paraphernalia.

The strife which has rent the congregation of St. Andrew's in two has at last come to an end, and the Rev. P. McF. Macleod will betake himself to some other field in which to carry on his Christian work. I have discussed the troubles up at St. Andrew's so often that it is hardly necessary now for me to state that my sympathies from the first were with the pastor. Rev. Mr. Macleod is only mortal, and it is quite within the range of possibility that he should make a mistake. But I believe the punishment has been more than commensurate with his sins, if I may use the expression. There is one thing I can scarcely understand, and that is how the rev. gentleman could have depreciated so much in the estimation of his people within the short space of five years. During the first year of Macleod's pastorate, it was considered almost sacrilege to presume to differ in opinion with the great and mighty orator who held forth in St. Andrew's. And, going further back, was