

on the street late at night she need fear little or no annoyance if she goes quickly and quietly on her way without side glances of distrust and fear. Very few men will speak to a woman who seems unalarmed and thoroughly about her business. I read in the evening paper not long ago of a woman who was waiting at the street corner for a delayed car. A stranger who stood behind her remarked casually: 'This is pretty tough, waiting so long in the cold.' The woman appealed to a policeman for protection from insult. That was fully as bad as the cause of the shrieking maid in the fable. Any woman who would be such a fool as to deem herself insulted because a fellow wayfarer sought to condole with her on mutual hardships ought to be finally insulted with a shotgun. Such a half wit would serve her day and generation better dead than living. What are we anyway, that we should stand aloof from one another? A company of raw recruits under marching orders to the grave; a flock of sheep traveling together in a common fold; a flight of birds winging their way through mingled sun and shade from the north to the south land. Why should we hesitate, then, to give greeting one to another as we journey on? The world would be an infinitely sweeter place to tarry in if we move in touch with one another and cast ceremony to the winds where it belongs. I have seen but few people carry hauteur and unnecessary reserve gracefully, and they were wax figures in the museum."

The following story is told of a certain judge, who is a gentleman of the old school, and always making fine speeches to women. On one occasion, he was taken to task by a lady who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, Your Lordship," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me. I met you two years ago." "Remember you, madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows, "Why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old humbug."

The English "A" appears to firmly rooted on this continent. It is more persistent than the grip. It is very catching. The order has gone forth that it is to be adopted in the public schools of the United States. No doubt the broad "a" sounds pleasanter than the brassy, American flat one, but with the zeal of new converts there may be danger of overdoing that English "a." Such words as ask, half, laugh and grass sound greatly more musical with the broad "a" than with the old time flat one. But when it comes to saying donee, foney, hond and loud I "foney" that it is running things into the ground. The truth always lies between two extremes. The best educated and purest speaking English people as a general rule do not say "I foney." They pronounce their a's about half way between the Cockney broad one and the American flat one. He, therefore, who would get the best English pronunciation will not say "donee." If Americans could imitate the soft, pleasant voices of the cultivated English ladies and gentlemen instead of being in such a des-

perate hurry to say "I foney," it would be better.

THE HOME JOURNAL never publishes acrostics nor offers premiums, consequently when a "poem" appears in this great dollar weekly, the reader does not have to run around looking for "lights." The following verse is entitled "A Lay of Modern Victoria," and has been contributed by the poultry editor:

Then up spake Kleeve of Everywhere,  
By Cariboo he swore,  
That the noble house of Johnsing  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And bared his muscles keen;  
Then quickly smote right at the throat  
Of Northpole brown and lean.  
For Kleeve was strong and mighty,  
Much practised he the swing,  
'Twas whispered so, in circles low,  
That he'd been in the ring;  
Where, Ajax-like, he dared to strike  
A pugilistic king.  
But then the beak was heard to speak,  
"Two Dollars," whispering.

The next might be termed a domestic or "culinary" poem, and tells in plain words "What Mr. Kitchen thinks":

Theodore D. is a sensible man,  
He sticks to his work an' looks arter his folks;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he wunt vote with Theodore D.

My! ain't it terrible! Wot shall we du?  
We can't never choose him, o' course—thet's flat—  
Guess we shall have to come round (dont' yu?)  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns an' all that;  
Fer John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he wunt vote with Theodore D.

Vancouver C. is a dresse smart man,  
He's been on all sides that gives place or pelf,  
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan;  
He's been true to one party—an' thet is himself;  
So John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he shall vote with Vancouver C.

Vancouver C. he goes in fer the war,  
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;  
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?  
So John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez he shall vote with Vancouver C.

We were gettin' on nicely up here to our vil-  
lage,  
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut  
ain't,  
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'  
pillage,  
An' that oppyletts worn't the best mark o' a  
saint;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,  
An' Westminster District you know that is  
our country,  
An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the debit to that an' to us the per contry,  
Fer John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Kernel Baker he calls all those argimunts lies,  
Sez they're nothing on earth but only fee faw;  
An' sez thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is made up ov slander an' ignorance raw;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez it ain't no such thing, an' of course so must  
we.

Kernel Baker sez he never heard in his life,  
Thet th' apostles rigged out in their swaller  
tail coats,  
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife  
To git some on 'em office an' some on 'em  
votes;  
But John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Koot-  
nee.

Wal it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us  
The rights and the wrongs of these matters,  
I vow,  
God sends city members an' other nice fellers  
To drive the world's team wen it gets in a  
slough;  
Fer John B.  
Winchester he,  
Sez the country'll go right ef he hollers out Gee!

It transpires that the inventive genius of Mr. Charles H. Gibbons will not be confined altogether to the columns of the *Colonist*. It has been noted for a long time past that something unusual was weighing heavily on the mind of Mr. Gibbons, but his friends, who had great faith in him, were content to await developments. At last, their patience is to be rewarded in a manner at once startling and convincing. No confidence is violated in stating that for many moons Mr. Gibbons' movements have been mysterious, so much so that it could not be attributed altogether to a desire to add to his already well-selected and extensive gallery of "scoops" and literary pyrotechnics. A traveller recently returning from one of his "periodical trips to Port Townsend," had his attention attracted to what at first appeared to be a nautical monstrosity, but which on closer investigation proved to be a marine bicycle, the rider of which was none other than the renowned Capt. Gibbons. Finding that concealment was no longer possible, the inventor recently revealed to a representative of THE HOME JOURNAL the object of this machine by which he hopes to revolutionize transoceanic travel. At Mr. Gibbons' request this paper will not enter into the details of his invention until after his return from the East, whither he has gone to place this and other schemes before Mr. Van Horne, of the C. P. R., but to prevent apprehension it should be said that if his marine bicycle fleet is to take the place of the Empress line, he will uncompromisingly insist upon it that they will call at the Outer Wharf. In conclusion, the writer of this article is authorized to state that a public exhibition of the capabilities of the new machine will be given on the evening of May 24—immediately after the fireworks.

There does not appear to have been much progress made towards recuperation in any branch of United States trade that may be considered of a permanent character. In many if not most lines, there is a spasmodic improvement, and for a few days there is a volume of trade that is of old time dimensions and revive long delayed hopes that at last there are influences at work which will put business on its feet again, but, after a few days, the