

this province. The attendance, I was pleased to observe, was large, which demonstrates that this game is growing in popularity. Victoria now stands a good chance of winning the pennant this year. The evident determination of the officers of the club to steer clear of disruptable characters should command the thanks of the lovers of the national game. To become popular with all classes, anything approaching crooked work should not be permitted. Of course, every flock of sheep has its black one, but the shepherds must see that the breed is decapitated as soon as discovered. So far, the game has been singularly free from dishonorable practices.

In my rambles, I meet with some queer characters; but I believe the most exasperating idiot is the one who threatens dire results in case his "name appears in the papers." This creature declares that he wears a seven and an eighth hat, but the fact is a five will cover all the brains in his head. No matter how insignificant a position he occupies, he believes that the eyes of the whole world are upon him, while the fact is he could drop out of existence and no one would miss him. Within the last six months, I have been warned repeatedly to keep certain names "out of the paper," but in nearly every instance the names appeared, and I still live. In future, I propose to publish in dark type the names of every individual who attempts to keep his name out of THE HOME JOURNAL by making a bluff.

The daily papers have chronicled two cases of suicide within a very few weeks. The victims were brothers, and no cause is assigned for the rash act. I have also heard of two attempts at suicide during the past few days. One is a young lady who was deeply in love with a gentleman who recently left the city. All the world looked dark, and she determined to end her existence by taking poison. For some reason or other, she did not succeed. The other case is that of a man who desired to embrace suicide as the easiest way out of business difficulties. I believe that it is a great error to regard all persons who die by their own hands as insane. The paralysis of the instinct of self preservation may result from severe mental and bodily suffering, and the deliberation and seeming sanity of the suicide's preparation for death, the calmness of his last words, would often seem to forbid the theory of insanity. The hopeless consumptive, the victim of cancer, not seldom commits suicide to secure that sudden stop to suffering that we call humanity when extended to a wretched brute. Suicide is rare among savage brutes, probably because they are so occupied with purely material matters that they have no time for spiritual agony or severe mental strain, or a costly round of various vices. During the Middle Ages, there were not many conspicuous instances of suicide. Out-door life and an intensely practical life was the rule with men of sensibility outside of convent walls, and suicide was not common until the eighteenth century when men of sedentary lives began to multiply. It is a fact worthy of note that according to recent statistics probably more physicians than any other class of men die by

their own hands, lawyers coming next, and the liberal professions on the whole furnishing about one-fifth of all cases. Various causes have been suggested to account for this seemingly abnormal development of the suicidal tendency among doctors, some ascribing it to overcrowding and the struggle for sufficient work to maintain life in such a way as to make life inviting, while others, with probably more reason, seek the explanation in their greater tendency to fall victims to opium, chloral, cocaine and other drug habits. Since suicide increases with education and civilization, it might be demonstrated that physicians advance more rapidly in those directions than do others, and simply show their superiority by keeping at the head of the suicidal list. It has been written that the suicide is one of the three things—a great philosopher, a crazy man, or a coward.

If the young gentlemen who control the destinies of the Union Club are really sincere in their desire to have me become a member of their organization they must change their ways. I do not feel disposed to offer myself as a sacrifice to the secrecy of the U. C. ballot box, as several gentlemen have done within the last month or so. I have heard of one person who was desirous of securing the social distinction which membership in the Union Club affords, and who succeeded in polling the unusually large number of 35 nice, smooth, round, black balls out of a vote cast of 52. There was really no reason why this gentleman should not have become a member of the club. His character is above reproach, and he was never known to investigate the contents of cash-box while the owner was absent. Was it for this reason he was declared ineligible? Another gentleman, some months ago, was "put up" and "turned down," total vote cast 32, black balls, 23. I always understood that it was the greatest insult which could be offered the proposer and seconder of an applicant to reject the name presented by them. But certain members of the U. C. appear to think otherwise. It is said that the result of this indiscriminate black balling is due to a division in the Club. Where it will end no one, not even the members, professes to know. One thing is certain, that the Union Club is the subject of much execration in many quarters just now.

A Chinese opera company will begin a short season (one night) of light Chinese opera at The Victoria this evening. The Company is practically the same as that which appeared before the Emperor of China, at the Imperial Theatre, in Peking, all last summer. The libretto is from the pen of the celebrated Li Wong Ching, whose name is a household word wherever the Chinese language is spoken. The plot involves at least three love affairs, and two or three plain every day Chinese murders. Elopements also abound with frequency throughout the entire piece. As showing the wonderful strides the Chinese have made in grand opera, it might be mentioned that the prima donna wears \$150,000 worth of diamonds in this production, and has been divorced

thirteen times. I doubt if any American prima donna can show a better record than this. There will be no advance in the price of seats.

Making comparisons between to-day and the past, a gentleman remarked to me, that religious tolerance was one of the signs of the times. Three hundred years ago, Dr. Briggs, instead of being suspended from the church, would have been suspended by the neck. Another sign of the times was the glass window; there was a day in the history of the world when people thought they could not build houses that were not fortifications. People now have more confidence in one another. There is much food for reflection in the above.

I think I shall close the exercises of the day by telling a story of some drummers who were diverting themselves in a smoking car by repeating episodes of so called "cheek." All but one had related an instance. When he was called upon, he drearily said:

"I don't remember anything worth telling. In fact my wife has completely dazed my memory of matters of that kind by a fine sample of her own stock. You see, when I got back from my latest trip, I went home at something after 9 o'clock in the evening. Well, there was my house lighted up from top story to basement, carriages were leaving the door, and affairs seemed to be going on inside on a grand scale. I let myself into the basement with a latchkey and walked into the dining room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled laughter and conversation indicated a host of guests.

"Presently my wife came into the dining room dressed like a princess. She ran up to me saying:

"Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come home early."

"So'm I," said I. "What's the racket—surprise party?"

"Surprise party?" said she with a pout. "No, indeed. It's the anniversary of my wedding."

"Tilda," said I, "you're off. You're way off! This is the month of March. It was in summer we were married!"

"She serenely replied: 'I know that very well. This is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress suit, dear.'"

PERE GRINATOR.

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