

not worth our looking at now. The old horses are replaced by fast and showy trotters. Books for all time, full of solid, brainy matter, must be discarded for the latest bowl of froth from the not always clean cranium of the smart but shallow-pated prattler. And in this age of new inventions the latest advertised novelty is—the New Woman.

Yes, a species of woman has burst the bonds that bound her to the sphere hitherto regarded as peculiarly her own—is arraying herself in new and startling colors, and challenges the world to fall and and worship—the new divinity. I understand she has ordered a new Heaven and a new Earth. But has she figured on the New Man? The world is growing old, they say; but if it can produce the new woman it can, and will, bring the New Man upon the scene. It may be taken for granted that when the New Woman stands forth in all her glory the New Man will be looking around the corner. It may be urged that the New Man should have come first. Not so. The New Man coming after the New Woman will have the advantage of the latter, being newer and more powerful, like the latest built battle-ship.

Under the old order of things woman has always been newer than man (man being made first, though he mostly goes after her), and this may account for the fact of her never having been properly subdued by the lord of creation.

However, all this will be changed on the advent of the New Man. Meanwhile, the absorbing question for all (especially the New Woman), is, of course:—What will he be like?

I trust I have shown that he will not, as some insist, have all the weaknesses and none of the virtues of the Old Woman. No! on the contrary, he will assuredly possess all that is noble in the highest manhood, and a full line of everything necessary to manage the New Woman.

He may, perchance, occupied in the pursuit of the delusive dollar, or the bubble, fame, neglect his duty awhile; but the day will come when he shall take the New Woman in hand and, while she is new, train her in the way she should go, that when she is old she may not depart therefrom.

REYNELL UPHAM.

## THE FUTURE OF B. C.

There comes to-night a vision bright:—  
“A city by the sea,”

Where breakers roar on a western shore,  
In lonely majesty!  
In solemn majesty!

I hear again the sweet refrain,  
The music of the sea!  
The night winds sigh and the waves reply,  
In happy melody!  
In tuneful melody!

The moon looks down with a chilly frown  
On a mermaid of the sea,  
But she sings away and without dismay—  
(At Victoria, B C,  
This mermaid sings to me.)

List to the song as it's borne along  
Through the shadowy pine tree.  
She sings out loud of a ‘Future’ proud,  
With no uncertainty:—  
The Future of B. C.

When, instead of her forests of pine so dread,  
As far as eye can see;—  
Forests of masts and vessels vast,  
Of A1 registry,  
In all her harbors be.

And many a city that (more's the pity),  
In beautiful B. C.,  
Has reared its stacks and awful shacks  
Near by the crystal sea,  
Near by the deep blue sea,

Shall in some day, not far away,  
Make all this cease to be;  
For marble halls and granite walls,  
In tinted harmony,  
All in their place you'll see.

In glory drest, the “Golden West,”—  
“A hive of industry,”—  
Then shall feast in the culture of the east,  
And roll in luxury,  
(When all goods come in free.)

The country around, no more to be drowned  
By river or by sea,  
Where'er one goes, shall bloom as the rose,  
In full security  
From river and from sea

The bounteous west the treasure chest  
Of Canada will be;  
A mighty hoard of riches stored,  
And Victoria the key;—  
Victoria, B. C.

Toronto.

REYNELL UPHAM.