

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

EUREKA! I have found out the identity of J. N. Muir. An anonymous friend sent to my address (Campbell's Corner) the "Final report of the Select Committee on Education" from which I gather some very interesting details, but which are not very amusing to the general public. It presents the "notorious John N. Muir," as he styles himself, in a very contemptible light. The evidence of Prof. Wilson, the inspector of schools, is particularly spicy reading. Four out of five of the members of the commission sat on him properly in their report, and to sum it up the gist of it is contained in the last line, like the postscript to a lady's letter, which says, "that for a considerable time he was not a fit and proper person to have charge of any public school." The late Hon. John Robson says in his evidence that J. N.'s "conduct was, in my opinion, on account of his mental equipment being out of order," in other words, off his chump. Well, enough of this man. I shall not immortalize him any more in my effusions to THE HOME JOURNAL, but let him sink into oblivion. The Presbyterians will have no truck with him, neither will I.

I am very glad to see the Macleod enquiry has ended so amicably, and the birds in their little nest agree again, for if they didn't they are sure to fall out. Everybody shook hands with everybody, and happiness reigns in St. Andrew's where before there was chaos and rebellion. The Rev. gentleman has been found "not guilty," and he is never to do it again, and, as a reward, has been granted three months' leave of absence, which many of the congregation would be glad to see extended for an unlimited period, even years, or, "may be, for ever."

I see the proprietor of a certain shop in Store street that was burned out a short time ago, has sought "fresh fields and pastures new." Let us hope, in the land of the brave and the free, he will rise, Phoenix-like, "A thousand beacons from the spark he bore."

Spring has come again and it does me good to see everybody, who has anything in the shape of a garden, getting it into order, but it is a melancholy sight to see Mongolians employed

in them all, while scores of white men are begging for a job. Now, Mr. Editor, if I had my way, I would take the poll tax off Chinamen altogether and put a tax of one thousand dollars a head on every one who employed them. In my humble opinion, that would settle the Chinese question in very short order. I would boycott every lumber yard and every store and hotel that employed them. I see Chinamen have taken to dying without any apparent reason. No disease or anything—just go to bed and shuffle off this mortal coil. This is another matter for political economists to take into consideration in settling this vexed question.

Victoria is going to boom again. The question of the capital is settled, and, with our new government buildings, new post office and British Pacific Railway, to say nothing of our own Victoria and Sydney Railway, things will go ahead. In a very short time, the roar of the "unemployed" will be a thing of the past. "Demagogues" will find their occupation gone and real estate men *et hoc genus omne* will be happy. Men will once more be able to pay for their newspapers and some for their advertisements, which will spread alike a glow of sunshine in the sanctum of the Editor down to the buzzum of the printer's devil. Beaven will be the only one to be miserable for he will have nothing to find fault with, and he can't even blame Davie for the turn things are taking, McKenzie will cease asking questions in the House, some say the only thing he can do, in fact he is known as the asterisk. Punch will get a bridge over the Fraser, and the new Minister will not have to be "chosen from the Opposition."

I never look at our new drill shed but it inspires me with a feeling of awe. I should think there is room enough in it to drill 20,000 troops and the commanding officer would need a spy glass and a speaking trumpet as part of his equipment. But the roof is what thrills the heart of every loyal Victorian. I am told that Col. Prior, M. P., commanding the Victoria district, plainly told the Government at Ottawa if he did not have slates instead of shingles, as proposed, he would not only resign his seat in the Dominion Parliament, but would re-

sign his command as well. Think of this! It almost makes me weep when I think of what *might* have occurred. Her Majesty would have lost one of her best and bravest soldiers, and the Dominion a loss that could never be repaired. But all's well that ends well; we have still got our Colonel, and the slates, and the drill shed; but what we are going to do with the latter is beyond me. If we are going to have a little world's fair of our own, I think there is plenty room for all the exhibits

The photographers, I see, are having a merry time of it. No sooner does one come down to \$3.50 a dozen, and distributed all his dodgers and spent all his spare cash in advertising, than another comes down to \$3; then Jones goes one better and brings down the price to \$2. Go it, ye cripples; when it comes down to 50 cents a dozen I'll get one of myself done for my mother-in-law, which I have always refused to do hitherto on the score of expense. I wish the barbers, tobacconists and saloon keepers would take a leaf out of this photographic album. I never heard of butchers or bakers taking a hand at this sort of euchre, or any other tradesman that could confer a benefit on the public.

I must now draw my "notes" to a close. I have to be up very early in the morning to inspect Supt. Hussey and his band of "warriors bold" off in the Quadra. He does not take a large army with him, but numbers are nothing; he depends on the righteousness of his cause and remembers that "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." One of them has solemnly promised, even if he is the sole survivor, to give me an accurate account of the expedition, which I shall communicate to the 4,000 readers of THE HOME JOURNAL in due course.

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.

## REMOVAL.

The Chicago Candy Factory  
has removed to No. 30  
Government Street,  
three doors below C. E. Jones'  
Drug Store.

G. A. McCULLOCH.