

and only spend from ten to fifteen cents a day in food." A hard-working population, cheap labour, and frugal habits are terrible drawbacks, no doubt, to the prosperity of a young, industrial community! Does British Columbia suppose that all the rough and coarse work necessary in laying the foundations on which the edifice of her commercial prosperity is to be reared can be done by labour brought from England across the ocean and the continent? There is, however, in the case of the Chinese a real moral objection. They do, at least when they are in foreign lands, things which Christendom cannot tolerate within its pale. To compel them to bring with them a certain proportion of women would perhaps be practically the best antidote. Their superstitious habit of going back to die on the celestial soil will in time, we may be sure, yield to more earthly considerations; some mode of dispensation or of formal compromise will be invented. In the meantime they leave behind them the railways which they have built and all the work which as able bodied labourers they have done, nor has Canada or British Columbia need either of their decrepitude or of their bones. Sir John Macdonald's conclusion was worthy of a statesman at once practical and moral; he will let the Chinese finish the Pacific railroad and then he will appoint a commission to enquire into their morals. The struggle to confine the Pacific coast of this continent to British and European labour is a hopeless struggle against nature. Let the competition for the Asiatic trade between Port Moody and San Francisco, which Sir John Macdonald spoke of, once begin, and it will be seen how long either of the competitors will be content to remain self-handicapped in the race by the virtuous exclusion of the hard-working Chinese.

A BYSTANDER.

### HERE AND THERE.

WHILE commercial training forms so small a part of the work of our Secondary Schools, the business portion of the community must necessarily be grateful to the Commercial Colleges for fitting Canadian youth for mercantile life. The other day we were glad to observe the Minister of Education and one of our leading bankers—Mr. Yarker, of the Bank of Montreal—recognizing the work being done at the British American Business College by addressing to the students of the institution some words of wholesome admonition and hearty encouragement. The Hon. Mr. Ross's address, though somewhat didactic, was appropriate and stimulating. In the alliterative fashion of the time, he admonished the students to bring to their work the virtues of "push, pluck, and principle, intermingled," as an evening contemporary reports the address, "with completeness, concentration, and courage." With the sound and goodly maxims of the Minister we have no desire to quarrel, but he will pardon us if we take exception, on the score of redundancy, to his citing "courage" as an added virtue to "pluck." "It is an ancient forester," to quote an old and quaint saying, "who stumbles over the tree he has planted." Mr. Yarker's alliterative word-alliance, if more modest in range, was happy as well as apt, in recommending the students to add "patience" to the p's and "courtesy" to the c's, for there are few records of any large practical success in business, or indeed in any other avocation, without these essential qualities. Equally opportune was Mr. Yarker's counsel to the students, not only to be zealous in preparing themselves for the varied duties of life, but to take pride in that training which would best fit them for successfully engaging in the practical occupations of commerce. He deprecated the popular notion that an academic training was necessarily superior to a mercantile one, and urged the students to get rid of this fallacy which, in a country like Canada, operated disadvantageously when young men went into business. He enforced the point, without depreciating other studies, by contrasting the facility with which any of the modern languages (French, to wit) might be acquired with the difficulty of making oneself conversant with the vast and intricate machinery of trade and the varied and complex methods of modern commerce, in all its ramifications. In the school-rooms of the country there is need of more talk of this sort, to convert mistaken notions and to give a more practical turn to Canadian elementary and higher education.

THE New York *Forest and Stream* says:—The formation of an association by the yacht clubs on the chain of fresh-water lakes is now an accomplished fact. At a spirited meeting held in Toronto, Saturday last, representatives from the principal clubs, both on the Canadian and American shores, drew up a constitution for the proper government of the new union. With the customs and laws of racing assimilated, a new era has opened for the prosperity of the sport. Through the adoption of the length and sail area rule of measurement, competition between the representatives of different types can now be undertaken with something like

rational interpretation to the results. Individuals will not be forced into the construction of the largest sail carriers for the only purpose of racing, but can suit their preferences in all respects, and build to meet other requirements besides. The custom of making the rounds, which is the very life of match sailing, will now take a fresh hold upon lake yachtsmen, and the voyages and passages such undertakings entail is certain to bring to the fore that boat best suited for the fresh-water seas.

THE Inter-Varsity boat race, which was originally fixed for Saturday, was, on account of the funeral of Prince Leopold in the same week, postponed till Monday, when Cambridge succeeded in stemming the tide of ill luck which for the last four years has attended her representatives in the great annual aquatic contest. The first race between the rival universities dates back to 1829, but it is only since 1856 that the event has been of yearly occurrence. In the records of the forty-one races which have been rowed, the Dark Blues have won twenty-two, and their opponents but eighteen, the race of 1877 having been declared "a dead heat by six feet" by the excited old waterman, Sam Phelps. Since their arrival on the Thames the Oxonians have been the favourites, but their easy defeat—as did their victory last year, when Cambridge was so greatly fancied—shows that "University pots" are not the safe thing they have hitherto usually been considered. Backers of the favourites will now know that other things besides "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." But though the knowledge may make them sadder, it is questionable whether they will in any degree be wiser men.

THE victory of "Voluptuary" in the Grand National was another good thing for the book-makers. This year's winner, which was a cast-off of Lord Rosebery's, was for a long time a doubtful starter, and till within a short period previous to the event was quoted one hundred to one. That he was to be steered by Mr. E. P. Wilson, whose mounts a certain clique always follows, was the sole reason of his being brought to a shorter price, which his previous performances would never seem to have justified. The blue ribbon of steeple-chasing is usually an event which is favourable to the gentlemen of the pencil, though doubtless there are yet some who can recall the memorable bet of Mr. John Power, a step-son of the celebrated Richard Taylor Shield, which hit the ring so heavily. Johnny Taylor was justly esteemed as a very wild rider and bettor, so when he offered to take odds that he would name the horse, the rider and owner who would lead the start, who would win all the way, who would be first over the last ditch, first at the finish, and that he would place all the other horses and riders in the race, he was promptly and profusely accommodated to a very heavy amount of wagers. When he declared that "Valentine," owned and ridden by John Power, would be first from beginning to end, and the rest nowhere, he was laughed to scorn. Nevertheless they had to tumble to him, for he took the lead on "Valentine," never was headed, and distanced his field over the trying four-and-a-half miles which mark out the Grand National course at Aintree.

THE passing of an English bill making the shooting of pigeons from traps illegal is to be followed, it is rumoured, by an attempt to introduce a bill for the purpose of suppressing betting on horse races. The class to be first attacked is the press, which is to be prohibited from publishing the odds on coming events, whilst the sporting "tips" of "aristocratic touts" are to be held illegal. That the bill if brought forward will not lack considerable support, may be safely promised, but it is too much to expect such an act, even if it become law, will be obeyed. "So long as Englishmen meet together, so long will there be betting in some form or other," was a trite and also a true saying of the late Admiral Rous. Call it a deplorable vice or not, there seems to be something inherent in every class of the Anglo-Saxon race which finds its vent in a certain kind of speculation on matters of chance. It is an acknowledged fact that horse-racing and betting are inseparable, and it is to be feared no legislation will ever sever the connection. Experience, bitter and disastrous as it so often is in turf circles, is no deterrent to the patrons of the "ring." There is but one class of men which makes money on the turf—the book-maker. Lord Falmouth, one of the most successful of racing men, and who only made one bet in his life—and that sixpence—despite the large amount of stakes he has won in his racing career, retires from the turf by no means remunerated in specie for his great outlay. Betting is a fool's game, and legislation, even though it succeed in stopping the publication of the "market price" in the organs of the day, will never make wise men of the large class which pursues the deleterious excitement of taking or laying the odds.

APROPOS of the chess column which is added as a feature to this issue of the WEEK, it may be interesting to recall a game played when the stake