

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

THIS is the sort of thing we read in the local papers under the head of "Hand and Grip," which is, I suppose, inserted for the especial benefit of the members of the particular mystic tie to which they belong. "The young men of the M. L. I. spent a very agreeable evening at their rooms" at such and such a place, etc. Again, the "S. O. T. held a meeting," etc. Now, I understand the latter means Sons of Temperance—not "sot," as the initials would imply. Why can't they give names, if they are not short of type, for goodness knows there is plenty of room in their papers, but I for one must confess, and there are plenty more like me, that don't know the A. B. C. F's from the G. H. I. J. K. L's, etc.

I see, in looking into the windows, some very pretty designs in medals to be presented to successful competitors in the tug of war, and, in gazing on them, I meditated what would the winners do with them. They can't surely intend to wear them on their manly bosoms, for, in my opinion, nobody short of a lunatic would do that. I should say there are enough breastplates now dangling over "hearts untainted." You see them on everybody—porters, hackmen, drivers, firemen and even "officers" now have their tinplates on and numbered so that in case of a row, when they get lost, they can be found again. I remember a general officer was inspecting a regiment of volunteers when he spotted an old veteran literally covered with decorations. "Well, my brave fellow," said he, "how do you come possessed of all those medals, you must have seen considerable service?" "Weel, 'deed



no," said Sandy, "them's feet a' the prizes a tuck at the agricultural exhibitions fur the last twenty year. Soom's fur pegs, soom's fur coos and mair for horses." The collapse of the general was so complete

at seeing what the service had come to that he had to be carried off the grounds.

I do not, as a rule, take much interest in politics, but, on seeing that the senior member for Vancouver intended to bring in a vote of want of confidence in the Davie administration, I attended "in my place in the House." Cotton blathered away a long time about representation, misrepresentation and no representation at all, until I was fairly bewildered. Then we had information on the population, which was equally perplexing. The Government clearly showed the majority of *bona fide* voters were at their backs, who resided principally in Vancouver Island, and mostly in Victoria. The Independents and Opposition clearly proved they were in that enviable position themselves, only that everybody worth a cent lived on the Mainland. The Dominion Analyst, in his report, said the population was very mixed, consisting of whites, Indians, Chinese, unregistered dogs, gamblers, tug of war cranks, etc., and it would be impossible to get at a basis of representation until these, by some chemical process known only to the Government, could be separated. Finally, the junior member for Vancouver, who also comes from the land where the "Cotton" grows, took the bull by the "Horne," by moving an amendment that the Davie administration did quite right in suiting themselves about this representation business, and that they were pure and holy, self-sacrificing and generous to a degree, and the House was so impressed with the truth of his remarks that his amendment was carried by 2 to 1.

I see the *Times*, with its usual reputation for veracity, says John Grant fairly jumped into Davie's arms. This is not so. No such acrobatic feat took place in the House. It must have been afterwards when they adjourned to liquor up. John Grant behaved with true native dignity, he spoke more in sorrow than in anger, and was moved almost to tears in having to desert his party. Never mind John; "true patriot he, for, be it understood, he left his party for his party's good." The undersigned respectfully takes this opportunity of congratulating the present administration in the "sure and certain hope" of being able to retain their seats (and salaries) for nine months to come without being bothered with such mosquitos as Beaven, Cotton & Co.

British Columbia must feel itself under a debt of gratitude to the pilots for discovering so many sunken rocks. Of course everybody has heard of the Irish pilots who knew every rock on the Irish coast, "and there's wan," said he, as the ship struck, and another pilot of the same nationality on going on board a ship was asked by the Captain if he knew all the rocks and shoals, "I do not," promptly responded Pat, who was immediately ordered to go on shore "Be aley now," said he, "I know where they are not and that's where you want to go." But locating rocks here is a very expensive job, it cannot be done with a vessel drawing less than twenty-five feet, as we are told in the case of the Romulus and the Warspite, (the latter found its rock all honor

to it without the aid of a pilot), that ships drawing less water than that had been sailing over these rocks for the last thirty years. In the case of our now rather ancient friend, the San Pedro, I think the pilot by the look of her must have been trying to make a short cut to the Dallas Hotel. But is there not an easier way of discovering these dangers than having to use a ship worth half a million of dollars to make a hole in her in trying to discover them? I am not a nautical man myself, but I think I could make a good average pilot.

I can't see how people can waste their money in paying for admission to theatres and such like, when they can walk in to the "House" across the bay and have as good an entertainment for nothing as there is to be found in any other place of amusement in the city. One has tragedy comedy and side splitting farces all in one evening. What astonishes the strangers in the gallery most is the politeness of the actors to one another, they jealously guard against saying anything that would tend to hurt one another's feelings, and if they playfully call one another a "contemptible man" or a cur or anything of that sort, it is only done in fun on account of some "ugly rumors" going about.

The season was brought to a close on Wednesday, in the presence of a crowded house. The performance was under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who at the end of the last act made a neat speech and complimented the actors on their efforts to amuse the public. The music and pomp were supplied by C. Battery. The managers remain in Victoria, but the company is now scattered all over the Province. The same "dramatis personæ" will appear in the beginning of next year in the grand tragedy of the "Canada Western" or "Ugly Rumors." Davie will be stage manager and director, supported by his talented troupe. The parts of the villains in this piece will be taken by Messrs. B. and C.

I see in a great many towns it is customary for leading journals to swear before a Notary Public, or some other duly authorized officer, their average circulation, I suppose to give advertisers an idea of what they are getting for their money. Well, last week I attended at the office of one of these functionaries and he put the usual questions to me. Are you in a position to know, through being a shining light in the news columns, the circulation of THE HOME JOURNAL? I was just about to take my solemn "davy," it was 4,000, when I hesitated. The man in authority looked awfully severe when he saw me hesitate, and with a look I shall never forget said, "So you are not prepared to swear to what you have already stated." "I am not sir," I said with becoming dignity, "for although it was 4,000 when I left the office this morning, it might be 5,000 now for all I know, the increase in its circulation is so rapid." He said, "Young man, your sentiments do you honor, add my name to your list of subscribers as you are the only newspaper man I ever saw that had any qualms of conscience."

AN INTELLIGENT VAGRANT.