

secure from the Dominion Government the monetary assistance which would be required to carry out the proposal. He further pointed out that it would be necessary in case Mrs. Hansel contracted the disease her expenses should be paid across the continent to the lazaretto at Tracadie.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting the rev. gentleman who has so far interested himself in the condition of the heathen lepers on Darcy Island as to encourage a white woman to nurse them; therefore I will take this opportunity of informing him that in my opinion his time would be more profitably employed in attending to matters strictly within his own sphere. The revolting proposition of Mr. McLaren will in all probability earn for him the ill-will of all self-respecting Anglo-Saxons who learn of it, and I have very little hesitation in saying that if he attempted to induce some women to do as Mrs. Hansel proposes, he would run a risk of getting a sound thrashing from an outraged husband or male relative. Just imagine a woman living out the rest of her natural life with no other companionship than that afforded by the ever-present spectacle of a half-dozen putrescent Chinese lepers. When the proposition was made to the Victoria City Council it was indignantly refused. No doubt the members thereof took the reasonable ground that if it were necessary that a female nurse should be provided for the lepers on Darcy Island the sacrifice should be made by a woman of their own nationality. In any event I trust our race will never be reproached with having permitted a white woman to nurse these diseased creatures, no matter how far our sympathies for their unfortunate condition may extend.

Prior to municipal elections, there is a periodical outburst in which the free burghers vent their pent-up indignation at the alleged follies and blunders of our civic Solons. Chronic malcontents and taxpayers with real grievances stuff the correspondence columns of the local papers with the vaporings of a wrath whose fires have smouldered with smothered glow during the many months and finally erupting with the fierce intensity of a Chimborazo, when the annual inspection of our municipal machinery arrives. A glance at what has been accomplished by our present aldermanic Board is by no means reassuring. Acrimonious critics will have the same store of ammunition to hurl at the representatives of the wards. The Government street nuisance is still unabated. This leads one to ask what has become of pre-election promises? Are the hackmen masters of the situation? Is there no escape from the sickening stench that

pollutes the air of the principal thoroughfare and fashionable promenade? It is safe to say that no well-governed city would tolerate such an insufferable nuisance. The idea of making a stable of the main street is as inexcusable as the indefensible passivity of our weak-kneed Council in doing anything to ameliorate this deplorable state of affairs. Are the Council lacking in courage in this matter, or do they intend to suffer the hackmen to acquire what legal friends would term a prescriptive easement. Instead of the city legislators taking the initiative in the matter of reform, they have to be prodded and begged and reminded and approached plaintively by a long-suffering public to bring about necessary changes. Has Victoria reached the dignity of a modern city, or are the unsanitary customs of the wigwam and rancherie to prevail? It was understood that this hack nuisance would be tackled at the outset, and it is difficult to account for the delay, except that the Council are intentionally shirking their plain duty, and have sought office merely for notoriety, and with no idea of carrying out the manifest wishes of the people emphatically declared through press and platform. Next week, I have another specimen of municipal drowsiness respecting which I trust they will summon sufficient energy to rub their eyes and exercise the ordinary powers of observation.

I heard the following story the other day of the departed Chief Justice, which, it was said, he occasionally told to his most intimate acquaintances. It is well known that in the early days of the Colony of British Columbia the greatest obstacle in the way of safeguarding the lives and rights of the people was the frequency with which wild and lawless characters from the other side were in the habit of attempting to practice the peculiar customs that were almost unchecked in their own country.

About the time of the exodus from California of these undesirable citizens the State militia had been disbanded, and clothing being very dear heavy army overcoats were eagerly bought up by those coming to this side of the line. Well, in time it appeared to become fixed in the mind of the Judge that there was some occult connection between the blue overcoats and "a bad man from the other side." In any event, it so happened that those who wore the blue coats were getting it right and left from Judge Begbie; but fate was storing up its revenge.

One day the man of the law and the terror to evildoers was on his way to some court he was to hold in an upcountry district. At the hotel where he made his last stop he came off without his overcoat. The day was well along when it began to

rain. Just as the first chilling drop began to trickle down his back along came a farmer, an acquaintance, on horseback and best of all on the back of the same was a spare overcoat. The farmer, characteristic hospitality, offered it to Lordship. It could be left at the town and he would call for it in a day so when he came over. The coat was wrapped and it was a blue one! However, it would keep out the rain, and by this time had begun to pour down. Damp and worn out Judge Begbie arrived at the next stopping-place, the place where the court was to be held. The horse was put up and he was drying himself at the fire-place when a stranger approached him and drawled out:

"Say, Mister, whar air you from?"

"Well," was the bluff reply, "whar that to you?"

"Wall, don't git mad; I only tho't you was a stranger; and wanted to tell you that Judge Begbie is cummin' to-row and if he sees you in that blue he'll give you a year on gen'ral principles."

When the honored Chief Justice came to this point in his story, he would

over his glasses and indulge in that peculiar to himself.

Under "Sporting Tips," last week attention was drawn to the unsatisfactory condition of the playing grounds at Beacon Hill, with a faint hope that the Council might exhibit some slight degree of concern that they are not wholly blind to the requirements of the city. Saturday afternoon, I sauntered to Beacon Hill for the express purpose of watching the various games. The western side of the park was thronged with players indulging in cricket, baseball and lacrosse. I came away with the conviction that those youngsters were possessed of a splendid athletic spirit. The grass was long, thereby preventing any effort at speedy sprinting; the ground was rough and uneven, endangering their limbs and occasioning many a painful fall, and with all these dampers on the indulgence of healthy exercise, the Victoria youth displayed commendable enthusiasm. The Athenian commonwealth has long been cited as a model. They aimed at the acquirement of physical, moral and mental excellence. Physical culture was the basis of mental and moral development. Temperance and redemptive societies would become superfluous if every facility for participation in athletic exercise were provided. If our youth were properly encouraged, the natural desire to excel whilst engaged in muscular competition with their fellows, would eradicate the inclination to become opiate fiends, thereby saturating their constitutions with nicotine, and to lounge