

no purpose except to make money. No attempt is made to keep in touch with the thought of the world, and ignorance has full sway. The thinking man is surely the happy man; the covetous, narrow money-maker is a fool.

Money is one of the roots of the evil that has descended upon the head of Victoria. To acquire money, business men speculated in worthless outside property, and the day that they did so Victoria started on her journey down the hill. Since the boom days, it cannot be denied that the descent has been steady and sure. Occasionally, circumstances arose which helped to make the downward journey easy. Because the City Council was afraid to spend a little money in time, a small pox epidemic increased the velocity of the trip down the hill. Another thing that was required to complete the journey was a bank failure, and that has also come. It now remains with the people to begin, and that at once, the ascent of the hill. The road up will be grown with thorns, but let no obstacle stand in the way of reaching the summit. And let not the love of gold be the desire which will inspire the traveller on his way, but rather the general prosperity of the community. At no time has business been as bad here as in the cities on the American side. Victoria must become a great city, and all that is required for her to reach that greatness is public spirit and faith in her future—faith akin to that held by men like Mr. R. P. Rithet, who have backed up their convictions by contributing liberally towards the material advancement of the city.

In seeking a cause for the dull times, many will turn their eyes in the direction of John Chinaman. It is unnecessary to repeat what has often been said, regarding the utter impossibility of white men securing remunerative work while the Chinese are here to compete with them. This is a fact that leaves no room for question. But how is Victoria to get rid of her Chinese population. I understand the labor element and a considerable portion of the business community as well, believe they have found a solution of the problem, in forming what will be known as an anti-Chinese League. The preliminary details of the organization have been perfected, and within a week or so, it is stated, that forms will be drawn up, the subscribers to which will mutually agree to neither employ a Chinaman nor purchase from any one who will employ the Mongolian in any capacity whatever. Many, no doubt, will regard this undertaking as an extreme measure, but those interested say that desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

From the report of the first day's session of the Presbytery of Victoria, held on Tuesday last, it appears that the matter of prescribing a special course of study for Mr. Coleman was considered. This "special course," it seems, is the study of the Chinese language to better enable Mr. Coleman to pursue his evangelistic work among the Chinese here. I just mention this matter to show patriotic Presbyterians who contribute their mite

to the church, and at the same time have a hard time competing with Chinamen for a living, how their mite is disposed of by the church.

A week or so ago, I went down to one of the Frisco boats, and happened to be standing on the wharf a few minutes previous to the departure of the boat. During the time half-a-dozen ladies or so came along, four of which undertook separately and in turn to kiss two who were leaving for the Bay City. The ceremony of kissing over, the four who remained returned to the city. An occurrence of this character is very common, and I merely single this one out, as it affords me an opportunity of saying a few words concerning a custom which has unfortunately become too common of recent years.

Progress and science propose to abolish the kiss, but Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the well known writer, and author of "Poems and Passion," expresses a doubt as to the outcome, but admits that there is too much kissing done in the world by the wrong people. Women caress each other too promiscuously and meaninglessly. Children are kissed too freely by relatives, friends and strangers. I know a lady who insists always on kissing her friends upon the lips when she meets them. The ordeal for her friends is a terrible one, yet not one of them has the heart to refuse the proffered caress, or to give the cheek in place of the lips. It seems a misfortune that the lady has not the forethought to save her friends this experience. They would love her just as deeply and thank her just as feelingly if she pressed their hands merely and withheld her lips. Parents ought to teach their children from their very earliest years to be chary in giving their lips. Parents themselves ought to avoid kissing infants on the mouth. The sweet cheeks, the dear little soft necks, the dimpled hands, all offer tempting nooks for kisses without endangering the child's comfort or health. I have seen a father, whose breath was vile with stale tobacco smoke, press his mouth to that of a tiny infant, never thinking that the poor baby's lungs were being poisoned by the contact.

The kiss on the lips was undoubtedly first invented by lovers, and should be consecrated to love's uses. It can never be abolished by fashion or science while hearts beat, veins tingle, and pulses throb with love's fires. To the woman the kiss means more and less than it means to the man. The woman thinks the man who takes her lips has given his heart; but the man thinks only that she who has given her lips will give herself as well. When the woman finds her mistake she is disillusioned. When the man finds his he is angry. When the thrill of pleasure goes out of the kiss for two people, and it becomes a mechanical duty, love has departed. Friendship may bind them, and sympathy render their association sweet and tender; but when lip no longer speaks to lip in the wordless eloquence of the kiss, Cupid has sheathed his arrows and flown away.

According to a London paper, there has just been presented to the British Parliament, in connection with the Labor Commission, what really amounts to a new slang dictionary. It is a glossary of the technical words used in the evidence already given, which amount to more than two thousand. When a witness made use of one of these picturesque terms, the sensible plan was adopted of writing and asking him what he meant by it; and this source of knowledge has been supplemented by consulting members of the committee and standard dictionaries. "Oncost men," it is useful to know, are men who work for day wages. A "fogger" is a middleman in the nail and chain trade. A hansom is technically known as a "shoful." A cabman who owns the vehicle he drives is a "little mush," while an inexperienced Jehu may be either a "gardener" or a "whach." The glossary even acquaints Parliament and the world with the fact that "booze" is derived from the Arabic name for beer; and the young member burning to know precisely what a "scalliwag" may be will have his curiosity satisfied.

The Liberals of British Columbia are organizing, and they evidently propose to contest every seat in the Province at the next Dominion election. Although I have always supported the Conservative party, I must confess to a certain amount of pleasure at this movement on the part of the Liberals. I have a great deal more respect for the man opposed to me in politics who votes than the man who has the franchise and does not use it. One thing, however, the Liberals must do, if they hope to succeed, and that is keep out of their organization all disturbing elements. To win respect, they must keep their best men to the front. I am reminded of this fact by the reason that a most estimable citizen ran at the last Dominion election on the Liberal ticket and was defeated. Mr. Templeman, with a running mate as popular as himself, would have polled a much larger vote; but he was unfortunate in the selection of Mr. Marchant for the second place on the ticket. If the Liberals will bring out Mr. Templeman again and place a man of the same standing in the community with him on the ticket, they will, if they do not carry the election, come very close to it. Victoria has grievances against the Dominion Government, and I am not sure but what Messrs. Prior and Earle would be willing to admit that such is the case.

"Apollo" writes THE HOME JOURNAL: "Why is it that Victoria is so lacking in high-class musical talent?" "Apollo," thou speakest as one who knoweth not the words coming out of thy cavum oris, or, to be plainer, that muscular, symmetrical and very mobile organ of thine, known as thy lingua glossa, should be curtailed in its freedom to wag. Hast thou ever paused at the entrance of the Delmonico Music Hall and listened while the Le Monde Sirens wooed the passing son of Neptune with their delightful rendition of that beautiful song, "Whacky, whacky, whack?" We opine not.

A prominent Montreal physician, inter-