

times are bad, but they will be worse before they are better. He wouldn't on any condition invest a cent in business in his own town—although I have known of him buying lots in Bogusburg. He talks in such a sepulchral voice that you unconsciously think of shrouds and funeral processions. No matter how buoyant you may be before he comes in, he leaves you downcast and melancholy, and you begin to think that after all you will have to call a meeting of your creditors. Fortunately I met the cautious man and the taciturn man in a Government street store, not long ago, and, as a result of confidential conversation between the two, I realized that after all there was something in life worth living for—they both came out of the contest limp, weak and depressed.

In outlining these characters, I admit that there can be no gain, but there is a pleasure in knowing that my estimate as regards the peculiarities of the different people with whom I have come in contact is shared by others, and that I am not alone in my analysis of human nature. There are a few characteristics to be met with in the female sex which I will take up at some future time. In fact I was severely reproved the other day because I had stated that the female gossip was the exception and not the rule.

Male and female gossips will have a sweet morsel to discuss and digest within the course of a few weeks, which will materialize in the shape of a divorce case. Half a dozen or so young men about town are named as co-respondents. The list, which was shown to me the other day, comprises the names of several young men who are well known as social leaders and of quite a few others who would like to have *entree* to the charmed circle. Of course, since I joined the Chistadelphians I do not manifest much interest in matters of this character. I merely mention the existence of this list so that the female readers of THE HOME JOURNAL (and I am informed by the veracious circulation agent that their names are legion) can rest assured that they will not lose anything if they carefully peruse the "Tales of the Town" each succeeding week.

From the few leisure moments that my multifarious duties allow me, I manage to spend some time in the halls of oratory across the Bay, where securely sheltered from worldly cares behind the rich and material odor of James Bay flats, our great statesmen hold forth on grave questions affecting the nation's weal. There is something really admirable in the devotion of these men to their country's interests, especially as to the welfare of the working man and the adjustment of the differences between capital and labor. It struck me in the midst of all this high-flown eloquence, in the course of which more than one honorable member "cribbed" the ideas of leading English statesmen on this question (and not only the ideas but the language) that it would be a splendid idea to get something for the laboring man to do in this province before there is much time spent in weaving laws for the adjustment of labor troubles, unless the Government's intention is to legislate for "dagos"

and Chinese. I don't know how a council of "Conciliation" would work in that case, or whether it is needed, but I do know that there is nothing for the workingman to do in this country at present. In case any works are started at any time, Chinamen seem to get the preference; they run the canneries and mills, they are found in the home and field—everywhere. The citizens of Victoria voted three hundred thousand dollars for a sewerage system and six months afterwards the place was as full of peanut stands as Chicago. The Victoria workingman helped to set up those peanut stands, and also contributed in the same manner towards establishing in Victoria a colony whose cut-throat proclivities have rendered the "dago" element a nuisance and a danger to any community. Nevertheless our legislators waste the time and money of the country talking about labor adjustments, while I will wager that everyone of those friends of the laboring man keeps one or more Chinese house servants, gardeners and grooms, and further, I will venture to say that if any great work of construction were started here, they would vote for a suspension of the law limiting the number of Chinese immigrants, so as to be able to import sufficient Celestials for the work. At the next election workingmen must pledge their candidates on this point, and support none who will not fight fearlessly for right, irrespective of any party politics whatever.

Probably the man who acts most conscientiously up to the professions made to his constituents is Mr. Fletcher, of Alberni. During the two last sessions, and so far during this one, Mr. Fletcher has closely observed the proceedings of the House, never being absent unnecessarily, his vote always ready to be recorded for or against any measure, as the case might be. He is not an abusive man, by any means, and when the debate becomes fierce, and almost fiery, Mr. Fletcher remains sublimely calm, his quiet eloquence falling like the refreshing drops of a spring rivulet as it splashes over some mossy rock on a burning hot day. I have never failed to be entranced by the eloquence of Mr. Fletcher, there is something so quiet and convincing in all he says, and he takes such a short time to say it, that one cannot but admire his style. It has been said that Mr. Fletcher once lost his temper with a political opponent, and leaned over the desk and shook his clenched fist at the object of his wrath, but I doubt the accuracy of the statement, and think it must have been intended for Mr. Smith, the echo of whose stentorian tones are heard in the assembly rooms months after prorogation.

A large user of the street car system myself (when it pleases to be in operation) I was pleased to read the denial, by one of the directors, of the statement that the company had concluded to discontinue the granting of transfers. In the matter of free transportation of babies, I am not interested. But there is something in the tone of the denial that sounds like self-praise in the matter of the company's granting transfers, and the assertion is made that there is not in contemplation

any change from this liberal policy. This liberality is merely the common custom of every street car company in the world, and is a right of the public who in this case have given over a most valuable portion of their streets to the use of a company that does not pay a cent for right of way, rent or anything else in return. I sincerely hope, for the sake of the company's own interests, that the contemplation of any change in the "present liberal system" will never enter the deliberations of the directors. This plea of the sins of omission in the charter is mere foolishness; every one knows how that charter was drawn up, and that the company got a "snap" when it passed into their hands.

Much disappointment is felt because of the inability of the management to arrange for the appearance of the Warde-James combination at The Victoria. I freely confess that I share in this feeling; but I have no fault to find with the management of The Victoria for being deprived of the opportunity of witnessing a grand revival of the legitimate drama under the auspices of Messrs. Warde and James. Every reasonable effort was put forth by Mr. Jamieson to secure the two great tragedians, but being restricted by return engagements they were unable to visit Victoria. Of Mr. Warde much has been said and written, and I will therefore pass him over by admitting that he is eminently worthy of the high encomiums of which he has been the recipient. But I cannot thus sparingly treat of Louis James. I have watched with pleasure the gradual rise of this great actor from the days when he used to play in "stock," until the present. He now undoubtedly stands next to Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, the greatest living exponents of the histrionic art. And he is master of his art, and in every word and in every action he shows that he is playing his part, and not to the house. The audience is a secondary consideration, and the play is the thing for him in every sense. Mr. James has features which express the most subtle shades of feeling, and his acting reaches the climax of naturalness. With the exception of Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, I know of no other actor who touches the strings of nature and the heart so delicately. His is the art which makes all souls kin, and moves an entire audience as one man. Therefore, I say, while attributing no fault to the management of The Victoria, that I am sincerely sorry that Victorians will not have an opportunity of witnessing this year, at least, the great Warde James combination.

In a recent issue of the *Toronto Empire* I read a rather amusing account of the manner in which Chinese smuggling is carried on in that city. It appears, that a few years ago, when the Chinese first began to settle in Toronto, a number of them chose as their friend and adviser a certain white resident of that city. Later one of the foreigners proposed that his white friend should embark in the business of smuggling them across the American frontier. The Toronto man agreed to this, providing he was paid the sum of \$20 per queue. Shortly afterwards