

hereon if she wanted to be saved. This was most respectfully but determinedly cast aside, as the woman considered questions of such a personal nature from a total stranger impertinent, and finally he got down on his knees and so framed his prayers as to draw the attention of the congregation to the benighted state of his visitor. Now, I should like to know why a person's religious belief is not as much their own personal property as their financial condition, and it would be considered the midsummer madness of vulgarity to ask an individual how much money he was worth. But after all, it is strange how far enthusiasm will carry some people. James, Duke of York, often whiled away the time witnessing the infliction of the boot and thumbscrew, and what a savage the people of the present day regard him. I remember reading a story once of a host who placed a guest near a roaring fire and insisted upon his remaining there. No doubt the intention was good, but the victim failed to see it. How far manners go to making a man is worth considering.

If there still exists a doubt in the mind of any one as to the glorious possibilities of agriculture in this Province, I would advise such a person to visit the office of Messrs. Winnett & Cooper, the Trounce Avenue real estate men. These gentleman have gathered together a large collection of the products of British Columbia soil, so that when any old eastern farmer drops in and tells them that British Columbia can never become an agricultural country, they simply refute his statement by directing attention to their grand display. There is a lesson to be learned from all this. In a Province where it is possible to grow fruit, vegetables, etc., larger and of greater variety than in any other part of the Dominion, why is there not more attention de-

voted to developing the resources of the soil? At the present time British Columbia does not produce enough to supply the local demand, and yet she could export largely if farming and dairying were engaged in as extensive as in other provinces.

A great many people affect contempt for a minstrel show, and yet no other kind of travelling organization possesses the same drawing powers as an aggregation of burnt-cork artists. This fact was brought forcibly to my mind the other evening, at Barlow Bros.' show. In the audience I observed some men, not often to be seen at high-class dramatic attractions, who laughed and shouted uproariously at the somewhat aged jokes of the end man. Old men became young once more, and seemed to enjoy the perplexity of the interlocutor, who was unable to tell the difference between a donkey and a lemon. Truly, "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Every now and then the papers contain accounts of remarkable instances of presence of mind on the part of persons, who are so constituted as to be able to collect all their senses on the spur of the moment. Not infrequently does it occur that loss of life, or at least a horrible accident, is averted by the exercise of the mental faculties in the manner indicated above. It becomes my duty this week to place on record the circumstances attending a display of this commendable quality, which had it occurred in any place but Victoria, would have gained for the young hero honors of no inconsiderable value. People belonging to first-class society appreciate the many valuable qualities of Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney's brilliant young private secretary, but few, I regret to say, give him credit for the bravery which he displayed during communion ser-

vice at the Cathedral, last Sunday. Mr. Jacobs was in a devotional attitude when all at once he felt something moving slowly up his leg inside his trousers. He knew that the animal could not be a lion, nor yet a bull-dog, for he reasoned, and rightly so, that his aristocratic pantaloons could not accommodate an animal as large as a lion, or a bull-dog for that matter. Most people, especially women, and I say so without any desire to reflect on the fair sex, would have created a scene, but not so Mr. Jacobs. He simply responded more loudly than ever, "Good Lord Deliver Us," and crushed in his vice-like hand the terrible monster, which, when released, fell to the floor with a dull, sickening thud. When the service was concluded Mr. Jacobs turned his eyes to the floor, where lying on the ground, he beheld a fully developed church mouse. Supposing Mr. Jacobs had screamed, there would have been a panic in the church, the result of which is even horrible to contemplate. All honor to Mr. Jacobs, and would that we had more heroes of the same mould.

PERE GRINATOR.

LADIES,

ASK YOUR

DEALER

FOR THE

GRANBY

STORM

RUBBER.