

with his goods, or expose her family to the contaminated air engendered by his presence.

Imagine the headquarters of the peddler where hundreds of them with their packs of merchandise, baskets of decaying fruit, fish and vegetables are packed together in a dark, unventilated cellar, like sardines in a box. When a representative of this paper visited one of these places, the noisome odor was so great that he was almost overcome and was obliged to retreat to the fresh air outside. Insects crawled all over the walls, over the packs and over the bodies of the men, women and children.

Out from these fever-breeding kennels, their inmates go, entering cleanly homes, bearing with them the seeds of disease and contagion to be scattered among the innocent children of the bargain-seeking housewife. The peddler seldom has the first elements of honesty, and he is ready and eager to make any guarantee or representation in order to palm off his goods upon the unsuspecting. Only thoughtless people patronize the hawkers, and they invariably receive their just deserts by being thoroughly swindled. The safest plan is to banish all the unsavory breed from your houses when they call, and forbid them repeating their visits.

I clip the following extract from the presentment made by the Grand Jury in completing their duties at the spring assizes: "We would respectfully call the attention of the court to the fact brought before us in the indictment for concealment of child birth, that three medical practitioners were called upon to attend the patient in question, but they absolutely refused to go to her relief. We are of the opinion that the law should make it incumbent upon all registered medical practitioners to promptly attend such extreme cases of necessity when called upon as in this case, especially in this Province of British Columbia, where the medical profession is so well protected by statute." Very few people, outside of those who have been taught by actual experience, were aware that a medical practitioner had it in his power to refuse to call on a sick person even under the most urgent circumstances. In the case referred to above, the fact that they can do so is clearly demonstrated. Since the Grand Jury made its report, I have learned of several other instances in which a medical practitioner refused to respond to a call—one that of a person in danger of bleeding to death. I feel confident that Victoria medical men generally cannot be reproached with such heartless conduct; but a law should be enacted to compel the few who have so little regard for the sufferings of their fellow-beings as to refuse them attendance to respond to each and every

call when serious consequences are anticipated.

In the department "Of Interest to Women," will be found an excellent letter from "Catherine D," in response to a few remarks made in these columns last week. I am free to confess that "Catherine D." has the best of the argument, and, anyway, as I have before said, experience has taught me that nothing can be gained in entering into a discussion with a woman. I, therefore, leave the field to "Catherine D.," but before doing so I venture the hope, which will find a place in the hearts of thousands of others, that THE HOME JOURNAL readers will be afforded repeated opportunities of reading her views on the subject which she seems so well qualified to discuss.

"This talk about cloudless honeymoons is all rot," muttered a disgusted-looking man, as he laid down a magazine. "Now, I'll submit that any frank, sensible fellow who will tell the truth about the first few days of married life, and, in fact, the first year, will say that they were not by any means the most delightful in his experience. The first day of the wedding journey in more than a majority of cases is a surprise to both the contracting parties, who have been used to following their individual wills and suddenly discover that each has habits or ways not to the other's liking. "Now, in your married life"—addressing a friend—"wasn't there more fussing the first year than in any three years since?" The listener laughingly "owned up" and two others of the group smilingly gave the same answer, when the nuptial philosopher concluded: "It's very well to be poetic, but people have to be married a year or two before they get to pull in harness all the time one way."

For over eighteen hundred years, and perhaps long before the days of Hiram Abiff a tradition comes to us that the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Paradise was an apple. The belief that Adam and Eve fell from their position, as little lower than the angels, because the woman tempted the man to eat from the magical apple tree is becoming rather misty. Theologians doubt, astronomers doubt that our little planet can be the only lost world, and other thinkers everywhere smile at the incredulity of our dear old fathers and mothers. Why an apple should be made the scapegoat of universal sin is amazing. The Mosaic account does not speak of an apple or apple tree. The forbidden fruit is not specified, and yet, such has been the prevailing idea that it was an apple, that the protuberance in the human throat is vulgarly called Adam's Apple. Still, this unwarranted belief is no more pre-

posterous than the argument of the learned Adam Clark, that the Serpent of the Garden was an Ape. Nor is more seemingly ridiculous than the effort of Warren, in a large volume, to prove that Eden was located at the North Pole. The new explorer into the Polar regions, Mr. Wellman, may throw some light on the Warren theory. People are easily humbugged.

There is a certain class of people in this city, who frequently travel in the trams, who are prone to make themselves decidedly conspicuous by laughing and shrieking to an alarming extent, to the great inconvenience of their fellow passengers. Many more quietly disposed individuals feel themselves much put out at this nuisance and exhibition of bad form, and have asked me if there is not a way by which the grievance may be abated. Unfortunately I am aware of none save an appeal to the better feelings of the offenders themselves. The people of whom I speak are not as might be supposed disreputable characters or the like, but are on the contrary, members of the richer and more influential class of people here to their shame be it said. The other evening, I was returning from a popular suburban resort, and, on entering the car I discovered it to be filled with a band of the persons above referred to; the noise which was made reminded me forcibly of the monkey house in the Zoological Gardens, and I felt that Mr. Darwin could not have had a more convincing argument than this illustration in support of his theories.

Now, if people wish to behave in this manner, let them not do so in a public conveyance, but let them rather use their carriage, or failing that, hire a cab in which they may shout to their hearts' content, to the inconvenience of none. Were the labourers, who travel daily from the Esquimalt Marine Railway, to disport themselves to this extent, I venture to say that these very offenders would be the first to make loud their complaints.

The Derby has been run, and Lord Roseberry's horse has won. This fact is mentioned merely to give me an opportunity to warn several men who have called into this office this week to tell me the story of Lord Roseberry's three great aims in life being realized, that their lives are in danger. At least fifty men have started to inform me that when Lord Roseberry was at college, he declared that he had but three great aims in life; one was to marry the — etc., etc. I have instructed my lawyer to apply to the courts for an injunction to restrain chestnut vendors from further attempts to bore me to death with an old story of doubtful origin.

PERE GRINATOR.