

helped themselves to their cattle because, as Woodsworth puts it,

"The good old rule  
Sufficed them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

It is very late in the day for a whippersnapper like Grigg to open a question which has been for a long time settled, and make out of it cheap penny-a-liner rubbish like what we hear was published in the *World*.

### HUMLETS

Will anyone be kind enough to explain the following paragraph from the *N. A.*, or tell why the United States should be called the Kingdom of Heaven by any but J. C. McLagan?

"A bill introduced into the United States Congress, on Tuesday, seeks to still further restrict immigration into that country, and makes it almost as difficult for a poor man as it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mr. Alexander Dunsinuir gave the proud Victorians a right smart rap over the knuckles when he told them, at the meeting called for the purpose of taking steps to erect a cold storage warehouse, that there were more clamant needs than the building in question existent in Victoria. "Victoria," he said, "first needed her streets to be made attractive and then required a proper system of sewerage. The city should go boldly into improvements, like Vancouver, which had thus with profit incurred a debt of \$2,000,000 as against Victoria's \$800,000." Mr. Dunsinuir, after administering this "facer" to the mossbacks, clinched the matter by pointing out that, if the agricultural possibilities of the Province were developed, there would be less need of a cold storage building, as the fruits which now have to be imported and placed in cold storage would be produced right here. This knocked the mossbacks cold, and the cold storage warehouse is yet *in nubibus*. But then the \$500,000 Government buildings are going up—at the expense of the Province.

That was rather bad taste the band showed, up at Chilliwack, on the occasion of the Premier's flying visit to the valley. They played "Protestant Boys" instead of "Hail to Chief" or "See the Conquering Hero Comes" or something else equally complimentary. But, then, it was the Orange Band, which accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.

The removal of the shack-dwellers from the foreshore of the Inlet, it will be remembered, was justified on the ground that they interfered with the navigation of the Inlet. We suppose Mr. Hamersley was afraid that either the Coquitlam or the Capilano might get adrift some night and run foul of a shack.

The *World* suggests that it would be a good idea for some kindly-hearted Christian to send a consignment of peaches to the members of the Constitutional League because the fruit is said to have cathartic properties. In reply, it is suggested by a member of the League that the editor and staff of the *World* take at once to a fish diet, because it is said to be a brain-producer.

There promises to be a monkey and parrot time—to use a somewhat irreverent expression—in the Presbytery of Victoria, over the rather erratic and decidedly defiant attitude of the Rev. Mr. McLeod, who was recently requested by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church to resign and who did so, as soon as the arrears of stipend due to him were paid. He proposes to get a new church erected without saying to the Fathers and Brethren "with your leave or by your leave." He is also acting in other ways, it is said, as if he was a whole Presbytery in himself and informing the reverend body that if they don't like it they can lump it. He very evidently belongs to the Church Militant and is a fighter from Wayback.

Now comes George E. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and the *bete noir* of the Vancouver *World*, and asserts that Hon. Dominick Edward Blake, ex-Grit chieftain and member for Longford, is in with the combine formed by Dillon & Co. to grab the Paris Fund and "divvy it up" between themselves and Mrs. Parnell, instead of distributing it, as intended by the subscribers, among the evicted tenantry in Ireland. We hope this is not true, but Smalley usually knows whereof he speaks, and Mr. Blake's reticence on Irish politics generally, is, to say the least, suspicious.

From what the Toronto *Globe* and the Vancouver *World* say about Stanbury, it would seem that there is not as much backbone to the Cornstalk as we were inclined to credit him with. Why he did not close with Jake Gaudaur's offer it would be hard to say on any other hypothesis than that he was scared. That is a grave imputation to throw at a champion, but it really seems to be warranted in this case. Why, in the name of all that is inexplicable, should not Stanbury "accommodate" Gaudaur with a race since he was on the spot? Why should he have wanted the stakes placed in the hands of Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of a paper which is so vile that it is excluded from Canada? Why, finally, should he have insisted on rowing Gaudaur in Australia? It must be admitted that the appearances are that the champion was in what schoolboys call "a blue funk."

It appears that France is not quite satisfied with the outcome of her aggressions on poor little Siam, and her fire-eating little soldiers think that they are aching for a slap at *la perle d'Albon*. They had a similar idea when they started in to fight Prussia, but, though they got an unmerciful hiding then, they learned no wisdom from it. The fact is Johnny Crapaud has got one of his periodical fits of "marshonging and allonging," and nothing but a copious bleeding will bring him to his senses. It is not at all unlikely that it will have to be resorted to, and the redcoats may just as well perform the operation as not.

The wish is father to the thought. A New York paper predicts an early dissolution of the Canadian Parliament, a general election in January and (by implication) the triumphant return of the Grits to power. Of course the Vancouver *World* quotes the prediction with effusive approval.

Count Mercier has informed certain inquisitive citizens of a town in one of the cow counties of Kansas, that, rather than abjure the Catholic religion, he would give up the hope of seeing Canada independent. We are glad to hear that Mercier has any religion at all, but we are not at all surprised, however slim be his faith in it and however lax his adherence to its principles, that he is unwilling to "trade" it for the "iridescent dream" of Canadian independence. Mercier is not such a fool as he makes believe to be.

How about the profluent waste of jubilation which the *World* expended so recently over the expected descent of Bre'r Laurier on this Coast. Now, poor J. C. McLaggin will have to play the role of the lady who moaned to the sympathizing moonbeams of the midnight. "He cometh not," she said. It is reported that, when Laurier heard that Mr. McLagan was the boss Grit of the Province, he remarked:

*Mon Dieu!*  
Hoodoo!

There has been the usual amount of grumbling, in the press and in conversation, that the Westminster & Vancouver Tramway Company did not carry passengers at "excursion rates" from Vancouver to Westminster during the Fair. Now, candidly, we fail to see what there is to growl about. As compared with the other mode of reaching the Royal City from Vancouver, it seems to us that the public are carried by the W. & V. T. Co., every day of the year, at "excursion rates." But then, the "kickers," like the poor, we have always with us, and, when you give some people an inch, they howl for an ell.

### A WAR WITH CHINA.

Funny episodes sometimes occur in restaurants in Vancouver. For example, there is a gay and festive young man, whose chief ornament is a finely pointed and well tended black moustache. He is sufficiently charming, some of the judges of that sort of goods say, to "mash"—potatoes. He went, one day, into one of the 3-for-2 restaurants in the city, carrying his summer girl along. The landlady, who was waiting at table, made some remark of a slighting nature regarding the girl and the gallant escort of the latter hurled a milk jug (China) at the woman's head. Her reply was the heave of a plate (also China) at the young man's head. How long this "war with China" would have continued it is impossible to say, had not the intervention of outsiders stopped the interchange of projectiles, when, to use the picturesque phraseology of Mr. B-jones, of the *N. A.*, "the olive branch waved." These are the little incidents that interject point and variety into the monotony of ordinary existence. See?