

knotting of the muscles. All these are exhausting; all these go to wear a person out and make him or her prematurely old. The man or woman who lets out the storm of wrath escapes this exhaustion of body and soul. The woman who sobs and shrieks hysterically and calls names and threatens to go home to her parents will probably live longer and get grey later, even though she gives her husband a chance to describe her as a "tigress" and by other choice epithets. But oh, the silent woman! The heart that stores up its smouldering fires like one of those volcanoes down in the tropical lands we read of! The heart that beats hatred for the one who tortures and taunts it! The sphinx face that neither smiles nor scowls!

This day my friend was more than ordinarily tried. The husband came home early. She would fain have greeted him with cheerful welcome, but his countenance was forbidding. When he had been at home an hour he discovered the loss of a bunch of keys and began a search that made his visitors uncomfortable. She tried to help him; he repelled her like a bear. After many unkind reflections on "people who meddled with other peoples' things and lost them," he suddenly found the missing key-ring in his trousers pocket. Peace reigned for a brief space. Then we heard him raving in his bedroom. Some one had carried off a bottle of vaseline. He wished to oil his hair. The "infernal woman" who "made his life miserable" came in for a fresh attack. This, in turn, subsided abruptly. The vaseline was right before him all the time—on the dressing-case.

I could endure it no longer. "Mrs. ———!" I said, as I started to go, "how do you stand it?"

"I—believe in silence," she answered, with a deep breath. She stood gazing out of the window at the sky as she spoke.

I came away with a conviction of what the future meant for her and her husband.

"Mr. Man," I said to myself, "there will be one day a grand surprise for you. It may be long coming, it may come not far hence. The day will come when you will wake up and find yourself wifeless, deserted forever by a woman who has come to despise you utterly. Your wife will have fled from you. And oh, how surprised, how amazed you will be! She, so meek, so silent, so yielding, will have gone—with or without the "handsomer man." She will have gone forever. And oh, how incredible it will seem to you, will it not? What an unforeseen blow! How will you pinch yourself to know if you are not dreaming! How lightning-struck and paralyzed you will feel!

Even so. The woman who gives vent to her anger in words and sobs is not the one to feel apprehensive of. But the woman of strong self-control, who governs her facial muscles, restrains her tears and—keeps eternal silence, albeit under pressure of heinous provocation! Expect the day to come wherein her silence shall speak, her wrongs be well avenged!

There is a great deal of talk just at present about converting the surface drains into sewers. Now there is only one answer to this proposition, and that is that it is positively criminal to do so; moreover that the aldermanic board that authorizes it is lacking in the very elementary principles of intelligence and sanitation, and that the engineer who sanctions it is not a whit better. There is typhoid fever now in more than one family on Cook street, and other families are going away from the place before the disease spreads. The cause I believe to be nothing more or less than the surface drains being allowed to carry sewage. There may be a dozen reasons and theories advanced, but the idea is bad, it is dangerous and it is blockheaded. There is

no use beating about the bush; we had smallpox last year through holding our tongues and letting a parcel of noodles mismanage things; this year we will have a dose of typhoid just as surely as we have four or five of the stupidest men on the council board to be found west of the Atlantic Ocean.

These are the days when Victorians were looking forward to the pleasure of rolling along through the delightful place "situate, lying and being" between here and the Saanich peninsula. We had visions of ourselves as we drove down to the handsome and imposing depot of the Victoria and Saanich railway, where everything was hustle and brightness; locomotives snorting, cars banging against each other, the Westinghouse brakes whistling, excited crowds and a whole army of the company's uniformed servants rushing about with freight and baggage. Then we dreamt of boarding that palace on wheels, a train of the world-renowned V. & S. road, and as we luxuriated in the drawing-room or palace car, or partook of the product of the excellent cuisine in the dining-car, we thought of the wonderful possibilities of this country and the energy of the men who conduct its affairs. Smiling farms dotted the route, and everything was peace and plenty.

But this is all a dream. The hard reality is that the city has had to pony up \$9,000 or more interest on the bonds of this company, who were to have their road in operation by October, 1893, but who as yet have done nothing more than cut down a few trees and did some grading along the proposed route. Here is the time expired, and not an ounce of iron has been laid, not an order for a car or locomotive given, as far as I can find out, and more than that there is very little likelihood of such being the case,