

**Random Etchings** 

It is a pity that so few ladies can re- dolins they had bought in Victoria. member jokes, for there is no easier | What impressed us most was the in- know that a change has been made in road to social popularity than the stant salute of every subordinate to his when it exactly "fits in." The trouble came into contact with him; it gives when it exactly "fits in." The trouble came into contact with him; it gives the whole all the work and her old-fashioned son. Such is most of us forget jokes almost as one an idea of how strict the discipline fast as we hear them. They impress must be when the men are on duty. us as good at the time, and we feel Most amusing too was the spectacle sure we shall remember them, but of so many bare-footed men. The vessel carries in all some two when the opportunity comes to retell

them, as the old darkey said with re- hundred and seventy men, and is on a The sea came wooing in mad male. gard to the chickens he couldn't find year's cruise. From here she goes to on the roost, "Whar am dey?" Vancouver on Monday, and from there The writer has long since promised to Japan.

herself a joke book-not a printed book Speaking of Victoria one of the offi- He fell at her feet with a cry of passion. of jokes and connundrums, such as one cers remarked that he found it very buys on a train, but a blank book in cold here, and that the trees were difwhich shall be recorded such jokes as ferent to any in Italy.

strike one as being particularly good, and which one would care to recount smiles and courteous kindness, and left oneself. Then in leisure moments one the vessel accompanied by four attendhight refresh one's memory from time ants, who in respectful bare-footed to time by reading them over, and let silence conducted us to the shore, our me whisper it, telling them over and first visit to a battle ship over. over again to the walls of one's room

until one has acquired the art-for it is an art-of telling them effectively. poorly told joke is worse than none Thoughts by the Way at all. The fewer the words used the greater the hit; the point of the story must not be kept long from view, and

It would perhaps, be too obvious a when the climax is reached, stop. The reason gentlemen as a rule tell truism to say that nowhere in Victoria stories so much better than ladies is can one get away from the sea and the

that they tell them over and over reason one never tires of it is because again, in their club rooms, on the of its infinite variety. Now blue with a sapphire's blueness; green as leaves kind of a man, of course-hear a good new washed with rain; amethyst like a joke, and he never rests until he has jewelled necklace; gray, like the clouds sprung it on every man he knows; but that hang overhead, always reflecting a woman! does she ever think of re- the moods of the sky. Angry as a deting a joke at an afternoon tea? feated general in battle, it turns again Such functions would not be and yet again to the charge, dashing Mrs. Beanland's dismantled studio to Never. insufferably dull if ladies got into itself against the rocks as if to destroy be aware of the gifted artist's versatilthe habit of telling jokes and laughing what it cannot conquer; tender, as a ity, for it is a veritable treasure house, at them instead of recounting petty mother's eves when she smiles on her

gossip. . . . \* TOMMY. Tommy he would a-wooing go, 1 55 Good-looking Tommy! A wealthy bride he wanted, O Debt-harrassed Tommy!

With kid gloved hand he plucked a rose Cute fellow, Tmmy. Knowing 'twould help him to propose, No flies on Tommy.

On rustic seat with vines o'er hung, ancient days. Lingered our Tommy. Quite near him sat a maiden young, Fortunate Tommy.

He placed the rose-bud in her hair; Cheeky chap, Tommy! And somehow then, he kissed her there Yum-a yum! Tommy!

While love's sweet words rolled from his tongue. Eloquent Tommy!

The fair maid closer to him clung: bilant Tommy! But, on the scene came papa's feet; Alas, poor Tommy!

When last he lit 'twas on the street;

make the rocks a common playground. Time should receive the credit for being a mellower of literature as well Under their hands rise miniature forts, as of wine. It is only when the critics bridges and houses of sand; and for are done with a book that it has a both alike on the misty horizon rise tee to be loved or praised, or ne- airy castles of what may be, not what glected by the masses. Such a state of might have been. attairs is not always pleasing to the author; but then as some wiseacres say, criticism should be read by everybody and anybody but the one who human desires-human expectations -

On Board the Puglia

poem through.

some of them heavy with human woe: prompted the attack. One wonders how Gray felt when he but they on the sands reck not of all this. The boy and his father toss sticks read the review of his famous "Elegy": into the water, and their dog swims verses

liversion

arge canvas a group of sentinel firs elics of the "forest primeval," standmous torpedoes, ready for deadly work, | lasses with each returning season ing near the road leading to the sea, rested on their supports harmless as the Probably the rakish old god eares lit de where other Olympians show softly blue. This, too, is a somewhat chilly, condition threatened to grow worse jolly tars who were squatted on the whether the vows are fulfilled or not, floor beside them laborlously picking and luckily his memory is short. If the mber scene, and shows Mrs. Beanout tinkling tunes on some new man- same lover with a different lass comes and's power to create atmosphere as the mere fact of being a boy, to him for his benediction he does not well as to reproduce scenery. combinations.

an church and the gorse and other was limited. people give the praise or blame of these summer idyls to something they call plants which made the spot a picturpropinguity, but then-some people do not believe in Santa Clause!

Low Tide. In one of the views a white maytree fashion

The strand like a maiden was shy as fair.

And flung out his arms to clasp her

He swore to be true; the bright stars glistened And the wind went dallying off with the ships.

While the strand like a maiden leaned and listened And the sea's wild kisses fell on her lips.

But desolate now in the moonlight's glory Is lying the pale deserted strand.

Vhile the sea is telling the same old story

To another shore, in another land. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## Artists and Their Work

One needed only to glance around not only of the usual artistic "proper stands pre-eminent, but in interiors and landscapes she is an artist of whom Victoria may well be proud. they will not rest while the world lasts. In portraits she displays not only

It is wonderful to think of-so wonderful that the thought beats on one's nique, and one may unhesitatingly cal talent but thorough training and techbrain as the waves beat on the shore. her a finished artist. Her work in landscapes shows that she is yet a student -thorough and conscientious in per Undoubtedly he would fecting every detail-but yet a student whose possibilities are far, from being

lights of Victoria's beaches, for here in sight of the ever-changing sea and mountains in sound of a cartiu must ound many of the greatest pleasures Mrs. Beanlands must have worked very

eye, and gay laughter and merry voices greet the ear, where wearied men and

tains in the heart of whose snow- would.



AUGUST

11.62 11.62

TIMES.

skies and purple shadows.

nterspersed with wild loupain, on the

Cadboro Bay from Uplands Farm is

an autumn scene with some very fine

oak trees in the foreground, and the grass underneath greened in spots by

the rains. Effects of a chilly autumn

day are effectively produced by somber

Big Firs on Beacon Hill shows on a

nmit almost of Beacon Hill.

1908

The Lost Baby

A Children's Story in Five Chapters.

Written for the "Times" by Marguerite

Evans.

CHAPTER I.

Six-year-old Alex. Paterson was not

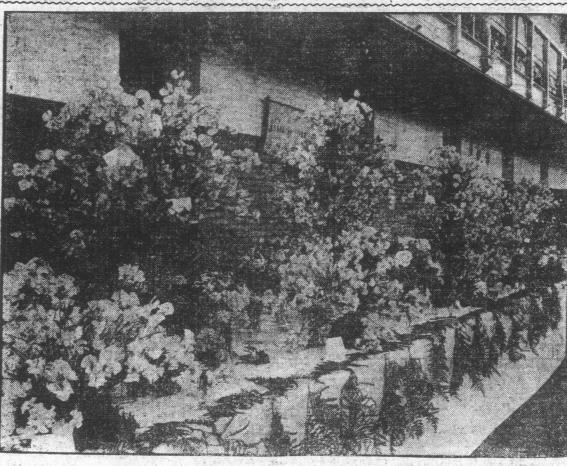
as happy as a healthy, well cared for

boy of that age is supposed to be. His

1 100

Though to be sure,

wouldn't let her take off its clothes to pressed sensitive lips and tightly clasped hands make one feel as if he could see where the noise came from when it That it was a nice, warm, spring day



so hard that she broke the comb, had as the milk man keeps in his cans. hurried him down stairs to see the That's why we have to get it for the new baby which the doctor had baby."

brought in the night. His words carried conviction. The The boy rubbed his still smarting boys let him go in peace, agreeing to eyes and glancing at the red face peep-ing from the bundle of shawls, said: "Shucks! Is that it? That red thing?" at the appointed place for house be "Yes, ain't it cunning?" said Mr Aiex appeared. Had it not been for the Stewart, the woman next door. The boy looked at her doubtfully. He hought she was making fun of it, which wasn't very polite of her when last, just as it was beginning to grow was their baby. "What will you give me for it?"

asked the doctor. and it disheartened him. In that house, "Nothing." replied the boy promptly. who I don't want it, but if you'll change for a pair of white rabbits I'll give never could do one single thing with-Of special interest at the present time out being found out and scolded, was are two pictures, painted one from the bad enough; but to have to rock a ou fifty cents. "Why, I expect I'll have to pay

southwest, and the other from the cradle containing a baby brother he twenty-five dollars for it," said Mr. blankets the boys Paterson, looking at the doctor, and reached. then everybody laughed. At least

everybody but the boy. He didn't think if you took it funny at all, but he examined the esque wilderness before the work of Alma's word for it, being a little fourshall I say-improvement?-commenced. year-old girl whose nose had been put little red thing in the crib with more out of joint by the new baby, was a interest, and when no one was looking,

which has since been ruthlessly sacri- bad business too. Not that she could tried to see how far back he could bend

terror with which Miss Jean inspired them, they would have boldly entered and demanded their marbles back. At dusk they saw him coming very quiet. ly around the back of the house haul.

ing the express wagon. "We'll take it unto the side street. he said, looking back at the paternal residence somewhat fearfully.

"There's nothin' but shawls and blankets here; you're fooling us." said the boys when the side street was

"I ain't foolin' you. You can look, only you ain't to touch it or it will squeal, and it'll be a dime then," he added warningly.

Each boy paid his nickle, satisfied himself that there really was a baby under the covers, and the procession started; one boy pulling, the others fol owing; much to the amusement of everal pedestrians who good-natured! gave up their share of the sidewalk and ook to the middle of the road. Alex, sitting on the street corner,

jingled ten nickles in his pocket, and elt quite rich. He could buy the white rabbits now. According to agreement the express wagon was only to be taken across one block and the owne never once let it out of his sight. For this he was thankful-afterwards

Each boy had his turn and like Oliver Twist, asked for more. But Alex was irm. He knew the dangers attendant upon the venture. He also knew that cheapen one's wares was unwise. "Maybe, some other day," he promise guardedly, and started homewards in fear and trembling. The entrance int the yard was made in safety, the back orch was gained, and then-Aun

Fortunately his tormentor did not know the worst, or rather the best. She neard the nickles rattling to be sure when she was "warming the boy's jacket" but it did not occur to her that they were anything but bits of tin and nails which she had often scolded him for carrying in his pocket.

It was of the nickles he was thinking now as he rocked, and wondering if he could buy the white rabbits withou inconvenient questions being asked. Still, what would white rabbits be f he had no time to play with them? How could he ever play with anybody or anything anymore when twice every day he would have to go for milk, and between times rock that baby! He looked out towards the Tom Jones and Eddie Smith, and Si

Perkins, and oh every so many more vere going over to Stewart's to see the colt; from there they would go to Jones to see the little pigs. And he! Why he was rocking the baby! He would always have to rock it the whole summe long when all the other boys were away get rid of it!

who believed what other people told her. She had been willing to overlook At first, he thought he would hide it behind the parlor sofa, nobody ever suddenly felt very important and asksure to cry and they would find it ner skillen brush, the white the sentence of the wax doll her hite the sentence of the sente

ALC: NY

Photo by Fleming.

ing along the street its head. One canvas painted at Macaulay ed hands make one teel as in ne could see where the holse cance from with point, shows a sapphire sea and sky with a background of sapphire moun- hidden sources of knowledge if he only indignant contempt. So, what could ne up but as their self the rags and old bottles and rub-fered a marble each if he would gather them up. The just when they were half way up stairs ragman had said he would buy all sorts Aunt Jean came out of step-mother's of things so, of course, he would buy oom and said: a baby.

"Alex Paterson! What will you do Still maybe it would be better not to next? You can't bring those boys up ask him for fear he wouldn't want it. Stepmother didn't like the baby evi-

The stairway was blocked with boys. dently, for she had stayed up in her all quarrelling as to who should go up room ever since it came. The doctor couldn't have wanted it or he wouldn't first. Miss Jean was very angry and sent them away without showing the have brought it to them. Aunt Jean baby. Worse still, she made Alex take said "babies made an awful lot of exa cloth, a nasty wet cloth, and wipe tra work." Alma cried because it wasn't the mud off the stairs and hall that the a doll, and papa, well papa evidently

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vented by nature or art for man's industriously for the pleasure of seeing her beautiful creations growing under It is as though the river Lethe had her skillful brush. The writer unfor-

One canvas painted at Macaulay women and wondering-eyed children

"Praise the sea, but remain on shore," was a bit of advice given by a sage of have changed his preposition and said "at" the shore if he had known the deexhausted. lights of Victoria's beaches, for here in

ountains, in sound of a gently mururing sea or a dashing surf, are to be

child; wide as the desert or prairie are ties"-busts, draperies, bronzes, etc wide, but moving-moving; wave upon wave, far as the eye can see; waves In portraits, of course, Mrs. Beanlands rising and falling. They have risen and fallen through uncounted years, and

are calculated to give great pleasure.' ter them, returning wet but triumph The acute critic thought, no doubt, ant only to be sent yelping back again that he had said something pleasant after another; little girls with tuckedup skirts and bare feet and legs, wade about a very dull production. One of Tennyson's early critics wrote out in search of sea-weed and bright pebbles, while their mothers sew and of "In Memoriam": "These touching lines evidently come from the full heart gossip among the driftwood or build of the widow of a military man." It the fires preparatory to a gipsy tea on is safe to assume that the critic had the beach, mot even taken the pains to read the Here and Here and there on the sands may be

seen a bit of the past-an old, old woman bent and gray, and pitifully poor, gathering kelp or driftwood, and with

brown, withered hands piling it laborously beyond the reach of the incoming tide. She is one of those for whom everything has been, to whom only one more thing can come, in whose har-

We were taken out in the officer's bor only one more ship can drop ancomfortable launch with four barechor; but, she is not sad or complai Footed tars in attendance, to where the pugita lay, gray as a phanton ship in bleared with long shed tears maybe, a fog, in Esquimalt harbor, and were but they have nothing but kindness in most courteously received, in the cap- their glance for the children who play tain's absence, by the first officer who at her feet, and as she watches the stood at the top of the stairs respiend- maid and her lover seeking a sheltered a heavy sash of royal blue silk depend-but of joy at the certainty of a speedy ent in a black and gold uniform with nook the tear she drops is not of sor-He regretted, in very broken English, that he could not "speak the English-fore to the land where is no more sea. much." We regretted that we could not Bathing girls are divided into many speak the Italian-at all, and our con- classes, but human nature is the same versation was carried on for some time everywhere, and the girl who is merry mainty by smiles and gestures. Finally and rollicking on the shore will be a bare footed tar was summoned whom we were told spoke English very good, with a run, skip and jump plunges into the were tool spoke bright tool and a rising wave, emerging on the other faving been three years in Montreal. a rising wave, emerging on the other side gay as a curly water spaniel; then

are fired by pressing a lever. Then he most orthodox afternoon garments and the sea.

wlephone and speaking tube, looked through the powerful telescope, and careless in leaving them lying about, plans show softly in the dim distance. fore, let us call it, I. Industry withing the large brass compass.

Then down the steep stair again to cause may be, for seaside loves the fact one looks at it. Then down the steep stair again to the steep stair again to the state of the steep stair again to the state of the state o

EXHIBIT OF SWEET PEAS. View of one corner at the flower show just closed.

His English, however, was not par-ticularly fluent either, and we, he said, spoke too fast, he no understanda. However, he showed us guns of differ-

d the sea. A Prosperous Settler, is the name while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its "You'll fro are fired by pressing a lever. Then he showed us rifles and told us how many meters they would reach. Next he pointed out the instruments for wire-less telegraphy, and we peeped into the sea is provoca-tive of true love or its counterfeit pre-red tiled kitchen hung round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the living round with cop-mer cooking utensils, where a number of the sharrock. The round call him a wicked boy who data to the sharrock of the sharrock. The round call him a wicked boy who data to the sharrock of the sharrock. The round call him a wicked boy who data to the sharrock of the living round with cop-faithfully reproduced that one is al-

dess of Love rose from the sea, and most tempted to break off a sprig. of bare-footed cooks were busy. Next we mounted to almost perpen-dicular brass stairs to the bridge room, and inspected the log book, the colored cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-cloud chart hanging on the wall, the for winter's use. Arrows are danger-to the total chart for winter's use. Arrows are danger-ter grass and fuzzy dandelion down a secomption not be wall while the clour while the cloure the clour while the clour whil ous playthings; and although Cupid is quiet grey sea, beyond which the Olym- accomplish nothing worth while, thereopened inquisitively the glass lid cover- he is remorseless about healing the One can almost feel the drowsy, langor- out talent is nothing, therefore let us saw it grow bigger and bigger. wounds they have made. Whatever the ous heat of the summer afternoon as designate it by O. But talent and in-

ned may accomplish great dustry combin

didn't love his little brother. Worse each of you can pull it a block." eacher which goes home at noon. The picture his fancy rained after that wasn't a nice one, without it one can so he rocked gently. He rolled his lump worth while there are the rocked gently. He rolled his lump with a solution of the rocked gently is a solution of the rocked gently. He rolled his lump with a solution of the rocked gently is a solution of the rocked gently. He rolled his lump are the transferred after that wasn't a nice one, without it one can so he rocked gently. He rolled his lump with while there are the rocked gently is a solution of the rocked gently

ad carried in on their boots. didn't care much about it for he calle He was afraid to go on the street for whole day after that, but of course awake at nights.

Aunt Jean was always planning things No. clearly nobody wanted the haby, to make trouble for a boy, so she gave so the ragman wouldn't either-if he him a little tin pail and sent him to knew,

the very farthest house in the row af-The old man didn't see very well, and er milk for the baby. Just as if the when Alex, told him there were lots of rest drank wasn't good things besides rags in the sack he just enough for him too! aughed, saying whatever was there The boys ran after him, wanting weighed pretty heavy, but he guessed it their marbles back. He hadn't them was all right. Mrs. Paterson knew the with him for Aunt Jean had made him sort of stuff he bought. Then, he threw

the sack over his shoulder and stood it give them to Alma so she would be quiet and not wake the baby. up in the wagon beside the other sacks He promised to return them in the (To be Continued.) rning, but Alma had lost three, so



found there. Then he climbed out by fairly successful close Friday night placing a chair on top of a box. the gate receipts amounting to about When he went back into the kitchen, \$100. The receipts as a whole have no Aunt Jean Tooked at him with those been sufficient to cover expenses, and sharp eyes of hers that seemed to see it has only been by private subscriperything even in the dark, and said: tions that these have been fully met. It "You haven't had time to be to mith's and back. Where did you get whole do not patronize this show as it that milk?" deserves, and that representative peo-

Alex didn't answer, what was the ple of Victoria do not take the matter use? Aunt Jean always seemed to know things without anybody telling should be. Victoria is pre-eminently a city of flowers, and the managing con

He slipped into the parlor and hid mittee of the society had on exhibition behind the sofa just as he always did the very finest flowers procurable, flowwhen he wanted folks to let him alone ers which were an inspiration to all for a while so's he could think. He who saw them. The entrance fee was hadn't been there very long when he low, but it might be worthy of considknew what to do. Then, when he heard eration to make it even lower another These guns have a wonderful mechan-ism, and can be instantly pointed in the she emerges dripping from the any direction by pressing a lever, and by messing a lever, the hew as really going for the most orthodox afternames are to she was really going for the the she were clothed in the from paying a higher entrance fee if washed and went out on the street. to view the flowers, and would not When the boys came he was ready they wished to do so. An exhibition of

berton, Pitts, Coombe, Wasson, At first the boys hooted and said they ham, McMaster, Page, Pooley and

of trouble in front of him as he rock- ing the tin pail around his head. ed, and with melancholy satisfaction saw it grow bigger and bigger. "Milk, up to Smith's!" shouted Jim Bird, who a year previously had gone inized, for they had gone to a great deal nized, for they had gone to a great deal low satin ribbon. It is to be regretted His difficulties had commenced one to the same place on a similar errand. of trouble to make them attractive Jean, after putting more soap than "They get their milk from a cow," of trouble to make them attraction at the source of a similar errand. If trouble to make them attraction at the source of the similar errand. The Fifth Regiment band was in at-tendance and rendered a most enjoyusual in his eyes and combing his hair he explained. "It isn't the same kind able programme.

Photo by Fleming.