

goods must be sold other such goods, or having the best subsequently the least output, makes the not be sold for more more, and taxes laid be paid from their using the use of subsequently inferior, taxation, the turn-over article, or the results of those employed

of the effect of direct improvements on land use issue.

THE TOWN.

entertained a high Superintendent of I admired his gentleness and his lack of fully commendable chief of police, above often you will find a man who is so universal as Superintendent must confess that has shaken my remembrance, who has always in impartial manner in matters pertaining course, I am not on whole trouble, and of the matter, I shall and be prepared at the chief of "the former place in my

expected, I have been severely for my out-regarding the choirs the several churches of her evening I attending, and the young men present vied with their abuse of poor, mis-erator." One young ruthlessly assassinated as to say that I know music whatever." Appealed the sentiments of

subject of music, I myself right. I have back. In fact, I rather than I have gone be strictly within the th. I have not been have not been even general acceptance of ct to that from principle the highest sense of not belong to a free passes for criticism is ult-finding clothed in s, or fulsome flattery ing palm," and a love will leave these so-called

criticism for those who have no disposition to encourage merit, but take a peculiar delight in making weakness apparent; or to those who can so far forget the interests of Art as to indulge in flattery. However, I reserve to myself the right of speaking plainly when I hear people assuming to do that which nature never intended them to do, and upon which art would be lost. There are many of this class in Victoria. You can count them by dozens.

But it is not alone in musical circles that I have been "discussed." Several young men, who, because they say so, believe that they possess all the virtues that a Christian values most, have been rather busy with my name. I have always taken an interest in church work, and if I do say so myself, I believe that I have rendered some slight service in my day to the cause of Christianity; but I never discovered until the other night, while attending a young people's meeting in connection with one of our city churches, that it was an attribute of Christianity to talk about people who were not in a position to defend themselves. I would rather designate such conduct arrant cowardice, and I would suggest in the most delicate manner in the world that these young men in future abstain from discussing matters that they know nothing at all about, and also to remember that Bartholomew Adams laid the foundation for his great fortune by minding his own business.

The shop windows present a good many interesting sights nowadays. This is the season of the year when each business man vies with his next door neighbor in the matter of attractive window displays. Everything goes in this line. The more odd, the more unique, the more startling display the merchant makes behind his plate glass, the happier man he, the broader the smile on his face, the heavier his purse, the merrier his voice. It is a matter of no little surprise, too, what a card a finely dressed window is for a big concern. People will stop to look in, you know; they will insist on criticizing the exposed wares for sale and insist on knowing what goods are inside, without going in on purpose to find out. It naturally behooves the merchant to put his best wares in the window, and to arrange them so as to attract the eye.

Window decorators, as a class, are well paid men. An expert, with original ideas and schemes, can virtually command his own price. An instance of something in this connection comes to my mind. A few years ago, I remember of an expert dropping into a house in an eastern city and informing the proprietor that he would dress his window "just for fun." He covered the big plate glass with paper outside and did his work inside. He got

pieces of glass and broke them into strips resembling pieces of a broken window pane. These he stuck on the inside of the plate in such a way that they resembled a lot of pieces of smashed glass. An imitation hole represented where an imaginary stone had gone through the window. From the street, the plate glass looked exactly as though it had been smashed with a rock. Then the window was filled with bargains marked in big letters, and the curtain was taken away. Pedestrians, next day, saw the smashed glass with a reward of \$50 for the breaker posted underneath. Crowds assembled to see the break and to criticize the clever illusion, and the bargains sold like hot cakes.

Without one single exception, the windows of the Sehl-Hastie-Erskine Furniture Company are the most beautifully dressed of any in the city. The work was done by Messrs. W. E. McCormack and C. B. Munro. The draping is artistic and pleasing to the eye, while the contents of the windows are so arranged as to produce the most striking effects. One window contains chinaware, fine grades of silver and plated wares, lamps and wine and lemonade sets. A bevelled mirror, trimmed with plush, forms a background. The other window contains upholstered chairs, odd pieces, Smyrna and velvet rugs, all of the best quality. The draperies consist of the latest and most artistic designs in American chenille. The windows are well worth a visit, and will, no doubt, be the means of attracting thousands of customers to the great furniture firm of Sehl-Hastie-Erskine company.

There is just some danger that the people of Victoria may suffer from over legislation. With the local Legislature in full swing over the Bay, the council at the City Hall, and the Parliamentary Debating Club at the Sir William Wallace Hall, there will certainly be no reason to grumble of lack of legislation. The preliminary arrangements towards organization of the last named club have been completed, officers have been elected, a cabinet formed, and the public are now breathlessly awaiting the policy of the new government, which, by the way, is a Liberal one. The government promises a policy that will at once commend itself to the country, while the opposition are laughing in their sleeves at the picnic they will have in tearing the new policy to pieces. I might say right here that what the opposition lack in numbers they will make up in nerve, and if the Liberal Government imagine that they are going to ride roughshod over their numerically weaker opposition, they are severely out in their calculations. The first session of the new parliament begins next Monday night, when the new policy will be

made known in a speech from the throne by the Governor-General, Ald. Harry Munn, who has consented to fill this office, notwithstanding the fact that there is a sentiment abroad to the effect that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Premier Hunter will, on this occasion, make a speech that will make the very rafters of Sir William Wallace Hall ring. I will have more to say on this subject later on.

PERE GRINATOR.

A ROMANCE OF DEATH.

(Written for the HOME JOURNAL.)

It was a cold December morn
And from the dull, gray sky
The rain drops fell with moan forlorn,
As if in sympathy,
With nature telling that the year
Had run its course. The end is near.
In silence deep there lay,
Under a shroud, a moulded form,
Which once in life had braved the storm
On many a watery way,
But lifeless now, in death's last sleep,
Others for him his watch must keep.
Than he, none prouder, trod the deck,
None better liked than he,
Little of danger did he reckon,
He looked upon the sea
But as a mistress to be ruled
By one to her caprices schooled.
And on that morn a sailor came,
And asked for Captain Jack;
They looked at him and asked his name
And would have turned him back,
But that the tears rose to his eyes.
They led him where his captain lies
And by the shroud the sailor knelt;
"Ah, captain, art thou gone?
When last we sailed I little felt
That I so soon, alone,
Must keep my watch, without you near,
With kindly words my work to cheer.
For ten long years I sailed with you
And never an angry word;
I did my work, I got my due,
A murmur never was heard;
Surely you would not make a trip
And not give Jim a chance to ship."
Beside the corpse poor Jim reclined,
His face between his hands,
His prayer was heard, he too had signed
For that trip to far off lands.
When Captain Jack had shown the way,
Poor Jim behind would never stay.

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plate.
French Bronzes.
French Marble Clocks.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silver-Mounted
Dressing Bags.
Opera and Field Glasses.
English and American Clocks.

The above, with a variety of other goods, were selected by Mr. C. E. Redfern, when in Europe, and purchased for cash, and will be sold at the lowest possible prices during the coming holidays.