From the DAILY COLONIST, Dec. 25.

## THE CITY.

**B. C. Benevolent Society.**

Up to yesterday evening, and within the month of December, the B. C. Benevolent Society had expended $258 in relieving the poor. At the corresponding period of last year the expenditure was $176.

**The C. P. T. Office Uninjured.**

It was the Langley street Electric Light company's wire instead of the tram wire that crossed with the telegraph wire on Friday night. No damage was done at the telegraph office owing to a quick detection of the accident. A relay was burned out at the railway station.

**Hogmanay Concert.**

The arrangements which have been made for the concert on December 31, under the auspices of the Sir William Wallace Society, ensure not only a first class entertainment but a good attendance. The event will take place in Philharmonic Hall, and is sure to sustain the reputation of the society.

**Very Sad.**

The boy stood near DeCosmos' pond, and bitter tears he shed; we eyed the youngster fore and aft, his eyes and mouth were red; he looked the picture of distress, the very type of woe. We asked why this unhappiness; his voice came sad and low; and while the lad in tears relates the story, we are awed. Said he: "I bought a pair of skates, and now it's gone and thawed."

**Raid on a Hen Roost.**

Mr. B. Carter, Esquimalt road, had his hen roost visited early yesterday morning by some person or persons unknown, who relieved him of a couple of dozen of his best birds. There were about forty birds in the hen house, and it is suspected that the thieves intended to clear out the lot. But hens are noisy things to handle. The recent fire at the St. George inn left the birds practically unprotected.

**Joined the Majority.**

The death is announced of Mr. Chas. Sydney Whiffin, of this city, who has been a resident for over ten years, and though retired from business, was well known to Victorians. The deceased was 69 years of age; he leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter, Mrs. Edward White. The funeral takes place from the family residence, 240 View street, on Tuesday, December 27, at 2 o'clock, to Christ Church Cathedral at 2:30 p.m. to the cemetery.

**A Rough Visitor.**

And still the aftermath of the storm continues to come in. During the night of the 21st the residence of Mr. H. Ker, Admiral's road, was surprised with a rather rough visitor in the shape of a huge pine tree, which went down before the storm. Receiving no response to a gentle ring at the bell, the visitor knocked off a corner of the house, smashed the verandah, and left a note saying that he would call again. No one personally injured.

**Willis Bond's Funeral.**

The funeral of the late Willis Bond was attended yesterday by a large number of old-time friends, who paid their last respects at the grave. Rev. Coverdale Watson officiated at the house and at the grave; at the residence he delivered an affecting address, in course of which he referred to the past life of the deceased. The pallbearers were Messrs. S. Whilley, G. Kennell, T. Lewis, G. Gray, C. Greenway and K. Jackson. Many of the old timers who remember Mr. Bond in the early days were among the mourners.

**Lend Him a Helping Hand.**

Attention was drawn a day or two ago to a young lad who was yesterday released from the Provincial Reformatory, where he had served a six months' sentence for an offence in which he was really made the catspaw of designing men. The jail authorities give the boy an excellent character. The charitably disposed are here offered an excellent opportunity of taking hold of this lad and making a man out of him, for if given a good chance the lad, who is very intelligent, promises to become a useful member of society. Supt. Finlayson of the Reformatory will be glad to give any additional information desired about the boy.

**Santa Claus at Cedar Hill.**

The annual Christmas tree entertainment of Cedar Hill district was held on Friday evening. The children were not baffled by the storm, and nearly every little one in the neighborhood was present, as well as a large number of adults. The programme rendered by the children of the public school, under the guidance of the teachers, was well given, and a bountiful supper was served at 6 p.m. After the programme the beautiful Christmas tree was despoiled of its fruits, which were shared in by young and old alike. The room had been very tastefully and elaborately decorated by the teacher and several children. The annual New Year ball takes place at this suburb on Monday evening, January 2.

**The German R. E. Services.**

The German congregation of the Reformed Episcopal Church had a special service in their own language last night. Rev. Mr. Stadthagen preached the sermon, taking for his text: "In the beginning was the word and the word was with God, and the word was God:" St. John 1-1. The speaker expressed himself as being very much pleased to see so many out to attend Divine services. There were a great many Germans in the city of Victoria, and it was to be hoped that they would come out in the service of the Lord, who had done so much for all mankind. Feelings of tenderness and love should prevail not only now but at all times. Let all come out on the broad plain of brotherly love rather than that of mere national feelings. With good will toward men and love of the word, the children of God grow in grace forever.

The speaker was very eloquent and kept his congregation intensely interested throughout the sermon. The church was very handsomely decorated with evergreens and holly arranged in a most artistic manner.

## A COMPLETE WRECK.

**The Sloop "Finland" of Port Townsend Goes on the Foul Bay Rocks.**

Yesterday morning about 8:30 o'clock James Banks, who lives with Mr. J. Nicholls near Foul Bay, heard shots being fired from the direction of Trial Island. Going down on the Point he discovered the wreck of a sloop rapidly going to pieces on the rocks. The fact was evident that some one was in trouble. Hoisting a flag to let those on the island know that their signals had been heard and understood, Mr. Banks proceeded to investigate the wreck. The name "Finland, Port Towns—," was found on a bit of the wreckage, and on a portion of the hatchway was the tonnage, 5.27, and the number, 120,811. So far as could be seen there was no cargo on board and nothing to indicate the nature of the business in which the vessel had been engaged.

Mr. Banks proceeded to the nearest telephone and sent word in to town about the wreck. In a short time the provincial police received the news and Officer Hunter was sent out to investigate. Nothing further was learned, except that during the day a boat came off from the island and landed in Foul Bay, but who were in her or where they went to no one seems to know. It was in all probability the crew, as there are no inhabitants on the island from whom the boat could have been procured.

At last accounts the provincial police were looking for the crew of the wrecked vessel.

'Tis Christmas time in every clime; the belfry's chime, the rhymster's rhyme, oh, thought sublime 'tis Christmas time! Then gather 'round the groaning board, and let us feast and sing! Drink, revel, shout and romp and laugh until the rafter's ring! Fill up your glasses to the brim and let the wine flow free! Land lubbers, ho: "A toast to those in peril on the sea! and a merry day on the mountain trail, and welcome home at last to absent friends who journey through Columbia's rocky pass." A bright New Year and Christmas cheer in every clime; 'tis Christmas time! The maid and mother sister, brother, sire and son, and every one will meet to-day love's debt to pay; While sweethearts true their vows renew, and belfry's chime and rhymsters rhyme and poets climb to heights sublime, and preachers preach and teachers teach, and chorists sing and church bells ring and rich are glad, nor poor are sad. Then let us not forget to pray "God bless the poor" on Christmas day; and lavish let your hand bestow substantial cheer to lift their woe. To those upon Vancouver's Isle, Oh merry, merry be the feast you celebrate to day, of Christ's nativity! and one more toast—"The miner"—He bears an honored name, who forced the coffers of the earth to give us wealth and fame. And now the feast is over—the wine is nearly done and our last pledge is given, and our last song is sung. But stay,—a drop remaining—we drain the waiting glass—a silent toast we're giving—"The company of the past." For at our feast when laughter and shouting rend the air, a spector grim is sitting in many a vacant chair—a memory of our mourning,—companions called before when plague and death strolled arm-linked upon our sorrowing shore—companions gone before us, beyond our earthly care. To those that live God bless you all; our kindest wishes share.

XMAS 1892.

—A. E. GOODMAN.

## WALTER MILBEY'S TRICYCLE.

**Subscriptions Received Guarantee Its Purchase by Victoria Boys and Girls.**

Walter Milbey's tricycle is assured, the subscriptions last evening totalling $161.45—and all contributed by the boys and girls.

The subscriptions not heretofore acknowledged are referred to, with thanks therefor, below:

| | |
|---|---|
| George | 50 |
| Nellie | 25 |
| Harriett | 25 |
| Ethel Jane Cook | 50 |
| Lillie Woodrow | 25 |
| Marion and Eleanor | 50 |
| Bessie Morrison | 25 |
| Winnie Johnson | 50 |
| A Sunday School Class | 4 75 |
| Nellie Earle | 50 |
| Robert McNeill | 25 |
| Harold Arthur Beckwith | 50 |
| Harry Calhoun | 25 |
| Edward and John Siddall | 1 00 |
| Frank R. Humber | 25 |
| A Friend (Mexican dollar) | 65 |
| R. J. Russell | 1 00 |
| Lilly Russell | 1 00 |
| D. Kennedy | 50 |
| Pandora Avenue Methodist church Junior League | 6 00 |
| C. Elbeck Wilson | 1 00 |
| Frank Stevenson | 50 |
| Gwendoline | 25 |
| Pauline | 25 |
| Aubrey | 25 |
| Harry Hall | 50 |

## HIS WANTS SUPPLIED.

**The Dying Chinaman Has Now Been Fed and Warmed and Given Bedding.**

**The Mayor and Aldermen and City Officials Say They Were Surprised.**

When the story of the gross neglect of a dying Chinaman in a rude shack on Fisgard street was read, in yesterday morning's COLONIST, there was indignation expressed on all hands, and surprise too, for no one supposed there was any such such state of things existing in the city.

Early in the morning, Dr. Duncan, Health Officer, was around, and had an appointment with the leading members and officers of the Chinese Society. They met in the "lodge rooms," and held a consultation. Chief of Police Sheppard was also present and Ald. Humber.

The Chinese claimed that their society was poor and in debt, and would not have any money for charitable purposes unless they could levy a rate on all the Chinese in the city. They made a general statement of what they wanted, and the Health Officer promised that if they would put their requirements in writing he would bring them before the City Council.

In the meantime, until some action shall be taken by the City Council, six of the leading Chinese merchants, who are also members and officers of the society, promised faithfully to have the hospital put in proper shape, heated and cleaned, and to have a man put in charge, so that the present patient would be looked after, and also so that the hospital would be open at all times for the inspection of the Medical Health Officer and the City Sanitary Officer.

Later on in the day Sanitary Inspector Bailey went to the "hospital," where he found that the first move in the right direction had been made. No more food had been supplied, however, and the sick Celestial was badly in need of water and tea. He also asked for rice, and in a short time these were supplied him.

Mayor Beaven and the aldermen were very much interested in the case yesterday, and some members of the Council took pains to make inquiries to see what was being done.

**Sweetest When Green.**

Ah, girls are not like apples
Nor any fruit between
The earth and sky, because they
Are sweetest when they're green.
—Detroit Free Press.

## CONSUL KITO.

**"A Breathing Blue-Book of Statistics" Upon Japan and its Commerce.**

**Opportunities for the Development of Trade Beneficial to This Country.**

Your reporter has met men of varied mental qualifications, among them the proverbial "walking dictionary," and him who is dubbed "the encyclopædia of information," but not until yesterday did he meet, in the person of the Hon. Mr. Kito, a breathing blue-book of statistics.

The Japanese Consul at Vancouver, is amply qualified by nature and education, to fill the position he occupies with credit to his government at Tokyo, and fidelity to his royal master, the Emperor of Japan. Since the Japanese government started its great work of national reconstruction, twenty-five years ago, the capacious brain of the Foreign Minister has been tirelessly absorbing information relative to the great Empire and its 40,000,000 of people—information collected, formulated, classified and contempered, as it bears upon the great problems of international commerce.

So, like a ready reckoner, Mr. Kito can give, at a moment's notice, concise, comparative statements respecting the fiscal policy of nations that would turn many of our government financiers green with envy.

When it was suggested to Mr. Kito that in lieu of the constantly increasing trade between the Orient and friendly Canada, the readers of the COLONIST, at the Capital and elsewhere, would no doubt be pleased to become familiar with some of the more important financial statistics of Japan, if they could be produced in a compendious shape, the distinguished foreigner replied that Victoria people would not be more pleased to learn than he to supply the information.

"To commence with," said he, "our tax on saki turns a sum into our treasury every year, equivalent to $15,000,000. Up to a certain quantity, our people are allowed by law to brew and distil their own liquor, and we have comparatively little drunkenness in Japan. Saki, as you are no doubt aware, is manufactured from rice, and does not ruin the liver and kidneys when taken in similarly large quantities as your distilled liquors do. We derive our large domestic revenue, however, from land. By the land tax alone, $40,000,000 per annum finds its way into the coffers of the Government from the purses of the people."

In answer to a query, Mr. Kito said that he was sure their system of taxation would not satisfy single tax theorists, as a large revenue was also derived from fines and other sources. For instance, a child from four to six must attend kindergarten; from six till the scholar completes a certain curriculum, he must attend a Government school; at twenty he must serve three years as a soldier, and during that time he must be vaccinated twice or three times by the Government vaccinator and once every seven years afterwards. If these Government mandates are set at defiance, a heavy fine is imposed and collected, increasing with each offence

"We have no revenue on tobacco; we produce the weed for pipe use, but import our cigars," continued Mr. Kito. "Our cotton industry is becoming a large factor in trade; at present 300,000 spindles are in operation, and about one-third of the total production is exported.

"Last year our export trade amounted to nearly $100,000,000, our import being a few millions less. In comparing these figures with your own remember money goes much further in Japan than here. Now, for consumption and export:

"Rice, $210,000,000, a part of which of course, is exported. We grow some wheat, oats and barley, but as farmers have been devoting their time and money, for several centuries, to the cultivation of rice, the growing of any other cereal goes against the 'grain.'

"The market value of rice is $7 per kuku, a kuku being equal to 2½ peculs, and a pecul in its entire commercial sense being equivalent to 133⅓ pounds. Next in importance is raw silk. We export $40,000,000 worth, more than half of our production, and 50% of this output goes to the United States.

"It occurs to me that there is a splendid opening for a silk factory in Victoria or Vancouver. When I have suggested the idea to men of capital they have said: 'Impossible; labor is too high.' Why not import Japanese labor, then? The silk factory in Patterson, N. Y., is earning money. They are paying their working girls $1.50 a day—the girls in the silk factories in Japan get 20 cents per diem. If going wages on the coast are too high to think of embarking in the undertaking on these lines, then look to Japan for help; have your silk factory at all events.

"Our factory girls would be glad to come to the province by contract, at four or six bits a day, and, accustomed as they are to their humble way of living, they could make themselves very comfortable. Start small at first with a handkerchief factory—the machinery for it is inexpensive—then gradually branch out.

"We produce $20,000,000 worth of tea and export half that amount; we also find an outside market for $1,000,000 worth of copper ore, $1,500,000 in matches, $2,000,000 in coal and $500,000 in matting. Besides this we ship $2,500,000 worth of hand-made silk goods. This trade is increasing rapidly, and would be far larger if we could readily find out the prevailing styles and prices in other countries. We also get rid of $5,000,000 in piece goods, such as habutai gowns, etc.

"The beet sugar industry in Japan has collapsed. The sugar manufartured from the cane grown on Shikoku island (pronounced Chicago) is not sufficient to supply our domestic demand. We have enough cattle for home consumption, but they are very small, stunted animals. The stock has not improved from the fact that there have been no international marriages among them for several hundred years. Seven million dollars worth of bamboo, bronze, china and paper ware goes principally to the States and Europe.

"A great industry I have left to the last, dried fish and sea weed. We produce for the markets $40,000,000 worth, $10,000 of which is sent to China. A splendid guano is dried fish used in the cultivation of mulberry trees, rice, etc.

"Surrounded as we are by water, we had abundance of fish over the food supply, but not enough by a long way to meet the demand. Consequently we have a special stock exchange devoted exclusively to this commodity; futures are bought and sold, and there is as much excitement as on the corn exchange in New York. You see we utilize everything nature in her abundant generosity has given us. Our sea weed industry is also very large. *Nori*, a weed corresponding to your *kelp*, finds a ready sale in China; it is boiled and eaten and is considered very nourishing, perhaps as much so as your Irish potato. This is another matter that should be looked into here.

"You have *kelp* in immense quantities about Vancouver island I am told. As an experiment, this weed was sent to China, but found no market. I will venture to say that it was not properly sun dried. Capt. Tashiro, of the Kongo, and myself are quite positive that your *kelp* is identical with our *nori*. The matter should be looked into. I hear a story that your tomato was a subject of scorn to epicures when the possibility of its being utilized was indirectly conveyed to Europeans by a prisoner in an American jail. No table in the land is without them now. We have a much finer quality of sea weed called the *kobu*, it goes through a process of forced cultivation in ponds like your oyster, but it is, however, so expensive that it is a luxury to the rich.

"The habit of using it bears an analogy to the snuff sniffing habit at one time prevailing in Europe. It is only indulged in by lords."

Mr. Kito might have added—and consuls, for the honorable gentleman produced a tin case of *kobu* and invited your correspondent to "have a chew." The invitation was accepted, but the taste for *kobu* is evidently cultivated. Taken as an experiment, it causes a temporary paralysis on the tongue and contortions of the features, similar in effect to a concoction of slippery elm, salted green tea and quinine. But, no doubt, it's very nice when you get used to it.

"Our land army," continued Mr. Kito, "is composed of 100,000 fighting men, and our navy of 40 ships, half of them built in Japan. Touching again upon education, Europeans do not learn our language readily. Our rules in grammar are very irregular, and our etymology and syntax are beyond the comprehension of all but the most erudite of your students. On the other hand, we pick up the English language very readily from your books, but cannot master the sounds represented in your language by 'l' and 'r.' There is no 'l' sound in our language, and the formation of our organs of speech or the inactivity of diminutive muscles for thousands of years brought into play in pronouncing this letter, seem to make the task almost a hopeless one. The nearest approach to the 'r' sound in our language is 'ra.'

"We have 1,800 miles of railroad narrow gauge, after the English style—guards, locked compartments, first, second and third class, and all that sort of thing. And the reason for it is that we still have our class distinctions in Japan. Government frowns at what is considered the relic of the dark ages, and the hitherto wide gulf between the nobility and the masses is narrowing year by year. At present society is divided into five classes. Royalty, of course, comes first—the Emperor, his relatives and connections, then the knights; next the farmers. We would say 'a farmer prince' in Japan, not a 'merchant prince,' for merchants and employers of labor in mercantile pursuits occupy the second to the bottom rung on the social ladder, and the bottom rung is occupied by 'manufacturers' (workmen in factories)."

"Where do the coolies and that class come in?" was asked.

"Ah, I suppose they sit on the ground at the foot of the structure," answered Mr. Kito. "But in another lustrum these lines may be faded almost to obliteration, and brain and true worth will receive more recognition."

"Will you tell me something about the prevailing religion, morals and social customs of your countrymen?" was suggested.

"Ah, pardon me," answered Mr. Kito, "Of these matters your missionaries and poets sometimes say some very pleasant things—and sometimes are misinformed; as for me, I am representing the state, not the church, and it would not do to combine the two estates in my capacity as minister in Canada to the Government of Japan."

**Counterfeit Panama Bonds.**

PARIS, Dec. 23.—A sub-committee from the Parliamentary investigating commission seized this afternoon, at the offices of the Panama Canal Company, 1,700 counterfeits of bonds "payable to bearer." The commission will meet daily during the Christmas holidays.

**Ominous Suggestions.**

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes from Paris: "The public is in a state of feverish expectancy. The ominous expression of La Premiere Charette, suggestive of the guillotine and the reign of terror, has been used in reference to the first batch of Senators and Deputies to be sacrificed in the Panama affair. The general question is who will be the occupants of the next tumbril. The "decoration" and Boulanger scandals also are not to be compared with the present crisis. Both Republicans and Radicals are horrified. No names of reactionary politicians have been mentioned, and unless the Cabinet should be able to implicate Conservative Deputies, its fate is sealed. The members of the Right, on the other hand, are boasting of the complete integrity of their party.

**FOR SWELLINGS AND FELONS.**

GENTLEMEN:—My little girl, aged 3, had a large swelling on her neck. I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil on it and it disappeared in a short time. It also cured a felon I was troubled with. MRS. C. E. WENDOVER, Manda, Man.

**Why He Didn't Tell His Mother.**

Mamma—When that boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me, instead of throwing them back?

Little Son—Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit a barn door.—Street & Smith.

## AN ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE LADY.

**She Can Dance and Play and Sing Like a Professional.**

In St. Louis lives a little lady who, though only eleven years old, is equal in skill to many a professional actress of thrice her years. Her name is Rosalind Mahler, and she is the daughter of Jacob Mahler, who, in turn, is a descendant of the famous family of Mahlers, who taught our grandmothers how to trip the minuet in the old colonial days, when dancing was considered a more dignified art than it now is.

ROSALIND MAHLER AS PRINCE METAYA.

Rosalind dances like a fairy, as the saying is, and during each year of her brief existence since she was two years old she has danced in the parlors of well known society people in all parts of the United States. She never dances for money. Her work is always either for charity or to give joy to others without the payment of the mighty dollar. As might be supposed, the little one's proclivities are for the stage, but to this her parents vigorously object.

During the past year Rosalind's favorite song has been one of the "Wang" melodies. She has the costume of Prince Metaya and imitates Della Fox to perfection. Miss Fox learned her first stage dancing of Mr. Mahler, and although but a baby at the time little Rosalind would take the steps in imitation of Miss Fox, and would follow her delightedly all through the dancing lesson. Several times, while away at some fashionable summer or winter resort, Rosalind has drilled a company of children so that they could sing the "Baby Song" from "Wang" very creditably. When her work was completed, the youthful instructor would herself learn a new fancy dance. And then, to give variety to the performance, she would play and sing.

**Swimmer Sully's Remarkable Feat.**

It is difficult enough for most people to keep afloat by the vigorous use of both arms and legs in the water, but William Sully of London, is such an expert swimmer that he could get along very well if some one were to tie him hand and foot and throw him overboard to drown. Sully would surely catch his enemies napping, for he thinks nothing of taking a dive when his limbs are securely bound.

WILLIAM SULLY.

Keeping afloat merely is the least of Sully's troubles. He not only does that when he is securely tied up, but he performs numerous tricks and generally proves himself one of the most remarkable swimmers the world has ever seen.

When he plunges into the water unfettered he gives an exhibition of aquatic marvels that would make Leander, of Hero and Hellespont fame, turn green as sea water with envy if he could only witness it.

## SPORTING NOTES.

The Mount Morris Athletic club, recently formed in New York, will erect a $500,000 clubhouse in Harlem.

It is said that ten graduates of the University of Pennsylvania promised the college football eleven that they would give $10,000 each toward a clubhouse for the university's athletes if the eleven beat Princeton. With such a prize before them it is little wonder that the Pennsylvanians defeated the orange and black team.

It is reported that "Old Man" Anson, of the Chicago club, will not respond to the cry of "Play ball!" next season.

Emanuel Lasker, the great chess expert, recently played twelve of the Brooklyn Chess club's best men simultaneously, winning ten games and drawing two in the remarkably short time of 1 hour and 35 minutes.

Harold Hagen, the European champion skater, and Joe Donoghue, the American champion, will probably meet this winter. Donoghue has turned professional.

Joe Cunniff, a big Texan, 6 feet tall, and hitherto unheard of in pugilistic circles, wants to fight Joe Goddard for $5,000 a side.

The western turf congress at St. Louis decided that jockeys under its control should no longer have a valet.

**Dunraven's Challenge for the Cup.**

Now that Lord Dunraven has issued a challenge for an international yacht race yachtsmen expect that the contest for the America's cup will be one of the most interesting of all the races since the old yacht America first captured the cup away back in 1851. The last race was between the Yankee Volunteer and the Scotch Thistle in September, 1887, and resulted in victory for the stars and stripes. American yachtsmen are all confident that Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie will be beaten in August or September, 1893.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

**Though Raining and Misty, the Streets Were Thronged and Stores Were Filled.**

**Everybody Making Preparations to Celebrate the Great Christian Holiday.**

Rain and mist and mud notwithstanding, there was no cessation yesterday in the eager rush of people down town, who, from one store to another, were busy buying the many presents which are intended this morning to be a delight and a surprise to the recipients.

The morning was fairly pleasant, but "threatened rain," and later on in the day it came, now and then letting up a little to give people the impression it was over, only to begin once more the dreary dismal drenching dripping that soaked through everything but a waterproof and made nice little pools on the streets, crossings and sidewalks. The light snow of a few days ago is gone to join the late lamented "cold snap." Not even slush remains. It is either water or mud now.

Saturday night and Christmas Eve both coming together made things lively for the merchants, who smiled at the rushing business, even if they were tired selling and wrapping up goods, counting out money and making change. Many of the stores where there were yesterday morning neat piles of choice Xmas goods, "all marked away down," are now looking like the deserted banquet hall after the feast. Even with the bad weather the volume of trade was as large as in any previous year—perhaps larger—much to the joy of the storekeepers, who want to wind up old '92 with "a balance," and have as few goods as possible to move when the January stocktaking comes.

Nearly everyone is preparing to celebrate two holidays. Some will observe Sunday and some Monday, but more will take pleasure out of the two days and make it a double event. The big hotels will serve two Christmas dinners, one each day, and the holiday fare will extend on nearly all "menus" over the whole of the week. In private houses, especially among those where there are children, Monday will be the "big day," and innumerable home Christmas trees and parties will delight the little folk, and big folk, too; for let no one imagine that because age comes it begets any less reverence for, or joy over, Christmas time.

Special to the COLONIST.)

## FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

**Be Swift to Read and Digest Fashions Mandates—She is a Breathless, Hurried Goddess.**

**"Variable as the Shade"—Redfern, the Fashion Seer, Prophecies The Crinoline.**

NEW YORK, Dec., 1892.—I am stunned, overwhelmed, mentally muddled, and shaken with the surprising velocity and lightning changes of fashion. I am convinced that a woman must be almost more a genius than a millionaire to keep up with these rapid changes. There is in fact hardly time to take breath between one fashion and another.

To-day, and this fact which I am about to chronicle had better be printed and published at once ere it be stale, ladies are giving more attention to the widening of their shoulders and the drapery of the same, than to any other portion of their toilettes. Not only gowns but coats and cloaks and capes are all abnormally developed with shoulder ruffles, epaulettes and all sorts of "annexes" in the way of shoulder trimmings. Whatever you do, ladies, in this particular adornment, whether you depend on your condescending dressmaker, your courtly tailor, your obsequious maid, or your own fair fingers, do not let your shoulders aspire, let them

This evening gown of crushed strawberry colored crepe, is an example, says Redfern, of our most recent and simple style. The wide jet buckle gathers the fulness in together at the waist, and the huge sleeves are a pale Nile green velvet. There is jet trimming on the bodice and on the skirt hem a narrow ruffle of green velvet.

widen. The elevation of your shoulders will as surely mark you as old-fashioned as if you wore that condemned article known as a "pad" or that still more obsolete one called a "bustle." In the way of shoulder trimming, Redfern advises that which is lined with some soft material; it is the only thing which is not spoiled by the fit of the coat over it, and is, in addition to this, prettier and more graceful than what we were first threatened with, viz., that lined and stiffened with buckram.

In proportion to the increasing width of the gown sleeves, the coat sleeves also increase. It certainly makes the width of the fashionable woman disproportionate to her height, but the tailors found it the only way of solving the difficulty. Most of the coats are very wide in the skirts, and are cut very much gored. This makes the world of fashionable women tremble to think that what Redfern says about the future style (I mean of course the immediate future style; I wouldn't commit myself by predicting anything very far ahead about such an erratic goddess) may be coming true.

What he says is that crinolines are coming!!! With all due regard to him, as a leader of fashion, as a Seer on all matters appertaining to the extravagant, costly and incomprehensible clothing of the weaker sex, with every appreciation of his audacity in invention, and his success in completing his audacious combinations, I must say that I cannot quite believe it!

I cannot believe that people who have lived through all the startling changes that we have, who possess pictures of our grandmothers and mothers in those gar-

This evening gown of the palest imaginable shade of blue, has an unusual style of originality about it. On the shoulders are petal shaped pieces of the blue silk falling over full under sleeves of the spangled tulle. A huge bow with a diamond horseshoe in the centre forms the bodice trimming. The skirt is all silk, all the trimming being at the foot in the form of "donkey's ears", with a ruching underneath.

ments which have inspired the caricaturist, the satirist and the "funny man", and produced derision in the street boy, can ever distort and inconvenience themselves with these unqualified atrocities.

I refuse to think that women who read and talk of Dress Reform and the increasing recognition of the beauty of the human figure, can ever be persuaded even by Redfern, Worth and Felix and all their lesser contemporaries to exchange their present sheath like draperies (which it must be admitted accentuate beauty as well as the want of it) for those relentless hoops which deform all alike.

If we get it depend upon it it will be in some modified form—after the good friend and patron that woman has been to Redfern, Redfern will surely not be so cruel to woman as to repay her for her devotion and obedience to his mandates with

A CRINOLINE.

A crinoline, without dissimulation or disguise. It cannot be. Nothing that we get resuscitated from the past is served up to us quite in its original form. Fashion like history repeats itself, but not quite in the same appearance as that which it wore in the dim past, whereof the actors are departed.

We were promised the Empire gown, and now that we have got it, although we are well satisfied with it as it is, can we say that it is the Empire gown as it was. Certainly not. We have the effect of the short waist without the reality. High waist bands, corsetlets and Bolero jacket all assist in this Empire effect, but the hidden waist line, the fully defined bust and long straight skirt falling from under the arms, we have not that and we are modern enough to admit that we don't want it.

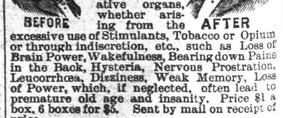
LE BARON DE BREMONT.

**GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE**

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 30 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto
¹2-tiea

**The Celebrated French Cure,**

Warranted to cure **APHRODITINE** or money refunded




Is SOLD ON POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs, whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium or through indiscretion, etc., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power, which, if neglected, often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1 a box, 6 boxes for $5. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every $5 order, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes permanently cured by APHRODITINE. Circular free. Address

THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.
WESTERN BRANCH,
Box 27. PORTLAND, OR.
SOLD BY
COCHRANE & MUNN, DRUGGISTS,
Corner of Douglas and Yates streets,
fno25-dw-rly Sole Agent for Victoria

**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
se18-1y-w