THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

Of all the

SAVORY'S is th

Fairlie's beaded thread of thought ame to an abrupt finale, and he started p in astornishment at Mr. Grant's next remarks elt doesn't make much difference now. The money you owe me is a mere drop in he bucket to my liabilities. Perhaps I

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rouldn't have been so easy with you if I isdn't suffered the tortures of the imned for weeks past, trying to keep doat and make ends meet. My own pisery led me to sympathize with you in pur sorrowful plight. 'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.' I am a ruined man, and intend assigning for the benefit i my creditors to-day."

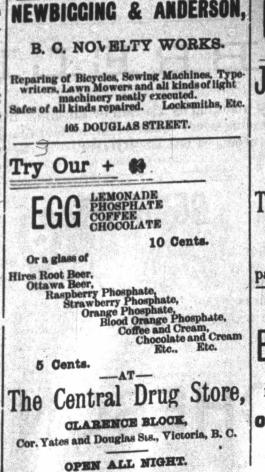
CHAPJER IV.

After the close of the rebellion Archer ras sent to the Pacific Coast, The C.P.R. rss being rushed along with all rapidity, and the Gazette thought it an excellent des to furnish the mercantile public of the Eastern Provinces with careful repirts on the possibilities of trade developnent and the nature of prospective compercial relations with British Columbia. The Western Province, with its wonders d scenery, its sky-soaring mountain paks capped with perpetual snows ; the mighty torrents rushing in foaming, ressters flood ; the cool cascades leaping from lofty summits ; glaciers glistening and dissolving the warm sunbeams into a plory of prismatic colors ; the giant forst growths and the quieter pictures of toded, valley and grass-waving plain, is so utterly beyond anything that Archer had ever experienced, that he ould only marvel in dumb admiration at the revelation of surpassing wonders. It seemed to him that everything had an inspotted freshness, a wildness assoused with freedom and glorious opportunity. Nature had constructed everything on a colossal scale. Men living in the shadow of the gigantic, towering Rockies, and stupendous pines, must needs assimilate something of the might and vastness of their environment. The pioneers of British Columbia had made a rec rd in keeping with their surroundings. They were above the petty differences which divided the people of the east into cliques and sects. Archer was struck with the contrast, and he hoped that the tide of emigration from the older Provinces with its bigotry, intolerance and narrower life, would not mar the possibilities of British Columbia in the march of light and liberty by introducing the narrower creed of picayunish religious and racial prejudices, poisoning government and giving birth to suspicion, hatred and jealousy. He hoped that British Columbia might be spared the implacable rancors of Orangeman and Catholic, with their imported Irish feuds and traditional enmities ; that she might

be spared the discords and estrangements -so inimical to healthy political development--of separate schools and dual languages. The public schools were the real cradles of the nation, and there would be nourished that broadness of spirit that would afterwards sweep away artificial class restrictions and level inqualities and preferences to one common plane of equal privilege and impartiality.

Archer had returned to Toronto with his mind a picture gallery of gorgeous Western scenery. He had gone into ecstacy over the varied views along the railway; but, amid all the grandeur, the capital city-Victoria-the Western gate of future commerce, left impressions most Victoria, with its winding lingering. arms of the sea. its shores fringed with vari-tinted foliage, its glimpses of Mount Baker, towering into the clouds and robed in a filmy veil of ghostly mistiness. the range of rugged, frost-crested Olympians, rearing their cloud-piercing heights protectingly over the Straits, that nestled contentedly far beneath, the sloping verdure-clad hills, the calmer, peaceful pastoral delights filled Archer's mind with all the splendor of variegated tint and color, seeming more like some extravaganza from fairy-land than the real, unaided handiwork of Nature. (To be continued.)

DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS, Late of London, England, general family and obstetric practice, with special attention to diseases of children and diseases of the chest and stomach; over twenty-five years' experi-ence; many years a member of the British Homepathic Society, British Gynecological Society and Pathological Society of London. DR. WILLIAMS may be consulted at all hours at his office and residence, 94 Pandora, near Quadra street, city. Telephone 153.





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