



"What will be my  
Christmas present?  
I need a  
Bissell Carpet Sweeper"

## BISSELL'S GRAND RAPIDS CARPET SWEEPER

—IS THE HOUSEWIFE'S—

## CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

For there is not a housewife but will appreciate such a handsome perfect, sweeper—one of the latest and finest of the Bissells. It will save in labor and back-aches and carpets; save in dust, dirt and drudgery; save in that which is most disagreeable in housework. 'Tis the best carpet sweeper yet produced by modern genius. We have a number of new finishes to select from. Also splendid value in Xmas hanging and vase lamps, antique bronze, brass and copper fire-sets, beautiful carving sets. Being about to remove to the corner, of Government and Johnson street, we are determined to let the goods go.

# McLENNAN & McFEELY,

## 70 YATES STREET, VICTORIA.

### MUSIC.



IRELAND has produced immortal bards, and is acknowledged to have been the school for pure music. The Irish have always been and even to this day are, addicted to music, and it is an exception to find one who cannot play the harp with more or less skill. Bards or poets have always been more highly honored by the Irish than by any other race, save, perhaps, with one exception, of the Jewish. Many of the songs of the early poets have been handed down

from generation to generation, and the Duke of Buckingham has in his library the greatest collection of Irish MSS. in the world. The beauty of Irish airs is conceded on all hands, and many distinctively Irish songs have been converted into Scotch airs, the plagiarists claiming them as their own compositions, although it was an easy matter to trace their origin back 100 years before the so-called composers produced them. The ancient music of Ireland will always be carried in Irishman's hearts, and that sweet singer, Thomas Moore, eighty years ago wrote new words to old music which he found scattered over Ireland like jewels, and which he preserved, again never to be lost. It was a hard task, but the brave poet won, and in the hardest field, made them famous, as he went to England to sing them anew—not in English tone or tongue, but in the sad tone of his distressed country.

The general effect of Irish music is sad even in its merriest mood, as it seems too merry to last, and the chorus and endings in many Gaelic songs are charming and beautiful and irresistible, making it almost impossible for anyone to resist the natural instinct of joining in the chorus, whether conversant with the tongue or not. There is something inexpressibly sweet in

the songs of Ireland, whose sweetness is proverbial.

The Irish bards invariably refer to their country as the dark-haired, not fair-haired woman, probably on account of her Asiatic origin. The Irish poets, when singing of their native city, or any favorite part of their country—their hearts speak right out in unmistakable and eloquent tones. Some of the songs of Ireland are national diamonds and more valuable than the most precious stones, as no man can steal them away. F. B.

With the present issue of the *Ledger*, the publication of the paper will be discontinued. The reason is it does not pay. When business generally was brisk in the city, the *Ledger* brought in a revenue over expenditure; since the present period of depression set in, those conditions have been reversed. The publishers go out of the business, owing no debts, save some small amounts on unexpired subscriptions, which will be refunded within the next two or three days, or as soon as the lists can be gone over. Those indebted to the publishers will be asked to settle without delay.—*Ledger*, Feb. 2.

## Mr. Frank Bourne,

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