

Protestant Orphanage

Monthly Meeting of the Ladies Committee Held on Monday.

Report of the Visiting Committee For the Month of January.

The usual monthly meeting of the ladies' committee of the British Columbia Protestant Orphan Home was held Monday afternoon at the city hall. The following were present: Mrs. F. W. McCallum (in the chair), and Mesdames Hayward, Andrews, Fleming, Sargison, McGregor, Denny, Wilson, Barrett, Higgins, Baker, Breridge, and Miss Carr. After routine business and the examination of the bills for supplies during the month, the visitors for the month presented their report as follows:

To the President, Ladies' Committee of the Orphanage: We visited the home four times during the month of January. Our first visit was on a Saturday, pouring wet day, so all the children had to remain indoors, but they all seemed to be happy and jocular, and merry laughter greeted our ears. They all seemed busy; some of the older girls were sewing, some of the children reading, and the little ones quite as busy playing. We said as we left we had not heard one discordant note the whole time we were there, and a happier one we would have been hard to find. We ordered groceries from Moratt & Wallace.

The following Wednesday we again visited the home. A few of the children had colds. The matron had received a letter from the mother of the little Chester child, saying she hoped to be able to send some money for clothing in about two weeks.

January 22 again we visited the home. News had been received that our beloved Queen had passed away, so all the children were home for a half-holiday, and all was going on well.

January 29 we again visited the home and found all well. Little Ernest had been a little sick with an attack of colic, but the doctor had seen him, and a dose of two of medicine had put him to rights again.

While we were at the home a note came from Miss Blackwell, the school teacher, saying Willie Smithers had been brought to school by his mother, and she had seen him, and a dose of two of medicine had put him to rights again.

We talked over the affairs of the orphanage with the matron, said she thought she should be able to send her letters through her father, and if any are sent in return, he receives them at the post office, and she will try to get them what he thinks fit. If the relatives could be got to understand their position, they might be more inclined to assist the home, and Elsie might learn typewriting or get in some position so as to be able in the future to support herself. We also discussed the matter of the child, and was very much interested in the children. She brought cakes for the children, and promised to be back in a week, and to bring a cure for the matter of grading Cook street.

Would it not be possible to get some kind of association to present the orphanage with a flag? The schools all have one.

Respectfully submitted, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. O'Connell were appointed visitors for February.

The matron's report included the following list of donations for January, which were thankfully acknowledged: A Friend, six pairs of flannel drawers; Miss Lucas, several parcels of clothing; Mrs. M. King, large parcel of oatmeal; Kindergarten association, presents of pictures; Mrs. Shottob, clothing; Moratt & Wallace, 100 lb. sack of sugar; A Friend, cash, \$4; Friend, printing press; Mrs. Adams Ross, North Saanich, sack of onions; Jubilee Hospital, three iron bedsteads; Miss M. Wilson and Miss H. Boswell, a kindly visit to the children with cakes and buns for all; Mr. S. M. Robbins, 12 tons coal (December and January); Times and Colonist, daily papers; Mrs. Lovell, box of apples; Mrs. G. A. Taylor, go-cart, infant's chair and clothing.

Want a Park.—A petition is being circulated at Esquimalt requesting the provincial government to make a grant for a public park at Esquimalt.

Unbroken Cass.—Another carload of hardware reached here yesterday by the Lady Smith ferry and E. & N. railway, for Messrs. Walter S. Fraser & Co., the hardware merchants of What's-aest. This means of getting their freight in carload lots means much for the merchants of Victoria.

Said Good-bye.—A party of friends assembled at the residence of Captain William Meyer, 108 Dallas road, yesterday evening to bid good-bye to Mr. O. A. Gregg and Mrs. Gregg, who left this morning for Nelson, where Mr. Gregg will assume editorial control of the Nelson Mirror. Quite a number of friends accompanied the departing couple to the Mainland steamer.

My First and Last Steeplechase

(Fox Russell in the Sporting Annual.)

An aggressive sporting relative is one of the least desirable possessions a man can have, particularly when you are now my uncle, Col. Hector Blazonby. He is in the "Blues"—and so am I whenever I find myself in his company. Why he could not leave me alone to enjoy existence in my own way I really cannot imagine. At least half a dozen times he has nearly been the cause of my death. On this, the occasion I am now about to refer to, you shall judge for yourselves after I have told you the circumstances.

In a letter to my guardian, who is a mild and peaceable person quite unlike my uncle, he wrote to me in a letter that "As to that young milksop"—so rude "you must try to make a man of him, though I admit he will be a tough one. Can't you send him to sea as a foremast hand? or start him off to the colonies to rough it for a year or two? or upset him out of a boat or dogcart? make him ride across country? get another fellow to ride with him? or what?"

Any young woman to run away with him? Anything to make him more like a man and less like a "Miss Fanny." What can we expect from a fellow who does nothing more exciting than assist at bazars and work crewels for Lady Victoria? Swindoline that! Bah! the very thought of it makes me sick. Contrast his career with that of my cousin Ernest, who was a V. O. G. in his first brush with the "Fuzzies," and was shot through the heart whilst leading on his men in a desperate charge against the head of a rebel force. A live dog is better than a dead lion, my boy!

My guardian—sensible man—took no notice of the note, except to call my eyes upon me and sigh deeply. After handing me the letter he twiddled his thumbs and observed: "Singular man, Col. Blazonby; seems to think you are still a schoolboy; whereas, next year, you will be twenty-five, and under your father's will will be always ran a horse or two, and usually managed to pick a race each year. I don't think I should have cared to do any but for one circumstance. Two days after receiving the invitation I had been busily engaged getting up a raffle for a lady who had a sale of work, who Lady Victoria Valinhope whispered to me: "Gussy, you must come and be introduced to a little country bird who is staying at two with me, and whom I have had to positively drag here to-day, she's so shy of London people. Ask her to do me a kindness, will you, if you can't get her to do so. Can you believe it? No—well, I hardly could. If I spoke of "Cherry" Ponzonably, she wouldn't even look at me. I meant "Fancy never having heard of "Cherry" But she's rather sweet, for all that. Dreadfully sporty, for she has a capital cure for it, don't you know, if she stayed up here a few weeks. Anyhow, you're to be a dear boy and do me a kindness and get her with her talk of decadent literature or anything too deep for her poor little brain."

The "little country bird" proved beautiful as a poet's dream. (I am rather by way of being a poet). But I did not find her as the poet's dream, or even overawed when confronted with my own high order of intelligence. She was a somewhat rare gift of levelling down my own brain power to that of other people.

She began talking at once. "How I hate these functions, don't you? But there, as a man, I've no doubt you'll find it most awful to be a nabby-parny thing as a bazaar!"

I coughed slightly. As a matter of fact, I had been mainly instrumental in getting up this particular bazaar—I and Lady Victoria, that is. It had been our joint idea.

We strolled around at one or two other top-hatted, frock-coated figures with a lively look in their glaucous eyes. "I'm bored," she said confidentially to me; "they must feel so utterly bored. I shall be glad enough to escape from the heat and crowd of a bazaar."

I put on my most engaging smile, and said: "I don't slumber!" "I hope I don't," she answered, rather brusquely. "I always feel inclined to kick anybody who does."

"I moved rather nervously away. The "country bird" seemed well able to take care of herself, even in the great metropolis. "What may I ask is your own particular hobby?" I said, being extremely careful that my countenance should wear nothing in the least degree resembling a snigger, as you may guess.

"Her whole face was illumined as she half turned to me and exclaimed: "I'm bored, sport, hunting!" What could be more glorious than a gallop on a well-bred horse? What is there half so good in the world as the wild, the "country bird" of the country? Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," I hastened to say. And my animal soul had depended on it, at that moment. I could not have dared confess to the awful truth that I hated country life, found my life bored, and would have faced a fifteen-minute sermon rather than ride over a sheep-ridden plain.

"She rattled along, now that she had found a congenial topic.

"I felt for the hair on my upper lip—it is rather short and answered with a sniggering smile (not a snigger, bien entendu). "Oh, rather! I'm quite an old hand at that game," meaning that, years ago, when I was a boy, I had accompanied my uncle to Sandown Park and shivered the whole of the winter's afternoon watching what he called sport, and longing all the time to be at home again, toasting my toes on the fender and consuming tea and muffins."

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

"I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

to disclaim any intention of depriving another man of his legitimate pleasure in life. No, I would never be under any obligation to Col. Blazonby, especially in that line.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

I had Miss Pemberton pretty well to myself for the rest of the evening. Once she went to the piano and accompanied herself in a sweet, old English song, and then she returned to her place at my side.

Riches are Won at the Cost of Health.

In the struggle for wealth and position, amid nerve-straining competition, business and professional men forget to care for their health until, weary and worn with over-exertion, the brain lags, the mind wanders, headaches and body pains tell of exhaustion and approaching collapse of the system. But what is to be done? Stimulants have been used to whip the tired, weak heart and to enliven the brain. Narcotics have been tried to soothe the nerves. Strong drugs have been freely taken to produce sleep. In spite of these temporary aids the system has grown weaker and ever weaker. Locomotor ataxia, paralysis, prostration, or it may be insanity, are threatening.

By forming new, red corpuscles in the blood, creating new nerve force and strengthening the action of the heart, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food carries new vigor and vitality to every part of the body. It reconstructs the broken-down systems of weak and worn-out men and women, and makes them feel again the vigor of youth tingling through their nerves. Instead of tearing down the tissues it builds them up and assists nature in throwing off the attacks of disease.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is sold only in boxes bearing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Recipe Book author. It is prepared in pill form and contains the most valuable restoratives known to science. It is different to any medicine you ever used. It acts in a different way. And simply cannot help to benefit any one with thin blood, weak nerves and low vitality. 50 cents a box, at all dealers', or EDMANSON BATES & Co., Toronto.

Firemen are Kept Busy

After the Dallas Road Fire They Had Still Another Engagement.

Mr. Green and His Family Have Very Narrow Escape From Cremation.

The early morning fire briefly mentioned in yesterday's Colonist, destroyed both the house and stables at the corner of Erie street and Dallas road, occupied by Mr. Green, the expressman, and the family had a very narrow escape, Mr. Green having to throw the children, one of them suffering from a severe illness, from the upper story windows, he and Mrs. Green making their escape in the same way. The alarm was received by the fire department at 3:55. The wind was blowing at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour at the time, and quick as a flash the firemen were on the scene. The fire was put out almost before the occupants of the building knew what had happened. After a splendid fight, the firemen had the satisfaction of saving the buildings in the neighborhood. To illustrate the fire fight they made, the firemen were seen to be engaged in the work, and the buildings directly opposite were also saved, although big cinders were flying across the road.

When the fire was well under way, it was a magnificent spectacle. A volume of flame about fifty feet by thirty feet was being fiercely fanned by the strong wind, and completely destroyed the house in about twenty minutes. One of the firemen was killed by the fire. The house was built in 1860 on the corner of

123,000

people are killed every year in this country by CONSUMPTION. The fault is theirs. No one need have consumption. It is not hereditary, it is brought on by neglect. You do nothing to get rid of it.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will cure a cough or cold in one night. Mrs. B. J. Constance, a young lady of Simcoe, a school teacher and prominent society worker, writes: "I was afflicted with a cough, which was not relieved by any medicine. I was advised to take Shiloh's Consumption Cure, and after taking a few bottles, my cough was cured, and my health was restored. I have never since had any trouble with my throat or chest." People in this vicinity are well acquainted with the facts in this case.

War Puzzle
The soldiers of the army are all numbered, and every number is in the puzzle. If you find the number of the soldier in the puzzle, you will find the number of the soldier in the army. The puzzle is a grid of numbers, and the numbers are arranged in a way that the numbers of the soldiers in the army can be found. The puzzle is a grid of numbers, and the numbers are arranged in a way that the numbers of the soldiers in the army can be found.

Advertisement
A small advertisement for a product, possibly a book or a service, located in the bottom left corner of the page.