CENTENNIAL CHURCH.

Services of the Latest Addi- to the Sacred Edifices of the City.

Sermons—Excellent Music—antial Contributions—An ntertaining Lecture.

ennial Methodist church on the , the latest addition to the sacred he city, was duly opened for public Sunday, under the most favorable The zeal and enthusiasm of the f the congregration knew no bounds, ese excellent qualities are admired iated by the members of the other es, was evident from the large num- on Sunday, attended the different the new building. The doors were n at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, very available seat was occupied. g sermon was preached by Rev. N. , D.D., pastor of Grace M. E. church, ashington, and was pronounced by to be as fine a piece of pulpit one could desire, particularly suited casion. He complimented the con- on their Christian zeal and liberality, ed to the church which they were pening as evidence of their earnest- energy. As a congregation, tory was brief, but it was at those who constituted it rmined, earnest workers for the Lord. that their zeal would continue and that the Centennial Church and worshipped in it, would be the rough the power of God, of bringing s to the Savior.

oir, which was strengthened by the chool orchestra, rendered some ex- usic appropria'e to the occasion. and m, "I Was Glad," having been effect- en, the dedicatory services were pon, every person present remaining he trustees of the church (a list of as published in Sunday's COLONIST), ed the desk in a body, when the Rev. J. H. White, conducted the e dedicatory service, Mr. Noah are, on behalf of the trustees, then handed over the church for the f God. The ceremony was a most e one, and at its conclusion, the dedi- ymn was rendered heartily by the congregation.

Mr. White addressed those present, interesting detail of the work done, success attending it. To place the a good financial basis, he said that a ,000 would be required.

lock there was another large congre- When the special services were con- Rev. P. McF. Macleod, pastor of St. Presbyterian church, occupied the nd in his usual happy way paid a high the congregation for their enterprise stian spirit. His remarks were to the addressed to the Sunday school chil- occupied the gallery, no less than to enix who sat below.

evening service there was a crowded ation, some of those present being to stand. Rev. Dr. Tedrick again a powerful and impressive sermon, by the Sacrament of the Lord's

llections during the services amounted

usic at each of the services was very choir and Miss Humber, the organist, ade a special effort to secure the suc- heir part in the day's proceedings. r. Tedrick delivered the first lecture urch, last evening, his subject being um." There was not as large an audi- might have been expected, but those l not attend "missed a treat," as the White put it, on introducing the lec- A few choice selections were given by r before the lecture commenced, and ers, which decorated the place on the day, were allowed to remain in posi- he rev. lecturer started by inviting all emies present to take the foremost nd then proceeded to speak of the He turned over the pages of the imag- ok, on the first of which was a large autifully illuminated. The next as a C, also a work of art. These let- re duplicated on the succeeding two nd then came a cross and a crown in- with flowers. Appealing to his hearers he asked the contents of this and half a dozen voices joined in the o cross, no crown." "Right," said the tleman; "but let us fill in the other pages" proceeded to do by some very cleverly word pictures. He described two men at college—the one the son of wealthy who spent his spare time in society; er, the son of a poor widow who studied usly. In after life the one was last in orld's multitude, while, as president of ited States, the widow's son, James A. was known to fame. In this strain turer continued to fill his album, and e closed its covers it contained some miliar characters.

ill Receive Subscriptions Here.

se who desire to swell the list of con- rs to the Provincial Royal Jubilee al by donating the amount of the due them from the city on account illegal household tax of 1891, may do eaving their names at this office. The t already received is considerable and most acceptable to the institution.

The Dominion Day Picnic.

nion committee meeting of the Pan- venue and Spring Ridge Methodist hes, the James Bay Methodist Sun- school and the First Presbyterian was held last evening in the school of the former church for the purpose king arrangements for the union pic- o be held at Langford plains on July Committees were formed to look after repare things in general, and it is the ion of the Union to have special run to and from the city every hour commencing in the morning of that 8 o'clock.

Hotel Bella Vista.

andsome hotel has recently been com- l at Agassiz station, in the neighbor- of the Dominion experimental farm. Probert, a lady well acquainted with irection of a first-class hotel, especi- n the housekeeping and culinary de- ents, is the proprietress, Mr. Chas. an being manager. Agassiz station is ed on the famous Agassiz ranch, a delightful place, surrounded by grand charming scenery, and within easy of hunting and fishing. The hotel, Mrs. Probert's direction, is sure to be sant and comfortable place in which nd a holiday, and no doubt will be y patronized as soon as its attractions e well known. Hot and cold water and everything necessary to the con- nce and pleasure of guests has been ded. The hotel is five miles from ison Hot Springs and lake, and adjoins xperimental farm.

SUPREME COURT.

(Before Mr. Justice Crease).

IN CHAMBERS.

June 7, 1892.

well v. Eagles & Cort—Bodwell & Irving laintiff. S.P. Mills for defendants. Ap- ion for leave to sign final judgment. Ad- ed till Thursday.

bson v. Windsor—Mr. Yates for plaintiff, Eberts for defence. Application to post- trial. Order made.

verman v. Lindsay *et al*—Mr. Irving for tiff, Mr. Wootton for defence. Applica- to examine plaintiff. Adjourned till sday.

ne v. Wilkinson—Mr. Walls for plaintiff, Wootton for defence. Application to ex- e plaintiff. Adjourned till Friday.

IN THE DIVISIONAL COURT.

ung v. Pœnix Assurance Co.—Before Sir hew Begbie, C. J., and Mr. Justice Walk- Hon. A. N. Richards and Mr. Luxton for llants and plaintiff. Mr. McPhillips for ndants. This was an appeal from the de- n of Mr. Justice Crease. Appeal part ved with certain amendments and costs in ause.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Brother Gardner Talks About Ghosts —Various Kinds of Boys— Bay Horses.

The Arizona Kicker Editor Finishes Two More—Wanted his Photo Bad.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"It has cum to my knowledge," said Brother Gardner after the meeting had been opened in due form, "dat sartin members of dis Limekiln club am trubbled wid seein ghosts an hearin strange noises. I hev bin told dat Shindig Watkins has received three distinct warnins dis spring to prepar' hisself fur de grave; dat Kurnel Cabiff can't sleep fur hearin a death tick in de wall at de head of his bed; dat Giveadam Jones am all broke up by hearin whispers at midnight, an dat Elder Toots wakes up mosa' ebery night an sees a spook wid fiery eyes glarin at him ober de fut o' his bed. I hev got a few words to say on dis subjick of ghosts, an I want de members o' dis club to lissen wid all deir might.

"I am now sixty-one y'ars old, an I recken I hev had as much experience wid ghosts an sich as any odder man of yo'. I used to believe in 'em. Dar was a time when I'd hev bet my mewl agin a peck of beans dat ghosts was a-playin baseball under my bed ebery night of de y'ar. I lay dar an heard warnins an death ticks and whispered voices, an I got up in de mawnin feelin dat I was not long fur dis world. Bimeby I began to figger, an it wasn't a week befo' I solved de mystery. I made out about as follers:

"If yo' am six weeks behind on yo'r house rent yo' will see a spook lookin at yo' ober de footboard of de bed. He's dar to inquar' what yo' am gwine to do about it.

"HE'S DAR TO INQUAR' WHAT YO' AM GWINE TO DO ABOUT IT."

"If yo' has bin shootin craps an lost de two dollars de old woman had saved up to buy a pa'r o' shoes, yo'll h'ar ghostly footsteps all ober de cabin fur three nights runnin. Yo'll also h'ar from de ole woman doorin de day.

"If I had bin sortor walkin around doorin de day an had diskivered a hen-coop which promised to pan out well de fust dark night, I should listen mighty hard when I got to bed. If I heard a death tick in de wall I should take it to mean dat I'd better let dem twenty-two chickens alone, 'cause deir was a spring gun jest inside de doah of de coop. If I didn't h'ar de tick I reckon I'd chance it, though I'd go powerful slow an feel all around in de dark fur dat gun.

"If a white man cums along in de mawnin an offers yo' a dollar fur a day's work, an yo' stick fur a dollar an a half an continer to sot on de fence 'cause he won't give it, yo'll go to bed dat night to hear strange whispers all around yo'. If yo'll lissen clusly yo'll make out dat yo' am bein told yo'd better resign from dis club befo' yo' git de bounce!

"If Samuel Shin should borry two dollars in cash of me, which he can't possibly do, an should fail to pay it back at de time agreed upon, he'd see ghosts at night. Dey wouldn't be ghosts from de graveyard, but ghosts from his conscience. It's all de work of conscience. Dar am nuffin real about it. Yo've done sunthin mean, an yo' feel conscience stricken ober it. No member of dis club who keeps up his dues, pays his debts an tries to live like a decent man need be afeared of spooks. He'll go to bed to sleep as sound as a brick. Spooks won't hev no use fur him.

"From dis time on I shall hev an eye out fur Brudders Watkins, Jones, Cabiff an Toots, an fur sich odder members of dis club as may take to seein ghosts an hearin warnins. I doan say dat seein a ghost will be considered sufficient reason fur expulshun, but it will go a long ways toward makin me feel sartin dat sich pussons doan reflect no partickler credit on dis club as a nashunal organizashun."

Brother Jones arose and tried to square himself by explaining that what he took to be the whispers of spirit voices turned out to be nothing but the labored breathing of his brindled dog under the bed, and that he had so reported, but Brother Gardner rapped for order and said:

"Sot down, Brudder Jones! Dar am no queshun befo' de house. Yo' hev heard what I had to say, an I hope yo will profit by it, same as de rest. At de next meetin I shall arrange wid Sir Isaac Walpole to move dat by-law No. 666 be amended to read so dat any member seein a ghost or bein whispered to at midnight by a speerit shall stand accused de same as if he had busted into de museum an stolen de sacred skull of Cicero."

M. QUAD'S BOYS.

I met a hungry, disconsolate, penniless and freckled faced boy of fourteen the other day who was a hundred miles from home and afraid to go back. Every time a vision of home rose up before him there was a sort of "section two" connected with it, viz.: A stern faced father—a woodshed—a rawhide and a boy hopping around and promising never to do so again. I filled him up at a lunch counter, gave him a dollar in cash and advised him to keep going. It was no use to advise him to go back home to a father who knows nothing of boy nature. He wouldn't have gone anyhow with a licking in prospect, and had he been taken back by force he wouldn't have remained longer than the first dark night. It was a boy who wrote of a boy:

"A boy is a singular feller. He hain't neither a monkey nor a mule. If he's brung up all right he'll come out bully; if he hain't, he's bad as thistles. It's better to study his nature than to lick him. Some fathers can git along with boys; others can't. No more at present. Good-by."

When my boy Tom got out of his knee breeches he wanted to go west and slay Indians. If I hadn't been watching him he'd have armed himself with a corncutter and a loaf of bread and run away. He was planning to do this very thing when I called him up and said:

"Thomas, I want a new rug for the hall. I want a rug made of Indian scalp locks—about twenty of them. Get ready and I will start you off to-morrow."

I got down an old revolver, made him a scalping knife out of a rusty scythe and instructed him how to approach a warrior and lift his hair in the latest style, but Thomas didn't go. No boy wants to run away if you want him to.

"I WANT A RUG MADE OF INDIAN SCALP LOCKS."

My boy Jim wanted to be a pirate. I knew he was borrowing and reading every pirate story he could hear of, and I knew that it would result in a climax by the time he was fifteen years old. I had my eye on him when he used to slip out behind the barn to practice boarding an unarmed merchant vessel, and I was listening at night when he called out in his sleep that dead men tell no tales. He had an island selected on which to bury his treasure, and he planned on sending back home a box of Spanish doubloons and a casket of jewelry. One afternoon Jim gobbled up two loaves of bread and some cold meat, and that night he retired an hour earlier than usual. The climax was at hand. I went out and waited under his window, and as he came down off the shed, a bundle in one hand and an old horse pistol in the other, I said:

"Oh, Jim, but I've got a plan which I wish you'd help me carry out. It has been a long time since anybody pushed the pirate business with anything like enthusiasm, and I believe there's a first rate opening for an enterprising boy. I'll furnish an outfit for you if you'll turn pirate. It shouldn't be much trouble to capture two or three Spanish galleons, and if you can send me half a carload of gold and silver bars, I'll guarantee to make business at this end of the line get up and dust. Do you think you can get ready to start this week? We don't want any one to get ahead of us, you know."

Poor Jim dropped his bread and meat and horse pistol and sneaked into the house, and that was the last of the pirate business with him. From that night on his dreams have been clear of blood red decks and sailors walking the plank or begging for mercy. It was rather worse with my Bob. He didn't run to Indians or pirates, but he did want to be a young hero. He got hold of boy books which related the history of boys who begun life in New York selling papers and climbed up to the top notch of wealth and greatness. They were always boys who had run away from cruel stepfathers or fatherless guardians, and this bothered Bob a bit. I think he had to skip that part of it. He got ready to make a break when he arrived at the usual age, and I got ready to help him. When his little bundle was tied up with a piece of sheep twine and hidden in a pile of lumber he almost wished he wasn't going. When he kissed his mother good night his chin quivered. It was his duty to go, however, and become a millionaire, and he went. He had seventeen cents in cash and a suit of old clothes. All boy heroes start out on a limited capital, and the more patches on the clothing the sooner they begin to climb up.

When the boy hero of the book reaches New York he invariably falls in with a gentlemen at the depot or on a ferryboat—a gentleman who suddenly becomes interested in his welfare, and at a later date takes him into partnership. My Bob didn't find this gentleman. He ran across lots of men who were probably aching to pat him on the head and give him a lift in the world, but they didn't have time just then. He slept in doorways and lived on crusts, and after a couple of weeks the police sent him home. He was a cured boy. He at once ceased to wear his hat on his ear and call me the "old man." I didn't blow him up when he returned, and he didn't offer to eat any husks. We never even referred to the matter.

I've got another boy who is rapidly growing out of knee pants. His resolution has been fixed for the last two years. He intends to become a sailor. He already makes use of "starboard," "port," "watch ahoy!" "shiver my timbers," anh so on. It's no use to argue against romance. In due time he will get ready to run away to sea. I shall be on the watch and surprise him. I'll offer to take him to the nearest port and put him aboard of a coaster. He'll accept and make one trip of 200 miles. He'll never want to look at blue water, even in a washtub, after that.

Just as true as you live, a boy is a queer piece of machinery. He's all cogs and wheels and belts and pulleys, and he'll run as smooth as grease one day and wobble like a loose waggon wheel the next. He goes by fits and starts. He breaks out at unexpected times and he develops whims and notions with every change of wind. You've got to take him as he is and make the best of it, and the more closely you study him the better for both of you.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

OUR No. 8.—In June of last year, when we were compelled to shoot the man whose headstone is marked "No. 8—Unknown" in our private graveyard, we made every effort to establish his identity, but in vain. It will be remembered that the man arrived in town for the express purpose of killing an editor. Of course he didn't propose, to waste time on the critter who claims to edit that dishrag journal down the street. He wanted a real, live editor, and he made a bee line for THE KICKER office. We happened to be looking out of the window as he came up the street, and a still, small voice whispered to us to get our gun ready.

The stranger uttered a yell as he entered the door, probably expecting to chill our blood. He got the first shot, or we allowed it to him out of courtesy, and then we dropped him. There was nothing about him by which he could be identified. He had simply come in from some back county to hang crape on our office door. Monday afternoon while overhauling some papers we found the bill for his funeral expences—$47.50. We had it in our hand when a strange woman entered our office and introduced herself as Mrs. Bill Sykes. She began at once to inquire about No. 8, and in ten minutes had established his identity. He was Bill Sykes, her husband. We offered our sympathy, but she didn't want it. She said that Bill was such a low down critter that she had left him, and his death at our hands had resulted in her getting married to a bangup man. She hadn't called to reproach us, but to subscribe to THE KICKER for a year and leave an advertisement of mules wanted for her ranch in the valley.

NO MEETING.—On Tuesday forenoon his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was informed that Dandy Jim, the leader of the Clinch valley cowboys, had arrived in town for the purpose of posting up a lot of hand-bills he had had printed at Tucson. These bills called for a public meeting at the court house on Friday evening "to protest against the arbitrary powers assumed by the mayor," and went on to talk about American liberty, free speech, freemen and all that sort of nonsense

SLAMMED HIM AGAINST THE FENCE.

told to children. His honor sallied out to look for Dandy Jim, and found him. D. J. didn't look a bit pleased over the find. He is the man who used to run this town under the former mayor, and it hurts him to realize that he has lost his grip. The crowd expected some shooting, but none occurred. His honor walked right up to Jim and picked him up and slammed him against the fence till he hollered for mercy. Then he made him eat one of the handbills and tear up the rest, and Dandy slunk out of town like a scared coyote.

It is useless to add that there won't be any citizens' meeting on Friday night to protest and so forth. His honor was elected to run this town as nearly on eastern principles as was convenient, and he's going to do it if somebody gets hurt every fifteen minutes. The American eagle may scream and the Goddess of Liberty shed tears of grief, but things will be held level in this burg while his honor's term of office lasts.

HE WANTED WINGS.

The pack train was descending a trail on the Bitter Root mountains, on the Idaho side, when we met a lone man coming up. He had hair down to his shoulders—whiskers a foot long—his clothes patched and ragged, and on top of all this he was cross eyed and a stutterer. Of course we stopped to "chin" a little, and when I asked where he was going he replied:

"I'm go-going over to to-to Virginny C-City. How f-fur is it?"

"About ninety miles. Where are you from?"

"Down on the-the Malade, about 200 miles s-south. Can you t-tell me if they t-t-take photographs in V-Virginny C-City?"

"Yes, they do."

"G-good! I'm going to g-git a d-dozen on 'em."

"You don't mean to tell me that you are making a trip of nearly 600 miles over this country to get a dozen photographs!" I exclaimed.

"Th-that's it, stranger."

"Well, you must want 'em bad."

"I d-do. I'm fadin out and g-growin homely every d-durned minit, and I o-only wish I h-had wings to git thar' b-before sundown! G-goodby, old man! If I m-meet you comin back I'll g-give you a p-pick of the hull lot!"

M. QUAD.

PERFECT.—From Sunday to Monday, when he is in England, Labouchere usually retires to his country house on the banks of the Thames, at Twickenham. Every summer he gives a lawn-party to which all fashionable London goes. It was at one of these parties that Labby delivered himself of the appended joke. Said a visitor: "Why, what a splendid place you have here, Mr. Labouchere. Your lawn right on the river. Just think of it!" "Yes," he replied; "we have the lawn on the river in the summer and the river on the lawn in the winter. What more could we want?"

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Vancouver Vanquishes Victoria on the Lacrosse Field—Even Race for the Championship.

After a Splendid Game, Vancouver's Cricketers Also Win Laurels by Good Play.

Events of a Busy Day—A Great Wheel Ride—Maple Leafs Win.

Game	Scored	Scored by	Time
1st	Victoria	D. Tudhope	16 min
2nd	Victoria	D. Tudhope	10 min
3rd	Victoria	Tite	6 min
4th	Vancouver	Nicholls	7 min
5th	Vancouver	Quigley	9 min
6th	Vancouver	Nicholls	1 min
7th	Vancouver	Quigley	1 min

Umpires—F. Schofield, Ross Eckhart and Dr. Richardson.

Referee—Archie McKenzie.

CHAMPIONSHIP STANDING.

Team	Played	Won	Lost
Victoria	2	1	1
Vancouver	2	1	1
Westminster	2	1	1

Threatening rain kept a good many away from the Caledonian grounds yesterday afternoon, when the championship lacrosse match—Victoria vs. Vancouver—was played off, but the grand stand was, nevertheless, very comfortably filled and a crowd stood around the fence over by the bleaching boards yelling like good ones—for a while.

Only for a while, though, for there were not many Vancouverites present, and after the three first games three was not anything anything very much for the Victorians to cheer about, except an occasional pretty play.

At the outset it looked as though the Vancouver boys were not in it at all. Victoria scored the first three games flying, in one, two, three order, and then came to a dead short stop, Vancouver winning the fourth game, the crowd giving liberal enough applause when Nicholles put the ball through. They could afford to—three games to one—making the match still safe. Next game Quigley scored for Vancouver, and still the bleaching board spectators were more or less comfortable, but when game No. 6 was scored, or rather, was given to Vancouver by the umpire, there were some yells of dissatisfaction and wrath. W. H. Cullin, goal keeper for Victoria, was positive the ball did not go through the flags, and so were many others, even some of the Vancouver players themselves. But Fred Schofield, of Vancouver, who was umpiring, threw up his hand, and the game stood.

A protest was entered, but the referee could do nothing except to change the umpire, and Dr. Richardson was put in instead. Just at this time, the atmosphere began to look a little blue, and it was a toss up whose game it would be. The Vancouver players had pulled themselves together in great shape, and made the play more rapid and decidedly rougher. They scored the seventh game, just two minutes before time was called, and after cheers for the home team, left the field victors by four games to three.

The play for the most part was clean and free, and fast enough without being too rough, but there were two or three regrettable incidents. The first was when Swift most deliberately hit W. H. Cullin over the back with his stick. Time was called for a minute, but because Cullin was not seriously hurt, the referee passed the occurrence over with a word of kind advice not to do it again. Later on, Belfry fell near the entrance to the grand stand and was hit, quite accidentally, in the back of the head by Quigley. He was laid out for a few minutes while the boys wiped the blood away and bound up his head in a handkerchief. The crowd cheered when he went on playing again. In the seventh game, Blight was given a bad body check by Quigley, and was stretched out for 7 minutes. When he got on his feet, he was weak and faint, but pluckily would not give in, although when the game was over, just a minute afterwards, he was carried off the field in a faint. He was soon revived and it is hoped will not suffer any serious results from the blow.

For the home team the star players were C. Cullin, Belfry, Ditchburn, Blight, G. Tite, Dan and G. Tudhope, while Frost put up the best game he has played yet in British Columbia. W. H. Cullin in goal distinguished himself by some pretty stops and the other boys supported their positions well. For Vancouver, Cheney, Peard, Spain, Higinbotham and Nicholls, carried off the honors. Both sides did good team work, but where the Victorians weakened a little, at the last, was on the check. The ground was in first class condition, except that, after the previous night's soaking rain, the grass was damp and slippery. The excellent band from H.M.S. Warspite provided good music between the games.

The teams were as follows:

VICTORIA.		VANCOUVER.
W.H. Cullin	goal	Meyers
Doherty	point	Suckling
Grant	cover point	Cheney
C. Cullin	defence	Peard
Belfrey		Spain
Ditchburn	field	Quan
Blight	centre	Smith
Van Allan	home	Higginbotham
D. Tudhope	field	McGregor
G. Tudhope		Nicholls
Frost	outside home	Quigley
Tite	inside home	Swift

Archie McKenzie, as referee, gave general satisfaction, and was fair in his decisions.

It is positively and definitely announced that this is W. H. Cullin's last game. In future, it is said, Ross Eckhart will be between the flags.

Whitelaw, who had his collar-bone broken, last match, was on the ground. The boys sent a hack up to the hospital, and he came down to see them lose.

The Vancouver backers rode home from the grounds in hacks, and celebrated their victory right royally all over the city, last night.

VICTORY FOR THE WINNIPEGS.

WINNIPEG, June 4.—The Winnipegs defeated the Garrys at lacrosse this afternoon, by four straight games. The match was for the championship.

ARCHIE EN ROUTE.

WINNIPEG, June 4.—Archie McNaughton, the Montreal lacrosse player, is here, en route to Victoria, B. C.

OTTAWA, June 4.—The despised Capitals beat the Montrealers in the championship lacrosse game by seven to nothing.

CRICKET.

Vancouver has undoubtedly one of the finest elevens ever placed on a Canadian cricket field, and though they were minus a couple of their best men, yesterday, they brought down a very strong team to meet the Victoria club. The latter was represented by, perhaps, the strongest eleven that could be got together, and it was only after a most exciting finish that the Terminal City men scored a victory by the narrow majority of five runs. The Victorians had the worst of the luck, but for Vancouver, Campbell, Sharpe, Dean and Mahon played such good cricket that they deserved the success which crowned their efforts. Wickets were to have been pitched at 10:30, but, owing to the rain, the start was postponed to 2 o'clock, when Mr. Pooley, having won the toss, decided to go to the bat. Pooley was unfortunate, being caught off his glove, and Goward was finely caught at point by Dean. Irving and Smith played very careful cricket, and raised the score to 30 before the former was caught. Foulkes batted well, and Ward, joining Smith, made things very lively for a time, both playing excellently and taking few liberties with the bowling. Smith finally played too far back to a ball from Campbell, and was unfortunate in hitting his wicket, having made a very useful 23. Snowden and Morley made another good stand, and brought up the hundred before they were separated, the latter putting up an easy ball from Mahon. Snowden was last man out, having made 22 by good, free cricket, the innings closing for 109. Mahon, for Vancouver, took five wickets at a cost of 39 runs, and Griffiths 3 for 42. With 110 necessary to win, the Vancouver captain sent Campbell and Sharpe to the wickets, and though a little lucky in escaping a run out and one hard chance in the slips, 36 runs were made before Sharpe was smartly stumped by Smith off Perry. Campbell and Sharpe, and afterwards Dean and Mahon, played very steadily against the excellent bowling of the home club, and to their good batting was due the narrow victory gained by Vancouver. At no time was the Victoria bowling collared, and Smith behind the wickets and Ward and Foulkes at point and long off did some excellent work, as did everyone in the team, but victory was not destined to rest with Victoria, though they managed to secure the last four wickets for 11 runs. Mr. Smith, who kept wicket, is a very valuable acquisition to the home club and will doubtless do yeoman service during the present season:

SCORE.

Victoria.

C. E. Pooley c Mahon b Griffiths	7
P. A. Irving c Quann b Griffiths	8
A. T. Goward c Dean b Mahon	1
A. G. Smith h w b Campbell	23
A. F. Foulkes h w b Mahon	11
B. J. Perry c Hudson b Mahon	0
W. A. Ward s Saunders b Campbell	20
B. H. Drake h w b Griffiths	2
N. P. Snowden c Sharpe b Mahon	22
S. E. Morley c Dean b Mahon	14
C. J. Prior not out	0
Extras	1
Total	109

Vancouver.

McIver Campbell, b Morley	29
H. J. Sharpe, s Smith b Perry	20
J. S. Saunders, c Smith b Goward	0
E. B. Dean, c Smith b Goward	22
E. Mahon, c Goward b Drake	20
C. Nelson, b Goward	5
G. Griffiths, s Smith b Goward	1
E. F. Maxwell, c Pooley b Drake	7
W. H. G. Hudson, s Smith b Goward	0
H. J. Walton, not out	0
Quann, c and b Goward	2
Extras	8
Total	114

The cricket match, arranged for yesterday, between two elevens of the Corrig College boys, was postponed for a week, owing to wet weather.

ALBIONS V. H.M.S. CHAMPION.

At the ground of the Albion Cricket Club, a game was played, yesterday afternoon, between the first eleven of the Albions and a team from H.M.S. Champion, in which the Albion eleven came off victors by a score of 143 to 64. The batting was good on both sides, especially that of the Albion, which Mr. Maltby helped out by the score of 61 runs, while Bom. Glover aided the Champion team with 19 runs. The bowling honors were carried off on the Albion side by Thomas and Maltby, while Bom. Glover and Lieut. Gibbons did well for the Champion. Next Saturday, the Albions meet the Victoria Cricket Club, when a very exciting game is expected. The score of yesterday's match is appended:

Albion C. C.

F. H. Fowkes, 1 b w, b Mr. Bonham Carter	1
Maltby, c Sub Lt Back, b Glover	61
H. J. Martin, b Prentis	11
J. L. Medway, l b w, b Mr. Bonham Carter	17
F. W. Thomas, b Glover	25
E. A. Pauline (Capt.), b Glover	0
J. E. Martin, stumped, b Lieut. Gibbons	1
H. F. Hewett, b Lieut. Gibbons	0
W. H. Pegram, not out	0
C. Schwengers, b Glover	3
E. Stroud, to bat	
Byes	20
Leg byes	2
Total	143

H. M. S. Champion.

Sub. Lieut. Back, b F. H. Fowkes	0
Bonham Carter, c Medway, b Thomas	4
Lieut. Gibbons, b Thomas	5
Lieut. Wright, b Thomas	12
Prentis, b Medway	10
Bom. Glover, c J. E. Martin, b Thomas	19
Wenham, run out	9
Whitehead, b Thomas	0
Neale, b Maltby	0
Allington, not out	3
Hughes, c Hewett, b Maltby	1
Byes	2
No balls	1
Total	64

"We never played on a better wicket." That's what the Vancouvers were saying, yesterday.

There was no match between the second eleven of the Albions and "C" Battery, yesterday, as the grounds were found to be too wet.

AN ENFORCED POSTPONEMENT.

WESTMINSTER, B. C., June 4.—Rain forced the postponement of the New Westminster-Vancouver cricket match, to-day.

FOOTBALL.

NANAIMO, B. C., June 4.—In an exciting match of Association football, played to-day, Nanaimo defeated Northfield by one goal.

THE OAR.

IN TRAINING.

WESTMINSTER, B. C., June 4.—McLean commenced training, to-day, for his race with McKay.

THE WHEEL.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Wheelman Frank Glenz started from City Hall Park, this afternoon, on a bicycle, on a trip around the world. His departure was witnessed by a large crowd, and the plucky cyclist was heartily cheered. From the park he proceeded up Broadway to the Manhattan Club, of which he is a member. At 4 o'clock, accompanied by an escort, composed of members of the club, he resumed his journey. His route is westward to Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Helena, Spokane, and then down the slope, reaching San Francisco about October. Thence he goes to Japan, and overland to Calcutta, through India, Afghanistan, Persia, Palestine and Asiatic Turkey to Constantinople; thence through Servia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France, and the British Isles. He expects to reach the starting point about June 4th, 1894. He is a well-known long distance rider. He is provided with a photographing apparatus, and will take views along the route.

CABLE NEWS.

Pauper Immigrants.

LONDON, June 5.—The bill to restrict immigration drafted by Home Secretary Matthews, is now being considered by the cabinet and will probably be approved, but the time intervening before the general elections is too short to enable the measure to be passed. The Tories are determined that, if they are returned to power, such a law shall be enacted. The necessity of some restrictive legislation has been strongly urged upon Lord Salisbury, in view of the fact that 300,000 aliens were landed in Great Britain last year. Mr. Matthews has drawn largely upon American legislation in this respect for the material of his bill, which proposes to exclude pauper immigration entirely, and to require a guarantee from all other immigrants that they will be self-supporting.

Italian Political Affairs.

ROME, June 4.—Before the Budget committee of the Chamber of Deputies, which is considering the vote on account asked by the government, Signor Giolitti, prime minister, declared that the ministry adhered to its demand for a six months' credit. Baron Sonnimo made a motion that the credit be limited to one month, and after a very animated debate the motion was carried. Twenty members of the committee voted in favor of the motion, and twelve against.

Russo-German Friendliness.

BERLIN, June 4. — Pains are taken in official quarters to deny that the interview between the emperor and the czar will have any political character, but it is generally felt that the day's conference between the emperors will do much to promote the friendly relations of both empires. Reports from reliable sources state that the czar more than once lately has given proof of his desire to avoid any action likely to cause irritation in Germany.

Francis Joseph's Generosity.

VIENNA, June 5.—The Emperor Francis Joseph has personally donated $5,000 for the relief of the Birkenberg sufferers.

Justice Cederkrantz Exposed.

LONDON, June 5.—Another two-column letter from Robert Louis Stevenson appears in the Times, inveighing with even greater extravagance of language than before against the misgovernment in Samoa. Stevenson pours the vials of hir wrath on Chief Justice Cederkrantz, to whom he formally appealed against the misdeeds of Baron Rilsach, the president of the municipal council of Apia, who he now suggests is a tool of and scapegoat for another.

Franz Josef's Fete.

BUDA PESTH, June 6.—Emperor Francis Joseph arrived here this afternoon, to attend the celebration of the 25th anniversary of his succession to the Hungarian throne. He was received with immense enthusiasm, being cheered from one end of the city to the other. In the procession which escorted him from the station, was a long cavalcade of Hungarian nobles, their tunics ablaze with jewels and their horses in gay trappings. The greatest day of the celebration will be Wednesday. It is estimated that 50,000 strangers are already in the city.

WE TELL OUR STORY FOR YOUR BENEFIT

Read of the Wonderful Cures Accomplished for us by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And then, if You Need a Good Medicine Take That Which

Absolutely Cures--It Purifies the Blood

Mr. Theo. Destiche
Of Green Bay, Wis.

Years of Agony

From Psoriasis.

Psoriasis is a disease of scrofulous nature, and the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla told below illustrates the wonderful power of this medicine over all diseases of the blood:

"I am very glad to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Three years ago this fall I was digging a well; by some slight accident scraped off a little of the skin between my left knee and ankle. Next day

A Little Red Spot

appeared, which spread something like a run-round. Then red spots and patches came; first, on my legs, and finally all over my body. They formed on the bottom of my feet, the palms of my hands, and even inside my ears. It was a terrible sight, and the itching and burning was intense. I scratched and scratched, only to make my body raw and n a more fearful condition yet. Our local doctor and other physicians here and in Green Bay treated me without benefit. During the summer the disease was agonizing. One day my son took me to

Rev. Father Canteveel's,

Schiller P. O., township of Humboldt, a distance of eight miles. He advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, also a combination of rhubarb and sulphur. I lost no time in getting Hood's Sarsaparilla, and commenced taking it strictly according to the directions. The result was wonderful and a most joyous one for me. The large scabs which had covered my body peeled off in great flakes. Dark spots remained, but all disappeared gradually in about six months.

I Am now a Well Man.

No one who has not passed through such a terrible ordeal knows of the great joy to once more be perfectly well, the equal of any man as regards health. I am very thankful to the Rev. Father and to Hood's Sarsaparilla." THEO. DESTICHE, Robinsonville, township of Green Bay, Brown Co., Wis.

Fully Endorsed.

Postmaster Delvaux, postmaster; R. Soquet, clerk for Robinson & Co., druggists; Mr. D. Abtz, wagon maker, and other citizens of Robinsonville, cordially endorse Mr. Destiche's statement of his wonderful cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Scrofula Swelling in the Neck.

"This is to certify that after having medical attendance for a long time for enlargement of the glands of the neck, without benefit, I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and was entirely cured. The swelling is all gone and my neck is as well as ever, for which I am truly thankful." NETTIE TERRILL, Allisonville, Ontario.

For Nervousness.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for over six months for nervousness, and after taking the second bottle I felt benefitted. Before taking it I had been doctoring for nearly a year and I did not seem to get any better. A friend of mine advised me to get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and instead of getting one I got six. I am very glad I did, because I feel very much better than I did a year ago. I have now nearly finished my sixth bottle. I think it is an excellent medicine. I wish you every success." MRS. JAMES BURNS BLAIR, 31 Spruce St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Willie Tillbrook
Son of

Mayor Tillbrook

Of McKeesport, Pa., Cured of

Scrofula in the Neck

By Hood's Sarsaparilla.

All parents whose children suffer from Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or other diseases caused by impure blood, should read the following:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a

Bunch Under One Ear

which the doctor said was scrofula. As it continued to grow, he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it improved very rapidly until it healed up. Last winter it broke out again and was followed by

Erysipelas

We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger. The doctor seemed quite pleased at his appearance and said he feared at one time that we should lose him. I have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla myself and am satisfied that I have been helped by it." MRS J. W. TILLBROOK, 5th Avenue, McKeesport, Pa.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

Hood's Pills cures liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, do not gripe.