

observe how exceptionally clean and tidy the grass is kept—so regularly cut down and the walks and graves kept free from the weeds and rubbish which are frequently found in the neighborhood of grave yards. Loose earth from new graves planks, boards, and staves are so nicely disposed of as to make this almost a model spot. All this makes it pleasant for the visitor and the gentleman in charge is so courteous to all by whom he is addressed, that were there not a somewhat painful duty connected with many people's visits it would be an absolute pleasure to go and look at the graves and the manner in which they are tended. Ladies can walk about without getting their feet wet and their dresses spoiled by pools in the pathways, and unsightly hollows among the graves, while instead of acting like a cur, the gentleman of whom I have spoken came along and with a smiling face and in the most delicate and attentive manner afforded every assistance and advice to those who come occasionally to tend the last resting place of a dear one. Far better this than the abuse and foul language which in places I might name is bestowed upon those who unfortunately fail to clean up everything behind them.

The Corbett fistic-melodramatic company have come and gone. Unlike the Sullivan combination, the members of this company arrived in an orderly manner, and instead of proceeding to a saloon to quench their thirst, they went straight to the theatre and made preparations for their entertainment. The company, as a whole, was equal to many of the best visiting Victoria this season. Of course, the most interesting feature was the four-round set-to between James J. Corbett, champion of the world, and Prof. John Donaldson, who, if he possessed the instincts of the prize fighter, might have been champion. Everybody has read about Corbett, until he is as well known as the president of the United States, but very few, in Victoria at least, are aware that John Donaldson in his earlier days, if not now, was one of the most scientific pugilists in the world. The ring to him has no charms outside of the opportunity it presents of displaying science. You might converse with John for hours and you would never hear him uttering obscene or profane expression. For these reasons, he is on terms of intimacy with some of the leading people of the United States. As a trainer, he has no equal in the world. He has a nice little home at Lake Minnetonka, a score of miles from Minneapolis, where his wife now resides. Billy Delaney is another pugilist constructed much on the lines of Prof. Donaldson. It was remarked by many who witnessed Thursday night's performance how free it was from anything approaching profanity.

The attempt at suicide the other day of the divorced wife of U. S. Sheriff Hicks in this city, and several other incidents, lead me to the conclusion that vice is on the increase. I do not mean to say that we have yet plunged as deep into the pool of iniquity as our neighbors over the way, but no doubt if we persevere we will reach there before long. Canada,

at least so far as Victoria is concerned, has not yet arrived at the stage when the lover shoots down the confiding girl whose affections he has won, but the spectacle of a wife seizing a revolver and ending her life, is with us. Vice is growing, notwithstanding the untiring and conscientious efforts of the ministers of the Gospel. And where must we turn to discover a cause for all this. In the good old pioneer days there was not so much vice in proportion to the population as now. Newly-married people lived in their own homes instead of in boarding houses and hotels. While the husband toiled hard in the work shop, the wife attended to her household duties. The husband gave no time to the club, nor did the wife have to resort to sinful pleasures to pass away the long hours of the evening. She did not engage in that feverish quest for social renown, that wrecks so many homes and causes so much bickering. She was content with the love of her husband and a few good men and women. I doubt much if that era of virtue can be restored. But I do not see why people cannot now lead as happy lives as at any time in the world's history. They have only to practice the good old rule which Moses received so impressively on Mount Sinai, and when in trouble, instead of adopting methods which lead deeper into the slough of despond, consult their spiritual adviser, who, I am convinced, will be always ready and willing to point the surest and safest way out of the difficulty.

PERE GRINATOR.

#### THE ENSOR.

It has always been a question of wonder why people will continue to use liquor and morphine when they themselves know and admit that it is causing ruin and disgrace. Friend's appeal, a wife's or mother's tears, nor a creditor's threat seem to accomplish the least result. Only within a few years has it been conceded that these so-called habits are really *diseases* and should be treated as such. Many victims of the drink and morphine habits realize the dangers they are in and disgraces they are bringing upon themselves and friends, and make an effort to reform, but one might as well endeavor to build a solid structure upon a rotten foundation. The system has been undermined, the stomach deranged, the nerves shattered, and, as a natural consequence, the mental and moral forces impaired. The *appetite is stronger than the will power*. Thousands would gladly give up the use of liquor and morphine, if they could.

THEY CAN WITHOUT SUFFERING.

A way has been discovered whereby all users of liquor or morphine, *from the least to the greatest*, can be cured of the habit, *easily, surely and swiftly*, and without suffering or loss of time. The *Ensor Remedies* not only *cure the habit*, but *destroy every vestige of the appetite permanently*, at the same time strengthening the foundations by *rebuilding the nervous, physical and mental systems*, leaving the patient stronger and better than he had been for years.

The Ensor Institute did not open in Victoria as an experimental venture. The Ensor vegetable remedies are old and

tried, and in the various institutes located in nearly every state of the Union, they have *treated and cured*

OVER SEVEN THOUSAND CASES

without failure, and in not one instance has there been the least subsequent ill effect as so frequently results from the various "gold" cures. Think of it. *Seven thousand new men, happy hearts and joyous homes*. Is it not a noble record?

The following will show conclusively what is being done in this city. The names are not published, for reasons personal to the authors, but will be cheerfully furnished to any one desiring to know them:

NINE YEARS A VICTIM OF MORPHINE.

Victoria, B. C., May 16th, '93.

*Managers Victoria Ensor Institute*—For over nine years, I have been a constant user of morphine, and, for the most of the time, to miss one of my many daily doses or "shots" was to suffer torment worse than death. Through advice of a friend, I commenced a course of treatment at your Institute and have recently completed the same, with the result that *I am entirely cured of all desire for morphine, and feel like a new man*. During the last two weeks of the treatment, I *gained 13 pounds in flesh* and have such a hearty appetite that I eat my meals with a relish I have not known for years. I recommend the Ensor treatment for the morphine habit, and know it will accomplish all its claims.

Respectfully yours,

ANOTHER.

Victoria, B. C., May 18th, '93.

*Managers Victoria Ensor Institute*—For the last seven or eight years, I have been a slave to the morphine habit began after an accident. Through the advice of a well known druggist of this city, I called on you and went through a course of treatment, and am happy to say that I am *entirely cured* of the morphine habit and have no desire for it. I am increasing in flesh, and have a good appetite. I suffered no pain under your treatment. I take pleasure in recommending the Ensor treatment, and any one who is in doubt of its good qualities send to me and I will give them all the information they may want. Yours respectfully,

EIGHTEEN YEARS A DRINKER.

*Ensor Institute, Victoria, B. C.*—I have taken the Ensor cure for the liquor habit, and considerable time having elapsed in which to judge of the result, I believe myself *entirely cured*. I have drank for eighteen years, and for the past five or six years the habit has increased. But it is more than a pleasure for me to state that I now *have not the least desire* for any kind of liquor. It has so improved my general health that I *feel like a new man*. I consider the cure would be cheap at a \$1,000. Sincerely yours,

The Ensor Institute receives, treats and *guarantees to cure* any case of liquor or morphine habit, male or female, without suffering or inconvenience. Private or confidential treatment given when desired. The patient will absolutely lose all desire to "indulge" during the first week, and improve in appearance and feeling to a very marked degree from the beginning. Pleasant, commodious rooms and competent medical services at all times. We court investigation and challenge criticism.

THE VICTORIA ENSOR INSTITUTE,  
93 1/2 DOUGLAS STREET.