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er a bluff, as some of his friends might have happened, the governments that have raged throughout a district the past few days would doubtless go hard with him. The Chinese joss house, a new building in course of erection in the Chinese quarter of this city, was demolished by the heavy gale on Friday afternoon. The prospective joss has now less a sorry wreck, to the Chinese infinite dismay. Two weeks ago, when the Chinese had this building up to the height of two stories, it happened for some unknown reason, to the citizens of the Spirit Kingdom hastened to counteract the work of the "devils" and by Xmas Eve had accomplished the raising of the third story. Their efforts were doomed to failure in Friday's blow, which brought the uncompleted structure down with a crash.

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**THE SAILORS YULETIDE FEAST**

Word

"England expects every man to do his duty."

**T**HIS is the motto that flaunts each day and every day in letters of gilt above the after deck of H.M.S. Egeria, the survey ship that just now represents His Majesty's navy in Esquimalt harbor. Each and every day the members of the ship's company read the motto and endeavor to carry out its spirit, and Christmas Day is no exception. Only that day they have no routine, no "duty" in the official sense of the word, and so they define it according to the traditions of their kind. For that reason December 25 was a red-letter day in the ship's calendar, a day of Jack Tar originality, a day of duty loyally performed to turkey, plum pudding, and all that goes to make up Christmas cheer.

To the wanderer far from home and kindred Christmas Day is sometimes a gloomy feast. It recalls, sometimes with sadness and regret, the days of long ago, the family gatherings before the blazing hearth, all the merry routs and pastimes that belong by tradition to Yuletide at home. The sailors of the Egeria are all English boys, banished by the terms of their service to the westerly confines of the Empire, thousands of miles from the Christ-

ing in northern waters, the Egeria has been laid up for the winter in the Esquimalt navy yard. Captain Parry is living in his house ashore, and the majority of the ship's company have taken up their quarters in the barracks at the yard, leaving only about a score of men aboard the vessel. So the Christmas festivities were a little divided. Merriment prevailed everywhere, of course, but there was more merriment in the barracks for the simple reason that there were more sailors there. Like the "rooters" at a game of football, Jack Tar revels in numbers, and grows uncomfortable when he finds himself in a minority.

Not every skipper is like Captain Parry. I tell you this because the crew said it to me, "privatum et seriatum." As a rule the men are given Christmas Day for a holiday, with perhaps the half-day preceding, to enable them to do a little decorating and lay in their Christmas supplies. But Captain Parry was determined to give his men full advantage of the holiday, and so he relaxed the routine as much as possible. From Thursday at noon until tomorrow morning duty was declared off, as far as possible. Men could go in and out of the navy yard gates at will, the marine Cerberus in trance reserving his challenge for civilians in that interval, the strict programme of the day was practically given up, and everybody



**"JACK AT PLAY"**  
A Planning Group of Beauties Prepared to Welcome the Commander

mas scenes of their early youth. But with the sailor banishment does not spell gloom. Adaptable to a fault, he fits himself easily to his environment, and has two main objects in life, to do his duty, and to be merry. If you would see merriment in its merriest phase, broad face, and a range of it as wide as all the world, just go to see the Christmas doings on board H. M. S. Egeria. "On board" is not precisely correct. Returned from her seven months' cruise survey-

was given to understand that he was free to enjoy Christmas at will, so long as he behaved himself moderately well.

But that was not all. As a rule the Jack Tar provides his own Christmas cheer. The sailor does not mind this, and is quite capable of attending to his own tastes. But Captain Parry decided to give the ship's company a real Christmas dinner, with turkey, plum pudding and all the trimmings. Perhaps that did not cause some enthusiasm! If Captain Parry

wanted to run for some office tomorrow, and the sailor vote could elect him, he would have a regular walk-over.

For two days before Christmas every man with any spare time on his hands was out collecting boughs and holly to decorate the mess-rooms for Christmas dinner. Each mess vied with every other mess for the honors, for at dinner on Christmas Day the skipper, with a party of friends, including ladies, would pass through on "rounds," and then the best would not be good enough. The ward-room inside the big gate of the navy-yard was festooned with flags, bunting and greens. Inside the brick barracks on the hill was a veritable bower of holly and fir, with Union Jacks and parti-colored streamers draped about at all the artistic angles the sailor man could imagine. The ship was also decked out proudly. The mess-room there was gay with flags and greens, but the captain's cabin was given especial attention, for there a party of fourteen friends of the captain were to take Christmas dinner. Naturally, every effort was made to grace this event, for the honor of the ship and of the captain.

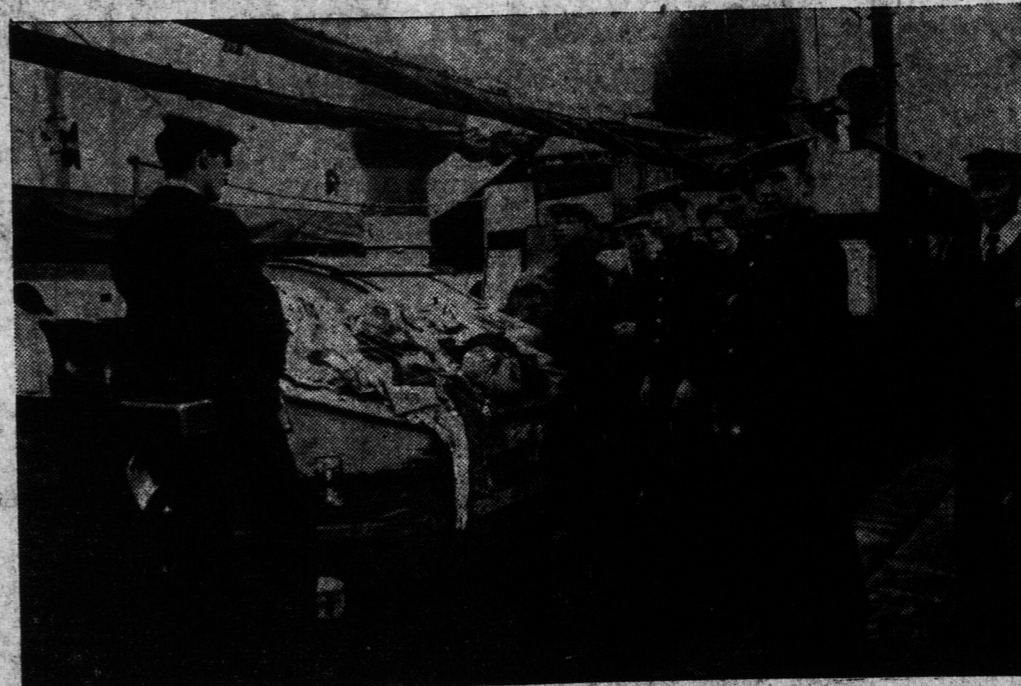
"Christmas rounds" was, of course, the great event of the day. The visit of the captain to the men's quarters at Christmas dinner is a yearly event that no true sailor would miss. It is chiefly for this that all the decorations are put up, all the "extra gear" in the mess-room cleared away, and, last but not least, the costumes donned by the mummies. Christmas mummies are not so well known now as they once were, but the navy holds to that tradition as to all others. No "Christmas rounds" can be complete without its mummies.

At exactly half past twelve on Christmas Day an automobile drives up to the gates of the navy yard, with Captain Parry and his friends, some ladies in the party. The sentry at the gate salutes respectfully, the long line of sailors and marines do likewise, and then—

A hardy bluejacket escorts on his arm a blowsy lady who walks with mincing step, the while holding a flimsy cotton skirt high enough to reveal beneath the bell-shaped trousers of the sailor. Another lady of sorts parades along right womanfully, forgetting, or not knowing,

ever, from each mess, for that is part of the ceremony. When he has finished the "rounds" he departs as he came, followed by hearty cheers. The ship is then inspected, and the official ceremonies are over.

There are all kinds of sports carried off on



**"THE PATHOS CHRISTMAS BRINGS"**  
Auction of the Effects of Sailors Deceased During the Year.

that her "bustle" is in place on one side only. And the music! They bring their own band—with them, these mummies! Tin pans, tin pails, tin lids, copper kettles, cow-bells, and Chinese gongs are the instruments. There is no air, no motif, but only noise.

Christmas Day, although the dinner is the principal "duty." Two football games were played by the men of the Egeria on Christmas Day, teams being chosen from the various watches.

Another, but less pleasant feature of Christmas, was the annual sale of dead men's effects. The kits of the members of the company who died during the year are kept to this season and auctioned off.

**THE CHURCH AND CITY LIFE**

The congregation of St. James' Cathedral have set themselves vigorously to support a need which has long been felt, by the erection of a new parish house on the site of the old schoolhouse which has stood at the corner of Church and Adelaide streets for more than half a century. The first building was admirably suited for its original purpose; but all the conditions of church work and life have changed so much during the last fifty years that it became entirely inadequate and out of date. In the new parish house, of which a cut appears herewith, the manifold activities of the church, on its social side, will be amply provided for. Besides the usual accommodation for Sunday school, Bible classes, etc., there will be a gymnasium, club rooms, and recreation rooms, together with the necessary vestry offices and quarters for the caretaker. In the social way, suitable accommodation is provided for both sexes, and it is hoped that the parish house will prove a real boon to many whose homes are in the neighborhood and to many others who have no home except the boarding-house. The total cost of the building, including all furnishing and equipment, is estimated at \$60,000.—Toronto Globe.

**CAPETOWN TO BULAWAYO**

Railway traveling in South Africa is, says The Standard of Empire, rapidly approaching that pitch of comfort and convenience which is supposed to be attained only in long-settled and thoroughly developed communities. For example, presuming the traveler to have arrived at Capetown or one of the other seaboard towns, a daily train composed of com-



The Roast Beef and Plum Pudding of Old England, Jack's Christmas Dinner.

well, what follows is difficult to describe. A group of weird figures, mostly ungainly ladies, red of face and shapeless of body, with tawny wigs and many-colored ribbons and plumes, close in on either side of the automobile. At the same time a burst of rude music, barbaric as the tomtoms of the Asiatics, assails the ear. The mummies are there.

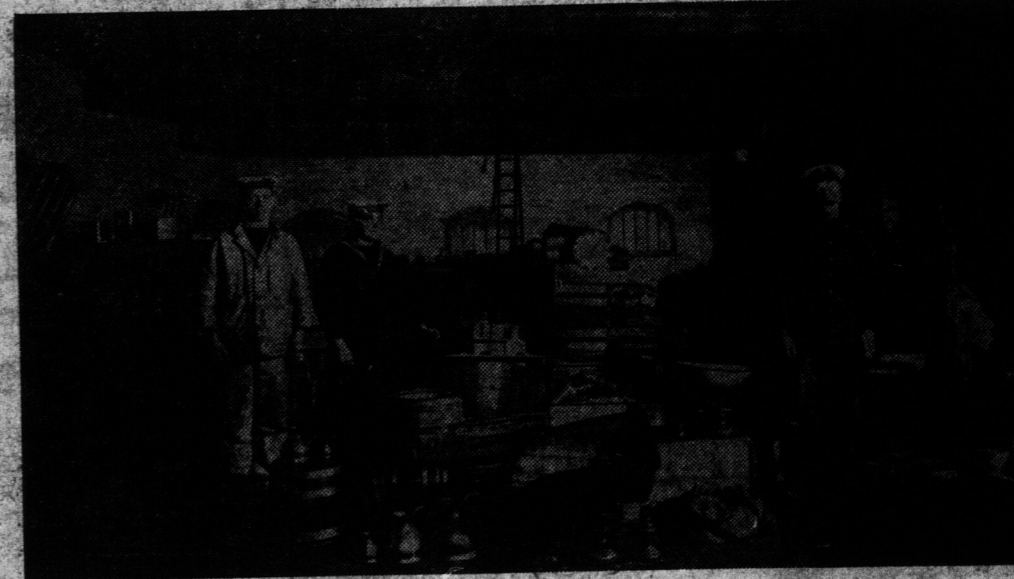


A Bel' of the Forenoon

In these strange figures you would never recognize the alert sailor laddies who drill on the deck of the Egeria on ordinary working days. Fantastic clowns, ladies of all the world in exaggerated pinks, blues, crimson, and other hues, padded and rouged, bewigged and bewooped—these are some of the types.

The procession forms, and starts up the gravel road inside the yard. The mummies for the guard and the orchestra, making the day's motions. Then comes the automobile, and behind are the bluejackets. Everybody is laughing, enjoying the situation immensely. And so they come to the barracks.

The captain's guests take Christmas dinner on the ship in the captain's cabin. The captain takes dinner with the men. He climbs the steps that lead to the mess-room on the second floor of the barracks, and enters, receiving a vociferous cheer from the long tables. From the door at the end of the room the tables run down the walls on either side, leav-



Christmas Cheer Afloat, Breaking Out the Store of Good Things

ing a corridor in the centre. Each mess is shut off from its neighbor by draperies of flags. The whole room is gay with green branches and bright colored bunting, but each mess has adopted its own distinctive scheme of decoration. Some of these schemes are ludicrous, many are overdrawn, but all are original.

The captain passes down the line, stopping to take a taste of turkey here, and some plum pudding there. He must take something, how-

fortable corridor saloon cars, with sleeping and lavatory accommodation, will convey him to Kimberley without change, while on three days a week the entire journey from Capetown to Bulawayo may be made in through cars of first or second class. A train de luxe, the Zambesi express, runs between Capetown and Bulawayo weekly in each direction, conveying mails and passengers, and so timed as to afford connection with the royal mail steamers of the Union Castle line.