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MRS. STANNER
HAIR-DRESSING PARLORS

VICTORIA, B. C.
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OUR SUPPLEMENT.

It is with great pleasure the De Luxe can promise its readers a large panoramic photograph in each issue of the magazine. They will illustrate different cities on the Pacific Coast, and should prove of very great value to the place they portray. The first one is of Victoria and is in this issue. It is a recognized fact that the most attractive and valued publicity is gained through the use of photographs. We see places as they are, every detail is true to life and that is the reason why we place so much value in photography. The picture taken by the ordinary size camera is invaluable, but, when you try to make a perfect panoramic view by joining several small ones together, the result is a failure. One picture may be darker than the other, then the perspective is not always true. This is proved by some of the roads; instead of being straight they are curved, thereby creating a false impression. To remedy this we have made arrangements with Mr. Brown, photographer, 1123 1/2 Quadra St., Victoria, B. C., to supply us with an eight-foot film each issue, eight feet long and without a joint. Many have said this is impossible. We assure you it isn't, and our readers will get one in each number.

The camera used for this work is known as a circuit camera. It takes a picture eight feet long on the one film, thereby making a complete circle. The photographers, adding this machine to the ordinary professional cameras they already have, prove themselves to be in the front rank of progress. They set out to make a noise. They are doing it, and the amount of work they are turning out proves that the noise is profitable.

A GOOD STORY

But he was blessed with a most complete and easy impudence and self-confidence, and took not the slightest notice of the many snubs he received in the sport which he loved even better than hunting. On one occasion he sat down next to a pretty stranger at a dinner-party. Unfolding his napkin, he turned to her casually and said, "Excuse me, but do you like—er—kissing?" "Well, Colonel C---y," said the astonished but self-possessed young lady, "as a matter of fact, I do. But, tell me, do you ask all the women you meet that question?" "All the pretty ones," replied "Bay." "Then," said the lady, "you must get a lot of snubbing." "I do," said the gallant colonel; "but I get a deuced lot more kissing!"

AND ANOTHER

Another story is that Colonel C---y had jockingly asked a fair fellow visitor of his at a certain house if he could come in and see her undressing that evening. The lady indignantly refused him, but, "Bet you I do," said the imperturbable one. The lady, knowing his reckless reputation, sought the hostess and told her what had occurred. The hostess reassured her, and when bedtime came she and some other ladies went into the girl's room and thoroughly searched every hole and corner where "Bay" might have concealed himself. When they were satisfied, they said good night to the girl, and told her to lock the door. This she did. But when she had completed her toilet, a voice was heard from the bed, "Peep bo!" And looking around, to her horror she saw the head of the daring colonel looking out from the bolster, which he had entered and got some pal to sew him up in and place in position.

A woman's problem is what to wear—a man's, how to get it.

The proof of a girl's complexion is her tears.

The aviator's fears are not always groundless.