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the Address, 91 Yates St.**SHADE'S  
SHOE  
SHOP.****OHOLLY'S OPINIONS OF B. O.**

I weally forget wheah I left off, but it doesn't mattaw much, I suppose. At-taw spending a howible wintaw in Vancouver, I met a fellow I need to know in the old country. He was raunching up in Ohilcotin and invited me to visit him till the guvnaw cooled off or something turned up, so I went up to his ranch and stayed there all summaw. When I knew Algy in the old country he was an awfully nice looking chap, but now he looks fifty yeahs old at least. He is as gway as a badger and stoops jus like an old man. By Jove though, he is a terror to work—turns out at faw in the mawning and sticks to it like a bwick all day. But somehow he doesn't seem to get ahead. Strictly, between you and me, his ranch is no good. It is an awfully large ranch, but you can't get anything to grow on it. Lawet yeah he had more than fifty acaws of potatoes plawnted, and when he dug them there wasn't one biggaw than a mawble; and the carrots were just as bad—they were no biggaw than horse-shoe nails. The place is too far north, I believe—it is maw than thirty miles past the last house. I sewiously believe Algy will work himself into his gwave, and even then come out bwoke. And it is awfully rough on Mrs. Smyth. She was an awfully fetching little girl when Algy married her—complexion like a blush rose, and by Jove, what a figaw. All the fellows in our set were downright cwazy aftaw her, and I tell you we envied Algy when he got ahead of the lot of us, and the engagement was announced. But now the poor little girl has no more figaw than a bwoomstick, and she looks hollow-eyed and pale as an old woman. Of course she thinks everything Algy does is splendid, but upon my word I'm beginning to think he's "dotty."

Heah we are buried alive in this beastly wilderness—no society, no fun and not even a wayside Post Office within forty miles. And even the scenery is enough to give one the horrors. The whole country is covered with burnt poles, and gweat rocks as big as houses. As to the ranch it consists mainly of a gweat peat swamp. Algy calls it a meadow and thinks he got a gweat bargain when he bought it faw eight thousand dollahs. I would be sorry to give eight thousand cents faw the whole district. But I'll just describe our proceedings faw one day, and that will give you an idea what a wotten business this raunching is. This mawning, faw instance, we got up at faw o'clock and had breakfast by candle-light; then Algy went off to cut logs faw a stable he is building, and Mrs. Smyth put on a hideous looking bonnet and went out to milk the cows. I tried to help her, but a beastly cow kicked me ovaw, immediately, and twied to chase me into the house. Mrs. Smyth said it was useless for me to twy to help her because I did not understand the bwutes; so I washed the dishes, split some wood and carried some wataw. Then I took an axe and went out to help Algy. I had a

lot of twouble to find him, but at last I heard his axe going, away off on the top of a hill and followed the sound. We chopped down quite a lot of twees, but a gweat many were cwoked and of course no good faw building purposes. And that is a very singulaw thing about twees; you pick one out and it will look as stwaight as a ramrod from all points of view, but, when you get it down on the gwound it will be as cwoked as a dog's hind leg. After chopping about two hours Algy suddenly said we must go and kill a steer, for beef. That's the worst of Algy, he is always hopping about fwom one job to another. It seems to me it would be bettaw to do one thing at a time, and stick to it. Well, we went back to the house and saddled our ponies to go out and get this steer.

It was quite a long distance to the wange, where Algy's cattle were gwazing, so we took luncheon with us. By Jove, but we had a time getting that steer. Algy had an awfully good dog—it cost him two hundred dollahs—but it had never been twained to herd cattle; and so all it did was to fwighten them, and that made it so much harder faw us. At lawst we sepawted a large steer fwom the rest, and stawted to dwive it home, and my word, but the bwute *did* lead us a dawnce. It twied every way to double on us, and get back to the othawe. It would go wight down the side of a mountain, sitting on its haunches, and we had to follow, or lose all our twouble; and it was miraculous how our ponies kept their feet. I solemnly declare we went down places at an angle of forty-five degwees, coasting on our haunches—the ponies' I mean—with cawt loads of shale and cobble stones following us to the bottom. I was wishing some of our hunting swiends in England had been with us. Fox hunting is tame compared to the sport we had dwiving that beastly steer. Well, it was nearly dark when we got home, and had the bwute safely shut in the corral; but Algy would not postpone the killing till mawning, as I stwongly advised him to do. And it would have been much bettaw if he had taken my advice as you shall see. In the first place I did not number butchering among my accomplishments, so I told Algy I could not be of much assistance, but that I would knock the bwute down with an axe if he would do the rest. He laughed and explained that they did not kill cattle heah like they did in England, but simply shot them, and then cut them up. He knew I was a good shot, and being a bit near sighted himself, asked me to shoot the beast; so I took my Winchester out to the corral, and said I was all weady. "Now," said Algy, "shoot him in the middle of the forehead a little below a line drawn across at the base of the horns, and whatever you do, be sure and not miss." Well, although it was getting pwetty dark, I took fair aim accowding to directions, and let dwive. But the bwute jerked his head the moment I pulled the twigger and the bullet hit one of his horns. Then you should have seen the spwinge he made. Jove, it was splendid. He was a very lawge beast, with tremendous horns, and in an instant he knocked the whole side out of the corral down on top of me and made a chawge at Algy. But Algy was on the lookout, and escaped up a ladder to the top of the bawn, and the steer aftaw smashing the hen house to pieces went furiously down the valley towards the \* \* \*

[ To be continued. ]