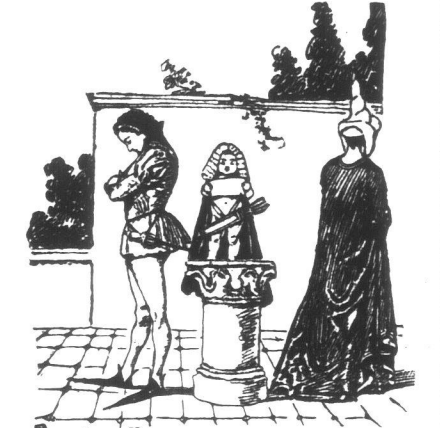


THE COURTS OF LOVE.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE ON THEIR CANONS AND CODES.

The School of the Heart by a Keen Observer—Can Two Sincere Loves Exist Simultaneously?—The Code of Honor and the Code of Chivalry.

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WHO shall decide when lovers disagree?

For disagree they are sure to, as they have done since time began, whence the oft quoted aphorism about the much accented course of true love.

Considering how universal a concern love is, what a tremendous part it plays in our lives from the first moment we have anything to do with it, and to what infinite vicissitudes it is exposed, often from the most trivial causes, it seems deplorable that counsel and aid in such a portentous matter should be administered in such a desultory and empirical fashion as at present. There are no regular tribunals of sentiment, no qualified counselors of love, no Cupid's advocates in regular practice. The spirit of anarchy is rife in the domain of the heart no less than in the world of society. In the absence of proper authority and restraint romantic love and marriage itself are menaced by the incendiary utterances of the Sarah Grand school of women in the disguise of novels.

But, you exclaim, there are certain set canons, certain well recognized conventions, forming an unwritten code that governs all ordinary cases and complications arising under the sway of the tender passion.

Yes, such a code undoubtedly exists, and to it and its origin shall be devoted our present cursory examination. As to its all sufficiency—well, you remember the story of the farmer's wife who was wicked to death. The neighbors asked the old man if she had died resigned, and he answered grimly, "She had to." The old code, battered and vague as it is, has to suffice, faute de mieux, eked out with the occasional and always more or less biased interpretations of the society dramatists, the romancers of the day and the omniscient newspaper press.

Yet there was a time, without going back to pagan antiquity, when the sentimental code was as precise and firm as the criminal one—a great deal more so, in fact—and when their provisions bore all the weight of spiritual and chivalric laws.

It was in the time and in the land of chivalry, in old Provence, when the popes were at Avignon and the troubadours in the chateaux, ere love had been superseded by formal "gallantry," and long before so called platonic affection was openly practiced, that the courts of love flourished. Boccaccio's writings indeed are nothing more or less than the minutes of a Florentine court of love, which held its idyllic sessions on the flowery banks of Arno about this same period. But those of France will better serve our present purpose of studying the actual procedure and code—a study greatly facilitated by my recent visit to Paris and its libraries.

Although it was not a question of woman's rights in those ingenious days, the Provencal courts were invariably composed of women, all, of course, beautiful and young, though "expertes en galanterie" and rose crowned graduates in the school of the heart. They held their deliberations, rendered judgments and meted out penalties or praise, sometimes in myrtle trellised pavilions beneath the shade of olives and pines, or again (in winter) in stately halls, enriched with the armorial bearings of the fair and noble advocates enthroned in state. Here are some of their dicta, which hold as true today as when they were first formulated:

"Love never lodged in the house of avarice."

"It is unbecoming to make love to one whom it would be unseemly to marry."

"You must learn to keep a discreet tongue before you can learn to love."

"Facility depreciates possession difficulties exalt it."

"No one can have two sincere loves at the same time."

"The gifts and pleasures of love must be voluntary and mutual."

"Love cannot rest stationary. It must continuously either augment or diminish."

"When love begins to diminish, the end necessarily is not far off."

"The fact of being married is not a legitimate excuse against falling in love."

The last quoted dictum seems to have been a disquieting one, even in those days, but posterity has ratified it by the institution of divorce.

Of course the literal acceptance of this code was far from being complacent or unambiguous, and the Portias of Provence always had their calendar full of cases, some of which it is interesting to review. The troubadour Cigala, for example, brought before a court of love the following question: "Which is the more worthy and deserving sutor, he who is liberal out of pure open heartedness, or he who, without being naturally generous, yet gives lavishly in order

that he may appear so in the eyes of his ladylove?"

A feminine jury naturally decided in favor of the generous hearted lover. The question, however, is a much more delicately balanced one than may at first glance appear, and we are not surprised to learn that Cigala appealed to a higher court. (The costs were only reckoned in time, of which commodity the troubadour was both plethoric and prodigal.) However, there is no record of the decision having been reversed.

Another plaintiff—a gentle chate-laine, this time—asked them something easier, to wit: "Can a married woman, without sacrifice of her duty as a loyal wife, keep in her inmost heart the remembrance of another, her first love?" "Certainly she can!" respond the learned doctresses, such adepts in matters of the heart. "Nothing more befits the tender law. The chate-laine should never forget the cavalier whom she has loved, since faith once pledged is inviolable."

Here is a sad case—paralleled, alas, by many a modern instance: "A lover, happy in the favor of his adored one, nevertheless went to lay his capricious homage at the feet of another dame, but after a month's delinquency returned supplicating to his first love. Ought she to forgive him or to relentlessly cast him off?" The oracle was unanimous—it could afford to be, at the slighted lady's expense—and answered: "Such is the jealous nature of love that often lovers will feign attachment elsewhere just to test and reassure themselves as to the constancy of the person beloved. It would therefore be a violation of the rights of love to refuse on such a pretext the tender reparations of the returned prodigal, especially if one does not possess positive proof of having been betrayed."

Sometimes, after the manner of modern psychologists, these gracious Provencal ladies soared into the ether of abstract speculation, as in their interminable discussions this question: "Which is preferable, to be loved by a lady and receive the supreme proof of her affection, and then to die, or to languish through long years of hopeless love?" How futile! Yet even when the preference is decided to one's individual satisfaction it is more than likely that fate's solution of it will be just the other way.

The courts dealt very severely with the man who betrayed love secrets and with the coquette who accepted presents. "No lady, save that she rank with the courtesans a century hence, has the right to accept love gifts without granting something in return."

These and most of the other decrees quoted form the groundwork of the sentimental code of honor as it exists today. The original brightness of most of the articles has become tarnished, it must be owned, and such amendments as have been added are generally of a sordid nature, indicating that the earlier axiom about the incompatibility of love and avarice has fallen almost completely into desuetude. Thus in the breach of promise cases of which the daily papers offer a variety of assorted examples, we find seared hearts and blighted affections appraised in round figures at from \$2,000 to \$20,000, while one lady, contemplating separation from her indulgent but erring lord, claims an indemnity of \$10,000,000 for her shattered peace of mind. All this is certainly a practical advance upon the loose and inaccurate methods of dear old Provence. In fact, it is quite akin to the careful provisions of certain modern accident insurance companies. The amorous adventurer can say to Cupid, as the insured client says to the armed burglar who has broken in to his house at midnight: "Fire away, my friend. If you hit me, I get \$50 a week as long as I may be disabled from work. If I lose an eye, I get \$2,000; both eyes, \$5,000; an arm or leg, \$4,000. Should you kill me, my family will get \$10,000. So really I am running no risk in the matter."

In France the sentimental traditions are kept up rather more scrupulously than with us, and the Paris Figaro recently revived the courts of love by opening its columns to the discussions of certain delicate questions propounded by fair but anonymous friends. One of these questions was a direct challenge to the old dictum we have quoted about the impossibility of a person having two sincere loves at the same time. The answers were about equally divided, but it must be noted that a number of correspondents (all men) earnestly avowed their deepest affection for not only two but in some cases three or four different objects simultaneously. They said they loved them in "different ways," whatever that might mean.

Another question submitted was, "Which is the happier, a mature woman with a young husband, or an old man with a young wife?" The Figaro tribunal was unanimous in favor of the old man.

A third and the last we shall cite here was, "Two fair dames having given rendezvous to their lovers, one of these latter being a novice and the other a man of the world, which has promise of the greater pleasure?" Here the jury disagreed, though I don't in the least see why it should have done so. However, opinion seemed to gravitate toward the right side—which was, of course, that of the man of the world.

This kind of discussion, though not without its interest and value, is hardly within the actual province of the court of love. The essential things to be desired are a clear identification and general recognition of the fundamental articles in the old code of chivalry, which, as we have seen, has not been superseded by anything better in the course of four or five centuries. Under its gentle restraints we might see lovers' quarrels much less frequently fester to the death. The police courts and the divorce courts should not be permitted wholly to usurp the functions of the court of love.

(Signed) Frank Leslie

NEWEST COIFFURES.

IN THESE THE HAIR IS ARRANGED IN DEEP WAVES.

The Part Must Give Way to the Pompadour Coiffure—Designs For Supplying the Deficiencies of Nature—Ornaments For the Hair.

Hairdressing, artistically conducted, is a powerful factor, if not in forming beauty itself, at least in giving a style that is decidedly attractive. If you are skeptical as to the truth of this statement, make a visit to any fashionable hairdressing establishment and inspect



NEW STYLES IN HAIRDRESSING.

the a la mode coiffures. You will find almost any mode from the high knot on the top of the head to that slightly exorcised christened in England the "bun" and worn low on the neck. You will also discover a great variety of designs for supplying the deficiencies of nature, such as real curly locks that are insured to retain their curl despite the influence of sea air and damp weather.

Fringes are made to cover the head, so that the tiresome process of crimping the hair with hot irons is no longer necessary. Among the new styles of fringe are those that cover just the top of the ear. This innovation seems following in the wake of sloping shoulders and drooping sleeves, for novelty must be obtained at any sacrifice, constancy being, though a virtue in itself, fatal to fashion. To the youthful most things are becoming and for those of a certain age coiffures and modistes are full of resources.

Numbered with other devices for women with scant hair is what is called the transformation peruke for simulating the poude style at a moment's warning. The ease of its adjustment is not the least of its qualities.

The undulating bandeau has evidently come to stay and take its place as the newest mode of the day. The fringe, as already intimated, is not discarded, but is artistically combined with it. So imperative is this fashion that even the chignon must be undone, and it must be confessed that the "wave" increases the bulk of the hair without adding to its weight.

The trouble of waving the back hair if thick and long is prohibitory. Hairdresses, having foreseen this difficulty, have invented what is termed an "undulator," which accomplishes in a few minutes what would take hours to do under ordinary circumstances. This most useful instrument resembles to a certain extent the usual curling irons, but in addition it has a double row of tiny teeth which grip the hair and prevent it from slipping, a disagreeable, if not dangerous, contingency. It produces a graceful round curve, with none of the sharpness or frizziness of the hand waver, and retains it much longer, which is a considerable advantage.

With due attention to the requisites of customers, the ingenious hairdresser has also introduced a curler, consisting



TWO FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

of two delicately made small tortoise shell pins, which are infinitely more pleasant to use than the metal ones and give a roundness to the curl which cannot be obtained by any other.

While all kinds and varieties of coiffures are continually replacing one another, the woman who wants to arrange her hair according to the very latest mode, regardless of the contour of her face and the becoming effect, must discard the parting she has only just become accustomed to and adopt the latest fashion of rolling the hair back from the forehead a la pompadour, as the Frenchwomen have been doing for some time.

Fortunately the modern pompadour is not so trying and severe in outline as the old, for the hair is first waved all around the head in deep, soft waves, and a few short tendrillike curls are brought down on the forehead to make it becoming. The pompadour style of dressing the hair has come as a matter of course in the wake of deep ruffs, wide collars, etc.

Women of discernment and taste accept as the ideal coiffure the one which improves rather than detracts from the appearance. These women, by the bye, are rarely the first to try a new style, nor are they the last to dispense with an old one. One thing noticeable in the latest coiffures is that more hair is worn, and short curls are sometimes added to the knot in the back. Fancy side combs have disappeared from the front and top of the head and are more often worn at the back.

Jeweled ornaments for the hair often assume the form of an aigret, such as a couple of quill feathers fastened by a floating ribbon, or two olive leaves with berries, executed in clustered diamonds. Judging from the ornaments seen in the stores, it is safe to predict the popularity of tortoise shell ornaments during the summer.

ALICE VARNUM.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WON THE UNIVERSITY MEDAL, BUT REFUSED TO ACCEPT IT.

The Bloomer Is Inevitable—Should Learn Money's Value—The Busy Summer Girl. Up to Date Woman Not Beautiful—Getting Even With Man.

Miss Katherine Felton of Oakland was declared by the faculty of the State university to be the most distinguished scholar in the class of '95 and therefore entitled to the university medal.

The award was not a surprise, for the young lady has a record of being one of the hardest workers in the university. Her aims were high, and she always strove for first place. But the 8,000 spectators who assembled in Harmon rink, Berkeley, to witness the commencement exercises were astounded by President Kellogg's announcement that the winner not only declined the honor, but had asked that her name be withheld. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, the students who heard the presi-



MISS KATHERINE FELTON.

dent's announcement were well aware that Miss Katherine Felton, who had won her degree as bachelor of letters and had just electrified the fashionable audience in the gymnasium with an essay on "Faith in the Moral Conscience," was the person who had declined a prize once most coveted. The news was quickly circulated through the big gymnasium, and Miss Felton, who sat at the head of her class, arrayed in a black collegiate gown and wearing a jaunty mortar board upon her shapely head, became the cynosure of hundreds of eyes. The students around her whispered eager congratulations for what they termed her pluck and resolution, while the visitors wondered why she had refused to accept the medal. The regents and professors who were assembled upon the stage did not seem to notice the episode, probably because they knew in advance that Miss Felton's declination was in the president's hands, but nevertheless they were considerably disturbed by this effort to break up one of the traditional ceremonies of the university.

The medal was first refused by Seymour in 1891 and again by Garber in 1892, when a bright young woman graduate, whose standing was very high, raised a question about Garber's right to the prize. Garber, yielding to his own gallant impulses, refused to take the medal upon the terms it was offered, but the winners of 1893 and 1894 had no such scruples and are proud of the decoration which their mental attainments won for them. It seems that there is a feeling among the students that the system under which the medal is awarded is altogether too complicated to admit of absolute accuracy in figuring out averages, and consequently the prize does not always go to the pupil who has earned it, and this was the reason why the students, male and female, applauded so heartily and enthusiastically when it was announced that Miss Felton had followed the example of Garber and Seymour.

The Bloomer Is Inevitable. Our local aristocracy—that section at least which takes its models from New York—may as well prepare for bloomers next autumn. We have been watching the course of bicycle events with almost breathless anxiety for some time past, and Nebuchadnezzar himself never saw the hand writing on the wall more distinctly than we see it now. The bloomer is coming sure enough. It is inevitable. A year ago how many of our belles and beaux, our "society" people, rode bicycles? You could have counted them on the fingers of a one armed pensioner. Last November, when society returned from Newport, Bar Harbor and so on, everybody had a wheel. Our gilded youth discovered the bicycle during the summer. They had seen the millionaire and the leaders of the New York "ton" astraddle of the nimble "bike" and had suddenly become aware of that instrument's existence. As in a flash of radiant light from heaven they recognized the beauty, the good sense and the usefulness thereof. In one burst of rapturous conviction they took it to their fervent hearts. At once the bicycle was healthful, improving, stylish, and, above all, correct. "Society" adopted it, talked about it as though it were a thing of yesterday, and its votaries were, within a week, pitying very one who didn't ride. And this is our reason for saying that the bloomer is descending upon us. If we get our bicycle from New York, shall we not also get our wheeling costume? If we accept the fad in humble gratitude and fervor, why not the trimmings that go with it?

This project may seem a little bit startling just now, but what of that? If one had told Gwendolen or Constance 12 months ago that before the year was out she would be seen flying down the asphalt with her skirts flying in a great tumult and the vulgar rabble looking for her ankle, wouldn't she have turned pale with horror and indignation? Yet that is just what happened to our Gwens and Connies—and happened on strictly scheduled time. And now why not the

bloomers too? The bloomers "go" in New York. All the "best people" wear them. We cannot be in the real metropolitan swim unless we cut our skirts off or bifurcate them or otherwise line up with wheeling dress reform. Shall we give up the bicycle just when it has begun to tangle itself in the meshes of our affections? Never! Shall we, then, abjure the leadership of the truly anointed in New York? Impossible!

So the bloomers come. Or, if not bloomers, then knickerbockers, which are still better for the gaudy of nations and embellishments of the landscape. Brace yourselves, girls, on a rich diet of bathing costume, and you won't mind it very much, after all. Neither will the public.—Washington Post.

Should Learn Money's Value. I have recently seen exemplified the system of our laws in the case of a widow who has been left with an annuity of \$100 a month, which she readily accepted, while her stepson receives all the property left by the husband and father, which amounts to at least \$100,000. The widow made no protest and believes that it is her Christian duty to acquiesce in the results of such an outrageous proceeding. She lived with her husband for more than a quarter of a century, caring for him in sickness, making a perfect slave of herself, receiving his tyrannical dictation all these years, and at the last accepting comparative poverty, while beholding the fact of her stepson with his family living in luxury. This is the condition of the law in New York state. One might imagine the romance of a man being sufficiently manly and just to possess sufficient liberality to divide the property equally with his stepmother, but things don't happen in that way.

The financial reason is the chief reason, I believe, that interferes with the rapid progress of woman suffrage; until a woman has earned at least \$1,000 and spent it I doubt very much whether she will realize the value of money and the power that it possesses for good when used in the right direction, and, on the other hand, she will not realize the retrograde movement it will produce when used in a wrong direction. Until this point is better understood all rapid advances in the cause of woman suffrage will be very seriously delayed, and in fact interfered with to an extreme degree.—W. Stevens in Woman's Tribune.

The Busy Summer Girl. The summer girl is busy preparing for her mission in life by getting as many cool looking frocks as she can manage. Now, the summer girl is often far from rich, but fortunately summer gowns are cheap, and summer styles favor economy, even though the laundress does not. Take a clever summer girl and give her one navy blue serge suit of coat and skirt, one similar suit in colored duck and one in white, and with a raft of shirt waists and blouse fronts she can achieve a bewildering change of costume. White and colored piques are quite as popular as duck for this season's wear, as you can see by taking a stroll through the dress departments of any of the great stores. Pique, from its very stiffness and resistance, lends itself admirably to the present styles, but it will not endure trimming, nor can a waist of it be ever anything but ugly. It must be made with a jacket effect, or it had better forever be left alone.

The skirts of duck and pique are made without lining and are not more than five yards around. Bright colored "fronts" or blouses make these costumes most effective. Delicate silk vests are often used and look very pretty. The summer girl is one who seeks infinite variety—and gets it—at small cost. On very dressy occasions she may have a taffeta silk, but these silks have too ceremonious a look for everyday wear, so the summer girl uses her taffeta only on the swellest occasions, and then she knows she is dressed quite up to the highest mark, and she is happy.

Up to Date Woman Not Beautiful.

I must say that the general appearance of a well dressed, up to date woman is not very pleasing to the outsider. As she approaches the first thing you notice is something like an old fashioned windmill on her head, and the next thing are her feet, which seem suddenly to have become big, flat and awkward—the heel touches the ground long before the toe.

Then the neck looks like a pointer pigeon, owing to the ruche, and finally, when she attempts to cross the street, she has a dreadful struggle with her skirt, in the management of which both hands are employed with indifferent success.

What they are going to do when it rains with their parasol or umbrella I cannot imagine. But they will find some way, I am confident, as great is their genius in all such matters.

What luck that we men are left out of such dilemmas!

It is whispered that before the season is over the skirts will no longer touch the ground. If women could only realize the nature of the mud and dirt accumulated by the trailing skirts, and brought into their homes, a daily invitation to cheerful, active, virulent, deadly microbes to "jump on and have a ride," they would never have a skirt come near the ground under any circumstances.

But fashion is omnipotent, and prudence isn't in it.—Vogue.

Getting Even With Man.

The women in their edition of the Louisville Courier-Journal had a magnificent time of it. Speaking of man, his works and ways, the ladies remarked:

"From the leniency of civic rules are reaped the Mafia and anarchism; the exclusiveness of churches brings out the Salvation Army and Jump to Glory Jane; from the English law, which forced George Eliot to public condemnation, this country is a flood sufferer from wildly revolted 'Yellow Aster' and 'Heavenly Twins'; from the dull drabness of some exasperating old master are born the red and purple frenzy of

the impressionist, the riotous green and yellow meanderings of Aubrey Beardsley. The dismal gravity of morbid religion has provoked the seemingly irresponsible but instructive capers of Oscar Wilde and the 'Green Carnation' school of epileptic epigram; from the death of spirited priests and live flame on the altar of common sense have spread the vagaries of hypnotism and spiritualism.

"Ye cucumbers of the census, inspect yourselves minutely each day as you arise from your couches and ask solicitously, 'Am I alive or dead this morning?' If you decree you are alive, fail to heartily give the world proof thereof; otherwise die well and thoroughly. Do something lively and inspiring for once; be dead all over and stay dead."

Women Archers.

A pretty sight on Decoration day along the southern shores of Brooklyn, which front partly on New York bay and partly on the ocean, was the number of archery clubs out in full action. The pretty girls in that part of the city have taken up the bow and arrow this summer as a means of appetite and grace, as one of them said. There is one very influential organization in Bensonhurst and smaller places at Bath, Bay Ridge and Sheepshead Bay. They present a very picturesque scene, especially those in the so called archery costumes. In these the sleeves fit the lower arm quite closely and are only moderately loose and not balloon shaped between the elbow and shoulder. The waist is rather loose, and the skirt only comes to the top of the boots. On the left hand and wrist is a neat padded leather gauntlet to catch the force of the bowstring, and on the right is a gauntlet of curious openwork to facilitate drawing the string back. Some of the shooting was extremely good, but whether good or bad everybody seemed to be having an enjoyable time.—New York Mail and Express.

For the Children.

The time is close at hand for the annual fitting to seashore or mountain, with the prospect of rest and freedom to tired mothers and housekeepers. There is one difficulty which frequently interferes with the perfect enjoyment of this blissful environment—that of giving the little ones their liberty in the matter of playing in the dirt, and yet having them presentable for the table or for chance visitors.

A very simple contrivance will be found to obviate the necessity of too many changes, or, on the other hand, of restricting the children's freedom. A large, long sleeved apron is made of some dark gingham or calico. This is made with a full skirt of double length, through the hem of which is run a tape, which is tied round the child's waist under all the skirts. When the emergency of mealtime or company arrives this apron is dropped off, the hands and face are washed, and in a minute the toilet is as complete as when the pretty fresh dress and skirts were put on at breakfast time.

A gang of burglars, which has been operating in Vancouver, has evidently struck Westminister. The houses of Mrs. James Rousseau and Samuel Woods were entered in broad daylight, while the inmates were temporarily absent. Over \$500 worth of jewelry and money were taken. There is not the slightest clue to the thieves.

MAILED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday the 6th inst. for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, once per week each way, between Lower Nicola and Princeton, from the 1st October next.

The conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle at the option of the contractor. Tenders will also be received from parties who would prefer to carry this mail from the Post Office or from Nicola Lake Post Office, the point of departure to be distinctly stated in the tender.

Printed notices containing further information, as to conditions of proposed contract, may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office at Kamloops, Kelowna, Nicola Lake, Coutee, Lower Nicola and Spence's Bridge, and at this office.

R. H. FLETCHER, Post Office Inspector's Office, Victoria, B.C., 26th July, 1895. aug2

North Victoria Electoral District.

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with clause 6, subsection (f), of the "Qualification and Registration of Voters Act, 1876," I shall on Monday, the 5th day of August, 1895, hold a Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing and determining any or all objections against the retention of any names on the Register of Voters. Such Court will be open at 12 o'clock noon, at Rogers, Palford Harbour.

JOHN NEWBIGIN, Collector. Sidney, B.C., May 31st, 1895. jell-td

South Victoria Electoral District.

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with clause 6, subsection (f), of the "Qualification and Registration of Voters Act, 1876," I shall on Monday, the 5th day of August, 1895, hold a Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing and determining any or all objections against the retention of any names on the Register of Voters. Such Court will be open at 12 o'clock noon, at the Royal Oak.

JAMES W. MILDEN, Collector South Victoria District. jell-td

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