POETRY.

(BY A. M. T.)

- The from the haunts of busy men The little hamlet lies, In the heart of a wooded mountain glen, Beneath a Dago sky.
- Girt by mountain walls that tower Till they pierce the clouds that float aloft, That as if to resent the penetrating power Like kings they reign till the mountain s(i)ide is soft.
- Thus lies Clanwilliam. Oh, spot screnc, (There's more screne than spot, you know.) Seventeen can almost with the naked eye be seen. Never mind, Clan Billy yet may grow.
- Oh, the happy days I opent in thee. Ere yet the milk of bliss was skimmed of
- all its cream. There thro' the mountain brook the trout would flee. No whisky was there to mingle with the
- stream.
- We strained our patience from day to day. For when not moving things are slow— While the losers chafed at the long delay. The winners opened the poker show.
- But the ludies, God bless 'em ! what would we have done Had they been left behind. We each swore we lowed them everyone, And none of 'em seemed to mind.

- And none of em scened to influe. Oh, Clanwilliam! Oh, Clanwilliam! with your future before you And the record you're making at present. All hail to you, Billy, for we all adore you. You're so cute and so exquisitely pleasant.
- But some day when aldermen with their pedal extremities "The size of a flat car or two. Promenade on your pavements and other
- alamitie
- Are visited on you.

When your pretty mountains are granulated. And your streams work breweries and such. We love you Billie as before I stated, And we still will love you as much.

Society Gossip.

BY MRS. M.

Rocky Mountains, May 25, 1894.— Since the arrival of the special on the evening of May 24th, Clanwilliam has be-come quite a fashionable resort. This watering places is beautifully situated in the heart of the mountains and is a veritable paradise, a garden of Eden without the serpent. The Hotel Nippon is able paradise, a garden of Eden without the serpent. The Hotel Nippon is crowded with the beauty of fashion, not only of the Old World, but also of the East, and especially of that centre of the civilization of Canada—Winnipeg. Every kind of amusement is the order of the day, from gathering wild flowers on the "lawn," as one young lady aptly describ-ed the tangled brush wood of the valley, to roaming in the soft twilight and gazing rapturously at the lofty peaks of the hoary-headed monarchs whose tops seem

to kiss the stars. The hotels, dazzling in the extreme, baffles my descriptive powers, but all are in harmony with surroundings, and rival beauties forget to feel anxious of each other, the charms of nature surpassing all. But for the benefit of my many readers I think I must try to describe our "toilette ravassaute." The wearer is petite and a bronette, and the line of color is extremely becoming to her style of beauty. The skirt is of some dark material, cut regulation length, which is now comfortable and useful. The bodice is of a rich brocade, in that lovely tint of blue called cerulean, and made in loose folds, which are now so much in fashion.

freedom of their sex in such matters, appear in all kinds of "neglige" costumes,

but one is specially remarkable for the latest English cut in coats, while another tall and distinguished looking man wears the very latest bow in neckties. Surely "Dear Madge" neckties are man's special

weakness. And it is so refreshing to find they have a weakness, isn't it? Amongst the party from Winnipeg is a member of a musical society, famous for their vocal talent, who charms all with her voice, her upper notes being particularly admired, and the saddest hearts are made gay with her entertaining melodies. Her dress ex-cels all in beauty, being of the softest yellow satin, though of rather old-fashioned cut.

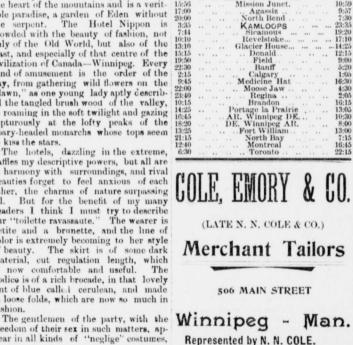
ed cut. Two very interesting children accom-pany the party from England, and by their winning ways have crept into the hearts of all, even of the crusty old bachelor of the hotel. The "gay de-ceivers" are as usual busy, and there is a lively flirtation being carried on between a charmingly petite young lady and a tall, fair man. Her brown eyes sparkle with fun, and she seems utterly regardless of les conceniences, for she was seen last evening deliberately bestowing a caress on her adorer, totally unmindful of Mrs. Grundy. There is of course the usual little scandal, inevitable in all these fash-ionable places, but that must be another story as Rudyard Ripling says.

Surrounded as we are by all that is beautiful in nature—mountains and for-ests, rushing streams and babbling brooks—"is it not natural the heart should break into flower, and all agree with one consent to make our summer holiday at Clanwilliam a never-to-be-foryotten and most pleasant reminisence ?

C.P.R. Train Schedule.

The time of the arrival and departure of trains on the Canadian Pacific railway, according to the time table which took effect on Oct. 29, is as follows:-LE. Vancouver AR. Going West, Mission Junet. 13:00 Going East.

14:00



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