

F. S. Hussey, J. Keith Wilson, F. Elworthy and L. G. Henderson.

Volage—Capt. Seeley, W. L. Challoner, F. C. Holden, Geo. Shedden, H. W. Pauline, C. L. Prior, Capt. A. W. Jones, A. C. Flummerfelt, R. Seabrooke, C. E. Renouf, John Hall and H. E. A. Robertson.

Irene—Capt. Godson, J. G. Elliott, W. Brammer, Bruce Lachlan, Hewitt Boslock, A. H. Scaife, J. P. Falls, Fred Wollaston, J. F. Foulkes and J. Houston.

Daisy Bell—Capt. Dave Anderson, Wm. Scott, A. G. Sargison, Walter McConnon and Douglas Muir.

Ariel—Capt. Lawrence, Wm. Croft, E. W. Spencer and Robt. Burns.

Star—Capt. Finlaison, M. Finlaison.

SPORTING TIPS.

All the entries for the regatta this afternoon have been made. There will be 14 events, all of more or less interest.

The Victoria representatives at the Tacoma tennis tournament came off with the highest honors. Mr. Foulkes won the single championship, and together with Mr. Cuppage, carried off the doubles. In addition to these successes, Mr. Foulkes and Miss Anderson, the lady champion, won the mixed doubles. The finals in the gentlemen doubles between Foulkes, Cuppage, White and Peardon was a remarkably keen and exciting contest. The visitors speak in the highest terms of the entertainment provided by the hospitable Tacoma players.

IN A NEW ROLE.

On the evening of May 19, 1879, the McDowell company opened an engagement of four weeks in the old city hall, Winnipeg. The organization was a first class one in every respect, and amongst others composing it was Miss Lizzie McCall, a clever and entertaining soubrette. Miss McCall, with the exception of Mrs. McDowell (Fanny Reeves) was the most popular person in the company. Although modest and retiring, she turned the heads of half the young men of the town. She put up at the leading hotel, and held aloof from the rest of the company. When the time for departure came, it was discovered that nearly every one of her photographs had been abstracted from the picture frames which had been placed in the principal stores of the city, so great was her popularity.

The next I heard of Miss McCall was that she had been arrested in Brooklyn, charged with shooting her husband, one George Barry Wall. She was playing with Boucicault in "The Shaughraun" when she met Mr. Wall, a young lawyer, a son of the Rev. Thomas S. Wall, superintendent of the Presby-

terian Hospital. They were married. On Sunday, Feb. 28, 1892, he was found lying on the floor of his house with a bullet wound in his neck. Mrs. Wall was leaning over him with her hands over the wound, trying to staunch the blood, and screaming "Oh, my dear husband, it was an accident, it was an accident." In his ante-mortem statement he said she had shot him intentionally. He died in the Presbyterian Hospital. She was arrested but later released on bail and then set free. She afterwards married Nestor Lennon, a young actor. He secured a divorce from her, naming Edmund Collier as co-respondent.

I met Miss McCall, or Mrs. Wall, in Chicago in 1883, where she was playing with a Romany Rye company. She had lost none of her former beauty, and the trouble she had passed through did not appear to have broken her spirit to any degree.

Miss McCall now appears in a new role. The Victoria Times of a recent date, contained a telegraphic dispatch to the effect that a mysterious woman had a few days previously presented herself to Heyward McAllister, son of Ward McAllister, the dictator of New York society, announcing that she was his wife. McAllister denied the soft impeachment, but it now transpires that there was something in the statement. The mysterious woman is Miss Lizzie McCall, the handsome and dashing soubrette. The New York papers say that Miss McCall is now a very buxom and chapeau woman. Though she must be about thirty-five years old, she doesn't show it, and her deep-colored eyes are as bright as those of a girl of twenty.

NAT-A-WAY.

"MESHALLUM BEY" writes: "O! Allah! that it should have been possible for an infidel dog of a Giaour to cast contempt upon the followers of the prophet by depriving them of their names and titles and by heaping upon them the added insult of a denomination belonging only to the Christian. *Ay de mi!* that my faithful fellow-countryman and Mussulman, Iskander Bey should have the added shame of being held up to ridicule by an auction man as 'Mr. Bey.' When Iskander hired an individual to hold up his goods for competition by the highest bidder, he did not expect to be spoken of as Mr. or to have his distinction of Bey held in low esteem. But, by the prophet's beard, it is not that either he or I feel aggrieved on that account, but that we desire to have extended toward us and our nationality that honor to which we are entitled. The mistake we are sufficiently generous to attribute to ignorance."

A CHEQUE ON A PLANK.

They were talking about queer cheques, drafts, etc., in one of the local banks, and a gentleman not long from Kansas City, Mo., finally told the following:

"I was once employed," he said, "to collect a balance of \$470 which was due a well-known building firm of Kansas City from an eccentric old millionaire. How he made his money I don't know, for it is said that he could neither read nor write, but he had it all the same.

"Well, I found the old boy down in his cellar, and was gratified to hear him say that he would pay the bill at once. 'I haven't that much cash with me, but just wait a minute.'

"He felt around as if looking for a piece of paper, and I was just about to offer him some when his eyes lit upon a piece of board about eighteen inches square.

"Just the thing," he said, and with that he picked it up and made a lot of queer-looking marks upon it.

"There," he said, 'take that to my bankers and it will be all right.'

"I protested, but he insisted, and finally I did as he said. I handed the piece of plank, dubiously enough, I can tell you, to the paying teller, but what was my relief when he merely smiled, studied the hieroglyphics a moment, and handed me \$470. Then he laid the board on a shelf and that was all there was to it.

"It transpired that the old man had a system of signs all his own, which his bankers had agreed to respect. All the same, that plank cheque seemed curious to them, and it is hanging up in the office of the establishment now."

"Mr. Couldock is a great disappointment off the stage," says the Chicago Record. "He is seventy years of age, and it might readily be supposed that the faltering and trembling gait of the venerable pastor in the play (Young Blood) had come with a ripe old age. It seems too real to be simulated. Ten minutes after the curtain fell Mr. Couldock appeared at the stage door. He lighted a cigar, pulled his dark slouch hat down over his eyes, and strode out of the alley with the high, gingery step of a juvenile. At twenty paces he would easily have mistaken for a man of thirty-five. The younger members of the company, and they are much younger in comparison, have for Mr. Couldock much reverence and regard. In his leisure moments he tells them of his experience in England fifty years ago, when he was a member of a Shakespearean company which strolled from town to town, stopping often along the shady country lanes to study parts and rehearse them."