LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL

News of the Day Selected from Friday's Evening Times.

Pointed a Revolver. Mrs. Williams, of 146 Michigan street, has been summoned to the police court for Monday next. Mrs. Willia charged with pointing a revolver at Wm. T. Hardhaker is a bailiff who was making a distress. The incident happened vesterday.

Whiskey Did It.

William Thompson, Jack (Siwash) and Annie (klootchman), were holding a 'spree" last night at the cabin of Thompson, Pembroke street near Douglas street. It was two o'clock in the morning when Constable Walker heard howls and screams and drunken cries issuing from this cabin. He entered and

Baptiste Beats Women. Jean Baptiste is in the provincial jail. He was arrested at Sooke yesterday by Sergeant Langley. Baptiste is charged with beating women of the neighborhood. Without the slightest provocation he is known to have struck women with his fists and with sticks. Charges have been preferred against him and they will be heard Monday.

Booth to Come

"Commandant" Herbert Booth, of the Salvation Army, will be here next week. The programme arranged is:-Welcome meeting and banquet, the former at The Victoria, on July 8; grand battle for souls, afternoon and evening, July 9, and lecture by the "Commandant" the "Darkest England" scheme, July 10, when Senator McInnes will occupy the chair.

Discharging Sealskins.

The schooner Favorite moved in to the C.P.N. Co.'s wharf this morning and will this afternoon discharge her own catch of 1000 skins, 1260 from the Ocean Belle for Richard Hall, and 1015 from the E. B. Marvin for E. B. Marvin & Co. The latter catches are to be both stored in the basement of Marvin's store, where the skins from the Triumph and Sapphire are already, with those shipped in early in the season. They will be packed so as to be ready for shipment at any time.

Grand Ledge C. O. O. F. At the meeting of the grand lodge, C.O. O. F., at Brantford, on June 23rd, the most important business done in reference to British Columbia was as follows: The striking out of the word "white" was postponed until the next meeting of the grand lodge. Insurance compulsory on all new members, same to take effect on September 1st, 1893. Provincial grand lodge to be granted when constituted for same is drafted by district (No. 7) approved of by the P.G.O. and endorsed or otherwise by the grand lodge at its next session. The establishment of a branch of Juveniles under the grand lodge. The establishment of a branch of the Sisters of Ruth. Revision of our secret work and our degree lec-Organizer to be appointed for J. Hutchison, (4) J. D. Knapp, Plewes, (6) E. G. O. appoints, (7) British Columbia elect their own, (8) J. Brodie, omitted. (12) T. J. Taylor, (13) P. Finlay, retreats. (14) Thomas Healey, (15) C. G. O. appoints, (16) J. H. Ellis, (17) C. G. O. Grand Master, H. Collins; Deputy Grand Master, A. S. Warner; Grand Secretary, R. Fleming; Grand Treasurer, G. Boxall; Grand Warden, G. Cochrane: Grand Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Wilson; Grand Guard, Robert Clark; Grand Organizer, H. Collins; Grand Auditors, Bros. M. Thomas, Wilson and Young: Grand Trustees, Bros. Harris, Thompson and McKay; Grand Medical Referee, Dr. Bingham, Cannington, Ont. Total membership, 4555; an increase of 956. Next grand lodge meets in Napanee. Ont.

DISMISSED THE CASE.

Justice Drake Dismisses the Charge Against Pastor Reams.

In the Supreme Court this morning the charge of rape against Rev. Alfred Reams of Merced, Cal., was dismissed by Justice Drake. Lindley Crease, the prosecuting attorney, said that he had no further evidence to offer on the charge, and the court said the evidence at the trial a week ago was insufficient to hold a man on such a charge, according to Canadian law. Reams was in court and bowed very politely when he His son, William. heard the sentence. aged 15, sat near his father, and walked alongside him and the policeman to the provincial jail. Reams was questioned whether he would consent to return on the abduction charge before the arrival of extradition papers. He said he would not say. Sheriff Warfield will take back the boy with his father and find him work in Merced. The boy says he prefers to stay in Victoria.

closed.

Law Intelligence. To-morrow being Dominion Day the Law Courts and law offices will be

Mr. Justice Drake sat at 11:30 to hear additional evidence in the case of Croft vs. Bourchier and Hamlin, Mr. Bodwell appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Eberts, Q. C., for the defendant Hamlin, his co-defendant having allowed judgment to be taken by default of appear-The books of the firm of Bour-Croft & Hamlin were produced and admired for their beautiful binding. but there were no entries of business transactions as it was stated in evidence that no business was done during the brief period that the partnership lasted.

His Lordship reserved judgment. The Chief Justice has had before him for a short time what promises to give the editor of Truth something to say about the administration of justice by British Columbia magistrates. Three in telligent magistrates of New Westminster city sat to hear charges against a number of Chinamen. They adjourned the case for a week and then, before the time expired, heard the charge and fined each of the defendants in his absence. notwithstanding the vigorous protests of counsel. Mr. H. D. Helmcken has taken the matter before the Chief Justice on certiorari. The case was adjourned to enable recognizances to be filed with the registrar of the court. The

Chief justice condemned in severe terms the manner in which the three magistrates "administered justice."

DANGERS OF PORTIER PASS. What the Investigations of the Quadra

at That Place Revealed. The Dominion steamer Quadra reurned to port yesterday evening, after being absent on various and important duties for the last fortnight. The proposed site for the new beacons on the edge of the dangerous shoal that extends out into the Gulf of Georgia from the mouth of the Fraser River has been marked by two small buoys; the beacons will be erected as soon as possible. The rock on which the Romulus struck on the 30th of last March, when in charge of Pilot Sabiston, has been found and located; the rock is in the fairway of what was shown by the Admiralty chart as a good and safe passage. The rock bears from Black Rock south 35 degrees east, distant three cables, and 22 feet of water was found upon it when reduced to low water spring tides, though less depth than this may probably be found on some of the rocky heads. The tide sets over the rock with great velocity, causing a strong ripple and overfall on the surface. Besides this rock two others were located by Capt. Walbran, who examined the pass right through. One of these dangers, on which is 10 feet at extreme low water, lies just south of Virago Rock, of which it is an extension, a rocky ledge on which is four fathoms connecting it with that rock, with six or seven fathoms on each side of the ridge. The other danger is the extension of the reef south of Canoe Rock, which extends to the southward from that small islet fur-

alarm has been landed, all ready to be erected, when it will be a valuable addition to the safe navigation of the port of Nanaimo. At Active Pass the new steam fog alarm was adjusted by Chief Engineer Grant, and it is now ready for service. The blast is 10 seconds duration, with an interval of one minute between each blast. Three Fraser river buoys were picked up in various localities, two at Vancouver and one up Howe Sound. These buoys have been returned to the Fraser river and will be replaced by the Samson. The strong freshets now coming down the river, ac-

companied by all kinds of floating debris

is the cause of the bouys not staying in

their proper positions. The Quadra has

than is marked on the chart.

At Entrance Island the new steam fog

COSTLY FISHING RODS.

Exquisite and Expensive Outfits of Anglers of Affluence.

flecting great credit on all aboard.

Tackle made nowadays for trout fishing is a dream of exquisite beauty, and the anglers of but 20 years ago look with dumb amazement upon the discarded relsportsman with finest tackle gazes in done, is a familiar legend. The newspapers have printed it incessantly, the eastern and western Ontario. Election illustrated journals have added their the abbacy and with the sanction barely escaped expression in riot, had of officers: D. D. G. M.'s for districts (1) mite, until it has become a happy house and assistance of the famous abbott, annihilated every child-hell of the Do-James Barnes, (2) T. A. Wardell, (3) hold story. It was a funny legend and Thomas Seabroke, built the New Inn. (5) A. lingered a good while. To-day the angler with fine tackle and the knowledge how to use it is the one who succeeds in (9) T. Richardson, (10) J. C. Rose, (11) luring the lusty trout from its secluded

Thaddeus Norris, that estimable leader of the gentle Quaker anglers, in his various outings on the famous Broadhead of Pennsylvania, made use of a flycasting rod twelve ounces in weight, where to-day a rod of five ounces in weight is accepted as the extreme limit, the more popular, squatty, effective and less irksome tool weighing but four ounces. He would doubtless have made a lighter weapon, for he built his own tools, had he been acquainted with the later methods of accurately dividing the Japanese bamboo, cementing its sections and whipping them with silk, coating them with a water proof solution, and giving as a result a fishing rod so strong, so pliable, so delicate in action, and so enduring as to prove not only perfection in use and a thing of rare beauty to the eye, but to reach a weight measured by drachms instead of ounces. The split bamboo fishing rod is one of the triumphs of modern skill and ingenuity and is closely pressed by the silken, enameled and waterproof lines made in this country alone. The same may well be said of reels, a most important adjunct in the yard, feasting on this and that like a

gentle art of angling. The finest material, the greatest skill, the most experienced labor and the most perfect machinery are utilized in the creation of the modern angler's outfit, and, as the demand is limited, it follows as a lold coffee room, ordering this and that natural sequence that these articles are which I did not want, and tipping the costly. A good hexagonal bamboo flyrod, the best and most satisfactory pattern yet produced, costs from \$25 to \$400, and with ordinary care will serve faithfully for many years. Fly-rods costing \$400 are not in general demand, yet they are on sale at this moment in the show room of a Broadway tackle house, and are superb samples of the high state of perfection reached in their manufacture and of the exquisite manner in which gold filigree can be fitted

o the butt or handle of these implements Reels of good quality are made of silver, aluminum, brass, rubber and nickel, and even gold has recently entered into their construction, one of the latter being now in the possession of a Maiden Lane angler. It is built upon the quadruple multiplying principle of the splendid Frankfort (Ky.) reel, is richly engraved, jeweled like the works of a fine Waltham watch, and costs \$500. The \$20 reel, however, is more popular at present, even among the most accomplished anglers, and is quite as reliable and serviceable, for it will run smoothly until the owner lays it aside forever .-

New York Evening Post.

The Victoria Disaster. London,-June 29.-A despatch from Beyrout says: The Camperdown and Victoria were locked eight minutes. Two minutes after they were unlocked the fore part of the Victoria was submerged. The order to abondon the ship was given only a minute before she lurched over. Chaplain Morris lost his life while trying to save the sick. The coast near Tripoli is strewn with debris for five

-At our disposal on Hillside avenue we have two two-story houses on the installment plan at cose. PAGE & WINNETT.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

Ancient, Forgotten and Neglected Inns of England.

SCENES OF SLUMBEROUS TRANQUILITY

The Spot Where "Nicholas Nickleby" Was Imagined-Well Preserved Roman Roads-Where William and Malcolm Strove for Supremacy.

London, June 19, 1893.-There is no place in Eugland where such a fine example of the very ancient stone-built village may be found as at Broadway, the "Bradweia" of 500 years ago, which pestles against the lower slope of the northwestern face of the Cotswold Hills, overlooking the lovely vale of Evesham. The many-gabled Lygon Arms, a delicious resort for American and English artists and other genuine epicures of food, scenery and charming antiquities. is the most ancient of all the structures of the slumberous old mountain town.

The precise structure standing here today is known to have been occupied as an inn for upwards of 500 years. It is charmingly picturesque without, and its interior is most quaintly arranged, with odd nooks and corners, while the first floor of the east wing has a fine old room with a curiously carved chimney-piece in stone, other interesting ornamentation, and a wondrous lot of charming traditions about the great folk, some on desperate business, like Charles I., in 1645, and Cromwell, in 1651, who have lodged within it. Broadway itself is the sweetest old English pastoral village idyl to be found in England, and, to me, this ancient hostelry, with its Tudor chimneys, its many gables and dormers, its stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, its fine ingles and fireplaces, with its stone walls, thick as a fort's massed with creepers and vines, is its warmest

The old cathedral city of Gloucester possesses several very ancient inns which are still in use, two of which are regarded as among the most interesting sights of the place by all foreign travelers. One of these, the New Inn, is an extraordinary relic of very ancient times and deeply interesting from its great age, its historical associations and its extremely picturesque character, its architecture having many features in common with the larger and distinctly Moresque inns of Spain and Portugal.

returned to port in excellent order, re-Readers of history will recall that the splendid south aisle of Gloucester's magnificent cathedral was built in 1318 by Abbott Thokey, during whose abbacy the body of the murdered King Edward II., which had been refused burial in the abbeys of Malmesbury, Kingswood and Bristol, was given burial within it. Great pilgrimages to Edward's tomb, and wonderfully increased revenues to ics in use at that time. The farmer's the then abbey church resulted. The boy, catching trout by the score with a throngs were sometimes so enormous clumsy bean pole, while the fishless that the city could not shelter them, and they were obliged to encamp at nights mute admiration, wondering how it is outside the gates. A shrewd old monk, named John Turnius, taking proper adwhich at the time doubtless had no superior as a public hostelry in Europe. Think of taking your ease in your inn,

as you can do in the New Inn of Glou-

cester to-day, in a tavern which has survived the changes of 443 years and never been closed a day! The quaint old place is so cunningly hidden behind the grim walls of Northgate street that the casual straggler, not having it in actual quest, would be fortunate indeed if his glance penetrated the deep, dark archway separting it from the street and fell upon the charming old world scene within. I can never forget my own experience, when, wholly ignorant of the spot, and of all of dear old Gloucester, for that matter, I had come after a wearisome tramp down from the Malvern Hills, and without object or purpose was leaning against the corner of this same dark archway for a bit of rest. Turning in a vagrant way to depart, a coaching party dashed gaily past me through the archway. My eyes followed the cavalcade, and then my legs followed my gladdening eyes. What an exquisite pleasure was in that sense of original discovery of a place so picturesque and old! How hesitatingly I tiptoed about that fine and ancient courtcovetous intruder; and when I found that these were anybody's pictures for the reckoning of three pennyworth of entertainment, with what delight did I luxuriate at the bow-window of that fine waiter so immoderately that he sent another, and that one another, but taxing them all with questions so that they gasped between answers, and fina'ly wound up by settling an advance score which removed all doubts of responsibility, if not of sanity, while ordering my luggage to its quaintest old room with the loquacity of a bridegroom and the bravery of a lord!

Around the entire three stories of the inner court, which is very spacious, run galleries upon which all the dormitories open, precisely as with the Spanish patio or court; while the half story of the peaked roof is broken into dormers, hooded with pretty tiling, and their faces set, like the border of an old woman's cap, with simple but wondrous ornamentation. The most picturesque of old stairs and landings leading from one story to the other. Huge iron ornamentations, many cast with sacred emblems in view of the original pilgrim character are found promiscuously attached to the doors, windows, and ceilings, angles and bows. Diamond-shaped panes in leaden frames are common. Casement and little swinging windows are everywhere throughout the structure. Niches for effigies and carved crosses have not yet been hidden by time and change.

Opposite the street archway is another esser but picturesque archway, with the entire facade of the rear side of the quadrangle above showing as quaint and dreamful a scene of restfulne s and antiquity as can be found in Europe. Through this is reached the stable-yard now restricted to accommolation for 60 horses. In olden time it could care for hundreds of animals, as folk of quality in the time of the King Edward pilgrimages invariably came on horseback. Everything about the New Inn is cueer and quaint and old. Never elsewhere was it, save at its desolate top, where Wil- If the knot is wanting in its distinctive Bros.

seen such a radiant jumble of odd cor- liam the Conqueror and Malcolm of ners, little arches, protruding upper stories, peep-holes of windows, gables, offices, "ostries," taprooms, and wealth kingdoms; and then wisely stopped and of vines and foliage and grave and unctuous waiters and chubby-cheeked kit- very spot should be raised the great Roi chen maids, house maids and barmaids to heighten the mysteries, cheer and on one side of which was graven the charm of this typical old English inn.

Dead old Bowes, in northern Yorkshire, alongside what in former times | these old faces away; and none others was called the Great North Road, possesses one of the finest specimens of the | ling in the valley, on the other side toample roadside inns of the olden coaching days to be found in all England. reached; all of which gave travelers' The village and this inn have always had for me the weirdest fascination of unmixed with a tinge of dread. any provincial spot in Britain, though both hamlet and inn are now dreary and | each fully 100 feet square. desolate beyond description. The old next the street has its entire front open inn here, now called the Unicorn, was to the great innyard thus formed. The first known as the George. Eight two sides abutting the street comprised coaches, bound either to London or respectively the inn proper-a long, two-Glasgow, daily changed horses in its great yard in the good old coaching days. with a perfect maze of curious old It is to this inn that Charles Dickens, with a great and merciful motive in figtion, repaired with his friend and com- ditionally bewildering by countless panion, Hablot Browne, a few weeks before Christmas of 1837, where the two remained while Dickens secured material for "Nicholas Nickleby."

He had letters to a yeoman of the

place, soon to shine as one of the immortals of fiction as honest "John Browdie." He represented himself as agent of a poor widow desirous of placing her only boy in a quiet country school. In this way he secured admission to a number in the vicinity, though shut out by some of the wary masters. The "school" seeming most suitable as a prototype of them all, from the personel of its savage owner and his family, with wild and desolate physical surroundings in keeping with the hopelessness of the school life of the place itself, was the Dotheboys Hall, still standing in Boweshardly a stone's throw from the ancient Unicorn inm, the house being now occupied by "old man Bonsfield," husband of the veritable Squeers' daughter, Fanny Squeers, known in life as Mary Ann Shaw-where "Nicholas Nickleby," his protege in misery, the wretched "Smike." and scores of other helpless young lives, are depicted as having undergone an almost inconceivable life of servitude, starvation and cruelty.

Investigations showed that the horrible picture was not an exaggeration. and bore out Dickens' own statement in the original preface that "Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pic tures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible." This, Dickens' second, and in some respects his greatest, novel was begun in April, 1838, and finished in October, 1839. At the appearance of the first part, he ran away from London, as he always did, to remain in hiding until a distinct measure of public favor or disfavor was shown. In the case of "Nicholas Nickleby" his forgivable skulking was of short duration. The first day's sale of the first part exceeded 50,000 copies. Not six months had passed before the torture and cruelty to helpless scholars in these remote prison-pens were abated, and before the last chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby" had been read, public feeling, vantage of the situation, in 1450, under | which in many portions of the country theboys Hall variety in England.

If you came from London to Bowes over the same coach-road as did Nicholas Nickleby, when, nearing the end of his dreary journey, "at about 6 o'clock that night, he and Mr. Squeers and the little boys and their united luggage were put down at the George and New Inn," you would have come by the old coach road from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow. On leaving the ancient city of York you would have struck into a highway 2000 years old. Masses of Roman legions have swept, tide on tide, back and forth over the same stone road. Stern Agricola, the courtly Tacitus and the Emperor Servius himself, have ridden towards the unconquerable North upon it. The latter left 50,000 of his army dead among the Scotch mists and mountains, and with his face set towards Rome and home, only reached York to die of his wounds and chagrin. It is the great Roman Road of England. Watling, or Waithling, Street it is called. Away in the north of Yorkshire, a few miles above Catterick

Bridge, one stem of this highway goes on through Durham and Northumber land, and thence to Edinburgh. The other swings around to the westward. traversing Westmoreland and Cumberland through Carlisle to the great Roman Wall, which once protected England from the Caledonian hordes, and thence. in a more modern coach road, winds through the olden lovers' haven, Gretna Green, to Glasgow. On this western stem, between the rivers Tees and Greta, at the eastern edge of Stanemoor, nearly surrounded by desolate moors, lies what is left of Bowes.

It is difficult not to wander away from description of the old Unicorn Inn. at Bowes, among the literary and antiquarian things of interest in its neighborhood. The inn itself must not be confounded, even under its old name of the George, with the George Inn of Greta Bridge, six miles nearer York, now used as a corn mill. To disguise the exact location of Dotheboys Hall, Dickens made Squeers (Shaw) travel with young Nickleby three miles from the George Inn to the supposititious "Hall," followed by the "cartload of infant misery." What they really did do was to dismount all together from the York and Carlisle coach within the inn-yard of this very Unicorn, and then shiver along the crooked, cobled single street of Bowes, until they arrived at the "long, cold-looking house," a little beyond to the west, and "a tall, lean boy (poor Smike!) with a lantern in his hand is-

sued forth." The Unicorn, which seems to have completely escaped the attention of English antiquarians and travelers, is not only remarkable from its associations, in having been the most important inn near the border, between York and Glasgow and Edinburgh in olden times, but n also being the largest of those ancient English roadside hostelries still extant which were called into existence by the necessities of travel in the old coaching

days. At its very door the Royal Mail began the ascent over the Great North Road of weird, dreary and vast Stanemoor, peopled only by witch and warlock; silent ever save from howling tempests: and with no semblance of humans upon

feasted, sensibly deciding that on the (now Rere) cross, or "Cross of Kings," image of William, and on the other that of Malcolm; but 800 years have eaten will be seen until Kirkby Stephen, nestwards ancient Penrith and Carlisle is cheer at the Unicorn a special zest not

Its form is of a double quadrangle, The one storied and garreted stone structure, rooms approached by outlandish stairs. entries and landings, and rendered adniches, cupboards, alcoves and blind panels; and the other a huge brewhouse, with dozens of granaries and store-rooms behind. The side opposite the street provided offices and sleeping accommodations for guards, post-boys, whips and all those inn helpers concerned in working the coaches, or dealing with the tired cattle of the many travelers on horseback, merchandise packers and wagoners passing between England and Scotland a century ago.

In this quadrangle are also many open stone sheds, with tiled roofs, stone feedboxes and neat, slanted cobblestone floors, where private vehicles and wagoners could find temporary shelter in great numbers; and in the centre of this quadrangle, set about with stone drinking-troughs, is the most tremendous ancient pump I have found in England, still creakingly serving the scanty of the present degenerate days. The quadrangle behind the inn-yard is

formed by what remains of the ancient stone stables, where scores of pairs of post-horses could have found comfortable quarters and as many more carters' and packers' cattle have good shelter and care. In the hostel proper the huge old kitchen must have guite equaled the famous ancient kitchen of old St. Mary's Hall, Coventry. There are still to be seen a half a dozen coffee and breakfast quaint cupboards and odd old oak paneling, where guests were served in parties and groups, instead of in a common hall. There are tons and tons of lead in the roof-gutters, about the window-frames. and still firmly holding the tiny panes of glass. Little old parlors and sittingancient stucco work are still recogniztime is a tiny tap-room opening into the rear of the inn-yard. It has low oaken settles built station-

place is full of tiny cranes for steaming kettles. In one corner is an oaken bed. enclosed in a closet-like frame, where landlord or barman could not only retire at night completely from sight, but also lock himself in against uproar and dis- a small apartment where they can returbance; and the window to this room is a low, portly bow, in the centre of fashionable young men pr gle hinged pane. Through this the sta- it costs less than to have him come to blemen, hangers-on, the late travelers, their house. who might be honest or otherwise, were served with usquebaugh or a joramonly after they had deposited coin of the realm and the latter had reached the hostel treasury, a great buckskin bag within the dark recesses of the barman's fortified bed.

ary into wall and floor. Its huge fire-

A wonderful old curio is the Unicorn at Bowes, all unknown to the people of was French furniture which had been England themselves. Like the village it used by some person of eminence; and is dead in its shell. Its oaken timbers, as those in Raleigh's old home at Youghal, seem everlasting; but its of that substance, which is not especmoaning belfry, its empty stables, its ially beautiful, with enamelled gold crumbling dove-cotes, its forlorn brewhouse, its empty tap-room, its grassgrown inn-yard, and even its present occupancy by a strange creature, half ploughman and half schoolmaster, who stares listlessly up and down the Great North Road for an occasional victim in the wandering bicyclist, less frequent literary tramp, or yokel from the near fields, all serve to emphasize by contrast the cheer and stirring days that once were here.

As everywhere in England along its grand old highways where stand these crumbling monuments to the mellow coaching days, there remains but mournful silence where there was an army of helpers and horse-keepers; where the bow-legged post-boys in their high chokers, high hats, huge buttons and gorgeous waistcoats, led lives of positive renown; where the tinkle of harness brasses and clatter of hoof were endless; where "Rule Britannia" from shrillkeyed bugles enlivened the constant de parture and arrival of coaches; where the smart cry of "first pair out!" set the inn-yard and stables in high commotion: and where through the livelong day and night, a great roadside inn, like the Unicorn, was the brightest, liveliest, cheer-iest, most harum-scarum and delicious place to be found in all the length and breadth of "Merrie England."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Tying Cravats. The employees of the fashionable hair dressing shops of Paris are called salonniers, and they not only cut hair in the latter style, but sell linen collars, and at the same time tie the knots of the cravats worn by the purchasers of the collars. This operation is, it appears, a very delicate one, for the artist is expected to make the knot in such a way that it will harmonize with the cut of the collar and with the physiognomy of the person wearing it. Certa:n, rich and fashionable young men take delight in making themselves remarked by their eccentricity; their supreme idea of elegance is not to do anything like the common run of mortals. They adopt expressions among themselves, says a writer in the London Epoch, which frequently find their way with the general public; they decide each year the cut of trousers, the shape of the shoe, the form of the hat, the length of the overcoatin short, of the whole of the masculine toilet. Now the way the cravat is tied is a very important matter for a gentle man in evening dress. Swells recognize each other by this mark of good taste.

They know, in looking at a necktie, it its wearer is or is not a good customer of such or such a hair-dressing saloon. Wallpapers with deep borders at Weiler

JUST OUT! HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

THE BIG BOTTLE PAIN-KILLER



Old Popular 25c. Price.

stamp its wearer is regarded as a profane and does not enjoy the familiarity accorded to those who have passed through the hands of a celebrated salonnier. We all know how easily fashions spread and how easily excessive notions are adopted. Young men who would consider that they are compromising themselves in going into a barber shop rooms, low, with deep window-seats, and who nevertheless wish to appear with their cravats tied in the most approved fashion have the salonniers come to their apartments.

Whenever there is a grand fete these artists get into a cab at 6 o'clock in the evening and begin their rounds. In two hours they can tie the cravats of some rooms, with curious windows and most | twenty fashionable young men, and thus earn from \$8 to \$10, each knot being able; but most interesting of all, and paid for at the average price of 50 illustrating the customs of that early cents, or nearly half what the cravat is worth. The employer makes two-thirds of the receipts and the assistant the other third

This facility of earning so much money in a short time prompts the salonniers to work on their own accounts as soon as they obtain the promise of employment from a sufficient number of customers. Then they devote themselves exclusively to tying cravats. They hire ceive their customers, for a great many which, above a tiny stout shelf, is a sin-their cravats tied at the salonnier's, as

> Fancy Prices for Bric-a-Brac. There is always something useless which the rich will buy at fancy prices. A few years ago it was odd china; Lord Dudley, for example, giving thousands of pounds for a china ship, which a housemaid might break: recently it to-day it seems to be rock crystal and other inferior precious stones. A vase mounting, was sold at the Spitzer sale in Paris for £2,940, and a jasper cup, with similar mounting, for £1.892. A "smoky" rock crystal ewer went for £630, and a rock crytal goblet for

> Things in rock crystal have the merit of durability; but the material limits rather than develops the artist's skill. The constant deposit of millionaires in society tends, of course, to increase the demand for all things that cannot be reproduced; but one wonders how great the reduction in price would be if any general misfortune fell on Europe-a great war, for instance, or a great upheaval from below. We claimed durability, by the way, for the translucent stones, but it was a hasty claim. Ninetenths of the work in them, which must have accumulated in the old civilizations, have irretrievably perished; and, indeed, the learned have never ascertained the fate of the Roman emeralds and rubies. -The Spectator.

> > NANAIMO'S STREETS.

The Question of a New Survey-Murderer Kennedy's Character.

Nanaimo, June 30.-A public meeting was held in the city hall last evening for the purpose of discussing the advisability of the re-survey of the city. The meeting was poorly attended. Mayor Haslam explained why it was necessary that the by-law should pass, which appeared to satisfy the majority present. The ladies aid of the Wallace street Methodist church will give a Japanese garden party in the grounds on July 4th. The Japanese consul, Mr. Kito, has promised his co-operation, and it is intimated he will give an interesting address on Japanese customs.

The accounts of the Reed Island murder as brought down by the passengers of the Comox yesterday are the same as stated in the previous day's dispatch. Kennedy, the murderer, is a hardened villain, and was repeatedly heard to brag that he had killed four men on the other side. O'Connor was shot through the lung, the bullet making its exit from the

The boat race in the harbor last night for amateurs was well attended. There were eight entries and the race was rowed in two heats. W. Bell won the first and W. Martin the second. The final will be rowed to-night.

Razors and shaving materials of best Sheffield make at Fox's, 78 Govern-ment street. Satisfaction guaran-

Some new shades in plain ingrain

TERRIFIC

A LONDON PERFORI FIVE

The Latest Thrill Blood of Old Lond Flaring, Bewilderi "Header" is Done. London's latest th

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ratively shallow he floor of the bu in the New York Su for an astounding o and skill, and is fa than any of the which have been so of late years. The Burns, who has accordingly as a diver an expert swimmer than thirty-two career. He is a me 26 years frequently dived ndred feet high dive at the aquarit affair. He stands suspended among t and sees below him deep river, a mass ing lights, a sea of in the wooden floor seems from that hei the tank which he The tank is eighte feet wide and seven actually dives, take not drop feet forem ner of the bridge velous precision rec tank is easily appre fate that would

miss his mark. Burns is hoisted by means of a rope tators can barely that distance of They see him pee edge, then they see he crouches down, the platform head plunging down w arms, and hands m in regular "hea when little more th feet fall over his h he turns almost co fore the murmur horror that is t ment to the dive strikes the water v back with a prodig just under the s seeming barely to face upward. H hard after the tree goes off immediate tion of fancy swim of the building. the superb pluck element of danger together with the a horrible catastro

behold this latest

Queer Place There can be no is able to obtain slumber on the flo stock exchange day capable of telling He is a well-to-do for the purposes Verity. This is w the other day: gan to be trouble first the attacks w the end of three possible to obtain consulted my phy to help me for a f dies soon failed to awhile the nights torturing wakefu to attend to my feel that my nerv way. One day stock exchange I sheer exhaustion ly went to sleep. o'clock, and I slept My fellow-broker a good joke on me a similar experien have found no di to sleep instantly noise of the stock Times.

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