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Jubilee Cablegram.

London, June 21.—Arrived safely.

Was fortunate enough to secure a vacant seat on lamp-post; price, \$500. Have drawn on you for amount; please honor draft. London full; so are the people. Went to State ball, Buckingham Palace. Danced two-step with the Queen. She expressed great interest in B. C., and asked about "Orphan Boy." He was thought of offering odium Knighthood; always liked to honor literature; had read his articles in the Vancouver "World." Later on I was introduced to the Prince of Wales. He was greatly excited when he heard I was a Canadian; said he was always like that whenever he met a Canadian, even since he walked across Niagara Falls on a tight-rope, with poor old Blondin on his back. Told me he thought Canada was the greatest country in the world, and Vancouver the greatest place in Canada. Asked me whereabouts it was, and said he hoped to take a run out there in a few years' time, and lay the foundation stone of the proposed smelter.

After the ball had supper with the Royal Priests; great time; I read their extracts from the Vancouver Board of Trade reports; all said they had never been so much amused by their lives. Was seen home by my lamp-post by a Russian Archduke and Maori chief.

London, June 22.—4 a. m.—Have had telephone fixed between my lamp-post and telegraph office; can now send you messages through the same. Regret to say that I was cleaned out last night; rather suspect the Maori chief; please cable remittance; must keep my end up with the priests.

10 a. m.—Find sitting on lamp-post period on the cross-bar of a lamp-post rather trying. Can't make it out; no crowd yet; tremendous shouting in the distance, however.

12 noon.—Shouting getting louder, but crowd seems to have got lost; very few people about here. Think that \$500 was an overcharge. Here comes one of the Majesty's officers, evidently looking for me.

6 p. m.—Sorry I couldn't continue messages before. Queen's officer said I was wanted; asked if Her Majesty had sent him; he said yes; asked him what palace were you to; he told me Bow Street, where she holds a daily court. So many palaces are confusing. Had hard work to get through the crowds; but the officer kindly helped me by the coat collar. Arrived at the court and was conducted into the presence of a gentleman sitting on a raised seat. Reminded me of Mr. J. R. Russell, of Vancouver. Officer saluted him, and explained that he had found me sitting on a lamp-post, and thought he had better bring me along. Gentleman smiled, and asked me what I was doing there. Told him I was not there to bandy words with him, and demanded to be led at once to the presence of the Queen. Told me the Queen was rather busy with Jubilee festivities, but that she would see her later; begged me to explain what I was doing on the lamp-post. Told him I had paid \$500 for it, to see the procession from. Gentleman said the procession didn't pass along that street, and was afraid I had been deceived. Thought it better that I should stay with him until he could get some one to come and take charge of me. I said I was growing capable of looking after myself; also that I was a Canadian. On hearing this he offered profuse apologies; severely censured officer for stupidity; told him he ought to have known I was a Canadian as soon as he saw me. I am now looking for the man who sold me the lamp-post. Will cable again later.

Why have the Spaniards, a small opinion of the Americans because they are threatening to go to war with Spain, and the next day are crying out for "Protection."

All about the Steam Engine.

[This article was written for the Jubilee "Sun" by the office boy's father, a gentleman of remarkable scientific attainments.—"Ed."]

A steam engine is a thing which goes by steam, the steam is placed in at one end and the wheels at the other. It is a very beautiful invention, and much controversy exists as to its origin. Some say that the Great God would have invented it but he died. A great many others also died before saying anything about it, or they would no doubt have invented it. There are two different sorts of steam engines, those that go by steam and those that don't; those that don't are called stationary engines.

Nobody really understands the steam engine, but a few pretend they do and are called engineers.

A fellow called Watts is usually given credit for the invention, but it is generally admitted that he got his ideas from T. Kettle, who privately explained the whole business to Watts one day in his kitchen, never thinking that his confidence would be so grossly abused.

There are at least many books written on the steam engine and they are quite easy to understand, but some clever people don't care to understand them because they are so simple. Those that undertake the study will find it very interesting, and many I have known to be quite carried away with it—sometimes through the roof.

I myself know all about every sort of steam engine that was ever invented, but of course there is not room here to tell all I know.

Once I invented a steam engine to do all the household duties in my home. It was undoubtedly the greatest invention of modern days. I called it the "Penates." At seven o'clock in the morning I could press an electric button at the head of my bed and this would light the fire in the engine. About 15 minutes later "Penates" could be heard going round the house lighting the fires, straightening and dusting the furniture, and making himself generally useful. After that he would lay the breakfast table, and was found rather hard work to get "Penates" to do it properly at first, and my wife says we lost 29 breakfast sets before the plan was hit on of getting cast iron ones to experiment with. This proved a little disastrous as we lost our first born who foolishly got his head between a plate and the table while "Penates" was practising, and my wife threatened to return to her mother. Happily we had six more olive branches to fall back on and the wife came round. She never liked poor "Penates" afterwards, although I am sure the poor fellow did his best to please.

It was a pretty sight to see him running round the table at dinner serving the vegetables and it was really not his fault when on one occasion the cat got in the way and he ran over her. The children gave her a very creditable funeral, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but their mother made what I could not hold considering rather unkind remarks about "Penates."

I confess he had one fault, but it was due to his construction, and certainly not to wilful intention. It happened when we had a guest to dinner, and "Penates" refused to hand him any vegetables; he had got in the habit of attending to a certain number and there he drew the line, and no coaxing would induce him to take a turn at the lawn mower. He was carried away one day with an uncanny feeling when in every store he enters he finds each inhabitant asleep, and is compelled to shake

The end came rather suddenly. After considerable rain I had got him, and he open the front door to visitors, and the way he would dash along the passage, throw open the door, and blow out a cloud of steam, was as pretty a sight as you could wish to see. I was always kind to "Penates," and I think he liked me, and I sometimes think that the final trouble arose from his over anxiety to do me a kindness. One afternoon my mother-in-law paid us a visit and raised the bell usual. "Penates" started off at a run, but whether he was suffering from some internal derangement or whether the whole thing was premeditated I have never quite made up my mind, however he went clean through the front door, carrying it off its hinges, threw my mother-in-law into a cucumber frame, and then dashed out into the road and piled up a street car, containing a Sunday-school picnic, on to the sidewalk. "Penates" was taken away by the police and I haven't seen his since. I don't quite know what his final escape cost me, but I have given up smoking cigars and we have moved into a smaller house. The subject is never discussed between my wife and myself.

Extract from a Guide Book to B. C.

[Specially compiled for Jubilee Fair.]

Vancouver.—The City is situated on Burrard Inlet, and is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being the only port worth mentioning on the Pacific Coast. The first things that strike the visitor are, the handsome and substantial Railway Depot Building, the splendid wharf accommodation, the excellent condition of the streets, especially those approaching the Park, and the architecturally finished City Hall. The population of Vancouver is estimated at somewhere under half a million, most of whom are Chinese. The affairs of the City are in the hands of a City Council who meet once a week and discuss the most advisable means of a smelter and taking prompt measures to suppress the "Jubilee Sun." Another useful institution is the Board of Trade. It may be said that the present proud commercial position that this City occupies is due almost entirely to their efforts.

The chief industries of the City are mining, broking and real estate.

Victoria.—This settlement is situated on a somewhat obscure portion of Vancouver Island. Little is known of it, although boats from Vancouver and one or two other ports occasionally call there. The natives are said to be of a proud and haughty bearing to strangers, but one or two adventurous spirits who have dwelt among them for a short period, speak well of their hospitality when they get better acquainted. They appear to possess simple primitive notions, and in places there are more than the arrival of Her Majesty's men-of-war. The men, it is said, keep somewhat aloof, but the women seem greatly attracted by the gallant bearing and striking uniform of the officers. Altogether the traveller who does not mind roughing it will be well paid by a visit to this interesting people. Where they originally came from is unknown, and it is to be deeply regretted that the statistics show that this unique race is rapidly dying out.

New Westminster.—This picturesque, old-fashioned little City presents a curious appearance to the visitor. On entering the City he is once struck by the deserted appearance of the streets, and the grass growing on the sidewalks, and between the tramway lines. The general sleepy air of the place is carried away one day with an uncanny feeling when in every store he enters he finds each inhabitant asleep, and is compelled to shake