

LETTING LODGINGS.

How Many Lone Widows Support Them-  
selves in Large Cities.

"Gentlemen only!" said the lone widow to a New York Tribune reporter. "No, I wish I might put out such a sign as that, but I can't afford to be so particular. You think women are as good as men? So they may be, but all the same, they are an awful lot more solvent. Men ain't angels—far from it—but then most of them have the grace to take themselves off to their business early in the morning, and I don't see so much of 'em till night, and then when they are in the house they stay in their rooms and behave themselves, while the women are continually running in and out of my kitchen, carrying pitchers of hot water and slopping up my stairs as they go along. You see most of 'em are bound to wash their backs in spite of all I can say against it, and in the worst of it, they will bring 'em down to the kitchen to iron 'em, and that is awful worrying to the cook, knowing, as she does, that precious few of 'em will ever give her so much as you might wrap round your finger."

"And then they will cook besides on my stove—I wouldn't allow that—on oil stoves in their rooms, blackening the ceiling till it makes me sick to look at it and sometimes keeping the house smelling so strong of fried meat that my best lodgers threaten to leave me. Now gentlemen, whatever faults they may have, don't do their own washing, and they get their meals in restaurants, and they ain't always coming to me with complaints of the negligence or the 'sassy' of the housemaid. How is she to sweep a room properly, I'd like to know, when there's a string stretched across it, hung with damp clothes? I don't so much mind that string, though, as I do the way some of them has of plastering their wet handkerchiefs against the wall to save the trouble of ironing 'em, letting the water trickle down for the dust to settle in, and ruin the looks of the walls that may have been newly-painted. No, it ain't only the real poor ones that does this. I have in my house now a public school-teacher getting her thousand-dollar salary, and a draper earning twenty-five dollars a week, and a milliner whose bonnets I can't afford even to look at, they are so high-priced; and all three of them women, though they go out every Sunday in their tailor-made suits, keep their oil-stoves, and do some of their own washing."

"Do the men never annoy me? Of course they do. Did you ever see a man that wouldn't throw burnt matches on the front steps when he was going out in the morning? That ain't so bad, though, as dropping lighted cigars on my staircase when they come in late at night not quite themselves, and then trying to get into the wrong rooms. Requite references? Yes, that is a form I have to go through with, though often they don't amount to a row of pins. I go a little by folks' faces but mostly by the way they talk. When a woman is too sweet to be wholesome, I tell her that I don't think any of my rooms will suit her, and when a man comes behaving around me I say the same thing to him."

"Prefer single gentlemen? That I do. I always have my misgivings when a married couple comes in, for even if there are no children they sometimes make it unpleasant for the other lodgers. "As for children, I can make allowances for them, having had five of my own, but then I can't expect the same of my lodgers. There was a baby here last year, in my first floor front, and that child, after keeping quiet all day long, would begin to yell in the evening just as soon as the old bachelor in my first floor back would come into his room, and keep him up so long that I wasn't a bit surprised when I found that I'd have to give up either the bachelor or the baby—of course the baby was the one I let go. Children after they are big enough to walk and talk ain't so much complained of, but they have an awful habit of dropping pieces of pie on the stairs for folks to step on."

"Men better pay that women? No; when it comes to that, I have less trouble with women. A woman will sometimes stand here and jaw me down to the lowest price I could possibly let a room go at, but after that I can make allowances for what she promises; while time and again I've had to threaten young fellows to go to their employers for my room-rent. I don't know as it would do my good, but it gives them a scare, as they naturally like to stand well with their word."

"There is a lot of money in renting out your rooms if you own the house you live in, but if you have house-rent to pay, it is only a hand-to-mouth living that you get out of it. My hall rooms pay me easy enough at any time of the year, but sometimes the large ones hang over me, and I get so discouraged that, if it wasn't for my children, I'd give up the house and go at some other kind of business."

**Large and Respectable.**  
There is a large cottage of good stories about Hon. Hannibal Hamlin up in his earlier days, at a certain caucus in Hampden, the only attendants were himself and a citizen of very large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters. "Hold on," cried the other man; "we can't pass that, for it ain't true! It ain't a large and respectable caucus. There's only two of us." "You keep still, brother," commanded the wily Hannibal; "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable."

**The Bustle Are the Happiest.**  
The secret of success in life is to keep busy; to be persevering, patient and unforgiving. The busy ones now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk than to be idle and inactive. Keep doing, whether it be at work or seeking recreation. Motion is life, and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The fire only shines when on the wing; so is it with the mind; when once we rest we darken."

# E. M. JOHNSON,

ESTABLISHED 1879.

## REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER AND NOTARY PUBLIC

OFFICE: No. 37 GOVERNMENT STREET.

HOUSE-LETTING A SPECIALTY.

PROPERTY AND ESTATE VALUATIONS MADE.

**MONEY** to lend on Freehold Security at Current Rates  
**RENTS AND INTEREST** punctually collected and accounted for.  
**CONVEYANCES**, Leases, Mortgages prepared and transactions of every nature in connection with Real Estate expeditiously carried out.  
**PROPERTY SALES** effected strictly on Commission.

**FOR SALE**, Mansion and Ornamental Grounds, with sea view and frontage to the Straits. Ample stabling and all modern conveniences. This is one of the handsomest and most beautifully situated houses in Victoria. PRICE, \$30,000.

**FOR SALE**, 60 acres, more or less, of Suburban Land, within 15 minutes drive by Electric Car, from Government Street. PRICE, \$625 PER ACRE. This estate offers good opportunity for subdivision into lots. Acreage in the vicinity is selling at from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per acre. Lots of average size, 60x120 each, selling from \$400 upwards. One of the few bargains left.

**FOR SALE**, Suburban Sea-side Estate, about 35 acres, with house, garden, orchard, stabling and all conveniences for a gentleman's residence, within easy distance of town, say 20 minutes' drive from the Post Office. Rapidly increasing neighborhood. Land near has sold lately for \$2,000 per acre. PRICE, \$35,000.

**FOR SALE**, Block on Government Street, in the vicinity of New Hotel. This property will increase from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. in value within the next two years. Good buildings on the property which may be made to return a fair present interest on outlay. Contemplated improvements to James Bay will also raise values in this vicinity. PRICE, \$45,000.

**FOR SALE**, Corner lot on Government Street. First class Business property. A building on this property would pay handsomely. PRICE, \$50,000.

**FOR SALE**, Business Building Lot on Government Street, near Bank of British Columbia. Lot at present for \$200 per annum. Frontage, 22 1/2 feet. Land in the vicinity held at \$1,000 per foot. PRICE, \$15,500.

## FOR SALE.

8-Room House and Lots, Spring Ridge.....	\$ 2,500
Double Frontage, Superior and Michigan Streets, James Bay, 30 feet on both streets, by more than town lot depth. Superior Building sites.....	1,500
7-Room House, new. Bath, hot and cold water, inside closets and modern improvement. Lot 50x120, James Bay.....	3,600
Corner Lot, Menzies and Niagara Streets.....	1,100
Esquimalt Road, desirable acre.....	3,500
Cheap Lot, Cloverdale Estate.....	850
Lot, Niagara and cross Street.....	900
Lot, Niagara Street.....	800
2 Lots, South Turner Street.....	each 800
Building Lot, Kingston Street.....	1,150
13 Building Lots, on bloc, James Bay.....	10,400
2 Lots, Johnson Street, commanding position.....	2,100
6-Room House, bath, pantry, etc., etc., Victoria West.....	5,000
6 Acres, with water frontage to the Gorge. Beautiful site for a handsome residence.....	12,000
2 Lots, 60x240, double frontage, near the Mills and Factories.....	2,500
Corner Lot and a half, Quadra and Fisgard. Valuable cottage site.....	4,200
Acre Lot, Oak Bay Avenue and Richmond Road. Cheap. Will cut into 7 lots.....	2,000

**Farm Lands in Lake, Saanich and Suburban Victoria Districts.**  
**Frontage on Cowichan Lake.** Lands on Denman Island.  
**Frontage on Burrard Inlet** suitable for Mills and Wharves. And  
**Acres on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, etc., etc.**

For Further Particulars, Prices, Etc.,

— APPLY AT —

37 GOVERNMENT STREET CORNER OF BROUGHTON.

HYSTERICAL INVENTIONS.

A Wonderful Sweeping Machine and an Automatic Rocking Chair.

A genius with a profound thought-mill has taken up the subject of dusting and sweeping by means of suction draughts. He has a perambulating machine which, by means of fans and hydraulic pressure, gets a draught through a spiral hose with a nozzle shaped at its terminus like the trouble end of a trombone. He starts up a grand racket on the carpet till the dust flies, then turns on this blizzard machine and a condensed cyclone is immediately precipitated. He moves his hose end round like the mouth of a Jersey hog, and wherever the cloud of dust arises the suction of his mechanism draws it and it immediately goes "up the spout," so to speak. The idea is all right; the only difficulty which stands in the way is the possibility of its getting too big a draught on and shooting in stray leaves from the family text-book, odd socks or sister's bangs.

This idea, which is chronicled as an invention in the Patent Office at Washington, is on a par with the rocking chair which came out eight months ago, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The inventor arranged under the rockers a pair of bellows attached to a series of pipes running up the chair back to about where your neck would rest. As you rocked the chair the bellows worked and you were given hysterical breezes. It worked all right for the man who could stand shower baths, but if not, one furniture dealer I know of three good customers by neuralgia, pneumonia and croup. In another case the customer tried it and had to run a block to catch his wig. It's a good idea, though, but, like all these things, you have to get some one to think so. As for myself, I think the sweeping machine would be better employed shooting robbins into a cellar, and the man with the bellows-rocker would make a fortune if he worked it up around the eaves of a roof and blew the snow into the next county instead of down the back of the neighbor who always gets under the roof at the wrong time.

EXPELLING A FROG.

How a French Duchess Was Cured of a Painful Hysterical Condition.

The Duchess of Trinité-Estilles, one of the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, says Racket, had got possessed of the idea that she had swallowed a frog. She felt this frog—she declared she had—and its presence robbed her of her peace of mind, sleep and even of health. The Parisian physicians had the rudeness to deny the existence of this animal, ignorant, as they were, but the poor lady suffered martyrdom. A fortunate chance made her acquainted with Dr. Cabarus, a brother-in-law of Dr. Lesseps, and to him she told her tale of woe. He felt with a seriousness worthy of Hippocrates himself, the pulse of the fair patient, inquired after various symptoms, and when the charming aristocrat had exhausted all her store of arguments to prove her persecution, the youthful doctor said, after a well-weighed pause: "Madame, the frog is there, but I will remove it." He then prescribed an innocent emetic, and went to the nearest flower-shop, where he bought a small, green frog. Armed with this confederate, he presented himself once more before the Duchess, and placed a basin of water in readiness. The emetic began to take effect, the Duchess' eyes filled with tears, and the doctor took advantage of the opportunity to slip the green frog into the basin. On seeing the frog, a loud wailing cry issued from the Duchess' heart. "The next instant, she turned pale, and, as Dr. Cabarus supported her tottering frame, she cried, in a despairing tone: "Oh, doctor, I am not cured, for the frog has left a little one behind." "Stop!" cried Cabarus, without allowing a trace of embarrassment to be seen in his manner; "that we shall soon see." He then threw a searching glance upon the frog, which he had by this time taken in his hand, and uttered, with a certainty that settled the whole question, these words: "Madame, that is an impossibility, for the frog is a male."

THAT SPOILED IT.

How a Clergyman, Instead of Curing an Evil, Augmented It.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall, says London Pictorial, had been much annoyed by a way his congregation had got into of looking round to take stock of late comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose, henceforth, to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the services will then be allowed to proceed without interruption."

He then began: "Dearly Beloved," but paused half-way to interpolate: "Farmer Stubbins with his wife and daughter. Farmer Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the minister with perfect gravity resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused: "Sam Curtis and William Diggles." The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the person interrupting himself every now and then to name some new comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. Symonds, of the Red Lion, in a new bonnet."

In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round to look at the new bonnet.

The Term "Pin-Money."

The term "pin money" thus originated: "Long after the invention of pins in the fourteenth century, the maker was allowed to sell them in open shop only on the first and second of January. It was then that the court ladies and city dames flocked to the depots to buy them, having been first provided with pin-money by their husbands. When the ladies became cheap and common the ladies spent their allowances on other fancies, but the term pin-money remained in vogue."

HOUSE  
Yates Sts.

ING CLEARED.

ine of

KMAS-GIFTS.

USE,

ANAGER.

IA

en.

INDS OF BOTTLES  
IV YEARLY.

CO.

C.

a full line o.

ements, Etc.

Phatham Wagon

MILL

ECIALTY.

E BEEF

ily Digestible Form

ING FOOD.

For All

Desire to IMPROVE

Physical Condition

URE

ITS!

do not mean merely to

LIBRARY OF

WAFERS.

LINCAHE'S

CHEMICAL

LABORATORY

L. WAFERS.

lish Prescription.

will cure when

One box,

80c by mail.

HEMICAL CO.,

and sent anywhere by