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Special Correspondence of THE COLONIST.]

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Killing a Wild Man in an African Forest—Behind The Rock.

[Copyright, 1892 by Charles B. Lewis.]

In the spring of the yea 1868, said a professional lion hunter with whom I was chatting not long since, I was at Quilimane, on the coast of Africa, acting as Agent for the great animal house at Hamburg. A letter from my employer recorded the fact that an epidemic had broken out among captive lions all over the world. It was a sort of distemper, and no one knew how to treat it. It began in the zoological gardens at Bombay, and within thirty days had extended to America. I want you to take special notice of this fact. Nothing of the sort had ever occurred before or has occurred since. Male lions were attacked first in every instance.

The first symptoms were coughing and sneezing, followed by loss of appetite and blindness. The legs swelled, something like lockjaw set in, and within a week after being attacked the beast was dead. A few escaped attack, as is the case in every epidemic, but so many succumbed that the price of lions jumped to the highest figure ever known. Bombay, Calcutta, Paris, Berlin and other European cities lost nearly every lion in their gardens, and hardly a circus in any country had an animal of this species on exhibition. The disease was confined to lions alone, and it spread almost as fast as the flight of a bullet.

Well, as you have inferred, along with the letter was an order for me to rush the lion market as fast as possible. I was alone in Quilimane, and had been shipping about one lion per month. The beasts were trapped by the natives up country, and as I was the only buyer in the market I made my own prices. For a full grown male lion, not too old, I paid the sum of twenty-five dollars in cash, for a lioness eighteen dollars, and for a half grown male or female thirteen dollars. If these figures seem ridiculous you must remember that a native African can be hired by the month as a hunter or porter for about two dollars. Every capture made was in pits, and I furnished a cart and cage for transportation.

As soon as I received the order I put together five or six more carts, which were stowed in the warehouse, built a cage for each and then started up the country with forty native hunters. Quilimane is situated at the north mouth of the Zambesi river, and it was on the north branch, which comes down from Lake Nyassa, and about eighty miles west of the port that we got into the lion country. We were then in the territory of a chief named Weola, who agreed to supply us with provisions for eighteen cents' worth of powder a day. That was a pretty fair figure for forty-two men, but the interior of Africa is a cheap place to live in. We no sooner reached the hunting grounds than Weola's men told us a queer story.

They had not sent down any captives for a long time, and the reason of it was that a strange and unknown animal had interfered with them. They had captured two lions in pits, but this unknown beast had killed them both before they could be caged. The natives differed in their descriptions. Some had seen a tremendously tall man walking about with a great club in his grasp, while others had seen an object resembling a gorilla. The latter beast was not an inhabitant of that district, but one had been seen now and then in the dense thickets of the valleys. In both instances the lions had been killed with sharp pointed sticks and in the fresh earth around the pits were tracks resembling those of a native. In addition to the loss of the two captured lions, a third one had been found dead, with every evidence of having been clubbed to death, while two or three hunters were mysteriously missing.

The African is easily excited and full of superstition, and I swallowed the story with many grains of allowance. The only method by which a lion can be captured without injury to himself is to bait a pit. In forest and thicket all the larger game move about by beaten paths. In the open they are free to take any course. A frightened elephant will leave the path and go rushing through the thorn thickets, but a lion under the same circumstances will stick to the path.

In the course of a week we had looked the ground over and dug ten different pits. These were all on paths leading to water. They were dug to measure, being six feet long, three wide and twelve deep. If the ground was soft we dug two or three feet deeper. When the natives were through with a pit the sharpest sighted animal could not tell that the ground had been disturbed. The hardest work was watching these pits. The same paths were used by lions, wolves, hyenas, deer and an occasional rhinoceros or buffalo. Men were detailed to watch during the day and frighten back these animals. The lion seldom moves about by day, and our object was to keep the pits clear for him up to sundown.

We had killed a kid just at sundown and placed its body on the covering of the pit. The men remaided near by until they heard a lion roar about half a mile away, and it was doubtless that fellow who got into trouble. The pit was only half a mile from our camp, and half an hour after the men came in we knew by the roars of the lion that he was a captive. We could do nothing at night, but all turned in happy over the knowledge that we had made a capture. At midnight I was aroused by my head man entering the tent and exclaiming:

"Listen, master! Don't you hear the lion uttering cries of rage and pain? That strange monster is probably trying to kill him!"

It was true that the captive beast was very noisy, but after listening awhile I concluded that the presence of his mate was exciting the lion. Two of the men were ordered to go forward and fire their muskets to create a scare, and after this had been done all was quiet. When daylight came and we went to the pit we made a discovery which was far from pleasant. We had captured a magnificent male lion, but he was dead. The tracks of the strange monster were to be seen all around the pit, and lying on the ground were two of his weapons. These were poles about as large as a man's wrist and eighteen or twenty feet long. The ends had been sharpened and then hardened by fire, and the creature had stood above the pit and prodded the lion until he killed him.

When we lifted the body out we found more than a score of wounds. A gorilla can handle a club, but I was satisfied that no one but a man could make use of such a pole. Indeed, the fact of the poles being hardened by fire was proof sufficient that a man was engaged in the work. He must be a native, of course, and he must also be a wild man.

After holding a council with three or four of my best men we started out in parties of ten to hunt down the wild man. Each of my men had a cheap English musket and knew how to use it, and the order was to fire upon the man at sight. To brace up the courage of the natives I offered a reward of ten dollars in cash to whoever should fire the lucky shot. The four parties of us took different directions. The one I headed went to the north, where there was a long stretch of almost impenetrable ticket, with various paths traversing it in different directions. One of these paths had been followed by the lion which fell into the pit. Proceeding in single file and moving as quietly as possible, we advanced about four miles and then came to an open forest. Here the path ended. The underbrush had all been burned out the year before, and one could see a long way in every direction.

The natives were for keeping on, but I argued that the wild man must know of our camp and would therefore be found nearer it. We had turned back and the last man had just fallen into line, when I heard a shot and a cry of alarm. The three natives next behind me dodged under my arm and made off down the path, while the others were so upset that it took me three or four minutes to ascertain what had happened. The wild man had been concealed behind a big tree near the path. He leaped out and struck the last man a blow with a club, which killed him on the spot, and he was swinging his weapon to hit the second when the third fired at him. The wild man was not twenty feet away, but he was not hit, and in a second or two he was out of sight. Three men had seen him, and all agreed that he was a native, but the biggest man they had ever seen. He was perfectly naked and armed only with a club.

We picked the dead man up and bore him to camp, and as the other parties came on and heard the story their courage took flight. They would help me capture lions, but they wanted no more of man hunting. If I wanted to pursue the hunt alone they would stand by the camp; but the opinion was unanimous that we had best go thirty or forty miles farther up the country. I firmly declined to move.

We were in a good neighborhood, had our preparations complete, and I didn't propose to be run out by any sort of a man. I didn't believe this wild man was such a terrible fellow. Natives always exaggerate 50 per cent. even about the most ordinary things. He had killed a man, but at the same time the report of a musket had frightened him away.

When I let it be known that I was going out in the afternoon to look for the Terror the whole crowd indulged in lamentations and predictions of disaster. There was a single exception. He was a young man of twenty and the bravest of the lot. It was his shot which had frightened the wild man away.

"I see very clearly, master," he said to me, "that if we do not kill this thing he will kill all our lions and many of us. If we move away he will probably follow. It is our business to kill him at once. I am only a young man, but I will go with you and do my best."

I accepted his offer and presented him with a musket and a pound of powder, but the others still refused to go. We left camp about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, heading to the east. Just beyond where we captured the lion three paths crossed each other. We took one running to the northeast, which traversed more open ground than the others. The habits of wild animals were familiar to me, but I had never hunted a wild man before.

I couldn't tell whether he would be perched up in a tree or hidden away in a thicket. If he prowled by night he ought to sleep by day, yet we had met him at 10 o'clock that morning. On this path we had three pits about a mile apart. As I did not know their location the young man took the lead. In case we met the wild man face to face he was to fire and then drop to the earth and give me a show. About three miles from camp, and as the path ascended a ridge, my companion suddenly halted and pointed at a broad tree on the left and whispered:

"Master do you see that his house is there among the branches?"

I could make out a platform of sticks and branches, and now took the advance. My weapons were a rifle and a revolver. We crept cautiously forward until right under the platform, and after a few seconds both of us made out a black foot and leg hanging down between the poles. The wild man was at home, but the next thing was how to deal with him. I had more fear of his getting away than I had of his hurting us. I finally posted myself to the west, believing he would make for a thicket in that direction as soon as disturbed, and at a signal the young man fired at the nest. The report of his gun was followed by a most unearthly yell, and it was yet ringing in my ears when I saw a dark object dropping off the platform to the earth. It was the wild man. The young man stood where he had fired, and before he could realize what was happening the monster was upon him. He was picked up and flung almost at my feet, and as he landed he called to me:

"I am not much hurt, master! Be sure that you kill him, for he is a terribly strong fellow!"

The man didn't seek safety in flight. On the contrary, he picked up a limb, broke off a part of it for a club and slowly advanced upon us, his eyes flashing, his teeth gritting and his face expressing intense fury. I had my rifle to my face, and I let him come within ten feet before I fired. He was shot between the eyes, and he fell back so dead that he never moved a finger. When we came to examine him we got frightened. His height was exactly seven feet by the tapeline, and he seemed to be all muscle.

I haven't the least doubt that a slap from his big right hand would have killed any of us stone dead. He had tremendous shoulders, with muscles bunched up in a wonderful way, while his fingers were long and the nails on them almost like claws. Hundreds of natives came to look at the body, but none could remember of having seen the man before. Freed from his interference with our enterprise, we had no more trouble and during the next sixty days we caught and dispatched to the coast eleven as handsome lions as ever roared in indignation at being caged up for the public to gaze upon.

BEHIND THE ROCK.

Here on the mountain side, with the rough wagon trail passing the door and winding upward among the trees, rocks in an undecided way, as if fearful of losing itself in the solitude, is a mountaineer's rude cabin. An old blanket answers for a door. There is neither sash nor glass in the places cut for windows.

On a log at the door are a woman and a boy—mother and son. She is tall and gaunt; she is wrinkled and gray. The boy is not over twelve years of age. She is smoking her pipe while both gaze into the woods opposite and are silent. It has been so for an hour.

"It's time, Tom!" said the woman at last, as she knocked the ashes from her pipe and rose up.

It is 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a July day. The boy follows her into the house without a word. There is a bundle lying on the earthen floor and a gun standing in the corner. She lifts up the bundle and he shoulders the gun. The bundle contains a couple of hoecakes and some meat; the gun has been loaded with buckshot.

The woman passed out and the boy followed. They did not walk side by side as they descended the trail, but she led and he followed. They did not look to the right or left, but straight ahead. There was no haste, no loitering. Squirrels barked at them from the treetops, but neither looked up. A fox crossed the trail only a few feet ahead of them with a rush, but they made no comment.

"It was right yere, Tom!"

They had decended the trail about a mile and halted where the east and west trail crossed. It was a lonely spot, with only rocks and trees for surroundings.

"It was right yere!" she whispered, as she extended her long right arm, at the Crossin. I'm growin ye up to ambush Abe the same way."

The summer sun was drawing near the noonday mark when a merry whistle echoed from the eastern trail and the mother raised her hand in warning. The boy shoved the barrel of the gun over the rock for a rest. He did not turn pale; he did not breathe faster.

"It's Abe!" whispered the mother behind him, as the footsteps of a horse were heard on the trail.

The man was in a merry mood. His whistle ceased and he began singing. Six years ago that very day he had been hiding behind that rock, with hate and murder in his heart. As he pulled trigger a man pitched off his mule and gasped two or three times and was dead. He had stood and looked down at him without sorrow or pity, and had gone away to regret his bloody deed. Did no warning come to him now? Was he singing to break the terrible solitude of the spot until he had passed by?

"Now Tom—!"

There was a flash, a report, a shout, and the echo of the horse's footsteps grew fainter and fainter and finally died away altogether down the trail.

"Come, Tom!"

They moved out together from behind the rock and stood looking at the corpse on the trail. The distance had not been over twenty feet, and the heavy charges of buckshot, striking the man in the side, had almost cut his body in two. He was dead before he left the saddle.

"Him's wiped—come on!"

So said the woman after a couple of minutes; and she started up the trail with the boy following as they had come down. Never a word between them as they walked homeward—never a glance behind to see if he followed. As they came to the log at the door of the cabin they sat down and the woman filled her pipe and began smoking. The boy laid the gun across the log, clasped his hands over his knee and looked into the woods. The woman said:

"We's dun got even now!"

"Yes, dun got even," he answered.

M. QUAD.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH, GORGE ROAD.

ARTISTIC DRESS.

Views of Annie Jenness-Miller Expressed From the Platform.

In a recent lecture in San Francisco upon clothing that is not only artistic but healthful, Mrs. Miller began by saying that her aim was to teach women not only how to take care of themselves, but how to make the best of themselves. All women, she declared, wished to look well, and sensible women wish to know how to correct their defects and to appear at their best. "In ordinary and fashionable dress," she asserted, "a beautiful woman is at her worst and an ugly woman a thousand times uglier."

She said she would show the correct style of dress—the dress all women should wear; why it should be worn, and the faults of the present style. All women wished and should wish to look well.

The much-vexed question of the corset was brought up for discussion, and the lecturer stated that, though the corset was bad, the bands on women's dresses were worse. Bands worn without corsets cut into the flesh and press upon the vital organs. As a substitute for corsets she proposed the waists she named, though she said she herself did not wear them, because her muscles were trained to do their work without support; but women who were accustomed to corsets she advised not to throw them aside immediately. First, because they are accustomed to the extra warmth; second, because, their muscles being weak, their figures would not present that neat appearance to which they had become habituated. By substituting the waist she thinks they are less liable to return to the corset than if they wore nothing of the sort.

"I do not believe in suspending the clothing from the shoulders, as has been asserted. I believe in equal distribution of both weight and warmth, every member and part of the body supporting its proper share."

One of her strongest objections to the corset is that it destroys the symmetry of the figure, and it prevents freedom and grace. Mrs. Miller illustrated the grace and ease in sitting down in her present costume and the stiffness and awkwardness of the same when corsets are worn.

The next subject taken up was underwear. The garment next the skin should fit perfectly. There should be no waste material as in the old style. The lecturer impressed upon her audience that they must not imagine because they adopted her dress exactly that they would immediately look as she does. The dress would allow them freedom to develop, but it would not develop them; this they must do themselves. All clothing beneath the dress should be divided.

"The divided skirt, by clothing each limb separately, gives greater warmth and less weight than any other petticoat."

The subject of divided skirts led to a very amusing attack upon male attire, which Mrs. Miller declared she had not the slightest ambition to wear, as it was even uglier than that of the women, and she had a shrewd suspicion that it was not comfortable and that there was a good deal of superfluous material. "Sometimes," she said, "I have even seen a man do this"—twisting her neck about—"and it suggested to me that his collar was too tight."

Mrs. Miller called the attention of the spectators to the fact that though rather stout her style of dress gave the impression of slenderness. She did not advise it for anyone really very stout, however. "Every individual should adapt their dress to their own special needs." She declared that the error of the first dress reformers lay in the fact that they did not modify their styles to the requirements of different wearers.

The next dress shown was for a schoolgirl, whom Mrs. Miller said should always be simply dressed, but with freedom to grow and develop. A number of questions were asked concerning the way it was made, etc. In reply to various inquiries the lecturer said she would never attempt to make any one's waist smaller, but would reduce it to symmetry, and if the hips projected she would make the waist and the hips match. It was also suggested that this costume was too youthful for middle-aged women. While acknowledging that it was meant for a schoolgirl, Mrs. Miller demurred to the statement of youthfulness. If the material, and above all the occasion, were suitable, she thought a woman of 40 might wear it with perfect propriety.

The next dress was a visiting and carriage costume of brown brocade and shrimp-pink satin. This Mrs. Miller offered as an example of fashionable dress, though she herself did not consider it strictly artistic.

All the fashionable dresses shown had bones in every seam, which Mrs. Miller considers absolutely necessary for this style.

A New York tailor-made suit was also donned. A beautiful dress in green plush and pale green silk was worn to exemplify artistic dress again.

The rainy-day costume was the next shown. The skirt reached just midway between the knee and ankle. Over this a raincoat is to be worn, also gaiters of the same material as the dress.

This dress called forth a storm of questions, and in answer to one Mrs. Miller said she had frequently worn it in the street and it had seldom attracted attention. One lady suggested that to wear trousers like men would be even better.

Mrs. Miller does not think the time yet ripe for the adoption of the reform dress, however. One of the audience asked if Mrs. Miller believed in the Delsarte system. She replied that she believed heartily in physical culture, but that Delsarte had died without leaving a regular system, and as ordinarily taught she did not believe in or advocate it. A beautiful and artistic Parisian evening dress was then shown, after which the gentlemen were requested to retire.

Mrs. Miller, for the benefit of ladies only, showed the suit to be worn next the skin, the stocking fastening, the waist, the divided skirt, also dresses for children. Mrs. Miller announced that when she has finished with women's dress she intends to attack that of the men.

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THE CENTENNIAL CHURCH.

Still Another Handsome Temple to be Formally Dedicated To-day.

A History of Progress and Christian Zeal Unparalleled in British Columbia.

THE history of the Gorge Road Methodist Church—the latest addition to the fine list of sacred edifices which adorn the city—is by no means ancient. A little over six years ago a small band of worshippers who regularly attended the Pandora Avenue Methodist Church just hinted that the distance was too great for the younger members of the family to be as punctual in their places or as regular in their attendance as was to be desired. Arrangements were promptly made to obviate the difficulty, and the trustees of the church rented the old public school house on Kings road for the purposes of a Sunday School for the children. The parents soon found, especially in inclement weather, that the building would be a very convenient one for worship, and that it would afford ample accommodation for the little band of Methodists—about twenty-five or thirty all told—who sought it. Preliminary arrangements were then made by which a local preacher would hold occasional services; but the noble little party were ambitious, and asked for the services of a duly ordained minister. The parent church was liberal in the matter, and Rev. W. W. Percival, the then pastor, with the approval of the board, assigned Rev. W. J. Dowler, B. A., his assistant, to the work. There was then a membership of about twenty-five, and the few others who attended swelled the congregation to at least thirty. It was composed of Messrs. S. Gray, E. J. Gray, M. Humber, A. J. McLellan, J. McConnell, C. Beak, W. H. Bone, the late Rev. W. Pollard, E. Kermode, H. Rudge and their families. The strength of the families, as indicated by the school roll, was 22. This was the state of affairs in May 1885. But three months had not elapsed before the congregation aspired to a more commodious and sightly building, and with the aspiration came the resolve to have it. The site was selected—that upon which the present splendid building illustrated on this page now stands. Very many were found to ridicule the idea of building on such a site, the chief objection being its distance from the city, and the fact that the country around was almost a wilderness. But wiser counsel prevailed, and a corner lot, overgrown with brushwood and with very imperfect approaches in the matter of public highways, was taken from Mrs. Jeffree. On this the church which up to to-day was used as such was erected. It is a neat Greek building, capable of seating comfortably about 300 persons, and for the time and place was considered quite a pretentious structure. The corner stone was laid on a bright August morning by Rev. Dr. Sutherland, of Toronto, Ont., Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church of Canada. The opening services were conducted by Rev. Coverdale Watson in the presence of a large concourse of people, the most confident of whom scarcely dreamt that, in some half-dozen brief years, a similar ceremony would be gone through—would be rendered necessary, owing to the growth of the congregation. And the church was raised, and the Christmas following the happy tidings "Peace on earth; good will towards men," were proclaimed beneath its roof.

Since that proud day, prosperity has smiled upon the congregation. It has grown in strength, in grace, and in zeal, and the splendid Church which to-day will be formally opened will continue a standing monument to these high attributes. The same able heads and willing hearts which directed its destinies to its present success, are still at the head of affairs, and the earnest wish and prayer of the church is that they may long so continue. There had been, of course, several changes in the pastorate, but the board of trustees remains unaltered except in a couple of particulars. Of the pastors, Rev. W. J. Dowler, was the first. He was succeeded by Rev. C. Ladner, after whom came Rev. J. W. Wadman, M. A., now engaged in educational work in Japan for the Missionary Board of the M. E. Church of the United States. Rev. W. W. Baer, at present stationed in Nanaimo, succeeded Rev. Mr. Wadman. The present pastor is Rev. J. H. White, president of the B. C. Conference.

It will thus be seen that the congregation have always been fortunate in securing the services of earnest and energetic men to minister to their spiritual wants, and of the number none have been more conspicuous for these traits of character than the present pastor. He has just entered upon his third year, and great has been the progress during his ministration. It is owing, in no small degree, to his energy that the present building has been raised, although, prior to his appointment, the building had been contemplated. Everybody lent a willing hand in the good work, from the youngest—to the oldest—the Sunday school contributing $500, the Epworth League $500, the Ladies' Aid $500, and several like sums among the gentlemen. A congregation which has accomplished so much in the past has little to fear for the future. During its brief history it has spent $5,000 on its first building, $2,500 on the erection of a parsonage, cleared off a mortgage of $2,000, and now has the present structure, to be known as the "Centennial Church," well secured financially, although at its inception the promoters fully realized that a sum of not less than $16,000 would be needed ere the dedication services were performed.

The present officers of the church are as follows:

Pastor—Rev. J. H. White, President B. C. Conference.

Recording Steward—Mr. W. H. Bone.

Trustees—Messrs. E. J. Gray, Secretary; W. H. Bone, Treas.; M. Humber, A. J. McLellan, N. Shakespeare, E. Kermode, J. P. McConnell, S. Gray, sr., J. F. Beak, D. Spencer, and J. E. Thomas.

The following compose the Quarterly Board:

Class Leaders—H. Rudge, J. Calvert, J. Sherk, Mrs. J. J. Walsh, Mrs. S. Gray, John Ellis, E. J. Gray and the pastor.

Local Preachers—John Calvert, S. Gray, sr., M. Humber, A. Malpass, S. M. O'Kell, J. Sherk, Mrs. R. Kaill.

Exhorters—S. Tranter, and Thos. Baker.

Stewards—N. Shakespeare (envelope), M. Humber, treas.; E. Kermode, A. J. McLellan, J. E. Thomas and R. Rae.

Organists—Miss Humber (church), and Miss Trenter (Sunday school).

Choir Leader—Mr. J. McConnell.

Society Representatives—Dr. L. Hall, Mrs. L. Hall, J. P. McConnell, E. R. Pridham, Mrs. M. Humber, R. P. Edwards.

Representative Trustee Board—W. H. Bone.

Superintendent of Sunday School—N. Shakespeare; assistant superintendent, J. Sherk.

Bible Class Teacher—William Morris.

President Epworth League—W. W. Hall.

President Ladies Aid—Mrs. M. Humber.

President Women's Missionary Society—Mrs. A. J. McLellan

Secretary Sunday School — Mr. W. Shakespeare.

From the list of trustees it will be seen that, with few exceptions, it is composed of those originally connected with the church—in fact, its founders—men who have had the satisfaction of watching its growth from small beginnings to great things.

The other officers are also most of them "old timers" in the church, so to speak, and the "new blood" introduced would be an acquisition to any congregation. Mr. E. J. Gray, for instance, was the first president of the Sunday School, which started with 22 pupils and now has 260, and held office until relieved of the duties a little over a year ago by Mr. N. Shakespeare. Miss Humber has acted as organist from the time the first instrument was introduced into the church. Miss Trenter takes a place long filled by Miss Mabel Haynes. There is an abundance of musical talent in the congregation, the orchestra of the Sunday School being, perhaps, the best in the province, while the church choir has for a long time been looked upon as very proficient.

The original intention was to have the church opened last year and hence the name adopted, "The Centennial"—1891 being the centennial of John Wesley's death. But unforseen circumstances prevented the carrying out of the project. The foundation stone was duly laid in August, by Mrs. David Spencer, and the contract for building, on plans and specifications prepared by Architect Hooper, let to T. H. Matthews, at $14,940. After working some time on the building, the contractor ceased operations, and his bondsmen were called upon to complete the work. This they did, after some little delay, but it was sufficient, with some other delays not contemplated, to cause the opening to be deferred. But the building as completed, is a model in its way. The sketch given herewith, furnishes a true corner outline of the edifice, in all its beauty. The structure is of brick, with cut stone foundation and base, and is capable of seating comfortably 900 persons. A light and roomy basement is fitted up as a class and school room. The church proper, is arranged after the most approved plan, horse-shoe in shape, with a gradual elevation from the pulpit to the door, nicely carpeted, and all seats so curved as to preserve the general symmetry of the design. A spacious gallery runs all round the church, and here also the seats are of the same shape, and like those below, comfortably upholstered. They were provided by the Sehl-Hastie-Erskine Co. and are, perhaps, the first of this pattern and make ever manufactured in British Columbia. They are three-ply, the centre being of mahogany so as to prevent any warping, while the outside is of a lighter wood highly polished. For acoustic properties the building cannot be excelled; a whisper, almost, is heard from one end to the other, while from any given point there is an unimpeded view of the pulpit, reading desk, etc. In the centre the ceiling is a dome, from which is suspended a large brass globe chandelier, fitted for gas or electricity. From this dome a series of graceful arches shoot out, under each of which is a large window, so that as far as air and lighting are concerned the arrangements are as near perfection as can be. Everything is bright and airy, and though the painting, staining and stencilling are of light and varied hues, there is nothing gaudy about them. All who have seen the church are loud in their praises of its general beauty and design. Not a foot of space is unutilized. The main entrance is spacious, and in case of the possibility of accident the means of egress are as easy as they are numerous. The seating capacity of the building will, no doubt, be practically tested during the impressive ceremonies, to extend over three weeks, which commence to-day. Appended is the programme:

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1892.

11 A. M.—Opening sermon by Rev. N. P. Tedrick, D.D., Grace M. E. church, Seattle, Wash. At the close of the sermon the church will be formally dedicated by Rev. J. H. White, president of B. C. Conference, assisted by Rev. Dr. Tedrick.

3 P. M.—Sermon by Rev. P. McF. McLeod, of St. Andrews Presbyterian church, Victoria, B. C.

7 P. M.—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Tedrick, followed by Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Monday, June 6, 8 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. Dr. Tedrick. Subject: "An Album."

SUNDAY, JUNE 12.

11 A. M.—Sermon by Rev. E. Robson, of New Westminster, B. C.

7 P. M.—Sermon by Rev. C. Watson, of Victoria, B. C.

Tuesday, June 14.—Opening tea meeting followed by interesting programme of music and addresses.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19.

11 A. M. and 7 P. M.—Sermons by Rev. J. H. White, pastor of the church. Choice music will be furnished by the large and efficient choir of the church at each of the services, assisted by several well known ladies and gentlemen from other city churches.

All friends of the church, and the public generally are invited to attend any or all of these services, and will be made heartily welcome.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—When, in 1883, Professor Freeman was examining Battle Abbey, he found himself dogged by a person, who, as he thought, somewhat officiously obtruded his offers of assistance. After vainly trying to shake him off, he broke forth with: "I don't want your help. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners." "Exactly so," was the reply; "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland."

A CLEVER BOY.—A North Country Scotch boy had dislocated his leg, and was taken by his mother to a "bone-setter," in whom she had great faith. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to haul it very severely in order, as the bone-setter said, "to get the bone in." The lad was liberal with his screams while this was going on, but evidently the bone was "got in," and the patient was told that he would be all right in a few days. "Didn't Davie do the thing well?" said the joyous mother. "Aye, he did, mither," answered the lad; "but I wisna sic a fule as tae gi'e him ma sair leg."