

E. M. JOHNSON,

ESTABLISHED 1879.

REAL ESTATE AGENT, CONVEYANCER AND NOTARY PUBLIC

OFFICE: No. 37 GOVERNMENT STREET.

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, \$825 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 \$600 per annum. Frontage, 22½ 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.....	800
Building Lot, Kingston Street.....	1,150
13 Building Lots, en bloc, James Bay.....	10,400
2 Lots, Johnson Street, commanding position.....	2,100
6-Room House, bath, pantry, etc., etc., Victoria West.....	3,000
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.

MULHATTON.

Liams Chats with a City Reporter.

My Believes Him, But Is Said That Wonder-ful (K.) Cave and Texas Meteor.

Mulhatten, of Kentucky, in the United States, if there has been a drum-mer. He has been a har- or more, according to a reporter for the Kan- sents. He has made money out of both cal- ulation is an under- the shirt he wore, yes- o it had never seen a day of its manufac- Colonel Mulhatten's a fine stud blazed and a gorgeous red four-in- her coat was a linen, the black in its rusti- met's handshake was the sought the re- sure and the two were

lar by nature," said n: "I make a business it. I told my associa- newspaper twenty of a score of mummies are in a wonderful ly. Ky. Each mummy our and had red hair The cave was three mile wide, with a most impassable en- chery was lined with a quartz and in an- dries sparkled like frearcent. People le by the hundreds, re selling out near northern end of the drol dollars a foot. In the country had nty, and old Barnum there, trying to buy

el fare, however," an, drawing proudly the hat gathered newspaper man, "was ry. I was talking to ly, newspaper man, ed me to write him I was out of ideas Just that minute a across the dome of ght me an idea.

story about meteor, armed right around ell, while Bill was the newspaper busi- ness he missed. The meteor covered and sunk about one people all over Tex- recreation had come in Brown County at ne Mountwood, and all about the feeling phorus smell that phore for miles. I r tired and stined and withered plan- acres around, parch- firework for many

appeared in good sear- ed Press sent the k there were more paper men on their le boarding-houses somedate. Some the mesquite bush- for weeks, and discouraged looking bought a hundred and are living quites, tarantulas nk it was the last at ever happened. Paris Temps, Pari- it Journal. Hunt- d the Volksblatt of scouring Texas for poor fellows were without the fact- bs, and they just times man is now at Claymore, the- ber down on Del- Chow-Chow corre- ry on Franklin ave- lost track of the

ete of mad rebe- there in the line of has been suppose- ly lady residing in blains in an inter- A relative well- offered the debts, refused to take the his, the lady pro- lected them, and some she had col- has fair prospects two-thirds of the he says. "Business, I would succeed collections at 5 per b's know me said. "The real- In town, all know wished they had at Claymore, the- ber down on Del- Chow-Chow corre- ry on Franklin ave- lost track of the

Heinrich's Clincher. An Argument That Completely Knocked Out a Competitor. A Philadelphia manufacturer of shoe thers, much annoyed by a competitor, decided to call on him and compare shoes, says the Shoe and Leather Re- ber. They agreed to figure on the shoes parts of a Congress gaiter. Ev- thing proceeded satisfactorily until the most of fitting was broached, which the manufacturer placed at forty cents a pair.

"Old no," said the German, "my wife said." "Well, isn't your wife's labor worth as much as a stranger's?" "Oh, but she does dot ven she has being else to do." "When is that?" "Oh, when dere is no mending, no sewing and no sweepings." "Is it impossible to make him change that his wife's labor should be paid the manufacturer, as a clincher, said here, Heinrich. If your wife did the what would you do then?" "When I would get another wife."

Oldest Twins in America. A pair Madison, Iowa, reside proba- bly Elizabeth Gresson Campion and Sophia B. Hildebrandt. They were born in Baltimore, January, 1806, and are consequently over eighty-four years of age. They are very spry old people still very skillful at the nec- cessary. Their grandmother, Mrs. Gresson, made the first American

WOMEN FIGHT BEAR.

One with a Pitchfork and the Other with an Axe.

There is still a little of the old-time pioneer spirit to be found among the women of the present day who live in the sparsely settled regions in this section, writes a correspondent of the Boston Globe at Yansboro, Me. It has seemed out no more plainly than in a thrilling incident at Molus river, a provincial town a few nights since, in which two women were the heroines.

Robert McDonald, who lives in one of the remote parts of the settlement, was absent from home, leaving his wife and sister as the sole defenders of his household, and most successfully did they show that they were able to cope with the task.

Just at dusk the two women, who were busy about their household duties, were suddenly attracted by a bellowing among the cattle in the barnyard. They listened for a moment and were convinced that the noises were those of ten- among the animals. Without the slightest hesitation the women armed themselves with an axe and a pitchfork and sallied forth to meet the foe, and a most formidable opponent they found.

Only a few steps had been taken before they saw an enormous black bear, who stood aggressively awaiting them. On either side of him lay an ox, which had fallen under his blows, while the rest of the cattle were huddled closely in one corner of the yard, bellowing pitifully in their fright. The women lost no time.

Mrs. McDonald, excited at the sight of the dead animals, rushed at the bear with a pitchfork and thrust it deep into his neck. A roar of mingled anger and pain followed, and with a sweep of his arm he struck the weapon from her grasp and sent it rattling on the other side of the yard.

The other woman had not been idle in the meantime, and as the bear made his movement she struck at him with an axe, disabling one of his forelegs. Mrs. McDonald ran for her pitchfork, recovered it, and the two plucky women then went at him hammer and tongs.

Mrs. McDonald worried him with the pitchfork in front, while her companion did deadly execution with the axe. The battle was short and sharp, and the bear was dead in a few moments. He was very large and old, and two hunters with rifles would have consid- ered him a good capture. The women had their clothes badly torn, but be- hind a few scratches and the right sur- face no injury.

A SENATOR'S TRIALS.

How Ben Wade Astonished One of the Door-Keeper.

The babe of the average Senator's life—the requests of his friends and con- stants for tickets of admission to the senate gallery when anything of great interest is going on upon the floor. In rare days, on great occasions, the Sena- tors have transferred the responsibility to the Sergeant-at-Arms, says the Boston Budget. About twenty years ago the privilege devolved upon them. Good- natured men were made miserable by the demands upon them, and it is told

of big, burly Ben Wade that at the im- peachment of Andrew Johnson all Ohio furnished tickets to the chamber. He distributed his tickets with a lar- ge hand, but they gave out sooner than he expected. He managed to make excuses to all but one, an old army Chaplain, who had come from the north- west corner of the State just to be present at the impeachment.

"My tickets are all gone," said Sena- tor Wade, "but perhaps I can serve you some other way." "There is nothing else I want," replied the Chaplain. "I have heard that you are a generous man, but this is the first favor I have asked after serving your country for three years, and be- sides I have come clear from Ohio to be present at the impeachment of Andrew Johnson."

The old Senator looked him over with every twinkling in his eye, noticing espe- cially the clerical cut of his coat, and then, writing something on a slip of paper, said: "If that door-keeper is a Christian he will resist that plea."

After he got out of sight the Ohioan looked at the paper, and on it were these words: "For God's sake let this man in. Ben Wade."

Whether it was an imprecation or an appeal he could not tell, but he wisely decided to consider it the latter, and passed into the gallery under cover of the door-keeper's surprise at the novel method of admission.

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POOR LITTLE WILLY.

Sympathetic Street-Car Passengers Ease the Grief of a Little Girl.

A little girl, carrying a suspicious-looking bundle, stopped a Madison street car the other day, says the Chica- go Journal. She was very ragged, very wretched, and the tears ran down her face.

She got on the car and immediately unfolded her tale of woe to the con- ductor, who asked her why she was cry- ing, crying the bundle the while which decidedly suggested the form of a dead baby and was carried in such a way as to lend color to the idea.

"Cause little Willy's dead, sir, and I haven't got any money and I live away out at California avenue, and I've got to take him home and oh, what will poor little Tommy say when he knows little Willy is dead, and won't you please let me ride, sir, and I'll give you the money the next time I see you, boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" and the child's rapid string of un- answered explanations was cut short by another fit of crying.

It was pretty tough to make a hearse of his street car and for a minute or two the man hardly knew what to do, but one of the gentlemen handed him five cents and made room for the child and her dreary burden beside him, so her ride was assured.

"When did little Willy die?" asked the sympathetic gentleman when the little girl was once more quiet. "This afternoon, sir. Just a little bit ago when I was crossing State street with him a wagon came along and boo-hoo! boo-hoo! ran over him."

"And who is little Tommy?" "He's my brother, sir, boo-hoo! He's a cripple, and his poor legs won't bear him at all—and oh, how he loved poor little Willy."

"Don't they know about it at home yet?" "No, sir, not yet, and oh, what will poor little Tommy and mother say—boo-hoo!"

Then the gentleman took off his hat and dropped a big silver dollar into it, and went around to the other passengers and whispered: "For the funeral, my're poor people. The other pas- sengers dropped something into the hat, and quite a little sum was put into the child's hand. A sympathetic old lady said: "Poor dear," and lifted the old shawl which covered the face of the corpse. She looked for only an instant, and then with a cry of horror sank back on the seat, a shocked expression on her face. Little Willy was a dog.

SMART TERRIER.

She Is Bitten by a Rattlesnake and Cures Herself.

Among the valuable dogs owned by J. F. Cooper, of Ben Lomond vineyard, is a family of thoroughbred wire-haired ter- riers, says the Santa Cruz Surf. These little creatures are very bright, and among other achievements are quite ex- pert at snake-killing. That they have an intuitive knowledge not only how to kill snakes, but how to heal themselves if a snake gets the better of an in- cident noticed by some of the em- ployes.

The mother terrier having discovered a rattlesnake ready coiled for a spring, placed herself at a safe distance and be- gan barking loudly for an assistant. One of her family of terriers responded to the call, when the two dogs placed themselves one on either side of the rat- tler, barking at it and slowly approach- ing it from opposite directions until within about striking distance for the serpent. The exasperated rattler at last sprang at the younger dog, when the mother in great fury pounced upon the snake. The terriers seize the serpents about midway of the body and shake them without mercy until life is ex- tinct.

In this case the mother terrier at- tempted the usual mode of procedure, and was fairly successful, but the fangs of the snake in some way struck her, in- flicting a wound. It was evident to those watching her that her sufferings began at once, but she did not lose her head with fear. She made for a bunch of snake weed not far off and ate freely of it. Her next move was to a pool of water that made a small muddy spot. Into this she plunged, rolling herself about in every direction and covering herself with mud. The on-lookers gave her up for lost, but the canine physician had healed herself, and the next morn- ing was entirely well, as if she had never met his rattlesnake in deadly combat.

POISONOUS HAT BANDS.

The Enamelled Article Should Be Avoided in Hot Weather.

"A good many sore faces," said a well-known physician to a New York Sun man, "are caused every summer by poisonous 'sweat bands' in hats. Some men always insist in buying Derby hats with enamelled sweat bands, and if they wear them during the summer months a mild sort of blood poisoning is apt to result. As a man's head always perspires very freely under the sweat band of his hat the poison in the en- amelling composition is softened and released. But its unpleasant effects are seldom noticeable there. The very fact that the perspiration is constantly com- ing out of those particular pores pre- vents the poison from going in. But as each little bead of perspiration rolls down his face it is charged with the poison, and if it happens to run over a little pimple or a place where he has scratched his face or cut it with a razor, the result will probably be unpleasant. A dozen tiny pimples will appear, and no matter how many 'blood purifiers' he doses himself with, his face will be dotted with little sores, until he buys a hat with a good sweat band. Straw hats are seldom made up with the enameled sweat bands, and that fact is another reason why every man should wear them in the summer. Of course, this warning does not apply to all hats with enamelled sweat bands. Some of them are perfectly harmless, but as it is im- possible to tell which are good and which are bad without a chemical anal- ysis, and as a chemical analysis would spoil the hat, enamelled sweat bands are good things to avoid in hot weather."