

National game hampered and thwarted by the class of men who compose the B. P. A.—men who are known to be, not only out of touch with the Canadian game, but all Canadian sentiments and institutions. The time has come to call a halt, and I would ask all Canadians and lovers of square and manly sport, to stand together and work unitedly for those grounds to be used and regulated according to the wishes of the City Council, who voted money for the grounds in the interest of athletics, and not allow the National game to be made the milch cow to supply sustenance for obsolete sports."

Thus the wordy warfare continues. The Canadians display a lamentable lack of respect for the superiority of their English "brethren."

The Lexow committee, investigating the manner of conducting the municipal government of New York City, has revealed a fearful condition of affairs. The criminal courts and police department have been found to be corrupt, even to the degree of shocking New Yorkers themselves. The manner in which elections are conducted was instanced in a statement made by Mr. Goff, the chief counsel in the Lexow Committee investigation. Mr. Goff said: "I have information which I can in the proper time put in the shape of sworn evidence that 1,500 vagrants were within a comparatively recent period picked up and sent to the Island, and of these 1,500, 800 vagrants have been released from the Island within a comparatively short period solely upon the recommendation of a clerk in the employ of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, with no judicial review. The police justices have made these revocations of their sentences without authority of law, simply by the recommendation of a clerk in the department; 800 discharges have taken place from institutions from Blackwell's Island within a very recent period."

A correspondent, commenting on the announcement made in this paper in "Music and the Drama" department, to the effect that professional musicians would in the future refrain from singing or playing at concerts free, says: "There is no doubt a plethora of concerts and entertainments in Victoria, and one result of this move will be the raising of the standard of excellence of these entertainments, or they will not be given at all, for the public will not patronize second or third rate affairs. The admission should be raised, and the public could then depend on getting value for their money."

It is difficult to understand why musicians should be expected to give their services free at concerts which are gotten

up for speculative purposes, or benevolence, for that matter. Surely the professional is worthy of his hire. Who would ever think of asking a newspaper to publish a free advertisement or notice of a concert!

The inspector of fruit pests is to be congratulated upon the diligence which he is displaying in dealing with the pests with which considerable quantities of American fruit placed on this market is infected. He has done good service in stopping large quantities of apples infected with the codlin moth, and I trust that in every way his hands will be strengthened in carrying out the provisions of the Inspection Act.

The *Manitoba Free Press* is anxious concerning the fate of the old Fort Garry gateway. In speaking of the different schemes suggested for preserving the historic relic, the *Free Press* says that nothing has yet been accomplished. "Meanwhile," it continues, "the patient old gate, like the proverbial patience on a monument, stands waiting for protection or rejuvenation. The time-worn structure has been sadly racked by wind and weather. Another year of neglect, and all that will remain of this interesting relic of Winnipeg's early days will be a pile of mortar and crumbling stone. By the time the mortar and stone have been washed by rain into a white ground patch, some historian or antiquarian will be opening a subscription list to build a monument on the site of this ancient landmark. Should the future subscribers anathematize this generation, their wrath will be righteous. The collapse of what rests between two supports is not unexpected; but the fate of what looks to any of three guardians for protection may be yet more disastrous. It is not unnatural to expect that the Hudson's Bay Company would take some steps to preserve the old gateway from complete ruin. Nevertheless, every year sees the brick-work seamed with deeper crevices, and the ancient frame work bowed further away from the right angle. The Historical Society evinced considerable anxiety to save the old gateway from ignominious dissolution; but their laudable efforts were not successful. The citizens have never been backward in subscribing and working for any worthy purpose; but they do not seem sufficiently interested in this milestone of early provincial history, or it may be they are too busy making material for future histories, to take much thought of this needy gateway. It is well to foster patriotism; and every historic mark is an object lesson for patriotic sentiment. It is well, too, that a country provide herself with historical monuments to verify book histories. In

coming years, when Winnipeg is Canada's Chicago, if this old gateway goes to ruin, the neglect of the present will then be a matter of deep regret. Who should come to the rescue? There are many well informed old settlers who could act as rescuers; and any one earnestly going about the preservation of the gate could surely obtain the co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Historical Society and the citizens." By all means, save the Fort Garry gateway, even if Winnipeg never becomes Canada's Chicago.

Many people will remember Mrs. Cy. Robinson (Ella Damaris) the sourette of the Belmour-Gray stock company, who played a somewhat lengthy engagement at the old Imperial theatre, three years ago. Many others will also remember Harry Ripley, the character man of the Carra-Morris combination. Ripley and Mrs. Robinson were in Cordray's stock company at Portland, and the former fell in love with the latter, and *vice versa*. When Cordray's closed Harry went to Spokane and Mrs. Robinson said she was going to visit her parents in Illinois. She went to Spokane to live with Ripley. Sometime since Robinson secured an engagement at a Spokane house. He supposed his wife in Illinois. She was with Ripley. It coming to their ears that Robinson was to "play" a Spokane house the pair left that city. When Robinson discovered his wife's perfidy he sent for and forgave her. Ripley could not give her up. He returned to Spokane and pleaded with the woman to again flee with him to Kalispell, Montana. She declined and Ripley suicided—by the morphine route. Ripley left two notes on his table. One was enclosed in an envelope, addressed "Left." It reads:

"Good-by, Hal; all debts will be paid by J. C. Ripley, Hartford, Conn., manager J. H. Eckhardt company; wire him."

The other letter was unaddressed and read:

"May God bless you, Tige, and good night, and there's more in that than will reach the eye—you bet. HAL."

Mrs. Robinson is not an attractive woman further than her bright conversational powers and vivaciousness are concerned. Robinson is an easy-going fellow—as is evidenced by his willingness to forgive and forget. He even forgave Ripley, and the two were apparent friends. And such is the condition of society in certain localities on the Pacific Coast.

The idea of the institutional church seems to be growing in the east. In some of the larger cities, there are churches with reading rooms, employment bureaus, soup kitchens and various other appli-

ances to show that the church has a care for the mind and body as well as for the soul. A priest of a Catholic church has opened a meat market and grocery store for the benefit of the poor and ignorant in his congregation, and for any others who may wish to take advantage of "low prices for good provisions." The profits are to go to the support of the church, which is so poor that the rector had to furnish the most of the means for the enterprise. He is enthusiastic as to its success, notwithstanding competing store-keepers sharply criticize the project.

The church grocery is an experiment which may serve to bring into closer relationship religion and business, factors which are too often found divorced in practical life, and yet conservative people will hardly regard the enterprise with favor.

The maternal carelessness or indifference that results in helpless children lying around loose every day of the year, is a matter of wonder to many people. Ask any policeman, any motorman, and he will tell you that the number of children of tender years left around in this way is astonishing. To a considerable extent, not taken into account by the public, mothers are responsible for the extraordinary fatalities from tram-cars, trucks, etc. No motorman or driver is morally responsible for driving over accidentally and killing a child 2 to 5 years old. The mother of the child is responsible. Whenever I read in the daily prints of a toddling infant being crushed to death beneath the wheels of a street car I do not think of the motorman or driver, but of the agony of remorse that must pursue the mother of the victim. The maternal indifference which permits mere infants to play unprotected in the open street is akin to infanticide. Yet we see this every day in the city.

It would appear, according to the reports of the inspectors of pelagic seal skins landed at San Francisco, that out of a total of 14,794 so far inspected, no less than something like 13,000 were those of females. This shows where the havoc is made among the herds, and there is no knowing how many of these seals were gravid when taken.

The appearance of Messrs. Brodie and Corbett as "actors" reminds the *Boston Journal* that the present condition of the stage is but a repetition of history, and that the world does not change much. Dr. Doran, in his "History of the English Stage," speaks thus of the end of the seventeenth century: "The century closed ill for the stage. Congreve's play, 'The Way of the World,' failed to give

it any lustre. Dancers, tumblers, strong men and quadrupeds were called in to attract the town; and the elephant at the Great Mogul, in Fleet street, 'drew' to such an extent that he would have been brought on the stage but for the opinion of a master carpenter that he would pull the house down." And it is set down that the treasuries at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane were well nigh empty, owing to the rage of the town for curiosities.

The Victoria sealing fleet is now all accounted for, their catch being 54,420 skins on the Japanese coast and 33,142 in Behring Sea. This is an unofficial statement and is likely to be more or less modified. The W. P. Hall will winter in Japan, and dispose of her catch there.

A point of considerable interest and importance is raised by an enquiry made to the *New York Commercial Bulletin* as to whether the payment of a premium to an insurance broker is payment to the insuring company? The reply given is that the ordinary insurance broker, who is nothing more, is agent of the insured and not of the insurer. For this reason payment to him is not payment to the company unless the money reaches the company. This is not true of payment to an agent of the insurer, that is of the company, even though that agent is also a broker. An insurance company, like other corporations, cannot act except through agents. No payment could be made to the company at all if it could not be made through an agent. A payment made to a recognized agent is valid and binds the company whether the money ever reaches it or not.

Baby farming seems to be a thriving industry in Toronto, no less than fourteen illegal establishments having been discovered by Rev. Mr. Starr, who went on a still hunt. Toronto has hitherto been regarded as a very moral city—Sunday being strictly observed—but such disclosures as this do not satisfy the good opinions held. The great moral wave might as well be turned in that direction too.

The subject of ensilage is attracting considerable attention among agriculturists. It is an economic way of storing away fodder and at the same time preserves the material in its best and most appetizing form, retaining its best milk and flesh producing qualities. British Columbia farmers will do well to pay more attention to this subject.

#### LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS.

There is a general opinion prevalent that the Lieutenant-Governor of a Pro-

vince is, as such, the representative of the Queen. One of the ablest Governor-General's Canada ever had is known to us to have declared this to be entirely erroneous. In conversing with one who himself holds a distinguished position in the royal service, it was mentioned that it was customary when the Lieutenant-Governor entered a concert room for the band to play "God save the Queen." The Governor-General we refer to smiled, and said the people of Canada were so effusive in their loyalty, and so desirous of showing it on every possible occasion, that he was not surprised at such a demonstration, nor could he see that any great harm could arise from it, but, if it was intended to recognize the Lieutenant-Governor as the representative of the Queen, it was founded on a misapprehension, as that dignity in Canada was the sole prerogative of the office he had the honor to hold. He went on to say that it would be quite as correct in etiquette to play "God save the Queen" when a judge opened his court or a Premier made his appearance in the House of Commons, for they were, in a sense, representatives of the Crown, as indeed were a large number of public servants.

The point was once discussed in England in the presence of one who had been Governor-General of Canada, and he gave a very decided endorsement to the judgment of his distinguished successor, and added that the idea of a colony having half a dozen representatives of the Queen was incongruous if not indeed absurd.

It was on this account that the late Sir Alexander Campbell, when appointed Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, requested that the ceremonial demonstrations hitherto made when that official went to open the local legislature should be abandoned, as the firing of cannon and other practices were not appropriate to, nor were they justified by his position. Sir Alexander was a sound constitutional lawyer, and very far indeed from being one who objected to honor being paid where honor is due, ceremonially and otherwise. It would be strange indeed to have a representative of the Queen, in the sense some imagine Lieutenant-Governors to be, appointed without the direct sanction and participation of the Crown. The theory then that a Lieutenant-Governor is above criticism, because of his official position, will not bear criticism, it is a theory without foundation in fact. It may also be said that some Lieutenant-Governors have not regarded themselves as charged with such a dignified responsibility, for, had they done so, they would have abstained from acts of partizanship which are wholly incompatible with the position of one who stands high above party, if he represent the Queen.—*Canadian Trade Review*.

## SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE efficacy of the new remedy by inoculation for diphtheria, now in use in certain hospitals in Paris and Berlin, has gained sufficient credence in scientific circles to induce the municipal authorities of several other European cities to decide that the remedy shall be supplied in their hospitals free of cost. It is a very costly article, however, the serum required for injections in each case being worth from \$7 to \$20; and takes considerable time to prepare. So it is beyond the reach of most private practitioners. The New York Board of Health is sufficiently impressed with the importance of the discovery to ask for an appropriation to do some experimenting at home. Diphtheria is one of the fiercest and most implacable enemies of human life, and a shield that will really turn its darts cannot be too costly.

A Boston professor of mathematics has got into trouble by attempting to do a simple sum in addition on the plan made so popular by Cupid. It is a well-known fact that Cupid makes 1 plus 1 equal 1, and that is what Professor L. Derry Passano, of the Boston School of Technology, tried to do in Baltimore. The sum apparently came out all right, but later it was found there was something to carry. It was nothing but a bruise or two made by the fist of the bride's father, but it disturbed the Professor's calculations, and for a time he was not sure that 1 plus 1 was not going to equal 0. Groom and father were separated in time to preserve their anatomy, however, and at latest accounts Cupid's arithmetic has proved correct. Aside from the mathematical feature of the case, it is something of a surprise to learn that a Baltimorean dared object to a representative of classic Boston. True, Miss Bissell, the bride, was only 16 years old, but it must be conceded that a Boston Professor has education enough for two, and it is not necessary for his wife to finish school. Mr. Bissell ought to have known that. He was taking big chances in tackling a man from Sullivan's city, anyway.

Toronto on the 13th was *en fete*, owing to the unveiling of a monument to Sir John A. Macdonald in the Queen's Park. The speeches were excellent; the most interesting passage in them being the statement by the Premier—the living "Sir John"—that his great predecessor used the following words when speaking to the Queen on the Confederation Act: "We have desired in this measure to declare in the most solemn and emphatic manner our resolve to be under the

sovereignty of your Majesty and your family forever." In these words is found the inspiration of his whole policy as a statesman; these words give the key to his unrivalled popularity in life, and from then comes the reverence of Canada for his memory. Mr. McCarthy, the sculptor, has our congratulations on his success with this historic statue.

"He clings to the old flag still," said Inspector Hughes, of Toronto, when they had difficulty at the unveiling of the Queen City statue of Sir John Macdonald in loosing the folds of his loved Union Jack from the image of the old Chieftain. And, adds the *Montreal Star*, it was his puissant hand that, more than any other, made it certain that his country too, would cling to the old flag as long as Canada is Canada.

In an interview with a reporter of the *Winnipeg Nor'-Wester*, last week, Premier Davie said: "Yes, we have got over the hard times," as he discussed matters generally on the Pacific coast, and his tone was decidedly hopeful. "There was no occasion for a despondent view of things in British Columbia. Indications were not wanting of a revival of the mining enterprises, and the coming summer promised great development of the mineral resources of the Province. During the coming session of the legislature, measures would be introduced to encourage the building of railways to the placer country in the north, and reports from Cariboo were exceedingly satisfactory as to the result of hydraulic operations. There is promise of considerable railway construction in British Columbia, as in addition to contemplated extension of the C.P.R. systems in the Kootenay and Okanagan districts, south of the main line, there is a projected road from Ashcroft northward into the Cariboo country, while the promoters of the Pacific Railway were also manifesting much earnestness lately." Speaking of the railway from Ashcroft into the Cariboo district, Premier Davie said that while in British Columbia, Mr. D. D. Mann inspected the route and manifested much interest in the enterprise, and the prospects were that work would be commenced on this line before long.

Many projects have been mooted for regulating the bicycle by legislation. Before they came into such general use they frightened horses, and it was proposed that whenever a wheelman saw a horse he should secrete his machine in a ditch, or put it on the ground flat and lie on it, or otherwise conceal it from equine view. At Toronto an attempt was made to equip the machines with bells and lamps and the riders with tags,

and compel them not to exceed a certain speed, the policeman being the cyclo-meter. The Federal tax was to be increased to 100 per cent., and there was to be a municipal tax of ten dollars a year, on the ground that the wheelmen get more fun out of the asphalt pavements than anybody else. A bicycle is about as hard on an asphalt pavement as a man running over it in his bare feet; and it is rather an odd notion to tax the wheel and let the hay waggon, the coal cart and the load of furniture go free. A wheelman ought not to run through streets to the danger of foot passengers, and he ought to be held to strict account for any recklessness of that kind. But the fact is that the bicycle, simply because it is a novelty, is regarded as a fit subject for all sorts of experiments in legislation, while virtually no attempt is made to regulate the drivers of other vehicles, who recognize no law but that foot passengers and bicyclers alike must keep out of their way.

A project is afoot to organize a company to operate a line of steamers in competition with those running from Canada to Australia. I trust the scheme will fall dead, it has in it no promise of success; it could only result in disaster to the investors, and injury to the existing enterprise, which is not now so prosperous as to be regarded as thoroughly established on a paying basis.

At Brandon, last week, fire broke out in a small house situated in the eastern portion of the city. There was the usual rush to the scene of the conflagration. In the yard an engine of the C. P. R. was resting noiselessly near the depot, when the engineer in charge thought to move in the direction of the fire. Just then two or three men stepped on the engine and were promptly and brusquely ordered off. One of the strangers, a man about 45, appealed to the engineer, stating that he also was an engineer. This was sufficient, so he was invited to retake his position, and according to custom was also asked to take the lever, which he did, opening wide the throttle. The party were soon on their flight to the fire. In the meantime the stranger was being taken in by the crew. Imagine their surprise as the glare of the cat-light revealed the features of the Governor-General of Canada. In a few moments their destination was reached. All hands, including Lord Aberdeen, enjoyed the affair.

A protest has arisen in England against the absurd length to which the custom of providing flowers at funerals has been pushed. It is called "a survival of the sentimental ages," and a great many

people declare that the money spent in buying flowers to be thrown into the grave could be put to better use. One writer suggests that if to satisfy mere sentiment we must continue still to bestow substantial tributes at the grave, it would be more reasonable to have the tributes take the form of whatever the deceased most valued in life. This suggestion opens wide possibility of innovation; for example, a dead bon-vivant would have his coffin strewn with cold asparagus and truffles, and an English officer of dragoons would be sprinkled down with brandy and soda. The sweet young thing who was cut off in the spring time of her beauty might have her grave filled up with such books as Dodo, and the heart-broken mourners might testify to the worth of the man-about-town by dropping complimentary tickets and tears on his casket.

I wonder what the directors of the Royal Jubilee Hospital mean in the matter of the maternity school, towards the establishment of which, in connection with the institution, the late Mr. Pemberton bequeathed \$2,000, and which bequest has been supplemented by his widow by \$1,500. They have been wrangling over the matter for months, and how they manage to spin out their debates is a mystery to me. In an ordinary debating club, there is a negative and affirmative to be sustained, but in the Royal Jubilee Hospital debating club, there appears to be, as I view it, only an affirmative on this question. A certain sum has been devoted for a certain purpose—the establishment of a maternity school—and this sum has been supplemented by one who, of all others, must have known the donor's intentions. Object—maternity school. Now, why the directors of the hospital should undertake to say that the donors are faulty in their benevolence, and that they (the directors) are right in their (the directors) opinions, is puzzling to me, at least. Before I depart this life, I would like to settle my worldly affairs. By that time, I hope to have something to leave—to some such beneficial institution as that contemplated in the will of my deceased friend, Mr. Pemberton. I have been spared—he has been taken away—and the result is that I gain some experience. If I were to leave my wealth (which, as aforesaid, I hope to possess) to the Salvation Army, I would hate to know in my future state or condition or existence (call it what you will) that it were donated to the propagation of Mormonism, or John Smithism, Jonesism, Brownism, or any other ism. If my dear departed friend willed that his \$2,000 should be devoted to a maternity school, what right have the directors of the Royal

Jubilee Hospital to say "We will accept your bounty, but apply it to an altogether different purpose."

#### SPORTING GOSSIP.

THE lacrosse match at Vancouver last Saturday, between the senior clubs of Victoria and New Westminster, resulted very unsatisfactorily, in so far as the decision of the referee was concerned. It was suggested by the secretary of the Westminster club that the game should begin at 2 o'clock p.m. On Oct. 17, Mr. Drury, secretary of the Victoria club, received the following telegram:

"Will you accept Suckling as referee? Will 2 o'clock suit for commencement of match? Will we charge 50c admission to grounds?"

J. MAHONY,  
Sec. Westminster L. C."

After consulting with the members of the home club, Mr. Drury replied as follows:

"Won't accept Suckling; 2 o'clock will suit us; we favor 50c admission, if Brockton Point Association will allow it \* \* \* Will be over Friday morning; writing."

R. L. DRURY,  
Sec. V.L.C."

On the strength of the above Mr. Drury in conjunction with the President of the Brockton Point Athletic Association, and the secretary of the New Westminster club caused dodgers to be distributed announcing 2 o'clock as the hour for commencing the game. At the appointed hour the Victoria club arrived on the field, but the Westminster club failed to put in an appearance. When they did come, which was nearly three o'clock, it was discovered that they were a man short, and to gain time indulged in the most unreasonable objections. About 3:30, Ryal, the missing man, arrived on the grounds, in the most dramatic fashion, drawn by perspiring steeds in a mud-stained carriage. Then all previous objections were brushed aside, and the game commenced with Mr. E. A. Quigley as referee. It was evident to all that the match could not be concluded before dark, but in order that the people who had paid money to see it would not be disappointed the game proceeded.

From the first it was Victorias match, the only players on the Westminster team worth speaking of being Cheney and Spain, the latter lately released from the Vancouver club. On the Victoria side, W. Cullin, in goal, made some marvelous stops. Macnaughton played with all his old-time science and Eckardt held down Cheney. Frank Cullin put up a game equal to his best of this year, and the same might be said of Charley Cullin. The Williams brothers played a grand game, and Pete Blight was up to his usual standard of excellence. Ditchburn made some phenomenal catches, and

Morton—the much-abused Morton—played a manly game. Belfrey did good work, and Dave Patterson, although it was his off day, made some very effective plays.

While there was yet eleven minutes to play, one of the umpires refused to act, as it was growing dark. The game then stood 3 to 2 in favor of Victoria, without the slightest possible chance of Westminster winning. It was the fault of the latter club that the match did not begin at 2 o'clock, therefore it was contended by the Victorians, and reasonably so, that they were entitled to the game. Quigley refused to allow it, and the matter is therefore in the hands of the Provincial Association. It does seem as if, to put it mildly, Victoria is not going to get fair play from the Mainland.

#### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Joseph Hunter is in Ottawa.

Hon. Theodore Davie and Mrs. Davie are at the Russell House, Ottawa.

The Arion Club will give their first concert for the season on Monday evening, at the A.O.U.W. Hall, Yates street.

Mr. W. W. Armstrong and wife, of Toronto, are at the Hotel Victoria on their way to San Francisco to visit Mrs. Armstrong's mother, Mrs. Pabst.

The Victoria Theatre Orchestra are going to give weekly dances in the A. O. U. W. Hall. They will be invitation dances and will be under Bandmaster Finn's charge.

The ladies of the Hebrew Association held another of their enjoyable monthly dances in their hall on Blanchard street, last Monday evening. The music was supplied by Richardson's orchestra.

The I.O.O.F. have arranged for a series of monthly dances at their hall, Douglas street, during the winter months. The first of the series will take place on Monday evening, 29th inst. The Bantly orchestra will furnish music for the event.

The Charity ball this year surpassed in brilliancy of success and attendance all former years. The committee having charge of the affair deserved credit for the manner in which they succeeded in contributing to the enjoyment of all.

Quite a novel plan has been decided upon in the distribution of the receipts of the Costume concert, to be given for the Protestant and Catholic Orphans' Homes on Nov. 14th. The monies will be handed over to each institution in ratio to the number of advance tickets sold by those interested in the respective Homes. Many tickets have been already sold.

## DEBORAH.

I AM an old man. My hand trembles as I write. It is a strange-looking hand—shrivelled, and brown, and mottled with the dark spots which old age has imprinted on it. I can hardly believe the tale my mirror tells me; for time, in his busy silence, has wrought sad changes there. The curls in which I used to glory are silver white; my eyes, once dark and piercing, are sunken and faded, and look out like dying lights from underneath their drooping, reddened lids. This stooping, crazy form is but the wreck of what was once my pride. I sang once. They said I sang well. For years I led a choir which was the boast of the country round. The highest falsetto was not beyond my flexible voice, nor the deepest bass below it. Now that voice, cracked and discordant, can hardly falter through the scale, and dies away in a husky whisper.

But I did not mean to talk of myself. These thoughts came over me as I looked down the past, to catch a glimpse of one who shone there so brightly, who shines now in the New Jerusalem.

It was many years ago, for I was young then, when I first saw sweet Deborah Darling. It was on the first Sabbath in June. Oh! how it comes up before me! The waving leaves and the soft murmuring of the fresh breeze as it rippled through them; the bursts of liquid music that trilled without the church, and the voice of the meek old minister within, whose simple, heart-felt eloquence bound us like a spell. I occupied my accustomed seat in the choir. The singers one by one dropped in, when, to my dismay, I found that my first treble was absent. What could we do? I was perplexed beyond measure, for we had prepared ourselves with unusual care to sing before some distinguished strangers present, and without our leading treble we were nothing. At last, one of the singers suggested that she had a cousin below who sang readily by note. She might be persuaded, etc., etc. I hurried down stairs, and there, in an old square pew, for the first time beheld Deborah Darling. How well I remember it all! Her fair face suffused with blushes at the thought of taking so prominent a position, her gentle hesitation and timid reluctance, the sweet pitying expression that stole over her countenance as I told my perplexity, and her faltering acquiescence at last. I had conquered Deborah, but Deborah had conquered me!

I led her to her place in the north gallery, the bass was ranged in the south, and between them I took my stand, with the counter singers in a line before me, and, with a majestic flourish on my

pitch-pipe, we burst into one of those fine old anthems which now lie neglected and forgotten. Never did I hear such music. Others may talk of Jennie Lind and Sontag, but never again will my ears hear such strains as gushed from the lips of Deborah. She sang with her whole heart; the delicate color deepened in her cheeks, her eyes glistened, and her face grew radiant with emotion. I sang mechanically. My thoughts, my eyes were fixed on Deborah; and when she soared away, now carolling like a bird, and now gliding over the most difficult passages without an apparent thought of any thing but the language of devotion she was uttering, I felt as if listening to the songs of another world.

The anthem ceased, but my brain was in a whirl. It seemed to me that the minister would pray about Deborah, that he would preach about her, that every one must be thinking of her through the whole service. This was an unprofitable Sabbath to me; yet she, sweet girl! would gladly have led my thoughts toward the Heaven whither her own were ever turning.

That Sabbath passed away; the week passed away, and I had seen her, known her, and loved her.

It was on a Saturday afternoon as bright and beautiful as ever shone on this fallen earth, that I drove through the fragrant pine woods of B——. The air was delicious, the scenery enchanting, and by my side sat Deborah. Every item of her appearance comes up vividly in my recollection. Her dress of spotless white, beneath which peeped out that slender little foot; the shawl of a color so delicate and soft, (I know not its name,) and the deep bonnet from whose dark shadow her eyes beamed like stars. Never since have I seen such eyes as Deborah's, so full of liquid light, the soul looking out of their clear depths, as if no thought of defilement had ever marred its purity, and the long lashes falling heavily over them, as though to veil such brightness from the rude gaze of mortals. A proud and happy man was I when, as I turned toward her, (and I never spoke without doing it,) she would look up for a moment with such a soft and timid glance, and then drop her eye-lids, as if terrified at her own boldness. The gentle murmur of her words thrilled my heart. It seemed to me it would be heaven to clasp that little hand.

The sun went down, and the silver disk of the moon gleamed in the eastern sky. The trees began to darken more thickly around us. I slackened my reins; my horse walked gently along, and no sound broke the stillness save the sighing of the wind through the pines and the melancholy chirp of the cricket. I

looked at Deborah, and my tongue found utterance. I told her how dear she was to me, how long, how ardently I had loved her; how I never had loved, never could love another!

I paused for a response. She trembled. The transparent muslin modestly folded about her neck heaved convulsively. A faint blush stole over her sweet face; her lips parted and closed again; a few bright drops trembled on their long lashes, and then coursed slowly down her cheeks, as if loth to leave so fair a resting-place. Then, with a smile such as the angels wear, she looked up suddenly in my eyes, and said, with faltering utterances: "No, Gregory, it must not be, it cannot be. We will be friends, but nothing more."

"Then you cannot love me?" said I hoarsely, each word seeming to choke me in the utterance.

Deborah turned and gave one glance from the depths of her speaking eyes. I needed no dearer answer. "You are mine!" I exclaimed with rapture.

She shook her head mournfully.

My heart sank within me. I tore a bough from the tree we were slowly passing and, heedless of what I was doing, stripped off the leaves and flung them to the winds. I know not how long we rode in silence. A faint sigh roused me from my gloomy reverie, and Deborah's voice broke the stillness:

"Do not think me unkind, nor," her voice trembled, "unloving. My heart rebels against my decision, but it is an unsafe guide, and I may not trust it. My life is consecrated to my Master's service, and though others may serve Him more in other ways, I know that for me the path of usefulness and upward progress is that of single life. Love so precious as yours would bind me too closely to the earth, and I should forget and wander away from one who loves me far more than you. But, Gregory," she laid her soft hand gently on my arm, "you will be my friend, my chosen"—she hesitated—"my beloved friend?"

An unaccountable calmness came over me. I took the little hand: "Yes, Deborah," I exclaimed, "we will be friends forever! While you walk on your solitary way I too will journey on alone. I ask only for a kind thought, a kind look, and sometimes a kind word from you, and I will be satisfied. Your Master shall be mine. Like you I will pass upward, and when our love is chastened, and purified from every earthly stain, we shall not be separated no more.

As I spoke, we came to a sudden bend in the road, and the moonlight streamed full on Deborah's upturned face, which shone with seraphic lustre, as if already

gazing on the bliss of heaven. Our eyes met, her hand clasped mine, and angels registered the vows which our lips could not utter.

We parted, each of us to pursue life's weary way alone. We met seldom, and then our words were few. Our affection was too deep, too pure for utterance. Through others I heard often of Deborah; of her patient, untiring, unselfish devotion to the comfort of others; of her unwavering equanimity under every trial; of her meek humility and unshrinking fortitude. Sometimes I received a few words of cheering encouragement in her delicate chirography; sometimes a kind message, which bore to me a deeper meaning than the simple language conveyed.

It is ten years since I saw her last. Time had woven many a silver thread amid her dark locks. He had stolen her bloom, and wasted her form; but a tender light still beamed from her eyes, and her face seemed to reflect the radiance of the world she was approaching. Deborah was very dear to me in her youth. In her old age she was unspeakably precious.

Deborah is gone. I have just knelt by the fresh green turf beneath which she is sleeping. I love to linger there; to remember her sweet patience and child-like faith; to recall the many blissful hours she has already given me, and to look forward to the many, many more which are before me. I think of her as she walks the streets of the celestial city, as she mingles in the songs of the redeemed, and I move on with a firmer step and a lighter heart, seeking to work more faithfully for my Lord, till He shall call me home.

Master! it has been a struggle of many years, but through Thee I have triumphed! I love my angel now, because she reflects Thine image. I ask no other heaven than the enjoyment of Thyself.

#### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

NOTHING is more abominable in a young person than the habit of stooping, and, except when caused by malformation or actual weakness, nothing is more inexcusable, says *Blue and Gray*. A slouchy, stooping habit of carriage also suggests laziness and often stealth and dishonesty. Carry your head erect, expand your chest, throw back your shoulders, or you will never possess grace or a commanding presence.

The creator "made man upright." Round shoulders and bow-shaped spines may be avoided by watchfulness during youth and retained in maturity without an effort.

If you bend over too much in your studies get a lower seat. Saw the legs

off an old chair and then sit down so low that your chin will come just above the table; make the hind legs a little shorter than the fore legs and then read and write with your arms on the table and it will take out some of the crook from your back.

One mother, whose daughter was getting the habit of stooping, used to have her lie flat on her back, without a pillow, for an hour each day, while she read to her out of some interesting book. In a little while she was as straight as need be and a picture of health and strength.

In some countries the women carry pails, tubs, and heavy loads on their heads—this keeps them erect. Throwing back the arms is another means of keeping straight. Remember, you may add years to your life by standing up straight, and you may not only have a longer life, but a stronger, broader, deeper, happier, and more useful life if you go about with head erect, chest expanded and lungs well developed, with rosy cheeks and fresh complexion, than if you go about bent over, cramped up, stooping, flat-chested, sallow, nervous and miserable.

The most remarkable thing to my mind about the American woman is that it is impossible to be indifferent either to her or about her, whether you consider her en masse or individually, writes "R. D." in *London Star*. She has a potency, a personality, that is in itself a challenge not to be ignored. This, in fact, is the real fundamental difference between our transatlantic sisters and the women of our own land. Let us leave the individual, who really counts for nothing on our own judgment of national characteristics, alone for a moment and see how the averages affect us. Take the English woman in the lump, not the new woman or even the metropolitan woman exclusively, but just the ordinary British type, who is neither in the advance guard of modern civilization nor absolutely petrified in the old inertia. Look her well in the face and see if you have thought about her, any feeling sympathetic or antagonistic toward her, or any sense of her at all. You will find, I think, that she does not stir you in any way; that so long as she remains outside the sphere of your personal interests she counts for absolutely nothing in your consciousness.

But go to America and try the same process on the feminine material there. At the outset you are confronted with an actual stimulating force that either attracts or repels you. The point is that she interests you intensely. You must study her and reckon with her whether you like her or not. As to your ultimate admiration or aversion for the American

woman, that will depend primarily on your own temperament. If you take a score of prejudices and prepossessions across the Atlantic with you, her swift intuitions will not only discover but deride them, and you may return with hatred in your heart, vowing that she is neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring, and, least of all, woman as you would have her be.

But if you are wise enough to adjust your ideals to the spirit of our time, and if you have learned to look on woman as a human being rather than a function, the American girl will surely illuminate your whole conception of her sex and lift it up to the plane that is permeated by her scintillant and incisive individuality. And when you meet her again in Europe she will come to you as a blast of the free upper air sweeping over the stagnant ways of old world life. Then you will wonder as a man who takes a deep draft of champagne after a long abstinence how you ever came to relinquish the wine of life when it had once touched your lips. And if you continue in this mood the chances are that you will marry that American girl, which is equivalent to champagne every day for dinner and perhaps a thought more trying to the constitution in the long run.

When all is told, however, America is a paradise for women, a great green throne for her, set in a western sea. And that nature is fitting her hand for the scepter and her brow for the crown no one who stands in a large assembly of Americans can doubt. Her physical superiority to the American man is obvious to the most casual observer. A generation or two of stooping over the office desk has whetted his intelligence at the expense of his physique, while the woman has grown fair and tall in the atmosphere of ease till she resembles nothing so much as a race horse, compact, of fiery spirit, nervous strength and delicate contours. Her marvelous adaptability, too, enables her to grace as well as grasp her queendom, and till the end her husband is never quite sure whether he admires or adores her most, which uncertainty brings him as near happiness as a man can hope to be.

The *Comox Weekly News* has removed its office of publication from Courtney to Cumberland, the new port of Union townsite.

Jas. Wishart has opened the old American Hotel, Yates street, Victoria.

The Lexow Committee in New York have become tired of investigating the rask and file of the police, and propose to get after the officials and police commissioners shortly.

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### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"CHARLEY'S Aunt" is a decidedly  
weak dramatization of Frank  
Webber's impersonation of Judith  
McCann, so humorously described by  
Charles Lever in his famous novel,  
"Charley O'Malley." Produced by a

first-class company, there is little doubt  
"Charley's Aunt" is capable of bringing  
forth an occasional laugh, but as it was  
given at The Victoria, it was just about  
as dull and insipid a play as could be im-  
agined. Fifteen years ago, the interro-  
gation "Where did you get that hat?"  
might cause a smile, but the joke was  
called in over a decade ago and labelled  
"chestnuts." It has been placed on the  
bargain counter again, and in conjunction  
with a few other jokes of somewhat un-  
certain age, has been pressed into service  
by Brandon Thomas, to make people hold  
their sides laughing. And actually there  
were people at The Victoria, the other  
night, who laughed at the time-worn  
jokes. People who had seen "Lady  
Windemere's Fan" were under the im-  
pression that "Charley's Aunt" would  
be quite as meritorious a work, but in this  
they were disappointed. Oscar Wilde's  
play will be drawing big houses when  
Brandon Thomas' production will have  
been long forgotten. There were two  
members of the company, however, who  
might be said to have approached medi-  
ocrity.

Alexander Salvini opened his north-  
western and coast tour at the Metropoli-  
tan opera house, St. Paul, in the "Three  
Guardmen," to one of the largest and  
most fashionable audiences of the season.  
The play was produced with a particularly  
strong company and that excellence of  
scenic embellishment which marks all of  
Salvini's performances. He has been  
forced to cancel his Victoria engagement.

Warde and James are to separate at the  
end of the present season. It is said the  
sole reason of the dissolution is that Mr.  
Warde is to produce several plays in  
which there are no parts suitable to Mr.  
James.

Sarah Bernhardt will not appear in  
America until January, 1896, as she is  
under engagement to appear in Sardou's  
new play, "The Duchess of Athens," in  
Paris.

Miss Margaret Marshall, the popular  
character actress, has begun an extended  
engagement at the Grove Street theatre,  
San Francisco. Miss Marshall has very  
few equals in her line of business on the  
coast.

After appearances in opera in Nice dur-  
ing January next, Mme. Patti will be  
heard in concert in Germany and Austria.

Frederic Archer has concluded arrange-  
ments by which he will give organ recitals  
in the principal cities of Europe, next  
year. He will leave July 1, and remains  
absent three months.

Henry Irving will not be seen in

America until November, 1895, when he will appear at Abbey's theatre, New York. He is now engaged in a production of "King Arthur," which, if it proves a success, will be presented in America. "Faust" also may be revived by Mr. Irving.

George Osbourne has returned to his ranch near Fresno, Cal.

Dominick Murray is with Brady's Cotton King Company.

Jeannie Winston, the once popular opera singer, and well known in Victoria, is seeking an engagement with the Pike Opera Company, recently organized in San Francisco.

"In Old Kentucky" is the name of a new American play which is to be given at The Victoria next Wednesday evening. The first act discloses a view in the Kentucky mountains. In the back-ground peak after peak rises in lonely sublimity, huge and gray, weather-beaten and seared, the sentinels of nature. Here and there thick-set pines clothe them with verdurous beauty, but on their



LULU TABOR, WITH "IN OLD KENTUCKY."

summits rest the benediction of the snow, as stainless in its purity as when it first fell from heaven. Far in the distance a waterfall waving like a silver veil plunges downward into a narrow precipitous gorge. The second act is a realistic representation of one of the old-time Kentucky stables, a mammoth establishment wherein is housed the celebrated racers and fleet-limbed animals, for which the blue-grass region is famed the world over. In the distance is seen a solid-looking Kentucky mansion, a type of the boundless hospitality which appears to be the particular heritage of this favored country. The famous blue-grass glistens in the sunlight and the stately old elms rear their heads grandly above the green sward. This act permits

the introduction of a variety of novel features by the colored stable boys and plantation attendants. The third act has three scenes, widely different in character. The first shows a room in the historic Phoenix Hotel, at Lexington,



SCENE--"IN OLD KENTUCKY."

where Clay, Breckinridge and other famous early-day statesmen and noted politicians met. The second scene shows a race-track paddock. Stable boys, touts, trainers and anxious owners are seen moving about, and the excited cries of the bookmakers are heard above the din, crying the odds. The last scene of this act shows the exterior of the race track with a grand final tableau. The grand stand of the Lexington race track is shown with its thousands of faces, rising tier above tier, all in excited expectancy, awaiting the finish of a closely contested race. The fourth act presents the friendly and cosy interior of an old Kentucky home, with its big mantels, capacious chairs and general air of ease and comfort so characteristic of one of those hospitable abodes.

Mr. Abbey tells the London Sketch this: "I have paid Patti over £200,000, and Bernhardt as much as £3,800 in a week. We took, last season, during twenty-eight weeks of Henry Irving's American tour, £125,000. With great popular attractions, we certainly achieve some extraordinary results. For instance, last season, we took, for fourteen performances of Mr. Irving's company in San Francisco, in two weeks, \$61,400. Then with Sarah Bernhardt in San Francisco, we took on one occasion \$40,038, and in 1891, at the Tremont theatre, Boston, nine performances realized \$43,883. This, however, was exceptional. You know, during the exposition at Chicago, I and my partners produced a spectacular piece on the lines of 'Constantinople,' employing 600 performers at the Auditorium theatre, which seats 4,000 persons and has standing room for 2,000 more. Well, we took £2,200 a day during the month of October, and, altogether, £200,000 during the six and a half months of the show. But we spent £26,000 on the production itself."

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## COLLABORATEURS.

BY S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER V (Continued).

FAIRLIE was about to reply, when a telegram was handed him by a messenger-boy. He tore open the envelope, and tranquilly glanced over the contents, saying slowly between pauses: "Once—I just—dreaded—receiving despatches—but getting them frequently—takes away all terror."

"Yes! there is something 'scary' associated with 'wires.' One nervously fancies all manner of frightful happenings—accidents—deaths—and other alarming intelligence," Archer answered fretfully, annoyed at the interruption to Fairlie's promised confidences.

"However, this is simply a reminder," Fairlie responded, "from my paper to attend to something, that luckily I have seen to already. They will wonder how I carried out their instructions so quickly, and will no doubt consider me a very prompt, diligent and obedient worker. I hope it will bring a 'raise' in my stipend."

The House was nearly deserted, only a few members being present, some of them poring over piles of sessional papers, reports and bills, and others knotted into small scattered groups, and engaged in discussing sundry topics. Most of the conversation seemed to be of a frivolous turn; as, at odd moments, roars of laughter would ascend and fill the spacious chamber with a perfect tumult of sound, that ill consorted with the customary gravity and serenity of a precinct usually given over to solemn deliberation.

"Perhaps, Archer, you've got something on, and can't stay; and if that's the case, why, I can just as well tell you all about it on our way to the hotel?" Fairlie queried, reverting to the subject which had been momentarily swept aside by receipt of the telegram.

"We may as well stay here. We have the gallery all to ourselves, and no one will disturb our little chat," Archer answered, impatient of further delay in ascertaining what Fairlie had to communicate about Ethel.

"There's lots of time anyway," responded Fairlie, looking at his watch in a provokingly leisurely manner. "Well! Archer, old man, here's a go, at last. I know I have kept you on the tip-toe of expectation. You mustn't look for anything sensational, though. Without exacting any pledges of secrecy from you," Fairlie paused, and then added, simulating a dramatic delivery in emphasis and tragical intonation, "List to me speech, to me!"

"If you have anything to tell, give it without further ado. Like many other narrators, you spend entirely too much time in preface and preliminary," Archer interjected restlessly.

"Curb your curiosity, Archer. Here it is. You see, I've known Ethel Grant ever so long. Mr. Grant and I were interested in a number of business ventures, and both of us were touched quite heavily last spring. You must have heard of my losses on the turf. I plunged desperately on the Queen's Plate, and the cards turned up against me, though Osceola nearly performed the trick. However, I am digressing. Mr. Grant assigned the day after the races, and I hardly think he even excepted the statutory exemption.

It has been a great come-down for Ethel. Poor girl! brought up amid all the luxury and refinement that a practically unlimited purse in the hands of a dotting father could supply, she is now brought down to our level—a humble reporter."

"When the university term began last fall, Ethel did not attend, on account of lack of funds. This was all the more regrettable, as she was obliged to throw up the spring exam. through illness."

"Like other girls, whose days have been a continual round of ease and pleasure, she soon found that it was altogether a different proposition, when she sought means of getting a livelihood. She had never given a thought to the earning powers of music, painting and the general accomplishments of a university training, and found to her sorrow that they weighed little as recommendations for employment in this practical, every-day world. She answered innumerable advertisements, and applied several times for a situation as governess, but all to no purpose. She almost despaired. None of the friends who knew her in days of plenty volunteered any assistance. However, a timely rift appeared among the clouds of adversity. She was offered a position as reporter for a city paper, and eagerly jumped at the chance. At first, she was assigned to edit the 'woman's column,' and gossip about fashions and social functions. Her work must have been very acceptable, for, a few days back, she was promoted to a place among us."

"Last winter, Ethel and her father visited Ottawa, when the season was at its height, and her charming ways and talent for entertaining others ingratiated her in every one's liking. She was eagerly sought after at every levee. It must be nettling for her to come here—of all places—where she had so many friends and it will be cruel medicine, and induce distorted ungenerous thoughts, if a girl of Ethel's pride and sensitiveness should be snubbed by those who sounded her praises extravagantly a year back. I hope she won't be altogether set aside, and I'm in for shewing her every courtesy and attention. Of course if one house establishes a precedent and opens its portals, the rest will follow suit. The humbler fry, with insecure foot-holds on the social ladder, can't afford to be independent and take the initiative, for if a misstep is made, they lose caste, and are ostracised. Those on the topmost rung can be victimized by bogus lords and ticket-of-leave, remittance gentry with forged credentials, and be none the worse for misplaced confidence. The fore and aft, knickerbocker dude with an English accent, almost grotesque in its absurdity of affectation, needs no other passport—he passes for current coin of the realm, and is accepted slightly above par everywhere—more especially in the States, where flamboyant spread-eagleism indulges in periodical outbursts of anglophobia, and then bends its knees in profuse adulation at the feet of any titled representative of an 'effete civilization' that may chance along."

"The pork-packer, brewer, railway magnate and petroleum prince chuckle in glee over the prospect of having a penniless aristocratic *debauchee* for a son-in-law. Yankee gold will soon put in competitive bids for heirs to continental thrones. There would be nothing out of the way in such a proceeding, either; only one can't

help marvelling how American shrewdness can throw away its millions for the great honor of an alliance with impoverished nobility, which, in the matrimonial barter, unblushingly holds out empty, useless crests and showy insignia in exchange for hard-earned dollars. But excuse me, Archer, again I am getting off the track, and effervescing a little surplus spleen."

"To return to Ethel, I am told, she is coming here to-morrow. Ottawa society will discuss the pros and cons, respecting the proper attitude to adopt to a girl who has unexpectedly parted with her fortune. Oh! I had almost forgotten. There's Harry Seymour. His pater raked in a load of lucre from some patent medicine, warranted to cure every physical ill under the sun—everything in the calendar, from chilblains and rheumatism to measles and diphtheria. Seymour had a great swing, and trotted in a swagger set. I wonder if his fondness for Ethel Grant will suffer any impairment, now that she is in reduced circumstances. Seymour used to be very devoted to her. He suffered an awful lapse from virtue, though, and his shameless dissipation became notorious."

"He and some other students took a trip over to Buffalo for a 'time,' and whilst there, one evening, dropped into a variety show. Seymour became smitten with the pirouetting of a skirt dancer, whom the posters announced under the title of 'The unrivalled chic Circita, in her dainty Andalusian dances.' Nothing less than an introduction to the foot-light sorceress would suffice Seymour. There was some difficulty in arranging this, though variety show celebrities are not usually over-fastidious in granting audiences to love-lorn beaux of the bald-headed row. Circita, in many ways, was unique. A tinge of Hibernian brogue proclaimed that she had never sauntered 'neath the sunny skies of vine-clad Spain, and had been reared far from the romance of dark-eyed swain with serenade floating up to latticed casement, far from dulcet-toned mandolin and stirring click of ebony castanet. She professed disdain—abhorrence for anything bearing the image of man—a profound misanthrope. Circita would talk graciously to all—provided a respectable distance were maintained, and nothing in the way of levity attempted. Seymour and his college chums, when apprised of the strange characteristics of this mysterious foot-light favorite, were all the more insistent on obtaining an introduction. By using a little finesse in the way of a tip to the manager, they were taken to the 'make-up' room of the terpsichorean siren. They found her just as described. Upon entering with the manager, Circita was seen beguiling her 'wait,' by indulging in a quiet perusal of the latest novel. She turned around snappishly at the intruders, and merely acknowledged their bows by a slight inclination of the head, and then with icy hauteur frowned on all attempts at conversation by taking up the book and pretending to be engrossed in its contents. The hapless collegiates were very much embarrassed at such a chilly reception, and were on the point of retiring, when, after a timid knock, the door opened, and a middle-aged man entered. Before he had closed the door after him, Circita had risen from her seat with the malignity

of a virago, and, pointing to the door, said with vehemence:

"Did I not warn you, not to trouble me with your impudent attentions. You think because I have to dance for a living, that I am to be treated differently from other women. I received your note, inviting me to a wine supper after the show. I decline with thanks. You haven't a spark of honor in your besotted being, or I would ask you to forsake your licentious ways, and instead of making lavish expenditures on any chance charmer that may cross your path, do justice to your wife and children. You little expected to hear a lecture on duty in the green-room. I can't waste any more breath on a profligate, and if you don't leave at once, I will call on these gentlemen to throw you out. How would you like your sister, if you have one, to be insulted as you have dared to insult me."

"The fellow, instead of beating a hasty retreat, made an insolent retort, and before he could realize what had happened, found himself outside the door, where he indulged in abuse, until a stinging blow in the mouth from Seymour's fist worked his quietus.

"Circita was disposed to be more genial with the college boys, after Seymour's championship of her cause, and her forbidding manner warmed into a show of cheerful good-nature. But Circita was soon called 'to do her turn,' and Seymour, especially, was chagrined, when, on leaving them, she did not extend an invitation to visit her again. Seymour was not prepared after this experience to endorse the views on dancing girls expressed by the Count of Lara in Longfellow's Spanish Student. His infatuation did not wear off at once, and he haunted the resort long after his companions returned to lectures. Before leaving though, they had sent a monster bouquet to Circita, with a card appended by a silken string, and on which was inscribed: 'To do only lady in de house—from der gang.'

"When Circita's engagement was over at Buffalo, Seymour followed her to her home in Jersey City, but nothing came of it, and his enchantment dissipated, when he saw that she was unapproachable. This escapade was all the talk at college, and upon his return, Ethel shunned his society, for it does not require a girl to be cast in a puritanical mould, and to cherish a most rigid code of ethics, to visit displeasure on such palpable proof of fickleness, although I don't think that Ethel is by any means a straight-laced prude, or a constant harper on the 'narrow path' route to celestial regions. Not that Seymour's affair was out of the way; for you and I, Archer, have had our flings, but were lucky enough not to be found out. I suppose Ethel would have made reasonable allowance for any ordinary departure from rectitude, but this 'shine' of Seymour's was exaggerated by babbling goody-goodies in Y. M. C.A., Temperance and White Cross circles, so that she could hardly do anything else but look askance. This treatment only rendered Seymour's riotous living more pronounced, and he hardly ever put in an appearance in class-room. He hadn't passed a single exam., and often laughingly boasted, that 'chronologically, he was in his second year, but academically in no year.'

"The Riel rebellion broke out a month

or so before exams., and the student corps of 'K' Company in the Queen's Own Rifles was ordered to the front. Seymour welcomed the North-West excitement, and considered the chances of escaping tomahawks and arrows more hopeful than a successful contest with those demons of the curriculum—Greek and metaphysics. The company was present at Out Knife Creek—but, by the way, Archer, you were there, and must have met him."

"Yes!" Archer replied. "Seymour and I were great friends, and I always found him an estimable fellow. He was in that charge, when White was shot. When I left for Battleford, just before the return march, Seymour was still unconscious from an unsightly wound in the right side. I haven't seen him since."

(To be continued.)

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**TUPPER AND WILMOT.**

Sir C. H. Tupper and his cheeky—not to say impertinent—letters are being roughly handled by the newspapers as well as by some of the salmon canners themselves. In fact the latter are showing them up in pretty lively style. We do not wonder that the Minister and his deputy have no special desire to come this way and meet such men as Messrs. D. J. Munn and Thomas E. Ladner. The former very pertinently shows in regard to the disposal of the salmon offal that it is only just to expect the Government to devote at least a portion of the big surplus, over and above expenses, of the revenue derived from the fisheries of this Province, to the establishment of guano works. As is shown, each cannery cannot erect a factory to dispose of its own refuse, and what more natural than that, the Government should undertake the work? Mr. Munn shows that except in British Columbia and Ontario the fisheries department expends in the different provinces more money by a very large sum upon the fisheries than it receives from that source. Last year, as is shown by the departmental report, the revenue from this Province was \$40,264 and the expenditure \$5,490, leaving a surplus of \$34,774. Where does that \$34,774 go? Have the people who contribute it no right to have a fair share of it expended among them, particularly when Mr. Wilmot, for he is apparently the great toad in the departmental puddle, says that the offal must not be dumped either into the salt water of the gulf or the fresh water of the river. Possibly, however, in view of the possibility of it being determined—as is more than probable—that the Dominion Government has no constitutional right to collect and appropriate the fees paid for fishing licenses in the various provinces, Sir Oliver Mowatt having brought the point to an issue before the Courts, it is the desire in the meantime to hang on to all possible receipts from this source. Then, in regard to the issue of licenses, Mr. Munn very forcibly exposes the wilfully false statements of Mr. Wilmot, and caps the climax by saying: "Furthermore, I suggest that if it will facilitate a settlement of differences between the fishing interests and the department, if it grieves them very much to think of the \$8,000 concession that Mr. Wilmot asserts was made over to the canneries this year, and which the canneries thrust down deep into their pockets, let me state that as far as I am concerned, if the department will adopt common sense as their guide in other matters affecting the industry, I shall be quite willing that no licenses be granted to canneries hereafter."

He adds, however, that if this be done, there are many deserving men who will be thrown out of work not having the means to equip and run fishing boats of their own. In the course of his letter, Mr. Thomas E. Ladner takes up another point of contention between the canners and the department, and after severely criticising what the department proposes to do and has really done, says:

"If Sir Charles were to set about building more hatcheries and thus maintain our salmon supply, I for one would have greater confidence in his good intentions. The fishing license was originally levied for the support of hatcheries, and this year some two thousand licenses were issued, which, at \$10 each, means \$20,000. Out of this \$20,000, the department supports 'one hatchery at an annual cost of less than twenty-six hundred dollars,' and I hardly suppose that the difference between these two amounts (\$17,400) goes for the maintenance of our fishery inspector and the few subordinates under him. Why cannot more hatcheries be supported out of this direct taxation on the fisheries? or, failing that why should not part of it be utilized in bonusing guano works, and thus settle the vexed offal question?"

Young Tupper and his man, Wilmot, are manifestly hit hard by both gentlemen, who very properly observe that it is the very height of presumption for Sir Charles Tupper or anyone else to sit in an office at Ottawa and profess to understand all about the fishery question without ever having visited the spot.

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**TOPICS OF INTEREST.**

(From the Commercial Journal.)

When Mr. Laurier was out here, we suppose for want of an active policy to which he dared not commit himself, even had such a thing been in any way considered by the party, he confined himself to a barren programme of negative criticism. The result was that he lost the opportunity which really existed to have done important service for his friends. He cannot now say, as was the reply of one of the former leaders of his party, "Wait till we come into power; it is not for the Opposition to block out the policy of the country." He admitted that he had nothing to suggest. The gentleman in question had reason to remember that prior to the elections of 1872, his friends had had too much policy, and that was brought into judgment against them to their condemnation in 1878. Mr. Laurier did well to be careful; his finance minister, Sir Richard Cartwright, has well been termed the Knight of the Rueful Countenance and the Prophet of Blue Ruin, although, as was the case with his budget on one occasion, in 1874, it is not impossible for him to turn a corner quite as sharply as the next man, and therefore silence - or at least a measure of reticence - is a golden virtue. Mr. Laurier, however, could not be altogether silent; he admittedly looks forward to free trade, which, he says, is not as yet possible, still he worships that fetiche, and as one of its most devoted worshippers, is ready to make sacrifices to it in which the vast majority of the people of Canada cannot join him. For this reason, he is not a safe leader. He says in effect that we are governed by King Log; but he would bring King Stork to reign over us, only he is afraid to come out boldly with the truth. Then, as for that burning question, the Manitoba and North West schools, he is so much afraid of it and of the parties directly and indirectly interested that he has hesitated to decide upon a plan of action; and it is with him a case of *laissez faire* till something shall turn up. Mr. Laurier is developing into a first-class political "to-morrow," although he has everything to gain and but little,

if anything, to loss by coming down flat-footedly.

In contrast with Mr. Laurier, though he is cast in a much more massive political mould, we notice that Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Liberal Unionist party of Great Britain, has not hesitated to come down with a definite policy. No one can charge him with having played fast and loose with that burning question—Home Rule; but in default of its settlement, he has boldly come out with a demand for social reforms, which he and many others have made up their minds must no longer be deferred, pending the passage of what appears for the present to be impassable legislation on the Irish question. His social reform measure looks to the furnishing of state aid to artisans for the purchase of homes of their own, and for the granting of old age pensions. When we look outside of the criminal and thriftless class to the large number of honest men and women, not alone in the Mother Country, but even among ourselves who, in the ordinary course of things, and through no fault of their own, are unable to live upon what they earn and in the event of whose death their families are plunged into dependence upon their neighbors and friends, if not as in England upon the rates, we shall see the wisdom of the two provisions in Mr. Chamberlain's programme which we have named. Better, far better, we say, to assist people to secure homes of their own while they are able to work and pay for them by the exercise of industry and frugality, than leave them when old and helpless to become the dependents of the Old Country Boards of Guardians or the occupants of the jails and refugees wherever they may happen to be. Better, too, to organize a pension fund to which they can contribute, however small an amount, when in their full health and strength, than have them standing at the street corners appealing for aid or the objects of the attentions of those charities whose mission is to relieve the poor whom under present conditions we have always with us. We say that in our opinion there would at an early day be effected a considerable saving in the public expenditures in this direction, while another effect would be to put an end to what in that event might be eventually called the crime of pauperism, for the sturdy independence of the people would come to regard, save under exceptional circumstances, those who were not self-supporting or provided for by their friends, as offenders against the laws and institutions of the country. This is a kind of politics that is far more beneficent than the wranglings among partisans and the disputations into which the discussions of

the most vitally important topics have the tendency to degenerate.

Then, Mr. Chamberlain's bill proposes to limit the hours of labor in shops and factories, to restrict pauper alien immigration and provide a new Employers' Liability Act. These are all objects of the most desirable description. The limitation of the hours of labor which has to be provided is not, however, the subject about which we hear so much among the blatant demagogues in these days. No man need give more than a fair day's labor for a fair day's pay, and no honest employer will expect more, the remedy, should a grievance exist, being in the hands of the men themselves, while few disputes, after recent experiences, will be allowed to go the length of extreme controversies without the assistance of some outside instrumentalities being invoked. But what is wanted is to put a stop to the system of white slavery that is known to exist in many cities under which certain descriptions of cheap clothing are put together, and cigars are manufactured, etc. Pauper alien labor must be restricted, and we question if our American neighbors are at all astray in the steps which they are so vigorously taking against alien—not to mention pauper—labor. We know in Victoria how much its introduction has disadvantaged our own fellow citizens. As for the liabilities of employers, let them be defined to the strict limit of justice and then let them be enforced without the slightest wavering.

Referring to Mr. Chamberlain's proposed reforms, there are two of them which occur to us as of singular appropriateness to the conditions of this Province. One is that of assisting people to establish themselves in their own homes, the other is that of making provision for old age pensions. It may be said that we are a young community and cannot possibly embark in such enterprises. Besides, there are some who will say that it is none of the business of the Province to deal with such matters; moreover, they will allege that our conditions are such that there is no necessity for making this departure. We have, it may be said, no pauperism among us, and there is no use in meeting the devil halfway. But there is a good old maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and the depression that has everywhere prevailed has been sufficient to show to Victorians and to British Columbians that there are people among us whose distance from want is only so great as a few days lack of work may determine. At present most of these are householders who pay rent to some one, and in one way or another contribute to the municipal, provincial and Dominion revenues. Some of them

were only a few months since assisted in their extremity by individuals or institutions. Some of them, too, were in possession of little properties, in the purchase or construction of which they had expended some of their earnings. Some of those properties have either been mortgaged up to quite as much as they would bring at the present time, and upon others the mortgages have already been foreclosed. We are looking forward to the time when these people will be in full work again and when it might be possible for them to once more put something by.

The Provincial Government has in the past—though that policy has now been abandoned—expended considerable money in bringing out settlers. Why, then, since some of the long-headed statesmen of the motherland have deemed it by no means outside of their function to do something towards establishing people in their own homes, could not something of the kind be considered here by the Parliament which is so soon to meet? The provincial credit is good and it has been able to raise on advantageous terms the money that was required for enterprises in no way more commendable. As THE COMMERCIAL JOURNAL has more than once observed, there is an element among us whose energies at present are not being turned to the best advantage. Why not put an experimental colony on the land and give them what might prove to be the opportunity of their lives? As for the pension scheme, that might be deferred pending the result of the other experiment in the direction of paternal government. The people, if once they were established on the land, would become consumers of manufactured products, for which the home market would be by so much increased. This subject is at least one which should have attention.

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