

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossip.

Vol. III., No. 49.

VICTORIA, B. C., SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Published every Saturday morning at 77 Johnson street, Victoria. Subscription, \$1.00, payable in advance.

CORRESPONDENTS—THE HOME JOURNAL is anxious of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in British Columbia—one whose letters will present a complete and accurate record of the social happenings in his or her locality.

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THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL,
Office: 77 Johnson street,
Victoria, B. C.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

*"I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind—
To blow on whom I please."*

THE reception to Mr. Laurier and his travelling companions was not by any means as enthusiastic as it should have been. Of course the crowd which had assembled at the wharf on the arrival of the steamer was not composed altogether of Liberals, but, nevertheless, all, or nearly all, were well-disposed towards the Liberal leader. Evidently the people noticed Wm. Marchant on the boat and refrained from uttering a sound of welcome.

The meeting in the Market Hall was well attended. The speeches were, in many respects, a disappointment; but this can be attributed to the fact that the people expected too much.

In speaking of Mr. Laurier's trade policy, a local publication remarks: "Numerous papers of considerable importance in the commercial world of Canada do not hesitate to express dissatisfaction with Hon. Mr. Laurier's trade policy as enunciated in some of the speeches which he has delivered. It is pointed out that however anxious he may be for reciprocity in trade with the United States, those wishes of his count for nothing, so long as the United States Congress is not willing. He has declared that the people of this country are being robbed under the tariff, and that when he comes to power, he will set matters right in this respect. Then, as a remedy for all business disabilities, he recommends

free trade, forgetful that he has more than once admitted that it is not at present obtainable, and, in consequence, as every one knows, we must continue under the disabilities existing under the jug-handled system from which we suffered and from which the bringing in of the National Policy relieved us."

The burden of Mr. Laurier's speech was "Freedom of Trade." This, as the *Montreal Star* says, sounds well and means little. It instantly suggests "free trade" and as instantly comforts with the assurance that it is not free trade at all. Yet the free trader would find in it a first cousin to his own pet shibboleth, and could easily persuade his imagination that he was at last on the home track following the old war cry; while the moderate Protectionist—the National Policy Protectionist as opposed to the Private Purse Protectionist—could find in it only a declaration for common sense tariff reform. George Foster was a "Freedom of Trade" man in a mild degree when he brought down his first tariff draft at the opening of last session; and he was still a "Freedom of Trade" man—with a little more water in it—when he had located his last "clerical error." Senator Gorman in the American Senate stands magnificently for "freedom of trade," for he has made trade a little freer than it was under the regime of McKinley. It is a wide, wide plank—is "freedom of trade;" and his was a long, long head who first proposed to make it the representation of the Liberal trade position to be sent to the country.

It is freedom of trade that the most single-eyed Commercial Unionist in Canada thinks he is working for. Mr. Godwin Smith would, doubtless, write himself down as in favor of so plausibly named a policy; and so would the man who wants to reduce our duties on British goods and thus make trade freer within the Empire. Who, indeed, is against freedom of trade? The Liberals themselves will not profess to be in favor of the freest trade, and so it becomes only a question of degree; and we are all in favor of as much of it as we think good for the country. We knew what a "revenue tariff" meant; we comprehended the significances of "Unrestricted Reciprocity"; but what is Freedom of Trade? The shoal upon which this new painted ship will come to grief, however, is the widespread distrust of the Liberals in

trade matters, and the consequent widespread demand that their declaration of policy be clear and explicit—not vague and illusory. The country is not in a mood to take anything on faith from the Liberals in regard to tariff legislation. We came to near the precipice in '91 amid a fog of fine phrases. If the Liberals would be strong in the next campaign, they must be exceedingly frank and plain with the country—they must tell us in spite of their baulk at the sight of an open road last session, how they intend to amend the tariff. It is fully, continues the paper referred to above, to howl at protection and then promise "incidental protection,"—to declare for a great reform in the tariff which shall reduce it to a revenue basis when it does no more than raise the revenue now; and ask the people to accept this as a full explanation of the intentions of the party. Plain details and not dazzling phrases constitute the real need of the Oppositionists at this time.

I have no doubt, however, that Mr. Laurier's visit to this Province will at least have the desired result of awakening interest in our illimitable possibilities and the requirements for the development of British Columbia resources.

Before quitting the subject of Mr. Laurier's visit, I must not forget remarking that that gentleman bears a wonderful resemblance to the late lamented Right. Hon. Sir John Macdonald. This resemblance is more noteworthy in facial expression than from a physical standpoint. It is said by intimate acquaintances that Mr. Laurier resembles Sir John also in disposition, being conciliatory and always anxious to make friends.

Now that the new U. S. Tariff law has gone into operation without the President's sanction and without, indeed, the overriding of his veto which he did not exercise because he considered the measure a step in the right direction, it may be well to remark that tariffs generally are not remarkable for the length of time which they last, they being continually subjected to greater or smaller modifications. We cannot look very far in Canada for tariff history as until 1878 our tariffs were mainly for revenue.

But, if we refer to the United States, we find that the first of the distinctively

protective tariffs, the Calhoun act of 1816, lasted eight years, or until it was set aside in most of its schedules by the act of 1824. That law was succeeded in 1828 by a law which expired in 1833. It was followed by a tariff passed in 1832 which took effect on March 3, 1833 and which lasted a little less than ten months, being superseded by the Clay compromise tariff. This act existed from January 1, 1834, to August 30, 1842, a little over eight and a half years. Four years after the act of 1842 had to give way for the famous Walker "free trade" tariff of 1846, which was altered in many of its schedules eleven years later by the still lower tariff of 1857, the last named act living a little less than four years.

The Morrill tariff was signed by President Buchanan on March 2, 1861, a day and a half before he retired from office, went into effect April 1, and some of its duties remained in operation twenty-two years, or until 1883. It changed every year or two in certain schedules, the changes in the first few years being upward and subsequently downward. The law of 1883 which made complete revision in rates, went into full operation on July 1 of that year, and lasted a little over seven years, when it was displaced by the McKinley law, which went into operation on October 6, 1890. The last named act, after a life of a little less than four years, gave place to the Wilson-Gorman law on August 28, 1894.

Business, it is pleasing to note, is improving in the United States, and we may therefore expect considerable improvement in Canada also. The adoption of the Tariff Bill has removed one of the causes of uncertainty and unsettlement, and every one appears to be going to work as if he meant business. This will help us here also. The consensus of opinion is that, though the tariff is not so good as the Americans would like, it is by no means irremediably bad.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether business recovery in the U.S. will be rapid or slow, as was the case after former panics. Some incline to the belief that there will not be the prolonged period of suspense that characterized the panic of 1874. The present panic was due largely to a general business distrust consequent upon a proposition to make a radical change in tariff laws and to the fact that speculation has been too rampant, all with business conditions once unsettled weak places were quick to come to notice. The failures of unsound enterprises added to the distrust, and panic seized all holders of money, and disaster was the natural result.

The tariff question is now settled. Recovery is the only feature in the case left for consideration. In the panic of 1873,

the country had not been fully adjusted to the reconstruction policy. There was a good deal of friction between the sections, and it was not easy to harmonize in business, but years have obliterated that condition, and there is such practical agreement along business lines that it is easy for business interests to adjust themselves equally in all parts of the country to new conditions. With this harmony prevailing, it will be seen that the base of recovery is deeply laid.

It is now a question of employment, simply. With the people filling positions with incomes, there will be no trouble about business recovery. The prospect for employment will improve slowly for a time. The fall business will compel the employment of more people, and thus gradually there will be development of the retail trade, and more of the surplus help will be taken off the market. This will take time, to be sure, but it will not take years, as have former panics, before normal conditions can be reached. And so the outlook must be regarded as favorable under all conditions. It will be better for all concerned to look at it in this light too, because sentiment plays an important part in business.

The streets and water supply of Victoria are, very properly, the subjects of no small amount of public controversy, and I trust that the agitation will not down until there is something of a radical nature done to put them in proper condition. They are a decided drawback to business; but the trouble appears to be that, in the multitude of counsellors, it has been made difficult to decide exactly what to do.

The Ottawa Government has, we observe, begun to take action against those who violate the post office regulations in the way of writing on the margins of newspapers, and in that way making the newspaper the medium of correspondence that ought to find its way either in a sealed letter or upon an open post card. One offender at Esquimalt has already been prosecuted and fined \$10 and costs. Other prosecutions will, it is said, follow, it being the intention to put a stop to the practice.

The German newspaper correspondent, Mr. Rudolph Bach, according to the *Edmonton Bulletin*, has been much impressed with the northern country. At Edmonton, he has seen the variety of bush and prairie, hill and dale, forest and stream, and has expressed himself in glowing terms of the beauty of the scene. He has already visited southern Manitoba and British Columbia, and is now on his way to Regina and Prince Albert. His object is to advise, from personal experience, the peasants of Germany who are desirous

of emigrating; men who would arrive in Canada with \$3,000 and \$4,000 per family and who are in every respect suitable persons to take up land in a good field for emigration.

A correspondent comments on the fact that the Water Works Loan By-Law was carried by a vote of 2 to 1, notwithstanding the combined opposition of every paper in this city, with the exception of *THE HOME JOURNAL*. The correspondent infers from this that "either the ratepayers are wanting in intelligence or the above representatives of our local press but, be that as it may, the ratepayers voted in accordance with their convictions notwithstanding that on the morning of the election, the *Colonist* came out with three leading articles, with a rehash of past platitudes in opposition."

During the past week *THE HOME JOURNAL* has received several communications reeking with abuse of the gentleman who controls the editorial columns of the *Province*, a weekly paper published in this city. *THE HOME JOURNAL* has no reason to speak ill of Mr. Scaife, and so far as the subject matter of the communications is concerned, I am inclined to the belief that his motives in many respects have been misrepresented. In any event, there is one thing certain, this paper strongly objects to being made a medium through which irresponsible persons can injure the business of any man. The principles advocated by an editor are always a fair subject for criticism, but his private affairs never, at least in the columns of *THE HOME JOURNAL*.

In answer to a correspondent, the words "starboard" and "larboard," as used in the nautical vocabulary, are from the Italian words, *questa borda*, meaning "this side," and *quella borda*, "that side." Abbreviated, these two phrases appear as *staborda* and *laborda*, and by the corruption of languages were soon rendered as "starboard" and "larboard" by English sailors. Years ago, an order of the admiralty discontinued the use of "larboard" and substituted "port."

Now Ottawa has a Sunday street car agitation. The Ottawans do not know when they are well off. As usual, the movement is attributed chiefly to the churchgoing people, who are said to need the cars to enable them to ride to church. The opportunity of riding to church is one of the oldest arguments in favor of Sunday street cars, and we imagine is used principally by people who have not been to church since they were christened.

Last week, a correspondent, "Sister Mary," reproved the press of Victoria for refusing to publish the particulars of the

rumored betrayal of a young girl—an inmate of the Orphan's Home—by a young man well connected in this city. The HOME JOURNAL has inquired into the case, and is of the opinion that the publication of the circumstances surrounding the affair would accomplish no good, and only be making public the weak side of our social conditions.

The fact that the U. S. salmon combine has not succeeded in the attempt to dictate prices to owners of goods at distributive points is suggestive in a sure, and there is some doubt that their peculiar methods will meet with as much favor this year as they did last season. However, the combine profess to have already contracted a considerable portion of the 1894 pack in one way or another, and manifest no sign whatever of inclination to change their plans. Present appearances are that they will do the bulk of carrying the pack this season.

JOHN BULL AND COMPANY.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for September contains a characteristic article by Max O'Reil on "John Bull & Company," from which THE HOME JOURNAL culls the following:

An Englishman was one day swaggering before a Frenchman about the immensity of the British Empire, and he concluded his remarks by saying: "Please to remember, my dear sir, that the sun never sets on the possessions of the English." "I am not surprised at that," replied the good Frenchman, "the sun is obliged always to keep an eye on rascals."

France is the foremost country in the world. This is a fact which it were puerile to seek to prove, seeing that the French admit it themselves. Happy and content in their own country, which is due to support them, the French, of all the nations in the world, are the persons who least bother their heads about what is happening outside it; in fact, the masses of the people are in crass ignorance about the rest of the planet. The Frenchman believes in his heart that foreigners were created and sent into the world to minister to his diversion. He looks upon the Belgian as a dear, good simpton, the Italian as a noisy nobody, the German as a heavy, pompous pedant, he thinks the Americans mad, and the English eccentric and grotesque. And he goes on his way delighted. I have seen French people laugh side-splittingly when I told them that the English drink champagne with their dinner and claret at dessert.

To be sure, my own way of looking at these things is very much the same. How should it be otherwise? After all, a Frenchman is a Frenchman to the end of the chapter. Of one thing, at all events, I am firmly convinced, and that is that one nation is not better nor worse than another; each one is different from the others, that is all. This is a deep conviction forced upon one by travel. And I hope the reader, when he closes these pages, will be able to explain to himself how the English have succeeded in founding the British Empire. In India is to be seen John Bull Pasha, a grand seigneur followed by gaily-robed servitors who do profound obeisance to him. It is the master in the midst of a subjected people. In the colonies the conquered races have been suppressed.

In Canada you see John Bull quite at home, busy, fat and flourishing, a pink tip

to his nose, and his head snug in a fur cap; it is John Bull in a ball. It is the seal. In Australia you see him long and lean, nonchalant, happy-go-lucky, his face sunburned, his head crowned with a wide-brimmed, light felt hat, walking with slow tread, his arms pendent, his legs out of all proportion. It is John Bull drawn out. It is the kangaroo. But it is John Bull still, John Bull Junior, eating his morning porridge, and living just as if he were still in his old island, eating his roast beef and plum-pudding, and washing it down with tea or whiskey. He is hardly changed at all.

Let us then study the English in all those countries that are to be seen marked in red on the maps of the world published in English countries that John Bull has acquired at the cost of very little blood and a good deal of whiskey, always converting the natives to Christianity, and their territory to his own uses.

Here, in Australia, as well as in other colonies, I cannot help being struck with the fact that the English colonies are in the hands of the Scots. Out of seven governors, five are Scottish; the president of the legislative council is a Scot, and so are three-fourths of the counselors; the mayor of Melbourne is of the same nationality, and the agent-general in London is another Scotsman. England ought not to call her colonies "Greater Britain" but "Greater Scotland," and the United States might be named "Greater Ireland." As for the South of New Zealand, it is as Scotch as Edinburgh, and more Scotch than Glasgow. Go to Broken Hill, the richest silver mine in the world, and you will see five great shafts leading to the treasures of the earth; these five great shafts bear the following names: Drew, MacIntyre, MacGregor, Jamieson and MacCulloch, five Scots. It is the same thing everywhere.

Melbourne, the intelligent, the much-alive, closes its museums on Sundays. A deputation, one day, waited upon Sir Graham Beery, then Prime Minister of the colony, to ask him to close the taverns on Sunday. The deputation was chiefly composed of pastors belonging to all kinds of so-called non-conformist churches.

"I am very willing," said Sir Graham, "to use my influence to try and get the taverns closed on Sundays, if you will consent to my using the same influence to get the museums opened instead."

The reverend gentlemen appeared not to relish the terms, and as the Prime Minister did not hear any more from them, it must be presumed that they preferred the public-house to the museum, as a Sunday resort for the people. In England, every intelligent person is clamoring for the opening of the museums on Sunday; and they will succeed one day in obtaining what they ask; but it takes time, for the combat has to be carried on against all the allied forces of bigotry and conservatism. And yet, it was the first and greatest of Protestants, Martin Luther himself, who said on this very subject:

"If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, then I command you to work on it, ride on it, dance on it, do anything that will prove this encroachment on Christian spirit and liberty."

The rapidity with which the towns grow in New Zealand is prodigious. A commercial enterprise starts. After a few weeks a public-house is opened, a bank opens its doors, a newspaper is started, and population flows and groups itself around this nucleus. In a very few years it has become a flourishing town. Not a soldier, not a Frenchman, whose country is struck a Frenchman, whose country is crippled with bureaucracy bound down with red tape. A witty French traveller, M. Georges Kohn, in his "*Voyage Autour du Monde*," a volume full of clever observations and unflinching sprightliness, exclaims:

"In our colonies the first building is a police station, the second is that of the tax-collector, the third of a statistic-office, and you have to wait for the colonists, who are to be looked after, taxed, judged,

and especially counted by the census-taker."

In the English colonies, the population first, the intervention of Government afterwards. With us, it is the Government first, the population—where is it? It stays at home in France; and when our soldiers have guaranteed the tranquillity and the security of the country, the English, the Germans, the Danes, the Swedes, the Chinese, etc., etc., take up their abode there, and the good French taxpayer at home asks, as he pays the bill, "*Ce qu'on est alle faire, dans cette galere.*" I warrant that, out of our thirty-six millions in France, there are not five hundred who know just where the French colonies are. I warrant that there is not, in France, a single mother (that woman whose empire is supreme at home) who does not oppose the emigration of her sons, and prefer for them situations as quill-drivers, at eighteen hundred francs a year. Try and found colonies while such sentiments reign! The British empire was founded by the spirit of independence instilled and alimented in the Englishmen from his tenderest age, not only at school but at home.

If you go to Canada, you find a French population that has been subject to Great Britain for a hundred and fifty years past, but these have remained French in heart. Not only do they continue to speak French, but they do not, and will not, speak anything else. I mean the masses, of course. John Bull leaves them alone. He says to them: "Speak what you please, worship God as you will," and those French Catholics of the seventeenth century have remained French and Catholic, so that to visit them is to visit the France of two hundred years ago.

This is a fact, which, among a thousand others, has explained to me the success of the English. They are past masters in diplomacy. The governing hand is firm, but wears a velvet glove. They seem to say: "Do not mind us, make yourself at home. But John Bull is there all the time."

The English and the Dutch at the Cape would do very well without each other; but they live in peace and co-operate honorably in the development of the colony. It is true that the Parliament is opened by the high commissioner in the name of the Queen of England, whom he represents, but autonomy is so complete that the Dutch feel themselves as free as if they enjoyed that perfect independence, which they hope one day to obtain, by purely constitutional means, of course. At present they form the Conservative element in politics and support the Afrikaner Bond. This association calmly pursues its aim, and not a single member would think of taking up a gun to hasten its realization. It succeeds in making the ministry do pretty much what it wishes without giving umbrage to the Queen's representatives.

The members of the Afrikaner Bond hold, with the greatest impunity, meetings at which they express their hopes in the frankest terms. What does the Government do? What does it do? It sends policemen to these meetings. To arrest the orators, and haul them before a tribunal, for high treason? Not at all; to protect orators and audience, and to assure them of their rights to give their opinions in public, even when one of those opinions may be "that John Bull be turned out, and the independence of the South African colonies proclaimed." And that which best shows how little John Bull's yoke makes itself felt in the colonies, is perhaps the following incident, which always seemed to me extremely piquant, and full of British humor. When the delegates of the Afrikaner Bond wish to go by train to take part in some meeting held in the provinces by one of the branches of the patriotic, but revolutionary association, the minister of railways gives them tickets at reduced fares.

*The railways at the Cape belong to the Government, and are administered by a minister, as in Australasia.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

AT 7:30 Tuesday morning in Holy Trinity Church, New Westminster, Mr. Justinian Pelly, barrister, Chilliwack, and Miss Kinsey, sister of Mrs. G. H. Cross of that city, were united in marriage. The officiating clergymen were Rev. A. Childrick and Rev. C. Croucher. The bridesmaids were Miss Craig of Victoria, and Miss Randolph. The groomsmen were Mr. Bernard Pelly of Seattle. Mr. G. H. Cross, brother-in-law of the bride, gave her away. A full choral service was rendered, Mr. Wolfenden presiding at the organ. There was a large attendance of friends of the contracting parties in the church and a number of these afterwards went to the Sea House, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Pelly will make their home at Chilliwack.

One of the most enjoyable private balls that have taken place for some time was given Thursday evening at "Fernhill," Esquimalt Road, the residence of Hon. C. E. Pooley. Mrs. Pooley and her daughters have the well deserved reputation of being most charming hostesses and certainly nothing that may contribute to the enjoyment of their guests is ever wanting at "Fernhill." The decorations were few but pretty in effect, and the supper was excellent. Richardson's orchestra contributed their share to the pleasures of the dance, which did not break up until 3:30 a.m. The following is a partial list of the guests: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Croft, Miss Effie Dunsmuir, Miss Maud Dunsmuir, Miss Harvey, Messrs. Frank and Jack O'Reilly, Miss O'Reilly, Misses Drake, Misses Loewen, W. H. Langley, Misses Langley, Cecil, F. B. and G. D. Ward, Misses Foster, Hon. F. G. Vernon, A. W. Vowell, LePort Trench, E. A. Jacob, J. F. Foulkes, H. E. A. and Rocke Robertson, H. B. Haines, G. W. Booth and naval officers and others.

Mr. Samuel Reid, the popular merchant, and Miss Barbara Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, were united in marriage last Monday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 21 Quebec street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Reid, D.D., father of the groom. The bride was attended by Misses Bella Wilson and Ruby Fell and the groom by Rev. D. H. Reid, his brother, and Joseph Wilson, brother of the bride. Only the friends and relatives of the contracting parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on the Rosalie the following morning for the Sound.

Mr. C. H. Barker, barrister, formerly of this city, but now of Nanaimo, and Miss

Susan R. Russell, daughter of William Russell, Boyd street, were united in marriage Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents in the presence of about 50, made up of relatives and friends of the people. Rev. P. McF. Macleod performed the ceremony, and F. Russell of Vancouver, and Miss Young, were groomsmen and bridesmaid respectively. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock and was followed by a supper. THE HOME JOURNAL extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Barker.

The Victoria Quadrille Club has recently been organized with the following committee: F. Maynard, F. Richardson, E. B. Rookledge and A. J. Bates. Weekly dances by invitation only will be held in the Jewish Hall, Blanchard street, corner Pandora Avenue. Richardson's orchestra will furnish music for the season.

Mr. John Stevenson entertained Sir John Gorst at "Esperanza" on Tuesday evening. Amongst the gentlemen invited to meet Sir John were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Mr. Pooley, Mr. H. Croft, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. C. Vernon, Canon Beanlands, Judge Crease and others.

The marriage of Mr. Michael Steele and Miss Charlotte Baines was celebrated at St. Andrew's (R. C.) cathedral by Rev. Father Nicoloye, last Wednesday evening, Miss Ethel Baines supporting the bride and Mr. H. J. O'Leary the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Steele will reside in Victoria.

An enjoyable dancing party was given at the residence of Mr. J. H. Lawson, 106 Simcoe street, Friday evening. The programme comprised twenty dances, with extras, and the music was furnished by Richardson's orchestra.

Mrs. Fanny Chapman, nee Oliver, and daughter arrived from Detroit Thursday evening. They were met at Vancouver by Miss Susie Oliver and Miss Bertha Rattray.

The latest engagement announced is that of a well known young Victoria real estate agent to a Port Townsend lady, at present visiting in this city.

Mr. W. Edgar Buck has returned from Harrison Hot Springs, and has entered upon his duties as principal of the Victoria College of Music.

The Young Ladies Institute gave a pleasant dance in the Institute Hall,

View street, Friday evening. Bantly's orchestra officiated.

Mr. A. S. Aspland will leave by the Umatilla to-night for San Francisco, where he will take up the profession of music.

An enjoyable card and dancing party was given by Miss Bertha Rattray, of 135 Michigan street, Thursday evening.

Mrs. S. Perry Mills, and Misses Gertrude and Ethel Mills, have left for a short visit to California.

Mr. D. M. Eberts, M. P. P., has returned from a pleasant visit to Harrison Hot Springs.

Mr. J. C. McLagan, of the Vancouver World, spent a few days in the city this week.

Mrs. Clarence Cox is visiting friends on the Sound.

Miss E. Horton has returned from California.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

LACROSSE.

THE Victoria team suffered defeat at New Westminster last Saturday. Various causes are assigned for the defeat, the principal one being that the Westminster team indulged in brutal play in order to win the game. A month or so ago Harry Morton was protested on the ground of rough play; but it now transpires that there are at least six players on the Westminster team who play a rougher game than Morton. The fact of the matter is, the player referred to did not foul Lewis in the match here, and the scratch which the latter received was purely accidental. So that harmony might be preserved, the Victoria executive conceded points which they knew were not supported by fact, and agreed, providing it would bring about a good feeling, to leave Morton off for the rest of the season. The desired object was not gained, however, and it is now their duty to play Morton. From what can be learned the Westminsters not only indulged in foul playing, but also in foul language. Lewis, who "squealed" on every possible occasion in the matches here, developed a wonderful spirit of bravery in New Westminster. He deliberately struck Archie Macnaughton and then ran away. Stuart Campbell deliberately cut Blight on the head with his stick, and added insult to injury by indulging in the language of the gutter. Of those who played a good game on the Victoria side, the names of R.

William F. Cullin, D. Paterson, A. Belfry, W. Williams, W. Cullin and Ross Eckardt are mentioned. The game stood 3 to 2 in favor of New Westminster.

Victoria will play Vancouver to-day at the latter place.

The James Bays and Stars will play the protested game at the Caledonia grounds to-day.

The firemen were booked to play the Boiler-makers at Caledonia Park to-day at 1 o'clock.

The Capitals, of Ottawa, defeated the Quebec club last Tuesday by a score of 4 to 2.

The Shamrocks have defeated the hitherto insurmountable Excelsiors of Brampton, by six goals to one.

FOOTBALL.

There has been some show of interest in Rugby football circles this week. A meeting will be held soon for organization, and a schedule of games will, no doubt, also be considered with a view of meeting the Mainland and Island teams. After the splendid record and prestige of the Victoria team last season, enthusiasts will expect the local club to hold its own against all visiting aggregations. One of the first games will be very likely against the Royal Artillery. This should be an interesting and well contested match. Rugby is the great fall sport, and all will look forward to a repetition of the splendid exhibitions, so delightful to spectators last year.

SPORTING TIPS.

The proposed fight between James Corbett and Peter Jackson cannot be arranged.

McCulloch, the Winnipeg bicycle rider, reduced the Canadian record for the quarter mile to 31 4-5 seconds.

The annual shoot of the Vancouver Gun Club will be held on the club grounds at Fairview to-day.

The report of the races at the Driving Park has been received too late for this issue.

The Islanders defeated a scratch team from the Victoria Cricket Club Thursday afternoon by a score of 86 to 76.

The medals for the junior lacrosse champions of the Province are being manufactured at the establishment of Messrs. Challoner & Mitchell.

The Victoria College football season

opened Wednesday, when a team captained by A. R. Green defeated one commanded by A. Goward, two goals to one, association.

THE KENNEL.

(This column is entirely under the supervision of Mr. J. B. Carmichael, 5 Turner street, to whom all communications for "The Kennel" or "Poultry" should be addressed.)

THERE seems to be quite an epidemic of dog stealing, to judge by advertisements in the daily papers. The last we hear of is a nice liver and white cocker out of W. R. Higgins' Lady Giffiee, and one of the best coated and bodied cockers we have seen this year. A suitable reward will be paid on its return to the owner.

A letter received by a fancier here conveys the information that the bench show at Stockton has been abandoned. It was to have been held Sept. 26-29, with John Davidson as judge. Several of our collies and spaniels, we believe, were to have been sent down.

Archie MacNaughton is getting his bulldog, Brian Boru, by Billy, out of Gladys, registered in the Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book.

Fleas have been very troublesome during the hot term, and many are the remedies we have been told of. About the only sure shot is Jeyes' Fluid, which should be used as directed on the label, and then the dog should be rinsed with clean cold water. Jimmie Christie's black cocker was so infested with fleas, some as large as a pea, that, until he tried the above remedy, he was unable to get any closer to the dog than six feet, which was as far as the insects could jump.

There is a snappy little terrier on Birdcage Walk that is developing some very bad habits. Last week, he suddenly rushed out on two passers by and caused one, a well known citizen, to commit a serious breach of the peace, viz.: to take up a stone and throw it at the dog, narrowly missing the street car rail. Persons owning watch dogs should take a little trouble to teach them not to do any barking, except on the premises.

P. I. Packard, and J. E. Miller, with a party of friends, leave to-day for San Juan River on a hunting and fishing trip. Among the high class dogs to go along, are Count Fosco and Chas. Cunningham's Pete. We are promised an account of their experiences.

Mr. Geo. Phillips, of Esquimalt, has a collie that displays an unquenchable desire to race the Esquimalt car on every

possible occasion. The record now stands—five races won, six lost and three dead heats. We hear that several frequenters of the line are arranging a match race for a cup.

Thos McNeely, of Ladner's, has purchased a St. Bernard, Prince Charlie, by Plinmonarch-Queen, from R. A. Cunningham, of this city. Charlie, we believe, is the pick of the litter, and we wish Mr. McNeely success in rearing him.

F. W. Cryderman informs us that his cocker spaniel has whelped seven healthy pups—two dogs—by Dr. Milne's Capt. Hunter.

John Gardner, the well known brown leghorn breeder, has bought a splendid English setter, by Grouse C.K.C. 743, out of Nellie.

W. S. Chambers is visiting relatives back east, and while there will visit some of the prominent collie kennels. Another of our collie men leaves shortly for a trip to the Old Country, and we shall not be surprised if something good in that variety comes out this way.

POULTRY.

MR. TAYLOR, of Goldstream, has just imported a pen each of Black Spanish and Plymouth Rocks. He is going in quite extensively for poultry next spring.

W. B. Sylvester, the well-known dealer in fancy poultry reports a good fall trade in young stock. An establishment like Mr. Sylvester's is a great convenience to both amateur and professional breeders as they are enabled to dispose of any surplus stock with the minimum of trouble.

Dr. Milne has been appointed to judge poultry at the Westminster show. We understand that Mr. Chalmers, of Salt Spring, will be asked to take the classes at the show here.

With a view to making this department as interesting as possible we have prepared a series of articles on the fall and winter management of fowls and will publish the first in next issue. They will embody the practical experience of several of our oldest breeders and will be invaluable as a guide to poultry raising in this Province.

The assortment of novels at Sampson's Book Exchange is a surprise to most persons, the first time they visit the Exchange. Novels are sold for half price, or they will exchange with you for 5 cents. A new novel is also given for two old ones. Douglas st., cor Johnson.

AN ATLANTIC STORY.

A SALIENT feature of life on board an Atlantic liner is the rapidity with which a man drifts into the company most congenial to his tastes, and sticks to it throughout the voyage.

A certain number will beguile the time with poker, *ecarte*, or a quiet rubber of whist. Then you have the body of deck loungers who revel in the briny seabreezes, and the little band who devote most of their time and attention to the fair sex. But when you find a man who prefers the solitude of his state-room to any of these attractions, you may put it down as certain that he has a substantial reason for keeping to himself.

On one occasion a man came to me and asked to see the passenger list. He was a big, powerful-looking fellow, with heavy flat features, and a mop of hair that rose straight from his forehead. His face, too, was covered with hair almost to the eyes, which gave him rather an odd appearance. I took him to be a Russian, though he impressed upon me he was Austrian. His name, it seemed, was Volker.

His manner was decidedly peculiar. He was desperately nervous, apparently, and scanned the passenger list as if he expected to find the name of a deadly enemy therein. He said he was a miserable sailor—oh! he knew he would endure tortures during the voyage, and could I manage to stow him away somewhere by himself, so that his sufferings might not be a source of inconvenience to his fellow passengers?

Well, as we hadn't a very full ship, and as he had paid a high rate for his passage, I promised him a small state-room which happened to be vacant. He appeared immensely relieved, grasped me by the hand, and hurried down below. I saw no more of him until we dropped anchor inside the forts at Queenstown.

I then noticed him on deck, looking rather "washy," I thought, and keeping well in the background. As the tender with the mails and passengers ran alongside, I observed he paid close attention to those who came on board. After that he disappeared again, and for two days remained shut up in his state-room.

On the second evening, however, he ventured out and made his way on deck. Gradually he grew bolder, and the next day took his place at table for the first time. That night, when I looked into the smoke-room, I was rather astonished to find him there, talking and laughing loudly, smoking the best cigars on board, and imbibing an abundance of champagne.

In fact, there was a marvellous and unaccountable change in the man. He seemed to have completely shaken off his fears, whatever they were, and from being a timorous, frightened sort of a

creature, he broke out into a noisy, blustering, showy boaster. I soon found he was an inveterate gambler; and though undoubtedly, he played a straight game, and had plenty of money at command, the smoke-room company fought rather shy of him, for he was not content to play except for very high stakes.

There was one man on board who seemed to take a singular interest in Volker. His name was Klein—a Swiss apparently—and he had joined the ship at Queenstown.

There was nothing remarkable about him in any way. He looked like a man who, from long necessity, had schooled his features into betraying little of his character. In all probability he would have escaped my notice if I had not detected the earnest yet stealthy manner in which he watched the Russian.

About nine o'clock on the last night of the voyage I dropped into the smoke-room. The Russian was seated behind one of the small tables, in a very boisterous mood, snapping a pack of cards between his fingers and boastfully offering to play any of the company present. No one responded to his challenge. Then Klein got up quietly, laid his newspaper aside, and walked to the table.

"I will play," he said, taking a seat.

"You?"

Volker looked at him steadily, and I thought suspiciously, but the other took a handful of gold from his pocket and laid it on the table. It was enough; the eyes of the Russian sparkled, his greed was aroused and they began to play.

For the first ten minutes or so Volker had the best of it. Then the tide turned, fluctuated for a while between the two, and finally settled in favor of the Swiss. In half an hour his opponent was cleared out.

"Wait a moment!" cried Volker, springing up eagerly. He rushed down below, and returned with a fresh supply of notes and gold, which he flung down triumphantly on the table.

"Double?" he said as he took his seat.

"Yes."

The stakes were doubled, and they went at it again. By this time the excitement of the contest had got hold of all present, and they stood around in a cluster.

Luck still favored the Swiss—perhaps because he appeared indifferent as to whether he lost or won. The Russian, on the other hand, followed the vicissitudes of the game with the true passion of the gambler. His pile was steadily dwindling away; he was growing desperate; he rapidly counted what remained, and offered to stake the whole on the result of the next deal. The offer was instantly taken up.

Amidst a death-like silence, the game

was played out until the last deciding card remained in Klein's hand. He hesitated a moment before playing it, and then held it up in the hollow of his palm, so that it was visible only to his opponent.

The Russian bounded from his seat, his white lips uttered a terrible imprecation, and he fell back into the corner, cowering, shaking, gasping. The muscles of his face twitched spasmodically, while the craven and horrified look he fixed upon the immovable countenance of the Swiss showed he was the victim of some awful and mysterious dread. Without a word, he got up and staggered from the room. Klein, still retaining the fatal card in his hand, went on deck, leaving the stakes on the table.

The rest of us were looking at each other in blank amazement, when the report of a shot ran through the ship. I sprang down the stairs. A tiny wreath of smoke was curling out of the state-room occupied by Volker, and inside I found the Russian lying dead on the floor. He had shot himself through the head.

About an hour later, the captain sent for me. While I was passing along the deck to his cabin, I came upon Klein. He was bending over a camp stool, upon which lay a mass of gold and notes.

"I suppose you know that Volker has shot himself," I remarked.

"Yes, I know it," he replied, without locking up.

"You made a big swoop, at any rate," I said, glancing at his winnings.

"To my utter amazement, he crushed the money together, and, with a wide sweep of his arm, flung it out into the sea!

"Bah!" he said, "it is the price of blood!"

"Of Volker's, you mean?"

"No, but of those he betrayed to a brutal and fiendish government."

"Who was he?"

"Like myself, a Russian; though Volker was not his real name, any more than Klein is mine. He was a trusted member of our society, though I myself was never brought into contact with him, because I have lived in London of late years. The Judus bartered away the lives of his comrades. My own brother was among the victims."

"And the card?"

"It was not a real card, but one upon which was engraved the traitor's death sentence. His suicide has saved me the trouble of carrying it out. I think I will go back again with you," he said, after a pause, "as I have nothing more to do out here. When do you return?"—*Quz.*

Wife—"My first husband was a great fellow to get other people into scrapes."

Husband—"He must have had me in mind when he died."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

LONDON, Eng., correspondent of THE HOME JOURNAL writes that scintillating rough or small-figured surfaces strike the key-note of fashion in fabrics for the fall. The woman of the coming season will be arrayed not gorgeously, but in brilliant yet refined fashion, elegant effects predominating. The genius of the designer has not halted with the lull in business, but has kept at work providing new attractions to tempt the revival of trade and overcome the conservatism of the buyer. Colors will enter largely into the use of fabrics, but not in solid masses, the effects being not lively but rich. Reds will be employed only in small flecks and threads for heightening the effect of mixed and fancy weaves. Yellow will crop out in the same fashion, but in some of the brownish shades will form the grounds of some very stylish fabrics. Blue, especially in the richer tones, and in the new and fashionable cornflower and bluet, will mark not only the grounds of many of the richest fabrics, but will be used in flecks, pin dots, threads and boucles in ornamenting fancy dress goods of other grounds, especially the new shades of browns, and in thread-stripes in combination with other threads of harmonious colors. It also appears with grays and even greens, in clouded effects and in irregular figures, and often enriched by threads of red and yellow. Green, in leaf color and vegetable shades, forms the ground color of many pleasing novelties in fancy wear. It is seen in metallic dots on dark green grounds, in combination with threads of crimson. It enters with dark blues and browns into fancy weaves of indistinct pattern but rich effects. It unites with grays, in dull tone, in irregular figures of covert-like and cheviot surfaces, and in rich tones with seal browns in fine figured dress goods of small conventional patterns. Browns in every shade and richness are everywhere the grounds of the handsomest fabrics. United with black, in either filling or warp, or brought out in a boucle on still darker grounds, they make a quiet but handsome dress goods. Accentuated by thread stripes, polka dots or pin dots of colored threads, they furnish the richest of the new assortments. But what of black? Its popularity is well assured. Apart from the distinctive mourning goods, which were never before offered in such attractive lines, blacks will be found in the basis of many of the newest importations and the choicest domestic products. They give body and richness to the mixtures and form, either in single tone or in connection with dark shades of other colors, the soft and rich grounds of dress goods adorned with small and brilliant

spots of color. Purples, heliotrope and Tyrian shades, are seen not only in ground weaves, but also in the small fancy figures which are so characteristic of the season's offerings. From these light tones they shade into the richest blues, always keeping the purple tone, but modified by the interweaving of black and the occasional accent of a harmonious thread of ornamentation. To summarize, grounds are principally to be seen in browns, brown and blacks, dark greens and purples, tans and grays, and blues of every shade. In coverts, effects of course are simple, and browns and grays are the chief colors. In cloakings, more latitude is given, and bright solid colors for the first time appear. Black and white effects in dress goods, while seen occasionally, do not promise to be so popular as their present popularity in small checks, stripes and shepherds in Parisian styles would seem to forecast. Color, in small bits, and in refined effects on rich grounds, forming a rough and variegated surface, will characterize the sellers of the season.

A great drawback to the universally worn shirt waist is the difficulty of keeping the skirt taut and trim under the outside belt, and nothing gives a more slipshod appearance than a skirt which drags down in the back, showing its binding, if not a gaping space between the two garments. Pins are delusive and ineffectual, and hooks are apt to prove slippery. A method which is more trouble than either, but which will make up in the satisfactory results, is to make a belt just long enough to reach from one underarm seam to across the back of the waist to the corresponding seam on the other side and work in it three buttonholes, one near each end and one in the middle. Sew the belt on the waist firmly just at the waist line and then sew three buttons on the inside belt to slip into the buttonholes, and the last state of the woman who wears that waist and skirt will be as neat as the first.

Fashion of late years has done much toward improving the appearance of the middle-aged woman. It was not so many years ago that the mother of a young lady daughter was always attired in sombre colors. For her to be smartly gowned, was not considered correct form. Black, gray and the dull shades of heliotrope were permissible, but the brighter colors were entirely out of the question for the middle-aged woman's gown. Now a decided change has taken place, and it is not strange to see both mother and daughter appear in costumes of the same piece. House gowns of white crepon, trimmed with violet ribbons, are charming when worn by a woman with silvery

hair. The new grenadines make appropriate afternoon toilets. The Louis Quinze jackets are well adapted to the elderly woman of to-day, and they possess a stately style to which none of her garments 20 years ago ever owned. And she is not compelled to wear a morning cap either. Her hair may be fashionably arranged, and her bonnet as chic as her granddaughter's. Of course, the woman of 50 does not appear in cherry-colored gowns, but a touch of color is quite allowable. Pelerines of black lace are made over a colored foundation, and a vest of some soft tint only has a tendency to make the gown more becoming. Age demands more attention than youth, and the elderly woman of to-day realizes this and dresses accordingly.

The high hand-shake that was introduced in certain circles two or three years ago was thus referred to in an address delivered before the students of Harvard College last March, by Henry Irving: "I notice nowadays that some young people have a singular method of shaking hands—something like this, with their elbows level with the crowns of their heads, a funny fashion and not suggestive of the grasp of the honest man. It was a fashion contracted in large assemblies and functions where ladies were wearing long trains thrown over their arms and held aloft to avoid the crush and protect their garments. With their arms up so, they sometimes shook hands, and hence the fashion."

Wife—"I mended the hole in your waistcoat-pocket last night after you had gone to bed. I am a careful little woman, am I not?" Husband—"Yes, but how did you know there was a hole in my waistcoat-pocket?"

Jack—"Yes, they are twins, and there is a remarkable thing about them." Tom—"What is it?" Jack—"The married one admits to being five years older than the unmarried one."

A pretty and inexpensive way of arranging one's bedroom is to have all the white things in it of one kind of material. White dimity or dotted swiss makes the prettiest curtains in the world for a sleeping room. They are ever so much prettier than Nottingham or other cheap laces. Then make your bedspread of the same material and line it with silesia of the prevailing color in your room. Make your bureau scarf and mantel and dresser draperies of the same material. You can ruffle them with some of the same, or get some of the inexpensive laces to edge them with. They are so easy to launder, and look so much daintier than anything else that it is a wonder that these materials are not used instead of the silk and velvet that catch dust and odors and hold them.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT your request, Mr. Editor, I attended the First Presbyterian Church, last Wednesday evening, to hear the choir of the church in their rendition of Sterndale Bennett's cantata, "The May Queen." Having been privileged to hear this work performed both in the country and in Old England by chorist societies of good standing, I was curious to know how an ordinary church choir in the far west would render a work of this class. Possessing myself of a copy of the cantata and securing a good seat by going early, I followed the rendition of the various numbers with the closest attention, and, on the whole, a more faithful sticking to the composer I have seldom listened to. The rate of tempos might have been more strictly adhered to in the choruses, but, no doubt, the conductor knew the capabilities of his choristers and did not try them too much, and, in this, he was a wise leader, as the general result justified. Less attention was paid to expression and phrasing, but the attack was vigorous and with the baton and, as a rule, throughout the evening the chorus was quick to respond. The best of the choruses were "Wake With a Smile," "With a Laugh as We Go Round," "Oh Melancholy Plight" and "Ill-fated Boy, Begone." The others were wanting in everything that goes to make chorus singing enjoyable; in fact, an evident want of confidence in themselves, betraying lack of knowledge, was all too plainly apparent in the choruses "Hark, Hark" and "The Cloud Has Passed Away," except, perhaps, in the last portion of the latter, when they were gathered together by the exertions of the conductor, and redeemed themselves by singing a very fine finale. With regard to the soloists, I must say I was agreeably surprised to find such voices as are possessed by Mrs. McCandless, Miss Wilson, Mr. Firth and Mr. Brown. Mr. Firth, in his opening recitative, sang most effectively, his phrasing being all that could be desired. In the aria, "Oh Meadow, Glad in Early Green," a most trying solo, he also sang very well, although at times his voice appeared a trifle strained, yet bringing out many of the beauties of the lovely ballad like an artist. Mrs. McCandless' solo, "With the Carol in the Tree," at once showed the trained vocalist. Her enunciation and expression were beyond criticism, and her rich soprano suited the part admirably. Both Mrs. McCandless and Mr. Firth, in the recitatives that followed and throughout the work, were markedly deficient in declamation. It is not enough to phrase properly and have good enunciation. In recitative work, emphasis or declamation must also be used to a

large extent, in order to carry the effect to the minds and ears of the audience. A natural fear of exaggeration when not in costume may have prevented this. The duett between Mrs. McCandless and Mr. Firth, "Can I Not Find Thee," was a gem, and, although eight pages of full score in length, was listened to with delight by the large audience, who manifested this by the loud applause at its close. Mr. Brown's solo, "'Tis Jolly to Hunt," a fine, rollicking, bold, boisterous song, was splendidly sung, the part seemingly made for his fine baritone voice. Of this gentleman's enunciation, phrasing and expression, no criticism can be written: he sang with the soul of an artist—one who felt himself what he was singing—with the result that he conveyed some of that feeling to his audience. At this point, the only attempt at declamatory work was done, when Robin Hood (Mr. Brown) replies to the May Queen's (Mrs. McCandless) statement that his song was somewhat bold, he sings, "He is no Shepherd Lover Cold, But a Brave, Gallant Forester," and he looked it, as well as sang it, and, as the Lover (Mr. Firth) chimed in with his soft tenor voice in these words "Prithee Be Warned," Robin Hood sings, "What Doth He Here, This M-on-struck Boy, That Loiters Near?" the last phrase being splendidly done. The trio, "The Hawthorn in the Glade," was one of the best rendered numbers in the work, each solo part being beautifully sung, and the three voices in the concerted portion blending nicely together. Miss Wilson, to whom had fallen the comparatively small part of the Queen, is deserving of especial mention for her presence of mind in not getting nervous, through one of the choristers coming in one measure ahead. Miss Wilson has a very fine mezzo-soprano voice—that is, the raw material is evidently there. Her singing of the recitative "What Mean the Angry Sounds We Heard?" was very well done, and her address to Robin Hood and the May Queen could not have been much improved upon. The May Queen's (Mrs. McCandless) appeal to the Queen (Miss Wilson) was perhaps her finest effort; the confession of pride, of shame for her actions, for her persecution of her lover and the prayer for pardon were all in her intonation and expression, and was really a masterful piece of singing. Comparisons are odious; but I cannot refrain from making one at this time. The good book sayeth Blessed is he that expecteth little, for he shall receive much—at least to that effect. I went to the First Presbyterian Church expecting to hear the usual sing-song rendition of these kind of works, usually dished up to a long suffering public by Provincial choirs; but, comparing this performance with one listened to in England not many years

ago by a choral society numbering some 75 voices and supported by professional principals, the choir of the First Presbyterian Church are not much behind the larger and more experienced choral society. The soloists were, of course, not up to the standard of the professionals, but the performance was far above the ordinary. A word must be said in praise of the conductor and accompanist. The former had his chorus in hand and under control in a way that would have delighted a professional conductor, no hesitancy, but confidence on every occasion. The pianist played the difficult accompaniment without a fault, her task being no light one. The second part of the evening's entertainment brought out several surprises—the magnificent singing of Mrs. McCready in Tostia's "Good-bye," Mr. Collister's "Farewell to Mona," Miss Brown's singing of "The Old and the Young Marie," a very pretty ballad, gives promise of something better in the future. Miss Wilson sang "Loch Lomond," one of those beautiful, pathetic Scotch ballads, which seem to reach the hearts of all Scotch and others alike. Her interpretation of this song was rather out of the usual, giving a most pathetic song a rather lively complexion. However, the audience liked it, and gave her the most enthusiastic *encore* of the evening. Mr. Brown then sang the "Diver," a fine bass song, which was just a trifle too heavy for him. A chorus by the choir completed the programme, after which God Save the Queen was sung, and the audience dispersed, having listened to as fine a concert as has been given in Victoria for some time. MUS. BAC.

Miss Florence Wey, who for several years has been professor of piano and harmony in the Toronto College of Music, will, in future, make Victoria her home. Miss Wey is a solo pianist of good repute, having made the works of the great masters a special study.

Annie May Abbott, the Georgia wonder, will be seen at The Victoria on the evening of September 27. Miss Abbott will be remembered as the woman who performed several wonderful acts by a mysterious application of electricity at The Victoria, three or four years ago.

Lawrence Hanley, in H. Grat an Donnelly's new play, "The American Girl," and "The Player," will hold the boards at The Victoria, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24 and 25.

Victorians should remember that the excursion to the Interstate Fair Sept. 22nd, is being conducted with the distinct understanding that the Tacoma citizens will visit the Victoria exhibition on American Day.

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COLLABORATEURS.

By S. D. SCHULTZ.

CHAPTER III (Continued).

SHE bent over the table and touched the bell, intending to have her father "called," when the portiere parted and Mr. Harold Grant entered.

"Why, father, you're looking positively ill. Shall I send for Dr. Graham?" Ethel enquired in alarm.

"Oh! I'm all right. Just a touch of insomnia. All this poet talk of Morpheus being 'Nature's soothing nurse' doesn't apply in every case," Mr. Grant grumbled in a fidgety way, and he seated himself, and poised a knife over an orange, preparatory to slicing it in half.

Ethel watched her father under lowered lids, and wondered at his changed demeanor. Usually complacent, and never for a moment parting with easy self-control, lately he had been betraying restlessness and even agitation. She studied him now with a view of diagnosing the change.

Mr. Grant was tall and commanding, clean shaven and sharp featured, with a determined looking mouth and full chin. Not a gray hair silvered the glossy black in evidence of his sixty years and over.

"Did Dr. Graham say when you might give up his starving medical diet, and go in for something substantial?" her father asked, at the same time reaching for another orange.

"He told me that I was a perfectly free agent, and specially enjoined me to take up steady physical culture, beginning, of course, in a quiet way," answered Ethel.

Mr. Grant's eyes stole furtively from the orange across the table to Ethel. He leaned back in the high-armed chair, and vacillatingly said, a feeling, half agony, half annoyance, evanescently causing his lips to tremble and pursing his brow:

"Ethel, would you feel much put out if that Florida trip doesn't materialize? I know how anxious you were to go, and believe that it would benefit you much. But business is very bad. Those failures of late are pushing me, and I must retrench."

Ethel left her chair, and walking over to her father's side, put her arms lovingly around his neck. "Don't let that concern you. I would rather summer in California. I have a letter from an old school friend at Alameda, saying that Los Angeles and Santa Barbara are perfect paradises. Besides—you suggested Florida—a horrid old place, with alligators and risk of yellow fever," Ethel answered with an affected pout, and a sparkle of mischief playing in her dark hazel eyes.

"Bye-the-bye, Ethel," Mr. Grant said suddenly, stroking the hand that had playfully taken hold of the horse hair

neck chain, from which his gold-rimmed spectacles dangled, "Have you seen any of the morning papers?"

"No! I haven't read any. Here they are," responded Ethel, going over to a settee, and picking up the dailies.

"I hope this North-West disturbance will pass over without a bullet. You're not a bit patriotic," Mr. Grant spoke between pauses, as he unfolded the *Gazette*, spread the sheets before him, and glanced swiftly at the head lines.

"Oh! you know how anxious I am. This morning, though, the rebellion slipped my mind," Ethel said, taking one of the papers and hurriedly skimming over the columns.

"There's nothing in the *Gazette*, anyhow," her father presently said with an air of relief.

"And I can't find anything in the *Observer*, either," Ethel answered lightly.

"Clear and fair to cloudy and rain, and later, lightning and thunder," Mr. Grant read from the weather report. He went to the window, and took a survey of the sky. "Not a suspicion of a cloud. This is the Queen's Birthday. I'll drive you to the races at the Woodbine. What shall it be, the dark bays or the grays?"

"Oh! that will be just splendid. I'm quite up in current turf gossip, and I see that Dorothy, the Hamilton mare, is the favorite for the plate. I hope she distances the American horse Osceola," came from Ethel gleefully, her face animating with anticipation of a delightful "meet."

"What an inconsistent mortal you are, Patriotic enough when it comes to a Canadian mare giving dust to a Yankee record-breaker, but entirely oblivious of those young fellows fighting in the North-west," Mr. Grant said with a bantering air, carrying a shade of reproach.

Ethel evaded argument, for with the vanity of her sex, something more important to the feminine mind engaged her attention.

"Shall I wear my dark-brown with otter boa, or pearl grey shot with,"

"Wear anything warm," brusquely interrupted Mr. Grant.

There was a ring at the door bell, and soon after Daisy Fielding was announced.

"Oh! Daisy, what a delightful surprise! So glad you've come," and the cordial greeting that shone in Ethel's eyes made Daisy realize, that her presence was indeed welcome.

"I feel that I've passed in everything," the visitor began. "We finished writing yesterday, I had a close call in chemistry, but I'm not shaky at all, and feel that I will be a full-pledged senior for next term, and then, Ethel, we can work for the finals together. Mind, you must coach me, for you've been over most of the work already."

"Spethal edithun *Gathette*, all the latheth about the Rebellwin," lispingly

shouted an urchin on the opposite side of the street.

Mr. Grant rushed to the front door. "Here, youngster, hurry," he excitedly cried.

Daisy Fielding held her breath. Her face was without a trace of color. She leaned forward with anxious dread portrayed in every feature. Ethel stood trembling with nervous fear, as Mr. Grant came in with a single *Gazette* sheet held before his eyes, and reading quickly. "Poundmaker defeated—The Indian routed—Gallant conduct." Mr. Grant thought only of the victory. He continued reading Archie's "special," which had been much delayed in transmission. Jacques, the mail carrier had been forced to make large circuits and go in hiding to avoid the rebels, and a cyclone had damaged the telegraphic service. Mr. Grant was racing through the article with lightning speed, and without any warning rattled off the list of dead. At the sound of White's name, Daisy Fielding gave a gasp, and blanched to the lips. She was numbed and dizzy. The blow, though stunning, had been robbed of its terrors. Since parting with Frank White the grim spectre of death had fronted her daily vision. The dread news was only the realization of constant anticipations of fatality. She knew it would come—robbing her future of all its possibilities of joy and happy devotion. She rose, and said in a scarcely audible, cold, constrained voice, "I'm going home."

As she walked haltingly across the room, Daisy marvelled how she had spoken so composedly, and veiled her emotions so cleverly, when she felt like giving away to an abandon of despair. Mr. Grant, not having noticed Daisy's words or departure, continued reading with breathless interest the details of the Cut Knife Creek fight.

In moments of abstraction, in the presence of some great grief, or whilst in a frenzied state of apprehension of coming dread, it is a psychological fact, that often sensations reach the realm of consciousness seconds after the direct external cause has ceased. The mind is so preoccupied in such phases of emotion that sensation only develops into perception long after passing over the nerve channel. Thus it was with Ethel. Her head had been buried in her hands, and the tears were trickling through her fingers. She suddenly jumped up with a startled look, and the echo of Daisy's words "I'm going home" resounding in her ears. She passed hurriedly through the dining-room into the hall, and drew back with a cry of horror, as she saw Daisy Fielding lying prostrate near the front door.

* * * * *
Mr. Grant drove to the races alone that day.

The Queen's Birthday anniversary was a general holiday, and consequently the road to the Woodbine was thronged with all manner of vehicles. Everything on wheels was pressed into service. It was essentially the people's day. The remaining events of the "meet" would be more exclusively under the patronage of the fashionables.

Steve Fairlie drove tandem, and chafed at the tiresome necessity of keeping his place in the procession of express carts, busses, carriages and family rigs, all jaunting along in a leisurely, happy-lucky style. A stream of empty hacks poured back to the city for other "fares," and, besides, the cars were rolling by on the double track, being run on a three minute service, so Steve could only growl sullenly and impatiently fume at the hearse-like gait. The grays were frothing and champing at the bit, and he was longing to "let them out."

Fairlie had thought of asking the Lairds to drive with him. It would have been such rapture to have Zela sitting beside him. It might be for the last time. A horse-race was proverbially a toss-up, and Osceola had no "cinch." Steve's lips twitched at the memory of his wrongdoing. The pang of remorse was eclipsed by a happy smile as he allowed his mental vision to indulge in a dream of the "might have been." He realized that Zela worshipped him, and he knew that he loved her with all the strength of that devotion which exalts the object of affection into a divinity. Fairlie had been sceptical about the possibility of love, and at first regarded his infatuation in the light of a silly dream—a phantasy of the imagination. But the dream was so sweet, that he had no desire to be awakened to the tame existence of a purposeless past. Ah! if time could only roll back and give him a chance to undo that forgery. What would Zela think of him when the newspapers announced "the latest sensation." It maddened him—the possibility of her condemnation—her reviling him as a felon. The world that knew him would affect to be sorry at his down-fall and luckless career, but the world soon forgets. The world is as selfish and unforgiving as the individual, and only respects whilst it fears. That one misdeed would blind the eyes of his erstwhile friends to all the kindly qualities of Fairlie's heart. He looked for scant charity from public opinion, and his realization of the fickleness of humanity—reprobating to-day the respected and esteemed of yesterday—had hardened his nature into callous indifference. The world might think as it pleased, but his world—Zela—would she also point the finger of scorn?

Scarcely cheery thoughts for the owner of Osceola. But living is a lie. Who

seem as they are? Fairlie carried a grief-burdened heart, but appeared gay and lightsome. He went around, hand-shaking and jesting. His face, though, was flushed with excitement—and something else that he had taken to steady his nerves. Steve's apparent cheerfulness instilled confidence into his friends, and the constant calls for Osceola at long odds made the pool-sellers wary, and Osceola was placed on more even terms with the favorite. Fairlie had put up all his money, before the betting veered in favor of his horse.

If Osceola won, he could square with Grant, and Zela would be his. Steve hadn't prayed for a long time—so long that he had nigh forgotten the morning and evening invocation to the Deity learnt at his mother's knee. He felt like doing so now, but rejected the idea as cowardly and sacrilegious. He had never sought the solace of religion in prosperity, why should he do so now on the threshold of possible ruin?

The bugle trumpeted the signal for the horses to get ready. There was a burst of applause, as the favorite—Dorothy—pranced past the grand stand. The Canadian mare was a noble looking animal, with gracefully arched neck and freedom of stride, and her pedigree read through a long list of celebrated old English sires and dams.

Osceola—Fairlie's equally high-bred purchase from a Texas stable—was being led, still hooded and blanketed.

Positions had been tossed for, Dorothy having the advantage, being placed nearer the inner course, by several removes, than Osceola.

"Rufus, you must get to the front at once," Steve whispered, as the darkey descended from the weighing scale in the paddock. "You may be crowded out. There are so many starters."

"I've a liked to bin closer to Dorothy. I'll hustle to keep widin sound of her heels."

Fairlie accompanied the jockey to the track. Osceola was soon saddled. There was no rearing, no prancing. The Texas mare stood as docile as a lamb, whilst Rufus vaulted into the seat.

Steve found Zela Laird promenading with a trio of lady friends in the enclosure fronting the grand stand. He promptly walked up, and experienced no difficulty in detaching her.

"I've committed something shocking—wicked—glaringly naughty," confided Zela, as soon as they were alone.

"I'm quite accustomed to your exaggerations, and I know that your alleged moral turpitude will dwindle down to something tolerable, and, at the worst, excusable. Anyhow, I am prepared to be shocked, so exploit your sin," replied Fairlie.

(To be continued.)

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B. C. CUSTOMS RETURNS.

The following is a summary of the customs returns for the four ports of the Province of British Columbia for the month of August, 1894:

IMPORTS.					
	VICTORIA	VANCOUVER	WESTM'N'R	NANAIMO	TOTAL
Dutiable Goods.....	\$155,769 00	\$ 73,608 00	\$ 23,016 00	\$ 13,200 00	\$265,593 00
Free Goods.....	40,116 00	12,576 00	7,049 00	2,038 00	61,779 00
Total Imports.....	\$195,885 00	\$ 86,184 00	\$ 30,065 00	\$ 15,238 00	\$327,372 00
REVENUE.					
Duty Collected.....	\$ 53,096 31	\$ 23,011 67	\$ 7,797 63	\$ 4,527 95	\$ 88,433 56
Other Revenue.....	1,007 14	244 14	66 35	27 78	1,345 41
Total Collections.....	\$ 54,103 45	\$ 23,255 81	\$ 7,863 98	\$ 4,555 73	\$ 89,778 97
EXPORTS.					
The Mine.....	\$ 43,697 00		\$ 18,589 00	\$211,296 00	\$273,582 00
The Fisheries.....	352,134 00	\$ 38,378 00	14,767 00		405,279 00
The Forest.....	8,710 00	36,911 00	724 00		46,345 00
Animals and their produce.....	43,324 00	1,223 00	647 00	581 00	45,775 00
Agricultural.....	91 00	16 00			107 00
Manufactures.....	7,604 00	2,100 00	2,360 00	29 00	12,093 00
Miscellaneous.....	892 00	10,111 00			11,003 00
Total Exports.....	\$456,452 00	\$ 88,739 00	\$ 37,087 00	\$211,906 00	\$794,184 00
* Bullion.					

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As we said in our last, we cannot but regard the position of the letter carriers and third-class post office clerks as an exceptionally hard one. With the full amount, including salary and allowance—\$40 in all per month, less 90 cents for the superannuation fund, in which many of them are not likely to be participants—the position, owing to the miserable wages paid, is regarded by many as a mere temporary makeshift. Scarcely one of these officials is, on this account, ready to stay any longer than he can help. The job is not a soft one. In all kinds of weather, the postman is obliged to go his rounds, and the public are possibly more exacting upon him than upon any other class of official. For all that he has to do, even before the provisional allowance was knocked off, he had only \$1.33 per day. How many of the least skilled of laborers receive as little for their services? But deducting the \$10 provisional allowance per month, as has been done, what is there in 97 cents a day for an intelligent man, for the letter carrier must be able to read and write, and it would never do to send out on work like this many men whose only ability is to do work of the hardest and roughest kind? The third-class post office clerks and letter carriers of Victoria are a desirable class of citizens. Many of them are married men with families, to whom small as is the amount, the \$10 difference between \$30 and \$40 means the difference between the ragged edge of starvation and the ability to maintain themselves. But even then there can be no possibility of putting by anything for a rainy day, and, in consequence, at the very best, the only hope of many of the carriers is that when they are gone, Providence or some one more kindly than the Postmaster-General will supply the families they leave with the necessities which a paternal government, no matter how in its fiscal policy it may and is making rich men richer, contrives to rob certain classes of its own employes and make the general public poorer and poorer the longer they live.

Sir Adolphe Caron, who is at present abroad, should have seen to this matter

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before he went away, otherwise his cabinet colleagues ought to have given orders that for the present no changes should have been made in the direction complained of. As it is it looks almost as if the hon. gentleman had set the thing in operation and then gone away to avoid having to deal with the immediate consequences of the course pursued. But we may remark that the \$10 per month provisional allowance was voted by Parliament last session for the Victoria staff. Why was it then withheld? Is it the intention to make a new deal and, as some have supposed, to divide the amount so voted with the letter carriers of the newly constituted delivery service at Vancouver? This would be manifestly unfair. The House of Commons did not vote the money with that object in view, and if they had supposed it was to be so applied would have provided otherwise; and therefore the department is taking an unwarranted advantage of the action of Parliament.

But why does not the Government meet the case manfully and in the same

way that it did with the Custom House and Inland Revenue employes some time ago? Then it recognized everything upon which the claim of the Postoffice employes of Victoria based their claim to the provisional allowance and augmented their salaries. Why does it not take similar action in the present case and do what is only just to the men who were led to suppose that they would be honestly and squarely done by? Why do they make fish of one and flesh of another? Do Sir Adolphe Caron and his staff desire, at the expense of their employes, to reduce the adverse balance in connection with what they must recognize can never be a paying service, at any rate until the Dominion is much more extensively opened up than at present. If there must be economies let them be effected among the men who can well afford to stand a cut, and who never know what it is—unless their action be a wilful one—to run a race with the debt collector or in order to make ends meet to starve their stomachs and make their bodies shiver. This is the case with not a few of the men to whom we refer, and the resident members and the officers of the Department know it.—*Commercial Journal.*

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Chas. Hatch, formerly manager, has taken over the business of the Sehl-Hastie Erskine Furniture Co. at Vancouver.

The Hudson's Bay Co's new warehouse at Vancouver has been opened for business. C. A. Wood is in charge of the inside liquor department.

The tobacco crop at Kelowna, says the *Vancouver Advance*, promises very well. The plants are three feet high, and are growing. Tobacco growing, if the experiment should prove successful, may become an industry at the Mission.

Notwithstanding that a new flour mill, erected by a good bonus, has been erected at Vernon, farmers in that locality will receive no more for their wheat than heretofore. The miller is paying the same price as at the Enderby mill, less the freight from Vernon to Enderby, so that the price is the same whichever mill the farmer sells at.—*Kamloops Sentinel*.

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14 25	7 41	3 85	16 20	8 42	4 38
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14 75	7 67	3 98	16 72	8 69	4 52
15 00	7 80	4 06	17 00	8 84	4 60
15 25	7 94	4 13	17 30	9 00	4 68
15 50	8 06	4 19	17 61	9 16	4 76
15 75	8 16	4 24	17 94	9 33	4 86
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37 70	19 60	10 19	33 52	17 43	9 07
40 83	21 24	11 04	34 94	18 17	9 45
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