

# THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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

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## THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

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SATURDAY AUGUST 4, 1894.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

"I must have liberty.

Liberal as large a charter as the wind—  
By blow on whom I please."

"MY son desires to be a journalist when he reaches manhood. How shall I train him?" is the question a father puts to a daily newspaper.

As a newspaper is chiefly a summary of the history of the world for a day, it is to be desired that the youth shall develop a faculty for quick, clear and accurate observation, with power to crystalize and condense large masses of facts and to state the essence of them in the fewest possible words. To this end he should cultivate habitual precision and propriety of expression. To acquire the style that best suits journalistic conciseness, he ought to read only the best authors in English literature, seeking always to form his own vocabulary out of simple, plain and pure words, avoiding slang as he would poison and resisting temptation to be ornate, elaborate or grandiose. As newspapers are published for the common people, he should strive to write in a manner that even the humblest can understand, avoiding vulgarity as well as rigidity, and never employing language whose meaning is not direct and obvious.

To the acquirement of correct literary style for journalism, knowledge of other languages is not indispensable, but it is desirable, once wrote the *Chicago Herald*. If a writer is familiar with the sources of English, he is the more competent to avoid equivocal words; he more appreciates the real significance of good

English; he will not be guilty of thrusting words or phrases from foreign languages upon his constituency, only a small fraction of whom may be presumed to understand any language but their own; and he will discriminate with taste and aptness among the Teutonic, the Latin and the Romance elements of our speech. He should read everything he can that is well written; and his reading will be the more productive of results if it extend beyond the boundaries of his native language into the classics, ancient and modern, upon which mankind through generations or centuries have set seal of approval.

His reading cannot be too broad or too specific. Journalism takes note of the whole of human progress. A journalist cannot be a specialist in all arts, all sciences, all crafts; but he should be acquainted with the history and the principles of a large proportion of them. For the journalist more than for any other class of workers is Bacon's assurance true, that reading maketh a full man and writing an exact man. The mind of the journalist must be full in order that his writing shall be exact. To know what to read is no small part of the tact of a journalist. In one sense no reading is wasted if one have time enough, to digest and to retain what is assimilable; but it would be a folly, for example, to spend time on the controversies of Salmasius or the prognostications of medieval astrologers, at least until after the reader has exhausted living literature and mastered the subjects upon which this age is engaged.

Reading should be free from bigotry. Huxley says that the chief business of science to-day is correcting the errors of science yesterday. No man knows the whole of anything. It is well to read with candor and open-mindedness; not arbitrarily to discard one author in favor of another, but to give both a chance to contribute to one's culture. "Light your candle at many shrines," as the author of *Obiter Dicta* says; look in all directions for light, and never assume that the last word has been said upon anything, except those fundamental moral truths on which the security of society depends.

The moral training of the journalist is not less necessary, but while the journalist should read more widely than other men need to do, morally the journalist should be exactly like the upright man in any other calling. There is no special

set of canons in morals for him. The ten commandments bind him as they bind all human beings. There is a peculiar egotism likely to be engendered in the practice of journalism, misleading its victims into thinking that it is not incumbent on the journalist to respect the moral laws or laws of taste with the same rigor that binds other men. The truth is that, because of besetting temptations somewhat difficult to separate from journalism in its more active phases, the journalist should be more scrupulous about violating moral laws or social decorum. His pre-eminent virtues are respect for all that a noble standard of humanity holds sacred; truthfulness; avoidance of excess in drinking or indulgence in any habits that weaken physical or mental power; for above all other men, the journalist requires steadfast health of mind and body.

A young man trained in the way suggested will make a good journalist and, for that matter, he will be better prepared than he would otherwise be to take up any other avocation.

There is a great deal said as to the extent of the prevailing distress in Victoria, but I have yet to hear from the man who will say things are better anywhere else on the Coast. It is however, poor consolation to us to know that our neighbors are no better off than we are. There is a time when the utmost leniency ought to be exercised, especially by those who are, happily for themselves, so circumstanced that the general depression does not affect them. I cannot help thinking, though repugnant the thought, that a great deal of unnecessary hardship is imposed upon unfortunate families whose breadwinner is reluctantly obliged to take a place in the great army of the unemployed. I casually dropped into an auction mart the other day, attracted thereto by the usual flaring red flag and the ringing of a bell. There was a goodly crowd of intending purchasers and idle spectators, when the man of the hammer opened the sale, declaring that there would be no reserve whatever, as the goods had been seized for distress of rent. Distress of rent, thought I, as I viewed the miscellaneous collection of furniture—all that once went to make up how many once happy homes I know not. Parlor suites were put up and knocked down for next to nothing, the bidding invariably commencing at a

figure below the ordinary price of one of the articles. Then came a piano, an organ and a few other things which might be classed as among the luxuries of a household. Up to this stage of the proceedings no very resentful feelings animated me, but, later on, I will confess that I viewed the matter in a very different light. Lot No. 72, I think it was, was announced—a baby's cot. "What!" I muttered, "would they seize an infant's cot in satisfaction of rent?" "Yes," replied a sad looking man at my elbow, "they'd take the shirt off your back if they could. Two days ago, my child, a poor, sickly, little thing, was soothingly rocked to quiet in that cot. To-day, the child is lying on a wad of straw in a room stripped of every article of furniture. If anything happens to that child——" and here my friend uttered a terrible oath and gave expression to feelings which only men driven to desperation are capable of. "Going—going—gone," said the auctioneer, and at six bits the cot passed over to a stranger! Next came a bedstead, which my poor friend informed me had been his. For \$1.25 it became the property of another, and at \$2 the mattress was sold. A series of other like articles—none of which would indicate pretentious housekeeping—were rattled off at slaughter prices, amid eager bidding on one side and sighs on the part of the poor folk whose homes had been thus depleted. A lady's work box—an old looking affair—was among the petty articles put up. "That," said the old man at my elbow, "was one of my wife's wedding presents." I suggested that he should buy it in, but he declared that having been out of work for several months, he had no money. The treasured article was knocked down to me for 35c, and of course I handed it over to the poor fellow. He explained that he owed but a few months' rent, some fifty dollars; that he expected immediate employment, and fully intended to have cleared off the debt. I naturally asked why he did not state the case to his landlord, and he assured me that he had done so, explaining that the landlord professed to blame the agent in the matter, while the agent averred that that he had had positive instructions from his principal. The bailiff, of course, was acting under instructions from some one else, as was also the auctioneer; but between the lot the responsibility of a cruel act—a dirty job—which makes distress more distressful and misery more miserable, is divided. Such pressure as this, in times such as these, is, to say the least of it, reprehensible, particularly as the landlords upon whose instructions the sale for distress of rent took place, are men who are well fixed in this world's goods. There is a day of judgment coming, and if such men be

found on the right hand among the sheep,—well, there is hope for the vilest of sinners. To the credit of our local landlords be it said that, as a class, they are men of a kindly heart; but there are landlords—and landlords. I would not be surprised, when the present temporary depression passes over, to find certain properties in this city shunned as would be houses of plague. It is certainly not fair that a landlord can pounce down and take all for rent, while the butcher, the baker, the grocer and others are obliged to go unpaid. The liberal patronage accorded those sales for distress of rent at such a crisis as this, and the eagerness with which people will buy up for next to nothing, the effects of humble households, is not a pleasant reflection.

The only thing that Alexander Dumas, fils, has to regret is that he has never seen Mr. Kyrle Bellew interpret his creation of Lucien de Riverolles in "In Society." The part is a strong one in itself, but presented by Mr. Bellew it far surpasses any mental conception formed by a perusal of the play. In this role, Mr. Bellew has found a part which fits his magnetic genius as the glove fits the hand. The charm of his acting is that it is so natural; it is never forced, and every gesture comes of itself just at the right time to intensify a line or to add expression. Last Wednesday night, he warmed up the audience until it fairly glowed, and to warm up a Victoria audience is an achievement of which any actor may be justly proud. He has left behind him a living memory of his charming acting and his refreshing vivacity.

Mr. Bellew bears a remarkable resemblance to Henry Irving. This likeness goes further than his general appearance—it is also in his voice and stride. There is no probability that he will ever achieve the artistic greatness of his fellow-countryman, for there can be only one Irving in one century; but he is easily in the lead of anybody on this continent now interpreting the parts which he undertakes.

Of Mrs. Potter, it can truly be remarked that she is not a great actress. Inexperience is stamped on her every word and gesture. She is a disappointment from beginning to end. Of course it may be said that Victorians did not see her at her best—she was suffering from a severe cold—but it is doubtful if even under the most favored conditions she would be able to make an impression of being anything more than a very ordinary actress. She is the victim of mannerisms that will never be overcome, and she is not natural in anything. In so far as she was concerned, the audience were cold and unenthusiastic, and only on one or two occasions did they evince any particular appreciation. In Mrs. Potter's case, the old saying "There is no royal road to

learning" is fully emphasized. Her position as a leader of society in New York has assisted her very little, so that becoming a capable actress is conceivably a very difficult task. Her imitation of greatness is not even a clever counterfeit. Mrs. Potter has been particularly unfortunate in the selection of her plays. A play like *Camille* requires all the artificial aids to the imagination and senses to make it acceptable, and the character of *Camille* requires the intense strength and magnetism of a part of the actress to relieve it of its gruesome features and raise the tone above the role. It is a character which Dumas must have drawn in a state of mental depression. Its wickedness is true, rises to heroic heights, and is thrilling when forcibly portrayed. I scarcely believe that the audience who witnessed Mrs. Potter's presentation of *Camille* will accuse her of having realized their expectations in this respect. If, however, this ambitious lady is not a great actress herself, she can at least be commended with possessing a keen appreciation of the necessity of surrounding herself with a capable company. Miss Leigh is a finished actress; the articulation of Mason Melville is irreproachable; Frank Rolleston is a conscientious young actor, and Miss Perdita Hudspeth is a very clever young lady. Taking the company as a whole, it must be said that Victorians do not often have an opportunity of witnessing its equal; and it is fortunate that the patronage was not used as to encourage Manager Jamieson to engage other high-class organizations. Notwithstanding the discouragement the manager has received—which has come from most unexpected sources—he has been indefatigable in his efforts to place Victoria on the same footing as the other cities in the matter of first-class attractions. How far these efforts have been appreciated, I leave it to the numerous filled houses at The Victoria to answer.

Notoriety is a stepping stone to success on the stage of to-day. A young woman walked into a man's office in New York city a few days since and belabored the man over the head with an umbrella and subsequently offered an excuse for her conduct which is said to have been entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned, remarks an exchange. The man was pretty, graceful and ambitious. She had studied elocution, stage deportment and dancing, but she could not get on the stage. She had observed the women who got their names in the papers by means of fights, domineering, diamond stealing escapades and other violent episodes of contemporary life, were invariably approached by theatrical managers, with offers of engagement. Realizing this the young woman decided to get her name in

papers, and, walking into the man's office, began to hammer him over the head with an umbrella. The man had nothing to do with the case. It was the woman's scheme. She got her name in the papers promptly enough, but the man felt grieved because he could not make any adequate explanation of the incident in the family circle at home. Now the girl feels aggrieved because her brother, in using her own language, "took her home by the scruff of the neck," and the incident was closed. It will have to go on record as a scheme that failed, but it unquestionably points a moral.

War has been formally declared between China and Japan, and for the next few months all eyes will be turned in the direction of the Orient. Already several battles have been fought, and so far Japan has been victorious. Whether the latter's success will continue only the future will develop. So far as Canadians are concerned, the war will only interest them in so far as it will affect the trade relations now existing between Canada and Japan and China. On this point Mr. D. McNicoll, General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific, at Montreal, says: "So far it has had no effect whatever. It might, however, interfere with the event of our ports of call in Japan and China being either blockaded or bombarded by keeping away people otherwise desirous of travelling by this route. Then, again, it might have an opposite effect and attract crowds of travellers to whom a warlike scene would be enjoyable, and who might like that sort of thing. It is hard to say just now how matters may turn out, and a war between these powers might change the whole complexion of our traffic. As a matter of fact I think Japan has a much stronger navy than China, and there is little to fear of their ports being subject to the horrors of war. Then again there is talk of leaving the treaty ports open. Hong Kong, of course, is a British Colony, and Shanghai, our other port of call in China, is a treaty port. In Japan we have Nagasaki as a coaling station, and Kobe and Yokohama. The latter of course is the port of Tokio, the capital, and lies about eighteen miles from it. All depends on the drift of the trouble and the question whether other interests may or may not be dragged into it. As to Korea, should it become the theatre of the war it would affect us but little, as apart from a solitary missionary now and again we have but little business with that country. It may be interesting to know that in the event of Britain becoming involved in the trouble it is more than probable that she would take over the Canadian Pacific fleet of steamers. They are all armed cruisers, and under

the subsidy arrangements with the Imperial Government under which they were built in the event of war they can be taken over and put into instant communion. Whether this would be agreeable to the owners or not remains to be seen, but as this is the busy tourist season for the world's tour by the Japan route such action might complicate matters."

Canada is not the only country where government employment of convicts for manufacturing purposes comes in for censure. On behalf of Sir John Gorst, Colonel Sandys recently asked the Home Secretary whether his attention had been called to a strike at the Bootle Jute Company's works in Liverpool, and to the allegation of the employes that the competition of Her Majesty's prisons in sack-making rendered the employment of women at the wages heretofore paid no longer possible; and whether he would enquire into the prices at which sacks made in Her Majesty's prisons were sold, and so regulate the price, if necessary, as to prevent the wages of other workers being forced down by the undue competition of prison labor to a starvation point. The Home Secretary's reply to this was that the strike referred to was in no way connected with the fact that sack-making was carried on in Her Majesty's prisons, but that it was due to a threatened reduction of the hours of labor, and to some minor disputes between the female hands and their employers. With regard to prison competition, a certain party had, some days prior to the strike, made arrangements with the governor of Walton goal to make about 1,000 sacks per week, which were, for a special purpose, required handsewn. It was also alleged that the prison work, what with extra carting, packing, etc., cost about 50 per cent. more than bag-making at ordinary factories, which was all done by machinery, and that such prison labor did not in any way enter into competition with the latter.

SCENE.—Government street; a Shetland and pony carriage; Hydah brave, followed by squaw and papoose, comes sauntering along, gazing long and wonderingly at each successive store window. Whilst trying to make out the anatomical peculiarities of elephant, camel, ostrich and giraffe and the other wonders of the fake circus posters, he suddenly catches sight of the tiny quadruped, lazily blinking its eyes every time the whip was playfully flickered about its flowing mane. First, a look of blank amazement, then a grin, beginning about the lips and gradually spreading over every feature. The grin never relaxed as his eye took in the proportions of the miniature steed. He stood, toes in and arms akimbo. "Will

that horrid Indian never move on. Oh! the wretch is actually beckoning those other miserable creatures to take in the show. I won't wait for Ma, if they keep up that stare, but will drive on," impatiently thought the fair occupant. The three stood in line mutually gazing their fill. The buck's eye travelled to the embarrassed holder of the reins for a ray of enlightenment, but she quickly averted her face. This was one of the rarest sights the poor, untutored savage had ever had. There must be some explanation, so the Indian walked to the buggy, and leaning on the wheel in a confident, easy air, grunted "Ugh! Heap skookum tenas cayuse." This was too much, for quite a few amused spectators were viewing the humorous scene, and the sudden revolution of the wheel as the Shetland trotted off nearly upset the Indian, whose face carried a grieved look at such a reception of his attempt at enlightenment.

"In lunching out here for the first time, however informally," writes an American girl, now in London, in the *Bazar*, "the question naturally arises whether or not you will be expected to take off your hat. In America, we know that we may do as we please in the case of friends and informal acquaintances, and that at a lunch-party we keep on hat and gloves, being shown upstairs simply to put off outside wraps and rearrange disordered locks before presenting ourselves to our hostess. Here you are not expected to lay aside anything. You sit down to lunch, as you would go to an afternoon tea, in all your out-door wraps, without the intervention of dressing-room formalities, even though you alone are expected to a strictly family affair. You are shown up at once to the drawing-room, and unless your hostess suggests laying aside your coat, you go down to lunch as you are. This is the pure English of it. An Irish lady, on the other hand, will be apt to show you to her bedroom, give you brush, comb, and hot water, and expect you to take off your things. A French woman, too, will expect you to remove hat and wraps. As one said to me the other day, 'We French feel hurt if visitors will not take off their hats; but these English, they keep on their hats for everything—they eat and go.' Remember this, any one who is going out to lunch in England, and so escape the ghastly moments of my first experience, when I was taken aback by being shown, like an ordinary caller, at once to the drawing-room, where my hostess came to me a few minutes afterward, with never a word, of course, about removing anything until just as we rose to go down to lunch, when she asked if I would like to take off my coat. Having expected the option

of a dressing-room—American fashion—I thought, for full ten awful minutes, that I had made a mistake, and was not expected.”

#### SCHOOL TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL:

SIR—I notice in the *Colonist* a special reference to some thirty-six candidates from the Victoria High School who obtained certificates entitling them to teach. It may be all very well for the principal and teachers and pupils under him to receive credit for these “successes,” but for my part I regard the business as an exhibition of so much wasted energy, inasmuch as these “children,” for many of them are little more than that, had been crammed to pass an examination which in the majority of cases would not be of the slightest practical use to them, its only object being to gratify Principal Paul, his teachers and pupils. In your paper, you have on numerous occasions deprecated the tendency to “show business.” Why, I should like to know, at the present time when to all appearances there is an over supply of teachers, should school children be brought—if not into the actual competition, for many of them will not be eligible to teach for several years to come—into the examinations? Is it to give Principal Paul and his staff the opportunity of contrasting their superior methods of teaching—not to mention of course the special facilities with which the school trustees have endowed them—and to enable them to make some sort of a claim to the distinction that has been bestowed on their school of “a Collegiate Institute?” I must confess that I am surprised that the educational authorities should have allowed these ineligible candidates to have entered among practical people who underwent examination because it was with them a matter of bread and butter, when it was apparent that no practical object was to be subserved.

There is far too much useless instruction given in our schools; it does not amount to education, for in the greater number of cases it neither leads up to anything nor is calculated to be of advantage hereafter. All that the public should be called upon to pay for is a good, ordinary English education. If the country affords that, nothing more can be expected. As it is, we have Mr. or Miss So and So coming from Heaven knows where, with almost as many letters following their names as there are letters in the alphabet. Many of them have but the smallest acquaintance with the English language, which they never pronounce without accentuations and intonations that are offensive to the native ear and show how little the parties really know or care about what we are, most of us, proud to boast of as our native tongue.

B. D.

Written for THE HOME JOURNAL, by Samuel Moore, B. A.

#### ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

##### EDUCATION, HISTORY AND IDEALS.

The word education is of Latin origin, and means the drawing out or developing the prominent faculties of the mind by various activities. The term education is slightly different from instruction, which means the systematizing the elements of knowledge.

When we study the history of civilization we notice that many systems of education have been in use, notably three: National, Theocratic, and Humanitarian.

The national system of education is the most primitive, and had the family as the organic starting point, out of which the nation grew. For example we have the systems of education in China, Persia and Greece.

The Chinese system was passive and non-progressive in methods and character, while the Persian was active and progressive. The system in Greece aimed at individual education. The objects of this system were in many respects praiseworthy, as each individual was taught to set a value on his own personality, resembling the teachings of the Puritans in modern history.

In the theocratic system, as represented by the ancient Jews, education is at first patriarchal, because the family is the link that connects the individual with the chosen nation.

The humanitarian system of education arose in the Roman Empire and was founded on the Christian idea. The Christian ideal in education embraced the brotherhood of man. In this new ideal art, science, politics, morality and industry are included and harmonized.

In the history of Christian civilization we notice that the goal of progress is reached by the community through the education of the individual.

The chief aim of the humanitarian system in education is to fit and train young people for civil life so that they may perform their duties intelligently and observe the moral obligations of society. The above conception represents the aims of the public school system in the several provinces of Canada, and also in the states of the neighboring republic. The best authorities on educational work show that education is both a science and an art, and that it is divided into three parts, viz: Physical, intellectual and moral.

#### THE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

On Saturday last, in the presence of a large audience of friends of the School, the prizes of the above institution were presented by the Bishop of Columbia,

On the platform were, with the Bishop, the Rev. C. E. Sharp, M. A., the master, Rev. Canon Beanlands, M. A., Rev. J. B. Haslam, M. A., (examiner) and Mr. C. S. Skene, first assistant master.

Mr. Sharp was first called upon to read his report for the year. He stated that the school had undoubtedly grown since last Christmas, there being more on the roll than at that time. He had one boy, who he was glad to have had passed with honors the McGill college matriculation examination. Next term he would be obliged, having accepted the curacy of St. Paul's, Esquimalt, to move the school to the Esquimalt barracks where he had already found suitable quarters. He had been told that to move to that place would practically be to deal the death-warrant of his school. But he trusted that such would not be the case, as the cars ran right by the door of the future schoolroom. In conclusion, Mr. Sharp said that he had every reason to be satisfied with the progress that the boys had made during the year, and thought that it was highly probable that one or more of his pupils would make his mark in the world.

The Bishop then asked Rev. Canon Beanlands to read his report. That gentleman said that he had before examined these boys and found them to be much improved in every way. In the algebra papers, Dewdney, major, having particularly distinguished himself. In the Euclid papers, Dewdney had again done excellently, as had also Aspland, major. The Latin and French papers were very well done, no boy being, however, particularly worthy of remark. As a whole, the examination was highly satisfactory, and he trusted that in future might have the pleasure of again examining the pupils of the institution. (Praise.)

Mr. Haslam, who had examined the junior boys, said that if he had erred at all in the setting of the papers, it was most certainly not on the side of leniency. Some of the boys had shown evidence of decided talent, notably Aspland, major, whose percentage in the grand total was upwards of 60 per cent., a most satisfactory result in so young a lad. His Geography and English History papers were likewise excellently done. In the Divinity, one boy, Lipscombe, particularly distinguished himself, having made 75 per cent., with Aspland second with 70 per cent.

The Bishop then delivered a short congratulatory address.

#### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. C. A. Phillips has returned from a visit to Vancouver.

A pleasant garden party was given by Mrs. Teague, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. W. C. Pope will shortly leave for the East, and purposes reading for his professional vocation.

A meeting of bachelors was held Friday afternoon with the object of giving a party to their lady friends early this month.

# Senior Championship Lacrosse Match

## WESTMINSTER VS VICTORIA,

### CALEDONIA PARK

## SATURDAY, AUG. 4TH, 1894.

The Ball will be faced at 3 o'clock.

Admission, 50 Cents ; Ladies, 25 Cents ; Grand Stand, 25 Cents.

#### SPORTING GOSSIP.

##### LACROSSE.

TODAY will record one of the fastest games of lacrosse ever played in Victoria. The home club has three wins to her credit, one loss and four games to her credit. Westminister has four wins to her credit, one loss and three games to play. Vancouver has lost five games and won one. It will thus be seen that Victoria must win to-day's match to make a draw with Westminister. If Westminister wins to-day there is still a good chance for the Victoria to tie for the championship of 1894. Both clubs are confident of winning and will do their utmost to that end. The Victoria team will be as follows: W. H. Cullin, C. Cullin, A. Bell, F. Williams, R. Williams, W. Jackman, W. Blight, W. E. Ditchburn, R. Hardt, A. E. Macnaughton, D. Patterson and F. E. Cullin. W. H. Clark will remain the home team. Taylor will probably take the place of L. A. Lewis on the Westminister side.

The fifth game in the intermediate championship series was played at Caledonia Park last Saturday, between the Bays and Stars, and was won by the latter - 6 goals to 0.

The committee sitting on Morton's case last night decided to drop Morton for the season. The match of July 2 was deferred, on a technicality.

##### TENNIS.

Much interest has been taken this week in the Tennis tournament. The Blicher street grounds have had a large attendance each day, the fair sex especially showing an appreciation of the sport. Some of the contests were very exciting, and splendid form was shown, considering the scanty practice of most of the players this season—with a few exceptions, the serving was slow, the contestants relying upon their ability to return successfully. None of the visitors

have had an opportunity of showing their condition, as the club singles handicap were the only fixtures. The visitors from Tacoma are looked upon as dangerous competitors. The attendance and excitement will increase with next week's games, and some very pretty exhibitions may be looked for.

A correspondent inquires: "Where was Kyrle Bellew born." Mr. Harold Kyrle Bellew, son of the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, was born whilst his father was chaplain of the Cathedral in Calcutta, and first went to England during the great Indian mutiny. He was educated for the army but subsequently chose the sea as a profession, and was duly entered on board H. M. S. Conway. His advancement was rapid, but the future not seeming sufficiently remunerative, Mr. Bellew left the sea and sought fortune in Australia, where for four years he enjoyed varying luck as a gold digger, a cattle drover, a journalist and various other vocations. He returned to England and joined a Provincial company, playing light comedy and juvenile leads. A performance of his in "Lad Astray" induced the author, Dion Boucicault, to secure for him an engagement with Buckstone, of the Haymarket.

The visit of Mrs. Potter to Portland recalls to the mind of an Oregonian reporter a pathetic incident taking place at the Hotel Portland nearly three years ago. Among the guests of the house at the time was a grave-faced, but fine appearing gentleman, accompanied by his little daughter, a child of more than usual attractiveness. The gentleman was sitting in the main office, the child playing about, in girlish happiness, when, to add to her pleasure, the attendant at the cigar stand gave her a number of cigarette pictures to play with. Arranging them carefully on a chair, she seemed lost in her new amusement. Then, suddenly grasping one, she ran quickly to her father, exclaiming:

"Oh, papa, that is mamma."

The gentleman looked at the picture attentively for a moment, his face became more than usually pale, and he said to the wondering little one:

"No, my child this is not your mamma now."

Taking the picture, he crumpled it in

## GEO. A. SHADE, Boot & Shoe Maker.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

### ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINC 99 DOUGLAS STREET.

ED. LINES, General Scavenger, 236 Yates street. Yards, etc., cleaned. Orders left at Geo. Munroe, 82 Douglas street; Speed Bros., cor. Douglas and Fort; or Blair & Gordon, cor. Menzies and Michigan will be promptly attended to.

### LEWIS HALL, D. D. S.

-: Dentist -:

JEWELL BLOCK, COR. YATES AND DOUGLAS STS

Gas and Ether administered for the painless extraction of teeth.



#### NOTICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, under and by virtue of the "Supreme Court Act," has been pleased to order that the Long Vacation to be observed in the Supreme Court shall commence on the 13th day of August, 1894, and end on the 13th day of October, 1894, and further that Rule 736 of the "Supreme Court Rules, 1890," in so far as it conflicts with this Order be suspended.

By Command.

JAMES BAKER.

Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office.

18th July, 1894.

his hand. This man was James Brown Potter, husband of the woman who had given up domestic life for the allurements of the stage. Father and child were making a trip from their Eastern home to the Pacific coast.

Those who witnessed the scene could not but silently sympathize with the man and the pathetic picture the scene presented.

## JUST IN TIME.

THERE was something—I forget what—to take both grandmother and grandfather away from home one day in October of the year, long ago, when I lived with them in Burns Hollow.

There were two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the lad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened and Hannah came in with the tray.

"Please, miss," said she, as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapletown to-night?"

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandma and grandpa may be away all night and I feel nervous. To be sure, there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late."

Hannah promised, and after doing all that I required went away, and I heard her heavy shoes ten minutes after on the garden walk outside.

Early as it was I dropped the curtains and lit the wax candles on the mantle, and I sat a long time over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long while, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of a rap—so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to open the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light from the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of the negro and instinctively shrank away, but as I did he spoke in a husky whisper:

"This is Marsa Morton's, isn't it, miss?"

"Yes," I replied. "But grandfather is out."

I retreated. He advanced.

"Please miss," he said, "Judge B—sent me here. He said Marsa Morton 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, miss. I's trabeled five days since I left him. Hidin' like. I's awful hungry—'pears like I'd drop, and old marsa is arter me. For de lub of heaven, miss, let me hide somewheres, and gib me jes' a crust. Marsa Judge promise Marsa Morton 'ud help me, an' it's kep me up. Missus will, I know."

I knew that my grandfather had given succor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong in admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At last I said:

"You have a note from the Judge, I suppose?"

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's loss it. De night it rained so. Ah, miss, I's tellin' truff—Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's been help along so far, an' 'pears like I mus' git to Canady. Can't go back no ways. "Wife's dar an' de young uns. Got clar a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebery day ob my life if you'll jess be good to me. Tank ye, miss."

For, somehow, when he spoke of wife and children I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door at which the rap had come and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched, how his eyes glistened, and how under his rough blue shirt, his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution.

The negro ate voraciously, as only a starving man could eat, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging through the night.

To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere in the house nor about the garden.

I longed for Hannah's return and listened very anxiously until the clock struck 9. Then, instead of her footsteps, I heard the patter of raindrops and the rumbling of thunder, and looking out saw that a heavy storm had suddenly come on.

Now, certainly grandpa and grandma would not return, and perhaps Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be home for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances.

Accordingly I went upstairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," I said, "make yourself a bed on the settee yonder and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in this storm, and no doubt grandpa will assist you when he returns. Good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, miss," said the negro, speaking still in the same husky whisper. And so I left him.

But not to go upstairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to remain dressed and to sit up in grandpa's arm chair with candles and book to keep me company. Therefore I locked myself in, took the most comfortable position possible, and opening a book, composed myself to read.

Reading I fell asleep. How long I slumbered I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it mixed with my last dream thoroughly that I took no heed of it; at last I understood that some one was working upon the lock of a door.

I sat perfectly motionless—the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, went the horrible little instrument until at last I knew whence the sound came.

Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's study. There, in a great, old-fashioned safe, were stored the family silver, grandpa's jewelry and sundry sums of money and important papers. The safe it stood in a closet in a deep recess, and the closet the thief was at work.

The thief—ah! without doubt the gro I had admitted, and fed and watered.

I crept across the room out into the hall, and to the door. There, softly could, I unfastened bars and bolts; but alas! one was above my reach. I waited and listened.

Then I moved a hall chair close to the spot and climbed upon it. I doing struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was but a slight noise, but at the moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot, and, horror of horrors—a man came from the study, sprang toward me, and clutched me with his hands, holding my arms as in a vice while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would ye? You'd help! You'd better have slept, you he for, you see, you've got to pay for working. I'd ruther have let a chit like you off, but you know me know and I can't let ye live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that I was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our own hired man, Anthony—Anthony whom I had supposed miles away with Hannah.

I pleaded with him wildly.

"Anthony—I never did you harm. I am young—I am a girl—don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money, but don't kill me, for poor grandpa's sake!"

"You'd tell on me," said Anthony doggedly. "Likely I'd be caught. I've got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying with sparks before my eyes and a sound of roaring waves in my ears, and then—

What had sprang on my assassin with the swift silence of a leopard? What clutched me from him and stood over him with something glittering above his heart?

The mists cleared away—the blinding mists which had spread over my eyes, as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

Ten minutes after—ten minutes

which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without and my grandparents were with me.

It came out during the trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of his master appearing to afford an opportunity, he had decoyed Hannah away by a lie, and hidden in the study.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, a share now no longer, met his wife and children beyond the reach of danger.

#### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

DESPITE the fact that there are many women clamoring for equal rights with men, womankind in general can never expect to cope with man until feminine nature is changed from its foundation. Very few men realize what a tender, sensitive organization lies beneath the fearless, independent air on exhibition for the world to see. The word uttered in a hasty moment the man forgets, but the woman feels them keenly long after the first sting has passed away and only a dull, aching memory remains.

In this unequal contest—for it is unequal, just because a woman, not being able to change her disposition, has nothing to rely upon—man takes no heed, and the slow tears gather in the woman's eyes, even though pride does its best to force them back. Some strong minded woman undoubtedly remarks just here that it is only the namby pamby sisterhood that cannot stand up for their rights without bringing way to such a purely feminine weakness as crying.

We do not mean that women weep in every argument they strive to advance or in every contract that they endeavor to fulfill, but the statement remains that there will be a time when the armor is certain to be pierced by some little inconsequent nothing—from a man's standpoint—and all the logic, all the backbone will vanish before a pin prick, though the most furious cannonading of stormy eloquence might never have brought about such a result.

It is hard to the woman of small means and luxurious tastes to keep within her income and abreast with the times, but a little sound sense in the way of finding out short cuts to economy will work wonders.

The woman who has learned to make a good appearance upon next to nothing becomes an object of envy to her less fortunate sisters. It is largely a question of investigation, of watching sales, of shopping properly, of making \$1 buy \$1 worth of goods. And only that severe teacher—experience—will teach all this. A woman can be dignified even if she is poor, nor should she feel that because

poverty has flung its somber cloak about her she should draw its folds still closer and hide herself from the pure sunshine of the world or the kindly friendship of her friends.

Too many women are inclined when poor to withdraw into a shell, snail fashion, and become crabbed and poverty spoiled. Poverty is not the greatest of crimes, as many suppose. There are lots of things worse than that, and wealth is not the alpha and omega of happiness.

The woman of fine nature will accept this fact gracefully and by her example help many a disheartened woman to look on the bright side of life, to look her finances squarely in the face and avoid laying out her money in unnecessary expenditure. By a bit of forethought a small sum of money can work wonders, as the active, fine natured woman who has learned it all well knows.

Richard Harding Davis made a striking revelation anent chaperonage in London in a recent magazine article: "When you leave the ballroom," he says, "and go out on to the lawn or into the surrounding rooms, you come across an anomaly which is most disturbing. The American girl who seeks corners and the tops of stairways, or who, when the weather permits, wanders away from the care of her chaperon and the lighted rooms, into the garden round the house, if the house has a garden, is sure to suffer the penalty of being talked about. Young married women may do that sort of thing with us, but a young girl must remain in evidence; she must be where her parents can reach her, and where whoever is looking after her can whisper to her to hold herself straight, or that she is dancing her hair down. If she wants to talk to a man alone, as she sometimes does, and her mother approves of the man, she can see him at her own home over a cup of tea any afternoon after five. But she can not do this if she is an English girl in London. So, when the English girl goes to a dance at a private house, she takes advantage of the long waits between each dance, which are made very long on purpose, and rushes off, not only into rooms leading from the ballroom, but upstairs to the third and fourth story, or out into the garden, where she sits behind statues and bushes; and so, when you wander out for a peaceful smoke, you are constantly intruding upon a gleaming shirt-front and the glimmer of a white skirt hidden away in a surrounding canopy of green. It is most embarrassing."

A novelty has recently appeared in Chemnitz, in the shape of hosiery, the idea being to repair hosiery so that it will appear as if new. To this end fast seams in the mesh are made across the toe,

ankle and heel. If, therefore, a hole appears in the toe, it is cut off and a new one attached, which is easily and quickly done by hand, the seam appearing practically the same as when new. In like manner the heel is repaired, or, in case of "general debility," the whole foot can be removed by cutting it off at the ankles. In order to make it possible for all to repair their own stockings, it is the design of the manufacturer to furnish with every dozen pairs of hosiery one dozen extra pairs of feet, three dozen pairs of toes, and three dozen pairs of heels. For the cheaper qualities of hosiery, it is not likely this system would be demanded, says an English exchange, but in silk, silk-plaited, wool and the higher-priced cotton hosiery, it might be useful and economical. Whether it will meet with any degree of success remains to be seen, as many things of general utility are brought out which fail to catch the fancy of the people because of lack of push and enterprise in introducing them. However, the manufacturer of this hosiery has had sufficient confidence in it to take out letters patent in many countries to protect his system of manufacturing it.

And now we have a young woman who lectures on the ears. She says that the ears should be trained to do something else but listen. They should learn to hold themselves gracefully. Every well regulated lady should have ears that stand up straight and never flop, that curve prettily at the top and never look aggressive. This is all very nice, but how does it affect our chief bad habit, that of curiosity, which men are always talking to us about? If we teach our ears to be erect and Delsartean, will they refuse to take in unkind remarks about our neighbors?

Here is a story of a literary woman, well-known in Canada. She met the dowager poet of the Boston literary set, who is a writer by profession and a society woman for the profit of it. Said the one lady to the other lady, "I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. —, which I haven't done before this season by reason of illness." "Why, I'm surprised to hear you say you are glad to see me," said No. 2, fixing the other's lorgnette with her steely eyes. "I heard only last week that you said you thought me the greatest literary fraud of the century." The duchess of the hyphenated name was not nonplused, not she. She merely smiled sweetly and said, "Dear me, isn't it strange that any one who does me the honor to repeat any of my little saying should not repeat the civil ones!" Then turning about to an acquaintance she added, perfect audibly to the dumpy dowager, whose bad taste had precipitated the affair: "Who do you suppose told her? I've said it to more than a hundred people."

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**MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.**

ON another page is given a lengthy review of the Potter-Bellew performances. The Ironmaster, the first night, drew fairly well. This play is one of the strongest in the repertoire of the Kendalls; but the Potter-Bellew company did not do it justice. This may be accounted for by the fact that it was only the third performance by the latter. In Society, the second night, was much better. Camille, the third night, was a considerable improvement on The Ironmaster. The following was the musical programme:

- Recitation . . . Cavatine and chorus from "Ernani" . . . Verdi
- Dance of the Autumn Leaves (a caprice in Mazurka style) . . . . . Mattel
- Waltzes . . . . . Dream of Love . . . . . Voelker
- Characteristiqe piece. The Lion's Chase. Kolling
- Overture . . . . . Orpheus . . . . . Offenbach

The "Lion's Chase" is a difficult piece of music, and was rendered artistically by the orchestra. The overture from "Orpheus der Underwelt" was a gem. This is by long odds the most difficult opera ever written by Offenbach. In it there is a difficult violin solo, supposed to be played by Orpheus on the stage, (but generally played by a violinist behind the scenes). This little solo, or obligato, has a world-wide reputation. A violinist who is capable of playing the violin obligato from Orpheus in an acceptable manner is classed as a first-class musician. Prof. Zilm played it with great clearness and received most enthusiastic appl use. Of the rest of the musical programme, it is not too much to say that it reflected the highest degree of credit on the orchestra.

Prof. Finn is doing everything in his power to supply Victoria with good music both in band and orchestra. It is to be hoped that the citizens will do their share to keep capable musicians in the city. Victoria is large enough to support a good band and orchestra. There is work enough here to give employment to a few good men.

Hereafter free programmes will be furnished for the band concerts at the Drill Hall and Oak Bay. Prof. Finn will also introduce the system of "request numbers," as adopted by all eastern bands, viz: in the programme of 8 numbers two

numbers will be left blank or vacant in these numbers any piece of music may be requested will be played, provided the piece requested is in possession of the bandmaster. Requests should be made verbally or in writing the previous to the concert to insure rendition.

- Programme of concert to be given at Mount Baker Hotel by the B.C.B.G. band, Saturday evening, Aug. 4th:
- March . . . . . Liberty Bell . . . . . Scott
  - Overture . . . . . Banditen's reihe . . . . . Su
  - Waltzes . . . . . Ninetta . . . . . Benn
  - Gavotte . . . . . Schmiechelkatzchen . . . . . Ellen
  - (introducing solo for bells)
  - The Lime-Kiln Club's Soiree . . . . . Laurend
  - (Characteristic dance, introducing clogs, sand blocks, mallet and straps, etc.)
  - (a) The Palms, (slow movement for Euphonium) . . . . . Fal
  - (b) Lion du Bal. (Ballet music) . . . . . Gl
  - Potpouri of Southern Plantation Songs . . . . .
  - March . . . . . The Campbells . . . . . Ringle
  - God Save the Queen . . . . .

Prof. Finn has at last succeeded in inducing Prof. H. M. Stoel to locate in Victoria. He is now at his home in Livingstone, Montana. He leaves there on August 6th, and comes direct to Victoria. Mr. Stoel is a bright and painstaking musician, and an excellent pianist (a pupil of Kontaki.) He is a composer of a number of meritorious works for the pianoforte, among which are the Polonaise, "La Croix d' Honneur" and the Spanish dance, "The Dance of the Lillies," both of which are popular in Victoria at present. Mr. Stoel will open a studio in Victoria and teach piano and vocal culture. He will join the theatre orchestra and also the Garrison Artillery Band, (being a slide trombonist.) He will play piano solos at the theatre, and at the Oak Bay and the Drill Hall concerts.

**AN UNJUST CRITICISM.**  
To the Editor of THE HOME JOURNAL.  
SIR—Your correspondent, "A, B, C," thinks, was unnecessarily severe in his criticism of my organist, who played at the recent sacred concert given in the Centennial Methodist Church. He should know how difficult it is to execute florid music (written for piano) on an organ. I am certainly pleased that "A B C" was satisfied with the vocal part of the service and I feel sure that were he aware of the fact that our organist was playing under disadvantage he would have been more favorable in his remarks. Yours, etc.,  
CLEMENT ROWLANDS.

Milton Royal, in Friends, is the next attraction at The Victoria.

A correspondent asks the Colonist why there are not band concerts at Beacon Hill. It might also be asked, What is the bandstand for at Beacon Hill? The city paid for having it nicely painted a few months ago. It seems to me that the Tramcar Co., and the city should each contribute something towards concerts at Hill. Prof. Finn offered to give several concerts if light were put in the stand. There are electric wires not fifty feet from the bandstand. How much would it cost to extend the wires to the stand?



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### POULTRY.

THE old birds should be given a change in their food just now, in preparation for the moulting season.

Mr. Jennings contemplates taking a trip east this fall and intends bringing out some good stock.

On the main street of the city of Esquimalt, can be seen a pair of very odd-looking chickens. They are snowy white in their plumage, which is more of the nature of hair than feathers, while their combs are deep purple and their flesh and bones are black in color. They have five toes on each foot and a crest on the head, and will be recognized from this description as Japanese silky fowls. They are owned by our old friend, John Howard, who has had them for seven years.

Mr. S. Jackman, of Strawberry Vale, has had a fairly successful hatching season, and has added several breeds to his stock. He expects to be in the money at the winter show.

Now is the time to get rid of any culls that are not up to strictly first class form. Such birds, especially males, are greatly in demand by farmers for improving stock, and as they are used entirely for crossing, the fancier can afford to sell them at nominal prices. An ad. in THE HOME JOURNAL will be a great help to this end.

Mr. Kelly has been very unfortunate in losing a large proportion of his young stock. From the symptoms as described to us, we think their death was due to some chronic troubles brought on by the use of impure drinking water.

**IT'S HOT!** +  
You should feed your hens this hot weather, to prevent cholera, on midds or bran (acidified). \$1.25 per 100 lbs.  
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## COLLABORATEURS.

By S. D. SCHULTZ.

## CHAPTER I.

It was in August at Pine Bay, a favorite summer resort on the St. Lawrence, almost within sound of Atlantic breakers, that Sydney Archer met his affinity, and awoke to a new world. He had been assigned a roving commission to write up a series of articles on all the points of interest from the lakes to the sea. The *Toronto Gazette* had given him a most congenial task, and he fairly revelled in the delightful prospect of studying the quaint, old-century style of the *habitants*, with their primitive, unsophisticated ways; the picturesque villages; the child-like faith in the virtue of clerical rule; the monasteries; and historical battle-fields, with their memorials to matchless valor and self-sacrifice, not forgetting the stories of martyrdom of the brave pioneer voyageurs, animated by the desire to make new conquests to the creed of light and civilization.

They were introduced by a mutual college friend. Ethel Grant was on her vacation, and unfeignedly pleased to meet a graduate of the University, at which she had now reached the dignified status of a senior, for next term she would essay the crucial "finals."

Archer was certainly interested, though he boasted of unsusceptibility to the charms of the most captivating siren.

They passed through the conventionalities of sea-side existence—rowing, tennis, bathing—promenades at the nightly concerts on the pier, lolling in hammocks on the cool verandah, and languidly regaling their intoxicated vision with the glories of sky, sea and forest.

Archer had shunned women, and consequently experienced little sympathy from them, whom he regarded as frivolous beings, their whole existence concentrated on keeping up with capricious fashion, and transported into frenzied ecstasy over some unsightly gown, or a "perfect love of a bonnet."

Ethel Grant was a revelation, something undreamt of in his philosophy.

He unbosomed himself in the most unreserved manner, not that Ethel manoeuvred in any way to draw him out. The upshot was that before a week had elapsed, Ethel was thoroughly initiated into his past history, and attracted by the delicate suggestion of implicit confidence, conveyed in his impulsive candor. He seemed to anticipate every wish, being a model of spontaneous gallantry. His face, with its regular features and lit up with a pair of honest dark-blue eyes, was indicative of lofty purpose. In other respects, he differed little from the ordinary run of humanity.

With every succeeding day, Ethel

went up higher in Archer's estimation, and occupied an increasing share of his attention. This ascension in the graduated scale of Archer's regard was an unconscious process, as far as he was concerned. He looked for the ordinary blue stocking of a co-education institution, one prating of the restraints of womanhood, the tyranny of man, and drawing fanciful pictures of the millenium, when woman's sway would metamorphose society.

She, however, proved an unassuming maiden, whose dominant characteristics were amiability, charity of thought and kindness of heart. What more could the most fastidious desire? Not one, over whose eyes and hair the sentimentalist might rhapsodize, but assuredly prepossessing, with graceful carriage and a figure whose rounded lines of beauty would rivet the eye anywhere.

They exchanged ideas on the usual gamut of subjects. Archer readily saw that Ethel was well read, and was more than pleased to discover a lady undergrad. who did not bore him to death with parrot-like rehearsals of textbook lore. But what caught his fancy most of all was her inimitable mimicry of the French Canadian *patois*. With perfect accent and appropriate gesture, she could bring up vivid pictures of the bargeman with his wife Julie, and the rustic on the rudely constructed hay cart, belaboring his beast and giving expression to threats, promises and warnings. There were also the lumberman and the peasant, with their provincial ways and amusing vernacular.

Archer, after vainly inducing her to contribute some of these dialectic sketches to magazines, where he said with assurance they would be welcome, obtained permission to write them up.

It was the evening prior to Archer's departure, which he had delayed from day to day on various pretexts, and he was vexed that his delightful stay should be of such brief duration. The day had been sultry, the stifling heat having rendered any attempt at exertion out of the question, but with the twilight, a mild, balmy breeze with just the faintest suspicion of mountain snows sprang up, fitfully rippling the waters in its course. The evening was voted in society parlance "perfectly delightful," and a full moon with a subdued, misty color of molten gold was creeping out of the southeastern horizon.

Some intrepid sport had lit a bonfire from drift wood, bleached and dried into tinder by a month of sun-scorching rays, on a small, rocky island in full view of the hotel.

The Pine Bay open air concerts were becoming very popular. Suburban trains ran every fifteen minutes, and there were no ire-provoking delays.

This evening, Archer and Ethel were seated on the verandah, surrounded by a host of city people. These came ostensibly to enjoy the music and change of scene, but really to see "who were there," "whom they were with," and "what they had on." There was a ceaseless, monotonous hum and buzz of idle chatter. The air was full of gossip. At Archer's elbow sat a pair of pert *demoiselles*, whose lynx-eyed chaperone had button-holed a victim a few feet distant, and was absorbed in giving vent to "views." Who has not prayed for a fire alarm, a dog fight or any other excuse to escape listening to those self same hackneyed "views" or "opinions"?

Said Ray Hilton, a vivacious brunette with admiring eyes: "Doesn't Fred Langton look swell in that yachting suit? I wonder whom his trim craft is named after? I suppose you heard that he has christened her 'Ruby'?"

"Oh," exclaimed Bessie Somerville, with an appreciative giggle, "you're quite ancient. That piece of intelligence was called in out of harm's way fully a month back. I will give you the very latest. Langton and others left last week for the yachting regatta at Angel's Cove, in Maine. Whether they got tied up in a monsoon, or the compass was deflected from the magnetic line by electrical disturbances has not been divulged, but it has been murmured that Langton's knowledge of navigation is very amateurish. Anyhow, they never put in an appearance at the races, and there is a well-founded rumor that they wandered about aimlessly for days, buffeted by wind and wave. Langton's yachting enthusiasm has noticeably depreciated, for he was heard enquiring for quotations on the best style of Peterboro."

"Bessie, look at Gerald Leslie's face. What a guy, with those plasters hiding the ugly gashes received in that lacrosse match at Scotia Park last Saturday."

"Ray," chimed in Bessie, whose saucy blue eyes had been busy elsewhere, "there's Susy Carruthers flirting desperately with Charlie Walton, and poor unassertive Annie Hirschell sulking at the window with Ted Bolton, and pretending to be unconcerned!"

"What a spectacle of a bonnet Lucy Winters has!—and fancy, all bedecked with flowing streamers. She must have been rustivating or doing missionary work at Metlakatlah," chirped Ray in reply.

"Oh, the very latest," gurgled Bessie. "I've just sighted the Ashertons. See! They're talking to those dapper Yankees on the other side of the band-stand. It is decidedly *outré*, and the laugh of the town. You know, when old Doctor Clayton shuffled off, they sent a wreath, which was duly given a place on the freshly-raised mound. A week after-

wards, when the flowers had wilted, and nothing remained but withered leaves, someone out of idle curiosity raked among the different cards accompanying the anchors, crosses and other designs, and ran across the name of "Mrs. Asherton," written on the reverse side of a "Tuesday at Home" invitation. I wonder if Doctor Clayton's spirit will put in an appearance. You won't catch me doing an Asherton "At Home" with the risk of being terrified into spasms at the sight of some 'hideous apparition.'

And so Bessie and Ray rattled on with glib loquacity, and Archer had listened with evident amusement, until reminded by a regular furor of applause that a favorite clarionette solo, which he had been looking forward to with expectancy, was over.

The crowd had sped cityward, and Ethel and he were alone on the upper balcony, where they had spied out two cozy wicker-chairs. For a spell, they were too enraptured with the beauties of the night to say much.

The myriad scintillating lights of heaven reflected in the slowly heaving bosom of the deep, were flashed back with augmented lustre. To Archer's exuberant imagination, the sea and sky had set up telegraphic communication—lunar, stellar and mundane operators were despatching messages along the electric beams darting from sphere to sphere. Oh! if he could only construe the occult signals conveyed in those shooting rays! But the cipher code would be a mystery for all time. Man boasts of triumphs over the forces of nature, but what so sublime as the uncontrolled powers of creation bridging the distance between the orbs, each radiating, sparkling gleam emanating from some mighty, incomprehensible spiritual source and freighted with beneficence and hope. And then there was the crooning lullaby of the waves laving the stretch of shingle, and the whisper of swaying pines to fill in the harmony of the picture.

Archer was the first to break the silence. "Miss Grant, if you care to listen, I'll read you those few sketches of Quebec life, which you said I might write up. Don't criticize them too severely. We needn't go inside, as I can turn my back to the window and put on the incandescent."

"That will be a diversion," said Ethel delightedly. "Really there was nothing meritorious in the few anecdotes I gave you, and I will be curious to see how you could have possibly evolved anything interesting out of such meagre material."

When he had finished, Ethel was enthusiastic over the ingenious treatment, and complimented him on the wealth of constructive imagination displayed.

"But, Miss Grant, these sketches will have to be anonymous contributions, as everything has been filched from you."

"No," she replied, "I might have suggested a few ideas, but without the assistance of your conception and fancy, they would never have crystalized into anything approaching composition."

"But what about the proceeds?" Archer's long connection with newspaper life had rendered the idea of gratuitous work most unacceptable.

After a pause, during which Archer had puzzled to solve the difficulty, he blurted out elatedly; "Let's compromise. We'll be collaborateurs, and use the initials of your christian and my surname, and sign them E. A."

Archer, satisfied with this key to the problem, leaned back in his chair. A moment afterwards, darting a swift glance at Ethel, he was astonished to perceive her blushing furiously, and, like a flash, the closing words of his late remark recurred, and left him equally abashed at his extreme *gaucherie*. There was a painful interval. Archer might have redeemed himself by turning it off lightly, but as he saw Ethel's pretty confusion, he became serious, and a wild, daring thought began to shape in his brain. He suddenly realized that Ethel was everything to him, and, without considering the consequences, said in a tremulous voice, just above a whisper: "I'm very awkward, but I've thought of you every minute since I first saw you, and the linking of our initials was the mere result of constantly associating you with myself in all my dreams of happiness." He paused and coughed, for Ethel was still silent, and then added waveringly in tones of concentrated passion: "Miss Grant—Ethel—I want you for my own. Our acquaintance has been a short one, but I feel that I have communed with your inmost nature, and that life without you would be an intolerable drag."  
(To be continued.)

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### THE KENNEL.

ACCORDING to announcement in a previous issue, I give you the following on the care and management of dogs:

Ashmont, one of America's most eminent writers on this subject, says it ought not to be necessary to urge that the legs of very young puppies are weak and scarcely able to bear the weight of their bodies. Allow them to fill up continually with food or drink and deformity is sure to result; every ounce of food is so much weight on the legs. Also, while rapid growth and weight of body may be to the breeder a pleasing sight, if it passes over the line the limbs must suffer and symmetry be out of the question. Considering the matter intelligently on all sides, there can be but one conclusion, viz: That puppies while yet very young should be fed little and often; they must not be fed until their abdomens are distended and their appetites glutted, but they must leave off eating while yet ready for more, and then that their limbs may acquire strength and the foods that they have eaten do them the greatest good they must be kept as much of their time on their feet and as active as possible. Note the difference between the puppy treated in this way and the one that is allowed to gorge himself three times a day; the latter, weak and tottering, drags his distended abdomen into a corner and sleeps his time away on the top of another like himself; but the former soon stands true and firm, instead of sleeping he is all for play, and young as he is he is tugging and biting at every thing within his reach. This puppy will grow straight and strong on his legs and upright on his pasterns; moreover, from his food he will extract its greatest good, and in a word, he will in a short time be far ahead of the other top-heavy puppy. Last of all the novice may expect to find that these rules—feed little and often and feed separately—are the two greatest secrets of success in puppy-raising.

I think every owner of a dog should have a copy of "Kennel Secrets," by Ashmont.

To those opposed to feed so often I would like to show two puppies about the same age, one fed every three hours, the other three times daily. For mature dogs a light breakfast, if procurable, should be given. There is nothing better on earth than skim milk, acting as a spur, aiding digestion and adding wonderfully to the texture and condition of the coat; giving a good meal at 7, consisting of some boiled rice, barley, corn-meal, oatmeal, vegetables, meat, stale bread, or dry crackers; especially the regular diet, using different kinds of vegetables, mixed with different kinds of meals each evening.

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Dry and clean kennels are of more importance than feeding, dampness, filth, and worms, causing that of more than 95 per cent. of the deaths that occur annually. Don't allow his bed to be neglected, change frequently and see that he is comfortably situated, thus avoiding in a large degree, vermin. If damp is prevalent take a day off and if necessary reconstruct his kennel and satisfy yourself you have remedied the trouble. If he comes in wet, rub him dry. Next morning, instead of showing up lame and stiff he is active and nimble.

Grooming (if the breed demands)—Don't get the stiffest and hardest brush on the market, at the same time look for one you are satisfied will reach the skin; apply carefully, not forgetting the possibility of irritating. Twenty minutes will suit the ordinary dog. If he is of the feathered race comb cautiously and do not pull it out. Rub for ten minutes with the hand and finish with chamois. This night and morning will soon put him in show condition.

Drinking water is of great importance. Do not allow the moss to grow round the sides of the crock or dish; change frequently each day. Water your friend before leaving home, and teach him if possible not to drink from pools when out containing stagnant water. They are generally contaminated with microbes and filth that often ends the life of many a good one.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space allotted to one so unworthy, and in fact the kind treatment received from you and your staff at all times,

I am, yours truly,

S. MATSON.

According to the *Canadian Kennel Gazette*, the duty has been taken off dogs by the Dominion Government. They will now be passed in free for improvement of stock, and dog owners are indebted to the Kennel Club for this boon.

Henry Behusen, whose collie purchase was noticed last week, came very near to losing his pup by straying. However the pup was found next day and brought home, with, as a reminder, a large and lively

collection of fleas. Mr. Behnsen's method of destroying fleas is worth giving. He boils a large pot of raw tobacco stems for several hours in pure well water, allows it to cool, and washes the pup thoroughly three times a day for three days. Mr. Behnsen thinks one wash would be enough for an ordinary dog, but his pup has such a dense and heavy coat that it required the nine washings. He expects to have no trouble in teaching that pup to smoke cigars.

Prof. Pfordner is the latest recruit to the fancy, and is the envy of all beholders as he leads his immense mastiff puppy through the streets.

The *B. C. Fancier* is out for July, and devotes two columns to kennel matters. The items, which are all from Victoria, show pretty conclusively that their correspondent is a close reader of *THE HOME JOURNAL*. We would whisper, referring to the collie paragraph, that while taffy is very pleasant, the general public want facts.

A lady living on the Esquimalt road has a Scotch terrier that causes her great annoyance by insisting on coming to town with her on the car. At last the lady hit on the successful expedient of hiding a ball in a difficult place and slipping off while the dog was engaged in finding it.

Mr. Fox, the admiral's steward, has a spaniel that will develop into a very useful dog. The other night, Mr. Fox was crossing Esquimalt harbor in a boat and was instrumental in taking canoeists from their overturned craft, and he tells us that he had the greatest difficulty in preventing his pup from swimming to their rescue.

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A. H. Howels, late of the New Westminster News, contemplates starting a morning daily paper in Nanaimo. The plant of the old Telegram will be utilized.

Forest fires in East Kootenay have destroyed the towns of Three Forks and Watson. The Galena Trading Co., and R. E. Lemon, Three Forks, lost everything, even to the books.

E. G. Anderson & Co., of Victoria, agents for The James Robertson Co., Ltd., of Toronto, have been awarded the contract for supplying the lead piping and brass goods for the City of Vancouver water works.

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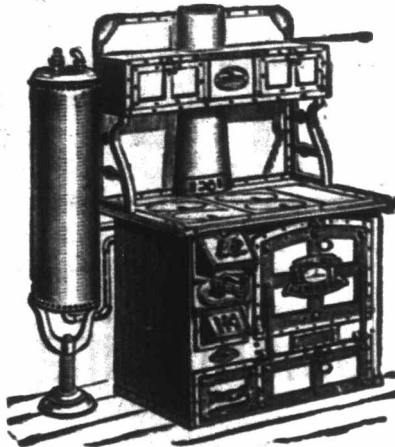
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FABLES OF HISTORY.

The story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, although what purports to be the round table is still to be seen in a south of England town.

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. There is no good reason to believe that he could either play the harp or speak Danish.

The maelstrom is not a whirlpool which sucks ships down into the depths of the ocean. It is an eddy, which in fair weather can be crossed in safety by any vessel.

Queen Eleanor did not suck the poison from her husband's wound, as she did not accompany him on the expedition during which the incident is alleged to have taken place.

The "Man in the Iron Mask" did not wear a mask of iron. It was black velvet, secured by steel springs.

Cesar did not say, "Et tu, Brute." Eye-witnesses to the assassination deposed that he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf.

Richard III was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, some pretensions to good looks, and great personal strength and courage.

Bondel, the harper, did not discover the prison of King Richard. Richard paid his ransom, and the receipt for it is among the Austrian archives.

Cesar did not cross the Rubicon. It lay on the opposite side of the Italian peninsula from the point where he left his own possessions and entered Italy.

Fair Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but after long residence as a nun in the convent of Gadstow, died greatly esteemed by her associates.

During this season of the year, the greatest pleasure to many people is a quiet, shady nook and a good book. Persons requiring cheap literature would do well to look into Sampson's Book Exchange, Douglas street, cor. Johnson where there is a great variety.

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